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A. J. THOMPSON!

Leading One-Price Jeweler, Diamond Importer.

PLEGGED TO ACTION.

An Extra Session Necessary for the Redemption of Party Promises.

As Well as to Secure Revenue for the Looted National Treasury.

Judge Thomas Wilson Suggested as a Member of the Cabinet.

Talks With the Politicians and Business Men at the Hotels.

There is a difference of opinion among Democrats as to whether or not President Cleveland ought to call an extra session of congress to take action regarding the McKinley tariff act and other measures inflicted upon the country by the congress presided over by Czar Reed. Col. Robert L. Miller, of the Bank of Minnesota, who was connected with the treasury department under the administration of President Cleveland, takes the view that an extra session is necessary not only to correct the mistakes of the McKinley act, but to provide for the lavish appropriations made by the Republicans. The depleted condition of the national treasury calls for early action. He would not raise the additional revenue by a revenue tariff on sugar and other commodities, but make the provision that an additional tax of fifty cents a gallon be laid on whiskey. This would produce all the additional revenue demanded and would come from a product that can stand taxation.

"Do you think an extra session of congress should be called by President Cleveland?"

"There are two reasons," answered Mr. Miller, "by which I think a special session of congress is necessary. First—The almost depleted condition of the treasury by reason of the extravagant appropriation of the last congress under the operations of the McKinley bill. Second—Carrying out of the pledges of the party relative to the repeal of the McKinley tariff. I am in favor of giving the manufacturer free raw material. I do not know that I should favor the changing of the tariff on raw materials. The tariff on the whisky is fifty cents a gallon. The special session should be called early next fall, not before, and congress could then remain in continuous session, with the possible exception of the holiday recess. It will take time to consider and prepare a general tariff bill and three months before the recess would afford the time. As a general thing nothing is accomplished by congress before the holiday recess and to defer action until then would be a great mistake, in my opinion."

During the time Mr. Miller was connected with the treasury department he had occasion to notice the work of Judge Thomas Wilson, of the district court of the United States, and became a great admirer of the distinguished Wisconsin. Although a new member Judge Wilson at once took a position among the party leaders.

"By the way," said Mr. Miller, "I hope Mr. Cleveland can see his way clear to invite Judge Wilson into his official family. Having been a resident of this section of our country for so many years, Judge Wilson is entirely familiar with all of its needs. As to his pre-eminence ability for any position in the cabinet to which he might be invited, I do not think it all necessary to speak."

In regard to the meaning of the great Democratic victory, Mr. Miller said: "While I believe that the individuality of Mr. Cleveland strengthened the party in the late election, I cannot think that our victory means that this or that particular individual should hold that or that particular office. To my mind it means rather a most emphatic protest of the people against the levying of the present customs duties under the McKinley bill and a demand that the act shall be repealed."

GILDEA STILL COUNTING.

Representative Lockwood Says the Next Speaker Will Be Turrell.

Hon. William Lockwood, member-elect of the legislature from the district composed of Rock, Murray, Pipestone and Nobles counties, spent a good part of yesterday in the city looking after business matters and incidentally talking politics. Mr. Lockwood evidently has a warm spot in his heart for the Capital city and will probably purchase a residence and remove his family to the city before the opening of the session. In regard to the speakership he is for Hon. O. B. Turrell, of Redwood county, and thinks that the veteran banker will be the next speaker.

"From what I have heard the Second district will be pretty nearly sold for Turrell. I have received a great many letters from the district urging the claims of Lee, of Crow Wing, but I shall vote for Turrell. The Second district is entitled to something, and as we have a great many members, the chances of one man ought to be good."

Mr. Lockwood thinks the coming session will be a very lively one from the contest of speaker on through. His contest for election was a hard and close one, and he had only about fifty votes to spare."

"Gildea, my colleague, two years ago," he said, laughing, "is still figuring over the returns, and declares that he is not able to understand how it all came about. His vote, by the way, was the lowest of the opposition candidates."

HANSBROUGH SERENE.

