THE DAILY GLOBE

PUBLISHED EVERY DAY
AT THE GLOBE BUILDING,
COR. FOURTH AND CEDAR STREETS

BY LEWIS BAKER.

ST. PAUL GLOBE SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DAILY (NOT INCLUDING SUNDAY.)

1 yr in advance	$8 00	3 m. in advance	$2 00
6 m. in advance	4 00	6 weeks in adv.	1 00
One month	70c.		

DAILY AND SUNDAY.

1 yr in advance	$10 00	3 mos. in adv.	$2 50
6 m. in advance	5 00	5 weeks in adv.	1 00
One month	80c.		

SUNDAY ALONE.

1 yr in advance	$2 00	3 mos. in adv.	50c
6 m. in advance	1 00	1 mo. in adv.	20c

TRI-WEEKLY—(Daily—Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)

1 yr in advance	$4 00	6 mos. in adv.	$2 00
3 months, in advance	$1 00.		

WEEKLY ST. PAUL GLOBE.

One Year, $1 | Six Mo. 65c | Three Mo. 35c

Rejected communications cannot be preserved. Address all letters and telegrams to THE GLOBE, St. Paul, Minn.

Eastern Advertising Office, Room 21, Tribune Building, New York.

Complete files of the GLOBE always kept on hand for reference. Patrons and friends are cordially invited to visit and avail themselves of the facilities of our Eastern Office while in New York

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—For Wisconsin: light rain, except fair Sunday; slightly cooler; winds becoming northwesterly. For Minnesota, Iowa and Nebraska: Fair, colder, northwesterly winds. For North and South Dakota: Fair, colder, variable winds.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Place of Obs'vation	Height of Barometer	Exposed Therm'ter	Place of Obs'vation	Height of Barometer	Exposed Therm'ter
St. Paul	29.94	40	Helena	30.34	40
Duluth	29.92	36	Ft. Totten	....	...
La Crosse	29.86	44	Ft. Sully	30.24	34
Huron	30.20	32	Minnedosa	....	...
Moorhead	30.22	20	Calgary	29.92	42
St. Vincent	30.28	10	Edmonton	....	...
Bismarck	30.28	30	Q'Appelle	30.24	22
Ft. Buford	30.22	32	Med'e Hat	30.04	38
Ft. Custer	30.24	50	Winnipeg	30.28	16

LOCAL FORECAST.

For St. Paul, Minneapolis and vicinity: Fair weather; cooler.

P. F. LYONS, Observer.

THE WEEKLY REPORT.

UNITED STATES SIGNAL OFFICE, ST. PAUL, Nov. 29, 1890.—During the week ended yesterday no rain or snow fell at any one of the seven stations in this state located on the watersheds of the Minnesota and upper Mississippi rivers. A continued low stage of water is indicated in these streams this week.

P. F. LYONS, Observer.

THE STORY OF A DAY.

The public debt is increasing.

Stamboul trots a mile in 2:11.

Dillon and O'Brien strike Chicago.

Austria has a series of earthquakes.

Koch is the hero of the hour at Berlin.

The new harvester trust elects officers.

Chief Red Cloud is said to be a white man.

Mrs. Tuffnell, of Minneapolis, shoots herself.

The West End bank, of Duluth, closes its doors.

The ore-shipping season on Lake Superior closes.

Parnell's manifesto is the talk of the two countries.

St. Louis soldiers start for Forts Snelling and Meade.

The Knights of Labor may form a national party.

Rochester, Minn., is to have the free delivery system.

The Indian Messiah's name is now said to be Jack Wilson.

A large quantity of grain is burned on a farm near Morris.

Another attempt is to be made to organize a white lead trust.

Joseph Wood is to be killed by electricity at Sing Sing this week.

Leo Heilpern proves to have been an embezzler of $10,000.

A. T. Ankeny, of Minneapolis, gets his foot broken in an elevator.

A Cincinnati woman gives $75,000 for Sunday afternoon concerts.

The amount recommended for pensions for next year is $133,173,085.

Indians break up schoolhouses and steal jewelry near Rosebud agency.

Edward F. Vangorder, formerly of St. Paul, skips from Helena, leaving many debts.

Ignatius Donnelly writes a rather surprising letter to members of the Minnesota suballiance.

Diack, the old-time ball player, lies at the point of death from injuries inflicted by his mistress.

Gen. Miles is reported to have ordered Buffalo Bill not to make Sitting Bull a prisoner just yet.

NEEDLESS PESTS.

