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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, May 18. — Indications for Iowa: Fair weather; slightly cooler; northerly winds. For Minnesota: Showers, followed by fair weather; slightly warmer; northerly winds, becoming variable. For North and South Dakota: Fair weather; northerly winds, becoming variable; slightly warmer.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Place of Obs'vation	Height of Barometer...	Exposed Thermometer...	Place of Obs'vation	Height of Barometer...	Exposed Thermometer...
St. Paul....	29.78	42	Helena ...	29.92	58
La Crosse..	29.76	54	Ft. Totten.	......	....
Duluth.....	29.80	36	Ft. Sully...	29.84	60
Huron.....	29.8[illegible]	52	Minnedosa	29.86	44
Moorhead.	29.84	42	Calgary....	29.72	58
St. Vincent	29.88	44	Edmonton	......	....
Bismarck..	29.90	48	Q'Appelle.	29.86	46
Ft. Buford	29.96	50	Medic'e H.	......	....
Ft. Custer.	29.94	60	Winnipeg..	29.84	42

LOCAL FORECAST.

For St. Paul. Minneapolis and vicinity: Fair weather; slowly rising temperature.

THE STORY OF A DAY.

Toledo is visited by a big fire.

Schaefer and Ives are going to Australia.

George Francis Train arrives in New York.

Natural gas is discovered in Buffalo county, S. D.

Sergeant-at-Arms Canaday, of the senate, is to resign.

A shaking up is promised in the St. Paul school board.

Thirty-four people are killed in an explosion at Havana.

Sioux City and Milwaukee win the Western association games.

Northwestern wheat fields get twenty-four hours of rain and snow.

A Wisconsin girl who has led a wayward life is reclaimed in Minneapolis.

A Cincinnati father offers his daughter a big check to desert an opera company singing in St. Paul.

The senate will discuss silver this week, and the house will take a vote on the McKinley tariff bill on Wednesday.

King Leopold of Belgium secures England's promise to help him in case Germany tries to seize his kingdom.

THE LOUISIANA STRUGGLE.

The fight in Louisiana over the lottery business is of national interest, and will be watched all over the country. With the advantage of long possession and the enormous bribe offered, the impression is natural that success would be assured. Perhaps the fact that the lottery has so long been tolerated there has given a dubious tinge to the moral atmosphere in that direction, as seen in the distance, and led to the impression that incorrigible virtue was not the prevalent characteristic there. But the sturdy fight being made by the governor and those who follow his lead against the new lease of life sought by the moral cancer challenges admiration and intense sympathy. The anti-lottery league, comprising most of the better elements of the state, is making a fight that merits success. One of its recent publications sets forth some details that show the formidable character of the institution that has so long fattened at the expense of the country. The stock of the company comprises 10,000 shares, the par value of which is $100, but they cannot be bought for less than $1,200. A small number of preferred stockholders take half the profits, and the rest makes up the dividends on the regular stock. A bonus to the state of $1,000,000 for twenty-five years can be paid without impairing the value of the stock. This shows the enormous margins that remain after meeting the expenses of collecting the money all over the country, and at times paying considerable sums in prizes. The immediate step essential is to secure two-thirds of the members of the legislature now in session. This body was elected two years ago without any reference to the lottery matter, and it does not appear just how it is disposed in relation to it. The lottery wants the legislature to submit to the people the amendment to the constitution extending the lease of the lottery life in that state that expires in 1891. There must be a two-thirds vote of the legislature for this. This is the only bulwark seriously in the way of the lottery scheme, apparently. Happily for the good people of the state, there are but few Republicans in the legislature. The strength of the lottery interest is in the Republican elements. That party inaugurated the thing in the carpetbag era, and the governor, in his message, refers to the fact that it is still largely in the hands of the men who chartered it after the war. It would not be a fair statement that the masses of the Republican voters in the North are any less honest and moral than Democrats; but in Louisiana, as in some other Southern states, the vicious and mercenary elements are mainly with the Republican party. The lottery people would have the substantial support of the Republican machine, and would be able to buy negroes and whites enough to carry the popular vote. They come to the legislature with over flowing hands and the insidious suggestion that they should avoid taking the responsibility by submitting the question to the voters of the state. If they had to buy 50,000 voters, a half-million dollars would go a great ways. Then $1,000,000 saved in taxes every year will be a bribe to taxpayers. There would be small hope of saving the state from their clutches if they secure the legislature. A paragraph from the message of the fearless governor will indicate the intensity of the struggle and realization of the result. He says:

"I am addressing men of Louisiana, who know as well as I do the value of my words when I say to them that should this lottery get firmly planted in this state it will own and hold the purchasable vote solidly in the hollow of its hands forever, and through it and by it the liberties, the property and the honor of the people of Louisiana will be at its feet.

