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BY LEWIS BAKER.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, April 25.—For Wisconsin: Warmer; fair; southerly winds. For Dakotas: Much colder; fair weather; northwesterly winds. For Minnesota and Iowa: Fair; high southerly winds, shifting to much colder northwesterly by Monday morning.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

Place of Observation.	Height of Barometer..	Exposed Thermometer...	Place of Observation.	Height of Barometer..	Exposed Thermometer...
St. Paul.....	29.90	72	Ft. Custer...	29.84	48
Duluth	29.92	42	Helena	29.96	44
La Crosse...	29.98	72	Ft. Sully....	29.46	86
Huron	29.66	80	Minnedosa..	29.48	62
Moorhead...	29.64	80	Calgary.....	29.76	52
St. Vincent..	29.72	80	Q'Appelle...	29.58	58
Bismarck....	29.54	74	Med'e Hat...	29.74	56
Ft. Buford..	29.70	58	Winnipeg. ..	29.48	82

Local Forecast—For St. Paul, Minneapolis and vicinity: Fair; no decided change in temperature.
P. F. LYONS, Observer.

THE STORY OF A DAY.

Senator Reagan resigns.

Ice goes up in Minneapolis.

A big rise in meats is reported.

The thermometer registers 92 deg. at Aberdeen, S. D.

Field Marshal Nicholas, of the Russian army, is dead.

This is the seventy-second anniversary of Odd Fellowship.

The pulling of two blind pigs at Fargo unduly excites the town.

An uncle of Plenty Horses testifies that he killed Lieut. Casey.

The death of Philip Moen revives talk of the Moen-Wilson scandal.

Gen. Devere refuses to give up the office of adjutant general of North Dakota.

Secretary Noble puts a new and important construction on the homestead land law.

St. Paul, Milwaukee, Kansas City and Omaha win the Western association games.

A general advance in railway rates is ordered by the Western Passenger association.

The Fitzsimmons-Hall fight is to occur on the boundary line between St. Paul and Minneapolis.

It is rumored that Ignatius Donnelly is scheming to hand over the Farmers' Alliance to Gov. Merriam.

TELEPHONIC NOTES.

It may not seem credible to the party who has strained his hearing to catch the words on the telephone between the twins or nearer points, that less difficulty is had in the exchange of remarks between parties in Paris and London, but it is alleged that the 280 or more miles do not seem to cut much figure. About the only improvement needed is said to be a device for translating from one language to the other on the way. Some of the facilities not familiar in many American cities must be in use there. Paris now also has telephone connection with Marseilles, Brussels and other prominent towns. There have been some long-distance connections in this country, but they do not appear to be coming much into use. It is a notable incident, in the use of the telephone, that it is not the larger cities where it is most in requisition. For business purposes it is common in them, but its introduction to residences and for social ends is comparatively infrequent. For instance, Fargo, in proportion to population, has several times the number of telephones this city has. In the Red river metropolis, on the principal residence streets, nearly every house has telephone connection, and the place has, it is stated, more telephones for its census total than any other city in the country. Honolulu may be a competitor, but it is a little outside as yet. There in hot weather the ladies make their afternoon calls by telephone very commonly. This is one of the obvious spheres of the telephone when the patents expire, and improvements and facilities are added. It will be made so easy to converse that several ladies can chat into the same 'phone at once and be understood as well as they are on social occasions, when the conversation is univocal, as it were.

A POPULAR FREAK.

One of the most popular freaks of late years has been to settle, by a sort of unrestrained Australian ballot, the question who is the most popular person in some line, in view of the presentation to the party of a ticket for a trip to Europe, St. Paul, Alaska, or some other region that all civilized people want to visit. According to a St. Louis paper, the favorite there is naturally the mixer and dispenser of drinks. A syndicate of liquid capitalists has filled a purse to give the most popular bartender a tour through Europe and the Holy Land. Every one in the vocation is eligible, but the qualification for voting is the purchase of a fifteen-cent drink—two drinks and two votes for a quarter—or three beers for a vote. Cigars and buttermilk don't count. This business feature protects the syndicate from loss. It is supposed the visit to the Holy Land is to investigate the early question as to the character of the wine in use there.

GOOD WORDS FOR IT.

The presidential troupe safely passed the deserts of Arizona with some increase of guards to protect from any possible annoyance by the lawless, and now revel in the perfume of California flowers and oranges. This is, perhaps, the most extended and comprehensive movement of any administration. It is a commendable exhibition on the whole, whatever personal ends the president may hope to promote by it. The route selected for the tour is such as to give the event exceptional interest. The president views the portions of the national domain where caravans of this character have been unknown in recent times, and where, if anywhere, popular feeling would not show loyal exhilaration at the presence of the highest official. But in every quarter the people have thronged the route of the palace car procession. The Democrats in the South have been as eager to do honor to the personified national authority as the Republicans of California. The exhibition is the more significant inasmuch as the incumbent of the station is not of the pattern that illuminates his high environments in any dazzling way. There is nothing in his individuality to enliven curiosity or stir emotions. It is the ægis of the national life the people see, not the incumbent of the high office cultivating the popular humor for personal assets. As an exhibition of loyalty to the government, it is gratifying to note the welcome given the president all along his journey. It is well for the ruling powers to get out of the Washington malaria occasionally, and touch hands with the broader life of the people. No partisan feeling should come into the view of the procession by rail.