If the enemies of human existence continue to multiply as of late, there will be no comfort in living. The bacilli, bacteria, disease germs and all such broods are everywhere. Air outdoors must not be breathed because it is laden with all these eager enemies of the race. The money you handle, no matter whether paper or specie, is infested with the foul fiends, and must be disinfected. A medical crank in a neighboring city, who has been spared for some purpose as mysterious as that of the existence of venomous snakes, rats and Sioux Indians, has taken his microscope along in his street car rides, and finds that the straps that gentlemen cling to when they give their seats to the ladies, and even the backs of the seats, are "fairly reeking with bacteria." But who cares for them? They would never be known if these mousers after little things would let them alone. If a person's eyes were like a powerful microscope he would see beastly wretches in everything he saw or touched. Life would be a lunatic career. The scientists may do good service in running down some of these pervasive invisibles, but they need not be constantly obtruded on the well meaning citizen.

A SOCIAL FEATURE.

The apprehension is expressed that the collapse of the balloons in the South American regions will deter English capital from investment in this country. It should stimulate rather than check the flow of capital from that quarter. The shutting off of the outlet among the reckless, irrepressible yahoos of the Spanish-American region should induce more active inquiry for opportunities with the reliable, thrifty and steady North Americans. It has been a surprise that conservative and prudent financiers like the BARINGS should have ever been caught by the Argentine illusions. As the interior facts are developed, it seems that even that century-old and always solid and reliable financial institution had flesh and blood behind it that averages up very much like specimens familiar in this country. Some years ago one of the younger members of the firm was given a great social elevation by being made a peer. As Lord Revelstoke he had a dazzling opportunity to corruscate in the upper regions of social life. It was improved, as the narration is, and even the Prince of Wales was put in the shadows. The ambition that leads to this sort of reputation would be likely to unbalance the head. The extravagance in which indulgence was had was more than princely. Even the vast income of the great banking firm was affected. Then larger dividends were sought. To obtain these greater business risks were taken. Those South Americans offered investments with generous returns for the investors and robust commissions for the parties that did the placing. For years large profits came to the exchequer of the great firm. The government gave its support to the enterprises that absorbed the vast sums, the interest was paid regularly and everything went on swimmingly. These investments amounted to hundreds of millions of dollars. But the usual result of wild speculations and building too far into the future came in time. The investors became alarmed and wanted to get their money back. The traditional honor of the firm was preserved by taking the securities from the investors. The experience is not singular except in magnitude. It has illustrations in this country. The shrinkage was enormous in the value of the securities, and before it the vast resources of the BARINGS melted away. The consequent throwing of stocks on the market and absorption of money causes some stringency for the time and a temporary reduction of investments abroad, but the later event should be superior confidence in the value and reliability of American investments.

SHOULD YOUNG MEN MARRY?

It has been the usual inculcation of religion and philosophy that marriage was to be encouraged as essential to the well being of society and the best development of the higher nature. Pessimism has found some of its support in the assumed growing indisposition to marry. On the other hand, some insist that there should be restrictions, and only those allowed to become family people who have in hand, or in sight, the means to support a family and freedom from diseases that may be transmitted to posterity. In England it is found that there is of recent years a marked increase in the marriage rate. In some of the agricultural districts this is from 20 to 50 per cent. The increase is notable in the cities, but it is not so marked. The subject is receiving wide attention, in view of the startling position recently taken by the lord bishop of Bedford, that "there should and must be a check to marriage." He presents an elaborate paper on the subject, containing an array of figures and statistics. The deformed, cripples, those of feeble constitution and tainted with hereditary infirmities, and the paupers he would debar from matrimony for obvious reasons. But he would have the state go beyond these, and hold away from connubial felicity or misery the young men who have their future all before them, in a financial way. The permission to marry he would have withheld from those unable to show that they have reason able assurance of a comfortable and respectable support for a wife. About 60 per cent of the young men of London, he insists, marry without the reasonable outlook required by this theory of the bishop. It would follow, then, that more than one-half of those who do enter the married state in London ought to be denied the legal opportunity. It would be of interest to follow the argument of the bishop so far as he supports it with statistics, for the light it throws upon the situation of a very large class of young men in the cities, and the suggestion afforded to the corresponding element in this country. The London correspondent of the New York Journal condenses the main part of the data in this statement:

Take the junior clerks in London offices and warehouses, of which there are 150,000. Their average pay reaches about 17 shillings, say $3.40 a week. Sometime a young man remains in his subordinate position until he is thirty without exceeding £1 10s, or say $5.25, a week. All this time he has had to live in lodgings, paying anywhere from 7 to 10 shillings a week for his room, breakfast and supper and Sunday board, and paying 4 to 6 shillings a week for his meals in the city at midday. He has had to pay extra for his car fares, washing, etc. Then he must always be well dressed, and his clothing bill foots up about three shillings a week.

