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TODAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, July 8.—For Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota and South Dakota: Generally fair; slightly warmer; winds shifting to south. For Wisconsin: Fair; west winds: warmer in west portion. For Montana: Fair; southeast winds; warmer.

THE silver tongues of the far West are wagging at a noisy rate.

THAT Crown Hill park project seems to be a crown of thorns to a good many West siders.

HAY FEVER is raging in this country as never seen before. It is caused by the Paris market of $60 a ton.

IT IS reported that some one has sent President CLEVELAND a Chicago girl's slipper to wear on his swollen foot.

EULALIA is home. Now she can take her measurement and see how much she has grown under the stimulating American atmosphere.

IT IS pretty severe on Emperor WILHELM to lose his outing in Norway; but business is business, and that army bill must go through.

THE efforts of the New York anarchists to hold a demonstration were made very chilly by the presence of Supt. BYRNES as practical presiding officer.

IT IS hard to believe the rumor that Independence of Great Britain has been declared in Australia. This would be like the calf weaning itself from the cow.

OHIO has sent a chicken thief to the penitentiary for life. If the Southern states should adopt a law like the Ohio, they would each have to build a dozen new penitentiaries.

IF THOSE mediums at Merrimac island could induce the spirit of SHAKESPEARE to come and dictate a new play, or the spirit of BACON to come and throw more light on DONNELLY'S cryptogram, it would be a great card for Merrimac island.

A KANSAS CITY tramp was given a pair of old trousers by a charitable citizen. He found a $5 bill in a pocket and returned it to the owner. And now the city has pensioned him and placed him in the directory a dozen times under as many different names.

ST. LOUIS may be a little slow in business matters, but it is up to date in crime. One of the army of dangerous characters that infest the city has just disemboweled a police officer. Scarcely a day passes there in which some such caper as this is not cut.

JOHN SHERMAN'S exculpatory defense of his measure reminds the humorist of the New York Times of the burghers of New Amsterdam in Irving's Knickerbocker, who decided to abide, pro tem., by the laws of God until they could find time to devise something better.

IT TURNS out that the Pomeroy, Io., cyclone did not forget to pick a rooster and leave him otherwise unharmed. That joke is old as a circus clown's. It is time the cyclone got up some new trick, such as wringing a rooster's neck, dressing and making a pot-pie of him.

IT IS little wonder that STEPHEN LYONS, leader of a band of train robbers, has given himself up at St. Louis voluntarily. At the rate they are catching these fellows the business is getting to be dangerous, and it is time for the fellows in it to throw themselves on the mercy of the courts, and try some new way of getting a living easily and without risk.

CONSUL HARRY KRESS, at Queenstown, has made the awfully important discovery that the real, original and only Blarney stone is still in its place in the castle wall, and that the one sent to the world's fair, and which was received with such eclat by Mayor HARRISON, and has been worshipfully kissed by so many thousands since, is a base, bare, bald, bad fraud.

THE constantly widening space between silver and gold and the frantic and vociferous efforts of the silverites to bring silver up to gold reminded a visitor to the GLOBE'S editorial rooms of a story. Two sons of Norway were traveling by boat. At some point where the boat stopped one of them went ashore and returned just as the boat was moving off, and when the space between the wharf and the boat was getting momentarily greater. The one on the boat shouted to his companion on shore: "Yump, OLE; yump kvick. I tank you can mek it in two yumps now." Possibly silver might cover the distance between it and gold in "two yumps" if it "yumps kvick."

THERE is a good deal in a name, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE to the contrary notwithstanding. The French names on menus make the dishes far more attractive than if they bore their plain English names, and the doctors know the monetary value of calling the "ills that flesh is heir to" by outlandish Latin or Greek names. The very mystery of the name inspires an awe that goes far to reconcile the patient to the bills. It soothes the burning of it to have our itch called psoriasis. With the bicycle has come that bend in the spinal column which plain people call the "bike hump," the result of assuming on the wheel the attitude of a show monkey riding the trick donkey around the ring. But there would be no money in it for the doctors should they call the thing by the somewhat vulgar commonplace term, and so they have gone to their glossaries and lingual laboratories and concocted a very distingue term for it. The victim of "kyphosis bicyclistarum" will take his medicines and pay the shot with a grace and ease which would be wanting if the doctor told him that he had only the bike hump.

