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BY LEWIS BAKER.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 20.—For Wisconsin and Minnesota: Northwesterly winds; cooler and fair Saturday and Sunday. For Iowa: Northwesterly winds; cooler and generally fair Saturday and Sunday. For South Dakota: Cooler and fair Saturday; northerly winds; continued cooler and fair Sunday. For North Dakota: Cooler, northerly winds and fair; continued cooler and fair Sunday.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Place of Observation.	Barometer.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Therm.	Place of Observation.	Barometer.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Therm.
St. Paul.....	29.99	60		Ft. Custer...	30.12		70
Duluth	29.82	58		Helena.....	30.24		58
La Crosse...	29.88	62		Ft. Sully....	.....		..
Huron	30.08	60		Minnedosa.	30.10		48
Moorhead...	29.90	56		Calgary.....	30.60		70
St. Vincent..	.....	..		Winnipeg...	30.02		48
Bismarck....	30.14	56		Q'Appelle...	.....		52
Ft. Buford..	30.20	58		Med'e Hat..	30.06		68

Local forecast for St. Paul, Minneapolis and vicinity: Cooler; northwesterly winds during Saturday; rising temperature Sunday; continued fair weather during Saturday and Sunday.

P. F. LYONS, Local Forecast Official.

THE STORY OF A DAY.

The New Ulm monument is to be dedicated to-day.

The Twin Cities are to have a base ball league.

The Lake Erie & Western strike becomes serious.

Interstate Commerce Commissioner Bragg is dead.

Russia increases its troops on the Austrian frontier.

The Garfield Park $10,000 stake is to be run at Chicago to-day.

An insane West Virginia woman murders her two children.

Three children at Ironton, O., are suffocated in a tool chest.

The department of Dakota rifle team is selected at Fort Snelling.

Three hundred persons are killed in the Martinique hurricane.

The signal service reports frost in portions of Minhesota and North Dakota.

North Dakota Prohibitionists resolve to have a little party of their own.

Gov. Mellette will call an election for congressman in South Dakota Aug. 25.

A collision causes the death of August Johnson in the Pioneer Fuel company's yards.

A movement is on foot to put the militia of the states under national pay and supervision.

The National league and American association arrange a meeting to settle their differences.

Capt Bakker, of the steamer Obdam, quells a riot on his vessel by shooting the ringleader dead.

THE GLASS TRUST.

The foundation of trusts is the legitimate sequence of the MCKINLEY tariff, although that is not a view always admitted by them. It will be remembered that, while the bill was under discussion in the senate, a strong point was made in opposition, with respect to specific industrial lines. One of these was on the glass schedule. Leading Democrats, especially Senators MCPHERSON, of New Jersey, and BUTLER, of South Carolina, insisted that the increased duties on glassware would lead to the foundation of a combination or trust to control prices and the manufacture. The duty on table and lamp glassware was 45 per cent, as provided in the tariff of 1883. More protection was urged as needful, and this need was greatly invigorated by the fact that the glass works were very largely in MCKINLEY's district. It was intimated that the movement was already inaugurated for the formation of a trust among the manufacturers. This was denied by the supporters of the bill with some affectation of indignation. The protection was increased from 45 to 60 per cent directly, and virtually to 70 to 80, as the allowances for broken and damaged packages were discontinued. That a trust or arrangement to prevent competition in their monopolistic possession of the home situation should follow was as natural as it is for men to improve a special opportunity afforded them. Within the past few weeks this has developed into public view. The United States Glass company has taken into its maw thirteen of the large glass corporations of Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, and intends to control the glass business of the country. The publication devoted to that branch of industry says that the movement has been kept from the public as far as possible, but is now fully matured. It graciously adds that "it is not the intention of the new company to increase prices." That is a very familiar line of remark. It is not remembered just now that it has been omitted in the formation of any of the combinations. The aim is to simplify methods, regulate the output and benefit the stockholders. It is immaterial for present purposes whether this represents the scope of the combination, be it a trust or what not. It gives a black eye to the assumption of protection that it stimulates competition among home producers and consequent cheapening in prices. All the glass works combine to defeat the alleged aim of the protective policy to promote domestic competition, and it is immaterial what name is applied to it. Protection naturally leads to monopoly, and the meeting of consumers for the benefit of the manufacturers under its ægis.

THE GOLD CURE.

