THE DAILY GLOBE

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY

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BY LEWIS BAKER.

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TODAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18.—Forecast for Monday: For North and South Dakota: Fair; slightly warmer; east to south winds. For Wisconsin: Fair; cooler in eastern and southern portions; north winds. For Minnesota: Fair; cooler in extreme southeast portion, warmer in extreme northwestern portion; north winds, becoming variable. For Iowa: Fair; slightly cooler, except in extreme southeast portion; winds becoming northeast. For Montana: Generally fair; east to south winds.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WEATHER BUREAU, WASHINGTON, Sept. 18, 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	30.06	68	Miles City	29.94	76
Duluth	30.10	69	Helena	29.96	72
La Crosse	30.00	74	Ft. Suily	....	....
Huron	30.08	68	Minnedosa	30.14	58
Moorhead	30.16	72	Calgary	29.76	70
St. Vincent	30.20	52	Qu'Appelle	30.06	66
Bismarck	30.14	62	Winnipeg	30.20	56
Ft. Buford	30.10	66	Med'e Hat	29.78	76

P. F. LYONS, Local Forecast Official.

FOR PRESIDENT
GROVER CLEVELAND.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
ADLAI E. STEVENSON.

THE Democratic party will have plenty of shouters after Nov. 8. Don't wait till then to expend your energies, but contribute them now toward achieving the victory. If you can't give your time to campaign work give something toward defraying the expenses of those who will. The GLOBE's Speaker Fund is the medium.

Will you help?

RAILWAY MATTERS.

St. Paul appears just now to be principally concerned in a very much muddled railroad situation. There is almost complete disorganization in rates as regards both passenger and freight traffic. The Soo is, as usual, a chief cause of disturbance. It has cut the freight rate from Boston to St. Paul via the Canadian Pacific so low that freight can be shipped from Boston to Kansas City by way of St. Paul cheaper than by way of Chicago. Moreover, it makes a rate from Boston to North Dakota points that is lower than the rate from Chicago to the same points. Chicago naturally protests against this condition of affairs. In passenger traffic, too, the Soo has been giving Chicago some hard knocks by cutting rates to Boston, Albany and New York in compensation for its inability to share in the Grand Army business to Washington. The Central Traffic association lines have refused to honor these Soo tickets, but that road can still reach Eastern points by way of the Canadian Pacific and Montreal. Chicago's exasperation is heightened by the fact that the GOULD lines are making increased efforts to divert traffic through the St. Louis-Toledo gateway. With this formidable competition on the south, and the Soo on the north, Chicago is between two fires. Added to the other complications, moreover, is the Great Northern's announcement of withdrawal from the Transcontinental and the Western associations, which means the end of usefulness, and probably of existence, for these two associations.

St. Paul so far appears to be getting the best of this chaotic condition of traffic matters. It is getting both freight and passenger business from the East to which Chicago considers itself rightfully entitled, and it will doubtless benefit also from the Great Northern's declaration of independence. But things are rather badly tangled up, and it is difficult to estimate just where St. Paul will stand when they get straightened out.

THE tariff is a tax. The tax goes as a bonus to millionaire manufacturers. The system is wrong, and must be abolished.

Will you help?

BISMARCK OF PUGILISM.

It was hopefully considered that pugilism had reached its grand red-lights and brass-band culmination—for this season at least—at New Orleans recently, and that thereafter interest in the bruising art would show a gratifying diminution. But whosoever clung to this hope has been proved a victim of misplaced confidence. The scene in New York Saturday evening at SULLIVAN's benefit surpassed even the grandeur of the great occasion in New Orleans whereat Mr. SULLIVAN lost all save honor and the adulation of those to whom, even in his fall, he is greater than his conqueror. At this benefit bout between victor and vanquished 9,000 men and 300 women cheered SULLIVAN to the echo, and then began cheering again. They stamped and yelled and shrieked and went mad over the ex-king of hard hitters. It was such a truly thrilling spectacle that even SULLIVAN unbent and became almost human. According to the press reports, "SULLIVAN folded his arms across his breast and turned his eyes toward the roof to conceal from those nearest him the moisture that was in them. Twice he essayed to address the crowd, but it would not let him. The cheers were something tremendous. Quiet was restored, and the ex-champion twisted his mouth to one side, and in a deep voice"—proceeded to make a highly intellectual ten-line oration. It is easy to understand how this latter feat caused painful facial contortions; even Mr. CORBETT could not twist JOHN's mouth for him as could the strain of intellectual effort. It was an affecting scene all around. When Mr. CORBETT got through with him at New Orleans JOHN L. was a marked man, but when last Saturday night's crowd got through with him he was Bismarcked.

MR. PILLSBURY LAUGHS.

The pamphlet "A Gigantic Conspiracy," a summary of which was published in yesterday morning's GLOBE, is full of serious charges against the elevator companies, the mill owners and the railroads of Minnesota.

It accuses them of being engaged in a wicked plot to rob the farmers of this state by abhorrent and outrageous methods. It accuses them of using false weights and measures. It accuses them of combining to depress prices and destroy competition until the entire market is under their absolute control. It accuses them of giving perjured testimony as to their profits before the senate investigating committee. It accuses them of waging an unholy war against the prosperity and development of this entire commonwealth, of holding our agricultural population in serfdom, and of trampling the law and our most sacred rights under foot for the satisfaction of their own greed.

Backed by documents and figures, this makes a formidable indictment, sufficient, if true, to crush the guilty; sufficient, if false, to excite the resentful indignation of the innocent. CHARLES A. PILLSBURY, of Minneapolis, speaks for the culprits, and what has he to say? Is he angry? Is he roused? Not at all. There are two accounts of how he received the disclosures. One of them reports that "for once he was averse to talking. He did not think the matter was worthy much attention." The other one reports that "he laughed heartily and tossed the manuscript on one side." Besides this, he called it "old stuff," and said that "it presented nothing original."

Here is Mr. PILLSBURY from two standpoints. The whole thing bores him or excites his hearty laughter. That is right. If there is to be any yawning or laughter, Mr. PILLSBURY is the one to do it. The farmers of Minnesota cannot. They have not been getting any 40 per cent out of any one's else labor.

