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BY LEWIS BAKER.

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TODAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11.—For Minnesota, North Dakota and Montana: Increasing cloudiness and probably light local snows, except in Southeastern Minnesota fair weather; warmer; southerly winds. For Wisconsin: Generally fair; warmer; southerly winds. For Iowa: Fair, followed by light local snows; warmer; southerly winds. For South Dakota: Generally fair; warmer; southerly winds.

IT IS about time for cripples to buy firearms; CHARLIE MITCHELL will soon land.

HISTORY has never revealed whether the Hawaiian islanders ate Capt. JOHN COOK rare or well done.

IN ALL this fight to keep crinoline from our fair land not a word has been uttered by a woman. This is an ominous silence.

THE Hawaiian provisionals saw the president, and he asked them out to see the conservatory. They wanted to see his conversatory instead.

IN APPOINTING Judge GRESHAM, did Mr. CLEVELAND take his "Q" from the Howell raised by HARRISON'S appointment of Judge JACKSON?

THE French newspapers are trying to make us believe that some one was hurt in a recent duel over there. That is impossible, and the story "don't go."

THE Chicago Herald thinks if CARTER HARRISON is elected mayor the ghost of his former administration will bob up to haunt him. But it won't. He'll just point to it with pride, and emulate its notorious example.

ONE of the best means of centralizing capital is the prize ring. And it is the least censurable, since the capital doesn't stay centralized long. The "pugs" stand at the front as money makers and money spenders.

THE elevator combine and English syndicate will not be in the least disconcerted by the exposure of their complicity in the "Hold Your Wheat" circular. They control the legislature, and what are you going to do about it?

THE Kansas Populist legislators have at last decided to make a move which will throw the muddle into the courts. They have probably sounded the politics of the courts, for down there this is an all-important thing to know in such cases.

SECRETARY FOSTER said last summer that he would use the gold reserve "on a pinch." With the treasury bare of free gold and the bankers tiding the treasury over, the pinch is surely on. But Mr. FOSTER will not touch the reserve; mark that.

ILLINOIS, now Democratic, follows Wisconsin's suit and institutes actions against her state treasurers who, since 1870, have been pocketing the interest on deposits of the state funds. Having turned the rascals out, she proposes that they shall shell out.

THE Chicago police have at last come into possession of a clue to the identity of a footpad. While the footpad was holding up a butcher in front of his shop Thursday night, the latter sliced off his nose. He placed the amputated proboscis in alcohol and sent it to police headquarters.

ISADOR STRAUSS has been mentioned as a probable postmaster general. He was an extensive merchant in New York city. It is not charged that he ever ran a bargain counter or superintended a Sunday school. His name would indicate a peculiar ability to make a lot of partisan postmasters waltz out of office, though.

THE sudden change in the attitude of the czar of Russia toward Germany beats all. He is loving the emperor of Germany with the gush of a school girl. As age mellows the temper of a dog by dulling his teeth, so the defective condition of the new arms for the Russian soldiers has mellowed the temper of the czar. The arms are found to be practically worthless.

TWO YEARS is a pretty light sentence for a bigamist; yet that is all Judge CALKINS, of Ashland, Wis., gave L. M. POWERS yesterday. The first wife was present with their child, and the second wife, a beautiful and pure young woman who married him in total ignorance of the fact that he was married, must live in sorrow, caring for the child she bore the wretch. This crime should rank among the most heinous.

GAIL HAMILTON'S pen has been soaked in acid until it is more than half corroded, judging from the way she lashes those who were once enemies of BLAINE, but have long since become his eulogists. GAIL, like many another writer who is lacking in breadth, imagines that great writing lies in the use of invective and caustic sentences. She would do the memory of BLAINE a great injury if the public gave weight to her efforts.

A LOT of New York speculators, among whom is WARNER MILLER, who fell outside the breastworks in '88, have made a bargain with President HEREAUX, of San Domingo, by which they take on the collection of the customs revenue of the little republic, and, in return, carry the budget. Ground plans are thus being laid for the annexation of that island. In a short time there will be another of those revolutions down there; President HEREAUX will lose his head; another will reign in his stead; the concession will be repudiated; a handy cruiser with a previous captain will be there, and, just to protect the property and lives of the Americans, the minister resident will announce a protectorate; the captain will enforce it; jingoism at home will shout "Annex," and, presto, GRANT'S ambition will be realized, and San Domingo will be ours.

CRIMINAL SENTIMENTALITY.

We have had too many instances in this country of that mawkish sentimentality which obscures the ghastly scenes of crime in the halo of pity with which it enshrouds the criminal. Weak women bring flowers to the cell of the condemned. Crowds fill the court room and manifest their sympathy with the brute on trial. Weak good nature, forgetting its duty to the living, signs petitions for pardon and besieges the governor for clemency.

We are getting now the refrain of the protests made in France against the punishment of LESSEPS, coming quickly on his sentence of fine and imprisonment for the bribery of deputies. It will grow into a storm that will fill two hemispheres, and may defeat justice. The only thing seen is the old man with his eighty years; his family of young children. We remember only his great and useful career up to the time he embarked his reputation in the Panama scheme and wrecked it. We recall his great talents shown in his triumph over nature in the construction of the Suez canal. We recount the enormous benefits to the world of that triumph. And we cry shame on the verdict that consigns him to a felon's cell.

