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BY LEWIS BAKER.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, June 15.—For Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois: Fair; warmer, except slightly cooler in extreme Southeastern Michigan; variable winds. For Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Iowa: Showers, preceded by fair in North Dakota and Eastern Minnesota; slightly cooler, except stationary temperature in Iowa and Eastern Minnesota; variable winds.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Place of Obs'vation	Height of Barometer..	Exposed Thermometer....	Place of Obs'vation	Height of Barometer..	Exposed Thermometer....
St. Paul....	29.96	74	Helena.. ..	30.06	54
La Crosse..	36.04	78	Ft. Totten.	.....	...
Duluth ..	29.94	89	Ft. Sully..	29.78	64
Huron.....	29.72	72	Minnedosa	29.62	68
Moorhead.	29.86	68	Calgary....	.....	...
St. Vincent	29.82	66	Edmonton	.....	...
Bismarck..	29.84	64	Q'Appelle.	29.72	56
Ft. Buford	29.78	72	Med'e Hat.	.....	...
Ft. Custer.	29.92	60	Winnipeg..	29.72	72

LOCAL FORECAST.

For St. Paul, Minneapolis and vicinity: Fair weather, followed by showers; slightly cooler.

THE STORY OF A DAY.

Minneapolis has a drowning.

A great rain falls at Cincinnati.

A boss painter at Mandan is fatally shot.

Fitz-Roya wins the Grand Prize of Paris.

The senate is ready to vote on the silver bill.

Russia is reported to have designs on Corea.

Prof. C. S. Walker says the farmer is facing a crisis.

Several people are injured by the falling of a bridge at Cleveland.

A man who killed a Missouri sheriff narrowly escapes lynching.

Many Japanese are starving, owing to a shortage in the rice crop.

Forty thousand people will attend the American Derby at Chicago.

Minneapolis census enumerators are sore over criticism of their work.

Judge Shiras renders another decision on the Des Moines river land case.

The Boston Wool Consumers' association memorializes congress for free wool.

The Western association games are won by Denver, Minneapolis, Omaha and Milwaukee.

Trains collide on the Eau Claire-Chippewa Falls short line and several persons are injured.

WHAT THEY ARE PAID.

The recent effort of the bureau of statistics and labor in Massachusets to obtain full information as to the wages of employes was not probably in the interest of any political theory; but enough were gathered to give the report interest and value. Out of the nearly 250,000 parties engaged in manufactures and industries data were gathered from about two-thirds. Few intelligent people now persist in the old fallacy that high tariffs cause high wages; but there has been a great deal of legislation in the interest of labor in that state, and its condition probably averages rather better than in the other manufacturing states. Some will perhaps remember having heard in political oratory, especially in tariff times, how much better labor is paid in this country than in Europe, and the contrasts drawn between the wage-earners on the two sides of the water should inspire admiration for the American statesmanship to which it was attributed. One of these political tracts not many years old pictured the workman on this side as usually getting from $15 to $20 per week. These fresh figures show that even in most favored Massachusetts only 20 per cent of the male and 1 per cent of the female workers get more than $15 per week; more than half the men receive less than $10 per week, and but a minority of the females receive $6 per week. More than a third get less than $5. This is the showing in one of the most thrifty manufacturing states. There are reasons not related to the tariff why labor has been better requited in this country than in most of those of the old world. This is easily understood. Some of the workmen in McKINLEY's district the other day failed to elicit any reply from him when they asked why his theory that high tariffs benefited labor did not operate that way in Germany, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Spain, Russia and the many other countries that have high tariffs. In all of them labor is paid less than in free trade England. This Massachusetts inquiry shows that in the best light it can be seen 80 per cent of male labor and 99 per cent of female labor earns less than the average per capita production of the country. This indicates that an enormous majority of the wealth produced in the country goes into the pockets of the small minority. That tendency is fostered by high tariffs.

A NEGATIVE ADMINISTRATION

That discreet silence pursued by Gen. HARRISON during the last presidential campaign still clings to his administration of public affairs. His admirers boasted of his shrewdness when a candidate in not saying anything that his adversaries could take advantage of. He succeeds now, just as he did then, in his non-committal policy by never saying anything that is worth repeating. There isn't a man in all America to-day who can quote a single sentence from President HARRISON's public utterances.

This policy of discreet silence may be all right for a candidate, but it is all wrong for the chief magistrate of a great nation. The head of the executive department is presumed to know the needs of the country, and it was upon that assumption the constitution authorized him to make recommendations to congress. Of all the important legislation now pending before congress, including the tariff, the silver, and the pension bills, it is not known what action the president will take upon any of these measures when they come before him, nor has there ever been a single word from him in the way of advice or recommendation as to what course congress should pursue in relation to the important questions now uppermost in the public mind.

