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TODAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, June 17.—For Minnesota: Fair, except probably increasing cloudiness and showers northwest; warmer north; south winds. For Wisconsin: Fair, followed by increasing cloudiness north; warmer east and north; east to south winds. For Iowa: Fair; east to south winds. For North and South Dakota: Fair, followed by increasing cloudiness in North Dakota; cooler west; south winds, becoming variable. For Montana: Fair, except showers north; cooler; winds shifting to north.

Weekly Rainfall.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WEATHER BUREAU, ST. PAUL, June 17, 1893.—For the week ending yesterday refreshing and general showers fell over that portion of this state mainly comprising the watersheds of the Minnesota and Upper Mississippi rivers, the average being .58 of an inch. The only portion of the state not favored with ample rain was St. Paul and vicinity. There was plenty, in fact more than was actually needed, over all of the Red river valley. A gradual fall is indicated in these streams for the coming five days. The details of the rainfall in inches and fractions thereof are as follows:

Station.	Rainfall.	Station.	Rainfall.
St. Paul	.01	Fort Ripley	.51
Alexandria	1.04	Redwood Falls	.85
Fergus Falls	.69	Ortonville	.37

P. F. LYONS, Local Forecast Officer.

IF OUR American women of fashion are to become cigarette smokers, most men will wish the infanta had staid at home.

AND now the Fourth of July orators are hunting for the speeches they have been using annually from twenty to forty years back.

THE cowboys who are racing from Chadron, Neb., to the world's fair, are going at a rate of about four miles an hour. There is nothing in that to startle the humane people.

CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER conveys his compliments to Senator MATT QUAY, and would be pleased to learn how many tricks he took in his Sunday-closing game, and if honors are not easy.

THE vice president of the New York association for improving the condition of the poor asserts that there is too much charity in that city. This is true in almost every city. Misguided charity promotes pauperism.

A GOOD many colored barbers of St. Paul and other cities have laid aside their razors and shears to become sleeping car porters. They expect to receive enough tips to be able to retire as millionaires at the end of the world's fair.

IT IS a long time since a short novel came to be known as a novelette. Now it is coming in practice to call a short sermon a sermonette, and by-and-by we shall hear the short prayer called prayerette. The poetettes must have words which will rhyme.

THE hotel waiters and porters are disappointed in the liberality of foreigners in the matter of tips. Tipping is almost purely an American practice. If it were not for American tourists, the hordes of guides in foreign lands could not make a living at the occupation.

"NO COURT of record should lend its legal operations to further the interests and carry out the purposes of a trust," are the words of Judge MCCONNELL, of Chicago, while rendering a decision in a trust case. There is a ring to this which should resound from end of the land to the other.

THE Baltimore American is skeptical of the reports of vacancies to fill which take so large a proportion of the appointment of postmasters. The experience of the American no doubt justifies its doubt of the possession by Republican postmasters of "the Christian quality of resignation."

"NOW THAT the trouble is ended, it may be as well to admit among ourselves that no Chicago man ought to be permitted to run amuck in a dress suit until after breakfast," says the Chicago Dispatch. Evidently the men of Chicago are very proud to have it known that they own dress suits.

A LOCAL paper insinuates that Senator DAVE HILL is not a Democrat. Incredulity could hardly go farther. Hasn't the man said he was, time and again? And didn't a lot of other Democrats go wild over his declaration that "I am a Democrat," repeating it as if it were a new slogan given the party. Go to, incredulous doubter.

IF THE prayers of the faithful—the only faithful, by the way—avail anything Chicago will be swept with the bosom of divine wrath. Cholera, plague, pestilence and famine will visit this modern city of the plain in judgment on her for desecrating the day which "one man esteemeth more than another."

THE attorney general of Illinois is prosecuting vigorously a suit to annul the charter of the whisky trust, and is backed in it by Gov. ALTGELD. If this has escaped the attention of Gov. NELSON, we suggest that, when he gets ready to "go for the trusts and combines," he can get pointers from those officers.

A PAPER of Sioux City thinks that the cut of the Great Northern, which has been met by the Northern Pacific, will force the Union and Southern Pacific roads into liquidation. But the Omaha Bee hastens to the rescue, and asserts that both roads are perfectly able to meet the cut. All four roads will, no doubt, find the reduced rate more profitable than the old exorbitant one.

IF "DISTANCE lends enchantment to the view" as a rule, the Atlanta Constitution proves that it has its exceptions. With HENRY WATTERSON at Louisville the Constitution can pronounce his opinions "idiotic." He proposes to spend, in passing, a few hours at Atlanta; and the Constitution, telling of his coming, speaks of him as "a brilliant and unique figure in journalism."

A POLICE FORCE.

The murder of JAMES R. HARRIS, a prominent business man of Minneapolis, should be sufficiently shocking to cause the business element of that city to make a serious consideration of why the place is overrun with burglars, footpads, confidence men, and all sorts of crooked people. The fault must lie at the door of the police department.