Since the gold cure remedy for drunkenness has in a measure been taken into the orbit of the regular reformers, it is getting in the way to have a big run. Chicago is to have two big plants, perhaps in anticipation of the world's fair, and most of the prominent cities are likely to have branch institutions. It is a great innovation on the methods and cherished agencies of the reformers to treat inebriety as a disease to be cured by a sort of inoculation. It may be illogical and unphilosophical, but it is a matter of evidence and experience. The thirst for liquor is converted to a new taste or expelled. Of this there is no doubt. It is insisted that out of many thousands operated upon there is hardly an exception to this statement, but the party can revive or re-create the old taste by the exercise of a perverse disposition. The infusion will not rebuild lost manhood without the co-operation of the mind. Drunkenness is very largely due to the fact that the stimulant magnifies the personality. The ego is above the clouds of life and expands into an important body. There is then room for the invigoration of the moral nature, and the lack of strength in this quarter causes the lapse of 5 or 6 per cent of those that are treated. But it is a pretty fair sort of medication of a serious disease that rescues 95 per cent.

"TIN-CLAD" PROTECTIONISTS.

During the war there was a class of gunboats on the Mississippi which were called "tin-clads" in derision for the slight armor which protected them from the bullets of the guerillas. The protectionists in their warfare to-day have a large number of tin-clads in their navy—venturesome craft, which run right under the guns of the enemy, clad in the gauziest of sophistical armor; sheltered, sometimes by their ignorance, oftener by easily punctured lies. Often the same craft is provided with all these sorts of armor, and dons and doffs them with the readiness of a chameleon.

Of such, we note with regret, is our able and, we believe, would-be honest contemporary, the Tribune, of Minneapolis. Some time since it stated that "we are the greatest consumers of tin plate in the world, and are at the mercy of foreign dealers and foreign prices. The American housewife pays 35 cents for a dishpan that costs the British maker 14 cents, and the American workingman pays 56 cents for a dinner-pail that costs the foreign factory 41 cents." On two subsequent occasions the GLOBE has said that the evident intent of this statement was to impress the reader's mind that it is a fact that British tinware is imported into this country, and we have asked our usually well-informed contemporary to tell us what articles of tinware, and of what amount and value, were in any year imported into this country from England. So far the Tribune has maintained a "dignified silence" worthy of QUAY, but, we trust, not having the same excuse. As a matter of simple fact, we are exporting, not importing, manufactures of tin, the value of our exports in 1890 reaching $284,896.

The GLOBE is under the necessity of again puncturing the "facts" of our "tin-clad" contemporary. In a leader in the issue of the 21st inst., it gives the usual protectionist "history" of tin plate. It says: "A few years ago we had a moderate duty on tin. As that article was selling at $9 a box at that time, some enterprising gentlemen in Pennsylvania thought they would start a manufactory of their own and thrive at the business. They put $50,000 into a plant and went to work. Then the foreign manufacturers began to knock down the prices. They put it at $8, then $7, then $6 a box, and when the little American shop still lived they reduced the price to $5. Then the Yankee concern went under. When it was safely wiped out the price to American consumers was raised again, and soon went back to the old figure."

While we have every degree of confidence in the wish of our contemporary to be truthful, the above shatters our confidence in its ability to be so, owing, we prefer to think, to guilelessness which lays it open to be imposed on by the bad, bad men who furnish protectionist "facts" for the New York Press and American Economist. The "few years ago" when we "had a moderate duty on tin" lacks precision. In '46 it was 15 per cent; in '57 it was 8 per cent; in '61, 10 per cent; in '62, 25 per cent; in '72, 15 per cent; in '75, a specific duty of 1.1 cents a pound which in '83 was reduced to 1 cent, a rate equivalent to about 35 per cent ad valorem. When, during all these years, was the "moderate duty" sufficient protection to warrant those "enterprising" Pennsylvanians in engaging in making tin plate? Or was it not the war prices, which sent tin up to $40 a box, which provoked their enterprise? At least, it was that period of inflated values that the Tribune's Pittsburgers went to plate making, and it was because of the return to normal values that they quit. Nothing is so discouraging to the average Pennsylvanian as normal, competitive values.

The "a few years ago," when "the price was $9 a box," must have been some time in the sixties, as the nearest approach to it since 1869 was in 1873-4, when the price averaged $7.65; and long after "the Yankee concern went under" the price kept on dropping instead of being "raised again to the old figure," until it reached $2.88 a box in 1884. When the MCKINLEY bill passed the average price for IC cokes was $4.50. Since that time the price has been steadily advancing, as the effect of the passage of that measure.

THE NEW ULM MONUMENT.