LIFE'S TRAGEDIES.

Before Mr. HOWELLS had adopted his peculiar views on realism in fiction which have divided novel readers into camps of friends and enemies, he wrote a good many books which were popular with everybody capable of enjoying wit and spirit. One of the volumes of the Atlantic Monthly, now many years back, contains a story of his which has never been reprinted, and is not included among his published works. It is said to have been suppressed because its plot was too transparent a picture of an actual episode, the public exploiting of which was offensive to the people concerned. The GLOBE does not know whether or not this is the true explanation of the fact; and the novel itself, which was called "Private Theatricals," has left no very definite impression on its mind, except that it was bright and entertaining, and in the author's earlier style. It was the simple record of a summer at an Eastern resort, in which figured a light woman, and two men whose friendship had stood the test of years. Over this woman, who was quite unworthy of such a sacrifice, these men quarrel; and there is a powerful scene, where, with much dramatic intensity, they are pictured as trampling under their feet, for an utterly inadequate reason, the most precious possession of their lives, the loss of which leaves them both lame and impotent.

Experiences of this sort are not uncommon in the careers of most men and women. Their bitterness is permanent and oppressive, and if those who suffer them are sensitive to their sting, they are for them great tragedies. The sorrows of life are not alone in external things and objective experiences. The records of courts of justice do not contain all the annals of deeds of violence, nor do the wrongs of every murdered man and woman and the crime of every murderer figure beneath the headlines of the daily press. The violation and death of the human body comes within the province of legal supervision, but the tragedies which weaken and destroy the hearts and the souls of living creatures are worked and endured in secret, and the lives of those who sin and are sinned against in this domain may be lived for long years behind the mask of a smiling face which affords no index to the anguish hid within.

The mad poet said that as to the spider his web and to the bird his nest, so to man was friendship; and, while this was not the maddest thing he wrote, it was not the wisest, either. The protection and comfort which come to human beings from close and warm personal relations with their fellows are, it is true, to be counted among the great things of life. But their responsibilities and their dangers are lost sight of when they are classified in this way with words of unlimited praise. Even the purest and the brightest strands which unite us one to the other now and then become tangled and painful. Children grow tired of their parents and struggle for freedom and divorce, and fathers and mothers feel the burden of their hostages to fortune as a mountain weight from which they would be gladly rid. Such revulsions endure in most cases for but a moment, but while they do last they are tragedies of the profoundest sort. They rend the souls which undergo them as would a fever. The conflict between satiety and the conviction of duty is terrible to suffer, and to those who have not the power to see the sure landing place beyond the sea of temporary passion, there is great darkness and hopelessness while the storm rages.

Marital infelicities patiently submitted to constitute another class of tragedies. The vulgar parading of such sorrows is common enough in the law courts, but infinitely more in number are the lives which are passed in alternate flashes of joy and blight, or in one long night of quarrel, of which no mutterings come to the general ear. BROWNING, in one of his poems, celebrates the faith the grammarian must have in the life to come, that he should be willing to spend his years in this world over nothing more real than parts of speech and the rules of syntax. And in the same way, those that pass from youth to age in an atmosphere of domestic martyrdom must be either the victims of despair, or animated by the fullest confidence that there is a glorious future, for which their sad experiences are but a training school. It is one of the most inexplicable mysteries of human nature, that men and women who seem and are completely equipped to be cheery comrades for other people are so often linked in life-long bonds to spirits with which they are ceaselessly at war. One would think that incompatibilities and differences would yield to an ambition for personal comfort, if to no higher motive. But such is not the case. Brothers and sisters ill-united cling to each other long after affection and happiness have ceased to illumine their relations, and men and women break bread for scores of years around a hearth fire where smoulders the chill flame of mutual distrust and dislike.

Those who criticise the wisdom of continuing such unions have, perhaps, never known the most exquisite form of the soul's tragedies. There is a sorrow not to be spoken lightly of in submitting to domestic differences, whether they come simply as interruptions to pleasanter experiences or are the daily routine of those who suffer them; but they are not to be compared to a love or a friendship dead and gone forever. Men grow up together, and at the same time grow together. They are as much parts of each other as their limbs are parts of their own body. The chapters in their lives are delightful reading because they read them aloud together. They see and remember the bright things by the wayside, not for themselves alone, but because they want each other to share in their store. Their thoughts and deeds and words from the past are treasured reminiscences because they are full of days spent in common. Every scene is bright to the one if the other is there, and in the other's absence every note, however intrinsically joyous, seems pitched in minor key. The future seems a garden filled with rarest flowers, ready and easy to be plucked as they shall traverse its paths side by side. Everything has a gladder seeming because they confront it together, and they are fain to confess that without each other the prizes are not worth the striving for.