The policy of appointing as chief of police a man who has no police experience is unwise: yet it has been pursued by almost every mayor the city has had. It matters not how brainy and shrewd a man may be, if he has had no police experience he cannot fill properly the position of chief. And a man who has had years of police experience in a city cannot go to a new city and do as well as though he had had his training there. Almost nine-tenths of the crime in a large city is committed by local crooks; and when outside crooks raid a city, they are nearly always aided by local ones. The chief of police should know every local crook, his history, haunts and methods. If he is thus informed, he is in position to keep an eye on all the local criminals and to know when outside shady characters are in the city. It is asserted by able detectives and police officials that, when a professional crook decides to visit another place, he almost invariably has one or more acquaintances of his color there, whom he informs by letter of his coming. Criminals pride themselves on having an extensive acquaintanceship in different cities. The best chiefs of police know personally nearly all the local criminals, and very commonly induce some of them to reveal things which lead to the apprehension of guilty parties. Very often such chiefs learn of the intended visits or the presence of outside dangerous characters through local confidants, and are thus enabled to take the parties into custody and drive them out of town before they have had an opportunity to commit crime. While JOHN CLARK was chief of police of St. Paul, it was a very difficult matter for an outside crook to enter the place without falling into custody on his arrival, and it was very seldom that one was not caught before he had an opportunity to do anything. The crooked fraternity of almost every city in the country learned that this was a very dangerous place to visit, and generally gave us a wide berth.

Selecting a chief outside a city's force has a demoralizing influence upon the men who have served long in the capacity of policemen. When the policemen discover that there is no hope for promotion, they are very likely to lose heart to some extent. The policy of the St. Paul fire department is to make promotions in the force, instead of choosing outsiders, and the good effects of the practice are very noticeable.

A police force may be composed of excellent patrolmen, lieutenants and captains, but unless the head is a competent man it cannot do the most effective work. Chief SMITH, of Minneapolis, was no doubt an able business man, and has enough natural ability to be a good chief of police; but he has not had the experience, and without that he cannot be fully competent to hold the place.

AGGRESSION OF SLANG.

The English language is so thoroughly composite that alien words are added without creating comment, even from the greatest sticklers for purity of the mother tongue. A quarter of a century ago, when no man possessing the slightest claim to culture thought of expressing himself in words of less than four syllables, the expressions that one commonly hears at this day from pulpit or platform would have been deemed shockingly irreverent if used as we hear them now in connection with sacred subjects. Is this another indication of the irreverence of the day; or is it only that we are too busy to take time to express ourselves in the old, often stilted way? Whatever may be the cause, the habit of using slang phrases is a slovenly one. True, such expressions are graphic, terse and expressive. They are from the language of the fighter, the rude and intense—those from whom the angles of savagery have not been ground by the attrition of civilization. For such these expressions are like their coiners—full of energy, and save time; and, what such as these prize more, they are means for eliminating from conversation every syllable that is not absolutely necessary for a reasonable understanding of those with whom they are associated. But for a leader in public thought, such as a teacher or minister should be, to talk as these unlettered ones do, is certainly lamentable.

The associations that are involuntarily aroused by such expressions as "he threw up the sponge," or "the under dog in the fight," heard in a religious educational meeting during the past week, are certainly not calculated to elevate the thoughts of the hearers; and when a majority of these hearers are young people, to whom these speakers stand in the light of pastors and teachers—what shall we say?

The habit of using slang, like all bad habits, is one that grows unconsciously on the user. To say that a man is "turned down" or that he is "way off" might be allowable under some circumstances; but certainly not in this connection. One need not be a stickler for Addisonian purity; but no lover of his kind would choose to see pulpit oratory graced with such flowers of speech as these. It may be that in the frantic effort that the last few years have seen to popularize religion, when no effort has been spared to bring it down to the level of the people—or so those who advocate this "hail-fellow well-met" style of Christian teaching say—the thought that English pure and undefiled had a tendency to keep the spiritual as well as mental level above the ordinary horizon of public life has been the cause of this deplorable carelessness; but whatever the cause, would it not be well for those who speak in public to the young to be guarded in this matter?

BUNKER HILL DAY.

The celebration in Boston of Bunker Hill day was probably the most elaborate ever given. The historic spot grows dearer to the American heart as time rolls on. The history of the great struggle between the band of patriots and a strong force of the British army bears a charm that delights the American youth more than almost any other battle of the Revolutionary war. The unyielding determination of the barefooted and almost starved heroes to force the redcoats to evacuate Boston is almost unparalleled in history. JOHN HANCOCK was by far the heaviest property holder in the place; yet he declined to listen to any overture looking to its safety by giving up the struggle. He it was who proposed to burn Boston as a means of dislodging the enemy. "Make JOHN HANCOCK a beggar!" were his memorable words. The beautiful monument which stands upon the hill came into existence mainly through the efforts of JUDAH TOURO and AMOS LAWRENCE, who were born in Revolutionary times. The corner stone was laid in 1825 in the presence of LAFAYETTE, and the capstone was laid in 1843. On both occasions DANIEL WEBSTER made memorable addresses. Bunker Hill day will be celebrated in Boston and throughout the nation as long as our government exists.

BIGOTRY THWARTED.