"It would make and unmake governors, judges, senators, representatives, commissioners of election, returning officers, assessors, and all other officials, at its will. Merit would be disregarded, and the test for office would not be ability, integrity, public spirit, or worth, but subservience to the behest of that company. Virtue would be the very best bar to official position. I, for one, believe that this will never be permitted. I foresee the most direful consequences if the lottery company persists in its scheme to foist itself upon the people. I foresee that this state will be shaken as if by an earthquake from the Arkansas line to the gulf by reason of what will be deemed a menace, present and future, to the people's dearest rights; and I consider it my solemn duty to warn the general assembly, for I feel deeply that what I say is true."

A REPUBLICAN FREAK.

There is a spice of partisanship in the mixture of food and liquor in Massachusetts. The Republicans there have not been peculiar in their methods of operation. As in several other localities, they have done the duplex act. In the last election their candidate for governor was under suspicion of liberality in temperance matters, and consequently went to extremes in efforts to hold the prohibitionists. This was in the rural districts. In Boston he catered so to the liquor vote that he received its support and cut down the Democratic majority several thousand, in fact, as some allege, escaping defeat by this means. To make a show of keeping his pledges to the restive and strong temperance element, in his message he urged the police commissioners in Boston to enforce as a temperance measure a statute that had been on the books fifteen years, and always a dead letter. It had never been enforced, and the governor evidently did not expect the Boston managers would take him at his word. They did, however, and instructed the police to commence to-morrow to enforce the resurrected act. The legislature being in session, the repeal of the act was at once proposed. The Democrats did not propose to help the Republicans out of their trouble and enable them to hold both the saloon men and the prohibitionists. The legislature is largely Republican, and that party could repeal the act if it wanted to. In place of repeal the party was forced to the issue of demanding its rigid enforcement. The Democrats evidently helped them to adopt this declaration, as it was spoken of in the Republican caucus as a stab in the back of the party. It is insisted that the police commissioners, who are Republicans, and the governor shall now carry out the law to the letter. If they do not, their double dealing will lose them the prohibition element of the party. This will wreck the party at the November ballot. If they enforce the law in good faith, it will close every public bar in Boston, and be alike disastrous to them in the election. The governor appoints the police commissioners, and they will of course obey his will. He has called for the enforcement, and the Republican legislature has seconded the call. The elephant is on their hands, and the Democrats will not help take him off. The law, as it is explained by the Boston papers, is not a mere choice of attitudes in taking the drinks. It will be as much violated by sitting at tables and taking a few pretzels, or nibbles of crackers and cheese, as by taking the drinks in the usual erect attitude. A thirsty person must order a meal of victuals at the restaurant or hotel, and with the eating can have what liquors are needed for lubricating purposes. The situation there is likely to be interesting, both politically and in a dietetic view.

NOT OF YESTERDAY.

There is a period in May in this latitude when nature makes it a benison to look out upon things and inhale the fragrance of the budding petals. The atmosphere has the revivication of vernal life. The fruit trees spread their bouquets of beauty and promise, the flower gardens are bursting with the gladnecs of supreme loveliness. The fires in the furnaces have gone out, the windows are open to let in the balmy zephyrs that waft no bugs or mosquitoes. The birds have come back, and are making the air vocal with their melodies, and coo to each other love-lays. The small boy sheds his pedal raiment, and the big one and his tender-eyed friend go on the water and see their faces reflected in its glassy surface. The fountains play in the parks, and the young men and women sit around under the electric lights in their spring clothes. Still, this picture was not taken from a photograph of yesterday, or any of the yesterdays that May, 1890, has yet put on duty.

A BIGOTED JUDGE.

A novel case was recently before a court at Grand Rapids, in Michigan. DR. REID, a "spirit postmaster," was convicted of using the mails for fraudulent purposes, and asked for a new trial. He claimed to be a clairvoyant and could give what are called psychometric readings. He could read the contents of sealed letters and delineate the conditions under which they were sent, with the appearance of the writer. He offered to put his claims to the test on the spot. He would at once give this account of any letter the judge might have in his pocket, and abide by the result. The judge ridiculed his claims, and insisted that no evidence could persuade him that there was anything but trickery and humbug about the transactions. Without admitting or denying the possibility of doing what was claimed, the judge may easily be pronounced a bigot and not a good court to get into for men who are out of old ruts.

THE PIONEERS.

The address of Capt. STARKEY before the Junior Pioneer Association of Ramsey County, published in the GLOBE today, will be found full of historical interest. Aside from the personal features, it presents in an entertaining and graphic way a picture of pioneer and frontier life that it is difficult to realize as a part of the not remote history of this locality. Most of the names are those of citizens still familiar in the community, and many of them are yet prominent actors in the affairs of the city they have seen grow up around them. It will be found pleasant reading for all local readers.

MASSACHUSETTS has been disposed to take the lead of Eastern states, at least, in legislation to enforce salutary restrictions upon railroads; but the past week a legislative committee reported it inexpedient to adopt the bill to prevent the watering of stock by requiring all increase of issues to be sold at public auction. This was petitioned for by the leading trade and business interests, and its defeat is attributed to the private arguments sometimes used by railroads and corporations in the East.

MR. QUAY is said to have a great deal of contempt for public opinion. The indications are that there will be generous reciprocation.