There have been presidents who made themselves obnoxious to congress and to the country by their over-officiousness in public matters; yet it is better to have a president of that sort than one who manifests no interest whatever in questions of public concern. A dummy in the White house, with an automatic attachment for signing appointments, would do as well as the present chief executive.

A negative administration is always a misfortune for the country, yet it is still more unfortunate for the Republican party to be dominated by a man without a policy. Little intellects are apt to have an imperious cast, and when a person of small intellectuality and of a strongly imperious disposition obtains power he is quite apt to make the surroundings uncomfortable. President HARRISON's idea of running the government seems to be to make all others in official station subservient to his will. This would be excusable if he had any well-defined policy to establish. But in the absence of anything like a policy, and apparently taking no interest in public questions, one wonders why he should be so anxious to hold the appointing power as a perpetual menace over congress, or that he should insist upon asserting his individuality in matters that are wholly immaterial to the country. It is only another illustration of the wisdom of the old proverb: "Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil."

ALWAYS A SHOW.

To the Editor of the Globe.

As a Democrat I want to propose a straight question to the GLOBE. Is there a show for the Democrats in Minnesota this year? In the face of the 36,000 majority against us two years ago would it not be better for the Democrats to fuse with the farmers and the Knights of Labor in their independent movement, and by all pulling together wipe out this boodle administration? Gird up your loins and give a square answer.

AN OLD TIMER.

Stillwater, June 14.

The next Democratic state convention can give a more definite answer to these questions than we are able to do, and they are respectfully referred to that body when it meets.

The GLOBE speaks for itself only. We have our opinions, nor are we ashamed or afraid to express them.

A party with principles always has a show. If Democratic principles are worth having they are worth staying by.

It is not a question of numerical strength on a division of party lines merely, where principles are involved that bear upon the homes, the pockets and the consciences of the great body of the people. It is always better to be in the minority and be right than be in the majority and be wrong.

The Democratic party has undertaken to reduce the war taxes to a peace basis. It has furthermore the high mission of holding corporate power in check. It believes in the preservation of the forms of local government and in guaranteeing home rule to the people. These are its principles, and if they are worth anything they are worth contending for.

The Democratic party relies upon the intelligence and honesty of the masses for the success of its principles. The creation of false issues and the corrupt use of money may retard Democratic progress for a while, but it cannot be so forever. The people of Minnesota are too intelligent and too honest to be always deceived by false prophets. The independent movement among the farmers and the laboring classes is an encouraging sign of the reaction that is about to set in. Their disgust with the corrupt practices of the dominant party has brought about this mutiny in the Republican camp. They have grown weary of the burden of useless taxation. They are tired of seeing hired men go to the conventions to vote in opposition to the honest sentiment of the masses.

There will come a time, sooner or later, in Minnesota politics when a bought nomination will insure the defeat of the nominee. It may be this year, or it may be some other year, but it will come. Those who believe in Democratic principles can afford to wait its coming, and to hold their souls in patience until it does come.

The size of a majority against it is no terror to a party whose feet are planted upon the everlasting foundation of correct principles. With its face to the morning sun, the Democratic party moves unerringly forward to a final triumph; and we can say to the farmers and to the laboring men, as MOSES said to the Midianite when about to set out for the promised land, "Come and go with us, for we will do thee good."

WHAT IT WILL COST.

It is insisted by many Republican papers and authorities that the pension bill agreed upon in conference and that has passed the house, and will no doubt become the law, meets the pledges of the platform and campaign. This is not conceded by the G. A. R. element that has been most active in its demands for pensions. It is hardly suggestive of the theory advanced at Indianapolis that druggists' scales were to be discarded in weighing out pensions. There was reason to expect from the professions of the Republicans that a far less conservative measure would have their support. The service pension was the natural inference. That, however, is a matter between them and those who were deceived in their voting. The measure passed is not opposed as too liberal in any influential quarter, although in some details it leaves an unwise discretion, and the gag business, in its passage, was probably designed to drive Democrats into opposition. There is wide difference in the estimates of the addition it will make to the pension rolls. CLARKSON's paper supposes it will add 50,000 names and $30,000,000. Mr. HENDERSON, of Iowa, thinks of $35,000,000. Senator DAVIS, of this state, speaks of $42,000,000, and others figure as high as sixty, and even one hundred million dollars. All the pension legislation has outrun the estimates. The point that Mr. SPRINGER specially objected to was the discretion given the pension office to make the pension anywhere from $6 to $12 per month to the soldier who has mental or physical disability. It is given out that the senate will not go beyond the dependent feature.

WHILE young ladies at institutions have been exhibiting intellectual graces, it is noted that the outgoing class at Vassar has the attraction of the prettiest girl seen there for many years. There will be St. Paul girls there the coming year. The most impressive point in the baccalaureate there last Sunday was the exhortation to the young ladies to go forth with the invincible purpose not to lean on anybody. Perhaps this did not mean all that it said.