A WASTE OF EFFORT.

The GLOBE thinks the New York Democracy is wasting its brain and muscle over Mr. Labor Commissioner PECK. He says he has investigated the operation of the MCKINLEY bill and thinks it beneficial to the American workingman. When somebody asked him why he thought so, he answered, "That is a secret," and refused to tell. Finally a Democrat got out a writ of mandamus compelling him to disclose the data on which his report was based. Then it appeared that he had burned the papers, and now he is under arrest, charged with the destruction of public documents.

All this seems hardly worth while. What difference does it make whether PECK is guilty or innocent, or whether his figures were true or forged? The ultimate arbiters of the effect of McKinleyism on the workingmen must be the workingmen themselves. Let every clerk who toils for a salary, and every mechanic who labors with his hands, vote for the Republican candidates if the latest application of the protection theory has increased their incomes. If it has not, let him support the Democracy's ticket. Were this done, ten thousand PECKS would not avail to prevent an overwhelming Democratic victory in state and nation.

QUIET courage and constant effort win political battles in the face of blow and bluster. They can accomplish this for the Democracy in Minnesota this year.

Will you help?

IN JAPAN.

That is a very extraordinary controversy which is waging between the Rev. Mr. BARTLETT and Sir EDWIN ARNOLD. Mr. BARTLETT is a missionary to Japan, and he undertook to explain to the Congregational ministers of Chicago, the other night, why Christianity spreads so slowly in the land of the mikado. He said it was because the lives of the foreigners sojourning there were so immoral that they brought the religion of Christ into disrepute with the natives. This would have been all right enough, had the reverend orator stopped there. But he did not. He proceeded to illustrate his meaning with actual instances, and picked out the author of "The Light of Asia" as his victim—telling what a sinful man he was, and how he reveled in the extremest of oriental vices while in Eastern parts. The clergymen who heard him were both grieved and horrified.

It is not very plain what connection Sir EDWIN ARNOLD's immorality may have with the spread of Christianity. If the GLOBE is rightly informed, Sir EDWIN is not a Christian, and does not profess to be. If he misbehaved himself in Japan, the missionaries might, with much effectiveness, have held him up as a terrible example. But he has answered his accuser, and says that his charges "are simply calumnies unworthy of serious attention." He gives an explanation from his standpoint as to why Christianity does not take a firm hold in Japan. "The Japanese are too metaphysical and philosophical," he declares, "to accept the Christian dogmas the missionaries teach." He modestly declines, in this way, the unenviable distinction of blocking the progress of the Christian faith in the East, and gives full credit for its failure to the Christian faith itself.

In charming contrast with the suggestions of the clergyman and the poet is the picture Miss GEORGIA CAYVAN, the actress, draws of life in Japan. She has been spending her vacation in that interesting country, and is full of enthusiasm over what she saw there. "It is also," she remarked, "a good place for wives to take their husbands summering. There is absolutely no mischief to get into. There are no amusements and few entertainments. Early retiring, as well as early rising, is the rule." The moral degradation which the clergyman saw, and which the poet denies his complicity in, escaped entirely the notice of the actress. There is no doubt at all about the superiority of the female sex.

REPUBLICAN METHODS.

There is a curious parallelism between the political methods of the Republican party in Wisconsin and Minnesota. JOHN C. SPOONER is the candidate for the governorship in Wisconsin. He has been a railroad lawyer all his life, and is relied on to command the support of the rich corporation interests. The Republican candidate for the Wisconsin lieutenant governorship is a man named KOCH. He is a Lutheran German, nominated because he is a Lutheran German, in the hope that the ignorant portion of the foreign-born population which knows nothing and cares nothing for American institutions will vote for him. In Minnesota the thing has been done a little differently. A Scandinavian railroad attorney has been put at the head of the ticket. NELSON plays a double role, but the purpose is the same. In both Wisconsin and Minnesota the Republicans appeal to the wealthy and the disloyal to give them the victory. No man who believes in the regulation of monopolies in open markets for the sale and purchase of commodities, and in the burial of race distinctions in the ocean which divides us from Europe, can conscientiously indorse such tactics at the polls. They deserve to be, and shall be rebuked.

WHEN the Chicago specials to the afternoon papers Saturday, giving the short synopsis of the grain combine expose, were shown to CHARLEY PILLSBURY, he is reported as having laughed, and said that it was all a rehash of the matter which had been investigated last winter, and amounted to nothing. When the GLOBE came with its full details of the matter, accompanied with those interesting letters, it is said that Mr. PILLSBURY stopped laughing, and wanted to find some one who was responsible for the thing.

THE Minneapolis Tribune characterizes the grain exposure as a roorback. Well, if it is one, it is sprung at a time which will give ample time for the parties interested to disprove its statements if they can. The Tribune will find, however, that the farmers of the state will not accept as a denial of the story of the great conspiracy the statement that it is a roorback. They have felt the facts narrated.

THE attack on the wheat combine now is not a new thing with the Democratic party of this state, the GLOBE begs to remind its naturally irate contemporary, the Tribune (at the head of navigation). The platforms of that party in 1888, and again in 1890, and again in 1892, denounced the combination in vigorous language. It now proffers proof of its allegations.

EX-MARSHAL CAMPBELL was on the stump in the western part of the state last week, and made the grain combine the feature of his talks. At one of them, after the meeting, an elevator agent came to him and said: "I understand some things now that were dark to me before. Of the rest I can say that what you state is God's immutable truth, but how in hades did you find it out?"

A PIONEER PRESS special from Princeton tells of the arrival there of KNUTE NELSON, DAVE CLOUGH and others over the Great Northern, "by special train from Anoka." The courtesies of Mr. HILL are not confined to dinners at the Minnesota club, it seems. But, possibly, DAVE "paid the freight."

IT WILL be remembered that for two or three days after the election in Arkansas Republicans claimed that the vote was an extremely light one. The official figures show that the total vote was 154,936. In 1888 the total vote for president was 155,327, or just 391 more votes than were cast for governor this year. Come again.