A distinguished party left St. Paul for New Ulm last night, and, if the sun shines bright, the ceremonies at the unveiling of the monument there to-day will be an event long to be remembered in the history of the state. The rewards of bravery are the remembrance and gratitude of posterity, and a shaft reared to heaven recalling victories won in the times which are past at once pays a debt to the heroes whom it honors and is an incentive to noble deeds in those who may hereafter view and ponder over it. Pensions and pecuniary compensation are justly due those who gave their strength and time to their country in its hour of need, but such things pass away with the men who receive them, and if soldiers could count on nothing more permanent than this, their returns would be no greater than are those which are won in the peaceful walks of traffic prosecuted without hazard, hardship or self-denial. But, fortunately, all civilized states have united in rearing monuments as dumb testimony of their gratitude to the men who have fought for their safety and progress on the battle field, and all civilized peoples have honored with story and oft-repeated traditions the achievements of their heroes. These rewards are the sure heritage of such men, and, though their expression may be long delayed, it is certain sooner or later to be made. The defenders of New Ulm are of Minnesota's heroes, and it is a good thing for the commonwealth that a mark is to be placed at the spot where they fought to keep alive their memory for the years which are to come.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

What the Democracy of Minnesota needs as much as organization is a race of leaders, high-minded, able and capable of inspiring enthusiasm in the hearts of the people. There are many distinguished citizens in its ranks to-day who are willing to do, and are doing, effective service to enlighten voters as to the significance of the party's principles and their claim for general support. But it is impossible to win permanent and decisive victories against a majority unless generals head the fight whose gallant bearing and personal records kindle feelings of devotion and loyalty in the men who hear and read of them. Arguments addressed to the mind through pamphlets and speeches are effective instrumentalities, as is also the union which comes from the planting of political clubs and associations in every town and hamlet. But all these things are not to be compared at all with the power of hero worship as a moving force. Soldiers on the battle field go bravely against the enemy because their cause is a just one, and because they stand in ranks well drilled and disciplined, but their love and confidence in their captains fires them to bold and noble deeds as neither cause nor training could. Under the command of young men of spirit and strength like Gov. RUSSELL, Massachusetts is coming over into the Democratic column; and under the command of similar leaders, and similar leaders only, can Minnesota be rescued for the party. A vigorous young man of aggressive and warm personality as a candidate for governor will bring votes to the polls, eager for the Democracy's triumph, as neither tons of literature nor bushels of by-laws could. Now is the hour for such captains to show themselves. It is a great opportunity, and the highest honors are at hand for those who are worthy of them.

CHANCES FOR REFORM.

Expectations that the coming congress will be able to accomplish much in the way of tariff reform are not cherished by some of those most experienced in legislative and political affairs. They look at the fact that it is the session preceding the presidential election, when the movements of parties at Washington are dictated by their needs in the general contest. The tariff will be the main issue, and party lines will be drawn closely. Any bill emanating from the Democratic house will be treated on party lines in the senate, and, of course, defeated. That is the view in the light of precedents and the natural course of things. It may be conceded that no pronounced and comprehensive tariff reform measure can pass the senate and be approved by the president. But the Republicans will be devoting their energies to toning down the rough places in their political race, and they will seem to cater somewhat to the popular mood in view of the campaign. The circumstances under which they meet are somewhat unusual. The West, the stronghold of the Republican party, and treated by it as its exclusive property, is largely in revolt. It has manifested an alarming degree of independence. Instead of sending about three-fourths of its congressmen Republicans, they will number hardly more than a third. This is a phenomenal change. Then in the senate a member of the Republican leaders will be missing. Kansas, the most devoted in its party zeal in other times, has displaced INGALLS. SPOONER and FARWELL have been left, and for the first time since the war Illinois and Wisconsin have elected Democrats to the senate. These are instructive object lessons, but they will have less influence upon the Republican manipulators than the result of the elections in Ohio and Iowa in November. The success of the Democrats in Iowa would establish the revolt to an extent that could not be overcome in the pending national contest. MCKINLEY's defeat in Ohio would cause a virtual change of front. The majority in the senate will be smaller than when the MCKINLEY bill was passed, and it may be difficult to discipline the Western recalcitrants and secure a full party vote in opposition to measures demanded by Western sentiment.

A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

The Bohemian ideal is an embodiment that has no thought of self when a scoop is to be made on another sheet in its immediate sphere. No adventure is forbidding, and personal peril is but an incitement. Reporters go up in balloons, and would take in the other planets if the craft could be made to go so far. But one instance is on record where, at the approach of fatal disaster, they failed to indicate their experiences before the expiring moment sufficiently to work the scoop. Considerable excuse was found in that case because the balloon fell in the middle of the lake at night. There were no specially thrilling features to the one worked for the New York Herald the other day, but it illustrated the role, and, perhaps, did some service and gave encouragement to humane sacrifice in the line now in vogue. An old woman had been badly scalded, and the surgeon of the hospital wanted to use the grafting process; but a good deal of cuticle was required, and it was not readily obtained, perhaps not so readily as if she had been young and pretty. The difficulty becoming known, three young Herald reporters were at once assigned to the duty, or perhaps responded to the call for volunteers. Each had twenty-seven pieces of skin taken from the left arm to cover the scald upon the hip of senility, and the grafting was a success. The reporters recorded their sensations and experiences, and gave a minute account of the operation, thus securing for their paper a phase of human activity not portrayed in a similar way before. It was a clever bit of newspaper enterprise. On the part of the reporters it was business, simply, with no heroics. It does not appear that the removal of the cuticle in the little pieces is so severely painful as presumed. The anticipation is far the worst. Two instruments are used—a steel one called a tenaculum, to lift the skin, and the other a curved pair of dressing scissors. "The insertion of the tenaculum does not bother one," says the account, "but when the scissors are applied the sensation is that of burning."

