THE DAILY GLOBE

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY

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

BY LEWIS BAKER.

ST. PAUL GLOBE SUBSCRIPTION RATE

DAILY (NOT INCLUDING SUNDAY.)
1 yr in advance.$8 00 | 3 m in advance.$2.00
6 m in advance. 4 00 | 6 weeks in adv. 1 00
One month......70c.

DAILY AND SUNDAY.
1 yr in advance.$10 00 | 3 mos. in adv..$2 50
6 m in advance. 5 00 | 5 weeks in adv. 1 00
One month......85c.

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

TRI-WEEKLY—(Daily—Monday, Wednesday and Friday.)
1 yr in advance..$4 00 | 6 mos. in adv..$2 00
3 months in advance....$1 00.

WEEKLY ST. PAUL GLOBE.
One year $1 | Six mo., 65c | Three mo., 35c

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

Eastern Advertising Office—Room 76, Tribune Building, New York.

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

TODAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25.—For the Dakotas: Generally fair; slowly rising temperature; southwest winds. For Iowa and Minnesota: Fair; clearing in extreme east portion; colder, except in extreme west portions slightly warmer; warmer Sunday. For Wisconsin: Snow or rain; high northwest winds and a cold wave; colder, generally fair Sunday. For Montana: Fair, except snow in northwest portion; warmer; west winds.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WEATHER BUREAU, WASHINGTON, Dec. 25, 6:48 p. m. Local Time, 8 p. m. 75th Meridian Time.—Observations taken at the same moment of time at all stations.

Place of Observation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer.	Place of Observation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer.
St. Paul	29.60	12	Miles City	30.12	12
Duluth	29.54	14	Helena	30.32	8
La Crosse	29.72	8	Ft. Sully	....	....
Huron	30.12	−6	Minnedosa	30.68	−14
Moorhead	30.12	−6	Calgary	....	....
St. Vincent	30.14	−14	Winnipeg	....	....
Bismarck	30.26	−10	Q'Appelle	....	....
Ft. Buford	30.44	−14	Med'e Hat	....	....

—Below zero.

For St. Paul, Minneapolis and vicinity—Forecast to 8 p. m. Sunday: Colder, westerly winds, and clearing to fair weather Saturday; continued fair and colder Sunday.

P. F. LYONS, Local Forecast Official.

THE WAY TO KILL IT.

No administration organ anywhere is urging the Republicans of Louisiana to improve the opportunity afforded them to deal the lottery a death blow. It is assumed all the time that, as the Democrats have become divided over the question, the Republicans should come in between and elect their candidates for state officers, without regard to the state issue. They would have the party put forth the usual declarations about the tariff and other national questions, but not take any position in regard to the lottery. The administration could not afford to give it countenance in taking sides for the lottery, and to take the other course would cut it off from the material aid the lottery company is ready to dispense to supporters. The administration professes great earnestness in opposition to the thing, and spasmodically attempts to drive it out of business by cutting off the use of the mails. Yet not a word is heard in favor of the party taking issue with it in a way to effect its defeat. The advantages in the way of money and political machinery are in the hands of the lottery forces. The fight against it, which will go until the day of election next April, is almost a forlorn hope as it stands. With the aid of the Republicans it could be made a magnificent success. At the last election the Republicans cast 51,000 votes to about 90,000 Democratic. It is not probable that they could carry the state now, but they could insure the success of the lottery forces. The congressional act closing the mails so the iniquity has embarrassed, but apparently not seriously crippled it. With a new lease of life, it will find ways to evade the general law and go on with its demoralizing work for a quarter of a century more. If the Republicans are sincere in desiring its extirpation, they will give their aid to the men who are fighting it in the only hopeful way.

THE HEROIC IN LIFE.

At a recent local public meeting, where the believers in the dignity and heroism of modern manhood had the floor, various incidents were related showing that humanity environs or possesses virtues that come out in bright colors as exigencies open the way. A man who travels by rail a great deal had been led to doubt that much human feeling was possessed by the average railroad man and traveler. But he took a trip from Chicago to St. Paul when he was crippled and suffering greatly from an injury. His appearance showed that he needed aid and cheer. To his delight and astonishment, trainmen and strangers among the passengers exhibited all the solicitude of a brother about him and could not do enough to minister to his comfort. He felt that he was among sympathetic friends all the time, and concluded that when the mantle was lifted there was a royal nature in the average humanity. How often are there cases where the engineer on a locomotive meets certain death at his post rather than peril the lives of the passengers. One day the past week a brakeman on a freight car on one of the roads, while his train was being backed up, saw a poor old woman picking bits of coal from the track and unobservant of the approach of the car. Being unable to make her hear, as the train neared her he swung from the car, and, with a tremendous effort, threw her from the track to safety, but was unable to save himself. The cruel wheels crushed out his life, and sent as noble a spirit as ever stood at the stake or faced a belching cannon to the rewards of Christly sacrifice. Others have died for a faith, a country or friends; but this humble brakeman, with a royalty of soul that lifts humanity high upward, gave his life for an unknown and lowly woman. In these Christmas times it is well to remember that goodness and heroism may be covered by very humble garments and found in unexpected conditions of life.

SHORTER HOURS.

In his recent lecture in St. Paul Dr. THOMAS, of Chicago, strongly deprecated the tendency in modern educational methods to overwork the young minds. He would have principles and general facts taught, rather than the innumerable matters of detail. He would not have pupils of ten years or less confined more than two or three hours a day. A recent report in regard to the public schools in Paris gives very favorable effects of the short hour plan for girls. Tests have been made of these short hours of study, from 9 to 12, and it is stated that better work has been done than ever before. It is coming to be understood that a most valuable part of the education of the young is not derived from text books.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, one of the most distinguished of living men, comes to St. Paul today, and will be our guest for a little while. The GLOBE commends him to the courtesy of our people, and bespeaks for him a warm welcome. This city does not claim nor aspire for the present to be a seat of literature and the arts, but it is the home of a sturdy race of men and women with broad human sympathies, and ready to do honor to those who have accomplished great things in the fields where they have labored. Our local ideal is success, and the heroes from our point of view are the men who having tried have also achieved.

