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TODAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, May 13.—For Minnesota: Generally fair; slightly warmer in extreme northwest; northwest winds. For Wisconsin; Fair; northwest winds; slightly warmer in extreme east. For the Dakotas: Generally fair; slightly cooler cooler in extreme northeast South Dakota; north winds, becoming variable. For Iowa: Fair; cooler in the extreme western portion; variable winds. For Montana: Generally fair; slightly warmer; winds becoming southwest.

THE Chicago Chemical bank proves to have been an explosive substance.

POETRY has gone to seed in England, judging from the selection of the poet laureate.

UNCLE DANA has condemned our new navy, and, of course, it should be broken up and sold for junk.

ITALY has the Mafia and America the white cap. It is a pity these two classes of assassins couldn't be penned up together.

THE world's fair is the greatest field on earth for the man with a kodak, and it only costs $2 a day to carry one around on the grounds.

THE greasers of Durango, Mex., are greasing the mountains with each other's carcasses. Those mountains are profitable to the country.

THE New York waiter strike is over. The waiters have gained one point—they can wear whiskers; but they have lost another point—their situations.

"ALL the better class of wealthy people seek 'New York,'" says WARD MCALLISTER. Yes, but they only wait there for a steamship to go to Europe.

THE affairs of Cupid & Hymen seem to be a little depressed by the financial situation. But they will simply cut down expenses and continue to do business.

THE St. Paul Cordage company is straight as a string; and while the cordage trust is unraveling its tangle, ours will be throwing out lines in all directions.

NO DOUBT PENNOYER is pricking up his ears with pride over the scoring the press of the country is giving him. He didn't know he amounted to enough to receive so much attention.

ALREADY the Republican papers of the country are expressing disgust for the Louisville convention. A good many of them declare that it is made up of the weakest men in the party, and that it has accomplished nothing.

CUBA is not a safe spot for notables to visit; they are in danger of being captured by bandits and held for ransom. The Infanta of Spain had better make her stay in Havana short as possible.

MAYOR MCKENNA, of Pittsburg, has decided that next Fourth no lunch, lemonade or trinket stand shall be operated upon the streets and parks except by the charitable societies. That's a good hint for St. Paul's executive.

THE Des Moines Register (CLARKSON'S paper) says: "Republicanism is looking up as the darkness of the present administration grews denser." Yes, it's looking up from the bottomless pit, and the darkness "grows denser" as it proceeds downward.

CONWAY ON IRELAND.

Rev. Dr. CONWAY is home from Europe, and has given the GLOBE a very interesting interview on the Irish home rule cause, which is published this morning. So much of the news of the great conflict which is waging across the ocean comes through English channels, that it is refreshing to hear from an American who has been there and has no selfish motive to pervert the facts. Naturally, Dr. CONWAY has a deep sympathy for the cause of his native land; but he is a clear-headed, generous, conservative man, who sees facts in their true light; and his temperate expression of views shows that he has not allowed his judgment to be influenced by his sympathies.

He says that "the home rule bill is sure to become a law." And farther on in the interview the doctor shows that the bill will need some amendments, which he thinks will be made, among which is the temperance clause. It is well known that Dr. CONWAY is a vigorous temperance advocate, but he shows his practical breadth when he says that the liquor traffic in Ireland must be maintained for some time to come, as it would be the chief mainstay to the Irish exchequer. "Temperance legislation would mean bankruptcy,"

Much of the cable news has tended to spread the impression in America that there is a division between the Protestants and Catholics of Ireland. Dr. CONWAY asserts that this is untrue. When a candidate is selected in Ireland for any position, the people do not inquire what his religion is, but what is his politics; if his politics are right, a Protestant is as easily elected in a strong Catholic locality as a Catholic would be, and vice versa. The fact is not generally known in America that the great Irish patriots, GRATTAN, FLOOD, PLUNKET, FITZGERALD and EMMET, whose names are revered by every Catholic Irishman in the world, were Protestants.

Dr. CONWAY gives the very gratifying information that there is no division between the wings of the Irish party. The Parnellites and the Nationalists are working in perfect harmony, and both wings are composed of Catholics and Protestants. It is very apparent that the efforts of BALFOUR to create discord have proved unavailing, except to a limited extent in Ulster.