The Successor of Casey Will Be a Republican, He Says.

Senator H. C. Hansbrough, of North Dakota, was at the Merchants' yesterday, on his way to the national capital. Naturally enough Mr. Hansbrough is not taking the same interest in the coming senatorial contest in his state that he did two years ago, when he made his race against Gov. Pierce. Although it has been some time since election the political waters in North Dakota are still very much discolored, and like Alex. McKenzie and Jul. La. Moore, the Junior senator is unwilling to make any prediction as to the result of the coming contest.

"The next United States senator from North Dakota," said Senator Hansbrough, "will be a Republican."

FROM "BLEEDING KANSAS."

The Sage Returns From a Trip to the Jayhawker State.

The Sage of Nininger, looking as hale, hearty and cheery as ever, arrived in the city yesterday afternoon from a lecturing tour in Kansas, and, before going on to his Nininger retreat, secured quarters at the Merchants' for the coming session of the legislature. Mr. Donnelly was feeling in a very amiable frame of mind, and when asked in regard to his trip, said:

"It was very successful, and I really enjoyed my visit among the people of Kansas."

"How about the senatorial contest there?"

"Some say Mrs. Lease may get it," was the answer. "The Republicans are talking of taking her as a joke. It may prove a very serious joke for them."

APPEARANCES DECEPTIVE.

He Looked Shabby, but Nothing Was Too Good for His "Little Gal."

Chicago Tribune.

He looked shabby, but nothing was too good for his "little gal." He had cut her in his ears and he wore a most disreputable hat, yet there he was in one of our large dry goods stores, as much out of place as a stork in a drawing room.

No one paid any attention to him, every one having come to the conclusion that he was a workman or some porter looking for a job; anything, in fact, but a purchaser.

At last, after he had gazed about for some time he started off toward the cloak department and presently came back in company with an obsequious floor agent who snapped his fingers and called out:

"Show this gentleman your finest seal skin wraps."

Every one looked in astonishment at the seedy figure and one young woman had the grace to remark:

"Excuse me, sir, I thought you were looking for a general garment."

"No, miss, seal skin isn't good enough for my little gal, and I guess if there was anything more expensive her papa'd buy it for her."

Only a little everyday happening, but it teaches the lesson that fine clothes do not always mean the fittest pocket-books.

A Badly Treated Boy.

Tex. Sittings.

Col. Fitztop was in the habit of sending Johnny every day after dinner to a tobacconist to get a 10-cent cigar. He also gave Johnny a nickel for his trouble. One day Col. Fitztop, not for some time, sent for a cigar.

"Don't you want to smoke?"

"Not today, my son."

"That's a prettier do-you-do. Because you don't care to smoke an I to be swindled out of my nickel for going for the cigar?"

Unpopular Women.

Good News.

Mother—How do you like that new little boy next door?

Little Dick—Oh, I like him well enough, but I don't like his mother.

"Why not?"

"She's just as particular 'bout him as you are 'bout me."

A Suspicion Dispelled.

New York Herald.

Prunella's Mother—Prunella, that Mr. Madison is becoming much too familiar with you. I believe I heard him ask you to go driving with him.

Prunella—Oh, no, mamma! He was merely proposing to me—nothing more.

Dr. Cullum

Has removed his dental office to corner of Sixth and Wabasha.

GENERAL DADLEY.

"Was General Swift Runoffski Dadley? A striking name, as many would say. Or was his name as it might puzzle one to fully determine. Be that as may, whether English, American, French or Russian."

It is strange little to this discussion.

"Was General Swift Runoffski Dadley? A proud and a pompous man was he. But one thing, alas! he managed badly: He never could gain a victory. Though he fought many battles, and far and wide."

He always was found on the losing side. Said his wife full often, and eyed him sadly, "It's a wearisome trouble and grief to me, to see you should always be whipped so badly."

Instead of gaining a victory, Best some one, best something—don't beat on me, Or never come back to the baby and me!" Or he marched once more, the doughty Dadley.