A PAMPHLET copy of McKINLEY's speech in favor of his bill is being circulated by Republicans. He gives as one of the strong points in its support that under it "the government, its officers, agents and contractors, would have hereafter to pay the same duties which its citizens generally are required to pay." There has, then, evidently been a mistake about the consumer not being the party to pay the duties.

DOWN in Maine, the other day, the Republican state convention did not mention the McKINLEY bill. It is not just now remembered that it has fared better in any similar body. A small wager would be safe that words of cheer will not be lent the protection architect by the convention in this state on the 24th of July.

THAT St. Louis Republican congressman who kicked so before voting for the McKINLEY bill says it secures to a trust a profit of 500 per cent on borax and boracic acid. It only worried him because he uses borax largely in his manufactures. But he will probably be able to squeeze it out of the people who use his wares.

PERHAPS congress forgot about that Pan-American congress when it empowered the president to use the bludgeon if necessary to enforce the settlement of the Venezuelan claims. There was an impression that arbitration was one of the fruits of that body.

HARRISON has veto nerves poorly developed. He allowed a private pension bill to become a law without his signature the other day, when be knew the party was totally undeserving and never did any military service. CLEVELAND vetoed the same bill.

BEFORE congress decides that "malt, hopes and yeast" are the only proper and ligetimate constituents of beer, it might be well to find out for certain if the other ingredients are pernicious to the consumer. There may be real improvements in beer.

BEN BUTTERWORTH may have some qualifications for secretary of the world's fair; but the fact that he is a disabled politician, and that he voted in favor of the tariff bill after making a dashing speech against it, are not recommendations.

IF SPEAKER REED is a member of the next congress, the Democrats propose to inquire into the vote-buying industry that is said to be so prevalent in his district. Still, if he has 13,000 majority, he will not probably be fired.

ONE of the Seattle papers issues a twenty-page paper on the anniversary of the fire, and shows that the improvements in the burned district cost $7,147,798. That was a good showing for the year.

ONE of the Eastern cities has established the rule that no man shall be an alderman who weighs under 200 pounds. The ancient and general ideal has been in that vicinity.

THE WILSON family has six of its members in congress, two senators and four representatives, and equally divided politically. They average well.

GOV. HILL gave an easy death to all but 35 of the 370 bills the legislature left in his hands. It is to be presumed that they were a bad lot.

THE pulpit definition of the egotist yesterday was the one who persists in talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself.

YESTERDAY was a day to bring the back teeth of the lake hotel landlord into view. It was the third perfect June Sunday.

PERSONAL AND PERTINENT.

Lawrence Barrett and family will summer at Cohasset.

A Paw Paw man, worth $100,000, carried water for a circus, and thus got inside the tent free.

Zola has made half a million dollars out of his books, and the worst book of the lot made him the most money.

Chief Bell, of the secret service, whom Secretary Windom removed, looks enough like Buffalo Bill to be his twin brother.

Paul Peer, the artist who has been awarded the gold medal at the Paris Salon, is but thirty years of age. He was born in London, Canada.

Mrs. Bayne, wife of Congressman Bayne, of Pittsburg, who declined a renomination, is the daughter of the proprietor of Hostetter's Bitters, and is very wealthy.

Gen. James W. Denver, after whom the city of Denver was named, is a law partner of ex-Attorney General Garland. He is hale and hearty at the age of seventy years.

Stephen B. Elkins is announced to run for congress in the Second district of Virginia against W. L. Wilson, Democrat. The Democrats are rather proud over the contrast.

Prof. F. N. Crouch, the composer of "Kathleen Mavoureen," is nearly ninety years of age, but was able to march in the procession at the unveiling of the Lee monument at Richmond.

Friedrich Beer, the Austrian sculptor, now in Paris, has discovered a process for making marble fluid and moulding it as bronze is moulded. The new process is comparatively inexpensive.

Alexander McBean, a wealthy Scotchman, has purchased 50,000 acres of land in Wyoming upon which he proposes to found a city to be named after himself. Wonder if Mr. McBean couldn't be persuaded to call his town something else —New Boston, for example?

The Princess de Sagan succeeded in attracting considerable attention to her figure on the beach at Trouville, France, by appearing in a bathing suit one side of which was white and the other blue, the conceit being carried out to the details of cap, gloves, buttons, stockings and shoes.

When Jay Gould was a struggling young surveyor, with hardly one cent to rub against another, he stamped his initials and the date on a copper cent, and put it in circulation. Yesterday Mr. Gould received some pennies in change at the Twenty-third street ferry, and on looking them over he found the coin he had stamped was not among them.

The Poor Enumerator.

Exchange.

Harry—Dearest, do you really and truly love me? Will you be mine, wholly mine? When shall be the happy day?

Uncle George (overhearing the above) —Blamed if there isn't another one o' them confounded census enumerators catechizing Kittie. Beats all, though, what fool questions they ask.

HISTORY.