TO ABANDON CROWN HILL.

The park board indicates a disposition to abandon the Crown Hill park project. This proposed park covers eight good-sized lots near the residence of Mr. LIENAU, which is some distance from the business center. The board of public works has appraised it at $32,000, $10,000 of which is to come out of the park fund, and the remaining $22,000 to be assessed on nine blocks surrounding. Were the nine blocks heavily populated and in a locality where property is in good demand, this would seem like a heavy assessment, even in easy times; but a good deal of the nine blocks is unimproved, and to make this assessment upon them at this time would be almost equal to confiscating some of the lots. The park board seems to have come to a realization of this fact. Section 31 of the park law provides that the park board may, at any time before the assessment for a park has been confirmed, by a three-fourths vote abandon all proceedings, basing their action upon the belief that it is for the interests of the city so to do.

The park board has clearly the power to abandon the proceedings, and if it does it is very likely that the people who are to be assessed for other proposed parks will appear before it with the request that these projects be also abandoned. It is just possible that it would be for the best interests of the city if the park board heeded such requests all along the line. We need several of the proposed parks; but we do not need them so badly that they must be had just at this time. The proceedings can be renewed a year or two hence, and the people will then, no doubt, be in position to accept their assessments without grumbling. There is not likely to be much difference between the board of public works' valuations of the property now and the prices asked for it then.

Were the park board to take the money in the park fund which is to be applied upon the purchase of the proposed parks and improve Como park, a good many think it would confer a much better favor upon the city than by insisting upon the completion of the purchase of the new pleasure grounds under present circumstances. In all the wide stretch of grounds in Como park there are only two drinking places. To make Como all that it should be, a great deal of work, which will cost money, must be done. It has been the hope of the city that this park would be made so attractive that our people would go to it in preference to Lake Harriet. A good deal of St. Paul money is spent every summer at the Minneapolis resort. This is worth saving for the benefit of St. Paul. We cannot expect Como to be the attraction without it is more fully improved.

THAT COBDEN CLUB DINNER.

Considering the great utility of the Cobden club to the cause of protection in past years, we marvel that our usually alert and imaginative brothers of the Republican press have permitted the club to eat its annual dinner unnoticed. We can only account for it on the ground that they have not yet recovered from the daze of last year's knock-out, or that they are so absorbed in watching the ruin already accomplished and that yet to be wrought by this inconoclastic, Democratic administration, that the important event across the Atlantic has escaped their watchful eyes.

The world knows the significance to be attached to a lot of Englishmen sitting down to a dinner of roast beef garnished with plum pudding and rendered soluble with sherry. HOLMES tells us how the Pequot sachems learned to run from the white man when his breath smelled of Holland gin, and history tells us how England's beef eaters have driven their foes before them. So when a lot of English conspirators, bent on overthrowing our great American system and exposing our poor workingmen to the onslaught of the pauper labor of Europe and on drowning us all in a torrent of cheap goods and depriving their makers of the blessed privilege of paying the taxes on them, it is a crime for the guardians of all these interests to be sleeping on their posts. Mistakes in war are crimes, said the first—and only — NAPOLEON, and mistakes are equally crimes in the warfare of politics.

We all know what a dinner of the Cobden club means. We know it because our vigilant protectors have always heretofore managed to have an emissary concealed under the table to note down and expose their nefarious schemes. But now we shall know nothing of it. No warning cry can be given of the point or manner of assault. No one knows how many million pounds they appropriated from their money chest to be used in next year's campaign to secure the defeat of honest, patriotic Republican candidates for congress. Even now, as we write, English guineas from the Cobden club may be coming across the sea with which to flood Ohio this year and overthrow that gallant leader MCKINLEY, whom the Cobdenites justly regard as their bete noir.

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud
Without our special wonder?"

THE CORNER TURNED.

