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BY LEWIS BAKER.

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TODAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 8.—For Minnesota, North and South Dakota, and Iowa: Fair; slightly warmer; south winds. For Wisconsin: Fair, warmer; winds becoming south. For Montana: Generally fair; variable winds.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WEATHER BUREAU, WASHINGTON, Nov. 8, 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.....	30.52	20	Miles City...	30.24	36
Duluth......	30.42	24	Helena......	30.28	36
La Crosse...	30.50	24	Ft. Sully....	.....	....
Huron.......	30.38	28	Minnedosa..	30.16	14
Moorhead...	30.42	12	Calgary....	30.20	34
St. Vincent..	30.36	14	Qu'Appelle.	30.14	46
Bismarck .	30.24	26	Winnipeg...	30.74	14
Ft. Buford..	30.24	30	Med'e Hat...	30.24	30

P. F. LYONS, Local Forecast Official.

WHERE THEY ARE "AT."

Where now is greedy monopoly?

Where now is blood-sucking plutocracy?

Where is CARNEGIE with his Pinkertons?

Where is FRICK with his quarter-million corruption fund?

Where are Father-in-Law MILLS and is check book?

Where is EGAN with his rotten record?

Where is RAUM with his stench of pension corruption?

Where is that holy hypocrite, JOHN WANAMAKER, arch-boodle raiser?

Where is QUAY and where is DUDLEY?

Where is DAVENPORT and where is MARTIN?

Where are they all "at," this fine November morning?

Soup.

TAMMANY.

Well done, Tammany. You have silenced the slanderous tongues which accused you of self-seeking at the sacrifice of the grand principles of national Democracy. Your first choice was turned down at Chicago, and in revenge you have turned down the Republican party in New York and the nation. It is a revenge gloriously worthy of the greatest of all political organizations. The country, redeemed from the rule of greedy monopoly, salutes and thanks you.

EXIT HARRISON.

Mr. HARRISON will retire from the presidency on the 4th day of next March, regretted only by a few placeholders. He is not a popular man, nor has he proved to be a safe man to whom to entrust great responsibilities. He has used the federal patronage to further the ends of his personal ambition. He has done this to a greater extent than any previous president, and his unscrupulousness in this regard has had the effect of undoing much of the grand work of GROVER CLEVELAND in behalf of civil service reform. Aside from this abuse of the appointing power Mr. HARRISON has made a fairly honest president. He has acted up to his lights, but his lights are dim. He is a man of mediocre ability, and this mediocrity has been disastrous to the country. It prevented Mr. HARRISON from realizing that the country was already suffering from too much tariff taxation in behalf of a few favored interests, and so the infamous MCKINLEY bill was sponsored by his administration. He was, moreover, unable to realize that the country is not (and, praise God! never will be) in a temper to tolerate federal bayonets at its voting booths; and in his foreign policy also Mr. HARRISON exhibited incapability, which, in the case of Chili, at least, came near involving this country in a dishonorable war.

He was nominated four years ago as a makeshift; he was renominated this year by his own appointees. He was never the right man for president, and his most distinguished service to his country, barring his honorable war record, will be his retirement from the presidency next March.

DAVID B. HILL.

In the glory of today DAVID B. HILL must have a liberal share. He has silenced his slanderers, confounded his calumniators. He is a Democrat of Democrats, and he has again earned the gratitude of his party. For four years he has rested under the utterly unjust accuisation of treachery toward the Democratic national ticket in 1888. This has been his opportunity to refute this persistent aspersion on his party loyalty, and he has done it grandly, completely. He was an honorable aspirant for the presidential nomination at Chicago, but he bowed to the will of the convention, and from that day until the glorious triumph of yesterday GROVER CLEVELAND has had no more loyal, earnest and tireless supporter in the entire country than DAVID B. HILL.

Honor where honor is due. DAVID B. HILL did not lose New York for CLEVELAND in 1888, nor did he alone win it for him yesterday. But he did his utmost to elect CLEVELAND in 1888 and again this year; and DAVID B. HILL'S utmost is a good deal.

THE CAMPAIGN.

The campaign which culminated yesterday was one of the quietest in the history of the country. It was essentially a campaign of education. Bluster and hurrah were not lacking, to be sure, but they were conspicuous by their scarcity in comparison with previous campaigns.

Logic. not sentiment, was the ruling factor in determining results. The issues were placed before the people exhaustively, but with little bitterness or personal feeling, and, as a jury sworn to its duty of returning a verdict in accordance with the evidence and unaffected by prejudice, the great body of voters proceeded to its task of determining what shall be the economic policy of this country during the next four years.