After many years he finds he can do better, or thinks he can do better, by marrying. So he draws two balance sheets to convince himself that he would be certainly better off "double" than single. His bachelor account stands thus:

Room and partial board	$2 00
Dinners in town	1 25
Car fares and washing	75
Clothing	75
Total	$4 75
Total income	5 25
Balance	$0 50

This balance has been carfully carried forward from week to week until he has been able to secure a suit of furniture for two or three rooms, and this is the capital on which he venturesinto the realms of wedded bliss. Then he makes his second balance sheet:

Rent of rooms, per week	$1 00
Food for two, per week	2 50
Clothing for two, per week	1 25
Car fares for husband	50
Total	$5 25
Total income	5 25

When this young man tries the experiment of matrimony he finds that he is sailing very close to the wind. He has nothing with which to meet exigencies, the arrival of his children, doctor's fees and the many expenses incidental to an increase in the family. Well, a deficit accumulates faster than any extra funds he can earn with which to meet it. Debts become oppressive. Dunning becomes intolerable; and, sooner or later, he has to be lifted out of his difficulties by friends or charitable institutions.

The interest of the state in preventing the marriage among this class of young men is found in the claim that the ranks of the criminals and paupers are largely supplied from this quarter.

"Poorhouses," he says, "are filled with the wrecks of marriages begun in haste and ended in crime and wretchedness. Prisons are crowded with young men who have robbed employers to keep up a false appearance in wedlock."

The earnings of this class of young men are inadequate because there are too many of them. The law of demand and supply is operative with them, as with other classes of employment. In his country the supply is not so excessive and the remuneration is somewhat better, but not enough so to allow of marriage under the promise the bishop would exact. If the state has a right to enter this domain of personal privilege and prevent young men from marrying because provision for the subsistence of the family does not appear to be assured, a vast change in the social economy might be effected. Thousands of young men in cities marry when the surplus of income over expenditure must be exceedingly scant, but their chances for improvement in the future are considerably better than with the class indicated in London. The young man who has a domestic incentive to economy, prudence and correct living is far more likely to make something of life.

A GROWING THEORY.

In his "In Darkest England," Gen. BOOTH asks for a half-million dollars for his schemes to elevate and save the "submerged classes," and the responses indicate that he may obtain the large sum asked for to inaugurate the work. Could the $3,200,000 a year England has for a half-century paid for the support of the royal family be diverted into this channel, it would perhaps help to equalize conditions to the general advantage. The most notable point indicated by BOOTH is that the poor must be better fed before they can be reached with elevating influences. In Philadelphia there has been for a number of years in operation a practical charity called the Sunday Morning Breakfast association. It is believed to have done good work for morality and religion. Christ never attempted to preach to hungry crowds; a primary concern was to have them fed. The movements of the time are acting in a greater measure than heretofore upon the theory that a man's heart is best reached by way of his stomach.

A GRIP MATTER.

The past week the remains of a very promising young physician in one of the larger Ohio cities were brought back from Europe, a victim of the grip that prevailed in this country last winter. Up to last Christmas this physican had perfect health, and still a little later he had a severe attack of the epidemic. He partially recovered and went to the seashore for his health, and a few months ago crossed the ocean, where he died. The case illustrates the fact that was not so well understood at the time, that the grip had vastly more mischief in it than its immediate manifestations indicated. It is doubtful if in all cases those who had it have yet fully gotten away from its influence. It stimulated all the latent dispositions to disease, and has been all the year numbering its victims. There are some apprehensions that it may return this winter, in which case it should find people more careful to smother it in incipiency.

THAT CONSUMPTION CURE.

Whether the KOCH cure for consumption is one of the fads that occasionally get into scientific places as well as elsewhere, and will follow a host of ephemeral sensations, or is the greatest medical discovery of the times, can be more definitely stated a little later. Skepticism finds a strong point in the statement that Dr. KOCH has been an obscure physician in a village so unimportant that it is hardly known at a distance. There have, however, been several important discoveries made by men who had little notoriety previously. It would be surprising if the erudite scientists who failed to make the discovery should not be severely critical, and, perhaps, rather hopeful that their acumen has not been discounted. Still, the evidence seems to accumulate that it does accomplish good results in an important class of cases. Final conclusions, however, are not likely to be reached soon.

THERE has been much said about reform in funerals in the interest of those forced to economize, and to whom the ordinary expensive parade is a burden. A step in this direction is being taken in some of the Eastern cities, in dispensing with the procession to the grave. The ceremonies are held at the residence at night, and the interment the next day is strictly private. The undertakers do not like it, as it reduces their consequence and business. It may become the prevalent style, as it will save time and exposure to the friends.

THE KOCH treatment of tuberculous diseases is by the injection of the remedy under the skin. Many of the medical forces are put into the system in this way. Perhaps science will yet be able to administer all the nourishment needed by this route, and the teeth and stomach be allowed a vacation. They always have made trouble.

WHILE there is not much enthusiasm in New York in building monuments to the departed, the philanthropic have raised a purse to buy toys and dolls for poor children. It may be remembered, however, that Miss FRANCES WILLARD does not think much of dolls for girls. She would not have too many, even of the live kind.