It is always the darkest just before the day, says the old saw. There are indications that the day is breaking. The foundation of our currency, gold, has stopped sliding out from under the fabric. There is a slight return movement, which promises to strengthen. Congress is called in special session, and will obey the practically universal demand of the business men of the entire country for a repeal of the SHERMAN act, which has been to the gold what the greased ways are to the launching ship. The harvest is ripening, and will soon be moving out to be converted into other forms of wealth.

Another hopeful sign is the absolute flatness of all speculation. Enforced economy is producing its results. The nation is beginning to save. Pennies are no longer despised. Merchants mark their goods by cents instead of by nickels. With economy comes accumulation, and following that will come spending. The process is a slow one. There will be no boom times again for some years; it were well if they never come again, but they will when the accumulations of money grow large. If congress, in addition to repealing the SHERMAN act, will wipe out the vicious principle on which it was based, wherever it appears in our legislation; will repeal all laws that interfere with the natural distribution of wealth, there will be a greater evenness of prosperity and a longer term of it.

GETTING READY FOR IT.

A morning paper gives what is evidently an authorized statement from the grain and warehouse commission of the preparations for the elevator law, the "governor's bill," which takes effect on Aug. 1; and, what is more important, the interpretation the commission gives of the scope of the law.

If the statement expresses the views of the commissioners, it is their opinion that the law embraces all elevators in the state except those at the terminals, which were thoughtfully omitted from its provisions. This view the GLOBE did not share at the time the bill was pending, and does not now. It then charged that the bill was only intended to be operative on those elevators which, as a part or the whole of their business, received grain for storage for hire from the owners and held it subject to their orders. It does not apply to those elevators which are the property of persons engaged in buying wheat on their own account, who do no storage for others, but use their elevators to hold their wheat until they are ready to ship it. This view was not then contraverted in the debates on the bill.

If the construction put on it by the statement referred to is the one which will be enforced, then the sooner its constitutionality is ascertained the better. If the state can oblige men whose business is buying grain to transact it under governmental supervision, then there is no limit to the interference of the state. If it can oblige men to receive grain and become responsible for the delivery of the grain whose grade and quality the bailee has no voice in determining, then it can with equal right regulate the millers who grind the wheat, the dealers who sell the flour, the merchants who supply dry goods and groceries; in short, every vocation of men. There is absolutely no limit save the whim of a hot over-wise legislature.

The man who buys wheat assumes no more a public or quasi-public function than does the man who buys sugar or boots and shoes. The case of Munn vs. Illinois only went to the length of saying that those who operated elevators for the receipt of the grain of others for storage for hire assume such a public relation that the legislature was justified in fixing their charges. Merely from the point of view of the citizen having no interest with either side to bias judgment, the GLOBE trusts that this interpretation of the law will be brought to a speedy test, that we may know just what measure of liberty of action is left to the citizen.

The object of a law, its scope, is not to be found in the punitive clause on which the statement alluded to depends. It is to be found in the enacting clauses. The first section declares the purpose of the law in unmistakable terms. "All elevators and warehouses in which grain is stored and handled" are public elevators. All subsequent references are to "such" elevators; "such" elevators must take out license; owners of "such" elevators will be guilty of a misdemeanor if operated without license, all referring to the elevators described in section 1, which "store" grain. Every provision in the act relates, and is only applicable, to an elevator or warehouse which receives grain for hire. The owner must be paid, and his charges for storage are to be fixed by the commission; the manner of delivery, the place and conditions are prescribed; in fact, the whole act is based on the law of bailment, and is capable of no other construction. Where there is no contract of bailment, expressed or implied, the act does not apply. If the promoters of the measure had any other intention than to regulate storage, they succeeded well in obscuring their purpose in the act.

THE INFLUENCE OF CLUBS.