He that the record of mankind would trace,
With all its virtues, faults, hopes, passions, fears,
In hardier scripture than a few fleet years
To dull oblivion may at last efface,
Must plunge his look far deeper than of old
Among time's ruinous heaps of dross and gold.

For every potentate, whate'er his pride,
Bows to still mightier forces, dim, remote;
His tyrannies, like his mercies, may but float
As wandering foam on the vast human tide
That sleeps or swings in that mysterious flood
Wrought red and bounteous from a nation's blood.

Ye, therefore, whom profounder truth contents
Than babble of light court-lady, prince or page,
Tell how, through altering peoples, age by age,
Great causes fructified in great events;
Nor heed mere kings, with splendors frail and brief—
Frederick the Greedy, Bonaparte the Thief!

—Edgar Fawcett in Belford's Magazine.

AMONG THE POLITICIANS.

Jerry Rusk Sanguine. The first announcement of the definite purpose of President Harrison to seek a renomination in 1892 was indicated through Gen. J. M. Rusk, secretary of agriculture in President Harrison's cabinet. "Uncle Jerry," as he is familiarly known in Wisconsin and in Washington, is a giant in stature and as brave in politics as he was in war. He is six feet three or four inches in height and correspondingly large in structure. He wears a high silk hat and makes men look up to him. I heard that he had asserted with emphasis that President Harrison would be renominated, and quietly asked him about it in the corridor of the Fifth Avenue hotel. "Why not," he replied in Quaker fashion, with a most emphatic tone. Then he went on to say: "I believe that President Harrison will be renominated and re-elected. It makes no difference who is nominated by the Democrats. The people will indorse President Harrison's administration because it has been and will be a good one. He has made absolutely no mistakes. That is his great strength. As the time comes near when the people begin to consider candidates and look over the record he has made, it will prove so acceptable that nothing can stop his renomination and re-election. I am for him and I believe the people will be for him."

Dudley's Enterprise. Gen. W. W. Dudley comes to New York every two weeks on business, legal and otherwise. He is one of the busiest and most prosperous lawyers in Washington. When he opened an office there two years ago it consisted of three rooms. Now he has seven rooms in the same building, and has been obliged to take two rooms across the street, in another building, to accommodate his large force of clerks. His firm has over thirty clerks constantly employed, and they do not work on government service, either, but from 7 in the morning until 6 at night. Several of the general's investments in street railway and similar enterprises are turning out well, and he is in a fair way to become, not only a rich man, but a very rich one.

Oregon Politics. "It is strange," said Martin M. Evesson to a New York reporter, "that Sylvester Pennoyer should repeat his experience of four years ago."

Mr. Evesson is one of the biggest lumbermen in Oregon, and came to New York from Salem a few days ago to visit some of his relatives.

"In 1886," continued the speaker, "Mr. Pennoyer was elected governor, the only Democrat on the ticket who carried the day. The election was very close, the Republicans electing their candidate for secretary of state by the narrow margin of only 290 in a vote of 54,909. The congressman and the legislature were Republican. Now here we have it again. The rest of the Republican state ticket is elected, but Gov. Pennoyer is re-elected, though the Republican congressman has a fair majority. There is also a Republican majority in the legislature. The only reason I can see for this is that the farmers all over the state gave Pennoyer their hearty support and were against his opponent, who is president of sixteen banks. But this is no exceptional year. In Iowa Gov. Boies had a Democratic majority of 6,500 votes, while every other state officer elected was a Republican, with from 1,700 to 8,500 to spare. Gov. Campbell buried Foraker under a majority of nearly 11,000 in Ohio, while every other state officer was elected with a Republican majority ranging from 22 for lieutenant governor to 2,200 for commissioner of public works. There is the same thing in Montana, where Gov. Toole was the only Democrat elected to a state office.

"Governor Pennoyer has been remarkably successful in Oregon," continued Mr. Evesson. "He went to Oregon in its early days as a lawyer, but he did not gain much practice, and went into the lumber business. He is now one of the leading men in the business, and has made a large amount of money. Of course the entire lumber interest supports him heartily, and he is one of the most popular men in the state with all all classes. He is an outspoken and consistent Democrat, and if he could only once get the backing of a Democratic legislature would inaugurate some changes in Oregon that would make the state Democratic for all time. I only hope he will have the opportunity some day. Pennoyer is a New York man, too. He comes from Tompkins county, that mother of governors. Gov. Cornell was from there, as is Gov. Miller, of North Dakota."

