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BY LEWIS BAKER.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 31.—Weather—For Minnesota: Fair weather; stationary temperature; variable winds. For North Dakota: Stationary temperature, except warmer in extreme southwest portion; fair weather; southeasterly winds. For South Dakota: Continued warm and fair weather; southerly winds. For Wisconsin: Slightly warmer; variable winds. For Iowa: Showers, followed by fair weather; stationary temperature; easterly winds.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer..	Exposed Thermometer...	Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer..	Exposed Thermometer....
St. Paul....	30.10	76	Helena	30.00	48
La Crosse..	30.10	74	Ft. Totten.	....	...
Duluth ...	39.18	56	Ft. Sully...	29.96	80
Huron	30.02	76	Minnedosa	30.32	44
Moorhead .	30.12	76	Calgary....	30.10	42
St. Vincent	30.22	64	Edmonton.	....	....
Bismarck..	30.00	80	Q'Appelle.	30.28	44
Ft. Buford.	30.06	59	Medi'e Hat.	.....	...
Ft. Custer..	29.80	74	Winnipeg..	30.30	60

LOCAL FORECAST.

For St. Paul, Minneapolis and vicinity: Fair; nearly stationary temperature.

THE STORY OF A DAY.

The May festival collapses.

A Red Wing church is robbed.

A Texas ranchman is roasted to death.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught visit Buffalo.

Salisbury opens diplomatic relations with the pope.

An incendiary fire destroys four squares at Middlesborough, Ky.

The Third district Democratic convention is to be held at Shakopee.

The czar's unscrupulous methods are exposed by the Panitza trial.

Lightning destroys a church tower and livery at Lexington, Ky.

Senator Carlisle exposes the fallacy of Pickler's warehouse scheme.

Parnell says the land bill is insufficient in effect and dishonest in purpose.

Several malitiamen are seriously wounded in a sham battle at New York.

The Western association games are won by Kansas City, Des Moines and Minneapolis.

First Assistant Postmaster General Clarkson will quit the service of the government.

It is said John N. Abbott may become assistant general manager of the Great Northern.

Thirty thousand people attend the opening of the Guaranty Loan building, Minneapolis.

Miss Mary McGindley, of Duluth, is admitted to the bar, being the first woman lawyer in Minnesota.

Dr. Charles L. Flannigan, of Olympia, answers his wife's plea for a divorce with the statement that they never were married.

ON COMMON GROUND.

The two addresses delivered in St. Paul and Minneapolis on Decoration day came from antipodean sectarian sources—that is, they would have been considered to be so some fifty years ago. The St. Paul oration was from the lips of the official Northwestern representative of the Catholic church; that of Minneapolis, from one of the brightest and most progressive men who today stand forth as the type of Calvinism, modified by modern thought and scientific research. Each one of these gentlemen occupies a front rank as scholar, teacher and theologian. Each one clings, in precept and example, to what would be pronounced the conservative section of his church. But each is in touch with his generation, and strives to make his creed cover the modern wants of our democratic social system. And each is, in his sphere, one of the most useful, laborious, thoughtful and deserving of citizens.

It therefore follows that each presented thoughts to his audience which deserve more than the mere perfunctory reading usually given to newspaper literature. Archbishop IRELAND and Dr. BURRELL should have their addresses on Memorial day published and bound in the same pamphlet—for each one of those orations represents a different side of the same great truth. The bishop makes religion the touchstone of national growth—the doctor makes education (in its broad sense) the key to unloose the genius of national evolution.

On Memorial day, Bishop IRELAND and Dr. BURRELL ceased to be theologians and took their place upon the common platform of Republican citizenship. Each one of these very excellent gentlemen forgot for the moment that he represented a special phase of religious thought, and remembered only what splendid results had followed the embodiment of the political tincts of our revolutionary fathers into law. Bishop IRELAND for the moment became JOHN IRELAND, the patriotic citizen, and Dr. BURRELL stood before his audience as DAVID JAMES BURRELL, pleading with his countrymen to forget the human defects of our untried form of government in the manifold blessings it conferred upon all men of all faiths and of no faith. How very brief is the time since these two men would have been arrayed against each other as antagonists. Last Friday they spoke in two cities with one voice. They laid before their hearers certain historical facts, and followed those facts with certain generalizations. The GLOBE need not agree with all of the findings of both or either of these talented, honorable and conscientious citizens, in paying tribute to the tendency of their patriotic utterances. It is sufficient for us that these two men, supposed to be as wide apart as the poles in their view of theological problems, are practically one as to the destiny of the republic and the duty of citizens.

And this, too, is the meaning of republican liberty—if it means anything: the widest latitude for difference and discussion in unfenced fields for thought and speculation; the closest observance of rules and regulations where facts have fixed the bounds beyond which action takes the place of argument.

Let us hope that gradually all the warring sects of men will find the same common platform that Bishop IRELAND and Dr. BURRELL have found in searching for social truths in a common citizenship of the great republic.

A SHORT SERMON.

There is a new church or two building in St. Paul, and during the past year there have been considerable revamping and enlargement of the old structures. The city has not reached its proper development in this direction yet, however. We need a good many new churches, and a good deal more of the spirit which builds them. There ought to be three or four handsome churches along the line of Summit avenue, covered with vines and sheltered by trees, and the tower bells from high places on Dayton's bluff ought to be answered merrily on Sunday mornings by those chiming on St. Anthony hill. Churches are good things for any community. They should be sightly buildings, so that even the wayfaring man who does not enter them will get a suggestion of beauty from them and a reason for local pride. The highest types of modern architecture are ecclesiastical. In other sorts of structures the artist is hampered because he has to provide for the many uses to which his building is to be put. But a modern church is hardly more complicated than an old Greek temple. The clever architect can here produce something in which what is beautiful does not have to yield to what is useful. Handsome churches in a neighborhood put surrounding houses to shame if they are built in bad taste. We need more churches, then, to improve our domestic architecture, if for nothing else.

