MINNEAPOLIS.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

The political editor of the Minneapolis department of the Pioneer Press is a genius—of the Rip Van Winkle order. After the other Republican papers have all announced, and afterwards corrected themselves, that so-and-so would run for clerk of the district court, the P. P. comes in and declares that Gus Wing will run for that office on the Democratic ticket. Capt. Tirrell must begin to feel sore over the way he is unceremoniously bounced every other day by some organ of his own party.

The East Siders have at length taken some action on the park matter. They insist, and rightly, too, that, since they have been enumerated as residents of Minneapolis, they do live in Minneapolis, and must share in the public funds.

Manager Conklin is said to have frozen one of his feet while standing near his new ventilating machine one evening last week in the basement of the Grand.

Senator Washburn is reported to have remarked to a friend yesterday: "I know now how a polar bear feels when he is captured and exhibited to gaping crowds under a July sun."

The announcement that the manager of the Grand will produce "The Flying Dutchman" has no reference to Ald. Brueshaber or Enoch Ray, although the latter is Irish.

A morning paper incorrectly attributes the run on Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii" to the preparations of Pain's spectacle. It is due to the fact that Golightly Morrill is off on a vacation and the public demands some highly imaginative and sensational fiction in lieu of his sermons.

George A. Brackett and A. J. Blethen are laying themselves open to the charge of disloyalty to Minneapolis. It is no time for internal dissension when the enemy is at the gates in the shape of a census recount.

The agents for Pabst's beer announce that their sales have greatly increased since the advent of the Hess Opera company and the production of "Mignon." The "chappies" all drink it now.

A friend of the local boat club curiously explains the cause of the recent victories at Duluth. They have not been spoken of as the "lusty Lurlines."

Hal Reid is in the city. He says that Agnes Herndon got away with his plays of "La Bette Marie" and "The Ex-Convict" and $2,700 of his papa's money.

THE WEEKLY PRESS.

People who complain of the heat in this country have little idea of what must be endured in some parts of the torrid zone. On the southwest coast of the Persian gulf, during the months of last June and August, for fourteen consecutive days, the thermometer never fell, day or night, below 100 degrees Fahrenheit, and it rose during the afternoon to 128 degrees Fahrenheit.—Spectator.

Rev. Golightly Morrill is taking a vacation. He is in the Yellowstone region, and, as he has not been heard from for several days, his friends are apprehensive that he has fallen into the great geyser. May the fates avert such a sad calamity to our friend Golightly. —Irish Standard.

The Hennepin boulevard was given to the street railway company by the park board at its last meeting. This means that the majority of the park board of Minneapolis have followed in the footsteps of the city council, the police commission and mayor by stealing from the people and handing over to Tom Lowry a large part of the public property intrusted to their care. The stolen property runs up close to a million, and yet the people, the rightful owners, seem to be utterly indifferent to the theft of these rascally schemers.—Northwestern Labor Union.

Why does the Pioneer Press not contradict W. W. Erwin's statement that Gov. Merriam and his backers spent nearly a quarter of a million of dollars to gain the election two years ago? A statement made by one of as high authority to a convention of men from all parts of the state cannot be ignored as inconsequential. The facts in the case are that Erwin told the truth. Why don't Gov. Merriam and his henchmen contradict the Progressive Age in regard to the governor's peculiar generosity to condemned violators of the liquor laws of the state? They have had ample opportunity. Marked copies of our paper have been sent them. The editor wrote the governor a letter acquainting him of the status in the case, and not one word in contradiction can we obtain. We do not believe in slander. We regret to be compelled to thus speak of the governor of Minnesota, for he is our governor no less because he is a Republican than if a Prohibitionist, but what seems to us stern duty compels us to place these matters before the people. We stand ready to retract when we find we have wronged, and gladly would we receive evidence that our governor has not condescended to treasonable acts for the votes of a despicable business, but after exhausting all that courtesy could do, we are driven to the conclusion that William R. Merriam, the governor of Minnesota, has prostituted his power in the interests of a class of traders whose business is not only beneath them, but utterly inhuman in all the results that attend its sale and consumption. If these are facts, as we believe them to be, who is there among the temperance Republicans who can vote for Gov. Merriam?—The Progressive Age.

THEY WILL SEPARATE.

Ex-Ald. McArdle Not Forgiven by His Wife.

It is said that ex-Ald. William McArdle and his wife have agreed to a separation, and that he has signed a document by the terms of which he is to contribute to the support of his family. It will be remember that Mr. McArdle, who had succeeded through politics and other souraes in getting badly into debt, went West suddenly about a year ago. His departure was very sudden, and his wife at the time did not know where he had gone. It seems that he recuperated his fortunes and turned up Enoch Arden-like to pay his debts and rejoin his family, but Mrs. McArdle will have none of him any more and the separation is ogreed upon as a compromise, probably induced by Mrs. McArdle's threat to bring a suit for absolute divorce and the possession of their children.