No one can tell what kindles such feelings in men's and woman's breasts. A turn of the head or a look of the eye may start the weaving of the thread. But in the midst of it all, and when it is completest and most absorbing, a turn of the head or a look of the eye may tear the thread in twain. On the very summit of the crest where the exhilaration is most beyond expression, all the passions of the soul will change in an instant, and where love ruled hate will intrench itself with masterful power. As in Mr. HOWELLS' story, men and women will wantonly shatter in fragments, as though it were a worthless bauble, the fair and delicate structure which embodies the best of the years which are gone and their highest hopes for the future. Mutual confidences and mutual obligations count for nothing, and without an explanation which would be listened to in any tribunal of reason, they lacerate their own hearts and the hearts of each other, and part to meet again maimed with indifference or hatred.

God may be in His heaven, but surely all is not well with the world while experiences of this kind are common. These are the deepest and the direst of tragedies. There is no resisting of them. The brave soul whom they take in their grasp struggles against them with the help of reason and philosophy, but in vain. They are as inexorable and as pitiless as Fate. They conquer as do the gods in the drama, whom the mortal fights against to no purpose. No one has a right to speak or think of them as things which last but for a season. Men do survive them, as some sick of the palsy live on for many years. But it is a false and superficial thinker who does not admit that men's emotions are as real as their bodies. Most people believe that the soul lives after the body dies, and in the same way it is possible for the body to live long after the soul is dead. Many scores of years may pass filled with work and pleasure after one has gone through the bitterest of tragedies, but in the silence of the night will ever come the ghost of the slain to haunt and terrify.

PROF. PHELPS' CONTRIBUTION

The GLOBE publishes in another column this morning a very remarkable contribution from the pen of Prof. WILLIAM F. PHELPS. His subject is recent developments in the manufacturing business in St. Paul. The facts and figures which he presents will probably be a revelation to most of our citizens. Prof. PHELPS some years ago secretary of the St. Paul chamber of commerce, and after an absence, during which he held a similar position in Duluth, he returned to take the general management of our local industrial union. This organization aims to encourage the location of manufacturing plants in the midst of us, and the account which he gives shows how much is accomplishing through this and other agencies. The feeling of discouragement at our municipal progress which has been more or less rife of late will be dissipated from the minds of many of our readers if they will carefully follow Prof. PHELPS' article. It presents a very extraordinary picture of growth in wealth and enterprise, achieved quietly and without concerted effort. The whole country is full of similar stories, and many a man has spent his life bewailing an investment in real estate at a fictitious value, during whose tears the community in which he lived has developed into a metropolis full of strength and power. The GLOBE has the completest faith in both the present and the future greatness of St. Paul. And it is glad that it can present to its readers this morning such satisfactory evidence that its confidence is well founded.

TAXABLE ESTATES.

In the legislative search for new methods or subjects for taxation one favored line of inquiry is among the possessions individuals are unable to take with them when they leave the world. In Ohio, a couple of years ago, a law was enacted imposing a tax on inheritances where the heirs were not direct descendants of the testator. This has been considerably improved upon by a bill that has passed one branch of the New York legislature and is likely to become a law. This taxes all inheritances in excess of $10,000. Estates below that sum are exempt. The past week the Massachusetts legislature has been considering a bill not so sweeping as this, but much like the Ohio law. It provides, substantially, that all estates or parts of estates diverted from the lineage shall be taxed 5 per cent. This has objections, and does not impress the considerate economist as favorably as the New York plan. It involves a discrimination against the exercise of a public or philanthropic spirit. If the testator leaves any part of his property to religious, educational, humane or public uses, the state is to demand $5 out of every $100 as its share. This may be regarded as tending to discourage persons from diverting any part of their possessions from the personal, private channels to the benefit of the community or some general benefaction. If there were to be any distinction made, it would be better that the larger number should not be the exclusive sufferers. The taxation of estates below $10,000 meets a ready objection of oppressive taxation from those not able to bear it. Palpably it should be a graduated tax, touching lightly the smaller estate, but taking a larger per cent as the millions are reached. One of the most distinguished lawyers of New York, in speaking of this bill, says:

I firmly believe that the time will come, not only in this state, but in other states, when this system of taxation will be found so comprehensive and efficacious as to warrant its universal adoption, and at the same time the total abolition of the personal property tax now prevailing.

It is not necessary to abolish the tax on personal property in the consideration of this proposition. It can stand on its own merits. Justice BREWER, of the United States supreme court, is a strong advocate of this tax. He has said recently:

I have often urged that as one of the most just of taxes, and if it were graduated in proportion to the amount of the property passing, I think it would be most beneficial. It would tend largely to prevent the accumulation of property in family lines and what that distribution which is for the interest of all.