THE danger from cholera has not abated, but we are getting more used to it. And, as a matter of fact, that's where the chief danger lies. It is not safe to allow familiarity to breed a contempt of the cholera scare, even though a scare is still all it amounts to in this country.

IT IS seriously reported that Gov. TILLMAN, of South Carolina, foams at the mouth in his oratorical frenzies. It is probably only when his remarks are addressed specifically to the governor of North Carolina.

MR. SULLIVAN's benefit Saturday night was a bountiful consoler. There is a suggestion here which the friends of Hon. KNUTE NELSON might be getting ready to act on.

AND even yet there aren't any evidences of Mr. PLATT taking off his coat. However, the weather is quite chilly down in New York, and pneumonia is prevalent.

THE wet blanket cast over the g. o. p. by Maine and Vermont will be replaced by a more appropriate winding sheet in November.

THE sublimity of prismatic politics is attained in the Republican hopes of carrying Indiana without Mr. DUDLEY's assistance.

THE "collar-her" weakness is still prevalent among feeble intellects. That miserable "joke" should be quarantined.

SINCE Maine and Vermont the g. o. p. can't get enough American tin whistles to keep up its courage.

THIS fine weather is bad for rain-bow chasing.

DEMOCRATIC SPEAKERS.

Points to Which They Have Been Assigned.

The Democratic state committee has made the following dates for speakers. They will be added to as fast as arrangements are completed:

Monday, Sept. 19—D. W. Lawler and W. S. Hammond, St. Peter; C. J. Buell, Belle Plaine; F. N. Holman, Rushford; W. M. Campbell, Kilkenny; W. M. Petterson and C. P. Maginnis, Rothsay; C. P. Maginnis and W. M. Petterson, Norwegian Grove, evening; A. W. Blakely, Minneota; O. M. Hall, Gaylord.

Tuesday, Sept. 20—D. W. Lawler and W. S. Hammond, St. James, afternoon; D. W. Lawler and W. S. Hammond, Windom, evening; F. N. Holman, Stewartville; W. M. Campbell, Norwood; C. J. Buell, Le Sueur; W. M. Petterson, Erhard, p. m.; W. M. Petterson and C. P. Maginnis, Pelican Rapids, evening; C. P. Maginnis, Erhard, afternoon; A. W. Blakely, Tracy; O. M. Hall, Arlington.

Wednesday, Sept. 21—D. W. Lawler and W. S. Hammond, Jackson, p. m.; D. W. Lawler and W. S. Hammond, Fairmont, evening; F. N. Holman, Chatfield; W. M. Campbell, Gaylord; C. J. Buell, Kasota; W. M. Petterson and C. P. Maginnis, Freiberg, afternoon; W. M. Petterson and C. P. Maginnis, Underwood, evening; A. W. Blakely, Lake Benton; O. M. Hall, Chaska.

Thursday, Sept. 22—D. W. Lawler and W. S. Hammond, Slayton, afternoon; D. W. Lawler and W. S. Hammond, Pipestone, evening; F. N. Holman, Plainview; W. M. Campbell, Gibbon; C. J. Buell, Janesville; W. M. Petterson and C. P. Maginnis, Battle Lake; A. W. Blakely, Lamberton; O. M. Hall, Le Sueur, county fair.

Friday, Sept. 23—D. W. Lawler and W. S. Hammond, Luverne, afternoon; D. W. Lawler and W. S. Hammond, Adrian, evening; F. N. Holman, Farmington; W. M. Campbell, Fairfax; C. J. Buell, Medford; W. M. Petterson and C. P. Maginnis, Leaf Mountain, afternoon; W. M. Petterson and C. P. Maginnis, Vining, evening; A. W. Blakely, Sleepy Eye.

Saturday, Sept. 24—D. W. Lawler and W. S. Hammond, Worthington; F. N. Holman, Hastings; W. M. Campbell, Rosemount; W. M. Petterson and C. P. Maginnis, Henning; C. Wellington and A. E. Boyesen, Spicer; J. E. Stryker, Waverly.

Monday, Sept. 26—D. W. Lawler, Waseca; C. J. Buell, Hokah.

Tuesday, Sept. 27—D. W. Lawler and W. S. Hammond, Nicollet, afternoon; D. W. Lawler and W. S. Hammond, New Ulm, evening; C. J. Buell, Fountain.

Wednesday, Sept. 28—D. W. Lawler and W. S. Hammond, Sleepy Eye, afternoon; D. W. Lawler and W. S. Hammond, Redwood Falls, evening; C. J. Buell, Le Roy; John W. Willis, New Prague.

Thursday, Sept. 29—D. W. Lawler and W. S. Hammond, Dawson, afternoon; D. W. Lawler and W. S. Hammond, Madison, evening; C. J. Buell, Rose Creek; John W. Willis, Rosemount; Cyrus Wellington, Lanesboro.

Friday, Sept. 30—D. W. Lawler and W. S. Hammond, Granite Falls; C. J. Buell, Lyle; Cyrus Wellington, Winnebago City.

Saturday, Oct. 1—D. W. Lawler and W. S. Hammond, Marshall; C. J. Buell, Blooming Prairie.

Monday, Oct. 3—D. W. Lawler, Morris.

Tuesday, Oct. 4—D. W. Lawler, Glenwood, afternoon; D. W. Lawler, Alexandria, evening.

Wednesday, Oct. 5—D. W. Lawler, East Grand Forks; D. W. Lawler, Crookston, evening.

Thursday, Oct. 6—D. W. Lawler, Hallock, afternoon; D. W. Lawler, Stephen, evening.

Friday, Oct. 7—D. W. Lawler, Warren, afternoon; D. W. Lawler, Red Lake Falls, evening.

Saturday, Oct. 8—D. W. Lawler, Ada, 3 p. m.; John W. Willis, Waseca.

Western Procedure.

Judge.

Mr. Wayback (prominent Western citizen)—We think we've caught the feller wot stole your horses, an' we want you to go round an' identify him.