If we had handsomer churches we should have better preachers too. A handsome church is an expensive thing to build and an expensive thing to support. It takes an able man to induce people to give their money towards such objects. There are some good preachers in St. Paul and Minneapolis, and some poor ones. There are some able exponents of one point of view, while other points of view are presented either not at all or very wearisomely, so that their partisans get no comfort. The waste places in this region should be filled. People go to church for all sorts of reasons, but it is very hard for any man to go to church at all and not get some good out of it. The world has got beyond the point where the method of the strongest and the loudest was the method. We recognize now that, in spite of dogmas and creeds, there is plenty of room for individuality. Salvation may mean something besides the life of high ideals and of earnestness. But it surely means that anyhow. And religion may mean something beside sthe thing which helps men to the life of high ideals and of earnestness. But it surely means that, anyhow. And as all sorts of different men are helped by all sorts of things to salvation in this sense, there ought to be churches of all sorts where men of various prejudices and educations can get satisfactory food for their souls.

Perhaps this will be clearer by an illustration. Some of us love the Catholic service, with its mysticism and its pomp; and others are wooed to patience and to courage, which are the virtues most of us have use for, by the long prayer and the text coldly dissected and expounded after the method of the Calvinists. The voice of the singer and the sweet-toned organ induce high thoughts in you, but they may not in your neighbor. HENRY WARD BEECHER, bold, original, progressive, but always Christian, or FELIX ADLER, agnostic, analytical, radical, hopeless, may carry the torch which will light him on his way. One man feels better if he worships Christ in the midst of the prosperous, the comfortable and the well-dressed; but the hard-benched chapel brings another into closer communion with the God who was born in a manger. No one of us can afford to be too cock-sure about this sort of thing. Everybody has need of salvation in the sense in which we have defined it, and, therefore, of everything which makes for it.

All of this brings us back to the point that more and better churches would fill a useful purpose if he had them. And not only churches in the exact meaning of the word, but all the other instrumentalities which there are for drawing men out of themselves and away from their cares, their vanities and their petty selfishnesses. There is a loftier side to every human nature, and when this is active in a man, there is for him a lesson of the purest delight. Good preachers—orthodox or heterodox—awaken it, one in one man and another in another. And no community can be permanently great without good preachers. Music and books and the theater, and all the other agencies which supply people with artificial experiences and broaden and color their lives, are valuable in the same direction. Each one of these is a means towards salvation as powerful as praying and preaching. They appeal, perhaps, to a different class of people from that which goes to church. But even the harlot and the thief and the drunkard are worthy of salvation—that is, worthy to taste the pleasures of aspiring to the life of high ideas and of earnestness. And the city must have the things which will help everybody to this end if it is to nurture a strong race of men. This is not because sin will be much less if we have these things in abundance, but because life will be pleasanter and better worth the living if it is spent in the midst of what is bright and sweet. Churches and theaters and books and music are fairly classed by all men among the amenities of existence which make it valuable.

VERY CONSERVATIVE.

The Presbyterian general assembly was eminently prudent and conservative in taking the new steps dictated by the lower bodies. The action of the majority of the presbyteries was accepted, and a committee given a year to formulate the new version. There is to be no radical work; the dogmas that are discredited are not to be rudely extirpated, but to be restated so as to leave out the phraseology without forcing the confession that the distinctive doctrines of the denomination have been misconceptions. It was stated in the assembly that a revision was desired that did not "impair the integrity of Calvinism." To the untutored observer this would seem like an elimination that removes nothing. The concession would be avoided that the old statements meant the severe things they were understood to. A restatement of the old doctrines, and not new ones, was indicated in the report of the committee as the end sought. There is natural reluctance to seem to discredit the faith that has wrought such surprising results in the past two centuries.

CHEAPER CAR FARES.

In one of the neighboring cities a paper is attempting to figure out the time when electric street cars will have lower passenger rates than five cents. The argument is that with similar distances and patronage the electric should charge but two cents where the cable has five. The cost of the cable is put at $84,000 per mile and the electric road $19,000. The operating expenses are about the same, but in favor of the electric so far as there is a difference. Then, if the profits of the cable are 10 per cent, or $8,400 per mile, the electric will need but a profit of $1,900 per mile to pay its 10 per cent. No doubt in the evolutions of municipal transit some way will be devised to make a distinction between through and long distance street car travel and the wayfarer. At present there is more concern to have frequent and rapid facilities than in regard to the tariffs.

HOW WE ARE HANDICAPPED.

We might just as well stop talking to the contrary, and admit that the race of political prophets is rapidly becoming extinct. Of course there is any number of men who call themselves seers, but the evidence that they were ever properly anointed is exceedingly unsatisfactory. In the old days it was different. The prophesying profession was very popular then, and in many respects did quite well. But the last fifty years have been as hard on political prophets as they have on the buffaloes, and we are afraid that they are dying out.

