THE DAILY GLOBE

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY

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

BY LEWIS BAKER.

ST. PAUL GLOBE SUBSCRIPTION RATE
DAILY (NOT INCLUDING SUNDAY.)
1 yr in advance.$8 00 | 3 m in advance.$2.00
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DAILY AND SUNDAY.
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Eastern Advertising Office—Room 76, Tribune Building, New York.

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TODAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 25. — For Minnesota: Fair; variable winds; colder in eastern portion. For Wisconsin: Generally fair; northwest winds; very much colder. For Iowa: Generally fair; north winds, becoming variable; colder. For North and South Dakota: Generally fair; variable winds. For Montana: Generally fair; north winds; colder.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WEATHER BUREAU, WASHINGTON, Dec. 25, 6:58 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	—10	Havre.......	30.72	—12
Duluth......	30.46	—12	Miles City...	30.56	—4
La Crosse....	30.40	—12	Helena......	30.46	28
Huron.......	30.74	—16	Calgary.....	...	...
Pierre.......	30.78	—8	Minnedosa..	30.7	—18
Moorhead...	30.78	—24	Med'e Hat...	30.88	—16
St. Vincent..	30.72	—22	Qu'Appelle..	30.86	—12
Bismarck....	30.78	—1	Sw't Cur'ent	...	...
Ft. Buford..	30.74	—8	Winnipeg...	30.70	—22

—Below zero.

P. F. LYONS, Local Forecast Official.

TAXATION OF RAILROAD LANDS.

A convention of persons who think the tax laws of our state need bettering meets next month. Representatives-elect from the northern part of the state have already expressed their intention to move for legislation which will subject the land grants of the railroads to taxation. The convention will also discuss the same proposition.

A bill was before the legislature at the last session to make these lands subject to their share of the burden. It was reported on adversely on the ground that if passed it would release the roads from the payment of the gross earnings tax. The amendment to the constitution which was rejected was refused largely because it was believed that it covered an attempt of the roads to avoid that tax. A review of the condition of the law is therefore not inopportune.

In 1873 the legislature passed an act providing that the St. Paul, Stillwater & Taylor's Falls road might, in lieu of all other taxes upon any of its property, including any lands granted it by the state or congress, pay into the treasury a percentage of its gross earnings, increasing by terms until it reached the present 3 per cent. It also provided that any other road then existing or thereafter constructed might, by a resolution of its board of directors duly attested and filed with the state treasurer, come within the provisions of the act.

Either the railroads found this method of taxation at that time so favorable to them, or the legislators thought the tax so good a thing for the state, that, to prevent any change in the act, an amendment to the constitution was adopted a year or two later, which virtually incorporated the act of '73 into the constitution by requiring any act of the legislature changing that act in any manner to be first submitted to a popular vote and approved by a majority of those voting on the proposition.

It is thus apparent that the legislature is powerless to fix a tax on these lands of its own volition. It must amend the law by striking out the exemption of the granted lands and then submit it to a vote of the people. But while the state is thus bound, there does not seem to be anything to bind the companies. It is this peculiarity, one usual in corporation legislation, which lends color to the suspicion that both the act of '73 and the amendment to the constitution, originated in the councils of the companies. There are certainly no vested rights in any method of taxation, neither is there anything in the nature of a contract inviolable by later legislatures. The roads incurred no continuing obligation to pay a 3 per cent gross earnings tax. Without the amendment, which only binds the state, the legislature might make any change of amount or method it saw fit and the roads could not make valid objection. Not being bound with the state by that amendment there is nothing to prevent the board of directors of any road from resinding the resolution accepting the act of '73 and refusing to pay the tax. They pay it now because it is the cheapest, but will they withdraw when it becomes more burdensome than a valuation tax and there is nothing to prevent them from so doing.

PATENT MONOPOLY.

The basis of our patent laws is the recognition of that inherent right in every person to the enjoyment of the fruits of his labor. But because a man cannot both part with his property and enjoy it, and because with most inventions a man must part with his property right in them to utilize it, the patent law was devised, which insures to him the value of his invention while permitting its use by others with his consent. But in doing this is created a monopoly which, where inventions have become of general use, and grown to be a necessity, is burdensome in its exactions. Another result are the vexatious disputes over alleged infringements, growing out of the desire to utilize the invention without paying a royalty for its use. The innocent purchaser of implements using patented devices, and made to pay handsomely for it, usually to the speculative assignee of the patent, is also a frequently-occurring illustration of some of the inconveniences and injustices which our present laws give rise to.

It would seem not a difficult matter to secure to the inventor the compensation for the use of his device and at the same time prevent its being monopolized. Any person using a patent now is liable to suit for damages, and the measure of these is the reasonable value of the use of the patent. If this suit could be made to precede the use instead of following it, the inventor's rights would be as well protected, and the feature of monopoly removed. What good reason is there that any person wishing to use a patented device might not cite the inventor into court to show cause why he should not be permitted the use of the invention on such terms as to reasonable compensation for the use as the court might ascertain and adjudge? If the commercial value of the device had not become fixed by its reception on the market, a decree permitting use might be granted, reserving the question of compensation for subsequent investigation and determination. There are any way, no inherent difficulties in the way of some such modification of the patent laws; and certainly the benefits to result in the removal of the power of rapacious exaction and in the more general use of inventions of utility warrant the effort to reach some better method than the existing one.

NELSON AND DAVIS.

When the present governor-elect of Minnesota was a representative in congress he plucked up courage to stand out against his party on the chief article in its creed. He declared against protection run mad, and he voted with the Democrats in congress for the MILLS bill. It was an act which required much independence of purpose and a rare disregard of personal ambitions. Being true to his convictions, Mr. NELSON could not remain in accord with his party. He paid the penalty of his independence by retiring to private life.