Ranchman—Can't ye bring him here?

Mr. Wayback — We ain't got no hearse.

The Fatal Gift of Beauty.

Pall Mall Gazette.

A girl of twenty-one, who won the last prize for beauty at Turin, wa found murdered on Tuesday at Trieste She was too pretty for her own good.

THE SPEAKERS' FUND.

Acknowledged hitherto	$1,428 25
R. E. Moreland, Luverne	1 00
S. B. Nelson, Luverne	1 00
F. C. Mahoney, Luverne	1 00
P. R. Kelley, Luverne	1 00
D. C. Brownell, Luverne	1 00
J. W. Gerber, Luverne	1 00
Gus. Nelson, Luverne	1 00
W. J. Kelly, Luverne	1 00
J. J. Myers, Luverne	50
N. Nelson, Luverne	1 00
Will McDermott, Luverne	50
E. B. Burley, Luverne	1 00
J. H. Furlow, Luverne	1 00
J. H. Graaf, Luverne	1 00
F. A. Larkin, Luverne	1 00
John Wilson, Luverne	1 00
L. H. Way, Luverne	1 00
O. P. Huntington, Luverne	1 00
A. D. La Due, Luverne	1 00
John Caveny, Luverne	1 00
J. V. Fender, Luverne	50
T. J. McDermott, Luverne	1 00
J. D. Loury, Kasson	5 00
Lewis S. Slingerland, Kasson	5 00
L. E. Condry, Kasson	5 00
H. H. Roe, Kasson	1 00
Elling Anderson, Kasson	1 00
Andrew Anderson, Kasson	1 00
Total	$1,466 75

SHORT STORIES.

C. H. Murphy is an enthusiastic disciple of Izaak Walton. He would rather fish than eat, even though he didn't "get a bite," as the idiom reads. Yes; and he really seems to be glad of it. Johnny Schultz caught "Murph" on a train as he (Murph) was going out after a wagon load, more or less, of black bass, etc.

"What do you fish with?" bantered Johnny.

"Why, old man; with frogs, of course."

"Where are they?" queried Johnny, with a serious and interested look, and all this occurred on the Duluth train, it should be related, for "Murph" was going fishing at Forest Lake.

"Here they are," returned Murphy, and he exhibited a three-quart tin bucket. "There are three dozen as fine frogs as one ever baited a hook with," he pursued jubilantly, thinking of the elegant fishing he had in store for the following day. It was Saturday night, and all his copy had gone into the hands of the printer, and he was on "Easy street."

"Three dozen frogs! Great Cæsar, what do you propose to do with so many?" said Schultz jocosely and winking to the conductor.

"Do with them? Why every one of 'em is good for twenty-five pounds of bass. I'll show you when I return," and he raised his tin pail up for the envious crowd to view. "I'll make you a fair proposition," said Johnny. "I'll bet you a dollar that you haven't a dozen frogs in the pail."

"Done," cried Murphy, "that is an easy game. I saw the man put 'em up for me and I guess I ought to know."

"Put up the dollar," and both straightway placed their stakes in the hands of the conductor, who is something of a wag himself.

Murphy then resolutely picked up his pail of frogs and with a determined and confident jerk removed the cover. Instantly about a dozen frogs leaped out into the car, and a deafening roar saluted Murphy's ears. He saw the joke, and with exclamations and unparliamentary invectives quite uncomplimentary he thrust the cover back on the pail with a view of saving what few frogs he had left. The dollar was no temptation. He wanted to fish but he couldn't fish without bait.

It is hoped that the boys will not insist upon the cigars, for "Murph" has already run a heavy account at a cigar store squarring the fellows who were posted on the ludicrous event.

W. B. Aris is a hotelkeeper at Kettle Falls, Wash., and a more genial, wholesouled gentleman seldom escapes from this metropolis of the Northwest. He met Will Monroe and Denman Cologhan, both of whom have large mining and pine land interests near Kettle Falls, in St. Paul yesterday, and the compliments of the season were exchanged. Monroe owns a fortune in the Little Emma and other gold and silver mines and "Den" is scarcely less interested. It is needless to add that the amenities were of an unusual character at the meeting.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A Sad Case.

Harper's Bazar.

Trotter—Break any hearts while away on your vacation?

Foster (sadly)—Yes; one.

Trotter—Whose?

Foster—My own.

A Convert.

New York Weekly.

Mrs. Goodsoul—Did you go to the Christian Endeavor meeting?

Young Man (enthusiastically)—Yes, indeed. Yum! yum! Weren't they sweet?

No Family Pride.

Indianapolis Journal.

Choliy—I do despise a man with no family pride.

Reggy—Haw?

Cholly—Haw. There's that wich uncle of mine, faw instance. Says he cawn't see what difference it is to him whethah I weah a lawst yeah's suit or not.

Cruel Maud.

New York Truth.

Gus—What is a fellah to do when he awsked to dwink?

Maud—Take some innocent beverage that agrees with you.

Gus—What would you wecommend for me?

Maud—Did you ever try clam-juice.

SOUVENIR JOKES.

That Columbian half-dollar will be a sine qua non within five years.—Kansas City Times.

Chicago proposes to sell the 5,000,000 souvenir half-dollars for $1 each, and so get the other $2,500,000 which congress wouldn't give. Chicago was born for business, and it is no wonder the people hate to stop on Sunday.—Boston Globe.

NEW HONORS FOR CHURCH.

The Former Dakota Governor Forging to the Front in Washington.

The many friends and admirers of Gov. Louis K. Church, the chief executive of the old territory of Dakota under President Cleveland, will be glad to learn that he is meeting with great success, as well as winning honors, in his new home in Washington. The Everett News, in speaking about the late state convention of the Democracy of the Evergreen state, said:

"L. K. Church, of Everett, permanent chairman of the Democratic state convention, one of the presidential electors, Snohomish county's representative on the state central committee—a pretty fair political 'killing' for the City of Industry and the governor."

He Found Out.

Louisville Commercial.