THE British parliament the other day gave a much larger majority than usual for the old chestnut to allow a man to marry his deceased wife's sister. This is one of the cases where the irresponsible peers in the house of lords stand in the way of a popular measure. That body does not dare to get in front of an excited populace, but this case shows that it is a barnacle, and should be lopped off.

THE unique old gentleman who is to fill the RANDALL seat in congress from Philadelphia had the rare distinction, for an American, of dancing with Queen VICTORIA about forty years ago, when she was prettier and gayer, and he was rather more festive. He was connected with the legation. He is said to still like to swing young ladies.

THE intimation that GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN was smuggled East in disguise, and didn't go around the world in sixty-two days, if he reaches Tacoma in time, is a malicious aspersion. In fact, he says he could have made it in ten days' less time if he had not been delayed by those stupid Bourbons on the other side of the world.

OHIO politics always come in early and stay late. The Republican committee meets this week to call the state convention, and the FORAKER element is still alive and able to fight the SHERMAN faction. No compromise seems possible. The Democrats go right on sawing wood, and mean to have the big pile in November.

PHILADELPHIA has been understood to be in high contrast to communities of different politics, but a local paper says defalcations among persons holding positions of trust are alarmingly frequent. A dozen of the most recent covered $600,000. The home, too, of WANAMAKER, QUAY and other good men.

JUDGE LYNCH is a long ways ahead of the man with the rope, and the electric operator hasn't got started. The figure gatherers report 975 victims of lynch law to 558 properly hung the past six years. As the murders reached 14,770, neither method is keeping up.

THE Louisville people have set a new precedent. They did not call for any outside aid after their disaster, but put their hands into their own pockets, and, after helping all in need, have a fund of $11,000 still in bank. Where possible, their plan is worth following.

THE editor of the Chicago Tribune is understood to stand ready to oppose the return of any congressman who votes for the MCKINLEY bill. If that is his programme, he is likely to have a busy season, although many of the members would dread his fire.

IN THE last twenty-three years there have been nine tons of diamonds taken from some of the mines in South Africa, valued at $500,000,000, and still there are people who have not a pocketful. Nearly all the world's supply comes from these mines.

THE Prohibition paper in Maine did not intend to perpetrate a joke in saying that "everybody's mouth is full of the original package." Still, it may be swallowed as such in most prohibition states.

THE St. Louis Globe-Democrat terms one of the Republican congressmen from that city "Old Borax," since he kicked at the tariff bill because it taxed borax, which he uses largely.

THE gag was put on the debate in the house. BUTTERWORTH, the Cincinnati congressman, and a few others, were giving away things in a way that was becoming troublesome.

THE Republicans in Iowa call upon the party to get together. That is a process that is making work for the machine operators in that and other states.

IT IS claimed that SAM JONES will this season lead any base ball aggregation in making the gate money roll in. He has some new kinks.

THE Kansas idea is to make those who deal in original packages pay inspection fees. This would be equivalent to a license system.

NATIONAL POLITICS.

By Aid of a Corrupt Majority.

Louisville Times.

The McKinley bill is sailing through congress, and will be in the senate by the close of the month; in the senate it will be amended, and then the whole matter will be referred to a conference committee, and less than a dozen men will get together and fix a bill that will pass through the house under the gag, and be railroaded through the senate under whip and spur.

Internal Strife Will Be the Order.

Elmira Gazette.

President Harrison is believed to be already at work laying wires for a renomination. It will be the battle of the ins and want-to-get-ins within the party.

Harrison and the People Differ.

Galveston News.

It is stated as a matter of fact that President Harrison intends to be a candidate for re-election, and what is more remarkable, that he really thinks that he has a good chance. It is due to the good sense of the American people to add, however, that this belief is held only by Mr. Harrison.

The People Must Pass Upon It.

Savannah News.

The Republicans, in preparing to control the congressional elections next fall by means of their agents, do not seem to have taken into account the fact that the people may not approve their efforts to retain power by such means. Before any election bill to give the Republican party power to register, count and certify the vote is passed, there will be exhibitions of indignation all over the country that will likely cause the Republicans to pause in their attempts to perpetuate their power by means so abhorrent to justice and right.

Not the Party of the People.

Dubuque Telegraph.

The Republican party was never the party of the people. All its legislation shows this to be true. It has legislated for the classes, and not for the masses. It has legislated for Wall street, for syndicates and for trusts. It did this to such an extent that many of its ablest men were compelled to abandon it—men who thought more of their country than of their party—and its iniquitous tariff policy is denounced by many of its ablest papers. Through its protective tariff system it has given the Shylocks and monopolists of the East a mortgage on the West, and it is doing everything in its power to oppress the people and further the interests of the plutocrats.

Democratic Good Example.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The wisest course pursued by the present administration has been in following the footsteps of its predecessor. When Harrison went into office his frequent query, "What did Cleveland do?" became a byword. When Wanamaker was asked what the employes of the postoffice department shall do with respect to political action he reissued Cleveland's order. As long as the party in power kept in the path trodden by the Democracy all went well, but when it deviated therefrom it went astray.