Sir EDWIN ARNOLD belongs to this class, and his work is of a kind which appeals peculiarly to minds like ours. Living in an age when epic poetry seemed impossible, and when the writers of English verse have debased a noble art into a jugglery of words without meaning, counting sound more valuable than sense, he has produced a great poem, simple with a Homeric simplicity, throbbing with noble vitality, and surcharged with the essence of lofty thoughts and glorious deeds. Living in an age when poets are critical rather than creative, and when men of letters are wont to treat the world with a sort of condescension, and to gaze at it as from a distant height, he has lived among his fellows, and, like his prototype of the commonwealth period, has been as active in affairs as fertile with his pen. Literature owes him a great debt for his "Light of Asia," but no greater one than does contemporary political thought in England for his contributions to the Daily Telegraph.

The Press club of St. Paul will take advantage of his presence here to suggest to him today that it appreciates what he has done in the profession in which its members are humbler craftsmen. This association is a good one, made up of an earnest and important class in the community, ever ready to further this city's interests and to extend the hand of encouragement to the deserving and to speak kindly of the struggling in the midst of us. The reception to Sir EDWIN ARNOLD is its first public effort in this direction, and it is to be hoped that those who have been bidden, or who care to be, will contribute by their presence to make it a success. Monday evening Sir EDWIN will give a reading at the People's church. The proceeds from this will go to the treasury of that institution, than which there is no worthier in St. Paul, nor more fruitful in valuable results. Every man and woman within our borders who knows of Sir EDWIN ARNOLD at all admires him; and if all these, as well as the friends of the Press club and of Rev. Dr. SMITH, are present on both of these occasions, there will be no reason to criticise the size or the character of the gatherings.

THE DEMOCRACY.

A sort of ghoulish glee characterizes the comments of the Republican press on the fancied differences within the ranks of the Democracy. Long telegrams filled with tidings of personal disappointments are given great prominence of position and flaming headlines. Mr. GORMAN is painted as a spectral mower with a scythe of craft, cutting down the presidential candidates who are represented as standing in the way of his own ambitions. Mr. CLEVELAND never walks on Broadway, according to these stories, lest he should encounter Gov. HILL coming out of the Hoffman house, for these two do not speak as they pass by. When Gen. PALMER rises from his new seat in the senate to shake hands with a friend it is not an act of courtesy, but to spread dismay among his rivals by displaying the ease with which he carries his three score years and ten. Mr. MILLS is not confined to his bedchamber with the grip but is sulking in his tent, and communing with his divine mother as to how he shall best bring confusion on the Democracy because its speaker has dishonored him. If what we read in these newspapers is true, Mr. CRISP has not constituted the committees of the new congress according to his best judgment for the effective disposition of public business, but to reward his friends and confound his enemies. Bitterness is king, and all the party's leaders are captains of guerilla bands, armed for their mutual destruction and the disruption of the greater body of which they are parts.

There are differences of opinion among Democrats, and many strong men are striving to be chief. This is true, and it proves the Democracy's vitality. The great issues of the hour are under debate, and a programme is formulating against the coming campaign. Who would not have it so? Is there any other point from which wisdom can be drawn than that supplied by a comparison of prevalent views? Is anybody anointed with superhuman wisdom, that his dicta should be accepted and subscribed to without weighing the conflicting data which different sections have to present? The GLOBE does not believe so. Our party has always been the abiding place of freedom of thought, where every argument based on patriotism is listened to. It is today more than ever before in its history the nurse of national leaders, who would be at the head of its columns because the march is to victory. The comments of the enemy are only the reflection of their hopes. They are dreaming that perchance the matchless discipline which has not failed us in the past, even when defeat was inevitable, has somehow been weakened. But they will be disappointed. Whoever is the standard bearer, and whatever the battle cry, the Democracy's phalanx will be close knit in 1892, one and unterrified.

THE QUEBEC TROUBLE.

Canadian politics, except as it has a bearing upon the question of annexation, affords but a languid interest on this side of the line. But the situation in Quebec has sensational features, and there are symptoms of an eruption that will warrant attention. Official probity is not so pervasive over there as to afford any marked contrast to United States methods. Each of the provinces has a pretentious governmental machine, with a parliament and ministry. The latter in Quebec seems to have had thrifty but dubious practices in portions of its administration. Some time since a royal commission was appointed to investigate the conduct of the cabinet, at the head of which was MERCIER. Its report indicated great corruption. The members of the cabinet were charged with taking bribes from a railway company, and a looseness with government funds that requited them by the sum of $175,000. The lieutenant governor, as the representative of the crown, in consequence, attempted to remove the ministry from office. As there was no trial, the tainted officials refuse to regard themselves out of office, and the opinion is entertained by high authorities that they are simply in a state of suspended animation, as it were, not out of office, but restrained from official action. This leaves the province without any government practically. MERCIER has a strong following among the people, in spite of his crookedness, and has been trying to inflame the popular heart. He puts himself in antagonism to the authority of the crown, and proposes to remain in office. An outbreak is apprehended, and unusual precautions are taken in the way of police and military to protect the lieutenant governor. How the trouble will be pacified does not now appear, but the situation seems to be serious.

AS FEARED.

The condition that caused the more strenuous tariff reform Democrats to prefer the election of MILLS as speaker to the successful candidate has in a measure materialized. The Republicans affect to find in it a visible lowering of the Democratic standards on the great economic issue. It is true that prominence is given men who have not stood in the popular view as the most aggressive reformers. There will not be entire patience in the party if the sturdy champions are put behind those of less recognized standing. It is believed, however, that the speaker fully meant that there shall be no backward steps taken, and the Republicans will be disappointed in their hopes.

TWO GREAT LAKE PORTS.