George Mills, the sixteen-year-old son of Robert Mills, a coppersmith at Bridgeford's stove works, wondered what a dynamite cartridge was recently, and now wonders where six of his fingers are.

It seems that he found it lying in the N. N. & M. V. yards, and began picking it with a pin. It exploded and tore off six fingers, three off each hand. His forehead was also gashed considerably.

Nothing New to Learn.

Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Bingo—You ought to have heard the sermon this morning. It was about vanity in woman's dress.

Bingo (musingly)—I don't think, my dear, that the minister could give me any information on that subject.

NEW BOOKS.

"Gold Dust," by Emeline Daggett Harvey, is a pleasant, readable story, with nothing new about it either in incident or plot. Laura Bassett, a spoiled beauty, was loved and wooed by two cousins, bright young Englishmen, Robert and Allen Morton. Robert was what our Yankee brothers call a "driver," and bound to be a rich man, of coarse fiber and selfish habit, who was intent on accomplishing his ends by every means, fair or foul, and did reach the goal of his desires as a rule, let who would stand in the way. Allen, on the other hand, was the exact opposite of his cousin, and Laura loved him, as all women did, but through treachery and misrepresentation was separated from him and induced to marry his rival and cousin, Robert. Of course she repented, and, though a good wife in the outward seeming, was at heart true to her first love. After years of struggle and misery—years that take the Mortons to Chicago in time to furnish both victims and hero to those dreadful May days that the Haymarket tragedy has made historic—the lovers are reunited, as they should be in a book; for in real life how few are the lovers who "know when to come back and be forgiven."

* * *

Mabel Collins has written several readable books. "The Confessions of a Woman," "The Blossom and the Fruit" and "Lord Vanecourt's Daughter" are all from her pen. In this later book, "Suggestion," she has dipped into that fascinating but little understood subject, hypnotism, and creates a girl, Margery Hawthorn, who while being strong, sullen and clear-brained, allows her will to become subject to that of another in a game called willing and wishing. The other is the villain of story, Oliver Heriot. Oliver, having been disinherited by his father, becomes a member of the Hawthorn family, where he tries experiments in the way of subjecting Margery to his will and finds that she is completely under his control. When the old Squire Heriot dies and leaves his money all to his son Rex, who is also the betrothed of Margery, Oliver's rage is boundless, and he determines on revenge through his influence on Margery. How he succeeds the story tells. The question of hypnotism or hypnotic influence is one that has employed the thoughts of many people for years, and more so during the later years of the present century. It is a most interesting subject, and one that opens up numberless theories. If it is possible for one mind to suggest crime to another, where shall the responsibility rest? Are we free moral agents? We know that we are influenced by minds about us, but how much?

* * *

"The Song of America and Columbus, or The Story of the New World—A greeting to Columbus and Columbia, and descriptive narrative of the voyages and career of Columbus and the precursors of this great discovery, with the sequel as seen in the United States, in celebration of the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492-1892." That's the title in full of a poem written by Kinahan Cornwallis, and sent us by his publisher this week. The book begins with a greeting from Columbia to Columbus in these lines:

Columbia greets Columbus now
Across the splendid bridge of time,

and moves along in a spirited way to tell of all the wonderful cities that now greet the discoverer, who "sought Cathay and found the new world shore." Very few, if any, of the salient points of our great country have escaped being apostrophized by this poet before he sweeps into a more heroic strain that tells of the labors and wrongs of that man whose bravery and devotion brought such wonders of wealth and renown to the cowardly ruler who had not strength or courage to defend him when the storm of envy and hate broke about his devoted head and crushed his valiant heart.

* * *

Of "My Uncle Benjamin," by Claude Tillier, we will say nothing more than the translator has said in his preface: "I resurrect a buried treasure; a novel unlike any other, by an author unlike any other; a novel, as Charles Monselet says, that 'has no equivalent in the literature of this century;' a novel which, despite the pessimism with which it opens and the pathos with which it closes—yes, even in these—must take rank among the wittiest and most humorous ever written; a novel of philosophy, of progress, of reality, of humanity; a novel of the heart and of the head; a novel that is less a work of art than a work of genius—the work of an obscure genius, a child of the French Revolution, who lived and died early in the nineteenth century and will be famous early in the twentieth."

* * *

"A Survival of the Fittest" by Louis Bond Mason and Norman Elliot, is a title which has really no connection with the clever story it presents. The book is another one of that end-of-the-century school whose object is to prove the rottenness of society. The heroine to save the reputation of a friend who has died five minutes before, takes upon herself the shame of an intimacy the dead woman had had with a married man. Society, of course, turns against the self-confessed sinner, and she is driven into an elopement with the married lover of her friend. The story is interesting, and the heroism of the girl undoubted, but one cannot but deplore such stories. If society be really so immoral, it is a matter for something graver than light fiction. The conversations in the book are admirably done.

Books Received.

"Suggestion," by Mabel Collins. Lovel, Lestefeld & Co., New York.

"Nanon," by Alexander Dumas. The Lotus Publishing Company, Chicago.

"The Song of America and Columbus," by Kinahan Cornwallis. Published at the office of the Daily Investigator, New York.

"Gold Dust," by Emeline Dagget Harvey. The Lotus Publishing Company, Chicago.

"My Uncle Benjamin," by Claude Tillier. The Price-McGill Company, St. Paul.

"A Survival of the Fittest," by Louis Bond Mason and Norman Elliot. The Nile Publishing Company, Chicago.

Magazines Received.

Two Tales. Two Tales Publishing Company, Boston.

Harper's Young People. Harper & Bros., New York.

Short Stories. Current Literature Publishing Company, New York.

Doubly Sad.

Boston Globe.

First came the sad news that Senator Hoar was going to resign, and then the still sadder news that he wasn't.

NANCY IN RHYME.

JUST PLAIN NANCY.

It isn't Marguerite or Maud,
Blanche, Estelle or Elinor;
It isn't Grace or Arabelle,
Diana, Lois or Isadore;
It isn't Louise or Violet,
Or such cognomen fancy.
In fact, it is homely Hanks,
Hitched onto just plain Nancy.
—Buffalo Express.