Dr. CONWAY says that it is of little consequence whether the house of lords throw out the bill. "If they do reject it, so much the worse for the lords." Many Americans are well enough informed upon English matters to know that this is not an improbable statement. The house of lords has been sinking into popular disfavor many years. Its powers have been curtailed by the people from time to time until it is an inferior body to the commons. Now it has no voice in the financial appropriations of Great Britain; all such matters are in the sole control of the commons. The lords are keenly alive to the fact that it is only a question of time when their legislative power will be wiped out of existence. And, really, it is only a question of time, and not a very long time, when the nobility of England will be shorn of their titles, and, possibly, much of their estates. The chances are very great that within the next fifty years England will be a republic, as any one who has read the history of the growth of the liberal tendency during the past century is prepared to believe.

"IMMORTALITY AND AGNOSTICISM."

"I wish to write about things I do not understand. Who made the earth and seas and everything? What makes the sun hot? Where was I before I came to mother?" wrote in her diary little HELEN KELLER at ten—born deaf and mute and blind. The blind mute but expressed the universal wish which has stirred the thoughts of men ever since men began to have the power of thought. Where did I come from? Where am I going? The mystery of the past—the dark out of which we came—gives us little concern; we have passed whatever that is. It is what is coming that we think about and try to know, learning at last, with SOCRATES, that "we know that we cannot know."

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS and JOHN BURROUGHS write in the current North American "about the things I do not understand;" the woman with her intuitions; the scientist with his cold reason, accepting only the facts of this world on which to base belief. Both bear tribute to the forcefulness of the problem which ever confronts humanity; which countless men solve daily, but send back to the survivors no hint of their discoveries; which men in all ages have been offering their fellows solutions of, and yet about which men are ever questioning.

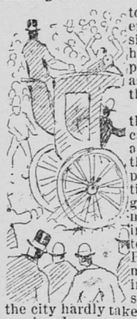
Not in the words she uses, the thoughts she makes them express, but back of them, in the motive thought, we read that Mrs. PHELPS has found nothing satisfying to her mind in any solution of the problem yet given to men which defines what our lives hereafter shall be, or how occupied; but her life has taught her to believe with unshaken faith in some life somewhere after what men call death. Asked why she is sure of this, she replies that it must be so because life here is at its best a failure; perfection, the end of production, is never attained here; there must be another life with happier environment, where the effort towards perfection may be continued; God is not good if this life is all. In the same vein of thought it was that HELEN HUNT JACKSON, in the poem written a few days before her death, resigned contentedly heart and hand to death because "There must be, somewhere, work to do."

"The atmosphere of our times is fast being cleared of the fumes and deadly gases that arose during the carboniferous age of theology," writes JOHN BURROUGHS. Science has come to take the place of superstition as a teacher of men of what life is and its conditions are. She has taken us into the workshop of nature and shown us the forces there, and defined them and largely conquered them, and the earlier fear of them has vanished with the familiarity of contact and knowledge of them. Men have learned that law governs them and everything; immutable, inexorable law. Science has reversed the relations men thought the world sustained to the universe. It is no longer the center for which the sun and stars were created; it is only one of myriads. Man's sense of importance shrivels as the sense of the universe dawns on him. "That conception must react on Christianity—I mean its creed and dogma," says TENNYSON; "its morality will always remain invulnerable." "The universe is going its own way," says BURROUGHS, "with no thought of us; to keep in its currents is our life; to cross them is our death. This discovery sends the cosmic chill with which so many of us are familiar in these days; it makes the religious mind gasp for breath, but we must face it and still find life sweet under its influence." But "science knows no other plan of redemption than the survival of the fittest; knows no other day of creation than this day, knows no other fall of man than the present daily fall of vice and ignorance, knows no heaven or hell save those we make ourselves, knows no immortality save the persistence of life and force, and, finally, knows no God save the infinite Power that fills and floats all things." And so we all continue to think and read and write of "what I do not understand," and really know at last that, whatever may come, "a man can do his duty."

THE COMPENSATIONS OF MIDDLE AGE.