Iowa's Silver-Tongued Orator. J. P. Dolliver, the Iowa congressman, has come to be called the silver-tongued statesman from the West. He has a remarkable faculty for stringing words together, and a deep voice that reminds one of our own Tom Grady. Dolliver is a Virginian by birth, and there is a good deal of the florid Southern style in his speechmaking. This is Dolliver's first term in congress, and he confesses that his high ideas of congressional oratory have been dissipated by his short experience. "Why," said he yesterday, "the art of debate is a lost one in congress to-day. Now and then there is a short spurt, but it is only enough to remind one of the days and the men that are gone. Congressmen talk nowadays to the Record, and, after careful revision and a liberal sprinkling of 'applause' and 'laughter,' frank the document to their constituents. The fact is that most of the speeches are made to empty seats and galleries occupied only by a dozen or so sleeping negroes."

"Are there not some occasions when the members listen to each other and outsiders fill the galleries?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Mr. Dolliver. "When a strong partisan or personal fight is on there is a fair-sized audience, otherwise not, and few members take any interest in the proceedings. The trouble is that speechmaking in congress is being ladled out like butter or lard, or any other merchandise. A member knows he is to speak on a certain day on a certain topic, and for twenty, thirty or sixty minutes—no more or no less. He comes prepared with cut-and-dried notes. His turn arrives, and it is the signal for his colleagues to disappear in the cloak room. He makes as much of his speech as he can in the time, and prints the remainder. That ends it. Then the next member takes his turn, and so on. We get lots of essays for publication, but as for oratory—well, as I said before, it's a lost art."

NORTH DAKOTA TALK.

Tripp for Senator.

Grand Forks Herald.

The wisest act of the South Dakota Democracy yesterday was the indorsement of Bartlett Tripp for the United States senate. If by a political revolution a Democratic legislature should have the opportunity to ratify this indorsement, the state would be worthily represented by the election of Judge Tripp.

Miller as a Ghost.

Fargo Republican.

John Miller seems to be the ghost that haunts the dreams of a baker's dozen of old political hacks of North Dakota. The supreme indifference with which he treats their movements has already driven them to a frame of mind bordering on political hari-kari.

The War Into Africa.

Sheldon Enterprise.

Gov. Miller can't afford to decline a renomination. His declination would serve as a pretext for the Spencer cortege to proclaim that he dare not again aspire to his present position—handwriting on the wall, etc. His refusal, after their assertions that he is a hypocrite, a light-weight and many other uncomplimentary things, would at least savor of trepidation, and although he may have no desire for the office, yet under the circumstances he should show a bold front and make the attempt. Let the fight be "Grant or nothing," and carry the war into Africa—the blacks will show their ivories, but when it comes to a pinch many will be found off-color.

Too Small for Him.

Bismarck Tribune.

This country is altogether too small for Representative Pickler, of South Dakota. His statesmanship covers the world. He has introduced a bill in congress to prohibit the importation of liquors into Africa and the islands of the Pacific ocean.

Trifling With the Party.

Jamestown Alert.

It is stated in the same connection that if the governor is not renominated he has threatened to run without a nomination—just to beat the lottery. Perhaps that is the reason the alliance did not commit itself to a third party move last week. It is time enough to do that after the Republican nominating convention. This cool trifling with the interests of the Republican party of North Dakota by the governor and his rounders is going on daily.

SOUTH DAKOTA SENTIMENT.

Anti-Woman Clubs.

Sioux Falls Press.

While of course it was known that a large majority of the sentiment in this state is against woman suffrage, it was scarcely to have been expected that there would be club organizations thereof, but news from Faulkton shows that in that region the voters are associating themselves for opposition to the new "reform." One club reports a membership of a hundred voters and still growing.

Just What They Have Done.

Yankton Telegram.

If the Farmers' alliance, or those who aim to be the political leaders of that organization, put up a third or independent state ticket, as it seems they will most likely do at this writing, then look out for a rattling of dry bones among the scheming politicians of both the old political parties. The fight will be on in dead earnest and new men will be brought to the front all along the line. Whether such a move will result in success cannot now be even guessed at.

Hear Something Drop.

Alexandria Journal.

The congressmen from South Dakota voted for the McKinley tariff bill as though they were doing an act that would greatly benefit their constituents, but unless the educational campaign and experiences of Dakotans in the past go for naught, the congressmen will hear something drop about election time next fall.

Pat Still Flying.

Plankinton Standard.

Pat Donan, the celebrated imaginative orator who formerly made North Dakota his home, is still on earth, and is still booming the Dakotas. He did himself proud and exceeded all former efforts in a recent article on the beauties and wonderful productions of this country, in which he hardly touches the ground.

NATIONAL POLITICS.

Republican Iniquity.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

The whole character of legislation is changing. Congress is no longer a representative body; it meets simply to record the edicts of a handful of revolutionary Republican leaders, bent upon raiding the treasury and thwarting the will of the people of the country. One may search in vain the whole history of parliamentary government for a chapter comparable in iniquity to that made by the Fifty-first congress of the United States under the leadership of Mr. Reed and Mr. McKinley.

Good Reason for Unhappiness.

Atlanta Constitution.