The gates of the world's fair will be opened to the people on every day of the week from now until they are finally and forever closed. The Sabbatarian bigots who were not content with freedom to follow the behests of their own consciences in observance of the Sabbath, but wished to compel all others to follow them, are thwarted. Bigotry is defeated. Christianity and morality have triumphed in the decision rendered by Chief Justice FULLER and concurred in by Judges BUNN and ALLEN.

The opinion which we give in our news columns was rendered verbally, and a written opinion will be filed later, covering more fully the grounds on which it is based. Briefly, the chief justice denies the injunction because the grounds on which it is asked do not head in equity. No possession of the United States is denied or threatened, and no loss of property or damage will follow, irreparable in its nature and beyond redress at law. It distinctly repudiates the doctrine of federal supremacy on which Judge WOODS based his decision, and sweeps away the contention that the gift of the souvenirs was conditioned on the closing of the fair Sundays.

The two decisions of Chief Justice FULLER and of Judge WOODS aptly illustrate the soundness of the position taken by the GLOBE of the importance of having upon these benches men who, whenever questions come up involving consideration of the functions of government or the relations of the nation and the state, and which do not turn on a positive enactment of a constitutional law, will take the Democratic view of governments as being instituted to secure liberty to the citizen, not to diminish his freedom or take it from him. Naturally, unconsciously, inevitably, Judge WOODS, with his paternalistic conception of governments and their powers, sustained the theory of the right of congressional control based on the condition subsequent attached to a gift, and on the ground that congress, having a part in the creation of the fair, must have a supreme part. It is equally as natural and inevitable that Justice FULLER should look with jealousy on all claims of superior power in congress where a conflict with a state arose, and should give to the state all benefits of doubts that might exist. Judge WOODS is a federalist, a paternalist, and hence a Republican. Justice FULLER is an individualist, and hence a Democrat.

HERE IS THE RECORD.

People have short memories. Events crowd so closely on each other's heels that they soon become blurred and indistinct as they recede in time. Trusting to this dimness of memory, the attempt has been made to charge the paternity of the SHERMAN silver purchase act on the Democrats; not its passage, but its need to avert some more disastrous measure on which a Democratic minority in the lower house was bent. This is now and then made the basis of a statement that the Democrats cannot be entrusted with the legislative control of the nation or of anything else. Let us have, once for all, the facts.

The SHERMAN silver purchase law was passed by the same congress which passed the MCKINLEY law, and was approved by President HARRISON. The claim that it was a compromise measure, and passed to prevent the passage of a free coinage law, is untrue. There was no possibility of the passage of a free silver bill by that congress. The house of representatives had defeated free coinage by a decisive majority. The president could and might have vetoed it, had it passed congress. Free coinage was dead in that congress long before SHERMAN'S bill made its appearance. The pretext that it was a "compromise" is without any foundation whatever.

When the SHERMAN law was voted upon in the senate the following senators voted for its passage:

Aldrich,	Frye,	Platt,
Allen,	Hawley,	Plumb,
Allison,	Higgins,	Power,
Blair,	Hiscock,	Quay,
Casey,	Hoar,	Sanders,
Cullom,	Ingalls,	Sawyer,
Dawes,	Jones (Nev.),	Sherman,
Davis (Minn.),	McMillan,	Spooner,
Dixon,	Manderson,	Squire,
Dolph,	Mitchell,	Stockbridge,
Edmunds,	Moody,	W'b'rn, (Mi'n.),
Evarts,	Pettigrew,	Wolcott.
Farwell,	Pierce,	

Total—38. Every one a Republican.

The following senators voted against the law:

Barbour,	Faulkner,	Pugh,
Bate,	Gibson,	Ransom,
Blackburn,	Gorman,	Reagan,
Call,	Hampton,	Turpie,
Carlisle,	Harris,	Vance,
Cockrell,	Jones (Ark.),	Vest,
Coke,	Kenna,	Voorhees,
Colquitt,	McPherson,	Walthall,
Daniel,	Pasco,	

Total—26. Every one a Democrat.

When the bill came into the house of representatives it received a solid Republican vote in its favor, including DUNNELL, LIND, SNIDER and COMSTOCK, D. S. HALL being absent.

EULALIA went to Chicago. Unless all the papers lied, she acted like a thorough-paced democrat, going where she listed, refusing ceremonies, lunching on beer and rye bread in the Plaisance, and having a downright good time. Then she went away, and forthwith Chicago society, which has just manners enough to keep its tongue between its teeth while she is there, begins to wag its tongue, and to tell how brusquely she treated Society. She turned her back on this one and that one, and talked to others when she should have talked to some one, and so on and so on. Now, at this distance it looks as if Chicago society played the snob and disgusted the infanta, and she rebuked it directly to its face, and indirectly by her democratic way of visiting the fair.

SENATOR DAVIS maintains a discreet silence anent the telegram from the New York Times asking him if he would favor the repeal of the SHERMAN act, and what plan of currency he would favor. It is rather too much to expect that he would answer that he favored the repeal of the act whose wide and benign beneficence he so stoutly asserted in 1890; and, naturally, that laudation, coupled with the utter want of merit disclosed by the practical operation of the act, makes him hesitant about committing himself prematurely to any other one. The really important question which the senator should ask himself is if he was wrong in his opinion of the SHERMAN act in 1890, what assurance has he that he may be right on any question of finance or sure of his ground on any question, even if it be a no more difficult one than the average clip of the sheep of this country.