GOSSIP ABOUT PEOPLE.

The marriage of Senator Walcott was a surprise to nearly all of his friends, says the New York World, although his brother, Henry Walcott, who has $3,000,000, a clean-shaven face and a winning smile, had been in New York several days before the ceremony explaining the sudden move on the part of "Brother Ed." "Brother Ed." is the youngest member of the senate, and the handsomest man of that body of rich men. He is of robust physique, with dark-blue eyes, a pink-and-white complexion and blonde hair, which is parted in the middle and allowed to grow rather long. Chamberlain, who knows nearly all of the public men of this and the past generation, is fond of remarking that Ed Walcott can last longer than any of them. Before his marriage he was anxious to sit up and tell stories long after everybody else was thinking of going to bed, and he considers six hours as entirely too much for any man in this age to devote to sleep. The present Mrs. Walcott, who was formerly the wife of Congressman Bass, belongs to the well-known Metcalfe family, of Buffalo. She is rather petite in stature and notably pretty.

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The Baroness de Fontenilliat, the sister of Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt and the latest candidate which society has put forward for histrionic triumphs, has a charming apartment near Central park, and lives here all alone with her maid, a French cook and an unusually accomplished pug dog. This unique animal is so given to athletic diversions that he has escaped the common fate of his kind, and with increasing years has not put on the layers of fat which lead to apoplexy and suffocation. Although he is now verging on seven, which corresponds to the three score and ten of human kind, his body is still lithe and muscular and his coat still has the soft and silky character characteristic of pugs which have not outgrown the charms of extreme youth. In response to the injunctions of his mistress, lisped as they are in musical French, the pug rises on his hind legs and waltzes about the room with a grace that would command the admiration of Johann Strauss, and, this done, jumps over a riding whip held four or five feet from the floor with all the promptness and address of a greyhound.

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Attention was some time ago drawn in this country, says the London Truth, to some silly personal attacks made against Mme. Patti in a Mexican paper. Apropos to these libels, Mr. Ruben, the well-known American artists' agent, who accompanied Mme. Patti to Mexico, has told the true, and a good story.

The libels consisted in the fact that Mme. Patti was accused of calling Mrs. Diaz, the wife of the Mexican president, a "washerwoman." The statement was grotesquely untrue, for Mrs. Diaz is a personal friend of Mme. Patti, and the falsehood was presumably only uttered in order to damage the great singer in Mexico. President Diaz, it seems, settled the matter in his own fashion. He sent a message asking the editor of the paper to call upon him.

The flattered Mexican journalist came, and was then invited to take a stroll in the garden. Duly arrived there, the president, removing his coat, gave the libeler a sound thrashing of the good old-fashioned sort. So, at any rate, says Mr. Ruben, and if he speaks truly I congratulate President Diaz.

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A story is told, says the Chicago News, illustrating the natural coarseness of the young German emperor. For a number of years he has suffered from almost constant earache, and to protect himself against exposure to cold he is in the habit of wearing cotton in his ears. You recollect that he visited England last summer, and while there was regaled with naval reviews, military parades and other displays calculated and likely to please him. On one of these occasions the weather was particularly nasty, and the young emperor noticed that the English officer specially detailed to attend upon him kept putting his hand to his jaw as if he were in pain. Presently the emperor asked: "Are you ill? You seem to be in pain."

"May it please your majesty," said the officer, "I am suffering greatly. At breakfast to-day a filling came out of one of my back teeth, and, having been detailed to attend upon you, I have not yet had an opportunity to secure relief from the pain which the uncovering of the nerve has precipitated."

"My dear fellow," cried the emperor cordially, "you shall suffer no longer. Here, take this and stuff it into the tooth at once." With which words the emperor pulled the plug of cotton out of one of his ears and handed part of it to the officer.

There was but one thing for the officer to do; the mere suggestion of royalty admits of no alternative.

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A group of gentlemen at the Fifth Avenue last evening, says the New York Star, were deploring the failure of the rapid transit bill, and lamenting that a compromise of some kind could not have been reached. "Well, the trouble was, as near as I can find out," said one, "a good deal like the trouble between two deacons in a Congregational church, about whom Henry Ward Beecher used to tell."

"Give us the story," exclaimed everybody.

"Well, the two deacons had a dispute and neither would recede. The quarrel got so sharp that the minister became scandalized and called the deacons before him. After lecturing them, he advised that each go off by himself and pray, and then see if they could not meet in a more conciliatory spirit. They took his advice. After prayers they came together in the presence of the minister.

"'What tidings, brothers?' asked he.

"'I have petitioned for grace,' said one, 'and am willing to compromise.'

"'Heaven be praised!' cried the other, 'my prayers are answered. I prayed for this. Brother Jones, you must give way, for I can't.'

"That has been the trouble with these rapid transit companies. One side wanted the other to do all the yielding."

PERSONAL POINTS.

Mary Anderson will have for one of her bridesmaids a daughter of Lord Lytton. The rest of the cast for the wedding is not announced.