But we forget. Sentimentalists always forget. We forget that with the great reputation and the people's confidence which he had won had come duty and responsibility. He was not LESSEPS the individual; he became LESSEPS the trusted counselor and adviser. He owed it less to himself than to his people that he put his name to no enterprise inviting their financial aid that he was not certain could be carried to a successful completion. He owed it to them when he asked their aid in the Panama canal that he should know that it could be completed on the plans laid down and within the sum estimated. But that is not all his debt; it is the least. Failure in that might be forgotten and forgiven, as it was by the investors. We must not forget where the money came from which poured into the coffers of his company. It was not alone the investment of the surplus of the wealthy. It came also from the stockings of France. The peasant woman, who, from her marketings, was saving up the dowry for her daughter; the peasant farmer, who was hoarding to buy an arpent or two from a neighbor, that his boys' portions might be larger; all anxious to put their hoards where they would increase. These, too, put their money into his hands, trusting in the name he had won. It was a sacred trust.

Then when the wolves in and out of the chamber of deputies demanded blood money of him as the price of votes for further concessions, LESSEPS owed it to himself, to his reputation and his honor, and to these people who had entrusted him with their savings, to say: "No; this money is sacred; it shall not be defiled with bribery of unworthy servants. Do your worst; you shall not rob those who have trusted me." But he yielded to the demands of the wolves. The savings of the people went out to them in streams. The world is appalled by the revelations of the enormous bribes given and received. Their pollution touched our own shores; this is certain. Whose skirts it smirched remains yet an untold tale. It is this we should think of in this and kindred cases. Over the criminal, with all his pitiful surroundings, we should look to the crime; and remembering that, we can say: 'Tis pitiful; 'tis sad; but let justice be done.

SAFETY DEVICES.

After several weeks wrestling over the question, the United States senate has passed, with some amendment, the bill requiring that all railway trains engaged in interstate commerce traffic shall be provided with air brakes and specified safety devices for coupling. A feature of the bill which seems most admirable is a clause relieving those engaged in coupling cars from all responsibility in case the safety devices are not properly constructed. Ranked by life insurance companies among the most hazardous of all employments is that of the railroad brakeman. There lacks no proof that this judgment is just. Of the great army of brakemen, almost one-half of them are going about minus fingers, arms and legs. There can be no question but that their occupation is extremely and unnecessarily risky. The law as it now stands does not protect those engaged in it as it should; it stands decidedly on the side of the railway corporations, for it holds the brakeman who is engaged in coupling cars, etc., to the rule of contributory negligence if he makes the slightest mistake. With such a condition of the law it is no wonder that the railway companies continue to use this mankiller system. The companies employ corporation attorneys who are paid a fixed salary, and it is far cheaper to fight the suits brought by the maimed railway employes, by which others can be frightened from bringing suit on the ground that they were to some extent guilty of not taking the caution they might have taken, than to put on the safety devices which would lessen by a very large per cent the chances for injury.

Every state legislature should adopt a law similar to the one before congress. The air brake has been proved to be as easily used upon freight as passenger trains. It is more expensive, of course, than the present mankiller system of freight train coupling and braking, but the interests of humanity demand that it should be adopted. Human life and limb are too precious to be frittered away to serve the interests of soulless corporations.

BETWEEN CONTINENTS.

A Southern genius proposes to erect a pneumatic tube twelve inches in diameter between the United States and Europe, through which mail matter, large packages, grain and petroleum may pass. There seems to be nothing impracticable in the scheme. A pneumatic tube need not lie in a direct line; this fact has been demonstrated beyond cavil. Why, then, is the possibility doubted? This is quite clearly one of the accomplishments of the near future. There stands in the way of the project, seemingly, only the interests of the capitalists who have invested in trans-Atlantic cables. For if the pneumatic tube proves successful, the cable must be relegated to the past. It is figured that by the tube a message will be not more than three hours on the way. At first this method of transmission will probably be more expensive than by the cable, but it will be much more satisfactory. Not only will news be transmitted in full, and as it could not well be by cable, but material articles can be sent that way. It seems almost clear that it will not be many years until the telegraph system will have to take an inferior seat to better ways of sending things.

IT IS reported that GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN is writing a poem on Hawaii. The name "LILIUOKALANI" must have inspired him. Certainly nothing that amounts to much could have done so. It will be as hard to figure sense out of the poem as it is to master the pronunciation of the name.

THE DANGER OF IT.

There is no danger to the finances of the country to arise from the single fact of the purchase of fifty millions of silver annually. The country is too rich to have that affect it seriously. Of course it is foolish and unjustifiable from any point, and is but another piece of the socialistic legislation of the day.

The danger lies in the fact that every dollar's worth of silver purchased means another dollar added to the amount of paper money dependent now solely on the public confidence that the government will redeem in gold its promises. If normal conditions prevailed, and we were receiving gold shipments in part payment of our surplus exports, the foundations of credit would remain intact, and there would be no immediate cause of alarm. But this is not the case. In spite of the enormous "balance of trade" in our favor, gold is moving steadily out. The treasury is bare of free gold. The secretary has had to ask the banks to exchange gold for greenbacks to tide him over the few remaining weeks of his term. The deluge may come after him, if it only do not overtake this administration.