Just what motive or desire of revenge prompts the Minneapolis Tribune to put forth its efforts in belittling the commerce of the cities at the head of the lakes is a question the probable solution of which dates not further back than the time when it piteously wailed the cry of discrimination. The actual wheat receipts and shipments at those ports the past season, the receipts amounting to 28,000,000 bushels, have demonstrated the possibilities of these cities and placed them in the front rank of the wheat markets of the world.

It is a democratic principle that the channels of commerce will seek natural outlets, and, so long as transportation by water is cheaper than by rail, the advantages of Duluth and West Superior as shipping points must be conceded.

SINCE the United States supreme court has again disposed of the quibbles about the constitutionality of electrocution the matter will probably be left to the legislatures alone to deal with. It is generally accepted that the method is an improvement upon hanging, and will work all right as the operation of the force comes to be better understood.

WHEN Secretary BLAINE went to the funeral of Senator PLUMB he leaned upon the arm of the president. Some of the observers inferred that he needed support, and his countenance indicated it, while others insist that he was supporting the president. The latter has not been interviewed on the subject.

MILWAUKEE has got so far along as to make up figures of the sleeping accommodations for the national convention, and finds about 20,000, including the conveniences in the breweries. The others would be sent to suburban points like Chicago and Madison, reached by rail.

IT AFFORDS the McKinleyites a spasm of delight that one of the Australian colonies has imposed protective duties on certain articles. A comparison of the schedules, however, will show that a very different idea of protection is had there from that in this country.

INTERNAL dissensions in Venezuela are in the way of reciprocity negotiations with this country, and it is pretty near a sample of the South American states. That Pan-American congress that was to hang the goose so high is panning out small.

AS THE returns come in it does not appear that the advent of STEVE ELKINS in the cabinet causes any severe shock in the Republican party. Yet STEVE has not changed. Perhaps the party has come down to his level.

THERE is no doubt that the SHERMAN men are becoming scared in Ohio. FORAKER is making a big rattle among his stock, but he is a good deal of a bluffer. The Democrats enjoy the fight.

SECRETARY RUSK is quite right in shutting down upon the shipping of diseased horse meat over the water. If they want horse meat, it ought to be straight goods.

IT WAS a winter Christmas after all, and there is no complaint of unseasonable temperature this morning. It was a stretch, however.

SPRINGER has always proved to be a level-headed Democrat, and there need be little apprehension that he will stumble now.

ONE of the preventives of the grippe is not to become fatigued. Messenger boys are understood not to be exposed to it.

IT IS less than four weeks now to the decision as to the national convention. It looks like St. Paul more and more.

"If."

Chicago Globe.

Col. King is the last to join the long list of prominent Republicans who, after two hours' talk with Mr. Blaine, reached the conclusion that the ex-sick man would accept the nomination if——

A Philistine Defined.

Chicago Times.

A good many artists who make money in art and spend it in whisky think the man who made his money in whisky and spent it in art a vulgar Philistine.

Smoked Out.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

The prize fighting industry is under a permanent cloud in Pittsburg.

Chance for Shepard.

Washington Post.

They are looking for a man to club the base ball situation. Why not give Col. Elliott F. Shepard a trial?

AN INTERROGATIVE MEDLEY.

The elevator boy goes up and up
And the elevator boy comes down,
Down and up
And up and down—
In the tallest building in all the town
The elevator boy goes up and down,
But never my way.
"Up?" I say—
He scoots away;
"No—down!"
Down and up, and up and down:
The half-way floor in towers down town
And ringing with "downs" and "ups."
I press the button with wicked zest
And the elevator boy then does the rest.
When I query, "Down?"
An answering frown,
"No—up!"
Never the way I want to go,
And the elevator boy grins to know
That I give it up
When he says "Down."
The elevator boy scoots up and down
Rattling the crowd when he asks with a frown!
"Which floor?"
No more
No less—
You guess
Which floor!
"How do you number your floors?" I say.
His smile's malicious—"The usual way."
"Is the first floor second or the first floor first?
If the second is first
I want the third;
If the first is first—"
But never a word
Less or more—
"Which floor?"
Oh, elevator boy, going up and up,
Why should you frown when I say down?
Down is up
And up is down
From some points, boy, in this dizzy town—
Why don't you go my way
Some day?
Rising and falling 'twixt earth and sky,
It's awful monotonous wondering why
You never do.
I wish I knew.
It might be music to hear you croak
Some day from the bottom of the draughty well;
"Oh——!"
With gasp and choke—
"You bloke,
It's broke—"
And then I'd use the stairs.
—Hollis W. Field in Buffalo Express.

SUNRISE SIGNALS.

CHILDE HAMLET'S SUCCESS.

After many, many æons had rolled over this great and extremely globular sphere, after the earth had passed safely through the Archaic, Eocene, Paleozoic, Glacial, Mesozoic, Tertiary, Qurternary, Pliocene, Senorian and Silurian periods, Childe Hamlet was born. The babe throve with a thrive far above the ordinary, and in process of time waxed—not only his moustache—but in physical strength. Even at the tender age of six months the innate precocity of the Childe was such that it would lie and breathe as naturally as less distinguished organic species of the genus homo.

But there eventually came a period when Childe Hamlet determined to throw off all restraint and make St. Paul howl—that is, the dramatic portion of St. Paul, and incidentally, the Northwest. Thereupon everybody stood back and gave the young disciple of Thespis a chance.

"I will become," he said passionately, "I will become as great and powerful as I am good, pure and beautiful."

Then all the people retreated a few more paces to the rear, determined to see how he did it.

"I will become the dramatic critic of the Northwest," he added fervently, "or ye may pick me c-o-o-ld corpse up from the literary arena!"