Alan Arthur, son of the late President Arthur, has no taste in the direction of politics. All his predilections are social. He doesn't care a pin whether the country has ballot reform or not.

Julia Honore Grant, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Minister Fred Grant, can speak Spanish, German and French. She will make up for the time lost by her historic grandfather, the "silent man."

Harry Finney, a young Philadelphian, who is a pupil of Bouguereau, has a large canvas entitled "Reverie" in this year's salon. No visitors to the salon have yet been lost in contemplation of it.

Jean de Reszke, the tenor, and Edouard de Reszke, the basso, want 10,000 francs and 5,000 francs per night respectively to sing in America. They will not get it. It's too rich an investment for an impressario.

Dr. Scott, the father-in-law of President Harrison, is at the head of two sets of descendants with four generations in each. If the other set could only get a show at the presidency what a picnic Dr. Scott would have.

Sarah Bernhardt expects to make enough money out of her autobiography, soon to be published, to build a little rock play house with a crypt under the stage for her remains. She will not be the only dead head in the house.

Bertha von Hillern, artist and ex-pedestrian, and Emma Howard Wright, the author, are building a summer cottage at Middletown, Va. They must be angelic women if they can live together under the same roof.

Emma Churchman Hewitt has become the editor of the Household Correspondent. She cannot edit household correspondence one-half so effectively as a man's wife does when she finds a strange woman's letter in his pocket.

Austin Corbin gave an old friend the use of his magnificently appointed private car to Mexico for a wedding present. Everything needful, including a corps of servants, was provided. That is what might be called generosity on wheels.

Benjamin Ives Gilman, at one time fellow in philosophy at Johns Hopkins university, has begun a series of lectures at Princeton college on "The Æsthetics of Music." He may have something to say about college glees and college yells.

Prof. William James, of Harvard university, has been appointed superintendent of the "Census of Hallucinations" in the United States. His men will have to go around asking ghosts their ages and the number in family they possess.

Walter L. Vail, of Los Angeles, Cal., was bitten on the finger by a Gila moster, and he is now in the hands of San Francisco physicians, who will study the effect of the bite, which has always been fatal in the case of intemperate men. The Gila bite is not likely to be as popular in anti-prohibition circles as the snake bite is.

The Duchess of Aosta is spending her period of mourning in a set of apartment provided for her by King Humbert in the royal palace. The furniture of the drawing room is sumptuous, but somewhat rococo, having been placed there about half a century ago, when Victor Emmanuel was manuel. A second drawing room is hung with gilded mirrors, and the furniture is of scarlet silk. There are also a dining room, an oratory and a number of bedrooms and dressing rooms. There is room enough in so many apartments for the largest kind of grief.

CHOICE CHIT-CHAT.

The modern typewriting machine is engaging a great deal of attention from the modern inventor. The improvements which are projected, and those which have been accomplished, are directed towards increasing the capacity for speed, and making the machine itself stronger and more convenient in size and weight than it is at present. A man in Milwaukee has been experimenting for months with the idea of introducing keys which shall print short words instead of letters, but it is feared this will extend the keyboard and complicate the mechanism to such an extent as to be impracticable. One very handsome machine has just now been turned out and put on the market which weighs only twelve pounds, and is so convenient in size that it can be carried like a portmanteau. This economy in size is accomplished to a great extent by reducing the length of the typebars to something like one-quarter the length of those in the older machines. The central cylinder is reduced in size to a corresponding extent, and as the type under this arrangement only travels an inch in response to the touch instead of three inches, greater speed is of course possible. It is an accepted fact among operators that it is possible to manipulate the keys of a typewriting machine more rapidly than the machine itself can respond. More than this, the latest machine does away with the ink ribbon which in the earlier machine is a very great source of trouble and expense.

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Chief Justice Beasley, of New Jersey, who prides himself on the rural character of his dress and appearance, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, while on a recent visit to New York city, was one afternoon standing on the steps of a prominent hotel when he was accosted by a perfect stranger, whom he at once sized up as a confidence operator.

"It has been a long time since we met," said the newcomer in an affable manner.

"Yes," said the chief justice, musingly, "quite a long time."

"Are you enjoying yourself as usual?" asked the man, evidently feeling for an opportunity to run in his little game.

"Yes, as usual," answered the chief justice, with a sunny smile.

"Still in the same old business, eh?"

"Yes, still in the same old business."

"What business is it? Its been so long since I've seen you that I declare I've quite forgotten."

The chief justice's eyes sparkled merrily as he replied with an assumption of innocence which would have done no discredit to a first-class actor:

"Sending rogues to jail!"

The confidence man stared at him, and then suddenly shot off down the street, while the chief justice looked after him with all the innocence and benevolence of a Jersey farmer totally ignorant of city wiles and delusions.

⁂

"The first office I ever held," said Senator Sherman recently, "was secretary of the Whig convention of 1848 which nominated Zach Taylor, and that came to me in a curious way. I was sitting on one of the back seats, as became my youthfulness, when a delegate rose and said there was a young man from Ohio among the delegates who came from a district so hopelessly Democratic that he would never get an office unless this convention gave him one. He, therefore, moved that I be made secretary, and the convention, good-humoredly, adopted the suggestion."