The foreign governments are gathering gold against a war storm, the secretary says. They are offering a premium sufficient to make export profitable. It is not believed that this is the sole cause. If foreign holders of our bonds apprehend that this country is drifting to silver monometallism, thus shrinking the values of their securities, they would naturally be sending them home and converting them into gold. There is reason to believe that this is one and a large source of the gold export. Meantime, the constant issue of gold notes for silver purchases renders easier the outward gold movement. It would have been better, bad though that was, to have permitted free coinage, than to have adopted Senator SHERMAN'S panacea.

THE public is curious to know how Mrs. JENNESS-MILLER, the dress reform party of San Francisco who wears trousers concealed by a skirt reaching a little below her knees, will attire herself when hoop skirts come in. Wear bifurcated hoops, of course.

IF YOU can afford to pay a dollar apiece for them and have a vivid imagination, you can enjoy eating strawberries about now. If you are minus these two essentials, you had better eat something more palatable.

HOOP SKIRTS.

The bill against the hoop skirt is all right and its author a far-sighted statesman.

The introducer of the Minnesota bill is said to be a Minnesota lawyer weighing about 110 pounds. He may be physically small, but there is no discount on a brain capable of such a brilliant conception.

The Minnesota bill to prevent the wearing of hoop skirts is serious. That will add much to the pleasure of the Minnesota girls. If anything is needed to make a hoop skirt popular it is prohibitive legislation.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

This at least ought to be settled before Hawaii comes in: If the native women there do not wear the crinoline they ought to be made to wear store boxes or something of that sort. We've got to draw the line somewhere.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

If it comes those among the ladies who are now declaring most loudly against it will be wearing it with the same fidelity to fashion that they showed in the Grecian bend, the bird-cage bustle, the wing-sleeved dress, and the other eccentricities by which the fair sex endeavors to simulate deformities and conceal its charms.—San Francisco Examiner.

Clear as Mud.

A certain learned judge, when attempting to be clear, is at times rather perplexing. "My good woman," he is reported to have said to a witness, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the plain and simple question whether, when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the left side, and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the plaintiff between the brougham and the cab, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the brougham, cab, or omnibus, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively—or how it was?"

VALE, THE CRINOLINE.

[Written for the Globe.]

A regulation hoop-skirt lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
And a comrade stood beside it, 'twas the best that he could do;
He had learned the song of "Comrades," and he sang it through and through.
The dying hoop-skirt faltered at the close of the refrain,
And he said "I never care to hear that melody again;
Send a message by the A. D. T. to some old friends of mine,
For I was born at Pig's Eye, and my name is Crinoline.

"Tell the darn fools that are howling from Atlanta to the sea,
And cracking jokes of doubtful age and sex regarding me,
That I couldn't stand the pressure of the flood of humor stale,
And so decided to retire unto Death's peaceful vale.
I know my exit at this time will cause them heartfelt grief,
I've made a mighty stir on earth, altho' my stay's been brief;
The paragraphic punsters their positions will resign,
And all because I shuffled off—how could you, Crinoline?

"Tell the funny legislators all—the Rep, the Dem, the Jay—
Who are drafting bills to shut me out and playing horse all day,
I appreciate their wit—ha! ha! (I almost smoled a smile)
Tho' I'm sorry that they do not like my fourteenth century style.
The business at the capitol must be exceeding slack,
When 'potent, grave and reverends' can switch on such a track;
Such fellows should be caged at once, and there be made repine,
The while they wear, 'mong other things, the nightmare Crinoline.

"Tell the women who are forming ante-Crinoline crusades,
(Grass widows wearing corkscrew curls, as well as ancient maids),
That they're wasting all their patience—let them fight the opera hat,
So that gentlemen behind them may discover where they're at—
For I wouldn't mar the beauty of the bell-skirt's simple grace,
Intruding my circumference, usurping room and space;
The form, so rigged would look much like a wooden Indian sign,
I'll spare their tender feelings, or my name ain't Crinoline.

"Good-night, good-night,—when I have said good-night forever more,
And you see my carcass hurried via the night's Plutonian shore,
Don't let the puffed sleeves come around until my grave is green,
They'll be a bigger nuisance, sure, than ever I have been.
Convey my kind regards to Jenness-Miller and Delsarte;
To leave them reigning here below, it almost breaks my heart.
If later on I'm wanted, you may drop me just a line—
I use the 'drop' advisedly. Farewell.
"Yours,
"Crinoline."
—Michael Joseph Donnelly.

ST. VALENTINE DAY.

St. Valentine day is claimed exclusively by Cupid, so beware ye young men and maidens—and ye old baldheaded men, too—or he will catch you. I would like to see how Cupid looks in Minnesota. I imagine he wears a toboggan suit, carries a tomahawk instead of an arrow, leaves his wings home for fear of moulting in this climate, and skips around on his little blue toes, crying for coal. A little love out here is a good thing; if we didn't have something to keep our hearts lively, they would soon get stiff. I suspect some of St. Paul's apparently flinty-hearted inhabitants would be only too glad to be warmhearted, and these salubrious Arctic breezes are to blame for the conduct of many of them. How can a landlord thaw out his heart when the mercury is trying to get out of the thermometer through the bulb, or a groceryman give you credit when his sign is freezing?