So, to more fully prepare himself for his life work, he secured a position as clerk in a boot and shoe store, and the days wore on. From a boot and shoe salesman to boom writer of lymphatic town sites is a passably long stride, but Childe Hamlet took it with a single leap. From the pent-up Utica of the shoe store, amid the box toes, patent leathers, "toothpicks," plush slippers, waxed ends and findings, the Childe gravitated naturally enough into fake writing, and from this uncongenial employment a step further led him into the chair of assistant telegraph chopper on a morning daily, and two weeks' assiduous toil at this work completed his journalistic education. The literary century plant was about to blossom. All the people now moved their chairs up nearer to get a good look at it.

With the end in view of becoming the acknowledged dramatic censor of every theatrical combination on the circuit west of Chicago and north of St. Louis Childe Hamlet daily and patiently indited his bill-board philosophy and "Among-the-modern-stellar-attractions" style of dramatic review. Industriously he plodded on, on, deeper and deeper into the theatrical jungle of an undiscovered country. He became the Emin Pasha of Thespian research. One bright autumn afternoon, he walked with pale, trembling limbs into the presence of his managing editor and gasped, "Eureka!" In one hand he carried a screed a couple of columns long and thirteen ems pica wide.

"Something on the drammer," said Childe Hamlet, hoarsely.

"On the drawmah, eh?" answered the managing editor languidly; it's good, very good indeed."

"But, sir, you have not yet perused it."

"What!" sharply replied the managing editor, "do you want me to read it and involuntarily reverse my present opinion?"

"Oh, no, sir," answered Childe Hamlet. "Far from it. I want you to read it and become paralyzed with admiration. Nothing short of such tribute can reward me for long weeks of arduous study in your own noble school of modern journalism—my own dear journalistic alma mater."

Then Childe Hamlet swept haughtily from the room and buried himself in thought.

"Shades of William Archer, Nym Crinkle, Willie Winter, Bronson Howard et al., what have we here?" said the managing editor, cautiously unfolding the "copy."

Then he read on, on, far into the night, while the cool breeze, up fresh from the elevator shafts, soughed and moaned through the tesselated corridors. Then he turned to his desk and thus reviewed the review:

"In another part of this paper will be found a notable article on "The American Drama." It is notable in the fact that, with slight elision, it would be found applicable to the Greek, Russian, Icelandic, Hindu, Chinese or New Jersian drama. It has not the continuity of criticisms by Nym Crinkle or Willie Winter, but it contains more words. It may lack the keen analysis of individual talent and artistic technique possessed by William Archer, but it has a great many more adjectives to the square inch. It fails to present the salient features, good or bad, of modern dramatic attractions with the skill of Willie Winter, but it certainly exhibits the elasticity of the English language in circling a subject without touching a single vital point. It awakens no responsive interest in the reader, but it is honeycombed with platitudes. It skillfully avoids trenching upon direct criticism of acknowledged errors of dramatic construction, but it falls down and steps on its syntax. It dwells upon the "formidable impression" made by a certain popular tragedienne, but neglects to accompany the word "formidable" into its Websterian definition: Formidable—Exciting fear or apprehension; impressing dread; adapted to excite fear and deter approach.

"It does not mean anything, and therefore is perfectly harmless. For this reason it can be carried home and read to the youngest child in the household—the younger the better."

***

Yesterday the citizens of St. Paul enjoyed one day's relief from the intolerable monotony of the quarter chimes on the city hall clock. Whether or not this was in the nature of a Christmas present from the city fathers is not known, but, at any rate, it was duly appreciated.

***

James Gordon Bennett is hobnobbing with Bismarck at Friederichsruhe. They doubtless have a good time explaining to each other, the one how he worked himself out of diplomacy, the other how he managed to worm himself outside of journalism.

***

It is to be sincerely hoped that young Edward M. Field enjoyed the "insanity verdict" that he found in his Christmas stocking. The moral is obvious—that the man shrewd enough to sequester $2,000,000 is sufficiently coy to do the lunatic act to the queen's taste.

Spontaneous Ignition of Coal.

Chambers' Journal.

An excellent paper "On the Spontaneous Ignition of Coal" was read by Prof. Lewis before the British Association at their recent meeting at Cardiff. In this paper the professor points out that the common idea that spontaneous ignition is caused by the presence of iron pyrites in the coal can not be true because in many manufactures pyrites are largely used, and, although stored in heaps and undergoing continuous oxidation, he has been unable to trace a single case of heating. Spontaneous combustion may be more truly traced to the absorptive power of newly won coal for oxygen, an action which is accompanied by a great rise of temperature, and is naturally hastened it the coal be so stored on shipboard that a portion of it is near the funnel or boilers.

Accidents from this cause are most numerous in ships that have to cross tropical seas, from the generally increased temperature to which the coal is subjected. Ventilation in many ships is worse than useless, for it provides the coal with just sufficient oxygen to feed it when burning. Moisture is also an important factor in determining the ignition of stored coal. Prof. Lewis says if newly won coal were stored for a week in moderate-sized heaps, so as to allow it to take up its oxygen and cool down after the heating caused in the process, spontaneous ignition would be almost unknown.

Sizing Us Up.

Sauk Center Avalanche.

Why bless your heart, did you not know that the GLOBE's weather eye is always open, and that it never lets slip a chance to bring Minnesota to the front? It is to the fore itself and tries to keep Minnesota up to its own standing. The GLOBE, undoubtedly, has no idea that the Republican ticket will be elected next fall, but it readily sees that by having the name of the most prominent young Republican in the state upon the national ticket the prominence Minnesota would gain thereby would be of vast benefit. Can't you see the hole in the skimmer?

An intimate friend of Russell Sage says: "He has smoked but once in his life:" and it may be added that an attempt to make him smoke again was a dead failure.—Kansas City Star.

UP POPS INGALLS.

Since Plumb had more intellectual power in his little finger than Ingalls has in both frontal lobes the withholding of praise is a conspicuous failure.—Kansas City Times.

This is a great year for the farming interests. Farmer Ingalls undoubtedly will be Senator Peffer's colleague during the unexpired term of the late Senator Plumb.—Chicago Mail.