When one has reached the top of the hill of life and is ready to begin, or has already begun, the descent of its western slope, there are many things that compensate the traveler for the loss of those things that made the first half of the journey so pleasant and alluring. Possibly these are not so apparent to the onlooker, whose eyes are still dazzled by the rays of the morning sun, but they are very tangible to the traveler himself. One of these compensations that come with whitening locks is the lessening of one's anticipations. The earlier years are years of struggle and fight, heated with exasperation at the slowness or lack of enthusiasm of others, but as the brow of the hill comes into view all this changes. In the place of angry insistence there comes a wider charity for others' failures; instead of the blow of the warrior comes the gentle touch of chastened experience; for the flashing eye, a look of indulgent compassion. He wonders that a reasonable being should care to strive so fiercely for what really amounts to so little. The traveler has reached a point where the dignity of humanity becomes more apparent, and the littleness of all this futile waste of energy is plain in his sight. In youth the traveler feels that he has a mission to fulfill; feels, in fact, as if the world had been waiting breathlessly for the coming of one whose work it should be to right the wrongs of humanity, to urge on the laggards with frowning brow, clenched fists and words that sting like the stroke of the lash. It is well that this is so. From such believers comes the impulse of onward movements. But to the middle-aged, to him who has seen so many battles fought and lost and fought and won, when the winning was of such seeming futility, such vehemence is impossible. Then comes the sweetest fruition of love and friendship, the first sheaves of the morning's sowing. The wife of his youth is his well-trusted companion, if he has been so fortunate as to have made a comrade of her. His children have become men and women, and are no longer a care, but are able to enter into and understand his hope or pride in the work he still loves for its own sake. If the traveler be a woman, and has lived her life as a woman should, keeping some part of it sacred to herself, the coming of middle life is even more delightful. Now she has time to cultivate the little tastes or gifts that heretofore have been merely kept alive, against a time when her family no longer needed her constant care. She is at her best, both physically and mentally, and the bulk of the world's good work, so far as women are concerned, is done by those who have passed the half-way mark. Some travelers have elected to walk alone. These have each his or her own pet employment for this leisure time, and though they may cast longing looks back at the early days, few but what, if they told the real truth, are happier far than they were in the heat and turmoil of youth. To the young this will seem as a tale from fairy land, but we who have reached middle life know that it is true.

A well-known business man of the city recently returned from Chicago, where he went to attend the opening exercises in connection with the World's Columbian exposition. He came home looking tired and careworn, and seemed to have just recovered from a spell of sickness instead of having been on a pleasure jaunt. I asked him what was the trouble.



"I'm disgusted with the whole city of Chicago, the world's fair and the people there," he said in reply. "I had an awful time there, and was glad to escape with my life, to say nothing of enough money to get home with. People talk of the fast manner of doing business in Chicago, and say that the people of the city hardly take the time to eat their meals. I ran across a man who took all the time he desired, and also took my time. He was a cab driver. I was on my way to the train and had about ten minutes' time. We were across the river from the Northwestern depot, over which road I was going to travel, and there was danger of the bridge swinging open for the passage of a boat at any time. The time was short, and I had foolishly paid the driver his fare before I took the vehicle. We were going along at a rapid rate, when suddenly the cab stopped. I looked out, and saw that a large crowd had gathered in the street and on the sidewalk, and in the center of the gathering two men were fighting. They were rolling and tumbling over in the street, and I think that one of them had the ear of the other in his mouth. I yelled to the driver and told him to go on, as we would miss the train if he delayed, but he declared he would not move until he had seen the fight over.

"'But I will miss the train,' I said to him.

"'It's wuth more t' see th' fight dan ter take yer there,' he said.

"'But I must get the train,' said I.

"'Tell you w'at I'll do,' he said, with an impudent leer; "'I 'ud pay a dollar to see a good scrap like that any time. Now, 'f you'll pay me fur the disappointment, I'll move on to the train.'

"Great heavens, what could I do but submit—or miss the train. I was compelled to give him the dollar, and it was by the merest chance that I succeeded in getting to the depot in time. I think the Chicago people are awful—yes, awful."

A bright young phrenologist who has just returned from a traveling tour through the southern portion of the state met me on the street yesterday, and said he had a tale of woe to pour into my ear. His stories are always interesting, so I was glad of the opportunity.

"I was doing a rushing business down in the town of L——," he said," and the money was rushing in through the door in a stream. I was giving readings, and telling the people the work that they were especially designed for by Providence. One evening there was a large crowd in the hall, and I was getting along swimmingly. I had made a number of satisfactory tests, and the people had been jollied up to a fitting state, when I made my usual proposition to select two young men from the audience, discover their characteristics, and then select two women who might be present who would be mated to them by their similar characteristics.