$ $ $

Certainly, we are all delighted to receive valentines, particularly those awfully funny penny ones. How painfully humorous some people are! What could possibly be more amusing than to receive a valentine representing a tramp, very much patched as to clothes, and looking lean and hungry, after you have been flattering yourself all winter that it was not noticeable that you wore a dress coat all day, and had been fondly imagining you looked real dressy in your shorter and more successful brother's old trousers. Now did the person that donated that valentine know that you took a cup of coffee for breakfast, didn't care for lunch, and ate bread and beans for supper? So much cleverness ought not to be let go unrewarded, so you will go out to hunt for him, ostensibly to reward him; and so you will when you catch him; if your boots are good and strong you can make him realize how much you enjoyed the joke.

$ $ $

It is a little rasping to your conceit to have a Valentine sent you of a rejected lover on his knees, looking like a calf. All the more rasping because you have just begun to feel what a fool you must have looked, and you are sure no one but Miss R. could have sent it, so you will forget to look at her next time you meet her. But you shouldn't be too hasty; first take notice of how that little red-headed brother of hers looks at you on the 15th, and if you are a mind reader you may change your opinion as to who sent the valentine. You are probably not the only one he has remembered. Don't imagine that he has forgotten to send his sister a picture of an old maid, his aunt a representation of a scold with a long red tongue, or his father a specimen of a man who beats his wife.

$ $ $

As I watch how eagerly the busy little people crowd around the counter where the fascinating valentines are displayed, "I would I were a child again." I couldn't help thinking how innocent that incorrigible Jimmie looked and I was sure he was going to lay out his pennies for some pretty verses for his mamma, but you can never be sure of small boys. I heard him whisper, "Let's send this to teacher," and he held to view a gorgeous female with fiery red curls done up in papers and a hooked nose, with some objectionable verses below about an old maid that wanted to get married and couldn't. Wasn't that enough to make me turn away with a sigh? As I turned these words were wafted after me from dear little golden haired, angelic-looking Billy; "Oh yes, and I can write the envelope just like our principal writes." There will be a rumpus in that school and the same building will be too small to hold both teacher and principal.

$ $ $

What fun it used to be to receive the dainty bits of decorated paper with the silly verses, the picture of two impossible little Dickie birds kissing each other, and the mysterious initials inscribed in the corner. Of course we never could imagine who sent it, but usually had a beaming smile for Jack Brown when he put in a bashful appearance at recess, looking as if he had committed a crime. Perhaps we went so far as to offer him a bite of our apple, which had been going the rounds of the spelling class. For those initials did look suspiciously like "J. B." scrawled in Jack's own inimitable style with a slate pencil dipped in blacking. After he grew up, his execrable writing showed so plainly he was destined for something great, that it secured him the position of judge. After the sheriff turned a few murderers loose that he intended should be hung, and hung two innocent men, and the lawyers read his decisions to suit themselves, he not being able to prove by his writing that they didn't read right, he learned to send a typewritten copy with everything he wrote.

$ $ $

For some time we couldn't solve the riddle how the ugliest girl in the school got the prettiest valentine, with the name of the best-looking boy scrawled boldly across it. In spite of his denial we firmly believed he sent it, and proceeded to make his life miserable—until we found she had bought it and posted it to herself. E. H. R.

CLARKSON.

If there are many partisans in Iowa like J. S. Clarkson the decadence of Republicanism in that state is easily explained. —Kansas City Star.

Judge Jackson says the president did not consult him concerning his appointment. And certainly the president neglected to consult Gen. Clarkson.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The sort of friendship which J. S. Clarkson professes for Mr. Harrison will keep several days without salt this kind of weather.—Kansas City Star.

It was not to be expected that Mr. Harrison's appointment of Judge Jackson to the supreme court would please J. S. Clarkson. It was a just, high-minded, patriotic act. Mr. Clarkson is not accustomed to applaud acts of that character.—New York World.

Such attacks upon Mr. Harrison as that in which James S. Clarkson, of Iowa, has publicly indulged will do the president no harm. They will rather gain for him new favor from reasonable and fair-minded men of all parties. The Republicans of the senate may lend themselves, possibly, to the Clarkson plan of opposition to Judge Jackson, but if so it will be to their lasting discredit. —Boston Globe.

A Cat Jumps 22 Feet.

Cleveland Press.

There is a large Maltese cat making its headquarters at Seventh police precinct station that is bound to go on record as the smartest feline known. Like all other cats, it delights in capturing sparrows, but, unlike other cats, it has never been known to let a bird get away that it made up its mind to catch. Lieut. Thompson is authority for the statement that the cat, perched on the cornice of the building, made a leap of twenty-two feet into a tree and caught a sparrow. The lieutenant has also watched the cat while bird-catching, and has counted nine sparrows carried to a spot, and after the hunt was over devoured one by one. A peculiar trait of the cat is that there is but one man who reports at the station that she will make friends with, and he is Patrolman Rowland. When he is on night duty the cat will follow him from the time he goes on duty until relieved next morning. All the dogs in the Newburg region have encountered the cat on several occasions, and when she is in sight the canines take the other side of the street.