It is against public policy to perpetuate great estates in family lines, and, if this tax would discourage this, it affords additional argument in its favor. The tendency is in this direction.

NOT A FULL TEST.

That is a pretty story of the two members of the British parliament who settled a controversy over the relative merits of Irish and Kentucky whisky by experiments upon two monkeys. The one filled with the product of Ireland became merry and hilarious. He wanted to embrace everybody, while the other one soaked inside with the Kentucky article was savage and maudlin. He threw things about and broke the crockery. Without any national prejudice, it may be doubted that the test was conclusive in favor of the Irish article. A second trial with interchange of the drinks should be had to give value to the decision. It is more a matter of temperament with the consumer than the disposition of the liquor. The stimulant vivifies the usually repressed qualities, bringing out the brutality and meanness in the one and the merry geniality of the other. A close observer and human analyst asserts that it makes no difference whether the liquor, if genuine, is from Ireland or Kentucky.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

The question of the opening of the world's fair on Sunday has been agitated sporadically and will gradually come to the front all along. A recent Unitarian convocation in Iowa has declared in favor of the opening for a variety of reasons set forth. The discussion of the subject will have a broader and more tolerant character than would have been the case but a few years ago. It may possibly be admitted in the most rigid circles that it will be unjust to class all who favor some sort of a Sunday opening as irreligious and bad. The conclusion of the management will probably be in the way of a compromise. The gates will be open to visitors, but the machinery will not be in operation, and, perhaps, clergymen of different denominations will be invited to hold religious services on the grounds, or lectures will be delivered by popular speakers. The whole Sunday question will come in review in the meantime.

UNCLE JERRY RUSK is to use a few thousand dollars appropriated by congress in experiments in the West, on the line of his favorite theory that thunder storms and showers can be produced by artificial means. Perhaps he will work the thing out so that any man with a small stock of dynamite, or other rapid explosive, can get up a storm on short notice. This will involve a practical difficulty. Malicious parties may get up storms at the wrong time, in order to annoy political meetings of the other party, or horse races, picnics or other out-door affairs. An official, however, may be put in charge, but his fate would have trouble to suit all the people.

THE lottery business is getting deeper into the soup. It is held at Washington that tickets of Mexican lotteries must pay 25 per cent duty. That would be a crusher on that sort of imports. At New Orleans it is wagered, $3,000 to $1,000, that the coming decision of the state supreme court will be against the lottery. This is understood to be on the question whether the submission act for the extension of the charter had quite votes enough in one house—one man died on their hands and left them short.

IN PHILADELPHIA the Sabbath association has been worrying the cigar dealers who sell on Sunday. The latter have had the old statute books delved into, and a provision dating back to 1794 exhumed prohibiting what are called "worldly employments." This is construed to prohibit the running of street cars. The tobacco men insist that, if they cannot sell, the cars must stop. Few people would get to church if the cars did not run.

MRS. LIVERMORE, the veteran matron and lecturer, insists that women do abhor the smell of tobacco, when in the sweet grace of their kind natures they affect to be pleased to have men smoke in their company. Perhaps the reason so many of them are taking to the use of tobacco is to overcome their repugnance to the weed.

THE mugwump faction or coterie of the Republican party is not at all happy over the selection of CLARKSON for president of the league. It is intimated that he is to be the Warwick of the next Republican administration, it there is one in his time.

A MEDICAL authority alleges that people become harder of hearing as they grow older because they breathe too much with their mouths open. This, however, is doubted by some who observed certain members of the state senate a good deal. Their hearing did not seem to be affected.

THE removal of his side whiskers was probably a TALMAGE advertising freak, but may have reference to the dedication of his new tabernacle that is about completed.

IT is stated as a fact that trained nurses are more in demand for wives than any other class. Probably they make themselves solid with the men they nurse.

AT THE HOTELS.

The genius and enterprise of Senator Henry Keller, of Stearns county, evidently knows no bounds. A few months ago he astonished his fellow citizens of Sauk Center by putting in one of the best and most complete electric light plants in the state, and yesterday he was in St. Paul purchasing the cars and material for an electric railway, to run from the college to the Keller Manufacturing company's plant, a distance of nearly two miles. Although Sauk Center is not yet a very large city, it is a thriving one, and a railroad center of some magnitude. This year Senator Keller claims two more lines will enter it, the Soo and the Duluth, Huron & Denver. Having the power at hand, it did not take the ingenious Stearns county statesman long to figure out that the cost of an electric railway could be made very small, and so, in it goes, much to the advantage of Sauk Center. If every city in the state had a half dozen, or even one, public-spirited citizen like Senator Keller, Minnesota would prosper as no other state, even in boom times, ever did. The Sauk Center electric line will be running in less than a month, and that lively town will have a genuine boom for the new state capitol on about the same time.