But his party, reduced to desperate straits by its distrusted leaders, was compelled to come humbly and apologetically to Mr. NELSON with overtures of reconciliation. It needed the aid of his Norwegian following to carry Minnesota. He gave that aid, and his party in this state is now in a position to refuse no demand of his that is consonant with reason and good politics.

Would it be good politics from a Republican standpoint to send CUSHMAN K. DAVIS back to the United States senate?

Unquestionably Mr. DAVIS is the logical Republican candidate. He represents McKinleyism, the force bill and the other discredited tenets of the controlling faction in the Republican party. He actively aided and abetted the Republican measures which brought that party into such low esteem that even its whilom stronghold, Minnesota, would have been lost to it but for Mr. NELSON and the nationality issue. Consistently the party can have but one candidate for the senate, and that is the present senator.

But would consistent politics be good politics in the present instance?

It took a radical departure from consistency to save the Republican party in Minnesota this year. Mr. NELSON recognizes this; and he also realizes that Mr. DAVIS distinctly represents what he himself repudiated in Republicanism.

Has Mr. NELSON the courage to again assert himself in opposition to the logical bent of his party?

A COMPARISON.

GRANT and GARFIELD thought $40,000,000 or $50,000,000 annually should be the limit of the country's pension expenditures. RAUM and DUDLEY and QUAY and DAVIS and the others of their ilk into whose hands the Republican party has fallen consider that there should be no limit. They have already raised pension expenditures to the enormous figure of three times $50,000,000 annually, and if their plans are not defeated another year will see another $50,000,000 added.

GRANT and GARFIELD were not immaculately perfect men. They were human, and therefore they often erred. But they were men beside whom the QUAY-DAVIS-DUDLEY crowd size up as dwarfs and pigmies. They had led Union armies into battle, and the welfare of their veteran cohorts was dear to them. But they knew that there was a limit beyond which pension expenditure would be mere pension profligacy and corruption. In the hands of its latter-day leaders the Republican party is squandering three times the sum at which GRANT and GARFIELD considered that honesty ended and corruption began.

Since their own party thus repudiates the precepts of these two dead chieftains—soldiers and statesmen both, and presidents of the republic—let the Democratic party accept those precepts and restore the pension roll as a roll of honor.

THE BITTER AWAKING.

The "woman in the case" has appeared in France. She is "young and beautiful," of course. Of course, also, she "moves in the very highest circles." Why shouldn't she? She is the wife of the man who for many years bore the most honored name in France. That name is tarnished and blackened now. It has been dragged through the Panama mud, and its luster is dimmed and disfigured. And, as if the public scandal were not sufficient penance for his mad dream of leveling mountains and linking seas, a domestic scandal adds its blight to DE LESSEPS' declining years. His wife is the "woman in the case." He has seen four-score winters. She has seen some thirty summers. He has been a dreamer of grand dreams, a daring climber up dizzy heights. She has been a butterfly, a bright-winged idler. He is fallen from his high estate down, down into the mire of disgrace. To his disgrace is added her infamy. Shame has spread its pall over her bright colors. For his sake the world has been blind to her faithlessness. She was CÆSAR'S wife. But CÆSAR is fallen now, and "none so base to do him homage." When he most needs its concealing folds, Charity unwraps her mantle from about him and his. Miserable dreamer! He wakes at last to a recognition of life's bitter mockeries. But Death stands outside in the corridor, waiting to enter and bear him to a sleep that has no troubled dreams.

THE emperor of Morocco has reconsidered his intention of bringing his 600 wives to the world's fair. He will leave the choicest of the lot at home, and a St. Louis paper says it is because somebody has alarmed him about Chicago's divorce facilities. We are now waiting to hear Chicago remark that if St. Louis had the fair, his leathery nibs might bring over a whole boat-load of charmers without feeling uneasy lest any of them should wish to stay.

MR. GLADSTONE has had the draft of his home rule bill set up by a single compositor, who worked behind barred doors and was put under a dreadful graveyard-by-the-dark-of-the-moon oath of secrecy. It would be interesting to know whether, in the course of all these precautions against premature publicity, it occurred to the g. o. m to show the bill to his wife.

TWO LONDON newsboys who called "Dying confession of MRS. MAYBRICK" on the street have been sent to jail for obtaining money by false pretenses. This again demonstrates the necessity of a universal code of ethics under which all nations and newsboys can work. It isn't right to send a boy to jail in London for business enterprise that would earn him a Sunday school prize in Chicago.

IT is given out that Miss LIZZIE BORDEN is "on the verge of insanity." If the insanity plea is to be resorted to, we are prepared to accept it as a satisfactory evidence of guilt.

THERE are only six more days of leap year.

But a good deal can be accomplished in six days. The world, for instance, was made in that time.

THIS Panama business forces on us the reluctant conviction that in France the only good statesmen are dead statesmen.

A CHICAGO saloonkeeper has bagged two burglars. Put him on the force.

EXIT Christmas! Hail New Year's!

CHRISTMAS ETCHINGS.

Christmas is doubtless the happiest time in the year to most of us, yet it is a relief to have it over with. Once more we will be able to open doors unexpectedly without being inhospitably greeted with a shrill scream and "You horrid thing, why didn't you walk so we could hear you?" while sundry mysterious bundles are bustled under the table, not to be brought to light again until we have departed

And once more the house will be emptied of those everlasting bits of ribbon, silk and worsted. Every room will not smell of oil, paints and turpentine, and we will be allowed to establish ourselves comfortably in an arm chair without first having to ascertain how many dolls in all stages of undress and distress we are liable to sit upon and cause their dear little lives to come to an untimely end.

And then, the dreadful shopping is over at last. I have carried so many bundles that I am sure the neighbors think I have hired out as a "10-cent package delivery" or keep a private laundry and bring the clothes home myself.