Aiming High.

Washington Star.

"What," she asked, "should be an artist's highest ambition?"

"To paint a picture so good that the frame won't attract the most attention," replied the practical young painter.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Han Quay, China's richest banker, is said to be worth the incredible sum of nearly $2,000,000,000. If ever China gets a senate he'll get there.

Ex-Senator William M. Evarts has just rounded out three-quarters of a century of life. He is less active in the pursuits of his profession than formerly, and spends much of his time at his Vermont farm.

Queen Victoria has declined, it is said, to use her influence for or against the threatened invasion of crinoline. To be queen of the realm of fashion has little temptation for the empress of Great Britain and India.

Marshy N. Lyles is the name of a colored woman of Sylvania, Ga., who thinks she has neglected her education long enough. Marshy, who is over seventy years of age, started in as a pupil in a local school a few days ago.

The only two natives of Colorado in the house of representatives of that state are Harry Sims, of Arapahoe, who was the first white child born in Pueblo, and Celestino Garela, who represents Conejos county and who is of Mexican parentage.

George Yerkes, of Philadelphia, is the possessor of a sword and a pair of gold link cuff buttons that belonged to Gen. Howe, who commanded the British forces at Germantown. Gen. Howe left the place in such a hurry that he forgot to take them with him.

Watari Kitashima, a Japanese Harvard student, said the other day in an address in Boston that "the Japanese of today are suffering from religious dyspepsia—they have had so many kinds stuffed into them." He seems to have been trying to describe a variety of wind dyspepsia.

Mrs. Russell Harrison had intended to remain with the president up to the 1st of March, but, on account of her little girls attack of scarlet fever, will take the latter away this week, so that every precaution can be taken to exterminate the disease germs before little Ruth is taken to the White house.

Lady Florence Dixie makes a suggestion to women suffragists. She advocates a bit of deception on the part of women who yearn to vote. It is to don the masculine garb at the time of registering, to register as a male citizen, and then, on the day of voting, to "impersonate" again one of the stern sex.

Mr. Cleveland's secretary of war will select a station for Maj. Halford.

It is not generally believed that Mr. Gladstone smokes, but he does. It is true that he draws the line at a cigarette.

The Chinese emperor had 260 pairs of boots made for himself some time ago.

The Queen of Italy, once one of the most beautiful girls in the kingdom, is now one of its handsomest women.

Miss Mary Conant, living near Rochester, N. Y., has managed her father's farm ever since his death, some four years ago, and made it pay well.

Mrs. Everett, the wife of a master drayman of New Orleans, is one of the best veterinary surgeons in the city. She takes no pay for her services, but does the work out of love for animals.

Banker W. S. Ladd, of Portland, Or., one of the wealthiest men in that state, carries in his pocket a 10-cent piece which is a part of the first two "bits" he ever earned; that was back in the early fifties.

A Denver housewife has an Indian princess doing her housework. The young woman is the daughter of a Pawnee chief, and her name in English is Rose Howell. She was a student for many years at the Carlisle school.

At the marriage of Mahmud Pasha Reaz, governor of the Suez canal, to the daughter of the late Pasha Rassim, in Cairo, lately, the groom's father entertained the European guests at a feast that cost $125,000.

The new president of Hamilton college, Dr. Melancthon W. Stryker, is the first one of the alumni of that institution to hold such a position in his alma mater, although fourteen of her graduates have filled presidential chairs in other colleges.

Col. John M. Adams, of the Portland Argus, says that Maine has had at least two public men who were the superiors of Blaine intellectually. He had in mind George Evans and William Pitt Fessenden.

Now that Prof. Henry Preserved Smith has been vindicated by the board of trustees of Lane seminary, it is said by some of his intimate friends that he has thought of again offering his resignation, and insisting that it be accepted, in order to secure peace in the church.

Saw Death in a Dream.

Globe-Democrat.

The family of Samuel Langrell, near Two Johns, this county, has been sorely afflicted within the past few days. Mr. Langrel recently moved to this county from Queen Anne county. Upon his arrival his wife and several children took the measles. Being but partially moved he left home on Friday last for his recent abode for another load of furniture. He had been gone but two hours when his infant child died. Shortly afterward the next youngest died, and before these were buried his wife died.

Before her death Mrs. Langrell dreamed she saw three coffins brought into the house, one large one and two small ones. When the undertaker came to care for the first one who died, she said: "That is the man who brought the three coffins I saw in my dream." She had never seen him before and did not know his business there. The mother and the children were all buried in one grave today. Mrs. Langrell was a sister of James H. Coulbourn, of the firm of J. H. Coulbourn & Co., Baltimore and Philadelphia commission merchants.

His Independent Position.

Chicago Tribune.

Road Reformer—But good roads, my friend, will benefit you a thousand times more than they will anybody else.

Stubborn Old Farmer—They'll cost too blame much.

"Statistics show that it will not cost as much to build and maintain good roads as you people are throwing away in trying to improve your worthless old roads."

"H'mph!"

"And I'll bind myself to pay all your taxes for building them if you'll agree to pay me what they save you in hauling your stuff to market in early spring. How does that strike you?"