This is emphatically an age of clubs. We have them for all purposes—social, literary, political, artistic, commercial, athletic and musical, among the men, and as for women's clubs, who can number them? There are two sides to this club matter as to most questions that affect humanity. They have friends who defend them, as well as enemies who deride; but to a conservative onlooker there is one phase that has a serious aspect, and that is their influence on home life. The tendency of the club seems to be to increase the distinction that is made between women and men, to divide their interests in a measure, one from the other. This, it is readily to be seen, can have only a deleterious influence on the home. We are such creatures of habit that we insensibly shape our feelings and desires to fit our constant environments. If to the making of an ideal home the united efforts of a man and a woman are necessary, any influence that has a tendency to draw these two apart is to be deplored. We can see this differentiating in the constantly increasing social functions to which either men or women are exclusively bidden. The wisest among our social leaders see this evil and deplore it, but seem powerless to stem the tide. It is not confined to the cities, but the suburban and country towns are struggling under the same disaster. In one town, an old college center where only a few years ago the most delightful society could be found, this modern tendency has worked a most lamentable change. Its influence is apparent even in the personal appearance of both men and women. Natives of that charming town who have been away a few years are surprised at these changes to be observed on their short visits there; but when some scores of social functions are attended at which no men are expected, if the visitor be a woman, or no woman, if a man, the cause is not hard to find. That careful regard for personal appearance, which the constant meeting with strangers who judge a man on first acquaintance by his looks keeps alive and active in city men, is not so constantly cultivated in a community where every one knows every one else, and knows also their family and social and business positions. The frequent association of the sexes has a refining influence on both as to manners, as well as morals. So any influence that deprives society of this benefit is a dangerous one.

On the other hand, it is claimed that the existence of clubs renders social life easier to housekeepers. If the busy husband or father has a friend or acquaintance whom he wishes to honor by an invitation to dinner, he can take him to the club, and so spare the homekeeper the care of his entertainment. If the object of home living were personal comfort alone, there would be nothing more to say; but so long as the home is the school in which the children learn all those lessons of courtesy and kindly doing that sweeten and beautify life, the importance of the Bible injunction, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," is better understood, as well as the later observation, "For in so doing some have entertained angels unawares." Few GLOBE readers but can recall some instance of intellectual enjoyment bestowed by the presence of some one "whose name tradition saves," met and honored at the family board. The impressions made on childish minds by intercourse with those whom their parents revere cannot be overestimated. One object lesson is worth months of preaching to make or break children's habits. Can we lay all these things to club influences, or shall we look farther for their causes?

IN A TRIFLING VEIN.

I had half demoralized a delicious and starchy ice in a popular cafe the other night, when my attention was attracted to a very light, yet plainly visible, cloud of blue smoke issuing from the top of a private box, from whence came also unmistakable notes of hilarity—in the form of a strong laughter and delicate giggling. I didn't have to tip the waiter or peep into the box to know that the party consisted of two men and two women—and possibly a pug dog. Of course there was nothing extraordinary in the pair of couples taking a late and jolly supper together, and the only thing that bothered me was that blue cloud of smoke. I wondered if it were possible for two men to manufacture such an extensive cloud. Soon a waiter parted the curtains to carry in another bottle, and I took advantage of the opportunity to make an instantaneous survey of the interior. I wasn't shocked at all when I discovered that my interesting blue cloud had four persons attached to its lower extremity. The raw material from which the said cloud was manufactured consisted of cigarettes—and in my moment of observation I noticed that the dear girls were puffing quite as industriously as the men.

* * *

A few minutes before midnight I was standing in the entrance of the cafe when the jolly quartette departed, and then I knew their names. Don't be alarmed girls. I'm not fool enough to print your names, although you do live on St. Anthony hill. And then, probably you consider you were quite justified in smoking cigarettes by the public precedent recently established in this country by the Infanta Eulalia. But you were not.

I don't know that there is anything materially harmful in a woman smoking a cigarette now and then. It has been quite a general custom in this country for many years. Yet there is no doubt that it is extremely bad form. It doesn't look well, and it is certainly degrading. No man entertains the same respect for a woman after he has had a social cigarette with her. There is no genuine reason why he shouldn't, but the fact remains that he doesn't. There is a very strong prejudice against cigarette smoking among the women of this republic, and it will take more than the exhibition of one foreign princess to overcome it.