⁂

J. D. Balen, of Bay City, Mich., says the Chicago Herald, was a close friend of Senator Beck, and relates this incident of one of their outings in Florida. It was at Green Cove Springs, at a resort kept by Alexander Morgan, a brother of John Morgan, the raider. At the back of the lawn, which extended to the St. John river, was a small foot-bridge kept for the purpose of entering and landing from the pleasure boats used by the guests, and from this bridge it was customary to throw into the river all the refuse and debris from the table of the house. As a consequence catfish of all sizes were in the daily habit of coming close underneath to feed on the broken victuals, and it was a rare sight to see the fights and commotions caused by the efforts to get the largest supply by individual fish. Senator Beck, Mr. Balen and others were standing on this bridge one sunny day when the darkey from the house appeared with a large tin pan of stuff which he dumped into the water. In a moment the fish were struggling beneath the bridge, and Senator Beck, as excited as a schoolboy, was leaning far over the rail laughing, exclaiming and gesticulating, when his spectacles in their case, which he carried in his outside coat pocket, fell out into the water. In a moment a catfish, certainly two feet long, rose to the surface, took in the case, spectacles and all, and made a bee-line for the middle of the river. The senator yelled out: "Stop him! Stop him! He's got my glasses!" and then, realizing the ridiculousness of the situation, burst out laughing so heartily that he could almost have been heard at Jacksonville.

The Colored Race Dying Out.

New York Weekly.

Tourist (down South)—There is a very general idea up North that the negro race in the South is dying out.

Aunt Dinah—I's 'fraid dat's too true, honey, too true. Only las' week ole Uncle Pomp wot uster belong to Gen'l Washington fell down det, right in his tracks; an' ole Aunt Chilo wot gev er drink er water to Gen'ral Lafayette, she's gone, too; and I knows two moh wot's sick. Yes, honey, I don't know what 'ud become of th' col'ed race if it wasn't that mos' of us wot's livin' has fifteen er twenty childens apiece.

Willing to Help Her Out.

Texas Siftings.

Wife (sobbing)—Some day you'll find me lying at death's door, and then what will you do?

Husband (courteously)—My dear, have you ever known me to be so ungallant as to allow a lady to open a door when I was present?

Republican Untruths.

Boston Post.

The McKinley bill increases the protection enjoyed by the sugar trust 14 per cent, and yet certain Republican papers have the polite and elegant gall to tell the people that the party is the enemy of trusts.

HER SPIRIT FRIENDS.

The Very Interesting Seance of a Psychical Society.

Some Startling Disclosures Made by a Boston Medium.

A Chicago Girl Said to be Possessed of an Evil Spirit.

Extraordinary Manifestations --Spirit Dentistry--Invisible Power.

Better Way.

I went to San Francisco a short time ago, and at 2 p. m. I visited the rooms of Mrs. Fairchild for the purpose of attending a materializing seance. It was the first time I had met the medium. A gentleman with whom I was acquainted was seated in the room when I entered. I whispered to him not to mention my name, as I desired to wait and see if the spirit friends would not call my name, as they had previously done at another place. Immediately after I had spoken to my friend Mrs. Fairchild came in and said to me: "You are a stranger to me, but Gracie says her papa is trying to fool you, but tell him he can't fool me" (Gracie). Gracie is my little daughter who passed to spirit life about eight years ago. After all had arrived we were invited to examine the cabinet, which was a covered frame work on rollers, and stood some four or five feet from the wall. The only openings from the front into the seance room were a window and a door, and when either was opened a flood of light was admitted. Another room was connected by folding doors. The sitters were so arranged that it would be impossible for any one to gain an entrance without being seen; in fact, in order to reach the seance room they would have to force their way to pass the sitters, who were so close together as it was possible to be. Soon after the seance opened my little Gracie materialized and approached me, calling her own name, and addressing me as papa. I stepped up and her kissed, and after a few words had been exchanged she said to me: "Papa, I want to bring you a flower, but I will have to go out in the yard and get it; stay here and I'll come back soon." I stood where I was, near the cabinet door. She disappeared, and in ten or fifteen seconds returned with a calla lily, with a stem about twelve inches long. These flowers grew in the yard, but none were in the room. I wish to say right here that the medium does not go in the cabinet, but is all the time walking about the room in plain sight of every one. She only went into the cabinet twice, and then only for a few minutes to assist weak spirits to materialize. No form appeared while she was in the cabinet. Black Hawk, one of the cabinet controls, called my name from the cabinet; his was the first time it was mentioned hat afternoon. My spirit wife came ut, gave her name (Christina), and ave me one of the best tests I ever received in my life. She told me of a business transaction that I had no knowledge of whatever, and could not believe it to be so, and told her positively it was not the case, but upon my return home I found out every word she had told me was true.

I am very certain no one in San Francisco could have known anything about the transaction whatever; names and facts were correctly given. Much more that was interesting and convincing transpired at this seance which I will not take space to narrate. Some thirty-five or forty forms came out, but many were recognized.