"H'mph!"

"What's your objection to good roads, anyhow?"

"You're tryin' to force 'em on me, by dang!"

OLD WINTER.

Old Winter is a sturdy one,
And lasting stuff he's made of;
His flesh is firm as iron-stone;
There's nothing he's afraid of.

Of flowers that bloom, or birds that sing,
Full little cares or knows he;
He hates the fire and hates the spring
And all that's warm and cosy.

But when the foxes bark aloud
On frozen lake and river—
When round the fire people crowd,
And rub their hands and shiver—

When frost is splitting stone and wall,
And trees come crashing after—
That hates he not, but loves it all;
Then bursts he out in laughter.

His home is by the North Sea strand,
Where earth and sea are frozen;
His summer home, we understand,
In Switzerland he's chosen.

CLOTH AND CHURCH.

Rev. Mr. Read, of Hackensack, N. J., has located heaven on the star Alcyone. But he neglected to state how far Alcyone is from Hackensack.

The Jewish Chronicle gives notice that it is not opposed to Sunday services in the synagogues, and adds that Sabbath has become a hollow mockery, not reverenced by the Jew.

It is thought that Rev. William J. Tucker, D. D., one of the Andover professors, may yet accept the presidency of Dartmouth college, which was proffered him some months ago and declined at that time.

Rev. Barlow W. Perry, who was in charge of Grace Presbyterian church, Rochester, N. Y., has resigned just because members of his congregation held dog shows in his church. Some pastors are so fastidious.

Rev. Wilton M. Smith, in addressing the Young Men's Christian Association at its anniversary meeting in New York last week, reported that of the 300,000 young men in that city not more than 75,000 ever enter a church.

The two Boston clergymen most mentioned in connection with the bishopric made vacant by the death of Philips Brooks are Rev. W. R. Huntington, rector of Grace church, and Rev. Henry Y. Saterlee, rector of Calvary church.

Rev. Howard McQueery, whose separation from the Episcopal church in Ohio some time ago created a sensation and who now lives in Michigan, goes to the Universalist church at Dubuque today as a candidate for the vacant pulpit.

Rev. J. Travers Lewis, bishop of Ontaria, has been elected metropolitan bishop of the Church of England in Canada. He is a native of County Cork, Ireland, and sixty-eight years of age. His election to the bishopric of Ontario took place in 1861.

NEWS CURIOSITIES.

A murderer hanged in Alabama paid to his lawyer his last nickel on the scaffold.

Statistics show that 10,000 people in Paris subsist wholly upon the proceeds of begging.

Kalispell, Mont., a town only sixteen months old, was placed in the class of third-class postoffices Jan. 1.

Through the medium of a matrimonial paper a Pittsburg man became engaged to his own daughter.

Two Confederate stamps recently carried a package from Granby, Mass., to Boston. They were not detected in the postoffice.

The British isles comprise no fewer than 1,000 separate islands and islets, without counting mere jutting rocks or isolated pinnacles.

It is said that a man does not reach his full mental power until the age of twenty-five, and the development of talent is most marked between the ages of thirty and forty-five.

No man can write his signature twice exactly alike, and it is declared by some experts that of two signatures precisely alike one is certain to be a forgery.

Each person in this country sends on an average of forty-four letters yearly through the post, and only twenty go astray out of every million letters which go through it.

There is an aged negro in middle Tennessee who rejoices in the name of Nigger Falls, though he was really christened after the great cataract. Glory Hallelujah Jones is the imposing name of a Mississippi darky.

A clerk in a bicycle store in Kansas City has designed and is building a new buggy with pneumatic-tired bicycle wheels and a number of improvements calculated to add strength, lightness and speed to the vehicle.

JOKELETS.

Our janitor was lordly, but
One day he took a wife,
And now he has the meekest strut
I've seen in all my life.
—Harper's Bazar.

Wife of Literary Man—Don't disturb my husband. He is in the midst of a critical scene.

Visitor—Is he at work on a critical scene in his new comedy?

Wife—No; it's worse than that. His landlord is talking to him about the back rent.—Texas Siftings.

Mrs. Oldstyle—It seems to me that in summer all the single girls get engaged and the married women flirt with other men. I wonder how they manage in the winter?

Mrs. Wordly—The single girls break their engagements and the married women get divorced.—Truth.

Bellefield—What's all the noise in the next room.

Manchester—I don't know; but if you'll go in with those loud trousers of yours on I think you can drown it.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Amy—So you accepted Mr. Thorpley last night? I thought you told me you didn't care for him.

Mamie—What was I to do? He was putting on my skates and had fixed one all right when he proposed. I had either to accept or fall down.—Boston News.

"I hear you've been cultivating the society of that pretty widow, Van; what are you up to?" "I'm trying to kill the weeds."—Kate Field's Washington.

Her fate at last she's chosen—
We can but think it ill;
The sunny South is frozen—
But we're freezin' to her still!
—Atlanta Constitution.

The spur of the moment is about as dangerous as the pistol that isn't loaded.—Puck.

The man who aspires to make a successful pickpocket should study free hand drawing.—Yonkers Statesman.

It is dangerous even in a ball room to step on a moving train.—Boston Transcript.