Dr. S. S. Riddell, of Chippewa Falls, is registered at the Ryan.

Senator S. D. Peterson, of New Ulm, was in the city yesterday for the first time since the adjournment of the legislature. The few days he spent in inhaling the pure air of Brown county seem to have had a good effect on him, and he looks as hearty and strong as though he had not spent two or three days in shaking hands with his constituents, who rushed headlong on his return home to congratulate and thank him for his vote for the McHale bill. Congressman Lind was so delighted that he at once applied to Senator Peterson for a copy of the measure, and will introduce it at the opening of the next session of congress. Representative Ahlness, of course, is being censured for not raising his voice in favor of the bill in the house. Brown county has evidently determined to do her share toward doing away with stale and all other immoralities that are supposed to stand between a granger legislature and its duties to the public.

Dr. P. McKittrick, of Thorp, Wis., is visiting in the Saintly City, and is quartered at the Clarendon.

Ex-Representative Underwood, of Minneapolis, spent a portion of yesterday afternoon chatting with friends in the Merchants' lobby. Like many other Republicans in Hennepin county, he is not an administration Republican, and is for Senator Davis or some other Republican for United States senator next year. He thinks Senator Donnelly will wreck the Alliance, and whether he means to or not, help the Republicans out of a bad boot. He is also of the opinion that he would prefer to vote for a good Democrat for governor rather than for the Sage on the Republican ticket.

William Boyle, of Le Mars, Io., is at the Clarendon; R. R. Briggs, of Duluth, at the Ryan, and H. M. Post, W. L. Beebe and John Cooper, of St. Cloud, are located at the Merchants'.

Gen. J. H. Baker, the eloquent Blue Earth granger, spent all yesterday in St. Paul looking up machinery for his Itasca county mine. As is his custom, the general is now plunging headlong into his new undertaking, and is sparing no effort to make it a success. He is now able to talk about mining machinery with the same facility as he was wont to discuss political questions in the past.

MY LADY.

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be;
And into such a sage like me
On learning this from me:
And yet she's lovely—nay, divine,
Judged by her own peculiar line.

She's deeply read. She knows as much
As average sixth-form boys;
But not the greatest sage could touch
The high, aggressive joys
That imp her wing, like birds of prey,
When in the Chippewa's way.

Not only learning's pure serene
Her soaring mind can charm;
The tradesman, shrinking from a scene,
Regards her with alarm;
Her strong sarcastic tongue owns
The power of her metallic tones.

Contentionsly content, she takes
Her strident way through life;
And goodness only knows what makes
Her stride is to my wife.
Courage, poor heart! They vaunted stifle.
She's not a girl with whom to trifle.

—Punch.

GLOBE TOWER SHOTS.

Under the provisions of the McKinley bill the treasury department is going to impose a fine of 25 per cent on lottery tickets sent in from Mexico. At last a solitary virtue has been detected in the McKinley measure.

* * *

Jack the Ripper has made his appearance in New York. Now is the time for Inspector Byrnes to show his skill—if he has any.

* * *

Maggie Mitchell recently discharged her maid and left her penniless in an interior town. The veteran soubrette is becoming hardened in her old age.

* * *

Three colored murderers were hanged in a Louisiana town Friday. It was indeed black Friday.

* * *

The sporting editor of a Minneapolis paper was "indisposed" Friday night, and in consequence the society man was assigned to cover the Kemmie-Scully mill. In giving out the assignment the city editor simply said: "Mr. DeCamp, you may cover the event at the Twin City club to-night." And this is what the society editor turned in:

The reception tendered James Scully, of Woonsocket, R. I., by Charles Kemmic, at the elegant rooms of the Twin City Athletic club last night, was largely attended. Most of the gentlemen present kept within the bounds of propriety in their dress, but both the host and his honored guest appeared in costumes that were scandalous by brevity, and almost indecent by scantiness. Other gentlemen present displayed their utter ignorance of etiquette by actually appearing in their shirt sleeves. Shortly after 10 o'clock some trouble arose between Mr. Kemmie and Mr. Scully, and they so far forgot themselves as to come to blows. The reporter was unable to ascertain the cause of the altercation, but it is quite probable that one or the other took exception to the impropriety displayed in dress by some of those present. Yet, this could scarcely have been the sole provocation for the trouble, because Messrs. Kemmie and Scully were themselves most shockingly dressed. At any rate there was an awful commotion for a few minutes. At 10:32 o'clock Mr. Kemmie hit Mr. Scully right on the nose and caused the blood to flow copiously. Goodness only knows what would have happened had not Mr. Scully where and whether the trouble would have ended had it not been for the interference of Messrs. Daniel Needham, Charles Johnson and F. John Van Heest, who carried Mr. Kemmie from the room upon their shoulders. Taken altogether, the affair was really the most shameful and scandalous event in the history of Minneapolis society. The list of those present is withheld for obvious reasons.

FOYER AND FOOTLIGHTS.