The Lumber Trade.

Trade has reached the stage peculiar to the midsummer months. The characteristics, which are seasonable, are perhaps more strongly marked in the East than in the West, although there is everywhere some complaint that there is a letting down in the volume of trade. There is no depressing effect as the result of this falling off, because it was expected and entirely seasonable. But trade is not being pushed. The men of affairs have learned to take it easy in the midsummer months, particularly in the East, and so there isn't the push to trade which was conspicuous in May and June. Still the volume of business is very large. A vast amount of lumber is going into consumption. Minneapolis and the Northwestern markets may be taken as a type of trade generally. From this center fully 50 per cent more lumber is being shipped than is common to this season of the year.—The Lumberman.

Another Cigarmakers' Strike.

There is a possibility of a strike among the cigarmakers of Minneapolis. One of the largest manufacturers, B. Eisele, has given notice that to-day he will reduce prices on certain grades. The cigarmakers' union is primed for a fight, and the men are liable to quit work at once.

NOW THE MAYORALTY

Republicans Are Beginning to Take Up the Local Campaign.

Rev. Falk Gjertsen Is Roasted Right and Left to the Queen's Taste.

The Hess Opera Company to Begin To-Night Its Last Week Here.

General News of the Day Gathered by Vigilant Globe Reporters.

There is a livel y hustle in the Republican camp for the office of mayor. The andidates who really want the place are not particulaaly numerous, but what few there are of them are putting a large amount of hustle into it. Ald. E. G. Potter is putting more work into his canvass than any other candidate; but, while he himself entertains glowing hopes of success, he stands but a small show of winning. The party leaders are afraid to nominate him. While Potter is a hard-working, energetic alderman, his affiliations are such as to almost certainly preclude the possibility of his election. Potter stands too close to the anti-Catholic faction, the real society, to be elected, and the men who control his parly in Minneapolis are aware of that fact. The recognized organizers of the anti-Catholic movement are doing too much open work for their candidate.

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Some of the local politicians who are unfriendly to A. J. Boardman are prone to believe that that rotund and massive gentleman is casting longing eyes upon the mayoralty, and they are already on their feet to prevent it. Boardman certainly wants something, and it is quite certain that he would be willing to sacrifice himself to the interests of the party, but there are too many among the Minneapolis Republicans who prefer sacrificing the party to gratifying the ambition of Boardman. Boardman may get the nomination, for he is a politician and knows how to work, but he needs must work hard. The same thing which is in Boardman's favor, namely, his being a politician, militates against another man who has been furtively mentioned for mayor, J. T. Wyman. Wyman is not a politician, and it is the politician who usually succeeds in a city election. But Wyman has friends who will work for him should he desire the nomination, and he is not thought to be particularly ambitious politically, on account of which lack of ambition he would not object strenuously to the "hoodoo" powers of the mayoralty, so he may just get that plum—or crabapple, as some believe it to be. Wyman is certainly a dark horse.

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Senator Clough is another man for whom a good deal of quiet work is being done. Like Boardman, however, Clough has many bitter enemies, as was evidenced at the Republican state convention, who are not anxious to see him nominated. Clough, moreover, is just a bit superstitious about that mayoralty "hoodoo," and, as he entertains political ambitions beyond those to be wholly gratified by the chief magistracy of a city, he is not over-anxious to go into the field. He has enthusiastic friends, however, who are working hard for him and he may be pushed in. Then there is Haugan. The vice president of the park board is not saying much these warm days. He is attending strictly to business and letting politics alone—on the surface—but he is closely watching the current of the political stream. Men who profess to know claim that he wants to be mayor—really wants to handle the municipal reins. If these be correct, he is certainly the strongest man of those mentioned. He has friends in all parties, and would give the Democratic candidate a close run. A. J. Blethen is understood to not be a candidate. He is earnestly devoting his time and energy to killing the Pioneer Press in Minneapolis, to getting back at George A. Brackett and to making a few people believe that the Tribune is the only paper on earth. Last but not least, there is Babb. The old lady has given it out that she does not want a renomination and that she would not accept one. However, the feeling prevails that should the whole Republican party of Minneapolis arise as one man and assert with one voice that Babb must lead the hosts to victory or death, Babb would calmly stroke his beard and accept in a carefully prepared type-written statement.