If we can judge by the crowd around the counter where "stuffed cats" are sold, every small child in town will receive one. I have bought so many, one at a time, that I have become ashamed to ask for any more for fear I should become known as the "feline fiend." If I passed that counter on my way to another a cat was immediately thrust at me, as though they thought of course that was what I wanted. I had them sitting in a row on the spare bed awaiting shipment, and unthinkingly sent a timid friend in there with a candle. The candle flickered. That made the cats look alive and jumping. She dropped the candle and fled to me for protection, insisting "a window must have been left open, for she had just seen a hundred live cats in the spare room."

How hard we look at a dollar at this season, trying to gild it with our eyes until it becomes an eagle, but try as we will it remains a simple silver dollar and must be stretched to do the work of ten. Our friends must make the love that accompanies our simple gifts cover the evident lack of means.

The grippe will be welcomed now; it gives us such a splendid opportunity to display our new hankerchiefs. If there is a man, woman or child who has not received a handkerchief for Christmas I would like their address. I think I can get them a job—nothing about dime museums insinuated. Handkerchiefs come in every style and I think every one ought to be suited. I have seen them for big noses, little noses, pug noses and no noses, which means for show only. It is a very nice thing to have one that exactly suits your complexion to shed a few crocodile tears upon, to convince your "beloved" that if he doesn't immediately agree with you that "black is white" you will have hysterics.

I know several people, who are amiability personified, except during the month of December. Then they intrench themselves behind a barricade of embroidery hoops, oil paints and fancy work and get their brains and tempers in such a whirl that nobody dares approach them without fear and trembling: from which chaos they smilingly emerge on Christmas morning with "just what we needed" for all their friends. These are only a few of the female crowd that were born with a mania for making fancy work and never seem to recover from it.

Mrs. Smith has a husband who never reads anything but the newspapers, and was never known to look at any picture, except some advertisement for a new cigar; but Mrs. Smith is ambitious to have a well furnished house, so poor Smith has been deluged with Grecian histories, Dickens' complete works, "The Angelus," a silver manicure set and anything else she happened to want for five Christmases. He says he expects she will present him with a silk dress this year. If she does, he has a box of cigars ready to give her; but that is a secret, and maybe I ought not to have told.

Rich and poor jostle each other in the toy department, and beside the lady buying a Parisian doll stands the poor washerwoman laying out her hard-earned pennies on a woolly sheep, over which her six little ones will spend some happy moments, each choosing a part of the dear little animal for their own. Maybe the unselfish one will only get one ear for herself, but she will doubtless enjoy that more than the owner of the doll will her "Desiree," which will probably be complained of for having "black eyes when they knew she wanted blue eyes."

All the children will be happy, and we will bless (?) the kind friends who send our boys tin trumpets and drums. E. H. R.

Prince Ferdinand's Betrothed.

Of course all princesses are beautiful, as all princes are brave and handsome, by courtesy, but Princess Marie of Edinburgh, the betrothed of Prince Ferdinand, is really a clever and beautiful girl, quite capable of holding her own even in the troublesome little kingdom of Roumania, and already very much admired and beloved by the queen of Roumania, who so warmly espoused the cause of the English princess' deposed rival. The prince is tall and fair, and amiable in disposition, and very romantic. The delicate, intellectual beauty of the talented Carmen Sylva has completely fascinated the young girl, and the wiseacres who predicted trouble between the impetuous queen and her probable successor are disappointed. One of the queen's presents to Princess Marie on her marriage will consist of a pleasure barge. It is formed on an entirely new plan and made to imitate a swan swimming. The representation is very natural, except as to size. The neck and head rise to the height of eighteen feet, the body forms a commodious cabin, neatly decorated, and large enough to accommodate ten persons, and the feet are so artfully contrived as to supply the place of oars, which move it with any degree of velocity.

Senor Garcia's Unwelcome Visitors.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Another dastardly crime has been perpetrated in Starr county by the band of Mexican brigands who have been committing depredations in that section of the lower Rio Grande border for the past several months. Monday night they paid a visit to the Mestenas ranch, owned by Prudenciano Garcia. They awakened Mr. Garcia and his family at midnight, compelling the women to prepare them coffee and tortillas. The bandits then rode off, but returned on Tuesday and began firing at the house of Garcia. The latter and a cowboy returned the fire of the bandits. About fifty shots were exchanged, Garcia being shot through the body twice. One of the bandits was seriously wounded. None of the outlaws have been captured.

Georgia's "Sinking Mountain."

Chicago Mail.

The state of Georgia, which has perhaps more wonders and curiosities, both animate and inanimate, than any other state in the union, is the home of that freak of all freaks, the "sinking mountain." It stands near the Chattanooga river and is known to all the learned scientists of the world as the "earthquake barometer." Although the mountain is known to be gradually sinking at all time its periods of greatest disquiet are when earthquakes are getting ready to rack some remote part of the globe. When the great earthquake occurred in Japan a few years ago (1883) the "sinking mountain's" height was reduced about ten feet.

To See the Heart Beat.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

M. Marcey, the well-known investigator of animal movements by means of instantaneous photography and the zoetrope, has now succeeded in rendering the beating of a living heart visible to the eye. All the phases of the movement can be followed and properly examined by this new method. The heart employed in his experiments was that of a turtle.

BOOK TALKS.