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When I observe the enormous sales of salacious literature I am forced to the conclusion that society is becoming more and more degraded every day. Some time ago I learned from an authoritative source that a New York weekly increased its circulation about tenfold by infusing plenty of salacious reading matter and some highly colored and suggestive pictures into its constitution. The man who sells papers, books and cigars at the Ryan hotel told me last week that he sells many more copies of this saucy New York publication than of any other. A dealer up on the hill told me the same thing, and added the remark that most of his customers were women of the aristocratic circles. A dealer out on East Seventh street, where the trade comes from the lower strata of society, informed me that the sale of the New York paper had not increased materially on his stand. Therefore I am inclined to think that this publication has gained its large increase in circulation almost wholly through the patronage of what we commonly term "society" people.

But, "society" wants to be smart, witty and saucy. It ought to be, probably, to make it endurable. And I don't know but what the salacious New York paper is a good educator in its way.

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Queer studies of human nature could be made in the pool room down on Robert street. In the early morning the "dead game sports are invisible. A few seedy-looking individuals stand round, alternately consulting newspapers and the blackboard.

"Say, Jimmy," from one of the seediest, "Crossfire colt in the fift' is a dead sure thing."

"Rats!" replies Jimmy. "My wad goes on Roland Reed."

"Your wad," says seedy, sarcastically. "You'd tink I tort youse had a wad be the way yer tark! Yer gimme a pain!"

About 12:30 the advance guard of the "dead game" variety begin to come in. They are easily distinguished by the enormous size of their feet. It seems to be a matter of honor among sports to wear the largest shoes money can buy. Another thing by which they may be identified is their propensity to make atmospheric bets, such as: "Er hundred ter two you're way off," and "I'll go fifty yer don't know er horse from a hole in the ground."

As the time for the first race approaches the place rapidly fills up. An air of intense mystery settles on every one. Utter strangers whisper to each other as if they had been friends for life.

"I've got $10 on Airshaft. What do you think?" from one.

"Well," from the other, "I don't think at all. You might as well throw your money down the sewer. You haven't got sense."

A pleasant little way of answering a man, and a stranger, who simply asks an opinion, but they "say such things in the pool room."

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Everywhere are the touts. These festive individuals, when there are seven horses in a race, go to seven men and try to persuade each one to play a different horse. After the race is over the winner no sooner gets his ticket cashed than a voice from behind him says:

"Say, boss, what do I get for the information?"

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"They're at the post," cries the operator.

A sudden silence falls on everyone. Every eye is glued to the blackboard. Every man there can see on that black surface, with its white chalk marks, the green fields and far reaching stretch of track; the grand-stand with it excited occupants; the gaily caparisoned jockeys on their mounts, maneuvering for a good position.

"They're off!"

Every one talks again.

"A O H at the quarter!" says the man at the instrument.

"A O H will win hands down!" yells an excited individual.

"A O H at the half—Knapp second!"

A cry goes up from the followers of Knapp.

"Knapp in the stretch—A O H second—Drizzle third and coming up fast!"

A loud whistle from every one indicative of surprise.

"Drizzle wins!"

The race is over. Another whistle—some laughter—many a hard drawn face—a few muttered curses, and, while the winners cash their tickets, the "talent" prepare for picking the winner in the next race.

Very Visionary.

Boston Globe.

Lieut. Gov. Percy Daniels, of Kansas, has risen to notoriety by devising an extremely comprehensive income tax scheme. He proposes to levy a tax upon all incomes as follows: One per cent on incomes of $1,000,000 to $2,000,000, 3 per cent on $2,000,000 to $5,000,000, 8 per cent on $5,000,000 to $10,000,000, 18 per cent on all over $10,000,000. He estimates that such a tax will create a revenue of about $2,000,000,000. Jesso—when it is levied and collected, which will probably be in the year when Sunday comes in the middle of the week.

A Quip of Jealousy.

Kansas City Times.

It is stated that during the financial uneasiness, a number of St. Paul and Minneapolis concerns have been much embarrassed. This is material for history. It is the first time that anything connected with either of those loud-mouthed towns was known to show embarrassment.