"The young men came to the platform and I carefully went over their heads. You know there is really a great deal in this thing; the world thinks it a fraud, but there is really a great amount of truth in it. I had examined the heads of the young men and I then went through the audience for the purpose of picking out the women who would be mated to them by their characteristics. I picked out two pretty girls finally and declared that they would be the proper ones. What the devil do you think happened?

They were both married and their husbands were in the hall. The young men whom I had selected had been mixed up in a scandal with those same two married women and there was an awful row. Great Scott! I got out of the place that night—went in such a hurry that I didn't even stop to pay the rent for the hall. Say, where can we get a drink?"

Many of the citizens of St. Paul have read in the papers of the awful charges made by the hotels and restaurants in the city of Chicago for accommodations. A little party of a half-dozen has made preparations, or, rather, is making preparations, for a trip to the fair in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of being robbed by the Chicago people and enjoy the exposition all by themselves. They have arranged the plans for the construction of a little flat boat or scow, which they will anchor in the harbor or alongside the breakwater. On this boat they will have erected a tent or awning, under which they will sleep nights and loaf during the daytime when not at the fair grounds. They will take turns cooking and doing the work of the camp and will have a real camping out with the discomforts of bugs and worms. They are of the impression that they will have a good time and save a great portion of the expense of their outing. After their stay in Chicago they will sell the boat or rent it out to others.

The probabilities are that they will wake up some morning and discover that their boat has been stolen from in under them or they will be run down by some skipper. It would not be to the credit of Chicago if a party of St. Paul men could devise a successful plan of protection and the citizens of Chicago would undoubtedly combine for the purpose of assisting each other against any such invasion of their territory.

A well known young newspaper man of St. Paul, who occasionally takes his dinner at the Hotel Ryan, did something the other evening which would have shocked the members of his family, had they known of it, and would have undoubtedly have caused the Rev. B. Fay Mills a cat-fit had he witnessed such a "shocking affair."

The young man had been out with a party of friends during the afternoon and they had imbibed a quantity of wine. They went into the dining room for dinner and there was nothing in their appearance, perhaps with the exception of flushed faces, that would indicate anything at all unusual in their condition. They were at one of the table and gave their orders to the woter who hovered around them in the evident expectation of receiving a tip. After the dinner had been finished the young man placed his hand in his pocket and finally fished out a half dollar.

"Get me change for this and I will give you a half of it," he said to the waiter.

The colored man with the black jacket searched his pockets for the required change, but could not discover the necessary coin. Then he made an appeal to the head waiter with a whispered explanation of his dilemma, but with no better results. He finally returned to the table, and, in an apologetic manner, explained his inability to cope with the state of affairs.

"Guess you'll have ter wait til next time er gimme de hull piece o' money," he said, doefully.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the young man. "I have a pair of dice in my pocket and I'll shake you for a quarter. Now, one of the quarters in this half belongs to you and the other to me. We'll shake to see who takes the half-dollar."

The grinning waiter readily acquiesced. The dice were rolled on the end of the table by the waiter, who had a point of ten to make, but who shot "craps" before he made his point. The young man walked out of the dining room with the half-dollar in his pocket and with the satisfaction of knowing that he had given the waiter a tip for his services. Lucky for the waiter it was that the head waiter did not see the transaction.

East Seventh street habitues and the members of the Ing-Bing club are very much interested in the prospects for a beer drinking match which is to be given in the near future at the saloon of Bob Grady, under the auspices of the Ing-Bing club.

In New York it is customary for the Bowery saloons to give such matches, and the prize for one who drinks the most beer, in large schooners commonly called "high hats," is generally a billy-goat. The idea is not entertained for a minute that the match is for the sake of winning the goat, but the honor of some particular clique or "gang" is at stake, and must be preserved at any cost.

The news of the prospective match has excited the greatest possible interest. Many entries will be made for the prize, and the contest will be one of the most exciting ones ever witnessed in the city. Mr. Grady has not yet selected the prize, but it is expected that it will be in accordance with the New York custom, and that in the course of a few days a redolent billy-goat will be browsing in one of the windows on exhibition.