ONE of the latest fads among women who indulge in such things is the crazy bric-a-brac. It absorbs all the loose things in the way of old keys, buttonhooks and such things as men usually carry in their pockets. But they know where to look for the lost.

THE effort in the upper ranges of society to revive the old knee-breeches and buckle shoes will not succeed. There are too many of the men who will need to pad the legs and cut down the bottom part. They are not built right for that display.

NELLIE BLY, who dashed around the world and had a hat named for her, is booked for early matrimony in the newspapers. After the excitement and glamor of her career, the quietude of the domestic role must be very tame to her.

THE legislature in this and other states may conclude that electricity is better than the rope to translate the erring with, if the further trials in New York indicate that it is really the more humane and decent way.

HOW WOULD this ticket do for the Republicans in 1892? For president, M. S. QUAY, of Pennsylvania; for vice president, W. W. DUDLEY, of Indiana. Platform, addition, division and silence.

A PATENT has been granted for an illuminated tin cat to keep the mice away. A method to illuminate the feline howlers on the nocturnal fences would supply a demand.

IF BUFFALO BILL had to pick out SITTING BULL by the pictures given of him in the newspapers, he would be more likely to get some squaw.

PEOPLE YOU SHOULD KNOW.

By no stretch of courtesy can Sitting Bull be regarded a gentleman.

Capt. O'Shea is a great home-ruler except in his domestic affairs.

Jay Gould is taking his friends into his confidence in a way that may cause these friends to lose some sleep later on.

There is still much uncertainty in regard to Mr. Villard's return to this country. Steamship tickets cost money and the walking is not good.

In regard to the big Injun ghost dance, it will become even more interesting when the soldiers step in and "balance all," including those Indians who are so badly out of balance.

Baron de Kunth is one of several noblemen who are running amateur circuses for the amusement of themselves and friends. It is high time the nobility were taking a tumble to themselves.

ON A BELT LINE.

[Written for the Globe.]

My residence is most unique,
More so, I think you'll say,
Than any other you might seek
And find, in many a day.
In front of it your eyes may feast
Upon a belt line track
Where trains are always going East,
And never coming back.

And all day long they pass my door,
And wheeze and creak and grind;
The switching engine just before,
The short caboose behind.
The trade at night time seems increased—
At no time is it slack—
But all the trains are going East,
And none are coming back.

Forever and forever roll,
These East-bound, trundling cars;
The steam pipe shrieks, the bells all toll,
Up go the crossing bars.
At midnight's hour a comet's tail
Streams westward from the stack,
But never eastward will it sail
Along the cinder track.

So we, too, brothers all, the same
Upon a belt line speed,
Our aim no matter, pelf or fame,
It still remains decreed
Our lives shall ever run their race
Upon a belt line track,
Where each may go his fastest pace—
But never more come back.

GLOBE TROTTERS.

"I understand that was quite a heavy speculative syndicate that Brown organized a while ago," said Mr. Coughdrop; "did he let you in on the ground floor?"

"Did he?" replied Mr. Drawblank; "well, I should say he did. And I had not been in a long while before I found myself down cellar."

"How was that?"

"In a hole."

***

"Have you," said a gentleman stepping into a Wabasha street drug store, "any postage stamps?"

"N—n—no, sir; we are just out of Postage's, but we have some of our own preparation which is just as good—er—oh!—stamps? Ah, yes. Here you are. You probably wish to look at the city directory, too, before you go out. That's it chained up there on the sponge case."

***

"I think you charged me too much for that last lot of quinine I bought of you," said young Harold Skimpole to the druggist.

"Why so?" inquired the latter. "Do you think you could have purchased it cheaper elsewhere?"

"I certainly ought to, for you know yourself that quinine just now is a drug in the market."

***

"Have you voted yet?" inquired an Eighth ward politician of a neighbor on last election day.

"No, sir, I have not, and do not intend to."

"Indeed! I can't see why you should neglect your duty as an American citizen; the elective franchise is a great privilege, don't you know?"

"I'll tell you why. Last year I went up and voted a straight ticket, and a man right beside me put in a vote for which I saw him with my own eyes receive $3. He got paid for voting, while I was expected to do it for nothing. There isn't anything fair about that kind of elective franchise, is there? No, sir, when the time comes that they will pay everybody for voting or nobody, then I'll commence voting again, and not till then."

***

"I am greatly disappointed with the condition of things as I find them out West," said the man in a sealskin overcoat, addressing a stage coach companion. "I am sorry to find so much imitation of Eastern culture, Eastern refinement, Eastern dress and Eastern modern improvements. I expected to find some of that wild, Western flavor of which I have read so much, some——

Just then the stage came to a sudden halt, and the round, cold nose of a big navy revolver was thrust under another nose belonging to the Eastern tourist, and a bass voice ordered every one to come out on the "perrayree." All the passengers complied with the request, and after they had been relieved of all their valuables, including the sealskin overcoat, the coach was ordered on its way.