Such a campaign furnishes a very gratifying indication of progress in popular intelligence. When shouting gives way to thinking, when hurrah gives way to reason in affairs political, the country may be accounted safe, no matter what the face of the returns shows. Danger lurks in the emotional excitement which sometimes seizes nations, as well as individuals. The thoughtful campaign is a national blessing. Let us hope that it has come to stay.

THE ELECTION.

The GLOBE greets its readers this morning with tidings which are not only profoundly gratifying to the Democracy, but which will also be received with satisfaction by a large part of the men who supported BENJAMIN HARRISON in the contest just ended. The campaign of 1892 will be a memorable one in the history of the country, both because of the method in which it was fought and because of the result which has crowned it. The return of these national battles, once in four years, has heretofore been regarded with apprehension by our business interests, because they have been accompanied by demonstrations and disturbances which have allured our people from their ordinary pursuits and have disordered and confused the channels of regular and peaceful trade. Intense feelings of an ugly and portentous complexion have been excited, and, instead of a strife over opposing economic principles, the land has been devastated and its fair fame sullied by a wild carnival of bitter personalities, and by a reign of corruption and passion appalling to contemplate.

The year 1888 marked the beginning of a change in these tactics, and the year 1892 has witnessed their complete abandonment. Our citizens have continued to buy and sell during the past summer and fall as though the presidency were not at stake. The drum and the fife have been but seldom heard on the streets. The argument by firecrackers and Roman candles has been but little resorted to. Fathers and mothers have not had to dread the entrance of the daily papers into their homes lest they stain the minds of young children with a putrescent mass of foul scandals and outrageous charges. From the beginning to the close courtesy, fair dealing and mutual consideration have characterized the conduct of the two candidates, and the appeal has been made to voters' reason rather than to their baser emotions.

So unusual has all this been that even the politicians have been deceived into mistaking earnest and silent thought for indifference and apathy. It has been hard to realize that men could form deep convictions without the artificial stimulus of cheers and martial music, and until the news from many battle-fields began to come over the wires last night no one was prophet enough to predict the outcome with any confidence. Now, however, it is known, and it is a proud vindication of the virtue of popular institutions honestly operated. GROVER CLEVELAND has been elected by an overwhelming majority in the electoral college, and the principles which he represents and embodies have triumphed gloriously. At such a result the patriotic renew their pledges of faith in the efficacy of the ballot as an arbiter of governmental problems, and the capacity of the people to direct their own destiny is established by evidence too conclusive to leave room for dispute.

There was one paramount issue before the country in this campaign, and GROVER CLEVELAND, with an unparalleled exhibition of courage, had placed it there in his famous message of 1887. This issue was whether the taxing power of the central government should be diverted from its legitimate object of raising revenue for the government's support to be an instrument for the pecuniary favoritism of individuals and classes. The consolidated wealth of the United States answered this inquiry in the affirmative, and so great was its strength that four years ago it achieved the defeat of the Democratic leader who assailed the justice of its position. If, as some thinkers have contended, no reliance is to be placed on popular intelligence and purity, the verdict would be the same as often as the question was asked. But GROVER CLEVELAND and the Democracy did not think thus meanly of the people. They believed that if they could be brought by calm appeals to their reason and their better feelings to understand how enormous a crime protection was, the gigantic resources of selfishness and greedy riches would not avail to maintain the shackles which had been forged about our industrial life.

The event has proved that GROVER CLEVELAND and the Democracy were right. In the verdict of yesterday McKinleyism met its death, and the theory that high taxes are the road to prosperity has received a rebuke from which it will never recover. Had the result been anything different, the institutions for which our forefathers gave the blood from their veins might well have been despaired of. Nothing could have arrested our progress to a condition analogous to that of old world society. A dominant and favored class of monopolists would have guided the machinery of government for their own aggrandizement, and the bulk of our people would as serfs have toiled to enrich their taskmasters. This dismal fate has been averted, and the doctrine of equal rights for all and special privileges for none has been written in deeper colors into our national bill of rights. We have emerged from a grand battle for human liberty and the truth has carried the day. The captain who bore freedom's standard aloft manfully and unflinchingly even in the hour of route and disaster, now stands on the hill top, and every battery of the enemy is silenced. With JOHN HAMPDEN, who defiantly denied the right of a ring to impose unjust taxes on his subjects.

With JOHN HANCOCK and THOMAS JEFFERSON, who declared the colonie's independence of a monarch who would thwart the natural development by the perversion of the taxing power. With ABRAHAM LINCOLN who died in defense of the principle that every man, no matter how humble, is entitled to the fruit of his own labor for his own benefit—with these great leaders in the human race's war for equality, is enrolled the name of Grover Cleveland, elected president of the United States on a platform which says that protection is a fraud and the Republican tariff is a robbery.

MINNESOTA.