It is not related that the young men claimed any relationship to the beneficiary due to their contribution. It was an incident of their vocation only.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

The United States civil service commission has been investigating the federal offices at Baltimore, and Commissioner ROOSEVELT has made a report to the president of the shameful condition of affairs there prevailing. The Republican incumbents have held their positions now for a little over a year, and during this time, in spite of the law to the contrary, there has been practically a clean sweep of all the Democrats who had found places under the CLEVELAND regime. Mr. ROOSEVELT is very much depressed by the picture in general, but particularly by the factional fights which are waging among the local Republicans themselves in the hope of securing control of the spoils. He says that the party at Baltimore is split into two hostile camps, but as far as he can make out "there seems to be no question of principle at stake at all, but one of offices merely." He reports that many regard victory in the primaries as more important than victory at the polls, because the former gives control of the party machinery and entitles to recognition in the distribution of patronage, and that party success is a purely secondary consideration with them, important only because it facilitates getting offices.

This is all really too bad, and it is no wonder that the commission is not gratified at the results of its inquiries. Before the postal clerks and deputy marshals had been called and cross-examined, Mr. ROOSEVELT, as well as every one else, supposed that their one thought in life was the triumph of principle, and that, as they canceled stamps or chased over the swamps of Maryland after violators of the whisky laws, they were ceaselessly animated by an ambition to do something to further the cause of protectionism and the other great issues of the Republican creed. It is a rude shock to discover that, instead of this, they are really more interested in their salaries and their mileage than anything else. The civil service commissioner is very much like the gentleman who, while admitting that the chorus girls in the show looked pretty, criticised their faces as lacking real refinement and traces of the higher culture. It is certainly very unfortunate that clerks can not be found for sixty dollars a month who feel feverish over questions of principle, nor ladies of real refinement and high culture to dance on the stage in airy costumes for ten dollars a week.

FARGO is in a prohibition state, but, after the experience of a few years past, it could be excused for some hilarity as it looks over the figures of the state official and finds itself the metropolis of a country that has 527,000 acres and 10,000,000 bushels and over of No. 1 hard which the world is trying to pay a round price for.

IT IS learned from the spirit world that electrocution is voted quite a success on that side. The four New York murderers sent out this way were twenty-six minutes in coming out of the comatose state after they entered the other land. It is not understood what they were wanted to come to for at all.

MR. BLAINE has watched the tennis game with some of the languid interest it excites, but the walking match is his favorite. He watched one three hours when he was in better health, but this does not explain whether he is in training for a running race next year.

THOSE who fall out of balloons or lose their lives in their upward feats have very meager outlays of sympathy. Less work for the fool killer, it is suggested. But it perhaps does not make much difference to the remains that are gathered up.

ONE who has been interviewed by the athletic varieties of mosquitoes says they are equipped with a lance, two saws and a pump to bring out the blood with. The time to massacre one is when he is sinking the shaft for the pump.

IN THE line of the female reform it is said that tight lacing and good singing cannot go together. But it does not follow that all non-lacers can sing. It is more effective to present beauty of figure as the reward of the freedom.

PARIS has been invaded by the mosquitoes as a plague this season for the first time. The people have not probably learned that burning camphor is the easiest way to disperse the varmints.

IT MAY be noted as a vital fact that the farmer lives about a third longer than the tradesman. Perhaps he has as much fun as he goes along, also. He ought to have this season, anyway.

A DOCTOR has invented a device to pull teeth by electricity. He does not use the "Jersey lightning," which takes out the jaw also, frequently.

FUN WITH CHICKENS.

Some wag played a practical joke on a Fourth street saloonkeeper who had been chicken hunting in South Dakota last week and brought home—a handful of flax and feathers. The joker had a large sign printed, "Prairie Chicken Lunch To-Night," and quietly slipped it into the window while the proprietor was shaking a game of dice. About five minutes after two burly colored gentlemen walked in, and, while one called for the drinks, the other walked to the lunch counter, raised the lid to what he supposed was a splendid chicken lunch, but immediately turned to his companion with an expression of disgust, exclaiming: "Say, chile, dar's not'in' heah 'cept bull beef." There came pretty near being a row in that saloon, but the children of color got out before the proprietor could get around the end of the bar. For nearly an hour all kinds of people came in inquiring for chicken lunch, and had the joker not explained about this time that there was a card in the window inviting people in, there might have been work for the patrol wagon.