Talk is cheap. If you don't believe it see how much you can get for the price of a shave.—Elmira Gazette.

Man is never out of danger. Even when he goes to a church fair he has to take a great many chances.—Troy Press.

The reason it is no joke to step on a tack in the dark is because it is impossible to see the point.—Rochester Democrat.

Jaggs—I tell you, sir, some way has got to be found to knock out the infamous whisky trust. Seldomso—Suppose you swear off.—Brandon Bucksaw.

Citticus—I wonder how it is that so few women stutter when they talk? Witticus—They haven't got time.—Brooklyn Life.

"I have," said Teddy Blickens, "a verwy bad habit of talking to myself." "Indeed," she responded, "I have often heard of people who were their own enemies."—Washington Star.

Jess—How in the world does Miss Fitz make herself out to be twenty-two? Bess—Twenty-two years ago the family Bible was lost in a fire, and to fix the date beyond question she had to begin all over again.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

No More Pet Engines.

Practical railroad men account it a great triumph that they have knocked out the old theory that every engineer must have his own pet engine and must not be asked to run any other. Until only a few years ago this was the rule even on the greatest roads. Each engineer grew accustomed to and fond of an engine and believed he could get good work out of it, while a stranger to it would be sure to have the same trouble that he would expect with a strange engine. That is all changed now, and engineers are expected to leave their sentimental notions at home and take whatever engine they are assigned to.

STATE PRESS NOTES.

The Duluth Herald, in favoring Senator Craig's swamp land bill, remarks:

This is a wise measure, and it should receive the hearty support of the representatives from this district, because it is of great importance to this section of the state that it should become a law. The railroads have refrained from making their selections because they will gain considerable by delaying them.

The St. Cloud Times makes the following sarcastic remark:

There is some talk in the legislature about attempting the repeal of the special legislation constitutional amendment. This would be in harmony with legislative history—pass a law at one session, repeal it at the next.

The Norman County Index chimes in as follows on the question of electing postmasters:

There is a growing desire to elect postmasters by ballot. This would be a good scheme and would do away with a vast political patronage that is becoming dangerous in view of the demands being made that the government shall take control of other branches of business. If we are to pile up federal officeholders in other lines let us cut them down where we can.

The Chatfield Democrat makes the following comment on the itinerant peddler:

"The itinerant peddler is one of the greatest nuisances of the day. His goods are generally shoddy and his trinkets worthless. It is an outrage to force business men who pay taxes to compete with these cheap Johns who pay no taxes. But this is not the worst feature of the business. They are continually swindling the people with worthless and inferior goods. The fault of the bill is that it does not go far enough to correct the evil."

SILVER NOTES.

The Sherman law will continue its disastrous work until such time as the next congress can interpose to stop it.—Milwaukee Journal (Rep.)

The failure of the attempt to repeal the Sherman silver law makes a special session of congress inevitable, and the Republican party will profit by the misfortune.—Globe-Democrat.

Business is now living on hope in the United States. No one wants to engage in undertakings involving the element of time to carry them out until he shall know whether the country will hereafter run itself or be run as an adjunct of the silver mines.—Philadelphia Record (Dem.)

The Sherman law has absolutely failed to sustain silver, has entailed great loss upon the people through depreciation of the enormous quantities purchased, has undermined the stability of our currency, and threatened to involve us in wides-pread disaster.—New York Herald.

The failure of congress to act on silver and the continued outgoes of gold keep attention fixed upon the unusual changes in foreign commerce. Imports at New York since Jan. 1 have been $12,000,000 greater, and exports from New York almost $10,000,000 less than last year.—New York Tribune.

When the people of the United States once saw their government borrowing gold to maintain the value of the currency issued for the purchase of silver the stupendous folly of the law that compels such a course would become plain, and it would be repealed at once and unconditionally. Nor would the wretched, cowardly and corrupt course by which votes in congress have been bought or retained by silver legislation ever again be tolerated.—New York Times.

CANADA.

The destiny of Canada is fixed by nature, and points neither to independence nor continued British connection, and it is safe to say that ten years more of Tory government in Canada will suffice to fill the cup of their iniquities, and the Canadian ship of state will go down the rapids to be picked up by a Yankee skipper.—Belleville Ontario.

With the Inter-Continental railway opening up the interior of South America to our trade the entire hemisphere must come to our feet commercially. There is no hope for Canada outside the union. If she would progress her only chance is to cast aside old ties, and come into the union as a part of the great American nation.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

We can assure our contemporaries in the republic, as well as Prof. Goldwin Smith, that the Canadian people are quite ready to settle it at any time, though in a way that would surprise them. It is to be hoped, also, that the man who is trying so hard to raise trouble between friendly communities will reap a little of the crop he desires to plant.—Toronto Empire.

That Canada will long remain a colony of the British empire is a debatable question, and those who debate it should not be considered traitors for doing so. The majority of Canadians not only believe that their material interests would be bettered by cutting loose from the mother country, but would welcome the change. This feeling is not confined to the members of any political party, but pervades the ranks of all parties.—Nelson (B. C.) Tribune.