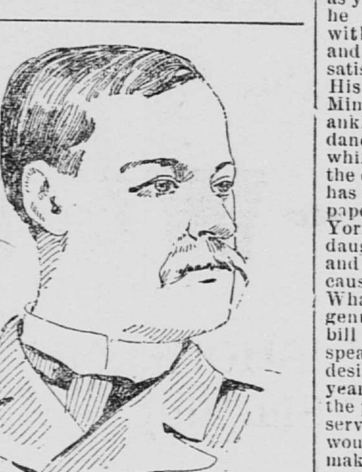
Done No Harm.

Waseca Radical.

Opening the world's fair on Sunday does not appear to have been so very bad on the Sabbath after all, as very few people go. Its like the boy fishing on Sunday: He said he done no harm as he caught nothing.

TERRACE CITY TINTYPES.

The portrait presented this Sunday is that of one of the best members of the younger element of the St. Paul business fraternity. John F. Broderick is the name of the individual, and all who know him need not be told that he is O. K. in every respect. He was born in Kilkenny, and, in consequence thereof, he couldn't be otherwise than O. K. When he was three years of age, his enterprising spirit prompted him to come to the United States, the land of progress and the home of the best people on earth. He was educated in the public schools and universities at Buffalo, N. Y., and when he reached the age of fourteen, he moved to Dubuque, Io., where he wrapped up sugar, measured out potatoes, and drew oil and salary in a retail grocery store for a few years.



J. F. BRODERICK

Then, just to show his versatility in business, he took a job in a retail clothing house and sold "hand-me downs" for a year. He proved just as apt in the clothing trade as he had been in the grocery line, and he became confidential man in a large wholesale clothing house, holding the position until 1871, when he returned to groceries as a traveling salesman.

In 1880 Mr. Broderick became a general partner in one of the largest wholesale grocery houses in St. Paul, with which he severed his connection seven years later. For the past six years he has had charge of the business of the Ryan Drug company, and has conducted it in a very able and successful manner.

A LEGISLATOR'S LOSS.

Tradition tells us that clam bakes are among the leading amenities the staid New England people have enjoyed for lo, these many years. Be that as it may, they are luscious affairs. One that has participated in a genuine old-fashioned clam bake is in position to relate occurrences and incidents that will excite the envy of the modern epicures. An episode of the last session of the legislature, coupled with natural sequence, is the point aimed at.

Representative Ed Salls, of Le Sueur county, is in mind. Under the tutelage of Representative John H. Ives, of St. Paul, Ed cultivated a very decided taste for clams. Indeed, scarcely a day during the entire session was permitted to pass that these two did not reveal in the succulent bivalvular shell fish. Clams for supper, clams on the half-shell, clams stewed, clams baked, and clams with all the frills known to the culinary art, became a fad with these two epicures. Mr. Salls cultivated an acute taste for clams, and when the session came to a close he insisted that he must be given an invitation to the next clam bake that was to be had in this city.

It transpires that Ives had portrayed many appetizing events that had been celebrated in the past by the devotees and lovers of the popular mollusk. John gave the word of a gentleman that Ed should receive an invitation to attend the next annual clam bake that has been regularly held for several years. Well, the time came. The Twin City clam eaters arranged for a genuine bake. Ives lost no time in wiring Salls. This is what he sent by telegraph:

"Annual clam bake Monday. Be at my office at 9 o'clock Monday morning."

Ives had kept his word, and he rested easy. But how about Salls? In that phrase of the subject lies the meat of the story. The telegraph operator failed to decipher with any degree of precision the queer chirography of the St. Paul lawyer. But no one knew it until yesterday. Suffice it to say that Salls did not show up at the clam bake, and this circumstance was a question of some little wonderment on the part of those who knew that Salls is a "fiend" and was considered to possess an appetite beyond the possibility of satiation.

Why did he not come? As has just been related, either the puzzling chirography of Ives or the questionable intelligence of the telegrapher was responsible for the failure on the part of the man from Le Sueur county. When Salls arrived in the city yesterday he hunted up Ives. He had the telegram in his pocket. It was the telegram that he had received over the signature of Ives. As soon as he met the astute lawyer he exhibited the message. It read:

"Annul claim. Back next Monday. Be at my office at 9 o'clock Monday morning."