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Some people go chicken hunting and have an idea they can kill every hen that comes in sight—that is when they start out. But what they really do accomplish when they get there is aptly illustrated by the following incident, and shows that presence of mind is required even on the battlefield where coveys rise and fall. Two Bills—Bill Symonds and Bill Sands—were tramping through Dakota flax fields when suddenly a brace of chickens fluttered up before them. Bill Sands exhausted his gun without stopping their onward flight, and threw it down in disgust, leaving the slaughter for Bill Symonds, but was almost paralyzed when the latter said: "Here, Bill, take my gun." Bill took the gun, killed the game, but up to date has not ceased wondering why a man will go from St. Paul to the flax fields of Dakota, and, at the sight of game, pass his breech-loader to a companion, for that kind of a pass is similar to a pass in the game of poker—when you pass you pass out

DIXIE'S LAND.

The sheriff is the mainstay of our government, not the governor. The sheriff's posse, not the militia, must enforce our laws, if we are to have peace and justice under law. If the sheriff and his posse fail us, we have nothing left, for that will mean that the people themselves have failed.—St. Louis Republic.

The federal government is becoming Russianized, and the states and their people are becoming Mexicanized. We must go back to our old-fashioned government of justice, law and order, or see the map of this continent dotted here and there with the blood-red splotches of anarchy and revolution!—Atlanta Constitution.

No better system has yet been proposed, and we believe none better can be proposed, under present circumstances, than the employment of the convicts (with some exceptions, of course), in the permanent improvement of the public roads. This would give to the able-bodied among them healthful outdoor work; it would not at all compete with free labor, but, on the contrary, would relieve the citizens of one of the most unwelcome public duties which they now have to perform.—Atlanta Journal.

Duluth is more than 1,500 miles from the Atlantic ocean, yet vessels loading there are able to sail thence, without breaking bulk, for a voyage across the ocean. Duluth then is to all intents and purposes a seaport; so is Chicago, and so are other lake ports. It will not be long before a ship canal will exist between the lakes and the Mississippi river.

A Second Stanley.

Munsey's Weekly.

Jenks—I feel sure that I should make a success as an African explorer.

Jinks—What are your qualifications?

Jenks—I can find my way about Brooklyn.

CORRIDOR CHATS.

Ex-Congressman D. S. Hall, who has been spending the past week in conference with the interior department at Washington regarding the work of the Chippewa commission, of which he is a member, arrived in the city yesterday afternoon. He will spend Sunday at home in Renville county, and early next week resume his labors with the Indians on the various reservations. His trip to the national capital was made to acquaint the department with the work of the commission, and the difficulties in the way. In speaking of the work that lies before Bishop Marty, Commissioner Campbell and himself, Mr. Hall said:

"The work of allotting lands to the various bands will be pushed as fast as possible, but in the meantime all the bands whose lands have not been surveyed will be persuaded to remove to White Earth. With the exception of the Mille Lacs band, numbering about 800, all the Chippewas will be allowed to make selections from the land in their present reservations. In several cases these reservations have not been surveyed, so that it will be impossible for the Indians to make their selections at present. These will be asked to go to White Earth, where there is an agent to look after them."

"Why is it that the Mille Lacs band must seek their land elsewhere?"

"For the simple reason that there is no land for them around Mille Lacs," answered the commissioner. "Some time ago that reservation was thrown open, and actual settlers have crowded in and taken claims. Some of the Indians, the traders and whisky sellers are opposed to a removal to White Earth, but when they see that they can do nothing else it will be possible to persuade some of the leading men to favor the removal. It is better for them to go to White Earth, if they could only be made to see it. The land is better for farming purposes than it is where they are. When they decide to go they will be paid their share of the reservoir damages, which will amount to about $20 a piece."

"Will it be possible to move the entire band to White Earth this fall?" asked the GLOBE man.

"Not unless it is commenced pretty soon," was the answer. "It will be getting cold pretty soon, and we have got to have time to prepare for their reception at White Earth. Houses have to be built and a great many other things done. However, we shall push the work as fast as possible and try to do it as quickly as possible, for it will be much better to get them away. None of the Red lake bands will be taken to White Earth. They will be given land where they are."