OFF HATS.

Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name
So fills the nasal trump of fame,
Now doffs his cap, with cordial thanks,
To the proud name of Nancy Hanks.
—Boston Herald.

NANCY TO MAUD S.

You've had your dazzling day, my dear,
O Maud, you bonniest girl of Bonner,
But still I pass you with a tear,
Indeed I do, upon my honor;
I'm first at last, but to the end,
I'll ever be your fast, fast friend!

Henceforth in every equine set
The queen of queens will I be reckoned,
And yet—don't answer neigh—and yet
You are an unexampled second;
Cheer up, 'twould vex me sore indeed
To learn that you were off your feed.

"Time flies"—you've heard the proverb, dear?
But after this I rather fancy
You will not tempus fugit hear,
But always simply, fugit Nancy—
I'm sure you'll think me vain and silly,
A feather-headed little filly.
—New York Tribune.

YARDS OF DEFENSE.

Republican Papers Furnished as High as Five Columns of "Plate" Per Week.

Much of It a Lame Defense of Nelson's Peculiar Railroad Record.

Senator Tawney's Managers Also Furnish Left-Handed Ammunition.

Duluth Republicans Resent Persecution of Hammons and Hawkins.

A LIE NAILED.
The Story that Knute Nelson Is a Railroad Attorney Shown False.
Instead of Serving the Corporations He Has Served and Is Serving the Settlers.
James A. Tawney a Servant of the People—Not a Railroad Attorney.

A SAD TARIFF LESSON.
Tariff for Revenue Only Sapped Norway's Strength and Ruined Her Industries.
The Heavy Burdens of Taxation Fell Upon Her Common People and Crushed Them.
Tariff for Revenue Only Will Bring the Same Calamity Upon American People.

The Republican managers are dealing very extensively in what is known as "plate matter" these days. Their various candidates, from governor down, seem to require so much defensive literature that it was found to be much cheaper to manufacture it on a large scale in St. Paul than to pay the expense that would be incurred in the various local offices throughout the state. Besides, no local Republican paper, however faithful it might be to the party, could be expected to "set up" and publish in one week two columns of a defense of Nelson's railroad record, two more of his tariff record, and in addition to these four columns another one denying that Senator Tawney, the congressional candidate in the First district, has been a railroad attorney and always a corporation man.

The quotations at the beginning of this article are the heads clipped from five columns of plate matter that has been running in the local Republican papers in the First district. The Nelson matter has appeared in all parts of the state. The article on "A Sad Tariff Lesson" is from the pen of Nicolay Grevstad, who has in the past been pointing to the success of a revenue tariff in Norway. This time he was hired to take the other side, and the poor fellow tried his best, but that he did not succeed very well the following excerpt from his two columns of "plate" will show:

"The new policy was inaugurated under favorable auspices, and for a time all went well. There was a steady and increasing foreign demand for lumber and fish products; imports increased enormously, and business flourished. The source of all this apparent prosperity was the phenomenal growth of Norwegian shipping. Containing a population of less than 2,000,000 people, Norway in a few years attained the rank of the third maritime power in the world. Her flag floated over all the seas, and the net income of her ocean carrying trade, some $25,000,000 annually, was sufficient to cover the large difference of value between imports and exports, and thus keep the balance of trade even. Free trade was worshiped as the mother of the new activity, and what appeared to be a rapid accumulation of wealth."

Of course the flag of Norway floated over all the seas under this policy, Mr. Grevstad, and if you will pick up a paper published in any seaport town of consequence in the United States, you will see there chronicled the arrival or departure of a Norwegian bark or two.

Half the lumber export trade of the Pacific Northwest is carried in Norwegian vessels.

And in the face of all this, Mr. Grevstad would attempt to deceive his countrymen in Minnesota by telling them that after fifteen years of prosperity there came a period of depression, which he hints was brought about by free trade. Mr. Grevstad knows that his countrymen are lovers of liberty in every walk of life, and, knowing of the success of tariff reduction in Norway, are naturally inclined to favor it here.

But Mr. Grevstad has the supreme nerve to tell his fellow countrymen that while he knows they have heard of the fifteen years of prosperity he thinks he is the only one who has heard of the depression, and it is therefore his duty to instruct the Norwegian citizens of the state how to vote. Mr. Grevstad's nerve is clearly exhibited in the following paragraph:

"A majority of the Norwegian-born citizens of Minnesota and neighboring states have come to this country since then. To them the picture outlined above will be very familiar. They left Norway as free traders, and many of them have probably remained free traders ever since. Some possibly never dreamt that free trade had anything whatever to do with their coming to America. But if they look back upon the conditions in their old homes in the light of their wider experience, they cannot fail to perceive that Norway's tariff for revenue only was the main source of the evils from which they fled."

And so the defensive fight of the Republicans is carried on. The people, however, know where this "plate matter" comes from—they know that it is all paid for by the Republican leaders, and they can be buncoed no longer.

ABUSE NOT ARGUMENT.

A Republican Protest Against an Organ's Malice.

The silly and malicious attacks of the morning Republican organ of this city upon Hon. H. H. Hawkins, the Democratic nominee for lieutenant governor, and Judge Weston Hammons, the well known Duluth Republican leader, have disgusted the Republicans of St. Louis county. Both of these gentlemen stand well in their home districts, where they are known. The Duluth Tribune, a Republican paper, was willing to say nothing as long as the war was directed against Mr. Hawkins, but when the organ attempted to discredit Judge Hammons the Tribune entered a vigorous editorial protest. It follows:

Several days ago Judge Hammons, of this city, was interviewed by the St. Paul GLOBE in reference to the standing of Capt. H. H. Hawkins, the Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor. Among other things the judge said:

"While I am a Republican, and expect to work and vote for the straight Republican ticket, I must say that it appears to me a most unfair attempt has been made to bias the public mind against Hon. H. H. Hawkins, the Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor. I have been acquainted with Mr. Hawkins for some fifteen years, and in my professional capacity have had frequent occasion to examine the records of his official services while filling several important positions in Carlton county."