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This is just abont as the Republican party stands in Minneapolis. The above are the principal candidates who are being mentioned, and who are working to secure a good position before the starter drops the flag, but the stables contain several dark horses, who are being carefully groomed preparatory to a sudden start in an impromptu race.

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Rev. M. Falk Gjertsen is catching it right and left for entering actively into politics as a Republican wirepuller. The Progressive Age reads the reverend gentleman the following lecture:

"Rev. Gjertsen, of Minneapolis, one of the forty-five delegates to the Republican state convention, on the floor of that convention regretted that there was a high license plank in the Republican state platform. No doubt he did. Listen to his reasons. These they are in effect: 'The Prohibitionists will now have an opportunity to make political capital out of our position on the liquor question. We therefore should be silent. His expressions of regret were not because he did not believe in high license, but because the deliverance of his party on that question would endanger its success. Yes, he was willing to be silent upon what he himself has frequently, in private and public utterance, claimed to be the great question of the day, for party purposes. He would have himself and his party stultified, by concealing their principles, all for party's sake. Could anything be more astounding than that? Has it come to such a crisis in political morals, that it is not disgraceful for a respectable citizen to take such a position? The party first, the principle and the individual afterwards! Heresy as rank as hell to American liberty is this! We are charitable enough to believe that Mr. Gjertsen, in a moment of political party intoxication, spoke unguardedly. We mean to say kinder words than that for him. We know he spoke unguardedly. We believe he misspoke, and thus misrepresented himself, in this particular. If the party believes in high license, it had the right to say so, for the question is a leading one. The declaration of the Republican state convention on the license question was one of the most honest utterances of that convention. We know now just where to find them. The party in convention assembled had more courage than Mr. Gjertsen, one of its members. That gentleman was his own greatest enemy."

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The Republican papers are engaged in the congenial task of trying to get up afight in the Democratic ranks, with a view to dividing its vote, being well aware that this is the only chance for Republican success. Thus far results have not been brilliant, to say the least. They have brought out the old antagonism that is well known to have existed between Dr. Ames and the late Eugene M. Wilson. It would seem that these papers that have professed to revere Mr. Wilson's memory would have better taste than to bandy his name about in the dirt of local politics: but the situation is desperate.

AMUSEMENTS.

Production of Edwin Barbour's Dramatization of "She"—Last Week of Hess.

"She," the play from Rider Haggard's fantastic novel of the same name, was put on at the Bijou last night to a crowded house. The play dragged a little at first, but the actors did better as they went on, and everything else went smoother as it progressed. The piece was well staged, and the destruction of Kor by an earthquake in the prologue was quite realistic. The part of Ayesha, or She Who Must Be Obeyed, was taken by Jessaline Rodgers in an admirable manner, though her costume was by no means so primitive a nature as the lithographs had shown. Frederick Bock as Horace Holly was as good as he is in everything else, and the work of Edwin Barbour as Kallikrates in the prologue and Leo Vincey in the play is also worthy of special mention. Neil Scully as Ted and Lloyd Heal as Job were funny, and kept the audience in a roar whenever they were on. Gustave Neville as Billali read his lines very well, also demonstratingthat he was a good actor. Taking it all in all, Mr. Barbour's version of the eccentric novel which hardly offers material for successful dramatization, is as good, if not better, than any produced in Minneapolis, and the presentation of the play given last evening reflects creditably upon the capability of the company.

Hess will commence his farewe week at the Grand to-night by present ing "Rigoletto," a work that has met with much favor in this city in the past. To-morrow night "Faust" will be repeated, and Wednesday night Richard Wagner's romantic opera, "The Flying Dutchman" will be sung for the first time in this city. Music lovers should improve this last opportunity to hear Hess, as the company will not be heard here again until next summer.

The sale of seats for Prof. Bartholomew's Equine Paradox will commence at the box office of the Grand Thursday morning. The prices will be 50 cents on the lower floor and 25 cents in the balcony.

Thatcher, Primrose and West's minstrels is the only show of its kind Manager Conklin will book in the Grand.

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Percy Weadon, the hero of a lost cause, "High Tide," is summering in Indianapolis.

AND THE BAND PLAYED

And the Horses Came Out—So Did the Musicians of Haverly's Big Forty.