Spirit Dentistry.

Golden Gate.

Miss Lizzie Plimley, the child medium of Oakland, of whom we have heretofore written, and in whose presence we have witnessed some remarkable manifestations of spirit power, has now reached the age of thirteen, and is developing a gift of mediumship that, we predict, will yet bring her into the front rank of the world's mediumistic wonders.

Lizzie's familiar spirit is a half-breed Indian girl named "Minnie," who is her constant companion and protector. To show the power of this control the following incident, as related to us by Lizzie's father, occurred a few days ago. Lizzie had been suffering from a decayed tooth for some days, but, like most children, would prefer to suffer the pain than to endure the keener pang of having it extracted. While sitting in their family developing circle on the evening referred to, after some two or three of her guides had controlled her vocal organs to talk with those present, "Minnie" came in like a flash, and with great power Lizzie's mouth was held open, as if undergoing a dental operation, and instantly the offending tooth lay in the girl's hand—as neat a job of dentistry as any skilled dentist could have made out of it. Lizzie knew nothing of what had happened until she was restored to consciousness, when her father asked her about the tooth. She manifested the greatest surprise to find that it was out, and frightened to think she must have swallowed it.

Her Spirit Friends.

New York Mercury.

Mrs. Maude Lord Drake, the famous Boston spiritualistic medium, now of New York, gave a remarkable entertainment last Wednesday evening before the New Psychical society. Mrs. Lord Drake's personal reminiscences were sensational and at times gruesome. Starting off by referring to the unpopularity, or rather the unfashionableness, of mediums, she considered this all wrong, and people should not be ashamed to acknowledge that they knew mediums or hesitate to recognize them on the streets or in society.

The speaker told a story of a wealthy young lady of Chicago, whose father had held a prominent public office in that city. This young lady was startlingly beautiful and was eighteen. But she was taken sick and no doctors could cure her. Her conduct at times was beyond common comprehension. Her parents took her to San Diego, Cal., in the hope of improvement, and while there Mrs. Lord Drake saw her. She told the girl's mother that her daughter was obsessed or possessed of an evil spirit. The old lady could not understand this, and, being a member of Bishop Cheeney's church in Chicago declined to accept the diagnosis of her daughter's ailment. But Mrs. Lord Drake got a Bible and showed the mother a passage there showing how a boy was possessed. When they returned to the room of the girl she was tearing up her clothing and the bed clothes, and was in a wild fury. Mrs. Lord Drake gave tests, some twenty or thirty, and very soon the young woman rose up straight and powerful looking, and the spirit of an Indian began to speak through her lips. The spirit of an Indian warrior had control of her.

ALL NIGHT NOISES WERE KEPT UP,

and the Indian was having a sort of war dance with the girl. After a time the Indian spirit gave way to a beautiful female spirit, and then came the spirit of a child. After this came the spirits of several priests, who prayed, and then the evil influence departed, and the young lady has been ever since receiving the most beautiful tests.

The speaker then told how she was herself obsessed when a little girl, and how the evil spirits led her an awful life. For nights and nights she could not sleep, and at times she would be seized by a spasm of fury, in which she would wreck chairs and fling tables around with the strength of a dozen men. Five men on one occasion bound her with ropes, but she burst the bonds assunder and threw them off as if they were cambric threads. She knew the spirits that then obsessed her were evil, but she prayed, and finally got rid of them. She strongly advocated the efficacy of prayer.

One time she stood on the bank of the Mississippi contemplating suicide. She could not go home, and she had been discharged from a hotel where she had worked from 4 o'clock in the morning until 10 at night for 50 cents a week. No being could be more miserable or desolate. But before jumping in she thought she would pray to God. She addressed a supplication to the throne, but it was an uncouth and clumsy prayer, and she tried again. Her second effort was not grammatical, and in her youthful simplicity she feared this might be a fatal defect in her prayer, so she thought of all the grammar she knew, and couched her prayer in her best and

MOST GRAMMATICAL RHETORIC.

Presently a beautiful lady came and put her hand gently on her head and told her to go back to the hotel and happiness would come soon. Next day a gentleman stopped at the hotel. He learned of her condition and spoke with her. "You are possessed of spirits," he said. "I will help you," and he did. He was a spiritualist, and from that out her troubles left her. Previous to this she had contemplated suicide a dozen of times, and her father wanted to send her to a lunatic asylum. In coming out of this condition she felt that she had come out of a grave—a dark and gloomy sepulcher. Often had she prayed most earnestly that she should have a husaand and a home, and God has heard her prayer and given her as a husband the noblest of men and a home that is happiness itself. After some singing Mrs. Lord Drake then stepped down among the audience and began to give tests. Some of them were remarkable for truthfulness, if the admissions of the various persons were correct. To one lady she told the history of a ring she wore and how many persons had worn it, and what their particular traits of character were. Another lady seemed well pleased when the medium told her that a gentleman had just worn her ring, and that his spirit was there beside her, and loved her dearly.