This explained why Salls did not participate in the annual clam bake.

STATE PRESS NOTES.

Reports indicate that the crop of small grains this year in the Northwest will be the smallest in six years. Lack of sufficient rain is assigned as the cause of the decrease. If all sections had been favored in that respect as has Duluth, there would not have been any shortage.—Duluth Herald.

Certain Populist papers are making themselves ridiculous over the release of the Chicago anarchists. They reckon without their hosts if they think that sober-minded reputable farmers have any sympathy with red-handed Russian anarchists.—Polk County Journal.

Knute Nelson is playing his cards already for United States senator. His every action indicates his intentions.—Anoka Union.

Donnelly says that "what this country needs more than anything else is a national constitutional convention, to revise the instrument from the ground up." A thing it needs to be delivered from, should ever such a convention be called, is the Donnellys and Weavers who will want to control it.—Mankato Daily Free Press.

The Minnesota exhibit at Chicago is now complete. La Due has hung up with that stuffed moose, the diploma he received from Russia for breeding a horse. Now let honest John Furlong, the farmer's friend, hang up his certificate of election to the last legislature, and the thing is a bird.—Waseca Radical.

Times are not half so hard as people think; there is more wheat and more money in the country than we are aware of. Often our farmers enter our general stores, buy goods, order it charged, and when informed that the credit system is the thing of the past, pull out a well filled purse and pay their bill.—Morris Tribune.

The Mississippi at this point is getting to be an ill-fated river. Six persons within eight weeks have been drowned at or near Little Falls, almost one a week.—Little Falls Daily Transcript.

Czarewitch to Visit Berlin.

BERLIN, July 8.—Emperor William will receive the czarewitch at the Potsdam station on the return of the latter from England Tuesday. After taking dinner at the palace the czarewitch will continue his journey to Moscow. The emperor has abandoned his proposed trip to Norway.

MOSQUITO TALES.

Have the inhabitants of this Saintly City gone crazy, are they practicing for an old settlers war dance or for a gigantic acrobatic exhibition? Walk along our avenues one of these pleasant summer evenings and watch the mad antics of some of our solid business men. Perhaps you will watch a prominent banker reading the bank clearance with an expression of angelic satisfaction lingering about his whiskers. Just as you are thinking how truly dignified he looks, he jumps to the ground with a very unbankerlike howl and a look of anything but satisfaction spreads all over him. His paper is left to the mercy of the Minnesota breezelets as he grasps one ankle in both of his bankerial paws and dances a highland fling on one foot while he amuses himself kicking over the chairs and vases on the lawn. He has not discovered through the newspaper that he is about to leave for New York and San Francisco, nor that his daughter has eloped with his office boy and cash register; but what has chiefly caused the commotion is simply this: What Bostonians call a musca of the genus culex has inserted its biting little bill into his dignified limb. Bostonians speak a foreign language which they designate as "correct English." It takes years to learn it, and, were it not for the pig and beans which they always serve as a matter of course, visitors would starve to death while trying to make a Boston waiter understand their wants.

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Elephants may be intelligent, monkeys mischievous and circus horses accomplished, but for cleverness and genuine, unadulterated Yankee shrewdness, commend me to that small, but disproportionately ferocious animal, commonly spoken of as a mosquito. That is the "critter" which makes our lives miserable and compels such fearful antics on the part of our dignified citizens. The common salutation between intimate friends has become, "Howdedo, can you just scratch my left shoulder, I can't reach it." Our piazzas are crowded with a host of friends swinging newspapers and fans, making frantic efforts to keep quiet and trying to appear to enjoy the conversation, but the one thought that every individual is thinking is the same; "I know it is going to bite me now."

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My description of a mosquito may not be corroborated by our distinguished naturalists, but I write from experience. Having spent one awful summer in the wilds of darkest New Jersey, I ought to know how to give a true description of a mosquito. If a naturalist will spend a summer month in the depths of the Jersey woods he will gain a great knowledge of mosquito nature, and will gain an experience worth years of literary work.