With a debt much heavier than ours, with a population increasing far more slowly because of the emigration of over a million Canadians to the United States, the situation grows steadily worse, and a large proportion of the people see their only hope of prosperity in becoming a part of the United States. The slightest effort on our part, the encouragement of that sentiment, would soon give the annexationists an overwhelming majority.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SENATOR VEST.

Senator Vest, of Missouri, is being extensively complimented for disobeying the instructions of the Missouri legislature and voting against the anti-option bill. He displayed a quality of pluck that is getting to be too rare of late.—Boston Herald.

The public cannot go wrong very far if they follow the advice of Senator Vest in regard to reports concerning President-elect Cleveland's views. When Mr. Cleveland wants his policy known he has never failed to make it public tersely and clearly.—Kansas City Star.

Senator Vest has been promptly vindicated for his vote against the anti-option bill by the approving vote of the Missouri house of representatives. That body also voted approval of Senator Cockrell and Congressman Hatch for voting the other way, so that it seems not to have been troubled by questions of consistency.—Boston Journal.

OLD CHUMS.

"If I die first," my old chum paused to say.
"Mind! not a whimper of regret—instead,
Laugh, and be glad as I shall. Being dead,
I shall not lodge so very far away
But that our mirth shall mingle. So, the day
The word comes, joy with me." "I'll try,"
I said,
Though, even speaking, sighed and shook my head
And turned, with misted eyes. His roundelay
Rang gayly on the stair; and then the door
Opened and—closed. A something of the clear,
Hale hope, and force of wholesome faith he had
Abided with me—strengthened more and more.
Then—then they brought his broken body here:
And I laughed—whisperingly. And we were glad.
—James Whitcomb Riley in the Critic.

JUDGE GRESHAM.

Western Democrats are up in arms at the mere suggestion of Judge Gresham for the cabinet. They denounce him as a pestiferous mugwump and renegade, and their objections will probably be conclusive.—Boston Journal.

If President Harrison's appointment of Judge Jackson to the supreme bench was due to his personal spite against Judge Gresham, the act is enough to blast the record of his whole administration.—Buffalo Express.

If Mr. Cleveland is as anxious as some of his friends say he is to put Judge Gresham on the supreme bench, he will doubtless have an opportunity to do it within a year or two. Justice Field is about seventy-seven years old, and it is likely that he will decide to retire soon. Gresham can wait.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mr. Cleveland's appointment of Judge Gresham to the most responsible position of his cabinet is another example of the indomitable courage of the president-elect. It is gradually dawning upon even the bigoted and small-minded Republicans that Mr. Cleveland is a big man—the largest man in America, in fact, in range and scope of idea and in the courage of his convictions.—Chicago Times.

The process of dissolution in the Republican party hastens. The timbers on which its superstructure was raised are falling apart. The ruin is becoming more desolate and is beyond repair. The permanent union of the independent vote with the Democratic vote, which the affiliation of Cleveland and Gresham assures, is the beginning of the end of the Republican party.—Chicago Herald.

It is intimated from Washington that the senate may not confirm the appointment. The strong partisans on both sides are said to contemplate pooling their hostilities for rejection. That would be a great stroke of good luck for Walter Q. Gresham, quite in keeping with the good fortune which has followed him for the last twelve years, for it would give him a hold upon the good opinion of the American people that would leave little doubt as to who would succeed Grover Cleveland in 1897.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Vandalism.

Since the burial of Mr. Blaine's body at Oak Hill cemetery vandals and curiosity seekers have turned out in such force that it has been necessary to place a guard at the grave in order to prevent it being stripped of the flowers placed upon it. Women are the chief offenders. All of the visitors are not of the same type, however, and many admirers of the dead statesman have brought floral tributes to be laid upon the grave.

SHE'LL BE THERE.

Oh, I wish I had a ticket for the fair, to the fair—
I wish I had a ticket to the fair;
For, with three Confederate swords
And with ten long-handled gourds,
They tell me that Old Georgia will be there.

Oh, I wish I had a ticket to the fair, to the fair—
I wish I had a ticket to the fair;
For, with 'possums, six or seven,
(Make a feller dream of heaven!)
They tell me that old Georgia will be there.

Oh, I wish I had a ticket to the fair, to the fair—
I wish I had a ticket to the fair;
For Chicago can't prohibit
Georgia's fifty cents exhibit,
And they tell me that old Georgia will be there!
—Atlanta Constitution.

A special dispatch from Washington informs us that our fellow townsman, Gen. R. W. Johnson, is being urged by his friends for the position of assistant secretary of war. Gen. Johnson's long service in the army eminently fits him for the position named, and the GLOBE expresses the hope that one so admirably qualified may be selected for that important position.

Globe, Feb. 12.

A WORD
WITH YOU,
GENTLEMEN,
ON THE
OFFICE DESK QUESTION

Any such marked departure as will be noted this spring in our display of Desks, Chairs and Library Goods deserves the emphasis a special advertisement gives it. Our improved location in the elegant six-story Hale Stores, formerly occupied by the St. Paul Mantle and Desk Co., warrants our making

Office Chairs and Desks

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We shall show 25 styles of the CELEBRATED CUTLER, and at popular prices, ranging from $21 to $150 for Roll Top Desks.

These, with the best styles of 4 other well-known factories, will make it NECESSARY to see our goods before buying if you would serve your own interests.

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