The trouble with making predictions in the field of politics seems to be that there are so many factors which go to bring about any result that the prophet cannot feel quite sure of having grasped them all. And, if he has grasped them all, he never can feel quite sure that he knows which is likely to prove the most efficient in shaping the result. If we take two chemicals and mix them and an explosion ensues, there will be an explosion the next time we mix the same two chemicals in the same proportions. This is because, the ingredients in the experiment being identical, the result is bound to be the same. But it is another matter with social problems. It is utterly out of the question to be sure that, because certain conditions have brought about a particular crisis in society at one time, the result will be repeated. The wise prophet understands that in social matters there is never a complete identity of any two political situations. There is always something in one a little different from the other, and it takes a prophet of a kind with which the present generation is not very well acquainted to tell whether the factor which is absent when he is about to prognosticate is not really the one which did the business before. PASCAL says something to the effect that, had CLEOPATRA'S nose been somewhat differently shaped, the political history of Europe would not have read as it does. None of your ordinary seers are much good where details of this kind have to be considered and accurately calculated on.

Men in general, we think, are quite willing to admit that this is so. There is no end to the prophets shouting that the country will be ruined if the tariff is not lowered, and the woods are full of others with just as loud voices who are sure that the country will be ruined if it is not raised. They are, all and not believe them. People are willing one, CASSANDRAS, however. People do to admit that they do not themselves know what the result is going to be in general from any political measures, and they do not believe that the prophets do. That is what makes it so hard to rouse anything like really popular interest in a campaign based on economic principles. It is difficult to conduct a political fight on reason, as the Democrats tried to last time, because people are distrustful of themselves when it comes to acting on reason. They are not sure that they are right, because there is so much to be said on both sides. The problem is too hard and complicated.

The only way to excite real interest in people is to appeal to their feelings. Men may hesitate when their reason is their only guide, but they know how to act when their heart directs. It was not the political axioms of ADAM SMITH nor the accurate syllogisms of RICHARD COBDEN which freed England from the fetters of the corn laws. Free trade came to England because men felt that the tariff was making the conditions of life harder for them and robbing their wives and children of food and comfort that a few might prosper. The work was easy after this was brought home to them. It excited their moral indignation to realize that a wrong of this kind lived. They had their feelings to guide them, and they were prompt and ready to act on them.

In our own tariff question and silver question, and the other economic problems of the day, abstractly, there is a good deal of reason on every side. Some kinds of tariff reform are going to hurt some people at the same time that they benefit others. Ours is a government of compromises, in which everybody gives up something to everybody else for the common good. For that matter, no government under the sun can be run on principles of abstract right, even if there is any such thing. The basis of all political action must be expediency. And the way to arrive at what is expedient is for every man to struggle for what he wants, and take all that he can get. The compromise amid these million conflicting demands will be a measure which, on the whole, is the best in any event for the time being.

In order that the Northwest should get what she ought to have in the present political struggles, the first thing is to educate the feelings of her people so that they may know what they want. It is not the easiest thing to do, because there is so little homogeneity of feeling here. In older communities society is like a well-drilled army, which understands and responds to signals and passwords without explanation, because it appreciates their significance and their reason. But among us there is a great deal of intellectual confusion, because we are an irregular mass of people with many languages, and without capacity to respond to or appreciate the same appeals. Our welfare is bound to suffer, therefore, when it comes in conflict with that of the older sections of the country, because we do not seem to know really what is good for us, and we are not quite in a position to learn. Unless it is a matter of certainty to each of us as to where our welfare lies, how can we demand it with a vigor which will procure us a hearing? Such a state of affairs shows that we have need for a great leader whose personality is strong enough to make us understand what we want. It also makes the position of our present leaders one of great responsibility. One of these days our eyes will be quite opened, and they will suffer if they have been guiding us against our interests.

TOWER SCHEMES.

It is assumed that Chicago must have a tower for the conspicuous attraction of its fair, and that it must be something that will put in the shade the one at Paris. The fabrics that come from the active brains that feel called upon to contribute to the solution are often marvels of ingenuity, and show faith unlimited in the mechanical and engineering possibilities of the age. One would have a tower 1,000 feet high and 480 at the base, with a vast hotel and theater in the lower parts. One of the most recent is a pyramid 1,200 feet square on the ground and 1,200 feet high, with all sorts of uses for the forty to sixty stories. An electric cable inclined will run around the structure and up to near the top and down on another track. The view would be immense, and the ride more exhilarating than wine. The structure should remain for permanent use, as in the case of the Eiffel and the one to be built in London. Nothing seems to be devised that will attract like the tower, although a very famous one was one of the earliest large structures reported.

A MAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

The question was asked the other day of an old man, if he would be willing to live his life over precisely as he had lived it, in the minutest detail. He said he had lived pretty comfortably most of his life, suffered little from sickness, had not found marriage a failure, never had been in jail or found out in specially disreputable acts, although he had been in politics, and more than once been elected to office. Still, he had no desire to repeat the experience. He could pick out some days and weeks, here and there, that he would be willing to duplicate; but he knew of no year or month he would repeat with all its mental or physical experience. Still, he had no bad opinion of the way the world was constructed and operated. He was not sure that he could improve on it if he were employed as the architect. There were people in it that he would not, perhaps, have made, except to keep up an assortment, and several things he did not fully comprehend. It was a pretty fair world on the whole. He had never seen a better, and was not in any haste to leave this. There was no eccentricity about the man, and he had the philosophy of life pretty fairly understood. He said that could he go through life again, with the benefit of his experience, he would be very glad of the opportunity. He had made mistakes that now seemed to him easy to avoid. Still, he was not indulging in vain regrets. He liked the world so well that he had no desire for a date to leave it. In his estimation, as age came on one felt himself to be outgrowing the world, and the ties that held him to it were being dissipated. It was constantly less a matter of concern as to the time of departure, but interest in its affairs did not become lost. The true theory was to jog along as if there were no jumping off place.