The announcement by the management of the Grand opera house of the early appearance at that place of amusement of Thatcher, Primrose & West's greatest minstrel show on earth, calls to mind an experience that George Primrose once had in this city, about 1882, when he was a member of the "Original Haverly 40—count 'em—40" show. The first morning that the company got into town they were going to give a parade, but as there was a drizzling rain falling they thought it more satisfactory to ride under cover than walk, so they sent for a big covered band wagon, and "the great and onlys" of the company would ride in hacks. Dell Matison drove eight big, gray plumed horses around, backed the wagon up to the curb, and then made the startling announcement that he had to catch a train, and he didn't have a driver disengaged in the barn who could handle eight horses, especially as these horses were very gingery He further said that if Haverly could get a man to drive them he could use the wagon and give his parade, if not, he would have to take the wagon back to the barn. It seems, to fill in time on the cars, Primrose had been telling the boys some big stories about some remarkable feats of driving he had accomplished about the White mountains. So said Haverly, "We've got a man in the company that has few equals in America as a driver. All right, Matison, leave the horses; I'll fix it—Primrose!"

"Who wants me?" inquired George.

"Here," said Haverly, after explaining the dilemma, "get u p on that high seat and drive those horses."

"But," said George, wishing to tell Haverly it was a big lie about his driving exploits and that he had never driven two horses together, much less eight. Haverly, however, had gone to get the others in the hacks, and as the band was coming down stairs, and an occasional tute from a cornet or a puff from a trombone was attempted preparatory to playing, the decorated gray commenced to show signs of uneasiness. So Primrose mounted high in the air to the driver's seat and grabbed two hands full of lines. The musicians now commenced to climb in the wagon, the horses commenced to prance and George commenced to offer up a silent prayer for his safe return.

"My God," thought Primrose, "I will not only be killed myself, but so will all these musicians."

He commenced to yell at the top of his voice for Haverly, but every time he yelled it seemed the cornetist, the trombonist, the flutist, the snare drummer, individually or all together, would commence to "tune up," so his cries were drowned in a pandemonium of noises. "I'll be a murderer," almost hysterically shouted Primrose. Then somebody blew the whistle to start and the horses, having been there before, started. They pranced a little, trotted a little, paced a little, cantered a little and shook their proud heads nobly for just five seconds, until the drums gave the signal for the band to play by going "ta-ra-ta-ra-ta-bum-bum." The first sweet strains of the band were soul-harrowing strains to Primrose. The horses broke into a helter-skelter rush.

"And sixteen plumes, with their silvery bars,
Flapped in the morning breeze."

Primsose pulled with all his might on the light strips of leather he had bunched in both hands, then he tried to separate the lines, and vigorously pulled again. This had some effect. for the hurrying greys turned up on Fourth street. In the midst of the kaleidoscopic view of the Clark house, Elder Stewart's place and the neighboring scenery, he saw that his last effort had been effective, so he pulled with the right hand again, just as the musical excursion came to the alley where Geesaman & Murphy's place now is, so the grays, Primose, musicians and all shot down that alley like a meteor through the heavens. Over boxes, barrels and rubbish in general that are usually found at back doors, rushed the band wagon pell-mell, and as the horses couldn't turn right or left in the narrow alley Primrosa "let 'um run." After vainly trying to stop them for two or three blocks ("let 'um run," by the way, is good.) Dogs scattered, rag-pickers and back-door tramps hid, and debris flew till the air had a cyclonic appearance. As the "big musical boom," as a showman might call it, came down near Oswald's to Washington avenue, Primrose saw ahead of him a deep excavation where a water main was being repaired, and realized that he must make a turn or all was over. So he tugged at the numerous lines, but they had got tangled up and as the horses turned a sharp corner to the left instead of right, their progress was suddenly stopped by two loads of hay being directly in front of them. If Primrose's coat hadn't caught on the whipstock when he slipped in making the last desperate tug at the lines, he would have been precipitated under the wheels; but as it was, there he hung, as the papers sometimes describe it, "midway between heaven and earth." But the musicians. Oh, where were they? Scattered up that dirty, ash-overed, rubbish-ridden alley lay the several members of "J. H. Haverly's prize band," some in rubbish barrels, some shoved clean through screen doors, and some lying in small pools of water. Primrose had obtained revenge on the trombone player, who had been fired into a mess of rotten apples back of a fruit store, and the hated cornetist was trying to force some manure out of his instrument that had been jammed into it by a sudden concussion, subsequent to a hurried flight through the air from his fellow musicians.

And stretched here and there, and all about,
Lay founders of the Minstrel Art, that lived
to please mankind.

Primrose was unhooked from the whipstock and taken into Dick Dunnington's, where it took the combined efforts of Haverly, West, Barlow and a half-pint of the best rye to revive him.

"It was the climate, Jack," said George as he came too. "I could have drove 'em if I had been in Vermont." So "Haverly's famous 40—count 'em—40" were a sorrowful lot as they played and sang, "Oh, won't we have a happy time," on the stage of the Academy that night, and those who didn't know of that morning's excursion thought the company wasn't all it had been cracked up to be. Primrose thought it had been "cracked up" pretty well himself.