We may see Senator Ingalls' graceful shanks in the senate again shortly. Kansas farmers never did have any show in politics or in agriculture.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Now if Ingalls hadn't crawled in the dust for re-election a year ago and thus lost the confidence of his party he might go back to Washington again. But he is surely out of the race now.—Duluth Herald.

Ex-Senator Ingalls has been elected president of the Atchison chamber of commerce. If he continues to behave himself he may possibly wind up his eventful history by being elected as alderman of the town.—Chicago Tribune.

It is not likely that ex-Senator Ingalls will be returned to the senate from Kansas to fill the vacant place, caused by the death of Senator Plumb. Such a thing might have happened.—Toledo Blade.

As the appointment is in the hands of a Republican governor, this is likely to be the outcome, and the picturesque Ingalls will once more adorn the senate with his irridescent dreams.—Pittsburg Post.

Farmer Ingalls probably will be appointed to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Plumb. If Ingalls and Peffer ever cross swords in the senate their colleagues would do well to take to the woods for awhile.—Chicago Mail.

Gov. Humphrey will conform to the law of the state and appoint a successor to Senator Plub to serve until the next legislature meets. The old Peffer-Simpson-Elder-Mrs. Lease calamity legislature will never be called together again.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

It looks as if Ingalls, of Kansas, lean, statuesque and picturesque, would soon take a seat again in the United States senate. Well, there is nothing commonplace about Ingalls. He would be no unwelcome acquisition to the upper house of congress.—Boston Globe.

Senator Plumb's death gives a good opportunity for Democrats and Alliance men to fuse for the election of his successor. If the matter is properly managed Kansas can have another anti-Republican, anti-high tariff senator if not a stalwart Democrat.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

The low tariff Republicans of the West lost their strongest man in losing Plumb. It is safe to say that his successor will be a hide-bound McKinleyite who could not poll a third of the vote of Kansas if the people had anything to do with filling the vacancy.—St. Louis Republic.

DEPEW.

Chauncey M. Depew has accepted an invitation to preside at the Eistedfod at Wilkesbarre, Pa., at the gathering of the Welsh singers there in May.—Chicago Tribune.

Chauncey M. Depew has accepted an invitation to preside at the Eistedfod at Wilkesbarre, Pa., at the gathering of the Welsh singers there in May.—Chicago Mail.

It is hard to see how even Messrs. Depew and Delmonico can adequately boom the world's fair at dinner without the expert services of Maj. Moses P. Handy.—New York Telegram.

Chicago takes off her hat to you, Dr. Depew, and wishes you many happy returns of this merry season. With such an advocate in Gotham the great success of the world's fair is assured.—Chicago Evening Post.

It was a happy thought to get New Yorkers together over a generous dinner, with the generous-minded Mr. Depew at the head of the table, to consider what New York shall do towards making the world's fair successful—New York World.

At the Delmonico banquet the other night Mr. Depew said, eloquently: "This great industrial exhibition at Chicago will take up the frayed threads of opportunity too lavishly employed and weave them into new cables to draw the car of American progress." Mr. Depew is taking a good deal for granted when he assumes that the car of American progress is a cable car.—Chicago News.

Chauncey M. Depew naturally receives a great many letters from cranks and fools. All men do whose names appear frequently in the newspapers. One chap never fails to write to Mr. Depew just after the delivery of an address or banquet speech by Mr. D. The burden of the letter is a reminder to Chauncey that he is a fraud and a much overrated man. The logic is not particularly strong, but the language is quite forcible. The purpose of the letter-writer is evidently to prevent Mr. Depew from having too high an opinion of himself.—New York Advertiser.

Sure to Be Elected.

Chicago Tribune.

The defeated candidate had considered the matter carefully, and as a result of his deliberations he announced that the next time he ran he would make a sure thing of it.

"You've got a new scheme, I suppose," said his friend.

"The best in the world," he replied. "I thought of it several days ago and have been gradually elaborating on it."

"New style of printing for your campaign circulars?" asked the friend.

"No: I'll use the same old style."

"Put some spectacular effects into your meetings, perhaps," suggested the friend.

"Not at all. But I'm going to utilize the barbers."

"O, you intend to have them advance political arguments, do you?"

"That's it exactly. I'll make it to their interest to do so, and I'll keep them posted and load them up with campaign literature. I'll have them regularly organized, and when one of them gets a man in the chair and is scraping a razor in the vicinity of his throat he'll talk politics to him, and he'll talk the kind of politics I want him to. When a barber is scrubbing a man's head, and the man is so full of oaths that he daren't open his mouth for fear of letting one of them out, the barber will smilingly tell him about the issues involved, and advise him to vote for the man who will best uphold the interests of the people."

"Who will be you."

"Not in a thousand years," exclaimed the defeated candidate. "It will be my opponent. And after a man has had political arguments thrust upon him while his hair was being pulled and his chin cut he'll go away so mad that he'll vote for me to get even with the barber. Too many barbers talked for me during this last campaign."

Mila's Career in the East.

London Standard.

Details are given by the Bosnina papers of the strange career of a woman named Mila, who has been sentenced to death by the district court of Pazarevac, in Servia. This woman has for ten years been the terror of Northeastern Servia. In 1881 a prize of 200 ducats was offered for her capture; two years later 500 were offered, and in 1890 the promised reward was increased to 1,000 ducats. She had a band of devoted Haiducks with whom she committeed her robberies. She never went about otherwise than in man's dress, with all her weapons in her belt and a rifle on her shoulder. Young, handsome, and a perfect markswoman, she was the beau-ideal of her band. She had a lover named Petrovitch, who fell ill some time ago, and whom she nursed with devotion in a cave on the Roumanian frontier. Her people told her in good time that she was watched, and must fly for safety, but she refused to abandon her sick lover. After the battle with the gens-d'armes, two of whom she killed, she was captured. In the court she spoke for over an hour in her defense, and when sentence was pronounced listened to it with stolid indifference.

FROTH ON THE BOOM.