R. D. MacLean and Miss Marie Prescott, who will be remembered for their excellent work at the Newmarket theater last season, will be the attraction at the Metropolitan opera house for an engagement of four nights and Wednesday matinee, beginning this evening. The performances given by these excellent artists are highly artistic, and wherever they have played return engagements, the increase in their business over the first time is enormous. They are supported this year by a most excellent dramatic company, including Walter Mathews, Maclyn Arbuckle, H. W. Storm Charles Gray, Dearborn Bird, Augustus MacLean, Oliver Taylor, Alexander McKenzie, Morris Bauer, Miss Agnes Maynard, Miss Florine Malcolm and Miss Jessie Gray. They will present during their engagement here: "Spartacus," Sunday night; "Cleopatra," Monday and Wednesday nights; "Othello," Tuesday night, and "Ingomar" at Wednesday matinee. "Cleopatra" is a strong dramatization, and in the hands of such artists as MacLean and Prescott, has been made to take high rank among the heroic plays of our day. Miss Prescott is to-day the greatest actress on the American stage. Every movement, every gesture is grace itself, while her voice, full of sympathy, resonance and flexibility, takes hold of the very heart strings of her audiences and holds them captives. Mr. McLean's forcible treatment of Harmachis is no less pronounced. He has been received with enthusiastic recalls after every act in each city where "Cleopatra" has been presented. The opening bill, "Spartacus," is the character in which Mr. MacLean excels. In the performance of "Othello," Mr. MacLean appears as Othello and Miss Prescott as Iago. There is no doubt but these performance will be hailed with delight by our people, as this is the first engagement of the legitimate drama that has been presented on the Metropolitan stage.

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At the Grand opera house, beginning tonight and continuing for the week, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday, Hallen and Hart, the comedians, will appear in their farcial success, "Later On," by H. Grattan Donnelly, author of "Natural Gas," etc. Fred Hallen, who is a comedian of the style of Henry E. Dixey, shows to advantage in the character of Jack Plunger, a New York sport, while Joe Hart, in a comedy creation of Jolly Todd, a bookmaker from Sheepshead Bay, gives a droll and amusing impersonation of an eccentric role. The play is a merry trifle, satirizing in a general way the Anglomania, and turns on the effort of two Americans to win American girls where nothing but English husbands are desired. It is in assuming the character of British tourists that Hallen and Hart create the liveliest fun, and their efforts to disgust American paterfamilias with his English visitors keep the audience good natured. The company supporting the stars is one of the best, and is decidedly the strongest musical comedy organization that Messrs. Hallen and Hart have ever had. Miss Annie Lewis, the clever soubrette, plays Pansy Weed, an American girl who has had no predilection for a British husband. The part of Rose Seed is done by the popular Mollie Fuller. Lotta Nicol, the skirt dancer, and Adele Farrington and Marie Stanly appear as Mollie Waits and Tilly Tipps, while Miss Ada Somers the clever soprano, gets fine dialect out of Patchoula Seed. The sheriff anxious to distinguish himself is played by the eccentric Irish comedian—J. J. Sullivan, the parts of Hayseed, the American farmer, and Mildmay Smiles, a student in hard luck, are in the hands of John E. McWade, the well-known baritone, and Harry Hilton, the tenor. The latest European and American singing specialties will be introduced.

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So much has already been said in regard to Charles Santley, the greatest of baritones that it is scarcely necessary to add more. A rare treat is in store for our people on Monday evening. It is the opportunity of a life time to hear Santley as Elijah, for his rendition of that role is one of the great creations in the history of music. Of the other soloists, Mrs. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, soprano, and Whitney Mockridge, tenor, are both so well known there is no need to introduction. The contralto, Mrs. Annie Rommeiss-Thacker, is a stranger to our city, but is sure to make a fine impression. In regard to be singing in this work our excellent local authority says he never heard the part more beautifully, more exquisitely sung.

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The Park theater, formerly the Harris, will open a season of comic and grand operas, such as "Fatinitza," "Fra Diavolo," "Boccacio," "Beggar Student," etc., etc., with a first-class list of artists, a charming chorus and fine orchestra, Sunday evening, May 3. The Park will sustain its former reputation as a strictly first-class family theater. The popular prices of 25 and 35 and a few seats at 50 cents will prevail at night, and 25 cents to all parts of the house at matinees. The opening opera will be "Fatinitza," and a change of repertoire will be made each week. The change in name of theater will be made at the end of this week.

—:—

The Danz symphony concert, at the Harris theater this afternoon, promises to be fully up to the former ones. The programme is made up of request numbers with the exception of that old Saint Saens' ballet music of "Henry VIII." It is as follows:

March—"Fencible,"..............Sousa
Overture—"Mignon"...........Thomas
"The Nations"..................Moskowski
Russian,
German,
Spanish,
Hungarian.
"Charlotte Corday".............Benoit
Serenade—String orchestra.....H. H. Thiele
Dedicated to F. Danz Jr.
"Neapolitaine".................Rubinstein
Descriptive.....................Max Nickel
Ballet Music—"King Henry VIII."........Saint Saens

Theodore Reichmann, who is recognized as one of the finest baritones on earth, will be at the Harris theater on Wednesday evening for a special engagement. There will be a rush to hear him, as the engagement was hard to secure, and was made under special auspices.