Looking as proud as proud could be; And the loving young wife awaited him gladly. (Though some misgivings no doubt had.)

"Well, dear, did you beat?" "Well, yes, my we—we beat, we—we beat, we—we beat. A retreat."—

—Frank Valentine in November St. Nicholas.

OLD EARTH IS SAFE.

Whether Biela's or Not, the Comet Will Not Hit Our Orb.

Astronomers Differ as to Who the Wanderer Belongs To.

Some Say It Is Coming, While Others Say It Is Going.

The Annual Crop of Shooting Stars Will Be Harvested Tonight.

CHICAGO, Nov. 26.—Prof. Hale, of the Kenwood observatory, says he is inclined to think the comet which is now attracting so much attention is not Biela's. In fact the opinion of astronomers differ so widely it is not possible to form a definite conclusion one way or the other. It appears to shine by a reflected light, and consequently neither its size nor distance from the earth nor direction of its motion can be accurately determined. Its motion is very slow and during the time since it was first located it has moved only about twice the apparent distance of the sun.

Prof. Hale expects that the sky will be full of meteors tomorrow evening, as this is the season in which happens the annual showers of shooting stars and meteorites from Andromeda. The comet, however, has nothing to do with these fireworks. Be this Biela's comet or not, it is:

Not Going to Hit.

the earth, Prof. Hale says. The observations made tonight show that it is rapidly decreasing in brilliancy, suggesting that it is hastening away from this city.

The earth's danger from a comet is very remote, and consists only of the possibility of a collision with the planet to the sun. If it should come toward the earth the atmosphere would act as a cushion, and the comet would disintegrate into space. In case of an elliptical path of which are far from the orbit of the earth, my latest calculations show that the time of its reappearance would be in about two weeks later I expect to get more definite information. It is certain that the new figures will be in the nature of improvements to the present ones, and not revolutionary changes in them.

WILL RAIN FIRE.

Celestial Pyrotechnics Promised for Tonight.

LOCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 26.—According to Dr. Louis Swift, of the Rochester observatory, the comet that was visible to the naked eye tonight, and still in the sky, is the one discovered in 1825 by M. Biela, an Austrian officer. The same comet was supposed to have missed a collision with the earth in 1802 by one hundred miles, and was then split in two. It was seen again twenty years later, but although it was again in 1825, it failed to make the appointments. Dr. Swift believes that tomorrow night, just as soon as darkness has fallen, there will be a rain of fire such as this world has never seen and which promises to be a most remarkable phenomenon. Some astronomers have figured it out that the earth will pass within a few hours of colliding with the comet, but this is not conceded by Prof. Swift.

Even the meteoric showers received however, would mean millions of millions of miles or space, but would give the comet the nearest approach to the earth on record. It will be of a deep red color, plainly visible to the naked eye and will increase in size and brightness with starting rapidity.

New Patents.

Special to the Globe.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 26.—The following Minnesota inventors received patents this week, as reported by James F. Williamson, patent agent, 929-933 Guaranty Loan Building, Minneapolis, 412 Pioneer Press building, St. Paul, and 981 F street, Washington: August W. Skog, Minneapolis, Inksand; George S. Carter, Minneapolis, Knocksdown box; H. Chase, Duluth, Sewing protector; Michael Fortin, Stillwater, bag-holder; C. R. Little, West Duluth, lumber sorter; C. Tarlowe, St. Paul, excelsior; Charles A. Zimmerman, St. Paul, draw-bridge; John R. Jones, Minneapolis, roll-top desk.

Bad Break Indeed.

Buffalo News.

"Hello, Harry! When is that marriage of yours coming off?"

"Not at all. It's off."

"How so?"

"Oh, my girl made an awful break a few nights ago."

"Indeed! What was it?"

"She broke the engagement."

THE KILLING OF COCK ROBBERS.