EXAMPLE is a wonderful teacher. A good Indianapolis deacon, now employed at Washington, was reported last season looking for rural churches along the river. The president of the Y. M. C. A. at Indianapolis is also president of the street car company, and to encourage his people to look for rural churches he has been giving Sunday excursions. The Presbyterian ministers, not having a revised creed, have resolved that he must resign his Y. M. C. A. place or stop those Sunday cars. It is not supposed the cars will stop, as they bring in money to aid in the religious work, and the man at Washington is a good Presbyterian.

A RECENT church writer makes the statement that in a single denomination, the Methodist, a deficiency of a million dollars occurs every three years in the salaries of the ministers. It is not believed that the situation is different in other denominations. The loss all comes to those with small salaries and least able to spare it. The men who have big salaries and long vacations are not the ones who need sympathy. If the laborer is worthy of his due, he ought to get it on the regular pay day.

THE census men date everything today. The child born to-morrow won't count, even if the census taker doesn't call for a week or two. Any who die after the 1st will appear as alive in his reports. Persons should always try to regulate these incidents so as to help out the census. It is too late now, however, to rectify any mistakes.

IT IS not remembered just how KATE FIELD has become so familiar with the transition phases, but some will give her credit for discernment when she says, "Before they were married nothing was too good for her. After they were married nothing was too good for him."

THE census men are required to make complete lists of every living soldier and sailor, his postoffice and all his ailments. This will be of special convenience to the pension agents, and will be used by them in working for a service pension.

CHAUNCY M. DEPEW is to deliver an address in Chicago, June 4, on the world's fair, and the banquet is to be $20 a plate. This does not indicate that there has been any special advance in provisions in Chicago.

FUNERAL directors are, like preachers, a jovial class, and some recent gatherings have added to the æsthetic relations of their profession. The object probably is to increase their patronage.

IT IS not surprising that the American expedition that went to the west coast of Africa to observe the total eclipse of the sun failed on account of the cloudy condition of things there. That is the natural complexion of that region.

MANY who do not enthuse with the Salvation Army were captivated with the sweet speech and grace of Mrs. Gen. BOOTH on her visit to this city last year, and will regret that she has fallen a victim to the remorseless cancer.

THE majority of the clubs in each of the base ball leagues are said to have lost money this season. The loss of the National league is put at $25,000. There is something out of gear.

A DRUGGISTS' publication assumes that the government must be intending to provide a patent medicine for the chronic diseases to be inquired about in the census.

THOSE who keep posted on base ball records in this section this season may accept the theory that the contention is for the last place in the league. This may help out the Apostles.

THE life insurance companies credit 450 of their losses in the first three months of this year to the grip. These cost them $881,699. That was a hard grip.

THE reader of the STANLEY article in the June Scribner will be puzzled to know why it was written, aside from the financial return the writer took in.

MR. DEPEW would not take stock in a society to relieve the dressmakers of New York. Probably he thought of his wife's bills.

PITTSBURG has put up $20,000 for a newsboys' home. That is rather better than large cities like St. Paul have done.

THE FIRST OFFENDER.

Hail! lovely season of the budding spring,
"Ethereal mildness" and that sort of thing,
Of grass upspringing and of opening leaf.
When dread housecleaning puts the home to grief.

The robin's matin wakes thy early hours,
The sun grows warmer and the crocus flowers,
The rain comes down and the rivers flood,
And we toil along through the clinging mud.

We greet thee, Spring, with a welcome word,
The while you hint of flower and bird,
Though tremors shake our greeting's tones
As the wind of March doth chill our bones.

L'ENVOI.

Since winter's gloom we still endure,
This tribute may seem premature;
Yet fame was wished at any price
As the first spring bard to break the ice.

—New York Press.

TOPICAL TALK.

Young Detectives. There seems to be a universal desire among a certain class of men of the Northwest to join the ranks of the detective force of the country, each applicant for a star seeming confident of his ability to develop into a veritable Sleuth. The constantly appearing advertisement in the papers of Chicago and other Western cities offering to enroll those who wish to become full-fledged detectives for the sum of $5, with a star thrown in, affords these scatter-brained idiots a chance to skate about the town on tiptoe, peering through the curtains of private houses in the hope of discovering a scandal, dogging the footsteps of young ladies and young men of whom the spotter expects to discover something discreditable. St. Paul is infested with a crowd of blackmailing vagabonds who make a business of this species of extortion, and seldom get brought to justice because the victims would sooner pay anything than figure as complainant in a case of such a character. These Chicago concerns which sell a tinseled star for $5 and then instruct the men they have robbed in the first place in the art of blackmailing artistically are to be numbered by dozens, and their agents are legion in this, as in every other city. It is not long since that a Swede, who has been notoriously connected with shady real estate and other transactions in St. Paul, was arrested for wearing a star and representing himself as a detective. He was but lightly punished, and is now at liberty to proceed with any new deviltry his fertile brain can devise. The private detective agency is a reproach and a disgrace to a country like ours, and prompt measures should be taken to wipe them out of existence.