"THERE WAS ONE CHILD

that did not belong to the father," she observed to another lady, who blushed deeply under the startling insinuation, and the medium went on to tell her that the spirit of a handsome gentleman stood by her and longed to speak with her. He had loved her devotedly in earth life. To a big man with a bald head she said he was a queer mortal, possessed of strong but contradictory qualities. "You owe nothing to the world, but all to yourself," she remarked. "Yes, I'm what is called a self-made man," he replied rather proudly.

"Never got any education except what you picked up," the medium remarked. "Quite correct. Got no schoolin' at all," replied the big man with the bold, bald head.

"You have made piles of money and spent it," the medium continued, seeing she had a good subject. "No, I have it all yet," he replied, and the laughter was general. At this Mrs. Lord Drake changee the subject and said: "Your ring was worn by another before you got it." "Well," replied the big man, his face and bald head becoming red, "I did not think you could find out that. I bought the ring second-hand, and had it made larger to fit my finger."

"I see the spirit of a lady near you. She loved you devotedly." "Yes, she did, and I know it," he admitted, in a voice in which there was a tremor of pathos. The medium and the big bald-headed man got along admirably, and the interview was prolonged to the dissatisfaction of others who wanted to "get something" from the spirit world. Mrs. Lord Drake went through the whole audience, giving these tests to such as desired them, and the entertainment was certainly a remarkable and often amusing one.

A Conflagration Averted.

Mrs. Helen-Stuart-Richings was a clairvoyant at a youthful age. She was educated at a convent in Canada, and one night she went down from the dormitory upon an upper floor and told one of the sisters that the building was about to be consumed by fire, but that it was not then too late to save it. "Where is the fire?" asked the sister. "In the laundry," answered the girl. "You have not been down there?" "No, but you will find it as I say." And they did. By great exertion the conflagration was stayed, but without this warning the great building would have been consumed and many lives sacrificed. Mrs. Richings is now a seeress of enviable fame.

Invisible Power.

John Aubrey's Miscellanies, 1671.

There was a man in Scotland, an obsessus, carried in the air several times in view of several persons, his fellow-soldiers. Maj. Henton hath seen him carried away from the guard in Scotland—sometimes a mile or two. Sundry persons are living now (1871) that can attest this story. I had it from Sir Robert Harley, who married Maj. Henton's widow.

A gentleman of my acquaintance, Mr. Moody, was in Portugal, Anno 1665, when one was burned by the inquisition for being brought thither from Goa, in East India, in the air in an incredible short time.

Undue Advantage.

New York Weekly.

Mrs. Gabb—My dear, if that man Harrison ever runs for president again, I want you to vote against him.

Mr. Gabb—Well! Well! What's the matter with Harrison?

Mrs. Gabb (with an injured air)—He's gone and appointed Mrs. Gadd's husband a census-taker, and now she'll know everything about every family in town.

Demands of Silence.

New York Weekly.

She—My dear, I want $50 to do some shopping.

He—My goodness! Why, it's only—

"Do you remember that you came home last night in a very shaky condition?"

"Hum! Perhaps I did."

"Yes. And I didn't say a word, did I?"

"No, my dear: not a word."

"Well, you know, silence is golden."

"Here's the $50, my love.

Capital Test.

Texas Siftings.

Son—Pa, a monkey is five times as good as Deacon Good, ain't he?

Pa—Jimmie, I'm surprised! Why do you say so disrespectful a thing?

Son—Why, you only gave him a cent last Sunday when he came around with the plate, and you gave the organ-grinder's monkey five cents this morning.

KISSING.

Tell me not in scientific
Pages such a tale as this;
That diseases most terrific
Gain diffusion by a kiss.

Kissing's real, kissing's earnest;
Though the vile bacillus lurk
In the kiss that thou returnest,
Trust me, Damon will not shirk.

Vain the doctor's adjuration,
Phillis lightly to me trips;
If there's death in osculation
Let me take it from her lips.

When a merry maiden fair is,
Medical advice decline;
Let her sweet orbicularis
Oris lightly rest on thine.

Yet since kissing surely pleases,
We by Æsculapian art,
Can prognosticate diseases,
Soft affections of the heart.

Kissing is by nature taught us,
Kiss the girls then when they come;
Though a kiss be, vide Plautus,
Acherontis pabulum.

—St. James Gazette.

HELLO

What's the use of delaying any longer? Send us a postal and we will call and get your

FURS!

Store and insure them against damage by moths, fire or burglars, and relieve you of care and risk for small charge; and making over and

REPAIRS

Should be done BEFORE they are put away. If you wait until fall you'll wish you hadn't. There is always such a rush that work is improperly done and delays unavoidable. Perhaps you don't know, or have forgotten, that we are giving away a

SEAL SACQUE!

Free. That is, every purchaser of any article in our store gets a ticket entitling them to a chance in drawing the Sacque or a $150 Fur Coat. From now on we will also give a ticket to any one storing their furs with us or having them repaired.

BUY YOUR HATS

Of us. We have elegant lines at $3, $3.50 and $4, besides the "Knox" and "Christy" at $5, which are unequaled.

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