Milwaukee will try to capture the national Democratic convention, and a carload or two of beer will be used as a "persuader."—Lanesboro (Minn.) Journal.

Milwaukee is after the national Democratic convention in real earnest. She sends a carload of beer to Washington to do her talking for her.—Litchfield (Minn.) News Ledger.

If Milwaukee only possessed the other qualifications necessary for the Democratic convention, besides having the excellent beer, she would certainly win.—Hokah Chief.

If Milwaukee sends barrels of beer to Washington to influence the convention choice of the Democratic national committee, why shouldn't porkopolitan Cincinnati, another claimant, send hogsheads?—Philadelphia Times.

Milwaukee hustlers will go to Washington with a car load of beer to secure the national Democratic convention. Now, if St. Paul will announce a car of old bourbon whiskey, the convention is their's.—Hokah Chief.

Milwaukee's convention boom received a cold shower bath when her committee sent out the promise that the Democratic executive committee would be given a free car load of beer. Kentucky never can forgive this insult.—Chicago Mail.

Milwaukee will send a car load of beer to Washington for free distribution at the time the Democratic national committee meets to choose a convention city. The only towns that can hope to outdo this effort to secure the convention are Louisville and Peoria.—Chicago Times.

The general all-round strength of Milwaukee's bid for the national Democratic convention cannot be overlooked. If the convention is held in the thirsty month of June, especially, we know of no place that can rival Milwaukee in furnishing cooling antidotes to feverishly fervid patriotism.—Chicago News.

BRAIN DUSTERS.

A literary man becomes a nobleman when he is baron of ideas.—Lowell Courier.

Labor saving machines are all monuments to "that tired feeling."—Bradford Era.

No man can cultivate an optimistic mind on a pessimistic stomach.—Washington Star.

A society reporter says when a young girl wants to come out her papa must come down.—Picayune.

Did it ever occur to you that no man can "raise the devil" without lowering himself?—Boston Transcript.

"A man can accomplish a great deal," said the Missouri judge, "if he only has time—therefore I give you four years."—Columbus Post.

The man who never puts off until tomorrow what he can do today must inevitably eat a great deal more than is good for him.—Somerville Journal.

VERSES FROM GREAT PENS.

Sir Edwin Arnold May Consent to Write an "All World's Hymn."

Chicago Times.

The literary world will date many of its choicest productions from the world's fair year. That is, it will if the deep laid plans of President Bonney, of the world's congress auxiliary, do not fail. Mr. Bonney's plan is so comprehensive, so grand as to be almost dazzling, yet the progress which his department of the world's fair has already made forbids that it be called visionary. In short, invitations have been sent out by Mr. Bonney to the famous men of letters of all countries asking them to prepare especially for the world's congresses some contribution of prose or verse—in most cases verse—representative of the best style of the writer thereof. It is expected to have songs and verses from the ablest of Asiatic, European, Australian and American writers. In the opinion of the sanguine and hard-working president of the auxiliary, there will be perhaps a hundred of these specially written compositions, constituting the cream of the literary work of the decade.

"You recall the fact, doubtless, that there was a great deal of criticism, especially in the Eastern press, when we announced that Tennyson had been invited to write something for the congress auxiliary. Well, that experience has made us reluctant to say anything about our plans in advance of their consummation. I expect, however, notwithstanding the criticism, to get a notable contribution from the pen of the poet-laureate. He wrote back that he was an old man, verging on four score years, and he could not, therefore, promise to write anything, but his communication conveyed the impression that he would be pleased to address himself to a special crowning task for the occasion of the greatest assemblage of literary characters ever known, and that is what we expect to come of our world's literary congress. Therefore I think I am justified in feeling hopeful on this score. The same thing applies to what we may expect from our own Whittier and Holmes. Neither will promise, yet each may some day half unexpectedly announce that the work is ready. The impression appeared to be abroad some time ago that only one poet would be asked to write anything especially to mark the occasion of the exposition. That was wrong; we may reasonably expect to have a poet and an orator of highest standing to aid us in formally opening each of the ninety-five congresses. For example, Sir Edwin Arnold, if we can prevail upon him to assist us to that extent, will write a grand hymn to be sung at the dedication of the joint congress on religion, where we hope to bring hand in hand the broadest, most advanced representatives of each great religious body. Sir Edwin's wide knowledge of the creeds of the East, his universal liberality of mind, and his great talent seem to me to especially fit him to compose a hymn which should be wide enough in its sentiment to embrace the central idea of all religions. There is no room here for criticism; all the writers of all lands are to be invited to aid us with their productions."

On the invitation of President Bonney, Sir Edwin Arnold has accepted honorary and corresponding membership of the auxiliary and a place on the advisory councils of the general congresses on religion and literature. The poet has addressed to the Rev. John Henry Barrows, chairman of the general committee on religious congresses, the following:

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 15, 1891.—My Dear Sir: I accept with pleasure the honor of my nomination to the council of the world's congress auxiliary of the Columbian exposition, sympathizing as I do heartily with the principles of a "parliament of religions." Yours faithfully,
EDWIN ARNOLD.

"I am almost bankrupt of time and strength," said Sir Edwin to Mr. Bonney in an interview on Wednesday, "but you may use my name in any way you see fit. The work has my hearty sympathy, and what I can I will do for it."

Turfman Churchill Dying.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 25.—William H. Churchill, one of the wealthiest men in this city, and owner, with his brother, John Churchill, of nearly all the stock of the Louisville Jockey club, is lying at the door of death from grip. Col. Churchill is seventy-four years of age and is related or connected with many of the leading families of Kentucky.

ANOTHER TWINKLING STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, "diamond" star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world of din,
Underneath my lady's chin.

When the blazing sun is set,
And the ark lights fume and fret,
Then you show your gleam so neat,
In the parlors of the elite.

Yes, I wonder what you are,
Whether from Alaska far,
Afric's famous diamond fields,
Or the Rocky Mountain yield.