—:—

There will be no performance at the Olympic this week, as the Mignon company unexpectedly went to pieces. Friday night Frank Glover, the heavyweight, will stop Dick Moore, of St. Paul, in four rounds, or forfeit $200.

FUN IN A FEW LINES.

This is a time of year when "losing your grip" is anything but unpleasant.—Puck.

The devil may now and then miss a prayer meeting, but he never stays away from a church entertainment.—Ram's Horn.

"I like a man with a history," said Hollaway. "Yes; he's a degree better than a man with a poem," returned Skitt.—New York Herald.

"Why have you got that string around your finger?" "To remind me that I have forgotten what my wife told me to buy."—Lowell Citizen.

"Yes, the doctor has given him up," she said tearfully. "Well," said the caller, "there's one hope yet. Let him give the doctor up."—Philadelphia Record.

A young Kentucky farmer recently eloped with two married women, sisters. The husbands refuse to interfere. They believe that he deserves all the punishment he will get.—New York Recorder.

"Say, have you ever had your store broken into?" "No. You see, everything is so very cheap here that if a thief wants anything he simply comes in and pays for it."—Fliegende Blatter.

Hobbs (wishing to hire a suite of rooms and thinking his friend Gilshaw can assist him)—Hello, Gilshaw; you are just the man I want to see. I've been looking for a flat for over a week.—Boston Herald.

First Widow—How is it you draw a pension from the government? Your husband wasn't in the war, was he? Second Widow—No, but my father's substitute contracted nostalgia at Bull Run.—Life.

"It is absolute protection against fire," said the salesman. "When a fire starts this indicator tells anybody who happens to be near by it just where the blaze is and—" "Yes," replied Skiglets, testily, "and then I lose the insurance."—Washington Post.

POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE.

President Carnot is to leave Paris late in May for a swing round the circle in the south of France.

Henry M. Stanley, accompanied by his wife and his wife's mother, Mrs. Tennant, sailed from New York for Liverpool Wednesday.

Thomas A. Edison says the secret of success is to do but one thing at a time: a control of thought and attention it takes some years of patience to learn.

Senor Galdos, a rising Spanish novelist, is a modest and retiring man, very fond of hemming handkerchiefs on a sewing machine when not engaged in writing.

Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew is a handsome woman, with very dark and expressive eyes, brown hair and a complexion of more than common clearness and brilliancy.

Mr. Wicksteed, a queen's counsel at Ottawa, who brought out a volume entitled "Waifs in Prose" two years ago, when he was ninety years old, is about to start work upon another book.

Miss Loie M. Royce, the brave Nebraska school teacher who won national fame in 1888 by saving her little flock from the great blizzard, has received her reward. She has become the wife of a Michigan editor.

Hon. George S. Boutwell says that Gen. Spinner was not the first government official to employ women in the departments. He awards the honor to Secretary Chase, who appointed Miss R. I. Wilson in September, 1861.

Jason Brown, second son of the only John Brown, is patriarchal in manner, gray-haired and gray-bearded, closely resembles his father, and declares that he does not harbor one thought of ill-will toward the people of the South.

Bouguereau and Gerome, the celebrated French painters, will shortly leave Paris for St. Petersburg. The Russian artists intend to give their French colleagues a very cordial reception. These courtesies will be all the more noticeable because of the very general decision of the French artists not to send any paintings to the Berlin Salon.

MORE OR LESS WITTY.

A Far Greater Hero.

The Epoch.

Visitor (to dime museum exhibit)—Are you the man who eats glass?

Exhibit—No; I'm the man who eats the biscuit that my wife bakes.

A Polite Boarder.

Washington Star.

Landlady—Have some of this butter, Mr. Bordaire.

Mr. B—No, thank you.

Landlady—Ah, you don't love butter?

Mr. B—Well, I cannot say that I love that butter; but, my dear madam, I assure you that its age commands my sincerest respect.

The Boy's Favorite.

Washington Post.

"Now," said the teacher, who had been trying to instill her class with a love of nature, "which of the seasons do you like best? Johnny may answer."

And Johnny promptly answered, "The base ball season."

Sweet on Mexico.

Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mexico is becoming a sugar-exporting country, and is now sending its product to England in considerable quantities. There is no reason why it should not become one of the leading sugar countries of the world, as it has the right kind of a climate. Should it do so, the inducements to a reciprocity treaty with this country will be stronger than ever.

An Eight-Hour Day Coming.

Providence Journal.