At this writing, 3 a. m., returns from Minnesota are so incomplete as to leave the state still in doubt. The four fusion electors will unquestionably have a handsome majority, and it seems equally well assured that the Republicans will not have a majority in the next legislature.

DANIEL W. LAWLER's magnificent canvass has borne good fruit, and the gallant young leader has everywhere made inroads into the Republican strength. We are not without hopes that he is elected by a safe plurality, but the contest is so close that only the complete returns can determine the result.

ILLINOIS.

The GLOBE has repeatedly predicted Democratic success in Illinois. It asserted directly after the Chicago convention that Illinois would be found in the Democratic column in November. It persisted in its faith in this result even in the face of the New York Press' discouraging rejoinder that the prediction was "an iridescent dream of idiotic Democracy." And as recently as yesterday morning the GLOBE said: "Keep your eye on Illinois. It represents one of the surprises the awakening West will spring on the moribund g. o. p. tomorrow."

The surprise has been sprung.

Illinois is Democratic according to the most complete information received up to the hour of going to press.

The "iridescent dream" has developed into a glorious reality.

The "idiotic Democracy" pleads happily guilty to the "idiocy" which can dream such dreams and accomplish their realization.

And the GLOBE wears its honors as a prophet blushingly.

THE MAN OF DESTINY.

GROVER CLEVELAND is the man of destiny.

He is the first man to run thrice for the presidency and be twice elected.

He is the first ex-president to become a president-elect.

He is the strongest, most courageous, ablest and most strictly honorable and conscientious president the country has had since JACKSON, with the single possible exception of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

REPUDIATED AND REBUKED.

McKinleyism; the force bill; bread and butter politics; civil service abuse; pension frauds; billion-dollar extravagance; jingo foreign policy; nepotism—these are a few of the products of Republican misrule that were overwhelmingly repudiated and rebuked at the polls yesterday.

The American people can always be trusted to correct abuses in its government.

A LANDSLIDE.

And Illinois.

And Indiana.

And Connecticut.

And New Jersey.

And New York—yes, of course, New York. That was expected.

But Illinois!

And Connecticut!

And HARRISON's own state!

It is a landslide.

* * *

Judge COX and Judge COOLEY,
Judge GRESHAM, Judge REA,
Judge BUNN and MCCULLOCH
And SCHURZ and MACVEAGH,
How are you, gentlemen,
Feeling today,
With the woods full of "floppers"
That followed your way?

* * *

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumphed; His people are free.

And the curse of McKinleyism shall be lifted from them.

* * *

WE'VE had enough of grandfather's hat,
Likewise of Baby MCKEE;
So the country has just got up and sat
Down hard on the dynastee.

* * *

FATHER-IN-LAW MILLS still has the stub-ends of his check-book, and likewise some very serious stub-ends of thought.

* * *

AS THE GLOBE before remarked, New York by a scratch is good enough, when the scratch is a tiger scratch.

* * *

IF JUDGE COBB, of Alabama, knows where he is at this morning, there is really nothing more to ask.

* * *

THE GLOBE's compliments and congratulations to Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE.

* * *

IT IS the triumph of brains and character over greed and corruption.

* * *

THE nation salutes GROVER CLEVELAND, its president-elect.

* * *

MONOPOLY is knocked out, and Democracy wears the belt.

* * *

UNHAPPY g. o. p.; repudiated, discredited, kicked out.

* * *

POOR old elephant!

THE SPEAKERS' FUND.

Previously acknowledged	$2,457 40
A friend of the cause	2 00
W. R., St. Paul	1 00
Total	$2,460 40

One acknowledgment of $10 in September should have been credited to Hon. J. M. Spicer, of Willmar.

If you want to know who is elected President, Governor, Member of Congress or any of the local offices, buy the 10:30 edition of the Daily Globe.

Theatrical Note.

Truth.

"Are theatrical people religious?"

"Some are. They say the members of Mr. Daly's company are all under contract to say: 'Give us this day our Daly bread.'"

Cautious.

Truth.

There is a young man in Chicago so careful that in calling he always knocks, for fear that if he came with a ring she might consider it a proposal.

His Peculiarity.

Life.

She (doubtingly)—You say you are peculiar. What, pray, is your peculiarity?

He—Mabel, I am the only man in the world who ever loved you as much as I do.

WALES AT THE PLAY.

How the Future King of England Takes in the "Show."

He Expressly Forbids Any Demonstration in His Honor.

He Is Very Democratic in His Entrances and Exits,

And He Baffles Managerial Efforts to Fence Him Off.