THE NORTH SIDE BOOM.

The Putting In of Crossings to Have an Immediate Effect.

The North Minneapolis Chronicle says: "Strangers visiting the North side for the first time are impressed with the beauty of the location and the superior advantages it possesses for making pleasant homes. The elevated and gently undulating grounds, covered with a handsome growth of native trees, gives the appearance of an immense park, and presents a marked contrast to the level surface and treeless expanse found in some other portions of the city. The natural beauty of the north part of the city cannot be equaled, and this fact is becoming apparent to citizens and to strangers coming here for the first time. Several circumstances have conspired to retard the development of the North side, notably among which has been the bugbear of the railway tracks on Fourth avenue north, and the fact that no attractive driveway led in this direction. Both of these objections will be removed the present season and it is very probable that another year will mark a new era in the growth of the Third and Tenth wards—more particularly as a desirable residence section of the city. The bridging of the railway tracks, which is promised to be done this year, will remove the danger and delay that have hither to attended travel in this direction: the paving of Washington, Twentieth and Crystal Lake avenues, and the completion of Lyndale boulevard will offer a choice of routes by which this portion of the city can be reached over good thoroughfares, while the extension of the electric street railway lines will offer easy and rapid transit to and from the central portion of the city. With all these additional advantages, so soon to be enjoyed, it is not unreasonable to predict that next year will witness a marked advance in the growth and prosperity of this beautiful region.

It must not be inferred from what has been said that nothing has yet been done in the way of home-making. for in spite of the disadvantages which have been mentioned, upwards of 30,000 people are already residents of the two wards named, and the advantages of pleasant homes, good society, of excellent schools and church privileges are enjoyed and appreciated. With so much already accomplished, what may not be expected under the more advantageous conditions soon to be realized?

THE COMING ONE.

Dr. D. J. Burrell Preaches on "Evidences of Christ."

At Westminster church last night Dr. D. J. Burrell preached from the text, "Art thou he that should come or look we for another?" Luke vii, 19.

"The solidarity of the race," said the preacher, "is manifest in the fact that certain great verities are held universally by all classes and conditions of men. The Garden of Eden is an universal thought; the fall is another, and so is the hope of deliverance. Each of the great religions has had its prophecy of a Coming One, who should break every chain and bid the oppressed go free.

"At the beginning of the Christian eaa these prophecies were ripe, and the world was expectant. Then came Jesus; and as he rode in Jerusalem he was hailed with hosannas as the Messiah, whom kings and prophets waited for and died without the sight."

He distinctly, persistently, and at peril of his life claimed to be the Coming One. We also want proof of the Messiahship of Jesus.

The first evidence which Christ offered as to His Messiahship was in His wonderful preaching. "Go tell John," said He, "that the poor have the gospel preached unto them." Take that statement apart and you have three notable facts by which Christ is separated from all other sacred teachers. He preached — that is, he set forth the great verities of the eternal world. He preached the gospel; that is, the glad tidings of the deliverance from sin. And he preached the gospel to the masses; not like the philosopher, to the chosen few, but "the poor" everywhere, to all who were suffering for want of the bread and water of life. And this preaching is still heard all over the world. Other men die and their voices are hushed, but Christ's voice is to-day the most vital and most potent voice among men.

The second evidence which he offered to verify his Messiahship, was in his works. "Go tell John," said he, "that the blind receive their sight and the dumb speak; lepers are cleansed and the dead are raised."

"The miracles of Jesus were necessary at the institution of His church, just as a transplanted tree needs props and braces until it shall have taken hold of the soil and the rocks beneath; but there are no miracles, properly so-called in these times, for the good reason that there is no necessity for them. But there are three great wonders on earth to-day which have, to my mind, more convincing power than all the marvels that were wrought in the earthly ministry of Jesus. There are: First, Christ Himself, the colossal figure in all history; second, the Christian, who must illustrate in his walk and conversation the power of character; and third, Christianity, the tremendous force, manifest everywhere, by which the world is being uplifted and brought back to God.

"In addition to these evidences of his Messiahship which were furnished by Christ on this occasion, we have in our time the further testimony of His death, His resurrection and His power in the individual soul of the believer. Thus Jesus proves Himself to be the One for whom every earnest soul is longing—the Christ who saves from sin, helps in trouble, inspires to duty and opens heaven's gates to all who sincerely desire to enter in. And blessed is the man who is not offended in Him."

A CENSUS SERMON.

Rev. W. J. Lhamon Preaches Upon the Crime of "Padding."