A Dangerous Crossing. Frequently chronicled narrow escapes from death on account of horses which become frightened when crossing the Third street bridge are sufficient evidence that the present condition of the structure is an unsafe one. The principal reason for condemnation of the structure as it now stands is that the railing at each side of the roadway is too low and not of a character suited to a bridge at this point. Trains run beneath it frequently, and with the passage of each engine comes a sudden puff of smoke and sometimes a shriek from the engine, which combined are sufficient to disturb the equinimity of even the most sweet-tempered equine. The result has been made apparent in numerous runaways that have occurred on the bridge. Less than two weeks ago a lady escaped by almost a miracle from being thrown over the railing to the tracks below. As it was she was thrown from the rig and rather badly hurt. An effort is now being made to have a tight fence, at least four feet high, put in place of the open three-foot rail now used, and it is to be hoped that the effort will meet with success.

Saturday Half Holiday. The Saturday half holiday is a phase of the labor question now being discussed in the trades unions here with a view of securing its adoption. It means that after the 12 o'clock whistle sounds on Saturday the employes of all factories and wholesale concerns will be at liberty to do as they please until Monday morning. It has been urged by some labor reformers recently that this idea would be preferable with nine hours' work a day to the all round eight-hour scheme. These advances have been opposed, however, by the majority, which favors an eight-hour day and no compromise. The Saturday half holiday is in vogue in all parts of the United Kingdom and in Germany and Belgium, and seems to be the most satisfactory arrangement yet discovered for both employers and employes.

THREE CHARMING WOMEN.

Blaine's Prettiest Daughter. Mr. Blaine is likely to lose his youngest and prettiest daughter, Miss Hattie, in a few months, one of the young diplomats attached to a foreign legation having captured her heart, it is reported. The Blaine girls have all married for love and not for society or station. They have been carefully educated under the supervision of their mother and Miss Dodge, whose nom de plume is Gail Hamilton.

Mrs. Coppinger was not a beauty; neither is Mrs. Damrosch. Their remarkable resemblance to their distinguished father would have made them handsome men; but there is almost too much character in it for female beauty. In Miss Hattie, however, her father's roman nose is softened and is not obtrusive. Her complexion is perfect lily and rose. Her voice is musical and her eyes winning and expressive. The Blaine household will be lonely without her, and her parents will be loath to part with her.

A Senator's Young Wife. Senator Hearst differs from his wife in disliking society. He appears desirous of avoiding fine people and fine houses. He is now in his seventieth year, and is extremely proud of his wife, who is not much more than half his age. Mrs. Hearst is fond of social life, fond of young people and fond of keeping about her pretty young women as her season's guests. The senator evidently enjoys having her do all these things. She is a handsome woman, and strikingly of the Spanish type. Mrs. Hearst admits that she takes the best of care of herself, and this she considers every woman's duty. Her complexion is dark, but wonderfully soft and clear; her eyes are dark and impressive; her hair is dark and shining and worn as smooth as satin. She is slightly below the medium height, with a slender, graceful figure. Her voice is low, and her manner exceedingly quiet, gentle and easy.

Langtry's Lovely Home. Twenty-third street, New York, has a mystery. It is embodied in Mrs. Langtry's house. This cosy, cottage-like mansion, which the actress leases from the parents of the American beauty, Miss Adele Grant, is apparently occupied, although Mrs. Langtry is in London. Every morning the iron carriage gates are opened and the parlor shades partly raised. Fresh-cut flowers are set in the windows. Mail is delivered by the postman and taken in by a servant. The butcher, the baker and the grocer deliver stock. This week a painter rehabilitated the rather rusty front fence with a coat of handsome black, and a gardener clipped the boxwood hedge inside the fence. The gravel on the carriageway has been freshly laid and leveled, and the house smartened up in keeping with the freshness of spring. At night lights are seen within, and sometimes sounds are heard of a festival nature. Several times parties of fashionably dressed men and women have entered early and departed late. What Twenty-third street wants to know is: Who is now the tenant of the house? The distinguished impressario, Signor de Vivo, who owns the old Josie Mansfield house next door, and lets part of it out in furnished lodgings, has his own opinion in the matter. At the Union club they say that Frederick Gebhard is now the lessee of the Beech-Grant cottage, and its tenant. But after all, they do a deal of gossiping in clubs on a very flimsy foundation of fact.

A Honeymoon in Eclipse.

Life.

"Mr. Digby told me he didn't enjoy his wedding tour. Queer sort of statement, wasn't it?"

"Why, no, auntie, not under the circumstances."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, Mrs. Digby had such a horror of people taking Digby and her for a bridal couple that she took a chaperone along."

No Man Could Have Done It.

Montpelier Argus and Patriot.

Mrs. Roxanna Young, a boarding house keeper at Brattleboro, was last Monday night robbed of some $100. It is supposed that the thief entered by a window and found the bills in her dress pocket, the fact of the pocket being found indicating that the crime was not perpetrated by a man.

PERSONAL POINTS.

Mrs. Perugini, second daughter of Charles Dickens, paints children's portraits, and is now making a series of sketches for an English magazine.

Mrs. Harrison presented a plate decorated by herself to a fair at Washington to be raffled at $1 a chance; also a doll-baby and trousseau valued at $300.

Eduard Strauss, in a Baltimore interview, declares America to be Paradise and the newspapers simply miraculous.

The crown princess of Sweden is at Nizza on account of a very bad bronchial trouble. Is this the Nizza referred to in the remark: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown?"

Gen. Benjamin F. Butler's reminiscences will be ready this fall. It is safe to predict that they will make what Horace Greeley used to call "mighty interesting reading."

Artist Whistler was told by an acquaintance that there were only two painters in the world, himself and Velasquez, and he immediately replied, "Why drag in Velasquez?"

Dr. J. Furnivall has gone back five generations in the ancestry of Robert Browning and discovered that he had a forefather who was head butler at Corfe Castle, Dorsetshire. How will the Browning clubs like this?