Recently a reporter for the London Morning had a conversation with "a certain gentleman who has for years been connected with arranging the visits of the Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family to the theater." The informant said, among other things:

The royal box is booked in the usual way of business, and charged to the Marlborough house account. The price is not increased from the ordinary library tariff, and the stories about a nominal price or a larger one being paid by royalty only exist in the imagination of the papers who invent such taradiddles. Sometimes it happens that a box cannot be got at the particular theater decided upon. When this is the case, it is put nicely to the party who has booked the royal box if they could see their way to obliging his royal highness, and the result is of course invariably in the affirmative. The prince, however, is very reluctant to have this done, and always wishes that the party obliging shall be as little inconvenienced as possible, so much so that when told that the box had been conceded he generally remarks:

"Why did you disturb anybody on my account? I could have come here another evening. Please see that they are thanked in my name."

"Has there ever been a refusal?"

"Well, yes, once or twice, but it has always been done graciously. In that case a representation is made to his royal highness, and they try for a box at another theater. When he goes to a theater it is his earnestly expressed desire to be treated exactly the same as one of the ordinary audience. Little displays of flowers, bouquets, satin programmes, etc., are all very nice, but the prince does not care for them, and would much rather do without them. Another thing which annoys him is that he should be drawn attention to by the performance on his arrival of the "National Anthem," or "God Bless the Prince of Wales." As he said on one occasion, "Why must the amusement of every member of this audience be disturbed for my sake?" This was at the Olympic theater during the run of "Fun on the Bristol." As soon as the royal box became occupied everybody was astonished to see the orchestra suddenly stand up in the middle of the performance and begin playing "God Bless the Prince of Wales." Of course the whole house rose en masse, every eye was directed to the royal box, and the applause was deafening. The prince immediately left the box and demanded an explanation. Mr. Jarratt arrived and explained that it was only the overzealousness of a too patriotic band conductor. This concluded the incident, but it was accepted as a precedent and the same intimated to the managers generally.

A Tunnel for the Prince.

The prince had never visited the Empire theater in its old opera days. It was represented to him that he would be pleased with "The Lady of the Locket," then running at the house. It was written by the son of an American judge, Willie Fullerton. The management assumed that the prince would not care to pass through the general public to the royal box, and actually built a wooden baize-lined tunnel from the Leicester square entrance to the stage box. At the end of the entr'acte, when some of the party returned to the royal box, they found it empty, ond could not for the moment account for the fact. What was their surprise to find his royal highness walking round admiring the beauties of, at that time, London's latest opera house, slowly strolling along with the rest of the audience, oblivious of royal dignity, wooden tunnels and other managerial precautions! In fact, a consideration for the comfort of the audience seems to occupy the mind of his royal highness much more than his own amusement. At one time managers used to keep the curtain down until the royal party arrived. This, of course, caused shouting and stamping among the popular parts, who were ignorant of the real facts of the case. The prince heard some of this once and was so annoyed that he gave orders that on no account—were he ever late—was the curtain to be kept down beyond the advertised time. "These people," he once remarked, "have to catch their 'busses and trains, and in order to do so they depend on the performance beginning, and have a right to expect its doing so at the advertised time, so in future please see that their arrangements are not upset for me." Then again, you will always notice that he waits till the final curtain has descended before rising to leave. This is his invariable rule, so much so that I have known him to sit out the entire harlequinade of a Drury lane pantomime. There are three or four theaters only where he ever breaks this rule. They are those houses which have no royal entrance, and here the prince anticipates the final curtain by two or three minutes so that his departure will not disturb the carriage traffic of the remainder of the audience.

Value of a Royal Visit.

Immediately the prince is announced to have visited a theater the booking rises, barometer-like, to a good heat. This is in reference to the booking public, but beyond this I may tell you that when his royal highness likes a play he invariably recommends it to all his friends. In many other ways the prince is always thinking of the drama. Whenever he sees a benefit announced for some well-known artist who has often ministered to his amusement, or some poor player who has fallen on bad times, he immediately puts his name down for stalls or boxes to a substantial amount. The police arrangements are very simple, and are generally in the hands of one particular officer attached to Marlborough house. There are always one or two constables to assist, but their duty is more to protect the little crowd of women and children who crowd round and follow the aide-de-camp's carriage, which goes first. When any one of the young princesses goes to the theater, or on wet nights, we have an awning put up and carpeting laid, but, except for these reasons, we never trouble about the matter. I remember a rather good story about an awning and the prince, which occurred at Yarmouth some years ago. His royal highness was on a visit to Lord Suffield to open the new town hall, and a "Mascotte" company was doing very poor business at the local theater. Suddenly a rumor was floated that the prince would patronize the performance of the Friday night. A semblance of truth was given to the rumor by the manager ordering an awning to be erected on the Wednesday. By Friday morning every seat had been booked, but, of course, no royalty arrived, never having intended to do so.

She Doted upon [illegible] Very Absence.

Life.

Rector's Wife (to young Mrs. Montague Brown)—What! Your husband has gone to town and left you again for another week! A nice way to treat you! I thought you said he was so charming.