One of the most exquisite books that have been issued for the holiday trade this year is sent by Frederick W. Stokes & Co., containing poems by Dobson, Locker and Praed, with fac-similes of water-color paintings by Maud Humphrey, together with illustrations in black and white by various artists. All that is dainty, old and artistic is found in these water-color pictures. No stretch of imagination could make them fin de siecle girls. The delicate high-bred air that the cushioned hair and Pompadour colors and mincing steps in high-heeled shoes gave to the ladies fair of our grandmothers' day, is here reproduced to fit the spirit of the tenderest love poems penned this century. They have even the faint old-world flavor that went out with patches and farthingales, but that still find an echo in the heart of hearts of their nineteenth century daughters. Miss Humphrey has caught the spirit of the poems and given it back in these delightful pictures. You are just a porcelain trifle, belle marquise, expresses the idea exactly. Those dainty ways that belong with the old sedan chair and the gay attire of the men of long ago may not have been quite so sincere as are the manners of the men and women whom one meets every day in street cars or elevators in these nineteenth century days, but they certainly touch one's imagination more delicately, and are far more picturesque. The time may come when people will have grown so sordid that such a poem as "A Letter of Advice," by Praed, or Dickens' "Rotten Row," or that other, "At Her Window," will not touch their hearts; but let us be thankful that they have not come to that deplorable pass yet. One of the sweetest, if not the sweetest, things in the book is a song of the four seasons, with its four tender little pictures in black and white. Each one satches the spirit of the time and embalms it in ink, for the pleasure of the happy possessor, who also possesses a soul wise enough to understand.

* * *

"The Son of Man" is a very peculiar book. It is in two volumes. The first seems to be a sort of autobiography of the author, Harold Broderick, of Invercargill, South New Zealand. He must have been an unusual boy, for he was very fond of sports, and yet he says, "I used to sit quite still when we had visitors." He seems to have had a good deal of trouble with his relatives, who not unnaturally, in view of his claims, thought him crazy, and spent a large part of his time in sailing to England from New Zealand and then from England back to New Zealand again. The idea seems to be that the name "son of man," used as we popularly use it, is a misnomer, for he says, "the term son of man is used as a collective term in the Bible," and applies to all men. His theory of life is not a very hopeful one; he says that it is God Himself who tempts sinners. "There is no such place as heaven, but humanity is now living in God, and He does with them as He will. Then he makes a few prophecies: "In time to come there shall be no taxes; there shall be no marriage rites; there shall be no public praying; there shall be no wise men." Published by Laird & Lee, Chicago.

* * *

No woman has done so much to teach women the beauty of so living that they may have a sound mind, in a sound body as Mrs. Jenness-Miller. The dainty little book, "Mother and Babe," with its soft, white covers, is a guide that all mothers, and more especially all expectant young mothers, should possess. The rules she here lays down for their daily living are the rules by which she prepared herself, body and soul, for that great and sweet mystery of motherhood. And her safety and comparative comfort are well described here. We are so bound about by precedent and inherited prejudice and wrong thinking that this time, that should be the happiest and sweetest time in a woman's life, is instead a time of fear, and perhaps of shamefacedness. Let all women join with Mrs. Miller to make his a holy time, and in a few years humanity would be so elevated that half of the social problems that are now vexing the minds of good people would answer themselves. Tucked away in the pockets of this little book are patterns for those maternity dresses of which she told in her lectures here last spring, and also patterns for that first little wardrobe that holds so much of a mother's love and hopes, stitched in with prayer to bring a blessing to the helpless little creature confided to her love and care. All that science and reason can do has been done to make these garments perfect for the uses to which they shall be put. Sold by Jenness-Miller Publishing company, Washington, D. C. Price, $2.

The bound volumes of Century and St. Nicholas that have reached our table this year are uniform with those received last year.

* * *

Seneca E. Truesdell has found a new field of romance in the stories of the early settlers of this wild Northwest. He tells of these things as one who has lived there. He is a true interpreter of the scenes and times that are fast dying out. The Indian has no romantic halo for him. He has seen them in all their wretchedness, cruelty and craft; yet their few redeeming traits he sees and portrays with a judicial, rather than a romantic pen. The curious contradictions of Indian character are well portrayed in "Inkapadoota's Son." One of the rarer traits of this strange people gives the motive to the most pathetic of all these stories, though it has rather a repellant name, "Eatin' Biled Dog." These stories are all well told, and are a promise of better things by and by. Published by Pioneer Press company. Trade supplied by D. D. Merrill & Co.

PERIODICALS RECEIVED.

The Housekeeper. Buckeye Publishing company, Minneapolis, Minn.

Music, a monthly magazine. W. S. B. Mathews, editor and publisher, Chicago, 240 Wabash avenue.

The Illustrated American, a weekly news magazine. The Illustrated American Publishing company, 5 and 7 East Sixteenth street, New York.

The Ladies' Home Journal. The Curtis Publishing company, Philadelphia.

Health and Home. Published by the Health and Home Publishing company, 84 South Ninth street, Minneapolis, Minn.

Two Tales. Two Tales Publishing company, 6 Beacon street, Boston.

The Youth's Companion. Perry Mason company, Boston.

The New York Ledger. Robert Bonner's Sons, corner of William and Spruce streets, New York.

Scientific American. Munn & Co., publishers, 361 Broadway, New York.

Romance A Monthly Magazine of Complete Stories. Romance Publishing company, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.

Chicago Woman's News. Frances L. Dusenberry, publisher and proprietor, 170 Madison street, Chicago."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Snider's Wickedness," and Other Stories, by Seneca E. Truesdell; Pioneer Press Company, publisher, St. Paul, Minn. Trade supplied by D. D. Merrill & Co. Price, 50 cents.

The Century Magazine, Vol. 44. The Century Publishing Company, New York.

St. Nicholas, bound volumes—19. Edited by Mary Mapes Dodge. The Century Publishing Company, New York.

"The Son of Man," 2 vols. Laird & Lee, publishers, Chicago.

Poems by Dobson, Locker and Praed. Frederick A. Stokes & Co., 29 West Twenty-third street, New York. Price, $3.

Mrs. Jenness-Miller's "Mother and Babe: a Portfolio of Instruction for Women Before and After the Coming of Baby." Jenness-Miller Publishing Company, Washington, D. C. Price, $2.

Journalism in Georgia.

Vienna (Ga.) Progress.

We saw a 'possum sell for 60 cents last week. If we can borrow a dog the paper will be discontinued until Feb. 1 next. There's more money in 'possum hunting—and fun and glory galore. Who can lend us the dog?