"Well," said the man who had been entertained by the Eastern tourist's free criticism of matters in general, "how's that for wild, Western flavor? Can you, at such a short notice, get up anything with a wilder flavor down on the Atlantic seaboard? Guess not. When we get into town I'll show you a hotel where, on my recommendation, they'll keep you until you can receive remittances from the East."

***

"Are you the superintendent of the census—I mean the lecture bureau?"

The speaker was a small-sized youth of uncertain age, yet possessed of quite certain and well defined freckles, worn couchant on a flat, blonde face, the features of which betrayed signs of incipient thought. He appeared travel-stained and dusty; one of his shoes was untied, and his collar and necktie showed symptoms of disorderly conduct.

"I am the acting manager," was the reply.

"Thanks. Are you still hiring lecturers?"

"We are making some contracts and booking dates for this winter."

"Oh, I am so glad to know I am in time. What are you paying now?"

"For lecturers?"

"Yes; by the day, week or month."

"What is your line?"

"I—I don't catch you."

"I say, what is your specialty?"

"Oh, me? I'm a versatilist."

"How's that?"

"I'm an all-round speaker, scientific, literary, ethical, non-ethical, humorous, anti-humorous, socialistic, veterinary, historical, medical, Delsartean, monologuistic, mesmeric, hypnotic and polygamous. I am now carrying some big drives in scientific topics. One of them, 'A Cataclysm of Cataleptic Cats,' has evoked encomiums. I evoke encomiums from the press, the pulpit and the bar. Would you like to glance over a few of my press encomiums?"

"Um—no—I guess that is hardly necessary. You have other live topics, you say?"

"Oh, yes indeed, sir. My humorous lecture on 'Yellow Jack in the South' evoked encomiums in a large number of towns, and held brilliant audiences spellbound, eastbound and hide-bound. I have, also, a scientific lecture on 'The Pure Pulp of Pugilism' which invariably evokes enthusiastic encomiums."

"What have you in a purely literary vein?"

"Well, I think 'The Scrofula of Tolstoism and its Vermifuge' one of my best. However, perhaps a less cultured audience would prefer 'The Patter of the Brain Upon the Tough.' Shows up the moral effect of wholesome education upon the vicious. Communities in which I cannot evoke encomiums with these efforts indicate low moral barometer, great depression in real estate and stagnation of probity."

"You spoke of something veterinary in your list."

"Yes, I have 'How to Pick a Winner,' and 'A Horse On Me,' both excellent in their way and both high grade encomium evokers."

"Excuse me, but er—do you carry anything slightly—er—built in a kind of erotic style? You know the spirit of the age—what I mean?"

"I have nothing of my own composition rank enough to please the popular taste. I promised a dying mother, who was blown up by a gasoline stove, just before she commenced filling the feeder with oil, that I would never write one line that I would wish to blot. So, whenever I find there is a demand for that kind of stuff in a town, I recite a selection."

"What is it?"

"Longfellow's 'Building of the Ship.' It's a kind of "Ostler Joe' piece, and the encomiums it evokes just fairly hum along the front row of bald heads. It carries the testimony of Brooklyn, N. Y., savants, as the greatest erotic piece extant and is excluded from the school books."

"You may call in to-morrow at 10 a. m., and I will draw up the contract and route for you."

"Thanks."

AT A DOLL SHOW.

Did you ever, gentle reader, attend a doll show? If not, I wish you could have come with me last Friday afternoon and evening, to a pretty little church out on Fuller street, called the Chapel of the Messiah, where you might have beheld one of the most interesting exhibitions of dolls ever seen here. All around the large room the dolls were ranged in every possible position, from the jaunty pose of self-assured youth to the tottering attitude of advanced decrepitude. There were dolls of every age, sex, nationality, size, color and previous condition of servitude. There were lovely blue-eyed dolls, with fluffy golden hair; handsome brunette dolls, with snapping black eyes and raven tresses; jolly black dolls, with laughing eyes and kinky curls.

The dolls were known by many names. There were Julia and Agnes, Maud and Rose, Gretchen, Bridget, Yum-Yum and Dinah. And there were Tommy and Harry, Pete and Johnny, Paddy, 'Rastus and Pooh Bah, Mr. and Mrs. Lo were there, too, looking staid and respectable, but with a lurking air of restlessness about them which showed that they were quite capable of breaking out in a wild ghost dance on short notice. They were a medley multitude in all their varied costumes and complexions. Some of the young lady dolls were slim and tall; others were short and stout, but all were lovely specimens of their various types of beauty. The young gentlemen dolls, if not as numerous, were for the most part, a good-looking, distingue set of youths, possessing the cool, collected manner which characterizes the St. Anthony hill blood.