Who killed Cock Robber?
"I," says Tom Reed,
"I look the lead;
I killed Cock Robber."
Who killed Cock Robber?
"I," says Maggie,
"With my Southern lode;
I killed Cock Robber."
Who killed Cock Robber?
"I," says McKinley,
"I killed Cock Robber."
Who killed Cock Robber?
"I," says Hank Frick,
"I killed Cock Robber."
Who killed Cock Robber?
"I," says Dick,
"With my Federal breed;
I killed Cock Robber."
Who killed Cock Robber?
"I," says DeWitt,
"With my cheap breeches new;
I killed Cock Robber."
Who killed Cock Robber?
"I," says the voter,
"And I am the totter
Who'll burn Cock Robber."
—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

GOING TOTHER WAY.

Prof. Reese Says It Will Soon Be Lost to Sight.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—Prof. Reese, of the Columbia college observatory, was busy viewing the comet tonight. At 12:30 o'clock he said the comet was scarcely visible, and was rapidly disappearing straight above the earth. He thought it would soon be invisible even to the astronomer. Up to that hour he had not observed any meteors, and he hardly expected any during the night.

"Tomorrow night, though," said he, "I expect a brilliant display of meteors, and probably on Monday night also. The best time to see the display will be from midnight till 3 a. m., although it may commence early, as the one Wednesday night last."

THE POOL ROOM TOUT.

Various Methods and Characteristics of This Peculiar Genius.

How He Preys Upon the Credulity of Guileless Turf Bettors.

Cheek and Assurance Are His Chief Stock in Trade.

Playing "Sugar and Lard" for a "Lead-Pipe Cinch."

VERY sporting man has observed that the "tout" is fast becoming a very familiar figure in the numerous pool rooms of this metropolitan city, says the New York Herald. As the tout is in trade of these would-be prophets consists mainly in their ability to inspire confidence, and as they all appear to earn a fairly comfortable living at their particular trade, it may well be inferred that these persuasive individuals are fast students of human nature, which they certainly are.

If their income is mainly a question of luck, both as regards their ability to "pick a winner," and the liberality of their "clients." Sometimes a tout will "tip" six horses to as many different bettors when there are but six horses in the race. One of the six is sure to be a winner, and may be "long shot." This form of tipping, however, is seldom indulged in. Besides, it is somewhat dilapidated experiment—even for a tout.

The tout, as a rule, makes a study of equine form, and very often succeeds in inducing a bettor to "make a plunge" on the horse he has selected. If the horse wins the tout has made what will vary from 25 cents to \$50, according to the locality of the pool room and the amount of the bet.

Pools, as did the ancient Gauls, differ among themselves in language, customs

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and laws. On the Bowery, for instance, he is a very tough-looking specimen of humanity, indeed. He wears his hat perched on one side, chews tobacco, dresses in shocking taste, and altogether "tough" and "uninviting" in appearance. Throwing his head well forward and shifting his quid from one cheek to the other, he shuffles up to his unsuspecting victim and launches forth somewhat in this fashion:

"Say, young fellow, go an' put a couple o' bones on dat dere Rapidin in de four' race. I ain't givin' you no 'trow down, needer, see? Me cousin works over at track an' I've got it on the dead time that Rapidin is out der fer dis time. Nono o' dem other skates in it, see?"

Then there is the over-confident tout, who may be found in most of the downtown pool rooms. This is a very green variety of the genus. With the manner of one who is talking of an absolute certainty he says:

"Why, my dear sir, dat horse Rex has an absolute lay down in dat third race. Why, what is dere in it to beat him? Can't you see it's a clean walk-over? You can go and bet all you've got on Rex and then go out and stand in line at de cashier's window. It's just like findin' money—pickin' it up out de street—to bet on dat horse."

Experience, however, teaches these overconfident individuals many salutary lessons. The "sure winner" is very often a disgraceful last. Besides, a tip of this sort is apt to injure the tout's reputation as a judge of horse-flesh. He learns in time to cover his tips with a "mild shade of doubt." He may then secure his victim for a subsequent occasion.