THE SUTTON SERMON

A Chapter of Gospel Laid Down for Christian Scientists.

Miss Sutton's Interesting Sermon at Grand Forks Yesterday.

Death, She Tells Her Hearers, Is Not a Divine Law.

Some Interesting Deductions From Her Scriptural Lore.

Text: "For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."—Rom. vii., 23.

Christian scientists are often criticised for making the assertion that death is not a divine law. It is argued that since death comes alike to all and is the natural ending of life, it must be divinely inevitable.

But death does not come to all, for neither Moses nor Enoch nor Elijah died, but were translated. Christian scientists claim, and Scriptures bears them out in the assertion, that death is a law or consequence of sin which may be avoided by man's obedience to divine law. Life has no ending, but Whittier was right when he sang, "There is no death; what we call death is but transition." We all know this transition has been made without passing through what is called death, and divine science teaches that it should be so, and will be. How can death be the door to life? To lay off the sense of sin and materiality is the natural entrance to holiness and spirituality. As Paul states it, "We are transformed by the renewing of our minds." And if at death, man's mind is not sufficiently renewed to reach

That Great Transformation

from the earthy to the heavenly, he will find his surroundings after death as far from the heavenly as before and will learn there is but one way to become ripe for the heavenly and that is to turn from sensual material sense to spiritual soulfulness and find himself the image of perfect mind. This is "passing from death into life."

When we say the sensual, the material or evil of any and all kinds are delusions, that we must seek to know the spiritual and the good only, people say, "This is a hard saying; who can hear (understand) it?" Yet, that good is true and evil untrue; good real and evil unreal, all must learn. All must unknow the evil and know good only, for man is not only forbidden to know both good and evil, but it is inevitably decreed that if he knows both he must "surely die." God is good, and all He made was good, and all His laws are good. Therefore, when we know truly we will know all to be good, and realize that the only Maker never made any evil that we may know. The delusion of evil will vanish when the truth appears, as delusions always do.

But to know God and ourselves truly we must accept the spiritually scientific account of God, man and the universe, as revealed in the first chapter of Genesis, and the first five verses of the second chapter as the real true version, and the second chapter, beginning with the sixth verse, we must regard as the unreal, the untrue—simply carnal mind's version of what it does not and cannot understand—namely, God's perfect creation. The first account represents the Creator and creature in the true or divine order of being, wherein all is good, there is no evil. Hence, as divine mind knows itself and man, there is no sin—good only is known and God's works finished—nothing to be made either good or bad, and evil unknown. God is "all and in all." To know this is eternal life. Now, glance at

The Opposite Supposition

as delineated in the second and third chapters. Here is a "mist"—it covers up the whole truth, if we look into it believing. Here God is represented as making man of dust (nothingness) instead of reflecting him as His image, the reflection of spirit; that He placed him in a garden of delight (Eden), in the midst of which He planted the tree of life and the tree of death. And what is the tree of death? The knowledge of good and evil. "Of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat (partake) of it, for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." * * * * *

The Scriptures declare that the law of sin is death. So as long as we sin we are under the law of death and are liable to die. But when we become perfect, or so nearly so as to overcome this law, it will no longer be found necessary to succumb to death, but man will overcome it and pass into a higher existence as naturally and painlessly as Enoch and Elijah did. If they made the change in that way because they were perfect, it would be right; and if it is right for them it is right for us. And if translation be contingent upon perfection, then we will attain to it by attaining to perfection; and, further, no one should deny that man can and should reach perfection, for Jesus said to His deciples, "Be ye therefor perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."—Matt., v., 49.

As death is not a divine law there is no "time to die," except in human expectation, and that is the human thought expressed in the Scripture. If there were a certain time for each man, woman and child to die, it would be a sin to try to save life or pray to God to save the sick. Practically people do not believe God has appointed a special time for death, else they would not strive, with medicine and other means, to prevent death.

But, furthermore, if death were by the will of God, Jesus would not and could not have raised the dead. He said he came to

Fulfill the Law,

not to destroy it. But if death were God's law he would have annulled or destroyed law whenever he raised the dead to life. By the very act of bringing the dead back to life he fulfilled the law of life and overcome "the law of sin and death." He also stated that some who stood with him, undoubtedly his disciples, should not die. "Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here, which shall not taste of death, till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom." Matt. xvi., 38, also Mark ix., 1, and Luke ix., 27.

"The belief that God decrees death is one of the greatest producers of what man terms death. I once sat at the bedside of a consumptive invalid, who opposed my understanding and demonstration of divine healing. She declared: "God has appointed me a certain time to die. You do not know but what this is my time, so it would be sin and blasphemy for you to attempt, or expect, to raise me from this bed by prayer." I pointed to her table, covered with bottles of drugs, exclaiming, "Then how dare you take that medicine!"

Jesus said that they who believe (understandingly) upon Him should do all His works. That includes raising the dead. But man will have a very different understanding of death, in all respects, than is generally accepted today before he can make that grand demonstration. Yet Peter and Paul had that understanding, and did the work. And if Peter and Paul, then why not we? They were to us examples of Jesus' faithful followers. We are expected to discern and demonstrate the same truth that they did.

Study the words of the text, "For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ, our Lord." Here is a very plain statement of the origin of death on the one side, and the origin of life on the other. Death the result of sin. Life the free gift of God. That which results in death cannot also result in life; neither can that which produces life also produce death; no more than fire can produce heat and also cold, nor than ice can freeze and also thaw that which is frozen. Jesus declared a tree could not produce both good and evil fruit, striving to teach His hearers that nothing produces its opposite. No one believes this impossibility, except as a superstitious belief which he calls religion.

What shall we expect, then? Death? No; but rather life, if we ever expect to reach that altitude of being wherein we shall overcome that last enemy, death. Overcome it we must.

IN A RING OF FIRE.

A Party's Thrilling Experience in a Conflagration on the Prairie.