Stephen B. Elkins' new ninety-nine-room house in the town named after him in Randolph county, West Virginia, will be completed about June 1. It will require a star-route map to locate the rooms.

Senator Stanford is a great favorite with the pages of the senate chamber. He gave sixteen of them a dinner at his Washingthn house, and is now in their estimation a bigger man than Benjamin Harrison.

Stephen A. Douglas owns a plantation in Mississippi which cost his father $115,000, and from which the present owner realizes only about $100 a year. He can raise almost that much wool between his ear muffs.

Andrew Carnegie paid $3,000 for the flowers and decorations alone at the recent big dinner which he gave in Washington. This fact will have a sweet fragrance for the nostrils of the men whose wages he reduced 10 per cent.

Miss Annie Page, who took a prominent role in the "Antigone" in Boston recently, has been a favorite model for artists and possesses a reputation as a writer of short stories. She is an interesting Page of American literature.

Princess Victoria, a sister of the emperor of Germany, has announced her intention to pass her life in single blessedness. She will set up an establishment of her own in London. American heiresses have made the competition too lively for her.

Fritz Reuter is the Charles Dickens of Northern Germany. His works are composed in the idiom of the North, and are very witty character sketches. A monument is being erected to him at New Brandenburg. Monuments are not so hard to get in the old world as in the new.

Lady Anne Blunt, her husband and their daughter, are living on the borders of the desert in Egypt, about six miles from Cairo. They have adopted the Arab dress, with the primitive customs of that race, and live a life of simplicity. How Lord Byron's veins would throb if he only saw his granddaughter attired as a Bedouin!

Miss Virginia Long, granddaughter of Gen. Sumner and daughter of the Confederate general, Armistead Long, the biographer of Robert E. Lee, is a brilliant brune, and one of the distinguished beauties of Charlottesville, Va. She is an intrepid horsewoman. Her father is now quite blind, and she acts as his amanuensis.

SWEETHEARTS AND BEAUX.

Briggs—Tompkins is engaged to a widow, I hear.

Braggs—Yes; that's just like him. He is too lazy to do any of the courting. —Terre Haute Express.

"Look here, you have been calling upon the family of Col. S—— for several years; how is it you don't marry one of his five daughters?"

"How—you see, I should not like to disappoint the others—Humoristische Blatter.

First Miss—What a handsome mustache that gentleman has!

Second Miss—Yes; but I think it must be very disagreeable to have a mustache on your lip.

First Miss—It isn't, though.

Second Miss—How do you know?—Epoch.

Minnie—I'm afraid I must be showing signs of age.

Mamie—Why, dear?

Minnie—Young Mr. Softheart was complimenting me last night on having such a sorrowful, intellectual face.—Terre Haute Express.

Constance—I care not for your poverty, George. Let us wed at once. We can live on one meal a day, if necessary. George—Can you cook, love? "Yes, George. I attended cooking school for two months." "Then we will wed. I think one meal a day will answer."—Yonkers Statesman.

Tom—Do you suppose she has spoken to her parents about the engagement yet?

Dick—I know she has spoken to her father. He met me to-day and invited me to have a drink.

Tom—But he's a temperance man.

Dick—Of course; and he wanted to try me.—Yankee Blade.

Mr. Flounder—Excuse my embarrassment, Miss La Mode, but I love you and want you to marry me.

Miss La Mode—Oh, Mr. Flounder, this—is—so—this—is—so—sudden.

Mr. Flounder—I know it is, darling, but I wanted to give you a pleasant surprise.—Bostonian.

Consequences of Impetuosity.

Chicago Tribune.

"Emersonia, my daughter," inquired the stately matron, "why did Mr. Broadweigh leave so early last evening? Have you and he quarrelled?"

"Mamma," replied Miss Howjames, "Mr. Broadweigh kissed me last evening with such unseemly vehemence that he disarranged my spectacles. I have dismissed him forever."

And the proud Boston girl, pale but sternly resolute, turned again to her volume of Aristotle and a deep, decorous, classically Bostonian stillness pervaded the apartment.

The Fatal Blunder.

Chicago Tribune.

The proud Boston beauty rose to her feet and rang the bell.

"Mr. Turrapin," she said, freezingly, "our acquaintance is at an end."

"For heaven's sake, Miss Osgoodson—Miriam!" exclaimed the thunderstruck young Baltimorean, "what have I done?"

"Sir, you have spoken of the Ibsen enthusiasm as a fad. Clytemnestra, show this gentleman to the door."

Outwitted.

Munsey's Weekly.

Indignant Landlord (to tenant of flat)—I thought you said that all your children were grown up, and here you've got three noisy babies in the house.

Tenant—Yes. These are my grandchildren.

A Cheaper Drink.

Chatter.

"What's a bottle of champagne worth, waiter?"

"Three dollars, sir."

"Phew. Pretty expensive. Give me a bottle of corkage, I see that's only $1.

Fate.

New York Sun.

"In which yard did you lose the ball, my boy?"

"The one with the dog in."

GOSSIP ABOUT MEN.

Two Young Millionaires Apparently domestic life agrees with George Gould. He is growing stout and he is the first of the family who has ever shown such a tendency. His waistband increases in size with inexorable persistency and he devotes more of his time to his luncheons than formerly. His manner is as composed and unruffled as it was when he was sixteen years old. It is doubtful if a more self-contained man is known to the business world. John Jacob Astor Jr.—no longer Jr., by the way, the other prince of a money dynasty—is not blessed with Mr. Gould's general composure and charm of manner, nor is he growing stout. On the contrary, he is thin, and, unlike most of the phlegmatic Astors, he is inclined to be nervous and excitable.