Mrs. M. B.—So I did, and is not that his greatest charm?

NEW BOOKS.

"Roland Graeme, Knight." Agnes Maule Machar; Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.—It is unfortunate that, while there are so many seers, prophets and poets of woe, there are also some clear-headed, sunny-hearted people who can see that the world is out of joint without despair of its being set right. Miss Machar is evidently one of these. She has a story to tell—and charmingly well she tells it—which shows how bravely and blithely many human hearts are responding to the throb of brotherly sympathy, and breaking down obstacles, both outward and inward, in determination to help their fellows. In developing this theme Miss Machar deftly makes occasion to portray a variety of interesting characters, and shows her skill at the very outset by a scene between two of the principal personages—the æsthetic and rhetorical clergyman, Rev. Cecil Chillingworth, and her hero, Roland Graeme, the knightly spirited young journalist who would "ride abroad, redressing human wrongs." Following closely upon this, other scenes and characters come rapidly upon the stage, little Cecille Travers, a beautiful child in poverty-stricken garb; Rev. Mr. Alden, a clergyman of the hearty, Christian, hopeful kind; Mrs. Travers, the dying mother of the quaint little maid; Nora Blanchard, a lovely and womanly young woman, healthful of soul and body, who devotes herself to the poor young mother; Mr. Alden's delightful family, including the charming Grace, through whom one instinctively feels the entrance of a romance for Roland Graeme; and an afternoon tea, which collects more of the dramatis personæ. Before the reader has passed twenty pages the attention, not only, but the interest and sympathy, are laid hold on with a gentle but a sure hand, and the lives of these people are all seen to be intimately interrelated, although some of them are strangers to one another. This story of "Roland Graeme, Knight," does certainly show a practical familiarity with the "seamy side" of life, and unflinchingly portrays many of the miseries of "the other half," and it is well that the comfortable members of society be—as they so often are, these days—brought face to face with the troubles of their less fortunate neighbors. But with all of this, with evidences of having pondered well the problems of the day and studied their treatment by the best economic writers and industrial experimentors.

Periodicals Received.

Art Amateur, Montague Marks, New York.
The Graphic, Graphic Company, New York.
Our Little Ones and The Nursery, The Russell Publishing Company, Boston.
Social Economist, New York.
Youth's Companion, Boston.
Harper's Bazar.
Harper's Weekly, Harper & Bros., New York.

THE CONFIDING WOMAN.

Mrs. Bingo—I went to see Mrs. Van Winkle the other day.

Mrs. Bingley—I thought you didn't speak to her.

Mrs. Bingo—I didn't before; but I wanted to see how her parlor was refurnished.—New York Herald.

* * *

Mrs. Dodds—So your husband is at home with a headache? What is the matter?

Mrs. Podds (a confiding woman)—Too much ice water. He drank three glasses this morning before breakfast.—New York Weekly.

* * *

"Yes," said Mrs. Rubens to her friend, "I don't like to interfere when Angelo changes things around in the house to make the effect artistic; but this last step is too much for any woman to bear, even if her husband is an artist."

"What has he done?"

"Why, he has cut my favorite cat's whiskers Van Dyke."—Buffalo Express.

* * *

Witherby—Is it true, old man, that your wife has left you?

Uppelate (sadly)—I am afraid it is, old fellow.

Witherby—Why, what's the trouble—or is it something you don't want to talk about?

Uppelate—Oh, no; it's no secret. She said she was afraid to sleep in the house alone all night.—New York Sun.

FIFTEEN, ALL DIFFERENT.

Philadelphia Record.

The monks of the middle ages divided the kiss into fifteen distinct and separate orders:

1. The decorous, or modest kiss.
2. The diplomatic, or kiss of policy.
3. The spying kiss, to ascertain if a woman has drunken wine.
4. The slave kiss.
5. The kiss infamous—a church penance.
6. She slipper kiss, practiced toward tyrants.
7. The judicial kiss.
8. The feudal kiss.
9. The religious kiss (kissing the cross).
10. The academical kiss (on joining a solemn brotherhood).
11. The hand kiss.
12. The Judas kiss.
13. The medical kiss—for the purpose of healing some sickness.
14. The kiss of etiquette.
15. The kiss of love—the only real kiss.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. B. W.: It is impossible to return your manuscript at this late day, as it was destroyed long ago.

Aunt Betsy: No mannscript signed Aunt Betsy has yet been received. Thank you for your interest in the contest.

AUNT POLLY.

A DEAD FAILURE.

He Was Equal to Both Sides, but Could Get Neither.

Detroit Tribune.

The fellow with a big lump in his windpipe and a birthmark on his left ear lost no time in announcing that he wanted some life insurance.