The terms of the match will be simple. To the man who makes way with the most "high hats" belongs the honor and the prize. The "high hat" is not generally known in the city of St. Paul, but the citizens will doubtless soon become acquainted with the name and the glass. It is an immense schooner which holds about a pint and a half of beer, reasonably flat. Each one of the contestants must purchase every glass consumed by himself, or his friends must contribute. No favors will be shown in the matter of "tick" and the rules bar everything with the exception of a cash purchase.

The match will be commenced in about two weeks and there have already been a number of inquiries made in regard to the entries. Mr. Grady is unanimously barred from the contest by the proposed rivals for the possession and affections of the goat.

He was one of the toughest looking men ever seen in the restaurant, and he glared at the waiters as he took his seat in a manner calculated to freeze their souls with the chill of fear. He was dressed as a cowboy, with the regulation hat, boots and spurs. On his hip he carried strapped an immense revolver, the very sight of which caused the waiters to scurry about as though they feared to be hastened by the advent of a leaden messenger.

He picked up the bill of fare, with a scowl at the man who handed it to him, which caused the teeth of the latter to chatter as though he had changed his thick underwear to gossamer and then walked out into a snow bank. He glared at the bill, then at the waiter, and, after delivering his face of a quantity of tobacco, he snarled:

"S-a-a-ay! Gimme a br-r-r-oiled rattlesn-n-n-a-a-ke, quick!"

"Yes sah," replied the waiter with a jump, as he hastened out into the kitchen.

The son of Ham pondered as to the possibilities of escaping out through the door. This was not feasible, however, as the cowboy sat near the only entrance to the restaurant. Suddenly a thought struck him, and he at once put it into execution. He took from the ice chest a small eel, which he skinned and then handed to the cook to place on the coals. He then took from a mantel on one side of the room a picture frame which had been decorated in years past with a string of rattles from one of the deadly snakes. When the order was ready he surreptitiously placed the rattles on the plate by the side of the broiled eel, and then, with a scared look, he placed the dish on the table by the side of the cowboy. It did not take him more than a minute to make his escape as he saw the glance of the cowboy fall on the plate.

There was a strange look on the face of the cowboy as he saw the contents of the plate and the rattles. He gave a gasp, his color seemed to leave his face, and he gave a gasp as though the air in the room was oppressive. Every time he looked at the plate he seemed to get worse and worse, until he finally turned away and pushed the plate across the counter. Then he rested his face on his arms and—well—he was as sick as any tough man ever thought of being.

The bad man paid for the eel, but it took some time for the waiter to satisfactorily explain the presence of the rattles on the dish.

Another bad man recently walked into a Wabasha street restaurant and, after looking over the bill of fare, declared that there was nothing in sight which would be appetizing. He talked of a number of dishes which did not appear on the menu, until the patience of the waiter was exhausted.

"I'll tell you what I want," he finally said, with a laugh at the choler of the waiter. "Bring me in a couple of slices of fried dog, nice and tender."

The waiter left the counter and went out of the place by a rear door. In the course of a few minutes he came in again with one hand behind his back, and walking up to the man who had given the strange order, he suddenly took from behind his apron a wiggling puppy.

"Do yer t'ink dat'll be tender 'nough fur yer," he demanded in a surly tone. "Ef it'll be all right, I'll see that yer gits him fresh." He then grabbed an immense knife and made a pretence of slashing the pup, but the customer had fled from the place.

"Nice diggie," he said, as he patted the head of the animal, "I'll save yer fur de next one."

FRANC R. E. WOODWARD.

AMONG REFORMERS.

A year ago City Treasurer Miller and Ald. Zimmerman set up an awful howl because the street railway company, as they claimed, was operating cars on which no license had been paid. In 1892 under the administration of George Reis $1,310 was paid into the city treasury by the street car company on Feb. 15. This year up to date nothing has been paid as street car license. Thursday last a GLOBE reporter made inquiry as to the matter and Conrad realizing that he had been asleep at once sent a communication to the council asking what he had better do in the premises.

All the reform members of the board of aldermen with the exception of Ald. Jensen are in the field for election to the position of president of the board.

President Ingersoll says he does not want to be re-elected and Ald. Copeland is of the opinion that Freddie's wishes in this particular instance should be respected.

Now that there is no police matron, Night Jailer Daly has purchased a calico "Mother Hubbard," and when female prisoners are brought in the garment is donned and the women landed in the cells with tender care.

Assemblyman Reardon, while not a candidate for president of that body, has been promised the united support of the Democratic and mugwump members.