FISH STORIES.

I do not believe in fishing. It is the source and fountain-head of too many falsehoods. Reformers, cease harping on drinking and gambling, and look to this fish question. Is there anything living or dead that will grow like a fish after you have caught and devoured it? Time only increases the size of it, until it would swamp an ordinary boat after it has been caught for a week. Why will those wicked little fish insist upon biting better on Sunday than on week days! I wonder if they have ever heard about "the better the day, the better the deed." To what awful place will our young men deserve to be sent by the end of the season if they continue to fish—and to explain what they caught? If a man were to catch a fly he would say, "I caught a fly," but if he caught a fish he would say, "I caught nine fish." Can no one explain why a dead fish multiplies so much faster than any other dead object? I am the only honest fisher person that I am acquainted with. I am sure I would not endavor to conceal the fact, if I returned from a fishing excursion empty handed. But—ahem!—I always catch something. It may be only a cold or perhaps only a pickerel from the nearest fish-stand, or a scolding when I return home, but I reiterate, I always catch something when I go fishing.

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I do not know of any creature that causes more unpermissible language to be used than a small perch. They seem to have been especially manufactured to cause a man to forget his former Sunday school lessons. What is more provoking than to sit on a hard board for an hour, with your eye glued to a bobbing bobber, occasionally getting a little nibble at your bait, and finally to jerk up your line, feeling sure you have a whale, only to see a rascally little perch skip away, and your hook staring emptily at you? That nice, fat worm you so carefully put on has been gone for how long only that nasty little perch knows. If you do catch the little mischief, you are too conscientious to keep such a very small fish; so back into the water he goes. If he had the slightest notion of what is honorable he would wiggle his little fins, and start for home to warn his relatives away from your preserves. But he was endowed with so much greed that no room was left for honor in his fishy composition, so back he comes again, and that long-suffering fisherman may catch the same little fiend any number of times, until his patience and his arm are tired out, and the perch is put into the bottom of the boat to meet a well deserved end.

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I saw a party of young men fishing in White Bear last week. They had a couple of young ladies in the boat with them, who were not fishing, but were intent on two interesting-looking novels. I called from shore for information regarding their haul. "We have caught ten," responded one of the novel readers; whereupon a shout of astonishment and incredulity went up. Only one fish was to be found in the boat, and yet she insisted that she saw one landed every time she looked up from her book, and had counted ten. Some feared she had a sunstroke, others that she had imbibed too much lake water or caught the mania for telling fish stories, with which all fishers are overcome sooner or later. At last the argument grew so heated, and the fire station being so remote, one of the boys confessed. It was the young man whom we all knew took a great interest in the aforesaid young lady. He sheepishly confessed that he wished her to think him a marvel of genius in everything he attempted from reading Arab to fishing. So every time he had seen her glance up he had triumphantly landed this same fish at his lady love's feet; then when she again became absorbed in her tale he would quietly put it on his hook again, drop it over the side of the boat and wait for another glance from those dark eyes that were the cause of all his trouble.

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I can't imagine why men should ever object to taking females fishing with them. If you only pick out girls that are meek enough you will have most efficient help. They can be taught to bait your hook, remove the trophies of your skill, dig angle worms, row the boat and in several other ways make themselves remarkably useful. If they rebel, when requested to put a fresh worm on your hook, say you "will do it yourself," and in reaching for the worm manage to make the boat ship a little water; you will soon have them subdued; they will do almost anything if you will only keep the boat from rocking. I do not assert that all girls can be made thus useful on a fishing trip, but the docile ones can. I think girls prefer putting a minnow on the hook; worms are not appetizing, and the agonized manner in which the poor little froggies grab the hook is heart rending.

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We went on a fishing trip last week; we had a competent instructor with us and we intended learning to fish scientifically. Our instructor said it was more sportsman like to "play" a fish. Our friend in the stern seat caught an unassuming little croppie and proceeded to "play" this fierce specimen from the briny deep. You might just as well try to "play" a log as a croppie. Mr. Croppie gave one astonished and disgusted look at his captor, winked at a croppie friend below and calmly slipped of the book with a nice fat worm breakfast in his bill. We could hear the echo of his derisive laughter as he left for parts unknown. "Don't play a croppie, you idiot," yelled our flattering instructor from the bow, "always jerk them in." "Certainly," answered the gentleman in the stern, seating himself disconsolately and proceeding to bait his hook. Then he threw his line over the side of the boat and down went his bobber. He mounted the seat with a shout and jerked his pole with both hands. Snap went his pole and into the lake, head foremost, went our amateur fisher. After we had rescued the fuming, foaming, sputtering remains of our friend, one smart member of our party, who never seemed able to understand that there is a time when silence is golden, solicitously inquired of the bedraggied fisherman, "where had he been?" "Where have I been," sneered that irate individual, "been walking around on the bottom of the lake pinning signs on the different fish down there, so the next time I will know when I catch a croppie and when I catch a bass."