President Harrison is not happy. The summer attractions of the White house are many, and the measure of power to which he has attained ought to satisfy the longings of any reasonable man; but it is not so with Mr. Harrison. The outlook is certainly not encouraging to the president, and the example of Indiana in repudiating his administration is not likely to strengthen his chances in other states. In fact, the future has very little hope for him, and the suspense in which he awaits the verdict of the people in the matter of a second term is unrelieved by any hopeful signs.

Decadence of Republicanism.

Kansas City Times.

Gen. Grant was not as good a Republican as Quay, Reed, Dudley and Ingalls, but he was twice elected to the presidency by Republicans, while none of the band mentioned could carry three states on any platform. He was also the soldier who ended the civil war.

Will Have to Turn to Himself.

Louisville Courier-Journal.

It looks as if Mr. Clarkson will have to start an able newspaper himself, if the grand old party is to have one. Even he himself might grow weary of the tariff humbug if he had to defend it every day in the year.

Another Broken Promise.

Ithaca Democart.

The Republican party promised one-cent postage as one of the booms to follow the election of Harrison. And yet we are fatrher off from one-cent postage to-day than when Mr. Cleveland retired. With a $6,000,000 deficiency in the postal service and the probable disappearance of the surplus in the treasury, there is no prospect of the redemption of this promise for many years to come.

With Fear and Trembling.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The tariff and the silver bill were both passed by the house under caucus domination ann gag rules, with the hope on the part of many Republicans voting for both measures that they will be rejected by the senate or so changed as to lose their principal characteristics. The suspicion that their hope may be disappointed would throw them into an agony of fear as to the action of their constituents when the question of continua nce in their seats comes up.

The Tyranny of King Caucus.

Kansas City Times.

Republican voters are managed by the local politicians and newspapers. The politicians and newspapers get their orders from the Washington caucus. The caucus takes instructions from the bosses, and the bosses make their deals with the trusts and money kings. We have an example of party discipline for sinister purposes never before equaled in this or any other country since the worse rottenness of the English and French legislatures was corrected. Manufacturers' trusts and money owners' combinations press the buttons and the Republican voters do the rest. It is a marvelous machine, and the chief end of its existence is to paralyze the free expression of intelligent opinion which the founders of this government expected to be the ruling power.

The Fraud Will Recoil on Them.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The crime of stealing nearly a dozen seats in congress because of party exigencies, although no fraud could be established, will come back to the Republican thieves with terrific force in the near future.

ODD ITEMS.

A photographer paid Stanley £1,000 to sit for a portrait.

Fort Myers, Fla., has a pineapple weighing six and a half pounds, and another Florida man plucked a lettuce head which weighed two and a quarter pounds and measured sixteen inches across.

T. W. Braswell, a Charlotte, N. C., jeweler, has a curiosity in the shape of a watch made in Ireland in the year 1107. This is all the more curious, says a local paper, because watches were not made until several centuries later.

The kaiser's latest reform is in naval uniforms. The new book of regulations says that an admiral may, when at sea, wear an oilskin sou'wester and coat; but his shirt-front must be perfectly plain, and devoid of tucks or frills; and the distance between the rows of gold lace on his sleeves must be .27559 of an inch.

"The beautiful women of the world" are requested, in a circular, to send their photographs to the Baroness Klara von der Deckler at Tiflis. These will be examined by a committee of artists, and those selected will be put in an album, with the title, "Types of Female Beauty of the Last Years of the Nineteenth Century." Then the album will be sent to the Moscow museum.

William Waldorf Astor has employed artists at an expense of something like $10,000 to illustrate one copy of each of his novels. These copies form a private edition de luxe, each one being labeled "My Personal Copy," and occupying a prominent place in his library.

A statistical enthusiast has calculated that a pianist, in playing a certain presto, played 5,595 notes in four minutes. The striking of each note involved two movements of the finger and one movement each of the elbow, wrist and arm. From this it is calculated that seventy-two voluntary movements were made per second.

When traveling, Emperor William of Germany carries a box filled with the decorations of the various orders, to bestow according to his philosophic fancy.

A new megaphone has been placed on the market in England, by which the human voice can be so magnified that it may be heard at a distance of several miles.

Sarah Bernhardt expects to make enough money out of her autobiography, soon to be published, to build a little rock playhouse, with a crypt under the stage for her remains.

An Ottawa, Ill., man has been fined $125 for kissing another man's wife.

A census of wolves has been taken in Russia. They amount to 170,000, according to the enumerators.

An Australian musician has invented a trombone that is played by steam. Its "God Save the Queen" can be heard at a distance of four miles. He had hard luck with it, however, for the people of his own town drove him out as a nuisance.

Mrs. John G. Curtis, of New York, has a most remarkable orchestra, made up of men, women and children from poor families. She has had them instructed by a good teacher, and now they play for public charity entertainments.

FUNNY FOLLIES.

A Woman's Answer.

Burlington Free Press.

De Smith—I saw you kiss Miss Southmayd last night!