Two months ago Assemblyman Doran declared himself in favor of sustaining the mayor, whether right or wrong, in any action he might take regarding the discharge of policemen. Now he has taken the copper off and is playing hop scotch. Can it be possible that the Sixth ward assemblyman is sore because one of his constituents was not appointed on the school board?

One of the clerks in the city treasurer's office left last week for a fifteen months' trip abroad. Mr. Miller promised to re-engage the clerk next year. This would indicate that he has decided to be re-elected to the office next spring. This is possible, but hardly probable.

The plan of placing the recent additions to the police force on the principal beats and sending the old and competent patrolmen to the outskirts of the city is said to have originated in the massive brain of Capt. Schweitzer. The clerk to the chief of police has been credited with being the originator of the idea, but this is not correct.

There are only two things which may prevent the election of Ald. Copeland to the presidency of the board of aldermen. One is to have the mayor endorse Copeland's candidacy and the other the lack of the requisite number of votes. Either would be equally disastrous to the hopes of the First ward stalwart.

Chief Garvin announces that he has had great success in capturing escaped prisoners. What the citizens need just at this stage is some one who will have a little success in capturing the gangs of thieves and burglars who are enjoying the freedom of the city at the expense of the public. THE ROUNDER.

TABLES TURNED.

George Hall, "the only," has a penchant for playing practical jokes upon his friends and acquaintances. The loaded cigar racket he is particularly partial to. The other day he attempted to work it upon Fred Smith, but the tables were turned on him. Smith was suspicious, and instead of lighting the weed he put it in his pocket with the apology that he would smoke it after dinner. Shortly after Smith broke the cigar open and laid bare the cartridge that had been calculated to put the laugh on him. He then had the instrument of merriment turned over to the perrenial joker, the donor.

The incident reminded Henry Nichols of a college day episode that occurred prior to the advent of the loaded cigar.

"We had a classmate who was particularly fond of a really good cigar," said Mr. Nichols. "In this respect he was a luxurist," he pursued, "and he was that sort of a fellow that never overlooked an opportunity to play a joke upon his fellow students. One day he played some sort of a prank on me, and I schemed to get even. Finally I hit upon a happy idea. I went down to a cigarmaker and had a cigar made according to the recipe that I had conceived. The cigar was made from the best Havana tobacco, but it was loaded. About a half inch from the end a little bouquet of feathers was rolled in. Then came a piece of tarred rope enveloped in a piece of pork. There was a cigar for you. I bought several other cigars and went back to the rooms. It was not long before the connoisseur of good cigars dropped in with a comrade. He saw the cigars lying on the enter table, where I had purposely exposed them.

"'Hello, what have you there?' he asked.

"I told him I thought they were unusually fine cigars, and handed him the doctored cigar to sample, and at the same time gave another to his friend and lighted a third myself. He puffed away in silence a moment and then broke out in eloquent praise of the cigar. I quietly reiterated that I esteemed it an unusually fine cigar. It was but a short time, however, before the fire reached the feathers.

"'Great Cæsar!' he exclaimed, 'something is burning.' I accorded that there was a smell that would indicate that he was telling the truth. Still he suspected nothing. Puff followed puff. Then he began to expectorate and look quisically at me. I had taken up a book and pretended to be deeply absorbed. Suddenly the fat began to sizzle, and he jumped up and dashed the cigar into the cuspidore He saw the joke."

ATHLETIC SECRETARY.

For some half-a-dozen years the loquacious Tams Bixby, the present astute secretary to his excellency, Gov. Nelson, has hidden his athletic proclivities from his coadjutors at the capitol. To look at his diminutive form and to observe his inert manners—wholly assumed, however—no one would ever dream that he has the strength and sinews of a modern Hercules. He felt a little frisky yesterday, and he threw off his mask and appeared in his sturdy manhood.

Everybody at the capitol was dumfounded when they saw Tams spring lightly down the steps of the state house, leap the fence with a bound, push the assistant janitor rudely away and seize the handle of the lawn mower. It is safe to say that had that mower the power of speech it would cry out that never before had it done such service. Tams went galloping over the lawn, and the grass danced to the clicking of the machine, leaping in the sunlight and raising a fountain of green. It actually made the assistant janitor pant as he sat on the paling and watched the performance. This sort of thing was kept up for a half hour, when Tams returned to his desk as sedate and serious as though nothing unusual had occurred. Tams is a modest man, and refuses a tempting offer by the management of the Phœnix Athletic club to appear Thursday night and give an exhibition of his inherent prowess.