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What becomes of all the articles lost in the lakes? White Bear must be paved with rings, brooches, knives, eyeglasses, watches, money, etc. Wouldn't it pay for a syndicate to drain it off next winter and gather up the jewelry? It must be very convenient for the turtles to have so many rings contributed gratuitously. They never have to buy wedding rings; just dive down and take their choice.

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Last week a party went out for a day's outing at a lake near by. The girls were enthusiastic fishers. All the boys wanted was to have a quiet day in the country, to lounge around and smoke. They bought the best cigars and tobacco, put the lunch in a nice boat, rowed about five miles from anywhere, filled their pipes, stowed themselves comfortably in the bottom of the boat, and prepared to thoroughly enjoy life. "Give us a light, Jimmie." Jimmie obediently put his hand into his pocket, then into another pocket, and in another and yet another. Then the other boys went through the same antics, but gradually a look of blank despair o'erspread these hitherto joyous countenances. Five miles from shore and nary a match in the crowd. It was quite too much for them. This is not a dictionary, so I will not record the words that were spoken. It is enough to know that the language they used frightened all the fish away from their vicinity. Some of the expressions they gave vent to are the same things you say when you stub your toe or fall down a hole in the dark. The only thing that could swallow such awful language was a catfish. He also managed to swallow four worms, three frogs and a fishing pole.

E. H. R.

A SONG IN GOOD TIME.

Wishin' time,
Fishin' time,
Time to roll over
In shadders
Of medders,
On carpets of clover!

Swingin' time,
Singin' time,
Time to be sippin'
The Sunny
Made honey
Of melon juice drippin'!

Merry time,
Berry time,
Time in good metre;
Dove time,
An' love time,
An' life growing sweeter!

—Atlanta Constitution.

TALES AND TALKS.

"Open Hunt," says Ignatius Donnelly in his paper, referring to the fact that some one may later on inquire as to what became of the $150,000 appropriated for Minnesota's exhibit at the world fair. Then the Sage tells this story to illustrate his point: An Englishman received a telegram that his son, who had resided in Judea, was dead. He wired to send on the body. In due course he received a great iron cage containing a live tiger. He could not understand it, and so he wired back, "Where is the body of my son?" An answer came: "He's inside the tiger."

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Commenting on the above, a member of the last legislature from the southeastern part of the state said yesterday: "I was present last winter at a meeting of the committee on appropriations of the house when L. P. Hunt, of Mankato, explained just how much money he was getting as salary for superintending the Minnesota exhibit at the world's fair. The committee listened attentively, and no one suggested a cut or even intimated that the amount was excessive. Now, it strikes me that it is too late to seek to belittle or discourage the men who have charge of the state exhibit. From a personal visit I can say that hard work has been done by all connected with the state exhibit. All things considered, our showing is very creditable, despite some mistakes that have been made."

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Senator Donnelly has "been and saw" the big aggregation of wonders and of what he saw he tells in his own peculiar way: "One's first thought is admiration and astonishment; one's second thought is pity that all this must be torn down, swept away at the close of the fair. One can see as much of diverse humanity in a few hours at the fair as they would see in years of travel.

There are the Esquimaux, looking like a cross between the Chinese and our American Indians—which, perhaps, they are—short, swarthy, good-natured, with grinning teeth and small Mongolian eyes, bead-like. One solemn-looking chap sat with a pair of hairy, walrus-skin breeches on him, with the thermometer at 85 deg. in the shade. It was enough to make him look solemn."

Then the famous controversialist smiled as he recalled this scene in the Esquimau village: "Some pot-bellied, thin-legged children, had found a pot-bellied, thin-legged toad, had turned him on his back, in a puddle, and were studying him as a college of astronomers might study an ærolite." Of the Africans he says: "A jolly, happy, thoughtless mob they were, with dance after dance and song after song! You could hardly tell the men from the women, for the men seemed as beardless as the women."

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Here the Sage struck one of his pet theories and worked it out in this way: "They all had the long, slim hands and feet of savages, and in these and other particulars they were exactly like the petrified negro found in the rocks near Chadron, Neb., and which I am inclined to think dates back to a vast antiquity; for the black race probably constituted the first inhabitants of all the continents."

Of the Arab encampment he tells: "They were living under tents, much as Joseph did when sold by his brethren. These Arabs are white people, bronzed by the desert and unclean lives, but they are bearded, and the women are fairer and some of them quite good-looking. Their great treat for strangers is coffee, and the chief who has the largest pile of coffee-grounds before his tent is most honored, because it testifies to his abundant hospitality.

"I don't really suppose that the Minnesota building and exhibit will ever be of one dollar's advantage to the state. But it has provided nice berths for a lot of very nice pleasant gentleman, and we should be happy. But if that $150,000 had been expended in building two state warehouses at St. Paul and Minneapolis, the good effects would have been immediate, and have been felt for hundreds of years to come. But the state vanity counts for something," and Nininger's shining light heaved a philosophic sigh.