The colored tout is by no means an unimportant figure in toutdom. One of these individuals, it is said, wandered into the Consolidated Exchange a few days ago. After taking a quiet survey of the scene he muttered: "This year's de biggest pool room what I ever run across. I don't want to understand it, nohow."

Picked a Sure Winner.

Finally his gaze centered itself upon a bookmaker at one corner of the room. This is what he saw:

SUGAR AND LARD.
SHORT RIBS.
"Say, boss," he observed to the bystander, "I want to go an' put up a few dollars on dat fust hoss, Sugar an Lard. I know all about that hoss. I saw him work, boss. He's a sho' fo' winner. I saw him do six furings yesterday in fo' ten. Shelp, boss, that's a sho' fo'! I don see no odds up, but you'd better—"

Then the real situation suddenly dawned upon him. "I swear to goodness, boss," he remarked as he hurriedly left the place, "if I didn't think I was in a pool room."

The tout whose habitat is among the pool rooms located in the Tenderloin district, is a very suave and unctuous personage. He dresses in good taste,

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and his manners are quite in keeping with his appearance. It is with the indifferent air of the man-about-town that he approaches you and asks:

"What do you think of Flyaway's chances in that race?"

Of course you are not prepared to say, and you tell him so. He will then train his batteries in this fashion:

"I don't think much of Flyaway myself. I was given a tip on Jumper this morning. A friend of mine laid an even hundred straight on him at four to one just now. He's a good thing, I hear, and liable to beat the others out. Unfortunately I dropped all I had on Snatchem in the first race. If I had \$100, though, I'd consider it a pretty safe bet to back Jumper for place at dead time. Nonno o' dem other skates in it, see?"

"Didn't I Tell You So?"

If upon receiving this information you should conclude to place a bet on Jumper, and find that some other horse had "done the trick," you will look in vain for the tout who gave you the tip. But if, on the other hand, Jumper should happen to win, this particular tout will be the very first person to accost you after you have cashed your ticket.

"There," he will say, "what did I tell you? I couldn't get aboard myself, but I am glad, at any rate, to see some one else beat the game. A 'loan' of \$5 or \$10 usually follows this announcement. A great rendezvous for touts is in the rear of the "White Elephant," at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-first street. "Butch" Thompson's pool room, at the rear of the "White Elephant," at the corner of Broadway and Thirty-first street. "Butch" lays his prices earlier than any one else, and the touts are on hand bright and early every morning ready to base their tips upon what "Butch" thinks the horses are going to do. In the opinion of the average tout it is of importance to no citizen of this metropolis.

Sometimes happens that a horse owner finds the services of a tout of great use to him in furthering his own ends. He may give it out "in strict confidence" that his horse Kattler is a "cock-sure winner." The tout is nothing if not generous with his news, and soon the tip has leaked out among the other touts. These in turn scatter the information broadcast. A wild plunge on Kattler follows. Do you bet on his odds, and up go the prices laid against the other horses.

The Only Way to Beat Em.

Mr. Owner, knowing all along that his horse has no chance whatever in the race, then proceeds to back at liberal odds the horse which, in his opinion, stands the best chance to win. It is an old trick, and, as a rule, works to a charm.

Verily, as a disconsolate bettor once wisely remarked, "this horse-racing is a hard game to beat." It was "Butch" Thompson himself who is said to have once vouchsafed the information that

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the only way to beat the horses is to let 'em alone."

"Besides," added Mr. Thompson, reflectively, "I'm not in the business for my health."

HOW TO CLEAN OILCLOTH.

Methods Recommended in the Industrial World.

Never use soap in the water when cleaning oilcloth. It fades the colors and breaks up the paint. Ammonia also is to be avoided, because it gives the cloth a dull, dead look. If a brush is used it should be a soft one, but it is better not to use any, except in cases when the oilcloth has been long neglected or poorly washed for some time previously. Take a clean flannel cloth and apply a clean warm water, which is finally to be removed by soaking it up into the house flannel again after it has been wrung out.

The oilcloth is then wiped dry with another piece of clean flannel.