TALES AND TALKS.

"Phew! What an awful smell!" "Why, what a disagreeable odor!" and other remarks of like character are emitted by visitors to a certain office in one of the finest buildings in town. For some time past the mysterious, disagreeable stench has pervaded the room and made almost uninhabitable an otherwise very pleasant office. Some one suggested as delicately as possible that a peculiar affection of the feet, to which one occupant was known to be subject, might be responsible. The insinuation was rejected with warmth, and that solution was rejected. A supposition that some chance visitor had left his breath in the air likewise fell to the ground when the windows were opened. Neither the fetid gum or inspissated juice of the umbelliferous plant known as ferula asafœtida could be found anywhere about the room. Then the renting agent was called in and began a systematic investigation. Still there was no result. Not even a trace of a mephitis mephitica could be found. Still the stifling odor clung round the room as if working faithfully for the chloride of lime trust. Counsel and advice were asked of every person who might possibly furnish a clue. One bold rounder expressed a willingness to bet that the carpet or the walls had been given an injection of some preparation unknown to the general run of people. He was advised to take the next train for Dwight. Investigation of the closest kind has failed to discover the cause of all the woe. As the occupants have a lease and like the location, they hate to quit the office. So one very tall man and one very short one, together with their aids, are existing almost in misery seven hours in a day, with little prospect of being able to keep up their large purchases of cologne.

† † †

The city of Minneapolis, with all its classic and elevating surroundings, now and again puts forth something unique, even in the "literature" of the prize ring, as witness the following lines of a bill scattered broadcast: "Scrap! The Minneapolis Kid vs. The Brooklyn Kid. Rare Sport! Legitimate Talent! This bout is for a bona fide bet of 100 Bones! Admission, ¼ of a dollar; upper tier, 4 bits."

† † †

Capt. Coles, of Fergus Falls, the woolen mill magnate who bluffed Carl Judson into wearing a pair of very loud all-wool-and-a-yard-wide pants, is having plenty of trouble these days. "Cap" is very fond of crisp white popcorn, and a good friend of his always lays in a supply when he expects the man from Fergus. On one occasion the supply was giving out too rapidly and the restaurateur called a halt. Coles twitted him on his lack of hospitality, and in the height of his indignation swore that he'd plant a few acres of popcorn and bring the product down just to show there was nothing small about him. Within a few days he has been reminded of his promise and teased into a temper where he would make it good or bust. A few bushels more or less of seed popcorn he has secured, but thinking only of vengeance and the wide prairies around his country home, forgetting that popcorn swells like the stock of a watered railroad, "Cap" is spending several hours every day on a weary hunt for more seed popcorn. His address is the Merchants'.

† † †

One of the cleverest men who comes to St. Paul for a glimpse of life in a large city, is Capitol Commissioner Lamberton, of Winona. Alex Barclay calls him the "rip-snorting Tycoon from the Gate City," but that's neither here nor there. Col. Lamberton was in a jocular mood the other day and cut loose in a crowd of his friends: "I don't see any chance to get rich out of this new capitol deal. First, I have to give a heavy bond, then make an oath that I will be interested in nothing pertaining to its building—not even the artistic tinge that the weather gives to stone walls. I'm in about the position of the man who went to dinner with my friend P. H. Kelly here, who always omits the preamble and tackles the resolution. The man was a stranger to Kelly's way of doing things, and, after dinner, when asked if he had a good meal, he blurted out: 'Meal be d—d! He was using the finger bowl when I was getting my first sip of soup. I'd starve if I tried to live an hour on that kind of a meal."

ATLAS.

Three Sued for Slander.

GREAT FALLS, Mont., May 13.—A peculiar triple suit was filed yesterday in the district court by Sarah Johnson against George Elgie, William Hutchinson and Richard S. Blain for $9,000 damages. The complaint alleges that each of the detendants has stated in the presence of others that Miss Johnson was accompanied by Father Journeyed from Riceville, where all the parties reside, to Great Falls, and there had an abortion performed. The case is in the hands of reputable attorneys, and is exciting much discussion.

Movements of Steamships.