General Alger. Gen. R. A. Alger is a wealthy man. But, like all wealthy men, he is reputed to be worth several times over what he could actually "pan out." The manner in which the public overestimates accumulated wealth reminds me of a statement which I read years ago in the published autobiography of John Power, a millionaire merchant. He described a day early in his career, when he had paid all his debts of whatever description and had $5 in his pocket, whereupon he commented: "And I could have passed then among men for a millionaire as readily as years later, when I was really worth a million." Gen. Alger is probably worth $3,000,000. He is reputed to be worth from $10,000,000 to $25,000,000. He is making money rapidly in a great many fortunate investments and growing richer and richer every day, which, with the further fact that he is to some extent in public life, brings him a perfect flood of applications to buy various properties or business enterprises, or invest in different schemes. I was in his room a few mornings ago while he was opening and running through his mail. Nine letters out of ten contained proffers of this character. I remember the general tenor of one which he read to me. It was about as follows: "I can get you 6,000 acres of coal and timber land, near Blankville, Tenn., for $400,000, one-fourth cash and balance on time. It is a great bargain. Shall I close and draw on you for the first payment?" I do not know what the general's reply was, but I imagine he did not invite the man to draw.

New Bishop for the South. The election to the episcopacy of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, of Dr. Atticus G. Haygood is certainly, says the Boston Advertiser, an omen of good for the future of the negro. Dr. Haygood has long been one of the most outspoken of the Methodist clergy in the South in defense of the political and social rights of the colored man. Since he is elevated to the episcopacy as the first choice of his brethren we may look for the beginning of the dawn of a brighter day. This action may perhaps also presage a common reunion of the two most important divisions of this great church which years ago was sundered at the demand of the slave power.

Gov. Beaver's Lost Leg. The ease with which Gov. Beaver, of Pennsylvania, gets about on one leg and two crutches surprises almost every one meets him. In reply to a query on this point the general tells a story: "A classmate of mine at Jefferson college lost an arm while fighting in the Southern army. At a reunion of our class after the war I was the first member on hand. After engaging a room at a Canonsburg hotel I sauntered around the old college buildings waiting for the rest of the boys of the class of '56 to turn up. The first one to put in an appearance had an empty coat sleeve. While a rebel shell had taken my leg a Union ball had torn away his arm. I invited him up to my room and he was with me that night. I noticed that he had no difficulty at all in arranging his clothing and in doing pretty nearly everything else that a man with two arms finds necessary to do. I said to him that the loss of an arm didn't seem to discommode him. 'Well, do you know, Jim,' he replied, 'that since I lost my other arm and find that everything I want to do can be done with one arm instead of two, I often wonder what reason the good Lord had for making a man with two arms.' Now in my case," the general concluded, "I won't put the thing as strongly as my maimed classmate did, but one leg seems to answer me very well."

The Carlisle Family. The recent election of John G. Carlisle to the United States senate recalls the fact that he is the second of that name who has occupied a seat in the upper house. The other was John S. Carlisle, of Virginia, who was elected at the commencement of the war to fill the vacancy caused by the withdrawal and subsequent expulsion of Robert M. T. Hunter. Mr. Carlisle took his seat in July, 1861, and served until March 4, 1865, when the seat was vacant until March, 1870, and John W. Johnston was then admitted. Carlisle, Hunter and Johnston are dead, and Senator Riddleberger, who succeeded Mr. Johnston in 1883, and who served until the close of the last administration, has followed the others to the grave.

The legislature that elected Carlisle sat at Charleston, and that part of the old Dominion was soon after admitted under the name of West Virginia.

Remarkable Record.

Fall River News.

A remarkable record of production and preservation of life is reported at Globe Village. The couple are many years under sixty, yet are the parents of thirteen children, ranging from twenty-six years of age to babyhood. Moreover they have never spent a dollar for medical attendance for their children, nor employed a surgeon but once in their behalf. Their case is a vivid reminder of the days when New England was sprinkled with equally large and vigorous households.

"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.

Quoth he: "Sweetheart, thou art young and fair,
And thy story has just begun;
But I am as old
As a tale that's told,
And the days of my youth are done."
"O'er ruins olden the clinging moss
Doth a mantle of velvet spread:
Shall the climbing flower
Be more to the tower
Than I to my Love?" she said.

Quoth he: "Sweetheart, thou hast lands and gold,
And thou knowest not want nor woe;
As a beggar poor
I stand at thy door
And I only can love thee so."
"Through leafless forests the sunbeams creep,
All the wealth of their gold to shed;
And are they more fair
To the woodland bare
Than I to my Love?" she said.

Quoth he: "Sweetheart, thou art good and kind,
And would never the lowest spurn,
But the storm of life
With its toil and strife
Has rendered me harsh and stern."
"The brooklet murmurs its sweetest lays
As it makes for the rocks ahead;
Shall the streamlet's song
Be more brave and strong
Than I for my Love?" she said.

Quoth he: "Sweetheart, thou art blithe and gay,
And thou hast never known a care;
But my face is worn
And my heart is torn
With the sorrow I've had to bear."
"The stars ne'er spangle the sapphire sky
Till the brightness of day has fled;
Shall the pale starlight
Be truer to night
Than I to my Love?" she said.