The dolls of a past generation were present in full force, looking with calm, experienced eyes upon the frolics of their young companions. Some of these dolls had been dandled in the arms of little girl "mammas" thirty and even forty years ago, and they bore upon their lined and wrinkled visages the marks and scars of long and honorable service. One old gentleman of venerable mien had a head and face which reminded one of Grandfather Trent. Another aged but crafty-looking veteran had the appearance of a reformed proprietor of a three-card monte lay-out. Many of the old dolls had been young and middle-aged when the fair city of St. Paul was yet in her infancy.

Mingling with the native-born American dolls were picturesque groups of foreign dolls, representing the latest arrivals from Ireland, Germany, Sweden and Japan. There was a tea party, where gaily attired guests, waited on by trim servants, feasted in full view of the spectators; and since, in this Western country, past barbarism and present civilization are often found across the way from each other, a party of Indians in blankets and beaded buckskins looked out with cynical glances from a neighboring tepee. Not far from the gay revelers in the banqueting hall stood a bridal pair, while the knot was being tied by a dignified bishop of the Episcopal church—the bride beautiful and elegantly dressed, the groom brave but self-conscious, as gentlemen in that position usually are. In another place stood a school for little toddling dolls, while, to show that all the phases of human needs were remembered, a hospital for maimed and sick dolls was filled with patients suffering from every variety of illness and accident, from dolls minus a leg or an arm to dolls who had lost their scalps or eyes.

The exhibition was given under the auspices of the industrial school connected with the Church of the Messiah. The dolls were contributed and dressed by the children themselves, with the aid of their mothers and teachers.

GLOBE TOWER SHOTS.

If the Pickerel statesman of South Dakota will place his ear to the ground he will hear a low, trans-Atlantic rumble in favor of Senator Leland Stanford for Republican vice-presidential candidate.

‡—‡

Perhaps the opinion is obtaining in the mind of Mr. Parnell that, after all, the Irish Liberals are not so liberal as he, at one time, considered them.

‡—‡

Mr. Gladstone seems inclined to handle the Parnell matter as gingerly as did our own Johnny Wanamaker "The Kreutzer Sonata."

‡—‡

If Ingalls can only get back into the senate by a double somersault he would better not try for it. Political contortion has lately broken many a statesman's neck.

‡—‡

If agreeable to Sitting Bull, he can now step into Buffalo Bill's camp and get himself killed while he waits. Bill will press the button and Bull can do the rest.

‡—‡

If Jim Blaine has really mislaid his reciprocity scheme he should examine Dr. Harrison's arm chair. Perhaps the latter is sitting on it.

‡—‡

Ground glass and aquafortis as a wild Western beverage has generally been considered an extravagant figure of speech. But it has remained for a traveling man in Minneapolis to demonstrate the possibility of drinking ground glass and whisky. However, the demonstration cost him his life.

‡—‡

The survival of the fittest was not borne out in the Little Big Horn fight; Custer is dead, Sitting Bull alive, or was at last accounts.

‡—‡

Gen. Alger announces his willingness to run for president in 1892 on a McKinley platform. Gen. Alger exhibits the dash and spirit of the true soldier, also his recklessness and daredevilry.

‡—‡

Should Tom Reed secure the Russian mission, wouldn't there be a fine pair of czars to draw to?

‡—‡

The Cleveland (Ohio) Leader comments on the GLOBE's editorial, "The Same Jim Blaine," and generally admits that he is the same old man of the sea who has ridden the Republican party to defeat on more than one occasion. However, the Leader eases him down gently by alluding to him as "the distinguished premier." As a drug in the political market "the distinguished premier" finds it up-hill work to get himself on the bull side. His boom is invariably biggest prior to the nominating convention.

‡—‡

A new electric fire alarm has been placed in the White house. It should be connected with the residence of ex-Statesman Foraker, of Ohio.

‡—‡

Republican morality is at a low ebb with Bill Chandler trying to burglarize the New Hampshire legislature and Insect Ingalls doing his level best to bunco the Kansas Farmers' Alliance.

‡—‡

The great Liberal party of England has degenerated into a social coterie of gossipers and scandal mongers. The pleasure of throwing stones at Parnell seems to transcend the importance of home rule. Still, some people like this kind of thing.

‡—‡

Printing paper of any description, worn over the chest, is said to be a most excellent and warm protector. People financially embarrassed by the tax on woolens might utilize printed copies of the McKinley bill. Capt. Snider has some left over. Go early and avoid the rush.

IN RE THE INDIANS.

The Chinese act in California as house servants and obtain employment in factories. Why not split up the tribes of Indians into small numbers and scatter them through the whole country to find employment in the cities. This idea was promulgated yesterday to a representative of the GLOBE by W. H. Hoyt, of Dickinson, N. D., who for many years was post trader at Fort Buford. Mr. Hoyt is well acquainted with Indian habits and customs, and says that so long as the government keeps the redskins on the reservations in idleness, so long will they be a menace to the country. He firmly believes that the bucks could be taught trades, and the women could be trained as house servants. It might be worth trying as an experiment.