Travis (blushing)—Did you? That's unfortunate!

De Smith—She seemed rather reluctant.

Travis—Well, yes; to tell the truth she said no to me with her lips.

De Smith—But her eyes said——

Travis—I thought they said yes.

De Smith—Of course! And the eyes had it.

The Old Man Was in Doubt.

Terra Haute Express.

Mr. Figg—What have you been fighting about this time, sir?

Tommy—One of the fellows said I was a bigger fool than my father. Hadn't I oughter 'a licked him?

Mr. Figg—Why, of course. That is to say—oh, get along out of here and tell your mother to wash your face.

Remarkable Generosity.

Fliegende Blatter.

A.—A more deserving medical man than our friend Richard does not exist. He very frequently accepts no fees from his patients!

B.—You don't say so!

A.—For he generally settles with the heirs.

A Cautious Lover.

Flensburger Sonntagsblatt.

"Look here, Fritz, why don't you make up to the little fraulein? Go in and win, man! 'Pon my life, she's a regular pearl."

Fritz (sulkily)—That may be, but I can't do with the mother of pearl.

No Chance for Athletes.

Boston Transcript.

Hollis Holworthy—What do you think of this new project of a three years' course at Harvard?

Lusty Beckman—It would never do, don't you know. Why, a fellow could not properly develop his biceps in that time, not to speak of back and chest.

A Double Surprise.

Fliegende Blatter.

"What a splendid purse you have got there!"

"A present from my wife."

"But was there anything inside?"

"Of course! The unpaid bill for the purse."

A Bright Boy.

Hartford Post.

"It is time that you were thinking about entering upon your life work," said a fond father to his son who had just finished his college education and spent three years abroad;" what do you think of doing?"

"Doing! Why, I am doing very well as it is, you know. I don't know but I might take a three years' course for a profession after a time."

The old man begins to think that he has been made a fool of.

The Ruling Passion.

Chicago Tribune.

The railway accident had been a terrible one, and one of the men who were carrying the thirty-seventh victim up the embankment said with strong feeling:

"Somebody will have to pay dearly for all this!"

The mangled passenger opened his eyes and glared at the speaker.

"The company is not to blame," he said, feebly; "this is a dispensation of Providence."

He was the attorney for the road.

FLASHES OF WIT.

Thirty million "watermillions" in Georgia this year.—Lowell Courier.

People who talk dollars generally trade in pennies.—Milwaukee Journal.

The proposed investigation of the pension commissioner makes Raum howl.—Boston Herald.

The difference between a suitor and an officeseeker is that one pays court and the other courts pay.—Washington Post.

The going out of the tied—the departure of the bride and groom from the church after the marriage ceremony.—Detroit Free Press.

Your militiaman always feels happy when he gets inside his military togs. Then, if ever, comes uniform good nature.—Boston Transcript.

Lightning seems to be exceptionally destructive to life thus far this year, but we observe that it hasn't struck Kemmler yet.—Saratogian.

"It's pretty tough luck," complained the big trunk, "to find yourself completely strapped just when you're starting off on a long journey!"—Shoe Recorder.

CHICAGO'S COW KING

Phil Armour, the Millionaire, Philanthropist and Merchant.

His Daily Life at Home and in Business Circles.

An Existence Profitable to Others as Well as to Himself.

A Description of the Armour Mission--Some of His Benefactions.

Phil Armour, the great cattle king of Chicago, is a familiar figure in Wall street and on some of our exchanges, says a New York paper, but there is little about him personally to indicate that he is at the head of some of the largest enterprises connected with the products of beef and pork in the United States. That he possesses a large fortune goes without saying; that he dispenses a considerable share of its income where it will do the most good, and with a generosity that is royal, is a fact not generally known outside of the "Garden City."

A gentleman who recently visited his residence spoke of it as "a poem in color and texture," and the abiding place of all the graces that make domestic life beautiful. He described Mr. Armour as possessing a dual character —that which he exhibits to his intimate friends and family, and the sterner side which he turus outward when he enters the business world.

His life in the latter is systematically begun every morning at 7 o'clock. By 9 or 10 his vast correspondence is overlooked, briefed, and transferred to his little army of stenographers and typewriters. Then begin the current duties of the day, the name of which is legion, for his hand is shown in a great variety of enterprises. To the honor of the man it must be said that many of the latter are unselfish in their nature, and are more apt to concern some private charity conducted on a business-like scale than any mere personal benefit to himself. It is because he is a "minute" man in business details that he finds time amid the ordinary routine of his office to dispense the good that has made his name famous in all charitable circles.

Speaking of Mr. Armour's charities, a friend of his recently said: "Among the larger benefactions that occupy his attention is what is called the 'Armour Mission,' a memorial to a dead brother. Under the roof of the institution are to be found an industrial school, kindergarten, chapel, reading and reception rooms and a dispensary from which the poor are furnished medicines and the attendance of the best physeians free of charge."