Twinkle, twinkle, diamond star,
Yes, I wonder what you are.
Long the query I have faced,
Are you genuine or paste?
—Philadelphia Press.

A BRAZEN BUTCHER.

Baroness d'Ellard Murdered in Her Apartments at Paris.

The Brutal Cutthroat Enters Boldly and Leaves Cool as an Iceberg.

To Shield Himself He Tries to Cut a Servant to Death, But Fails.

Retired Army Officer Taken in for the Crime--An Assassin Band.

PARIS, Dec. 25.—The Christmas day sensation in this city is the arrest of Lieut. Anastuy, a retired army officer, on the charge of murdering Baroness d'Ellard. The lieutenant was subjected to a preliminary examination at the prefecture of police, and, after denying that he was guilty, was remanded. The evidence submitted by the police was about as follows: The baroness, it appears, at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of Dec. 4 was seated in the salon of the apartment floor of the large and fully inhabited house which she occupied with her son at No. 2 Boulevard de Temple, close to the Place de la Concorde. Baroness d'Ellard was the daughter of a general of the first empire, a widow of a colonel of cuirassiers of the guard, and was seventy-two years of age. She is described as a tall, stately old lady, with snow-white hair, and was held in much respect and esteem by her neighbors. Her son, Baron d'Ellard, holds an important position on the clerical staff of the minister of war, M. de Freycinet. He is about forty years of age, a retired army officer, and a knight of the Legion of Honor.

Enter the Exquisite.

At the hour mentioned on Dec. 4 a young man of slight build, elegantly dressed, wearing a high silk hat and carrying an avocat's portofolio under his arm, entered the doorway of the house in which the baroness lived and asked the porter where the apartment of the baroness was situated. He was informed that the baroness lived on the first floor, but the stranger went up to the apartment immediately above that of the baroness and asked the servant who answered the bell there if that was where Baroness d'Ellard lived.

He was informed that the baroness lived on the floor below, whereupon he descended the stairs to the first floor, and was heard to ring the bell of the baroness' apartment. Here there was a lapse of a short time, possibly five or six minutes, at the end of which a servant employed by the baroness violently opened the window of the latter's dining room, which opened into the courtyard forming the interior of the building, and pointing to the porch or archway leading into the street, she cried, in choking tones, "Help, murder! stop him."

The poor servant girl, it was seen, had a deep wound on her throat, from which the blood was pouring over the front of her dress. The girl's cries, however, were at first too inarticulate to arouse immediate attention and alarm, and in the meanwhile the murderer was able to leave the baroness' apartment and to start down stairs.

Exit the Executioner.

On the porch, just as he was leaving the house, the murderer met the concierge, or porter's wife, and coolly recommended her to close the front door, as it seemed that something had happened in the house. He then calmly stepped into the street and the concierge closed the door behind him. The murderer then quickly mingled in the throng of passers by and disappeared.

By this time the baroness' servant, in spite of the gaping wound in her throat, had managed to stumble, faint from loss of blood, down stairs into the courtyard, where she fell insensible. This caused the concierge to raise an alarm, which brought a number of people to the spot, and the blood-soaked girl was carried up stairs to the apartments of the baroness.

There a frightful spectacle was disclosed. The utmost disorder prevailed in the dining hall room; all the cupboards, desks and drawers had been forced open and the contents were strewn on the floor. In the bed room adjoining was found the body of the baronness, in her throat

A Frightful Wound,

the head literally being almost cut from the body. It was evident that her death must have been almost instantaneous.

Delphine Hourbe's Story.

The police were soon, summoned and the first thing done was to save the life of the unfortunate girl, which the surgeons were able to do in spite of the terrible wounds in her throat and the large quantity of blood she had lost. When she was recovered sufficiently to answer the questions put to her, the police were able to set to work with a well-connected story to guide them.

The murderer, who is supposed to have been watching the house, was aware that Baron d'Ellard had gone out some time previously and knew when Delphine, the servant, left the d'Ellard residence, that the old baroness was alone. Consequently he entered the house, as already described, and went to the floor above the baroness, simply to see if there was any possibility of being interrupted in his work. Thus, when he rang the bell of the d'Ellard apartments it was the baroness herself who opened the door to the assassin.

The latter, the investigation shows, must have followed the baroness into the bedroom of her son, to which place the baroness apparently fled, terrified by the murderer's threats. There the murderer seems to have seized his victim and to have killed her by almost severing her head from her body. Then, resolving to profit as much as possible by the absence of the servant, the murderer, according to the story as put together by the police, began to ransack the apartments and prepared to escape with all the valuables he could gather together.

Another Victim Selected.

In this work, however, he was interrupted by the unexpected return of the servant, Delphine Hourbe. Hastily concealing himself, the murderer resolved to commit another murder in order to insure his escape with the booty and to provide against his detection. He allowed Delphine to enter the kitchen, where, it being already dark, she resolved to light the lamp without as yet having her suspicions aroused as to there being anything wrong about the D'Ellard apartment.

When the lamp was lighted Delphine proceeded to her mistress' room, when suddenly the lamp was knocked out of her grasp and she was seized from behind by the assassin, who at the same time stabbed her in the breast and hastily withdrawing the murderous blade from the wound thus inflicted he cut the poor girl's throat as she struggled desperately to free herself.

In her battle for life Delphine succeeded in tearing the murder's knife from his hand, and it rolled to the ground and to some place where he could not find it in the dark. While he was hunting for this blood-stained weapon Delphine ran to the dining room window and raised the alarm. The murderer then saw that he had no time to lose if he wished to escape, and hurried to the street as described above.

Message for the Dead.

While the police were examining the D'Ellard apartment shortly after the escape of the murderer, a mounted dragoon dashed up to the door of the house in which the D'Ellard apartments were situated. The dragoon was the bearer of a note from Baron d'Ellard, the murdered woman's son, to his mother, saying that she need not expect him back to dinner, as he had accepted an invitation to dine with some friends. The baron, it may be added, only returned home at 1 o'clock the next day, and was quite ignorant of the tragedy until the fearful news was imparted to him by some people in the crowd which was still gathered in front of the house.