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The most characteristic thing the Baconian had to say of the anti-trust convention is this: I caricatured the whole business by offering a resolution that every man in the United States should do his whole duty; that no woman should wear hoops; that

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
That to be dreaded needs but to be seen;"

that skim milk is a useful and harmless article of diet; that vice is vicious, and the devil a gentleman; and that Grover Cleveland is earnestly urged to do his duty, love his wife, be virtuous, and he will be happy."

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There are a large number of ex-policemen scattered here and there in St. Paul since the "reform" administration took hold of the reins of civic government. One of them met a friend in P. T. Kavanaugh's office the other day, and the two fell to conversing. The ex-officer's friend complained of being sick, sick. "What's the matter with you?" inquired the peeler out of a job. "Oh, I've been to see several doctors, and they all tell me I have different ailments. The last one I went to said I walked in my sleep." "Begorra, if I could do that I'd be walkin' a beat yet," said the "ex" with a sigh.

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Capt. Jack Sullivan, a lake captain of many years' experience, passed through St. Paul Saturday. "I hear a good deal about your fishing grounds up here," said he to a GLOBE reporter, "but I have seen places where a Minnesota fisherman would be tempted to jump overboard to catch the fish in his arms. For instance, at the upper end of Georgian bay, where timber carriers go to load for lower lake ports, you can lean over the vessel's side and see whole schools of large and small fish disporting themselves in the clear waters of the bay. And often you will see a lot of apparently black sticks erect and motionless or bobbing slowly around on the surface. They are water snakes, which abound in that region, and perfectly harmless, although intending swimmers are chary of venturing into the water at first. I do not allow myself to tell fish stories, but I have often taken a friend or two on a trip to those regions and taken their breath away by heaving a water keg overboard and pulling it up full of as fine fish as man ever ate. The Indians capture their supplies of fish by dragging a stout blanket along between two canoes. Real sportsmen dive into a school and catch them by the gills, which requires considerable skill."

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"Political hustlers look lonesome nowadays as they sit or move about in the lobby," said Senator Keller, of Staerns county, as fanned himself vigorously in the Merchants', "but when I find no congenial companions here I give myself over to retrospection. In fancy I conjure up lively scenes of the past that I have witnessed here and thus avoid any feeling of lonesomeness." Even as the senator spoke D. M. Sabin walked in and shook hands with several acquaintances. Cal Uline greeted him among others, and started a conversation that was inaudible except to Saoin. "Oh, no, it's a waste of time to figure on something two years off," said the powerful looking Stillwater celebrity, as he smiled on the Devil's Lake man and walked over to light a cigar. But it is no sacred secret that Sabin is "figuring" far ahead just the same. And he looks physically capable of beginning a hard campaign today and keeping it up until Senator Washburn's successor is elected.

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A sight of Senator Davis started a reminiscent train of thought in the brain of a Fifth district politician yesterday. "There's a man," said he, "who should have been particularly grateful to his friends for his re-electian last winter. He had as close a call as a man could possibly have and win. It one of his really loyal supporters had weakened when the supreme moment came, he was lost. They stood up to the rack without wincing, and he was chosen. Yet after the thing was settled he was apparently sore and sour, posted off to Washington without ceremony, and raised a feeling of regret in many men that they had stood by him, even to their own detriment. Of course, he knew, as every one did, that if he had not received fifty-eight votes on the first ballot he was beaten; but that was all the more reason why he should exhibit some show of gratitude to his supporters." Further conversation developed the fact that this man has been voluntarily tendered the services of Senator Washburn in any way they could be of service. The junior senator has heard the rumbling caused by Davis' course after the fight last winter, and is sowing with care that he may reap with ease.

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John O'Toole, formerly of Her Britannic Majesty's Eighty-eighth, the Faugh-a-Ballagh regiment, is well known to all the old-timers in St. Paul. A friend, just over from the Emerald isle, called on him the other day and, of course, was taken to see the sights. The two were admiring the German cathedral, and John explained, without a smile, how the two towers were built simultaneously without the masons' helpers having to climb ladders. "Well, that bates the divil, intoirely," said the earnest "greenhorn." "That's the intintion," said O'Toole, as he gave his friend a wink and a punch in the ribs.

The "Plymouth" Corner, Seventh and Robert Streets.

BABY Carriage Catalogue FREE

We will mail free to any one returning this ad a Special Baby Carriage Catalogue—*Cut Prices*. Sewing Machine and Bicycle Catalogue—*Cut Prices*. New Baby Carriages from $1.75 up. New Sewing Machines for $8.77 up. New Bicycles from $4.25 up.
ROBERTS, 510 Nicollet, Minneapolis, - - - - Minn.

ST. PAUL ITEMS IN 1903.

There is some talk of selling the old market house and erecting an auditorium on the site. The matter will be brought before the council at its next meeting.

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Judge John J. Ahern, of the municipal court, has gone to Wildwood on a fishing expedition.

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Conrad W. Miller, permanent candidate for city treasurer, has not retired from politics. He has been running for office for thirty years, was elected once, and proposes to stay in line for the remainder of his life.