Rev. W. J. Lhamon, at the Church of Christ, yesterday morning preached upon "Empty Prison Houses." The apostles, he said, were successful. They healed the sick, they preached the resurrection, they incurred the jealousy of the priests and were cast into prison. The next morning the high priest and his crowd, the rulers and the sanhedrim, got together early for the trial. They sent to the prison, and, lo, it was empty. At that moment their prisoners were standing in the temple teaching the people. It was a withering surprise. It broke the force of the trial. The angels were on the side of the apostles, and the imbecile priesthood could do nothing but threaten. Truth cannot be imprisoned. It is ordained that righteousness shall be free. The prison walls of the grave itself could not hold Jesus. His monument is an empty sepulcher, and three times at least His apostles were led out, leaving empty prison houses. The persecuting, prejudiced world has never yet found the way to stop the mouths of real men. Threats, prisons, persecutions and murders have been tried, but the truth lives and spreads.

There are other prisons than those built in stone and barred with iron. The high priest and his company were the real prisoners on this occasion. Stubbornness, cruelty, ignorance and prejudice were bars and bolts and chains that held them. Sin is the real prison house. Drunkeness is worse than Andersonville. A late writer in the Century tells of a certain John Brown, who was helped by his residence in the Anderville pen; he was compelled to be sober. Yet we license the open doors through which thousands of men pass on their way to a state worse than any rebel prison ever was. The liar builds around himself invisible prison walls; the thief builds his own prison walls; the man untrue to his marriage vows builds his own prison walls. Evil deeds are the blocks and bolts and bars of which the walls of habit are made. A fixed character for evil is an incarceration for eternity.

Out of the prison house of habit there is but one escape: to repent, to confess, to be forgiven. Through Jesus repentance and forgiveness are preached, and through Him alone the prison houses of sin may be emptied.

It is sad that so many do not care for these invisible prison walls who dread the sheriff's lock and key. If there were more dread of the former there would be less need of the latter. Census padders should fear padding more than the penitentiary, but they do not; they should fear perjury more than the penitentiary, but they do not. Padding and perjury are only the fruit of what grows in the hearts of men. According to some of our papers men, when once men are caught, would rather be called dunces than knaves and perjurers. Who can wonder at the choice? But God knows whether a man is a dunce or a knave. and one day the prison houses of earth, if they are not emptied by repentance and forgiveness and reformation, will be emptied into a prison house where there shall be forever weeping and gnashing of teeth.

FORGIVE YOUR ENEMIES.

Rev. M. D. Shutter on the Quality of Forgiving Faults of Others.

At the Church of the Redeemer yesterday morning M. D. Shutter discoursed on forgiveness. He took his text from Eph., iv., 32: "Forgive one another." Said he: "The duty of forgiveness is one that the world's great teachers have always endeavored to impress. From many lips have fallen precepts which remind us of our Scriptures—one of the many evidences that God never left Himself without witnesses in any age or nation. By forgiveness we do not approve the wrongdoing of him who has sinned against us. That is none the less evil in our sight after forgiveness than it was before. We do not hold up the sin in a new light so that it now appears a virtue. Forgiveness is not a wand by which we transform iniquity into righteousness. It is no mental revolution by which we come to look with complacency upon that which once did violence to our moral feelings. As God does not alter his opinions of our transgressions when He passes them over, neither do we say of evil 'thou art good,' when we say to him who committed it, 'Thou art forgiven.'"

"Nor are we bound under all circumstances to put the same confidence in the transgressor that we once did. I say all circumstances; for much depends. I believe that many a young man might be saved at the beginning of a wrong course by judicious and kindly handling on the part of employers and friends. The object, the one object, in all such cases should be to reclaim and not to ruin. But he who repeatedly and grievously sins against us need not be trusted, cannot be trusted, as at first.

"The truth itself is not believed,
From one who often has deceived."

runs an old rhyme. His conduct may make such a revelation of his character that we may see nothing in it upon which continued confidence may be safely based. Personal forgiveness, moreover, is not consistent with public justice. Some offenses have not only an individual but a social bearing. They are not only crimes against the immediate sufferer but also against society. In dealing with the offenders, other considerations than those of a personal character are introduced. Such crimes as murder and robbery—state these merely as representative—affect the state, no less than the individual; and, while private retaliation is forbidden, the law of forgiveness does not prohibit us from seeing that thieves and murderers are brought to answer for their crimes at the bar of justice. The welfare of society demands it; the interests of others are at stake. The law of forgiveness forbids retaliation. But an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; that is diabolical. Wrongdoing is not to be set over against sin. Injuries are not to be expiated by retaliation in injuries."

THE TABLET DANCE.