"Can't seem to make anything out of existing in this world," he explained with an effort to be cheerful, "and I'd like to see if dying won't be more profitable."

The clerk smiled obligingly and opened a book.

"What's the state of your health?"

The fellow with the lump in his windpipe seemed deeply affected.

"Bad," he replied in a lachrymose voice.

The clerk closed his book.

"We can't insure any one in bad health," he quietly observed.

"Hey!"

"Can't insure you. Good day."

Gradually the situation dawned upon the fellow with the birthmark on his left ear.

"Can't insure me at all, eh?"

"No."

"All right. Now I want to make you a proposition. I'll bet you even I don't die inside of a year."

The clerk looked startled and shook his head.

"Well, I'll bet even I do die inside a year."

"No—I don't want to bet."

"I'll give you any odds either way."

"No. Good day."

Hope fled from the visage of the fellow with the big lump in his windpipe. Dejected and miserable, he left the office.

"A failure in life, a failure in death," he muttered.

Nobody remembered ever seeing him afterward.

HAUNTED BY AN OGRE

The Threatening Thing That Pesters Lovely Lillian Russell.

Her Life in California Marred by the Ogre's Presence.

It Has Been Claiming Her for Its Own for Several Years,

But She Fights It Off in Many Curious Ways.

Who would think that, asks the San Francisco Examiner, happy, sprightly, charming Lillian Russell was haunted by a horrible, hideous ogre? Not one of the tribe of startling bogies, spooks and ghosts that stalk with clanking chains into your chamber as the clock is striking midnight, but a vapory, vague, fiendish old thing that bends his best energies to destroying the beauty of the hapless woman on whom he fastens his clutch. He has his hold on Lillian Russell, and he doesn't propose to be shaken off. Of course it goes without saying that the more beautiful the woman, the harder it is for the unhappy lady to gain her freedom. Hence the stupendous struggle that the famous singer is having. All her friends and relatives are straining to help her, however, but no one is working harder than herself.

When one of her bird-like trills ends with a little shiver and she glances apprehensively at the wings of the stage, be sure the dreadful ogre is making his presence known to her in some queer way.

Her relatives and best friends never mention the ogre to her; that would cause palpitation of the heart and render her more susceptible to his blighting presence. But when they gather in secret corners and talk mysteriously about an assemblage of minute, round vesicles closely agglomerated and imbedded in the interstices of the common cellular tissue, acquaintances of the family understand that they are talking in a roundabout way of the ogre. Manager French calls him "adipose tissue extravagantly prominent."

The call boy irreverently calls him "Fat." Not the "fat" of the piece. Everybody with one accord lays that as a tribute of merit at the feet of the fair singer. Lillian Russell does not mind that a bit, but when there is added thereto a superabundance of adipose tissue she bursts into a perfect chorus of objections. The fulsome present could so easily be given to Hayden Coffin, John Dudley, Charley Dungan, Louis Harrison and so many others; besides it would look so much more generous and be so much more appreciated.

It is to lay this terrible ogre in the dust of memory that Miss Russell bants. "Unhappy the woman who is obliged to bant," says the sage. Miss Russell does not bant as a business, like Fanny Davenport, but rather as a fine art. It is a delicate, refined little system by which she deals the dreadful ogre soft little love taps that play sad havoc with his closely agglomerated cellular tissue. Fanny Davenport entered into a regular slugging match with the fiend. She went to Europe, entered an institution, gave all her time to the work in hand, and knocked him sky high. The contest, however, came very near doing up the actress. She rid herself of the ogre, but he took with him some of her beauty. Rather a questionable victory after all.

Lillian Russell is more wary, and she has taken advantage of the lesson. That dreadful old ogre never comes near her but what he leaves a few clinging cellular tissues as a reminder, but she goes at them quietly and systematically till they melt into air, into thin, impalpable air. But she dare not laugh and celebrate her victory, for that would bring them back in all their tenacious unloveliness.

Lillian Russell hasn't gained any flesh since her arrival in California. She knows what the glorious climate is as a multiplier of adipose tissue, and has taken time, or rather the ogre, by the forelock. Every afternoon she is at work—not on her sweet voice and stage expression—that comes earlier in the day—but on the irrepressible cellular tissue. For some reason or other the fibers fairly yearn to cling about her, and it takes a deal of coaxing and wheedling to make them let go. They linger long and lovingly, and the better Miss Russell looks, and the nicer she talks and the more charming she feels, the harder it is to get rid of the pesky things. Dudes at the stage-entrance door are nothing compared to them.