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Judge E. J. Darragh, of the district court, yesterday sentenced "Jocko" Conway to three days' confinement in the basement of the old market house. This is much worse than Stillwater.

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Frank Shaw and W. S. Twombley are negotiating with James J. Hill for the purchase of the Great Northern railway system. The deal, if it goes through, will be on a strictly cash basis.

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In another column of this paper will be found an interesting communication from Gen. R. W. Johnson, whose contributions to the local press have been read with keen interest for the past fifty years.

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Ignatius Donnelly will lecture on "The Mistakes I Have Made, or What I Might Have Been," at Brandl's hall on University avenue this evening.

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Chief of Police A. F. Morton left for Chicago last night to attend the convention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Pensioners.

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At the entertainment given at Music hall last evening Franklyn W. Lee recited "At the Rehearsal," and was presented by Italo Roastichestnutti with a basket of choice fruit and nuts—mostly nuts.

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Manager Ed Johnstone says his new theater on the northwest corner of Wabasha and Fourth will be all ready for the opening next Monday night.

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Jimmy Slug, of St. Paul, and the Omaha Pug will meet in a ten-round contest at the Olympic next Friday night for a purse of $5.00. There has been bad blood between these two exponents of the manly art for some time, and a rattling good mill may be expected.

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Capt. Ed S. Bean is talked of as the probable Democratic nominee for sheriff. Ed has a peculiar faculty for drawing votes from the Republican ranks, and he would make a strong candidate.

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A permanent sign was attached to Ald. Pat Conley's desk in the council chamber yesterday.

ANDERSON'S CHANGE.

Bernt Anderson, the new dairy commissioner, had a little Minneapolis experience the other day, and he is sadder and perchance wiser therefor. In the Mill City he bought a cigar. Anderson is said to be very fond of cigars. But whether he is or not, or whether he always smoked the best brands, is of little moment. On the day that he visited the city up the river, suffice it to say, he smoked, and he bought the smoker. He did not patronize anything like a swell establishment, but he bought his cigar from a modest sort of a dealer—one of these real honest-appearing men. As he lighted the cigar he laid a dollar—a silver simoleon it was—on the counter, and he had his change handed him in the usual fashion. Nine silver dimes, and they looked bright and pretty. Anderson sauntered out of the cigar store as proud as a boy with a new jackknife. He puffed away on the newly lighted cigar, and seemed to really enjoy existence. An interurban car at this time attracted his attention, and the circumstances reminded him of home. He boarded the car, and presently the "con" came along and in that nonchalance that they're noted for cried in the dairy commissioner's ear, "Fare, please!"

Anderson had fallen into a reverie, meanwhile, and he aroused himself with some apparent effort. He felt in his pocket and produced one of the bright new 10-cent pieces. In abject disgust the conductor handed back the coin with a repetition of the original salutation, "Fare, please!" It was a three-cent piece. A little disconcerted Anderson produced another of the bright pieces of coin. Again it was handed back, and this time with the injunction:

"See here, cully, you can't work that gag on this 'ere car: see!" It was another three-cent piece, and then followed an investigation that revealed that all nine pieces were of the same denomination. Anderson was the maddest man for the nonce in the commonwealth, and he swore vengeance on the cupidity of the cigar vender. He promised his friends that he would go back to Minneapolis and have that fellow arrested, but his friends suggested that the cheapest thing for him to do would be to say nothing. He finally took the hint, but he had "beefed" enough to put the boys on, and he is unmercifully guyed for his little Minneapolis experience.

IN THE HOTELS.

Milt Jones, the popular traveling agent of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois railroad, is a guest at the Ryan. "People are just beginning to flow into Chicago," said he, "and from now on the railroads will have about all the business they can carry. I doubt that there will be any necessity for a further reduction of rates, yet it is very probable, because strong influence is being brought to bear upon the Western passenger officials by the big men who are interested in the fair." Mr. Jones was at the Palmer house in Chicago Friday, and states that just 1,163 guests were registered at that hostelry then. "That is what I call hotel business," he remarked.

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Arpad von Masrak, of Buda-Pesth, and Hans Temple and Joseph Greenwold, of Vienna, composed a trio of distinguished Austro-Hungarians who passed yesterday in the city. Herr Masrak is a special envoy of the court of Austro-Hungary, with instructions to report in detail his observations at the world's fair and throughout this country, and Messrs. Temple and Greenwold are journalists of distinction. The three foreigners were driven over the city by A. O. Nepil, and expressed themselves as highly pleased with the sights.

Lieut. Col. Richard Comba passed through the city yesterday on his way to Fort Yates S. D., where he is to take command of the military post. He comes from Madison Barracks, N. Y., where he has been stationed for some time. He called at army headquarters and also on some of the officers at Fort Snelling with whom he was associated at frontier post on the Little Missouri thirty years ago. "We have no frontier now," remarked Col. Comba. "I have been astonished to look over some of the country in which we were located with the Twelfth infantry thirty years ago. At that time it looked as though it never would be populated by white settlers, but now it is all thickly settled, and prosperous towns are located where there was nothing but Indian villages at that time."