The Festivals Held in the Towns of the Pueblo Indians.

Of the annual festival held in the various towns of the Pueblo Indians, of New Mexico, that at Santo Domingo, on the 4th of August, is one of the most important. Among the pueblos, Santo Domingo, about thirty miles southwest of Santa Fe, on the Rio Grande, is one of the largest. The river, in time of freshet, menaces the town, and many years ago during a flood it changed its channel, ingulfing about half the town. The inhabitants thus dispossessed built their residences on higher ground to the east of the old village, so that Santo Domingo is really a double village, with two distinct kinds of aboriginal architecture—the old, in which the houses are two stories high, terrace-shaped, and entered from the roof; and the new, in which the one-story houses have doors and windows.

Each division of the village has its own estufa, or circular underground council chamber. For several days preceding the festival, Indians from the other pueblos of New Mexico and the Navajo country gather in the town. Feathers are an important feature of the ceremonial, and several parrots kept in the village are mercilessly plucked of their plumage to decorate the dancers. For the greater part of the night before the festival the town is awake, the men performing their ancient dances in the estufas, and the women whitewashing the fronts of the houses, while from time to time cavalcades of horsemen from the surrounding country arrive in town.

At earliest dawn the people are at work sweeping the streets and plazas. During the morning many visitors arrive—in carriages and wagons, on horses and burros and on foot, until the house-tops are covered. Mexican ladies in brilliant flowered silks and swarthy Indians in superb Navajo blankets help to adorn the crowded level roofs with a bouquet-like effect of rich color. Immediately after mass the dancers begin to array themselves; and precisely at noon, from the summit of the estufa in the old town, they appear in procession, men and women, to the number of more than 100. With them are men who play on the tomtoms, and one of them thumps a drum made of a hollow cottonwood log covered with a skin. A chorus of men sing verses with a refrain, which accompany the dance, and by degrees work themselves into a frenzy of excitement.

At the head of the procession a man bears a standard fifteen feet high, surmounted by long orange-colored feathers and aboriginal banner of embroidered buckskin, trimmed with feathers. The men, who are painted brown and white, wear a white tunic with an embroidered stripe on each side. A fox or coyote skin hangs behind, tail downward, and a bunch of green cedar sprigs is tied on the left arm. They wear moccasins, and gaudy garters are tied about their naked calves. Their uncovered, loose-flying hair is adorned in front with parrot feathers. Cedar sprigs encircle their bodies from shoulder to waist, and rattles of tortoise shell and sheep's toes hang at the rear of the right knee. They carry in the right hand small painted gourds filled with corn, which they rattle.

The women are dressed in a dark blue single garment, consisting of a double blanket reaching to the knee. The corners are caught over one shoulder, the garment passing beneath the other arm, leaving the left arm and shoulder and upper part of the left breast exposed, and most of the right arm. It is fastened with a wide red embroidered sash around the waist. Their long black hair, carefully prepared by washing with amole—soap root—hangs straight down behind, shining like jet. Their cheeks are painted vermilion, and they carry a bunch of green cedar in the left hand.

Upon their heads is the wooden headdress or tabla of thin board, fifteen nches high, pea green or sky blue in color, with three figures cut out of each in the shape of a crescent, cross, square, and letter T; its serrated top is painted red and yellow, and its corners are decorated with eagle down. The women are barelegged and barefooted. The procession moves slowly into the church plaza. The dance comprises a great number of beautiful figures, displaying more variety than Indian dances in general, and it is executed with much precision and grace.

At the end of an hour a procession emerges from the estufa in the new town; it is similar in character to the first, except that the men are painted blue instead of brown, and the feathers on the women's tablas are white. As the newcomers begin their dance, the other procession retires for a season to rest, and thereafter the two parties alternate in performance throughout the day. The Indian clowns, waving small wands of cottonwood branches, rush about hither and thither, naked, except for breech cloths, their bodies, limbs, faces, striped black and white, and tortoise shells clanking at the right knee. They wear a circle of cedar sprigs at their ankles and waists, and their hair is tied up with corn shucks. As the procession makes the circuit of the plaza, the dancers bending forward go at the bounding half-trot that characterizes Indian dances. In front of the church they face each other, preserving the same step, turn round and round in place for several moments, make a few evolutions, and march away in single file, each girl falling in behind her male partner, and all giving a farewell howl as they leave.

On a temporary altar in a spacious pavilion created in the main plaza is a wooden statue of Saint Dominick, brought from Spain nearly two centuries ago. Through the day the people come to say their prayers before the saint, and to bring offerings of candles, corn, melons, bread and baskets of plums. About the middle of the afternoon the whole body of dancers and singers march to the pavilion, where each Indian files in turn before the image of Saint Dominick. The men bow, and the women three times cross themselves, the more devoted of them kissing the garments of the saint.