We whipped up the horses and drove toward the upland, thinking thus to escape the greatest danger, says F. H. Kellogg in the St. Nicholas. We reached the high ground before meeting any flame, and we were greatly rejoiced to see that much of the grass was still fairly green here, though thickly bestrewn with patches of longer grass that was dry.

The fierce flames now approached, rushing along with furious speed, crackling and snapping—the sound alone being sufficient to strike terror to the stoutest heart. Galloping along the line of fire we found that where it crossed a little ravine the flames were not so high, for the grass was quite green there. We dashed through the line of flame, suffering brief tortures of suffocation and a severe stinging and smarting of our eyes, caused by the intense heat and pungent smoke.

Once through, we congratulated ourselves on the hope that we should yet escape, for going in that direction, right in the teeth of the wind, we could travel more rapidly than the pursuing flames.

While passing through the fire I recalled the proverb "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," for just in advance of the line of flame clouds of sparrows darted here and there, catching the hosts of insects started up by the heat of the burning grass.

We now hear galloping hoofs and we soon saw two Indians (Osage) approaching through the smoke. "Where are you going?" they asked in their own language. "To Gray Horse," our driver replied in the same tongue. They told him that the prairie was a mass of flames in that direction and that we must go back. We responded that all was flame in that direction. Notwithstanding the indifference to danger usually ascribed to redskins, these Indians showed unmistakable signs of terror. Some further quick conversation informed us that they, like ourselves, had seized an opportunity to penetrate the line of flame, thinking thus to escape.

We all were now inclosed in a gradually narrowing ring of fire. To clear the space around us by burning off the grass—to start a "back fire," as it is called—was our only chance for safety; and this we attempted. A large space was cleared before the oncoming fire reached us. We hoped to escape with but singed eyebrows and a few moments of suffocation, and this we would have considered a fortunate deliverance. But we found our last chance failing us. The back fire we had started against the wind had burned only the dry grass, and in doing this had served as a furnace to dry the greener grass. Thus the prairie fire, reaching our burned district, found the greener grass killed and dried, and hence had almost as much fuel as outside.

The fire was now close around us. The varying currents of air heated by the flames whirled and rose, and gusts of cold air rushing in to replace the hot air caused a whirlwind, and a great well of smoke and flame was thus formed. Within this well we stood, as yet unharmed and with a constant supply of cool air, but expecting death.

It was a dreadful moment; the mother and child were crying; the Indians, with clasped hands, were calling upon the Great Spirit in a weird chant.

Suddenly we felt an unusually strong rush of cold air from one side, and, looking up, I saw a strange and welcome sight. A long tongue of flame had run toward and into our circular prison from the main fire, and had burned a lane from the outlying burnt area in to us. Through this lane, formed by walls of fire, came rushing in a current of cold, clear air. This kept the smoke blown away, and we saw plainly the path of escape thus providentially afforded us when all hope seemed gone.

CHARMED BY A SNAKE.

An Able-Bodied Man Made Helpless by the Serpent's Subtle Spell.

J. W. Felts, a prominent and reliable citizen of the adjoining county of Cheatham, says a Clarksville (Tenn.) correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, relates the following extraordinary story of the influence exerted upon him by a rattlesnake a short time ago:

"I started out one day in company with a colored man to cut some timber, having a measuring pole in hand, the negro carrying an ax. After a time we separated, and I had not gone far before I noticed a large rattlesnake in the path ahead of me. Apparently we discovered each other about the same time, and both stopped. My first thought was to kill the reptile, but he at once threw himself into a coil, and I concluded, as the space around was open, and not fearing his escape, to wait and see what the snake would do. I was soon intently watching his movements. He cut up more antics than I had ever seen performed by a snake. To me it was a picture calculated to attract and rivet attention, and my purpose of destruction was soon forgotten.

"Ere I was aware of it I stood, or rather stooped spellbound, as if transfixed to the spot, without the power of speaking or moving, save in obedience to the will of my captor. I felt the distance between us continually lessening, and, although I was conscious of my perilous position, I seemed powerless to change it, and, what may seem to be more strange, had no desire to do so, only to approach nearer the object that under different circumstances would have been one of terror rather than attraction. I knew we were gradually nearing each other, but how I could not tell, not being conscious of moving, and the snake seemed to occupy the same position relatively as at first. I only know that in the beginning I stood erect, now I was in a kneeling position, my body inclined forward, my right hand extended, gradually nearing the snake, not in a straight line, but oscillating, and at each movement lessening the distance. From the first moment that I caught the eye of the reptile there seemed a line extending from each of his eyes to mine, about the size of ordinary sewing thread, which seemed to exert a power over me sufficient to hold me and make me subservient to his will.

"How long I remained in this position I know not. The colored man becoming uneasy at my prolonged absence commenced calling me. I could distinctly hear him, but had no power to answer. Finally searching for me he found me in the attitude described. He again called to me, but as before I paid no attention to him. Then he came nearer and discovered the huge reptile within a few feet of me coiled for the deadly spring, my right hand within a few inches of his mouth, each gazing intently into the other's eyes. He comprehended the situation at once, took hold of me violently, and threw me backward from the snake, thus partially breaking the spell. No effort was made by the snake to escape. The negro at once killed the snake, while I all the time was begging him not to do so. It measured about six feet in length and fourteen inches in circumference and had eight rattles.

"I was so completely under the influence of the snake that I could not shake it off, nor, in fact, had any disposition to do so. The hallucination was not only pleasant but exhilarating, and there was only lacking one undefinable something—I could not tell what, but it seemed almost within my grasp—to make my happiness complete. So powerful was the effect upon my system that I was stricken down with a severe spell of sickness."

WILL NOT BE KIEHLE.

Nelson Will Name a New Man for State Superintendent.

Why the Change Was Not Made Two Years Ago Explained.

No Good Man Made Application for the Responsible Position.