The eight-hour day at ten hours' wages is not to be forced. The shorter day in itself will no doubt come in good time and by natural process of industrial evolution, just as twelve hours succeeded fourteen, and ten followed twelve, when conditions were ready for the change. But the process cannot be hastened by hostile and violent demonstrations of the kind now contemplated by the coal miners.

A DREAM.

There are times when a dream delicious
Steals into a musing hour,
Like a face with love capricious,
That peeps from a woodland bower;
And one of these dreams comes ever,
A wooded hill and a river;
A deep cool bend where the lilies end
And the elm tree shadows quiver;
And I lie on the brink there dreaming,
That the life I live is a dream,
And the tree is the sun-flecked stream.
Beneath me the perch and the beaver sail by,
In the dim cool depths of the river;
The struggling fly breaks the mirrored sky,
And the elm tree shadows quiver.
There are voices of children away on the hill;
There are bees thro' the fag flowers humming;
The lighterman calls to the clock, and the mill
On the farther side is drumming.
And I sink to sleep in my dream of a dream
In the grass by the brink of the river,
Where the voices blend and the lilies end,
And the elm tree shadows quiver.
For the sorrow and grief in the past is relief,
And the blessing lost hath its kindly dream,
Are adrift like the leaves on the breast of the stream,
And the child life comes again.
O the sweet, sweet pain of a joy that died!
Of a pain that is joy forever!
O the life that died in the stormy tide
That was my sun-flecked river.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

WHAT OUR EDITORS SAY.

Just as the legislature adjourned yesterday a 14,000 gallon tank of oil exploded in St. Paul. It is very dangerous to shut off an escape valve for gas all at once.—Winona Herald.

* * *

Taking all things into consideration, a glance ahead at the present time gives no indication of a sure thing for any Republican candidate for senator. If the friends of Senator Davis and Gov. Merriam cross swords in the campaign next year for the control of the legislature, Ignatius Donnelly is liable to walk away with the honor for which they are contending.—Duluth News.

* * *

The St. Paul Pioneer Press is somewhat "soured" at the recent legislative work. Let us see, the Pioneer Press labored to defeat the bill appropriating $35,600 for the publication of the session laws, so that it could get the contract for its patent-intestined concern and clean up about double the amount thereby. For denying it this plum, all things are wretched.—Duluth Union.

* * *

Gov. Merriam will doubtless have an opportunity to explain to his Republican friends how he came to recommend this man where there were plenty of good Republicans who would like the position. Perhaps Rahilly pulling off the Democratic-Alliance ticket last fall might have had something to do with it.—Granite Falls Tribune.

* * *

It may not yet be too late for Senator Davis to make a successful fight against Governor Merriam for the United States senatorship in 1893, and if the disgraceful action of the latter in the Rahilly appointment but serves to open the eyes of the former to the depths of infamy to which that gentleman will resort to compass his political ends, the lesson will not be entirely without its usefulness. The meeting at Gov. Merriam's home, Tuesday night last has one at least encouraging feature in this, that of all the state senators but ten, whose names appear elsewhere, could be depended on to do the dirty work of Gov. Merriam, being less than one-fifth of the entire number, and as the senate as now constituted will vote for the next United States senator, the small attendance is highly significant.—Fairmont News.

* * *

It is freely asserted that Gov. Merriam and Archbishop Ireland were Rahilly's backers, and even induced him to withdraw from the Alliance ticket last fall. The many friends and admirers of the archbishop cannot believe these stories. They are a reflection upon the dignity of his high position, which he has ever maintained untarnished.—St. Cloud Times.

DE MINIMIS.

So small are her feet, the glassy shoe
Of Cinderella would hold the two.

So light are her hands, they could untie
The spider's tremulous tapestry.

And her heart is both so light and small
That it is hardly a heart at all.

—St. James Gazette.

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
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Four Nights Only and Wednesday Matinee. Commencing Sunday, April 26. The Favorites,

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Sunday Night .... "Spartacus,"
Monday and Wednesday Nights .... "Cleopatra."
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"ELIJAH."

People's Church, Monday, April 27.
Samuel A. Baldwin, Conductor.

Seats now on sale at Dyer's at $1.50, $1 or 75 Cents Each.

N. B.—St. Paul Choral Association Season Tickets Not Good For This Concert.

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Thursday Evening, April 30,

Under the patronage of 100 of St. Paul Society Ladies, and for the benefit of Working Women.

The Paris Exposition and Some Suggestions for the World's Fair,

A Lecture by **Prof. A. B. De Guerville,** of Milwaukee College. Illustrated by 100 magnificent Stereopticon Views. The Third United States Infantry Band will render three numbers, including the Marseillaise. Tickets, $1, on sale at Musetter's Drug Store and at W. J. Dyer & Bros., 198 East Third street. Box Office at Theater open Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday.

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John C. Schmall, of Milwaukee, Pianist.
Down stairs and two rows of Balcony, $1.00; balance of Balcony, 75 cts. Gallery, 50 cts.

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