Surrounding the "mission" proper is a block of houses, the rental of which is donated to the institution, thus making it self-supporting. Other blocks of buildings he rents at nominal figures to those who are deserving but cannot afford to pay the high rents of Chicago. A salaried physician is also employed to investigate the wants of the poor, and authority is given him to draw upon Mr. Armour for the amount required to relieve their necessities. He often goes in person to see that the sum called for is sufficient to meet the demands of the case.

On his way to church, not long since, he met a poor woman leading by the hand a little boy whose eyes appeared to be affected. The sight touched his sympathetic nature, and stopping the woman he inquired where she was going.

"To church," was her reply, with some surprise at being thus accosted by a stranger.

Handing one of his cards to her, he said: "I want you to come around to that address after church; something must be done for that boy's eyes."

Mr. Armour went his way, but the woman stood in blank astonishment, looking first at the card and then at the rapidly disappearing stranger. After the service, she repaired to the millionaire's home as directed, where she was kindly received and questioned in regard to herself and boy.

"You must take that boy to New York for treatment, my good woman," said the big-hearted man after listening to her story.

"Why, that is out of the question, sir; I can't afford it," was the reply.

"Whether you can or not, I tell you that you must go to New York and have that child's eyes attended to at once; I'll see to the rest. Here is the money for your fare to and from that city; let me know what your expenses are on reaching New York, and I will see that they are paid."

The grateful mother attempted to utter her thanks through her tears, but the bluff merchant waved her off, exclaiming: "Come, now, none o' that; wait till the boy's cured."

Such is one of many similar acts that occur in the busy life of this thoughtful man, and it illustrates a phase of character that will some time deserve the epitaph: "He hath done what he could." F. G. DE FONTAINE.

FUNNY MEN'S FANCIES.

The congregation expresses its appreciation of the minister's sermons by nods.—Binghamton Leader.

Mrs. Watts—What! You don't mean to say that you do not believe in Sunday as a day of rest?

Mrs. Potts—I might, if Mr. Potts were not so fond of good dinners.—Terre Haute Express.

Husband—There is a tramp at the door.

Wife—Give him some of those biscuits I baked this morning.

Husband—No, no, wife. Have you forgotten the miuister's text Sunday about a man asking for bread and being give a stone?—Yonkers Statesman.

Barber—How is the razor, sir?

Victim—I wouldn't know I was being shaved.

Barber (feeling flattered)—Glad to—

Victim—I'd think I was being sandpapered.—Boston Herald.

"Do you always practice what you preach?" asked the tired deacon of the long-winded minister.

"I do, my brother," said the long-winded minister solemnly.

"Well," said the tired deacon, with a sigh, "I don't wonder, then that you don't seem to get any time to make any pastoral calls.—Somerville Journal.

Mrs. Upjohn (meeting acquaintance at drug store)—How do you do, Mrs. Keeway? How did you like the lecture last evening?

Mrs. Keeway—I thought it was tiresome. How did it strike you?

Mrs. Upjohn—It was the most superficial thing I ever heard. Nothing deep about it. Deliver me from these surface people. (To clerk): A package of lily white, please.—Chicago Tribune.

HE HAS FORGOTTEN.

The old man laughs at his stylish son,
In a manner exceedingly rude;
He chuckles and grins, and pokes all sorts of fun
At the comical way of the "dude."

For it's plain the old man has forgotten the days
When his father at him used to jeer,
On account of his dandified, ludicrous ways,
And the lovelocks he wore 'round his ear.
—Terre Haute Express.

Railroad Trains.

Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

The red lights at the rear end of trains owe their existence to the suggestion of a woman.

LADIES

Will do well to bear in mind that next winter will probably be a cold one (as we have had two warm ones), and that *now* is the time to get bargains in Seal Garments. We have never offered such a lot of goods as we do this season. They are

CHEAP

By far cheaper than any ever offered here. We have 216 nobby Jackets and half-length garments which we bought at less than the Seal in them is worth to-day. You can save from $25 to $40 by picking one out now instead of waiting till fall. A genuine Alaska Seal

JACKET

—FOR—

$85!

Is one thing we offer, and when gone there can be no duplicate at less than $110. You will miss a great chance if you fail to come and see our "summer sale" garments. You can

PAY MONTHLY

Installments of $10 to $25. This may be an object to you, and by starting early you can have your garment paid for by time you want it to wear. The 216 garments we offer *now* we are retailing at prices as low as any manufacturer can make them at first cost. The parties who made them suffered the loss, and you are the gainer.

REPAIR

Work should be attended to this summer, as you all know that waiting until fall involves more money and annoying delays in getting your work done. Don't forget this, but send in your goods for repair and

STORAGE!

And have them cleaned, put in order and hung in closets, when they will come out looking nice and fresh in the fall, instead of matted and crushed.

RANSOM & HORTON