The Contest for Speaker Comes to the Front This Week.

State Superintendent Kiehle will not be reappointed by Gov.-elect Knute Nelson.

While the people have not been told anything in regard to the matter, it is no secret that there is the warmest kind of a contest on for the position of superintendent of public instruction. Those acquainted with the present occupant of this office have been aware that he has not been at ease for some time past. This has been made manifest by Supt. Kiehle's frequent appearance around the places frequented by politicians during the past few weeks. This always happens once in two years, and for the past ten years has resulted in enough of the active workers indorsing Mr. Kiehle to secure him a reappointment. Of course the main reason for his reappointment on several occasions has been the fact that no man of genuine ability and experience has been a candidate.

Some years ago Gov. Merriam was ready and willing to appoint a new man, but on the failure of the right style of an educator to enter the lists, he reappointed Mr. Kiehle. Had some such man as Prof. F. A. Weld, of Fergus Falls, Principal Critchett, of the Duluth high school, or Prof. A. F. Bechdoldt, formerly of Mankato, been in the field, there is no doubt that the official life of Supt. Kiehle would have terminated two years ago. This year, although the state superintendent has been pulling the wires with more than usual energy, the indications are that he will fail to bring the governor-elect around to give him a reappointment.

"The facts of the matter are that Supt. Kiehle has worked the office for all there is in it and made it entirely too much a family affair," remarked a leading Republican politician the other day, "and it is time a new man was found."

A remarkable fact in regard to this office is that, while it is one of the very best in the gift of the governor, the candidates are always few in number. Whether this is through a fear on the part of the county and city superintendents to antagonize Mr. Kiehle is not known, but the only man who dared to do this a few years ago has dropped out of educational work. A great many papers have been urging the claims of the assistant superintendent, Prof. T. H. Kirk, but that quiet official has not announced himself. The Rock County Herald, however, hopes for his appointment, and declares that it should be made. This expression follows:

The newspaper exchanges received at this office are practically unanimous in advocating the appointment of Prof. Kirk to succeed State Superintendent Kiehle. There would seem to be no room for doubt that this change should be made. Prof. Kirk is unquestionably the better man of the two for the place. As assistant state superintendent he has done the greater part of the work of the office, and has demonstrated his fitness for it. It is time now that the nominal state superintendent who has held the office and drawn the pay for twelve years should step aside and give place to the man who has done the work.

ONE WILL PULL OUT.

The Battle for the Speakership Opens in Earnest.

The contest for the honor of presiding over the deliberations of the lower house of the legislature at the coming session will be the feature of this week in state politics. All of the candidates will be on hand tomorrow, and they will not leave the city until the matter is decided. The candidates for the minor positions in both houses are legion, and they are already nearly all in the city. All of these gentlemen are ready for any combination that will give them a place on the "slate," and to a limited extent they will affect the contest.

There is and has been considerable talk among some of the Republicans favorable to making the fight for speaker a contest for the whole house to act upon, but this comes from only a few members, who have the courage to protest against outside influences stepping into the house and electing a speaker. Whether the presence of Senator Davis will put a damper on this movement is a question, because, while he declares that he has no interest in the choice of the Republicans for speaker, it is well known that his managers have, and the work has been done. In case a caucus is held the winner will be W. E. Lee, unless the other three candidates can effect a combination. This is extremely doubtful for the reason that there are different interests behind these candidates. Before the middle of the week the number of candidates will probably be reduced by one, Hon. James A. Boggs, of Duluth, withdrawing. Mr. Boggs claims a dozen votes or more, but he has no such number. He may have five or six, but the latter is the extreme limit. But Mr. Boggs has made his play for position and will now pull out as the GLOBE all along predicted he would do. He is really a man of considerable ability, but he has no popular strength and can attract nothing, for the reason that he represents not himself nor the people of St. Louis county, but the Minnesota Iron company. This corporation wants him placed at the head of an important committee of the house, and had him make his play for speaker in order to give him the needed prominence.

Now watch the scheme work out. Capt. Joe Sellwood, of the Minnesota Iron company, will be on hand in a few days to see that the machine does not slip a cog.

Hon. O. B. Turrell's confidence is only exceeded by that of Mr. Greer, and he in turn yields the palm to Mr. Lee. In case there is no combination between the first two, Mr. Lee will be the winner beyond all doubt.

DEMOCRATIC ROYALTY.

Victor Emmanuel in Plug Hat and Citizen's Clothes Without an Escort.

"The 'divinity that doth hedge a king' is becoming less and less apparent over in Europe, outside, perhaps, of the dominion of the absolute czar," a very smooth-faced, well-traveled-looking gentleman, who was nevertheless the advance agent of a London tailoring house, and bore the euphonious name of Schmidt, said to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter. "I remember on one of my trips to Italy several years ago seeing the great King Victor Emmanuel of Italy driving out to the Cascine in Florence. No escort at all. He sat in an American buggy and handled the ribbons himself over a pretty pair of bays. He wore every-day citizen's clothes, with a common plug hat, none the better of a brushing that morning, I am sure, and from one corner of his big mouth, at an angle of about forty-five degrees, there protruded a long black cigar. It was a very democratic sort of a spectacle. But that's the sort of a big, burly, bluff old fellow he was—a great hunter, a big fighter, brave as Julius Cæsar, fond of wine and women, altogether such a hero as Carlyle himself might have loved. Pope Pius IX. had a great fondness for him, and though dethroned by him and made "captive," so to speak, in the Vatican by him, turned a soft side to his errors, and finally, it was said, when on his last bed gave him his blessing.