Accompanied by her maid, she is driven to the park every afternoon. In the carriage with them there is always a frowsy, nervous irrepressible little terrier. A quiet driveway is found, the three alight, and the conscientious work of the afternoon begins. Miss Russell starts off on a swinging rapid gate, closely followed by her maid and the excited little terrier. She walks like the typical American girl, but there is more motion to her body and limbs, more freedom, so as to get every possible benefit from the exercise. If the snapping little terrier demands some attention the chances are he will be scampered after for a few rods. That brings the color to the cheeks, the ozone into the lungs and causes the infantile cellular tissue to weaken its weak graps and go wailing into the has-been.

Two miles is the limit set for the walk. Miss Russell can swing over three miles easily enough without a pause, for she's a famous walker, but before her mind's eye the evening performance always looms up. She wants to be fresh and in trim for it. In all her successful career she has never yet missed a performance through ill health. No one on the stage enjoys better health, or, for that matter, gets more enjoyment out of life.

The only thing to mar it is that dreadful, haunting, omnipresent ogre.

He made his appearance to her some years ago. He was a chipper, easy-going, vaporish young creature then, and she did not pay much attention to him. It was only a very few years, however, till the chorus to her bird songs became, "Oh, for a waist of 20, 21, 22, or even 23 inches."

Alas, time and tide, Lillian Russell and the adipose ogre struggled and tugged at the corset strings, but the sylphdom never came. Beer and wine were eschewed, then sweet things and things of a starchy nature, under whose guise the ogre of obesity lurks. Only a few months ago the singer observed with a fervent sigh: "Any one with talent may better their singing qualities by continuous effort, but to retain certain physical qualities"—— and another dolorous sigh followed that spoke volumes. All in all, however, she has not been so sprightly in several years as she is now.

After the rapid walk in the park comes hard rubbing and a perfumed bath. Fifteen minutes later Venus, clad in the softest rose garments of Olympus, is not a patch to the fair singer lolling in fleecy folds on an ottoman couch.

Yet Miss Russell shivers there as she sips her iced claret, one of the very few drinks she may take, for about her she instinctively feels the dread, haunting, implacable touch of the adipose ogre.

He loves her and won't be gone.

The bell boy says he don't blame him. He'd like to play leading brother to the ogre.

Fleur-de-lis.

The fleur-de-lis fancy has attacked vases. A beautiful jardiniere standing two feet high was a massive fleur-de-lis in the plain yellow glaze that is so much used for pots and flower holders.

BURGLARS STILL HERE.

Election Serenity Marred by New Outlawry.

Along with the good news from the election comes further evidence that the detectives do not detect. The people of St. Paul have been paying a detective force to catch crooks, but they do not catch. They get neither burglars nor highway robbers. Sunday afternoon between 1 and 2 o'clock two men visited police headquarters. One of them wore a black eye, a cut on his forehead and a number of bruises on his head and body. He reported that he was the victim of a highway robbery Saturday evening about 11 o'clock. He had gone up Seventh street to Chestnut, and turned down that street on his way to Winter's hotel, corner Chestnut and Washington, and just as he had gotten a few rods from Seventh street he was attacked by two big, strong men, who demanded his money. He remembered on July 3 last, as he was passing through here from Iowa on his way to Sauk Center, he had been held up and robbed of a few dollars that he happened to have in his pockets. He had more Saturday and did not propose to give it up. His name is Winslow Rischer and he is quite a "trusky" lad. So he made a fight, but the robbers were fighters, and both slugged him good and hard. But seeing that they had a good fight on hand one of them pulled a gun and pressed it against his stomach with the information that if he did not keep still a hole would be bored clear through him. He therefore quit fighting, and the fellow that did not have the gun went through his pockets for $6, all he could find. They then told him to skip, but not to make a noise or a bullet would be sent after him. He is not favorably impressed with the way the reform administration protects strangers.

If you want to know who is elected President, Governor, Member of Congress or any of the local offices, buy the 10:30 edition of the Daily Globe.

THE BILLVILLE BANNER.

The Editor's Life Is Full of Sorrow, and Care Clings to His Coat Tail.

Atlanta Constitution.

Truly, the life of an editor is full of vicissitudes. The brethren flung in last week and raised a goodly sum for the purpose of giving us a post-graduate course at the Keely seminary. We kissed our wife good-bye, and made other preparations for leading a more scholarly life. All would have gone well if the manager of the seminary had not insisted on searching our small stock of luggage, when he found seven bottles of tonic marked with various labels selected from those we keep on hand for our popular druggist. The manager called in his assistants, and, after holding a consultation, decided that his seminary could not stand the wear and tear of our presence as a pupil. Consequently we are on deck again, having placed the money raised for us where it would do the most good. All's well that ends well.

The melting of our roller by the September sun shows that an honest and a strictly virtuous life has no effect on the weather. Our subscribers should not hesitate to hand in their arrearages.