Congressman N. P. Haugen, of Wisconsin, the only Republican member of the present delegation, came over to St. Paul yesterday from his home at Black River Falls, and spent some time chatting with ex-Congressman D. S. Hall in the Merchants' lobby in the afternoon. Mr. Haugen is comparatively a young man, and in many ways bears a striking resemblance to ex-Senator Halvor Steenerson, of this state. Unlike most Badger state Republicans, Congressman Haugen is not adverse to discussing Wisconsin politics, and discussing the situation frankly and fairly, too.

"I do not think Senator Sawyer will be a candidate for re-election to the United States senate," he said, in answer to a question, "and in this event ex-Senator Spooner may be a candidate. Nothing but a sweeping victory in the state can give us a Republican legislature, for the simple reason that the legislative appointment is against us. The senators elected last fall all hold over, and, as they are nearly all Democrats, you can see that that body will remain in the hands of the Democrats. A sweeping victory in the state might enable us to elect enough of the lower house to overcome the Democratic majority in the senate on joint ballot."

"How do the Republicans like the apportionments made by the Democrats?" asked the representative of the GLOBE.

"They have no fault to find with the congressional apportionment. It is considered quite fair; but it is different with the legislative apportionment. It is a gerrymander, and I think the first one ever made in the state. Ten years ago the legislative apportionment bill passed without opposition, because it was fair to both parties. This year the Democrats, after passing a just congressional apportionment bill, turned in and gerrymandered the state on the legislative apportionment. This may save the legislature to them, but it will hurt them on the state ticket."

"Will Gov. Peck be renominated?"

"Without a doubt," answered Mr. Haugen. "The Democrats will be obliged to do so to indorse his administration."

"Is he not making a good governor," persisted the GLOBE man.

"Well, the last legislature was not a particularly strong one," answered Mr. Haugen, evidently anxious to evade the question.

John W. Dwight, the well-known North Dakota bonanza farmer, was in the city yesterday studying the market reports. Mr. Dwight was formerly a resident of New York, where he was at one time a member of the national Republican committee. Naturally enough he is a very strong Republican, and seems to draw his inspiration from the New York Tribune, for, like it, he declares that the McKinley tariff act is responsible for the immense crop.

James E. Borge, the great pork-packer of Sioux City, was in St. Paul yesterday afternoon. Mr. Borge's packing house was recently destroyed by fire, but with true Western enthusiasm and enterprise Mr. Borge declares that he will rebuild a larger and more complete establishment at once.

Natural History.

Good News.

Studious Boy—Frogs an' fishes is just like birds.

Little Girl—They ain't a bit.

"Yes, they's just like birds, 'cause they come from eggs."

"Do they? Ain't that queer! Ouch! Where does mosquitoes come from?"

"They come from Jersey."

THE SPOONY MARRIED MAN.

—George E. Devyr in Puck.

'Tis mostly trifles in this world that make our sum of woe,
A sort of moral insect tribe that sting where'er we go:
But of all the plagues devised to mar the great terrestrial plan,
I think the biggest nuisance is the spoony married man,
With his "Petsie, itsie darling, place oo hand in mine,
Round oo nuggen huzzens, while um smoove um turis,
Don't be tross and fretful now, oo baddest itle dirls!"

A Jew once had an enemy who kept a big hotel
Down where the waters green and cool in crested billows swell.
He sought revenge, but much despised all common modes of strife;
He simply sent as boarders there a spoony man and wife.

It was
"Itsie bitsie wild bird, pining for its mate,
Bad tunductor stopum train, make um husband late.
Brought um's dress and bonbons, Cinderella's s'oos,
Birdie nest on dear one's breast, while um tell um news."

Full soon the boarders left the stoop, and some came home with jags,
Each morn revealed a jostling line of town-bound traveling bags;
They pleaded business, flood and fire, shipwreck and loss of life,
But no one breathed a word about the spoony man and wife.

The landlord wildly paced the beach and gazed upon the surf,
He thought of money rashly spent or dropped upon the turf;
"But what has ever brought me this?" he cried in wild despair,
When suddenly he came upon this spoony married pair.

It was
"Tootsie wootsie dum-drop, little huzzen's tum.
Don't oo pout so naughty, don't oo bite oo thumb,
Ownest tried to get here sooner than him am,
Muzzer's bird of birdies and dear one's pettest lamb."

The landlord raged and stamped and swore, his passion knew no bounds;
He bade the man, with one wild roar, to quit his house and grounds;
He fired his baggage in the sand and chased him with a knife,
And now contests a lawsuit with the spoony man and wife.

HAND BALL IN ST. PAUL.

Ball playing in some form has been an an amusement and a means of exercise that has been indulged in by almost every nation since the early days of Olympian games in Grecian and Roman amphitheaters. England had its football, Ireland hand ball and America base ball, and all other nations have ball games in one way or another. Football and base ball have both been thoroughly introduced in this city, but the game of hand ball has seldom been played, except in one or two of the engine houses, since St. Paul has lost its ball club quite a number of young men have been discussing the advisability of forming a hand ball club, which, being an indoor and purely gentleman's game, will give them an opportunity not only to enjoy themselves, but gain a form of exercise which will prove beneficial to their health and not take up much of their time.