After the oilcloth has become thoroughly dry apply it to some warm linseed oil. The housekeeper who tries this for the first time will probably use too much and make the cloth so sticky that every article of dust will adhere to it. Only a very little is to be used and slightly rubbed into the cloth, giving it a handsome gloss. Skimmed milk is sometimes used in place of oil, and it gives the cloth a beautiful gloss.

Too frequent washing, no matter how well it is done, will not improve oilcloth in the end. Usually this is the kind of treatment it receives, for few housewives seem to recognize the difference between dusty oilcloth and a dirty one, and treat both the same. After it has had a thorough sweeping, if it looks dull and dusty, go over it a little at a time, with a dry mopcloth, and it will look as bright as though washed, and will wear a great deal longer.

High-Heeled Shoes.

National Register.

The streets of the old city of Venice were often extremely thick in mud, in spite of the great sewers, which dated from the tenth century. It is easily conceivable that the Venetians, who numbered 70,000 inhabitants, the thoroughfares between the Piazza and the Rialto are sometimes sufficiently bad to make walking in the mud a very disagreeable experience. It was in the time when the population was nearly five times what it now is, and when Venetian trade was at its zenith. Well, to combat this mud the ladies took to high-heeled shoes. As the mud grew worse, the heels became taller and taller, until, at length, they were but a pair of stilted wooden contrivances. The consequence was that a lady in a high-heeled shoe, and a few yards, had to be supported on both sides. This was a task for the black pages, or for the lovers, who had now become a very conventional part of Venetian society.

CASH OR CREDIT! TERMS TO SUIT!

CAN YOU MAKE IT OUT?

PART CASH. BALANCE MONTHLY

(A PUZZLE) (THEY WONDER HOW IT CAN BE DONE) (THEY ARE ALL WORRYING OVER IT) (A CONUNDRUM)

This, as all well know, is an age of Miracles, and in these skeptical times where *Hard Facts and Reliable Figures* are required to convince even the credulous, it is just as well they should be relegated to the past; but if miracles have had their day, still wonders have not ceased to confront us (we are not now referring to the *Handsome New Store of The Royal Furniture & Carpet Company*, which is by all conceded to be the "Model Retail Furniture and Carpet Store of the Twin Cities"). The *Wonders* of the present day are quite as marvelous and fully as hard to understand. Of course all wonders are not *Puzzles*, but the wonders we spread before you today will be a veritable *Puzzle* to all. We know you will ponder over it all day, give it up, and then bright and early Monday morning will see you all crowding the new store of The Royal Furniture and Carpet Company for the answer. You will want to know.

How it is possible to sell a 6-piece Parlor Suit worth \$35 for	CAN IT BE DONE?	\$28.50.	How it is possible to sell Antique Oak Dining chairs worth \$1.00 for	WHO WILL DO IT?	75c.	How it is possible to sell Antique Oak Center tables worth \$1.50 for	WE ARE THE PEOPLE!	98c.
How it is possible to sell Antique Chamber Suits worth \$18.00 for	WILL IT BE DONE?	\$12.50.	How it is possible to sell a Reed After-Dinner Tea Table, like cut, worth \$4.50, for \$2.50.	IT WILL BE DONE!	\$3.50.	A Reed Foot Stool, 11x14, other houses ask \$1.50, for \$1.00 each.	THAT WILL DO IT.	And Give a Free Trip to the World's Fair.
How it is possible to sell a Reed Rocker similar to cut, worth \$4.50, for	IT WILL BE DONE!	\$2.95.	How it is possible to sell Reed Ottomans that cash houses advertise at \$3.95, same as cut, for	IT WILL BE DONE!	\$3.45.			

Just the thing for a Holiday present; they range in price from \$1.50 to \$20 each.

See Them in Show Window. On Display in Basement.

Big Sale of Short Lengths of Carpets in All Grades This Week.

THE ROYAL FURNITURE & CARPET COMPANY.
22 and 24 EAST SEVENTH STREET, Between Cedar and Wabasha Streets.