The dastardly slush writer for the Kinderhook Courier intimates that our efforts in behalf of good government are calculated to demoralize and weaken the Democratic party. This is the same editor who voted for Horace Greeley for president, and who returned to Georgia from Texas because he thought the records were destroyed when the Kinderhook court house was burned. We have some of these records in our safe, and we propose to see that they get into the hands of the sheriff.

The editor of the Ashbank Advocate says the editor of the Billville Banner is a myth. If this loony will get off at our humble station some Saturday afternoon and cut a caper or two he will think the editor of the Billville Banner is a smith. He will find that self and wife constitute our editorial department.

If you want to know who is elected President, Governor, Member of Congress or any of the local offices, but the 10:30 edition of the Daily Globe.

Dealing in Futures.

Detroit Free Press.

"You can't tell about boys," observed a Detroit school teacher to a party of friends. "I remember on one occasion, when I was teaching in the country, one of the boys, right before my very eyes during school hours, jumped on a boy next to him and began to knock him right and left with his fists. Of course I interfered at once. 'What did you do that for?' I exclaimed, as I dragged him away from the other boy. 'Charlie wasn't doing a thing. I saw it all.' 'I know he wasn't,' replied the defiant youngster, 'but I was watchin' him, an' I could tell by his look he was goin' to lick my little brother next Saturday.'"

Language of the Suspender.

New York Herald.

Right side hanging loosely over hip—Follow me.

Back button unfastened—You are not in it.

With uncomfortable cross in back—Will see you later.

Wearing hairpins in place of buttons—I am weary of you.

Shingle nails—Go tickle my chaperone.

Reefing up—You ought to get shaved.

Conservatory Flowers.

Kate Field's Washington.

Cubeb—It seems very natural.

Scarely—What does?

Cubeb—To see a blooming idiot and a society bud together.

Had Been Tested Before.

Chicago News-Record.

Minnie—I simply couldn't have refused Jack after he offered me this lovely engagement ring.

Gladys—Yes; Jack has always placed great reliance in that ring.

The Well-Known Sign.

London Globe.

Country Child (who sees no novelty in a park)—What's all this grass for?

City Child—That's to keep off of.

A KNOT OF HAIR.

She has a knot of russet hair;
It seems a simple thing to wear
Through years, despite of fashion's check,
The same deep coil about the neck;
But there it twined
When first I knew her,
And learned with passion to pursue her,
And, if she changed it, to my mind
She were a creature of new kind.

On others she may flash the wise,
Strong light of apprehending eyes,
And make who fronts her beauty great
With hopes that awe and stimulate.
The happy lot
Be mine to follow
These threads through lovely curve and hollow,
And muse a lifetime how they got
Into that wild, mysterious knot.

O, first of women who hast laid
Magnetic glory on a braid!
In others' tresses we may mark
If they be silken, blonde or dark;
But thine we praise,
And dare not feel them;
Not Hermes, god of theft, dare steal them;
It is enough for aye to gaze
Upon their vivifying maze.

—The Academy.

Buy the 10:30 Edition of the Daily Globe. It Will Contain All the Returns of National, State and Local Elections Up to That Date.

Ransom & Horton

99 and 101 Third St.

Who prefers to go without furs when winter is tumbling down about our ears with a nipping and eager air that menaces discomfort every time we venture out of doors? Our assortment of these necessities of the season is as elegant as it is complete, and ladies can hardly realize what the season has brought in this line until they have inspected our splendid array of all the new styles in every material, which are going at an express train rate. Good things always go quickly, and you must come quickly not to miss them. The early buyer in Furs always gets the cream of the stock. We have had an enormous trade this week, and sold more garments than in any one week since 1887. People have "shopped" during the pleasant fall, and, now that cool days have come, are coming to *us* in crowds, showing that they know we have the right goods and prices. Our stock has been much depleted, and in some lines duplicates are impossible this year. We advise all that can to attend to their furs *now*. We have once more a fine line of

OTTER

—and—

Astrakhan!

Garments on our racks. In these two articles we have beyond question far better goods in quality and make than any house, East or West. We know all about how to buy skins and how to make them up right, as we have learned by years of experience; and the public knows our word is as good as our bond, and *our* warrant means business—that is, new coat if one sold is not right. Astrakhans, $40 to $60. Otter Garments, $150. Seal has sold splendidly of late, and telegrams from London today show another advance of 20 per cent on skins; still we, shall sell what stock we have at the prices made in September, and they are so low that no first-class house in America has quoted as low this year. We shall have no more Seal goods this season—as we can't find any good quality skins—so we advise early purchases. After Xmas shoppers won't find much this year, sure.

MEN

Are proverbially slow to buy until they actually want to wear. Now, we say to them, If you want a coat for this winter, you can't arrange for it any too early. Now is the time to pick out or order.

Ransom

and

Horton.