SOUTHAMPTON—Arrived: Paris, from New York.
LIZARD—Passed: La Bretagne, from New York.
SCILLY—Passed: Belgenland, from New York.
ANTWERP—Arrived, Illinois, from Philadelphia.
NEW YORK—Arrived, New York, from Liverpool.
HAVRE—Sailed: La Touraine, for New York.

SECRET LONGINGS.

[Written for the Sunday Globe.]

Is there not a secret longing
In some other heart than mine,
For some pleasures, some successes,
In their nature undefined:
Some looking forward to a future
Brighter than the sun at noon-day,
Fresher than the breeze at morn,
Sweeter than the flowers of early springtime,
Easier than the old way, so rugged, yet so worn?

Longest are the hours of waiting
Between the darkness and the dawn,
If the spirit will not slumber,
Nor Sleep her finger lays your eyes upon;
For come to mind and heart those longings
Sadder than the wind 'mong pine trees soughing,
Graver than the billows breaking o'er some pebbled shore,
Deeper than from earth to heaven,
Stillier than the heart that beats for us no more.

—William G. Lockwood Tucker.

DO YOU SEE THAT PIANO?

THAT'S THE OLD RELIABLE GABLER.

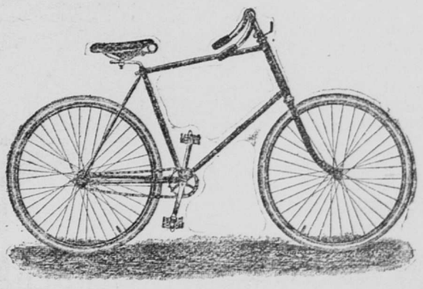
Over thirty-six thousand made and sold. More Gabler Pianos in use in St. Paul and the Northwest than any other make. This fact indicate the immense popularity of the Gabler and is a proof of its claim to be the most reliable and popular Piano made for the money. Prices not high. Inquire about them before purchasing.

The Mills Edition of Gospel Hymns, Nos. 5 and 6 Combined, until June 1st, at 65 Cents Net.

W. J. DYER & BRO.
148 and 150 E. Third Street, St. Paul.
509 and 511 Nicollet Av., Minneapolis.

Auction! Auction!
Commencing TUESDAY MORNING, May 16, 10 A. M., at 402 Jackson St.,
5,000 YARDS OF INGRAIN, BRUSSELS AND VELVET CARPETS!
50 Chamber Suits, 50 Folding Beds, 100 Odd Beds, 300 Pieces of Fine Parlor Goods,
Large Lots of CHAIRS, ROCKERS, STANDS, EXTENSION TABLES, SIDEBOARDS, HALL TREES and WRITING DESKS—in fact, everything left in the ELDREDGE & RUFF Stock.
St. Paul people well know the High Grade, the Fine Finish, the Durable Quality of Furniture always carried by the well-known house of ELDREDGE & RUFF, who now retire from business. This is the chance of a lifetime for very Fine Goods at your own price. Stock open for inspection Monday, May 15th.
E. E. HOLLOWAY, Auctioneer,
402 JACKSON STREET.

HE WHO WALKS MAY RIDE!
BURKHARD Gun Dealer for BEST Up to DATE BICYCLES
Our Bicycle Store and Repair Shop is at 320 Robert St.



$30 That special lot of high-grade, ball-bearing, cushion tires, 26-inch Boy's Wheels at this price is the best bargain ever offered. They are going fast, and are well worth $50.

$115 CREDENDAS Made by A.G.Spalding & Bros. "Pacer" for Men, "Consort" for Women. They simply *distance* all competition, and we *know* them to be superior to many wheels sold around here for $135 to $150.

Of course you know all about VICTORS, STEARNS, RALEIGHS, LADIES' PSYCHOS and the rest of our Bicycle Family.

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We shall sell at Public Auction, in the store No. 167 East Seventh Street,
Wednesday Morning, at 10 a. m.,
All the Household Furniture of D. V. Baldwin, consisting of Three Very Fine : : :
Oak Bedroom Suits,
Easy Chairs, 2 Couches,
Pedestal Mahogany Cabinet Clock,
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Dining Room Chairs and Table,
Nice Dinner Set, Sideboard,
Upright Folding Bed, Toilet Ware,
Dishes, Glassware, etc. Also about
2,000 yards of Misfit and Second-Hand CARPETS and 1 Clough & Warren ORGAN. These goods are almost new, and must be sold!
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