A choice collection of Indian relics was shown yesterday to the staff of the GLOBE by a gentleman recently arrived from the Sioux reservation. The principal feature of the collection was a leather scabbard fifteen inches long, heavily studded with brass-headed tacks. The scabbard contained two murderous-looking knives with six-inch blades, one of which was marked with blood stains. Peculiar interest attached itself to these articles, as they were formerly the property of that wily old Sioux, Sitting Bull, and were purchased from him by their present owner the night he surrendered at Fort Buford to Col. Brotherton. Sitting Bull received thirty yards of calico for the weapons, and some years ago, when in St. Paul, obliged the present owner by cutting his name in the leather of the scabbard with the point of a knife. A number of arrow heads and wooden prongs also formed part of the collection, and it was explained that these latter implements were used by the Sioux in mutilating their bodies when going through the sun dance. The flesh would be gathered up in one hand and the arrow head thrust through, the ash prong being left in the wound. After the dance is concluded the prongs are buried in the earth, and it is death to dig them up.

A DAGO'S LAMENT.

[Written for the Globe.]

All'a tima mea eata, da soup macarone;
But yestaday mea hava, da turkea bone;
For I like keepa up, da Thanksgiveone,
Wid my wiva and childa an' mea—a' home.

We eata da turk, da chestanutti stuff';
Da Italia bean, wid da garlica snuff;
An wina wea drinka wid some whita corn starch,
And playa da grind-org', wid'a Garibaldi march.

Wea drinka da wina, da head getta sore;
Feeda da monk finecut, he sleepy an' snore;
We singa da souga of Italia blue sky,
Our heart leapa up, to my red necka tie.

Da soup da spilla, da head of da childa,
An' maka my wiva mad an' so wilda.
Tha' she hitta mea wid da lemona squeez'
An' jamma mea down in a ice cream freez',

I feel like git craz', I pull da stilletta,
An' maka my wiva, hind da stove getta;
She scratcha me hard, she howl like da monka;
She yella to police, 'rest me for drunka!

He taka to pris, mea, in hack patrola;
He sai he blieva, my whiskers I stola;
In court he sweara, I been on big busta—
Judge fina me hard—ten dohler and costa.

—Pasquale Swanderson.

FOOTLIGHT AND FOYER.

Otto Floto's All Star Specialty company opens the week at the Olympic on Monday night, presenting a bill of unusual magnitude and merit. The list of stars includes Jack Carkeek, the famous wrestler; Billy Carter, the original comedian; Lew Hawkins, another of the same brand; Yank Hoe, the juggler, who can always draw a crowd in St. Paul, and his assistant, Omene, who is as popular as she is pretty; Darrow brothers, gymnasts; Connie Leslie and Louise Montrose, original gaiety dancers; Byron and Weston, operatic sketch duo. Each evening prizes will be offered as follows: $25 to the man whom Carkeek fails to throw in fifteen minutes; $100 to the man who throws Carkeek in fifteen minutes; $2 per minute for each minute after the first five to any man whom Carkeek fails to throw.

—|—

"The Two Johns," which is so well known that it is unnecessary to describe it, will be this week's attraction at the Grand opera house.

—|—

"A Barrel of Money," which has been doing a good business all week at the Harris, will be continued over this week.

—|—

One of the pleasant dramatic recollections of last season is "The Burglar," which makes its second visit to St. Paul, opening at the Newmarket to-night for four nights and a matinee. The story is an old one, because it is a story of every day, and yet one that is not often brought to the surface in real life. It is the story of a young man with home, friend, fortune, handsome, educated, married and loved—and yet a burglar. He dwells in the sunshine of a home, a wife's love and a child's innocence by day, yet committing burglary by night. Hunted down and driven from post to pillar by officers of the law, he becomes an outcast and a man upon whose head a price is set. By a strange but unique improbability, this burglar is brought into a house that might have been his home. He is there for plunder. Among the treasures he finds his own child, and then the hardened face of the thief blends with the golden tresses of the little innocent. It is a lovable story. Nor is it all tears or sorrow. There is a wealth of refined comedy running through Mr. Thomas' play that relieves the weightier portions to a most cheerful advantage. One objection made to the play last year was the tragic ending of the last act, the burglar dying as the last curtain fell. Although this was a natural finish to his life, it seemed as though, after repenting, the playwright should have given him some chance to redeem his life. Since the former visit a new fourth act has been substituted, and instead of his dying the burglar is reunited to his family and the curtain falls on the prospect of the reformed man making a long-suffering wife happy in a new life far away from the scenes of so much sorrow. This should prove a most pleasant change, and one that will certainly relieve an audience of that impression of agony that this otherwise charming play used to close with. A sound moral is taught by the play: a moral which strikes home in every family, a moral which, if heeded, makes better men and women. Laughter and tears intermingle freely throughout the piece, and one feels better for having seen it.