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There are quite a number of proficients in St. Paul in the art of hand ball, among whom Pat Egan is champion, but each and every one of the following claims he can give him a close hustle if the opportunity occurs. J. J. Ahern is almost willing to claim equal skill with the custodian, and M. Mullane, Jim Mitchell, D. Duncan, John O'Donnell and William Delaney merely want a chance to show their skill.

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Yesterday afternoon a meeting composed of most of the above-named gentlemen and several influential citizens appointed a committee to secure suitable quarters somewhere between Wabasha and Jackson streets which could be used or so altered as to form a headquarters, and also make arrangements to form a permanent club.

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The fascination of the game of hand ball is said by those who have seen and played it to be remarkable, and once witnessed one will be unable to resist the temptation to play, while the beneficial effects from the standpoint of healthful exercise, without any dangers connected with it, are almost unlimited. The formation of the club is in the hands of business men who need some form of exercise that is not too violent, will not take up too much time, but at the same time bring every muscle of the body into play, and they think the St. Paul Hand Ball club will be the proper medium.

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The manner of playing the game may not be familiar to many, but is very simple and can be learned in less than five minutes, thus barring no one, as no particular qualifications are required. The ball by hand is batted against the wall and the opponent is supposed to catch it either on the fly or first bound, the batter being compelled to give the right away to his opponent. The skill of the game depends merely on the deception or trickiness of the batter, who, while apparently batting in one direction, by a quick and hardly noticeable move of the hand will drive it the other way. The ball, in turn, is taken by the opponent and the same modus operandi is repeated.

THE BARGAIN COUNTER.

"Men are not born free in this country," said Willie. "There ain't no worse bulldozed slave in creation than my baby brother."

White—Is that new dog of Brown's a beagle?

Green—I don't know, I'm sure; judging from its midnight execution I should say it was a bugle.

"Did you tell that man I'd gone to San Francisco, as I told you to, James?"

"Yes, sir. I told him you started this morning."

"That's a good boy. And what did he say?"

"He wanted to know when you'd be back, and I told him 'after lunch,' sir."

"I like this dress very much," said Ethel. "It is just too delightfully tight. But where are the pockets?"

"Here they are," said the dressmaker, handing her two small silken bags. "You'll have to carry them in your hands. There's not room in the dress for them."

"How do you like my new suit, Maria? All wool and a yard wide, eh?" said old Binks.

"Yes, that's the trouble," returned Mrs. B. "It's a yard wide, and you ain't more than twenty-four inches across."

"They say Prof. Barklins' address before the Dorcas society was not well received."

"Well, why should it have been? The idea of his addressing a lot of old maids as 'My venerable friends!'"

"Papa," said Willie, as they sailed down to Staten island, "do sea horses come from the sea?"

"Yes, my son."

"And do the bay horses all come from the bay?"

"She waved her umbrella and caught his eye," said Hawkins.

"Did it put the eye out?" said Smithers, who had seen women waving umbrellas before.

Mrs. Bloobumper (indicating a passer-by)—That man is dressed to kill.

Bloobumber (admiringly)—What discernment you have, my dear! That is Dr. Paresis, out making professional calls.

"How many brothers have you, Willie?"

"Two, sir, countin' me."

"You'll drive me into my grave with your demands for money," said old Sleek.

"Then you'll have to give me $150 more," said Mrs. Sleek, "because mourning goods are very expensive."

CATCHING COLLOQUIES.

"Charlie," said Maude, "papa doesn't like you because he says your too extravagant in your dress." "Well, just tell your father I haven't paid a tailor's bill in two years," retorted Charlie.—Truth.

Why He Stayed at Home Alone.—Staggers—You don't look well, Naggers. Why don't you join your wife in the country? Naggers—Because the doctor says I must have rest and quiet.—Munsey's Weekly.

A Convincing Proof.—Visitors (on their way from the station)—Are you quite sure you can drive, Neddie? Master Neddie—Oh, yes, indeed. I turned mamma out here only last week.—Drake's Magazine.

"Ah, play a little before you go, professor." "I would like to, Miss Emma, but it's rather late and I might disturb the neighbors." "Oh, don't bother about the neighbors. Besides, they poisoned our dog last week."—Fliegende Blatter.

A Day's Outing.—First Sportsman—See here, old boy, that fish basket is ten times too big. We'll never catch that full in the world. Second Sportsman—That is to carry the bottles in. I have the fish basket in my pocket.—Good News.