From the start the police were convinced that the assassin must have had accomplices and that he must have been well acquainted with the habits of the baron and of her mother. The crime, it should be added, bore so close a resemblance in general details to the assassination a short time ago of M. Ollivier, the money lender at Neuilly, that the police are to a great extent justified in their suspicions.

Organized Assassins.

In the case of M. Ollivier two young criminals, Ivorol and Gaudissary, were captured and confessed to their guilt, and the police, from certain facts which came into their possession at that time, believe that both the Ollivier murder and the assassination of Baroness d'Ellard are the work of an organized band of assassins, more numerous and more extensive in their organization than at first supposed, and that Lieut. Anastuy, who is a dissipated man, known to be overloaded with debt and who bears a very bad reputation, was possibly the chief of this gang of assassins.

The prisoner, who was arrested in a cafe where he was enjoying himself with some of his associates, insisted that he was innocent of the crime charged against him, but the police are confident that they have the right man in custody. Lieut. Anastuy is said to be a former friend of the baron. The police have in their possession a kid glove dropped by the murderer and a knife of English make, stamped with the initials "F. M.," with which the crime was committed.

The distinguished position which the murdered baroness occupied, the brave doings of her ancestors and relatives, and the position in society which both she and her son occupied, coupled with the bold, cold-blooded audacity with which the crime was committed, in the daytime, in a fully inhabited house in a populous and fashionable neighborhood, have caused Paris, France, and even Europe at large, to take the greatest possible interest in the case. The ease with which the murderer escaped caused a perfect panic among the upper and middle class population of Paris, who began to imagine that they were no longer safe from such attacks.

A STREET UPSET.

Everything Was Quiet Until a Small Boy With a Rat Came Out.

Everything was as peaceful and good-natured at the corner of Sixth avenue and Eighteenth street the other afternoon as any spot on the face of the earth, says M. Quad in the New York Evening World. It was exactly 3 o'clock, with the weather neither too cold nor too warm, and even the street-car drivers smiled and sang as they had to wait five minutes for a brewer's delivery wagon to rip the wheels off of two butcher carts and break the block which was interrupting traffic.

Almost as swiftly as a stroke of lightning everything was changed. A lad appeared from the front door of a house in Eighteenth, near the corner, with a rat trap held high in his hand. The trap contained a rat — an old veteran, who had probably eaten twenty times his weight in good New York cheese. For years and years he had been too fly for those who had sought his destruction, but the pitcher had gone to the well once too often. He was sqealing and squirming about, but there was no one to pity. The boy had scarcely descended the steps when there was a rush for him and men and boys were heard shouting: "He's got a rat." "Lemme git my dog." "Good gracious! what a whopper." "Don't let him git away."

The man who knows all about rats was there, of course. Also the man who has made the killing of rats a specialty all his life. They worked their way to the front. "You don't want to fool with that rat!" cautioned the first. "I think I know my business," bluntly replied the second. "So do I!" "Don't interfere with me." Three or four dogs were now brought into the crowd. The man who is always willing to boss the job also got off the street car and elbowed his way in to demand: "What's all this fuss about? A rat, eh! Now, then, everybody stand back! Gimme the trap." The boy demurred. It was his trap and his rat. He felt that he ought to be consulted. "Let'er go, Gallagher," yelled one of the crowd. "Where's your rat?" "Somebody hit the man with the red neck."

A policeman now appeared. He began to use his official elbows to open a path for his body, but the crowd resented the action and began to hustle him until he threatened to collar some one. Meanwhile the two men who knew all about rats were jawing with the man who wanted to boss the job, and the boy was declaring that his brother would lick the man who stole his rodent. "You're a liar!" "Hit him one!" "Look out for the cop!"

The crowd began to circle around, and the boy fell down and lost the trap. Some one picked it up and shook the rat out, and dogs and men and boys were all mixed up and falling over each other. In the confusion the rat got away into the sewer; the policeman rapped three men on the back with his club, and the crowd dissolved, leaving about a dozen hats kicking around on the battle ground. Then a lot of people shook their fists in the air, and another lot called somebody a liar, and everybody went away threatening to get even if it took him a whole year.

Her Books Were Right.

Chicago Tribune.

She decided that the only way to run a house economically was to keep a set of books, so she made all the necessary purchases, including a bottle of red ink, and started in.

It was a month later that her husband asked her how she was getting along.

"Splendidly," she replied.

"The system is a success, then?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, I'm $68 ahead already."

"Sixty-eight dollars!" he exclaimed. "Heavens! You'll be rich before long. Have you started a bank account?"

"No—o; not yet."

"What have you done with the money?"

"O, I haven't got the money, you know. That's only what the books show. But just think of being $68 ahead."

"Um, yes; but I don't exactly see—"

"Why, don't the books show it?"

"Of course; but the money! What has become of that?"

"I don't exactly know," she said, doubtfully. "I've been thinking of that, and I think we must have been robbed. That's the only way I can explain it. What do you think we had better do about it?"

He puffed his pipe in solemn silence for a moment, and then suggested:

"We might stop keeping books. That's easier than complaining to the police."

A Train Kills Two.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 25.—Peter McNally, of Duquesne, and John Daugherty, of Braddock, were struck by a train near this place today and instantly killed. Their bodies were frightfully mangled.

FURNISHED BY PAPA.

"My Henry, papa, dear, is quite
A darling boy, you'll own;
He is in scholarship equipped.
And is surpassed by none
In genius and all that; but then"—
And here she began to blush—
"I must admit he'd better be
If he'd a little 'push.'"

Though papa nothing said just then,
He quite absorbed her speech,
And when the tempus fugited
Till it did midnight reach,
And Henry lingered at the door
Reciting parting gush,
He got a pedal impetus
That quite resembled "push."
—Boston Courier.