"The son, the present king, Umberto, is in some respects like his father. He is not so brusque in manner, has an eye to decorum, is more of a stickler for forms and ceremonies, owing, perhaps, to the influence of his gracious queen, Margherita. But the old blood is not always under control. I saw him once at a fox hunt on the Campagna. What a fierce light there was in his eye as he bestrode his horse, and gave way at the first break of the chorus of hounds. The devil of him was all in the saddle, and carried him along over stone fences and deep ditches in the most reckless manner. I used to think if he had been chosen king of Spain instead of his more refined and amiable brother, Amadeo, he never would have abdicated that throne without a bloody struggle. If the triple alliance holds till the next European war King Umberto will be no laggard in the field.

DANGER SIGNALS.

How Colored Flags and Lights, Torpedoes and Fusees Are Employed.

"What is the danger signal?" asked Hal, who was beginning, says the St. Nicholas, to consider these railroad signals almost as important and well worth knowing as those in which he drilled his foot ball team.

"Red for danger, green for caution, and white for safety; flags by day and lanterns by night," replied the railroad uncle, adding: "I am sure you must have noticed men at road crossings waving white flags to show that the track was clear as your train rushed by?"

"Of course I have," answered Hal.

"Or the watchman on sharp curves and bridges waving green flags as much as to say: 'You may go ahead, but you must do so with caution?'"

"I don't remember seeing them," responded Hal; "but I'll look out for the green flags the very next time I go in the cars."

"A red flag or a red light is imperative," continued Mr. Holden, and means 'Sound the call for brakes and stop at once.' There are other and cautionary signals I think you will be especially interested in," added his uncle—"torpedoes and fusees, for instance. A torpedo upon the rail is one of the most used and most reliable of all the danger signals."

"But I shouldn't think it would be loud enough," objected Hal. "Why don't you use something louder—say cannon crackers?"

"Oh, you are thinking of the little paper-wrapped torpedoes such as children play with, but they are not the kind I mean. A railroad torpedo is a round tin box, just about the size of a silver dollar, filled with percussion powder. Attached to it are two little leaden strips that can be bent under the edges of the rail, so as to hold the torpedo firmly in place on top of it. In this position, when a locomotive wheel strikes it with the power of a sledge hammer it explodes with a report fully as loud as a cannon cracker, that can be plainly heard above all other sounds of the train. It is a warning sufficient to arouse the engineer to render him keenly alert.

"If a train meet with any accident or obstruction that bids fair to cause a delay of more than a few seconds, the engineer sounds five short whistle blasts (— — — — —). On hearing this signal the rear brakeman must immediately run back a quarter of a mile or so and place a torpedo on one of the rails that his train has just passed over. Then, going back about 200 yards farther, he places two more torpedoes a rail's length apart. He then returns to the first torpedo, and, with his red flag in hand, stands there until the recall signal is sounded from his own train. On hearing this he picks up and takes with him the single torpedo, but leaves the other two where they are.

"These two torpedoes thus form a cautionary signal; and, translated by the next following engineman, mean 'The train ahead of you has met with a delay. Move cautiously, and keep a sharp lookout.' The single torpedo is an imperative warning to apply the air-brakes, 'Shut off,' and 'Reverse!'—in other words, 'Stop at once, for there is danger immediately ahead.'

"If a train is delayed at night the rear brakeman sometimes leaves another bit of fireworks behind him when called in. It is a 'fusee,' which is a paper cone containing enough red fire, inextinguishable by wind or rain, to burn exactly five minutes, which is the shortest time allowed between two running trains. The engineman of a following train must stop when he comes to a fusee and not move ahead again until it has burned out, though he can calculate from its condition just about how far ahead the next train is."

A MEAN ADVENTURE.

Treed All Night by a Lion and Found by His Best Girl.

Globe-Democrat.

"The meanest adventure I ever had happened down in Arizona a couple of weeks ago," said Dr. O. S. Young, who was setting the pace for a coterie of commercial pilgrims in the Lindell corridors. "My best girl lives a couple of miles from town and I had written that I would help her hold down the old arm chair Saturday night. The train was delayed, and by the time I got supper at the hotel, shaved and had my mustache curled it was pretty late. All the livery rigs were out, but I was determined to keep my engagement. I set out afoot, and was within half a mile of the house when I saw an animal come tearing down the side of the mountain at a Nancy Hanks gait. It was too dark to see it clearly, but I got a crank in my head that it was a mountain lion, and that it would like a nice fat drummer for supper. I lit out for the house, but the animal gained on me rapidly. Suddenly it lifted up its voice in the most unearthly roar that ever caused goose pimples to bud and blossom on the backbone of mortal man. It echoed through those canyons like the cry of a lost soul. I knew then that it was a lion, and a might hungry one. Right ahead of me was a syellbark hickory, and up that I shinned in a hurry, spoiling a $60 suit of clothes and rubbing off about a square mile of cuticle. I didn't know whether mountain lions could climb trees or not, but I thought in any event I might delay the obsequies a trifle. The animal came up to the tree, stopped and emitted another heart-breaking bellow that nearly caused me to fall off my perch. Then it walked around the tree a few times, snuffed about and lay down. It seemed to think it had a sure thing of it, and could afford to wait. I stayed up there all night in the frosty air, chilled half to death. Along towards morning I fell into a doze, from which I was aroused by the voice of my prospective father-in-law. I looked down and there was the whole family in the old red wagon en route to town. On the other side of the tree lay a red bull calf complacently chewing his cud."

Two Frightened Britons.

Cincinnati Inquirer.

Two Englishmen had rather a shock while shooting last month in Missouri, according to home letters. They sat down to take their lunch on a bit of rough ground near Ironton, and had their guns on a flat rock. Instantly the guns moved from their resting place and leaped up to a hugh bowlder a few feet distant. At first the men were terrified at this mysterious action, but they soon discovered that the bowlder was composed of magnetic iron ore. The guns were only slightly damaged.

Japanese Hairpins.

Baltimore Herald.

Japanese women put up their hair with wooden, ivory or tortoise shell pins, seven or eight inches in length and fully half an inch wide. The pins are usually carved and are often capped with pivoted figures, which dance with every motion of the wearer.