Mrs. De Mover—Sakes alive! This is the noisiest neighborhood I ever got into. Just hear those children screech. Maid—They're your own children, mum. Mrs. De Mover—Are they? How the little darlings are enjoying themselves.—New York Weekly.

Says Miss A.—Miss B. is pretty, nobody can deny that; but then she's a perfect ninny. She absolutely knows nothing. Says Miss B.—Miss A. is bright enough and knows enough; but, Lord! what a fright she is to look at! And each lady feels quite satisfied with herself—or makes herself think she does.—Boston Transcript.

PEOPLE OF THE WORLD.

Lady Burton says of her destruction of her husband's last manuscript that she does not regret what she has done, but that she would always regret having confessed it.

Miss Susan M. Dunklee has just resigned the treasurerership of the Newton (Mass.) bank, a position which she has filled for seventeen years without having once to justify herself before the board of errors.

The Duke of Cleveland, whose title becomes extinct upon his approaching death, is descended from Sir Henry Vane, who was knighted at Poictiers in 1356, and numbers among his ancestors Sir Henry Vane, principal secretary of state under Charles I.

Henry Campbell, Mr. Parnell's private secretary, appears to be the greatest gainer by the downfall of his chief. He has recovered $6,500 by four libel actions growing out of the scandal.

ODDS AND ENDS.

George Jones, proprietor of the New York Times, who is seriously ill and may not recover, has in his desk a picture of three generations of London Times proprietorship. It is his ambition to parallel that in the ownership and conduct of the New York Times. He has it now. His son Gilbert will succeed him, and his grandson will, if present hopes are realized, take up the work where the second of the family lays it down.

Mrs. Douglas, wife of the once-famous physician who attended Gen. Grant on his deathbed, has just received an appointment to a subordinate position in the treasury department at Washington. Her husband, by his unremitting attention to the dying president, lost his practice and has never regained it. He is now broken in health and almost penniless.

Judge Seagle, of Allegheny, Pa., decides that although navigable rivers are in general the property of the Federal government, a city lying along either bank has police jurisdiction to the center of the stream. A floating saloon anchored half-way between Jersey City and New York could therefore, by this decision, be raided by the police of both cities, half at a raid.

One of Robert Louis Stevenson's companions in his Samoan paradise is Harold M. Sewall, the consul general at Apia, whose name was known to every newspaper reader a year or so ago. Mr. Sewall's letters to his friends at home show that he is enraptured with life in the south seas. He has even reached that point where he prefers the kavacup to champagne. He is one of the few American diplomatists who are in the service from sentiment rather than from political or financial reasons. His father is one of the wealthiest men in Maine.

Mr. Spurgeon's faculty for remembering names and faces is well known, but sometimes he makes a slip, and the following little anecdote shows his felicitous way of setting himself right on such occasions. Meeting recently a young student whom he had not seen for a year, he said: "Right glad to see you, Mr. Partridge." The student was of course immensely gratified to find that the great divine remembered him, but reminded the pastor that his name was not Partridge, but Patridge. "Oh, yes," quoth Mr. Spurgeon, "I must not make game of you any more."

The first piece of furniture that will be placed in the $100,000 house that Charles Potts is erecting at Merion, Pa., will be a portrait of Representative McKinley. For Mr. Potts is a tin-plate dealer, and he considers that Maj. McKinley has enriched him by just the amount he is spending on his new house. The story goes that Mr. Potts learned of the tin-plate provision in the McKinley bill before that famous tariff measure was made public. He at once took time by the forelock and secured options on a quantity of tin-plate that he afterwards sold at a net profit of $100,000. Hence his great gratitude to the Ohio congressman.

The twisted wire nail—a cross between a screw and the ordinary plain wire nail—is said to be working its way into popular favor, and is believed to represent as great an improvement upon the plain wire nail as that useful invention is over the old cut nail. The twisted wire nail not only crushes the fibers of the wood less than the two other forms of nail, but by its screw shape possesses a much greater holding power than the other forms.

FIGHTING A SWORDFISH.

Battle Between a Chicago Police Officer and a Marine Anarchist.

A correspondent of the Boston Globe says that Capt. A. W. Hathaway, ex-police inspector of the North side, Chicago, came near losing his life in an encounter with a swordfish measuring nineteen feet in length. While visiting Block Island for the first time in thirty years, Capt. Hathaway found bass and blue fishing too tame. Chris Champion, senator from Block Island, and who manages the Hygeia hotel at that famous resort, ventured to remark that a school of swordfish would be as dangerous company as a gang of anarchists, and as a party of distinguished hotel guests, among whom were five ex-governors and three sitting supreme court judges from the West, was going out swordfishing the following day, the jovial senator invited the Chicago captain to make one of the party.