Late in the afternoon there are games and races in the outskirts of the town, which many of the people and visitors attend. The favorite sport is the cruel one of the gallineros, or chicken pullers, in which men try, while at full gallop, to catch by the head a fowl whose body is buried in the earth. But thousands of spectators continue to cover the house-tops and crowd the plazas where the ceremonial dances are still in progress, and they remain to view the picturesque and brilliant sight until darkness shuts down upon the scene. The dance is a very ancient one, and the costumes are a perpetuation of those worn by the prehistoric ancestors of the Pueblos. The ceremonial probably partakes of the character of the cochina, the heathen religious dance so abominated by the early Spanish missionaries; and it is certain that on this occasion a great many heathen rites are mixed with their celebration of the day of good Saint Dominick.

RESHAPING "KNOCK KNEES."

Heroic Measures Used to Cure a Child's Deformity.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

There was a notable surgical operation performed upon a child in Avondale yesterday.

The operation is one of rare occurrence in this country, although it has been performed successfully a number of times in Europe.

From birth little Gertrude Jackson has been afflicted with what is known as "knock knees," the affliction being such as to render walking impossible, or even standing without the assistance of some one to prop her up. In fact, the little girl's legs were bent outwardly to such an extent that they described a semi-circular curve. The parents had entirely given up the idea that their bright little daughter would ever be able to walk without the aid of artificial means. The little girl's case a few days ago came to the notice of Dr. T. E. Linn, professor of orthopedic surgery in the Pulte Medical college. An examination of the child's limbs was made, and it was decided that the only possible means of relief was that known as a double osteomy operation. The operation comes under the head of orthopedic surgery, and was performed as follows:

An esmark bandage was placed around the leg and ankle, extending from the foot to the upper third of the thigh. This process rendered the leg upon which the operation was to be performed perfectly bloodless. An incision was then made with a sharp knife at a point on the inner side of the leg, half an inch above the adductor magnus. The knife was sunk clean through to the bone, and a chisel subsequently slipped along the side of the knife until the bone was reached, when the knife was skilfully withdrawn, allowing the steel chisel to remain in the flesh. After the knife had been withdrawn the chisel was given a deft twist at exactly right angles with the bone. The sharp point of the instrument was then placed upon the tender bone, and several sharp blows quickly struck in rapid succession with a mallet. The bone was completely severed. A sponge was then bound over the limb after the ends of the bone were placed in contact, and the limb allowed to rest until a similar operation had been performed upon the other limb.

The bandage around the limb first operated upon was then removed from the wound made by the incision of the knife and the limb well dusted with iodoform. Iodoform gauge was then applied to the leg and a flannel bandage tightly bound about the limb from the foot to the upper third of the thigh. The limb was now ready for the final part of the operation.

It was straightened into its proper position and held that way until a heavy coating of plaster of paris had been placed over it. The other leg was similarly treated, and the remarkable operation successfully performed. The patient all the while was under the influence of ether, and after the operation awoke entirely unaware of what had taken place.

The external wound in an operation of this kind usually heals in about six weeks. When the ends of the bones are perfectly united, the plaster of paris coating can be removed, and in a short time the child can be able to use her limbs with as much freedom as any one of her age. The entire operation lasted about an hour, and was rendered all the more difficult on account of the tender age of the child. It is the first case of the kind recorded in Cincinnati, and in many respects is considered a great triumph for the medical profession of this city. It is considered a heroic operation for the relief of a child seemingly afflicted and rendered comparatively helpless for life. The parents of the child are overjoyed at the hope of seeing their little one able to walk. Among the members of the medical profession who witnessed the operation performed by Dr. Linn are Dr. C. A. Pauly, Dr. G. S. McDermott, Dr. T. M. Stewart and Dr. H. B. Hills.

Not the Same.

Youth's Companion.

Into the store of a Boston stationer one day recently there came a man in the dress of a workingman, who was evidently at once a foreigner and not overgifted with brilliancy of intellect.

He made up to one of the clerks, and, with an air of hesitation, as if doubtful whether he had come to the right place, asked in broken English for some "overalls."

"Those you will find at the clothing store just down the street," the clerk said.

The customer looked puzzled.

"I did go there," he said, "and did request them for envelopes, and here is it that they do send me."

The clerk was quick enough to see where the trouble lay, and good natured enough to explain to the foreigner the difference between envelopes for letters and envelopes for the legs of laborers, and the man went back to the clothing store, where, no doubt, he found what he wanted.

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