Quoth he: "Sweetheart, who art young and fair,
Will thy wonderful love for me
Through sorrow or shame
Be always the same?"
"Nay, it rather will grow," said she.
Again he cried: "Will it last, Sweetheart,
Till thy lover lies cold and dead,
And thy latest breath
Has been hushed in death?"
"Aye, longer than that," she said.
—Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

JOLLY MEN'S JOKES.

Use of the Spring Poet.

Somerville Journal.

Jenny—I notice that you have had a good deal of spending money lately, dear. Where do you get it? Has your father increased your allowance?

Fanny—No; but I have a beau, you know, and——

"What! You don't get it from him!"

"Oh, dear no. But he writes me an awful lot of love poetry, and I have it published under my name. I make a good deal that way."

Wanted a Horse Doctor.

Rochester Post-Express.

Hampden Sewall—Doc, I wish you'd step down to the house and see my wife.

Physician—What seems to be the matter?

Hampden Sewall—Oh, she's been working like a horse for two or three days and is all worn out.

Physician—Why don't you see a veterinary surgeon?

A Fascinating Accomplishment.

Detroit Free Press.

Aunt—But Ed is poor.

Terese—True, but I love him.

Aunt—Old.

Terese—True.

Aunt—Ugly.

Terese—True.

Aunt—How is it he has fascinated you?

Terese—He is the only man I ever met who could wag his ear and take his hat off by arching his eyebrows.

Cajolery.

Boston Courier.

Wife (indignantly)—And when Mrs. Jones found you you were standing in the street, hugging a lamp post. The idea!

Husband (penitently)—Yesh, darling, but I thought the lamposh was er you till I found out my mishtake.

Wife (incredulously)—Thought it was me? Well, that's a nice idea! And pray how did you discover your mistake?

Husband (caressingly)—When it didn't hug me back an' shay: "Darling, I forgive you for thish time."

Women Should Read the Papers.

Norristown Herald.

"William," said his wife, in a pained tone of voice, "you were seen coming out of a saloon last evening. What was your business in such a place?" "I only went in to sample an 'original package,' my dear," replied her husband.

"Oh, is that all? I was afraid you went in to get a drink of whisky."

A Happy Accident.

Chicago Post.

He—I must beg your pardon for this precipitous call at an unseemly hour, but the storm broke so suddenly as I was passing that I was compelled to seek shelter under the nearest roof.

She—Oh! I'm so glad you did so, for now I have proof that pa was wrong when he said you didn't know enough to come in out of the rain.

Brains of No Account.

Boston Transcript.

Brown—Is Wicklewash a man of much executive ability?

Fogg—Executive ability? Well, I should say so. He hasn't a man under him with a teaspoonful of brains.

Brown—But what has that to do with it?

Fogg—Everything, my dear boy. Wicklewash has a brain that would fill a dessert spoon; nothing to boast of in itself, you know; but a man with a brain like Wicklewash's must always occupy a commanding position among men with only a teaspoon of brain apiece. There's where Wicklewash's executive ability comes in. He never makes a mistake, and when a vacancy occurs he invariably selects for the place a man with the smallest possible amount of brain.

A Severe Test of Love.

Epoch.

"You love my daughter?"

"Passionately."

"Well, knowing you as I do, I feel that the best way you can prove your love for her is by giving her up."

Charges Accordingly.

New York Weekly.

Mrs. De Fashion—I give a little reception next Thursday evening, and I would like some music, piano solos particularly. What would be your terms.

Prof. Pianissimo—Eef I go zere simply as a musician, und blay my selections und leave, I gharge $25; but eef I must go as a guest, and spend ze whole evenings talking to von pack of fools, I gharge $50.

He Was Right.

New York Weekly.

Tramp—I'd like a drink, but don't suppose you'd want to change this $5 bill.

Bartender (briskly)—No trouble about change. Here's your medicine.

Tramp—Thanks. Ah! That's good whisky.

Bartender—Eh? Lookee here! This bill is no good!

Tramp—Yes, I said you wouldn't want to change it.

Uncertainties of Arithmetic.

London Punch.

Schoolmaster—Yes; but look here, my boy. Suppose I were to loan your father £500, let us say, without interest, but on condition that he should pay me £10 a week. How much would he still owe me in two months?

New Boy—Five hundred pounds, sir.

Schoolmaster—Tut! tut! my boy, you don't know the first principles of arithmetic.

New Boy—You don't know my father, sir.

Dress Is Pretty Now.

Madge, in London Truth.

Dress is remarkably pretty this season, I think. Do I say that every season, I wonder? Perhaps I do. But this time there is much on which we may congratulate ourselves. The total absence of the horrid little cushion called a dress-improver goes at the top of the list of subjects for felicitation. Then come the small bonnets, which are very becoming. Even the enormous hatbrims have their good points when a delicately dainty face is underneath. A most becoming shade is cast upon the face, a sort of flicker, which adds expression to the eyes and softness to the coloring.

KRAUSE'S HEADACHE CAPSULES

Unlike many remedies, are perfectly harmless. They contain no injurious substance, and will stop any kind of a headache; will prevent headaches caused by over-indulgence of food or drink late at night. Price, 25 cents. For sale by all leading druggists.

$500 REWARD

For any trace of Antipyrine, Morphine, Chloral or any other injurious compound in KRAUSE'S HEADACHE CAPSULES.

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IOWA STATE FAIR.

Dear Sir: While at the State Fair my wife tried your KRAUSE'S HEADACHE CAPSULES, with good results. We have mentioned them to some of our neighbors, and they want to give them a trial. They prove to be all that they are recommended. Please find enclosed express order for $1, for which send four boxes CAPSULES. C. M. WILSON, Gilbert, Iowa.

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