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Admiral Aazankoff and Grand Duke Alexander, the brother of the Russian czar, will arrive in St. Paul this morning at 9 o'clock over the Wisconsin Central line, and will leave in the evening at 7:30 for the Yellowstone Park over the Northern Pacific.

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At the Windsor—J. M. Scheffler, Des Moines; John H. Elder, Seattle; E. B. Manwaring, Superior; H. S. Elwell, Milwaukee; J. R. Pennington and wife, Sprague, Wash.; E. A. Lewis, Glencoe; B. B. McCray, Prescott.

At the Clarendon—M. M. Shields, Faribault; W. W. Bellinger, Tacoma; M. Murphy, West Superior; Peter Hanson, Breckenridge; A. C. Kurz, Milwaukee; N. L. Dawson, Weyerhauser.

At the Ryan—L. E. Durham, Ashland; George B. Clifford, Grand Forks; W. N. Draper, Duluth; Robert Kerrs and wife, Winnipeg; Thomas P. Washburn and wife, Milwaukee; E. O. Mansfield, R. B. Harvey, Rochester; H. W. Streeter, Muncie, Ind.

At the Merchants'—C. A. Bach, St. Cloud; E. J. Seymour, Chippewa Falls; H. B. Warner, Ellsworth; H. S. McKinnee and wife, Portland; A. D. Graham, Spokane; W. S. Shaw, Deer Lodge, Mont.; George N. Baxter, Faribault; W. R. Kellogg, Jamestown, N. D.; R. M. Smith and wife, Spokane; Charles Slocum, Des Moines.

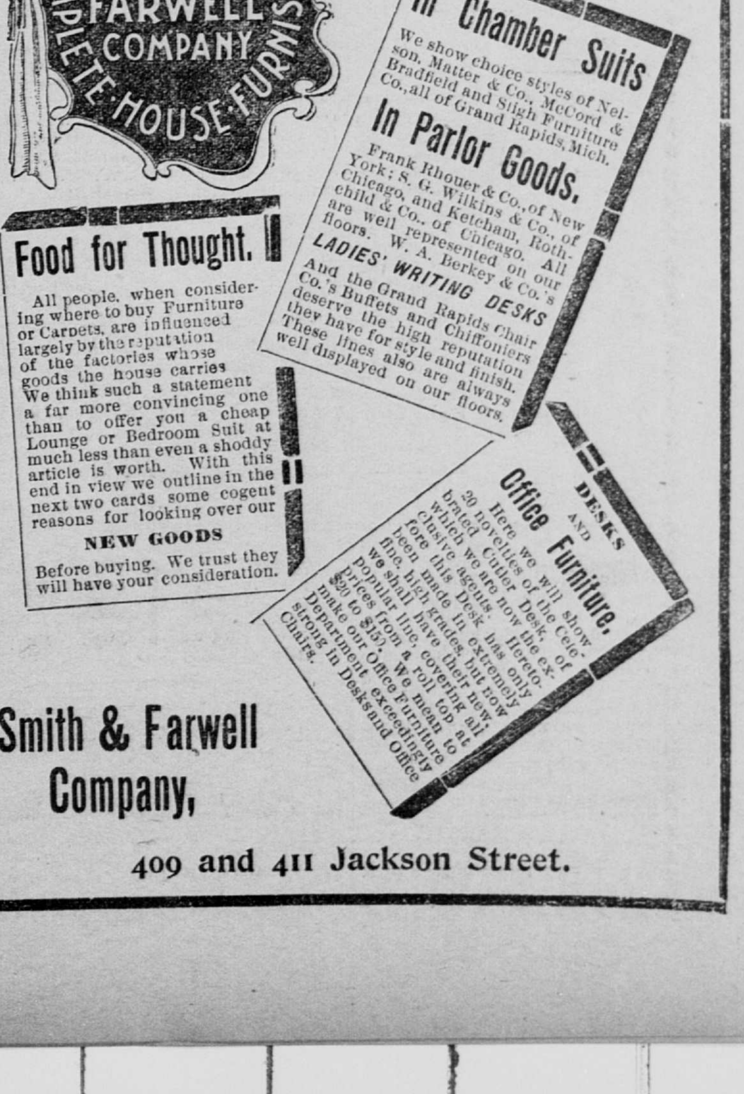
PLEADING FOR PRIDE.

[For the Sunday Globe.]

And would ye seek to crush it,
That high enobling pride
That proudly braves the fiercest storm,
And on its billows rides:
That dares ascend the steepest heights,
Descend to those most low,
And yet among, above them all,
Its many beauties show?

For pride is not some base-born thing
That answers to the will,
But like a mettled Arab steed
Is always active, never still;
Leaps up with joyous neigh at early dawn,
Nor tires at close of day,
Before its swift, disdainful pace
All barriers melt away.

Oh, seek not then to check it,
It needs no curb or rein,
With look or word nor lash it,
For their lightest touch is pain;
For pride is Nature's fairest gem
For which gods and mortals sigh,
And in its presence 'twere sweet to live,
And for its honor 'twere joy to die.

—William G. Lockwood Tucker.

St. Paul, Minn., June 16, 1893.