In yesterday's issue the Pioneer Press seeks to destroy the force of Judge Hammons' remarks by saying under a Duluth date line that Weston Hammons, a life-long Democrat, posing as a leading Republican of St. Louis county, is a very amusing incident to say the least. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde seems a common every-day joke to this pretty game of hide and seek on the part of the learned exponent of Blackstone, who came to the Zenith City about four years ago, and who in the last three months has been hauled into politics by a certain clique of politicians.

If Judge Hammons is not a leading Republican of Duluth, there are no leading Republicans anywhere. It is true that that gentleman was a lifelong Democrat until four years ago, when he renounced all allegiance to the Democratic party. Since 1888 Judge Hammons has been a consistent, earnest Republican, who has done yeoman service for his party through the public press and on the stump. There was no more effective advocate of the principles of the Republican party and a protective tariff in the field four years ago than he. Two years ago in St. Louis county, when some of the alleged leading Republicans of Duluth refused to take the stump for the party, Judge Hammons was at the forefront of the battle under the auspices and direction of the Republican committee. Last June Judge Hammons was elected a delegate to the Sixth district Republican congressional convention as a Republican, and not as a Democrat, any statement to the contrary being absolutely without foundation. The reflections contained in the Pioneer Press upon Judge Hammon's Republicanism are certainly not in line with the facts in the case, and seem to be inspired by malice.

The policy of denouncing Capt. Hawkins will result in making votes for him among Republicans in this section. Abuse is not argument, and by letting the Democratic nominee for lieutenant governor alone he will sink into oblivion on the 8th of November with the remainder of the Democratic state ticket.

HE IS THE RIGHT MAN.

Strong Indorsement of the Democratic Nominee for State Treasurer.

Hon. Joseph Leicht, of Winona, the next treasurer of this state, dropped into the lively Democratic city of Red Lake Falls the other day, and shook hands with his numerous friends in that portion of Polk county. The Gazette of that city paid him the following compliment:

"Joseph Leicht, the brilliant editor of Die Westliche Herold, of Winona, was in the city yesterday, interviewing his many friends. Mr. Leicht is the Democratic nominee for state treasurer—and we will say right here that his election would be a godsend to this state. He is, personally, the people's candidate for the honorable position. We may have occasion to speak more lengthily of Mr. Leicht before the campaign closes, but can assure the voters that they will consult their own interests by supporting the common people's candidate for state treasurer."

THE BATTLE TEST.

It Makes or Unmakes the Reputations Earned at Home.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"You cannot always tell by a man's record in civil life whether or not he will make a good soldier," said Col. Harry E. Goodenough at the Laclede.

"In my regiment during the Civil war were several of my old schoolmates, and I watched their conduct in the several trying positions in which they were placed with considerable interest. There was one young fellow who always showed the white feather in the little scrimmages at school. A boy half his size could bluff him, and he seemed to have a moral dread of getting hurt. We nicknamed him 'Sissy,' yet that same fellow was always the first and foremost in a charge, was brave even to recklessness, and earned a lieutenant's commission for gallantry in the first battle in which he participated. During the first day's fighting at Shiloh his left arm was shattered by a grapeshot. He went to the rear, had the wound bandaged, came back and stayed at the front.

"Another schoolmate, who was popularly supposed to be the embodiment of physical courage, always required a sergeant's bayonet behind him to hold him in the ranks. He would flunk at the first fire. The whistle of the bullet reduced him to a state of terror that was pitiable. During a skirmish I once found him crouching behind a log, his teeth chattering as with the ague. I ordered him to the front, and he got on his knees and begged me not to send him there to be murdered. Yet he had thrashed me a dozen times when we were boys. He would have fought Heenan with bare knuckles and gloried in it, even if he knew he would be whipped.

"The first came out of the war a one-armed major with a record for heroic courage; the latter was drummed out of the army for arrant cowardice. Yet both were brave men, and both were cowards in a way. It requires a different kind of courage to face grape and canister from that required to stand up in a prize ring and fight to a finish. Some men may have both, but I think the combination a rare one. I have seen many a soldier of proved courage in battle weaken before bare knuckles. I have seen many a bruiser try to run his nose into the ground when the flames leaped from the hostile battery."

THE LIGHT OF THE FUTURE.

The Phosphorescent Glow to Replace the Incandescent Lamp.

St. Louis Republic.

It seems hard to believe that in a very few years the incandescent lamp, which we now regard as, in many respects, an almost perfect light, will be regarded as a crude makeshift, which mankind availed itself of while science stood on the threshold of the discovery of the perfect luminant. Mr. Tesla has shown in his experiments an ideal form of electric lighting which would transcend in luxury and convenience, our present system of electric lighting by incandescent lamps, as far as the latter transcends the old lamps and tallow dips used by our near ancestors.

Every drawing room would become an electric field in a continual state of rapidly alternating stress, in which the occupants would live, experiencing no unpleasant effect whatever, while vacuous tubes or phosphorescent globes and tubes, without care or attention, would shed a soft, diffuse light, of color and intensity arranged to suit the most luxurious fancy.

Mr. Tesla's watchword is that the phosphorescent glow is the light of the future; he hints at artificial auroræ spreading from the summits of towers of hitherto undreamt-of height, and he has, at all events, got as far as producing in the air at atmospheric pressure a glowing plane bounded by two rings about a foot and thirty inches in diameter, respectively. Whether all his visions will be realized remains to be proved; there is no doubt that they are guiding him aright.

High-Toned Churches.

Mrs. Hardshell—I guess there's more sleepin' than worshipin' done in them high-toned churches nowadays.

Mr. Hardshell—How's that, my dear?

Mrs. Hardshell—Why, only the other day I heard Rev. Mr. Surplice talkin' about the pillars of his church. They'll have mattresses next.

Ecstatic Idiocy.

New York Recorder.

A St. Louis man describes the honeymoon as "that state of ecstatic idiocy that will cause a supreme court judge to shin up a shellbark hickory in his bathing suit to harvest a hornets' nest for his innocent tootsie wootsie."