—|—

"Frank Talmage is banking on his father's name," said a somewhat skeptical gentleman yetterday in discussing the coming visit and lecture by the son of Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn. This gentleman evidently had not seen the Eastern papers, which have been giving Frank no end of complimentary notices for his remarkable performances on the lecture platform. No young man in a generation has received such universal and unqualified praise from every quarter, and especially from papers which might be expected to take an opposite ground. But Frank Talmage will be here himself next Tuesday, and will give people a chance to judge for themselves of his abilities. He will lecture in the evening at the Central Park Methodist church, corner Twelfth and Minnesota streets, on the subject, "First Impressions." This lecture has been delivered in New York and vicinity with great success. For the benefit of those who know more about the father than the son it may be said that Frank Talmage was born twenty-two years ago in Philadelphia, where his father was then preaching. The family moved to Brooklyn when the son was quite young. His first experiences of school life were obtained in the Juvenile High school, and the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn. Later he attended the Sing Sing military school and from thence went to Williams College. After two years he was transferred to the University of the City of New York, from which he graduated last June with first honors and was also class orator at the commencement. He is now studying in Union Theological seminary. Personally Frank resembles his father, both in manner and physique. He has a resonant, sympathetic voice and a power over an audience which is phenomenal in so young a man, it being apparently his natural gift to move his audience to tears or laughter as the occasion suggests.

—|—

At the People's Church—Donald Downie, B. C. L., who has just terminated a brilliantly successful engagement in one of the leading theaters of New York city, has been secured for a course of three illustrated lectures, to be given in the People's church Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of this week. His subjects will be "Japan," "Napoleon the Great" and the "Paris Exposition." His illustrations are not simple photographs, but are colored views painted by celebrated French artists, and are said to be finer than anything of the kind heretofore seen in this country. The great New York dailies unite in speaking of his entertainments in the very highest terms. Not only is there to be a brilliant lecture and superb illustrations, but, what the public will doubtless appreciate as much as anything else, the manager has decided to give them the advantage which he has obtained in securing the immense auditorium of the People's church, and has fixed the prices of admission, including reserved seats, at but half the rates usually demanded for these entertainments. This liberal policy will, undoubtedly, result in completely filling the church every night.

MUSIC IN ST. PAUL.

The regular fortnightly concert of the Seibert orchestra will occur at the Newmarket theater this afternoon. The programme, an unusually interesting one, is as follows:

PART I.

Overture—"Cavalcade" ..... Laugey
Selection from opera "Clover" ..... Suppe
(The latest success.)
{a. Paraphrase "Lorley" ..... Nesvadba
{b. Caprice, "The Masqueraders" .... Hindley
Cornet Solo—"Evergreen" ..... Ferber
Dedicated by the composer to Prof. Chr. Rodenkirchen.

PART II.

Symphonie No. 2 ..... Beethoven
Larghetto and Finale a continuation of symphonie played at last concert.
Bariton Songs {a. Der Trumpeter .... Speier
{b. Nur ein Traum. Millocker
Herr. Richard Ewers.
"Priests' War March," from "Athalia" —Mendelssohn

¶ ¶

Lutteman's famous Swedish sextette, of Stockholm, which will give two concerts at the Newmarket theater, Friday and Saturday evenings, is an organization that no lover of good singing can afford to miss hearing. Having been founded in 1882, the membership has remained unchanged ever since, during which time they have made several tours of the countries of Europe, where they have gained the reputation of being the best male singers in the world. This sextette contains some of the Upsala singers, who took the first prize at the Paris exposition over all singing societies of Europe. Although they have been in this country but a few weeks they have received numerous flattering press comments in the cities where they have sung. In singing their voices seemed to be sustained by an invisible orchestra. The piano passages are fine, being drawn out to a whispered breath. The programme will be varied by Edward P. Elliott, the humorist and character delineator. The box office sale opens Tuesday evening.

¶ ¶

One of the most brilliant musical events of recent happening was the concert given at Certin hall Tuesday evening last for the benefit of St. Mary's home. A programme had been arranged than which none more attractive have been rendered recently for the approval of devotees of good music in St. Paul. The opening number was the quartette "Annie Laurie," by Messrs. Donahue, Congdon, Nelson and Gehan, and the applause following the rendition was repeated after each number. Quite the most artistic violin solo work heard here for a long time was that of Claude Madden, who played a "Fantasie Caprise," and was compelled to respond to a double encore. The song, "Don Pasquale," by Miss Mealy, was well received, and Mrs. Werrick in her recitation, "Sister and I," brought down the house. Emil Geist in a zither solo was very successful, and C. H. Congdon's tenor solo, "Tell Her I Love Her So," brought tears to the eyes of the susceptible young creatures in the front seats