THE BEAUTIFUL LIE.

There is pleasure in wet, wet clay
When the artist's hand is potting it;
There is pleasure in the wet, wet lay
When the poet's pad is blotting it;
There is pleasure in the shine of your picture on the line
At the Royal Acade-my;
But the pleasure felt in these is as chalk to cheddar cheese
When it comes to a well-made Lie,
To a quite unwreckable Lie,
To a most impeccable Lie!
Not a water-tight, fire-proof, angle-iron, sunk-hinge, time-lock, steel-faced Lie!
Not a private hansom Lie,
But a pair and brougham Lie!
Not a little place at Tooting, but a country house, with shooting and a shooting and a ring-fence, deer-park Lie!
—Rudyard Kipling's Latest.

MARRIAGE OR MURDER

The Diabolical Scheme of a Manchester Fiend and His Accomplice.

Matches Made for Spinsters on the Payment of a Sum of Money.

A Miss Prescott Is Given a Bottle Containing a Poisonous Liquid.

She Tells Her Story in London, and the Rascal Is Quickly Arrested.

LONDON, Sept. 18.—Manchester people are engrossed with the criminal record of James Thompson, who, with an accomplice, has been conducting a matrimonial and murder bureau in this city. Thompson is young and handsome, and his wife, who is devoted to him, is also very handsome. She apparently knew nothing of her husband's character until enlightened by detectives. He introduced himself to Miss Lucille A. Prescott, a middle-aged spinster, as a professional man who had a friend anxious to marry a woman of her years and fortune. He said that he had married off several of his friends to women of her social standing, and that the matches had proved uniformly happy. He gained great influence over Miss Prescott and induced her to sacrifice most of her wealth that she marry one of the man's friends, supposed to be Roberts, by giving Thompson money enough to fix the marriage. After getting the money, Thompson persuaded Miss Prescott to go to a small town in the Isle of Man to meet Roberts. No Roberts was there and Miss Prescott returned to Manchester. Thompson told her that Roberts had been unavoidably detained in London, and she must go there at once to meet him. As there was cholera in the city, he said, she must take medicine as soon as she got there. He gave her a bottle containing a poisonous liquid, mostly chloroform, which he told her she must drink immediately upon her arrival. Miss Prescott came to London, drank the mixture at the railway station and all but died. She told her story at the police station after she had recovered sufficiently, and, upon this information being telegraphed to Manchester, Thompson was arrested. Yesterday he was arraigned for fraud and attempted murder and was remanded. Manchester detectives believe that he is responsible for the disappearance of several other women from the city within the last two years.

BILLY'S HORSE FELL.

Germany's Emperor Thrown During Cavalry Maneuvers.

BERLIN, Sept. 18.—Emperor William was thrown from his horse during the maneuvers near Amklam Saturday and narrowly escaped being crushed by the horses. The emperor was accompanied by his war minister and by several members of the grand general staff. He was riding at a gallop through a field covered with high grass, endeavoring to keep in view a cavalry charge some distance ahead. With his well arm he held a field glass, while his other arm hung helpless on the saddle. His horse stumbled on the edge of a ditch, concealed by the grass, and before the emperor could grasp the reins, bowled over. The emperor was shot over the horse's head. The horse scrambled up, bounded directly over the emperor and bolted. The emperor rose before the members of his staff could dismount to him. His coat was rent and his uniform was stained, but he had neither bruise nor scratch. He ridiculed the anxiety of his staff, and refused to take any one of the proffered horses. When his own was caught he mounted, and proceeded to discharge his duty as one of the empire.

A HOME-RULE CLOUD.

One Seems to Be Rising Among the Sons of Erin.

DUBLIN, Sept. 18.—At a meeting held in Limerick today a resolution was passed urging the government to release Daly and the other Irish-Americans now imprisoned in English jails for political offenses. The McCarthyite members of the house of commons and the mayor of Limerick declined to attend the meeting. Michael Davitt wrote to the committee on arrangements that he would not take part in the proceedings owing to insulting statements that had been made about him by several participators in the meeting. Mr. Redmond, who was one of the speakers at the meeting, hotly denounced the refusal of the McCarthyites to attend. If Mr. Dillon had the private assurance of Mr. Gladstone that the prisoners would be released, he challenged him to say so. The Independents would continue, he said, to hold aloof, and would accept no home-rule measure as satisfactory unless it provided for the release of the prisoners for whose freedom they sought.

Arabs Surround Emin.

BERLIN, Sept. 18.—Dr. Stuhlman, writing from Taboara, repeats that Emin Pasha is within the power of the Arabs at the south end of Albert Edward Nyanza waiting for assistance to escape. The Arab revolt in the Congo state is spreading to Germany.

The Gilbert Islands.

BERLIN, Sept. 19.—The North German Gazette, with reference to the claims of German papers that the Gilbert islands are within German jurisdiction, reprints an agreement entered into in May, 1886, by Count Herbert Bismarck, the then German foreign secretary, and Sir E. Malet, the British ambassador, in which the islands were defined as within the British sphere of influence.

Fatal Street Fight.

BUDA-PESTH, Sept. 18.—A fatal fight arising from the Kossuth fetes occurred in one of the streets of this city today. One person—a woman—was killed and several others were injured.

Russian Conspirators.

BERLIN, Sept. 18.—Ten Russians have been arrested here as revolutionary conspirators, and will probably be expelled out of Germany.

Tottenham Muffins.

One quart of flour, three eggs, one gill of yeast, a tablespoonful of butter, salt to taste, milk sufficient to form a batter. Place the butter near the fire where it may dissolve, but not get hot. Beat the eggs till they are thick, add them to the flour, with as much milk as will make a thick batter; stir in the melted butter and salt; lastly, a gill of yeast. Bake in muffin hoops.

Variety Is the Spice of Life.

Texas Siftings.

Mrs. T.—"So you are going to sue for divorce!"

Mrs. S.—"Yes."

"Husband unfaithful, or is it incompatibility of temper?"

"It is neither. I am simply tired of writing my name the same way. I want a new one.