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I spent five winters in Lakewook, N. J., where Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland made their winter home. It is a most delightful winter residence, but in summer the transient guests feel compelled to move out and allow the mosquito to ramble undisturbed among his former haunts. Before I had ever traveled further than Merriam Park I thought "mosquito" was an unnecessarily long name with which to weight so small a creature. But now I am only immensely surprised that the ancient who discovered this wild beast in its original wild state did not call it darn-gosh-mercy-murder-help. For the sake of the progeny of that discoverer, it is well that his name is lost in oblivion. Americans will be pleased to know that he was a Spaniard, but his memory is not honored as is the memory of our esteemed friend Chris. Any man who would have the heart to leave for posterity such a discovery deserves to have his portrait hung in the rogues' gallery.

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In New Jersey they have little else but mosquitoes. There this king of beasts reigns supreme. He has even chased malaria away, and I doubt if cholera could stay in the same town with a genuine Jersey mosquito. The mosquito furnishes both food and clothing for the Jerseyites, and skinning their hides is one of the chief industries of that small state. Their hides make strong, durable coats, and their little striped legs are manufactured into excellent trousers for convicts and dudes.

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When you meet a mosquito in a Western town he is usually a fat, well-fed specimen, about the size of a spring gobbler; you have no trouble in seeing him, feeling him or in hearing him, for he sings all the most popular airs in a dulcet cultivated treble, but a Jersey mosquito! that is a very different thing. They are so small and insinuating that nothing yet invented will keep them out, and they bite like little dogs.

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The perceptive qualities of a mosquito are wonderful. How does he always know when you intend to corpsify him? He seems to scent slaughter in the atmosphere. You may look ever so indifferent and put on your most nonchalant air as you saunter in his direction. All to no purpose, for just as you are about to wipe him out of existence, away he flutters, gaily singing a defiant little tune as he disappears which makes your blood boil and your numerous bites itch.

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I am willing to assert that an ordinary mosquito has a thousand eyes, a Henry Clay brain, and sixteen jaws armed with buzz saws, drills, chisels, etc., with which he works and sings. Put Patti against a band of mosquitoes, and Patti wouldn't be heard; unless she started singing "Home Sweet Home" as a farewell performance. Under such circumstances the mosquitoes would probably quietly disperse with tears in their eyes. Innocent little denizens of the green woods, they could not be expected to understand a farewell tour that occurs regularly for twenty years. I suppose the reason mosquitoes sing so loudly is because they bite so many vocalists. It is the system of inoculation. We may also presume that St. Paul mosquitoes become remarkably intelligent and jovial after a few meals off our population.

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How sweet life seems as you sit on a cool piazza near the lake shore, with your turtle dove swinging in a hammock beside you, and together you watch the moonbeams kissing the tiny waves. You think those moonbeams know how to enjoy themselves. Why not do——Hark! Your heart sinks through the hole in your socks right into your boots. What is that gentle, murmuring sound you hear in the distance? Such music ought to soothe you to sleep—but it doesn't. Alas for human enjoyment! A herd of mosquitoes and misery is steadily approaching, singing hymns as it marches. The first soprano bites your ear, while the deep bass raises a lump on your nose, ably assisted by all the contraltos. You never profit by the moonbeam's example, for your turtle dove flees into the house with a shriek of despair, and you are left alone to battle with the enemy. You are lucky if you manage to survive and count on coming out tenth best.

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Some time this year a bright Englishman went out to White Bear lake. He had just come over, and having several weeks to spare from business—most of them take vacations lasting several decades—he arrived at the lake armed with a gun with which to shoot bears. He tramped around the island and Leip's all day, but the woods in that vicinity are dense, and he failed to bring down a bear. Two-legged ones he might have found in plenty, but this young lordling wanted a bruin with a quadruple understanding. The boys he was camping with sympathized with him and wished him better luck the next day. One friend told him confidentially that he had heard of a bear having been seen in the vicinity of the Williams house. This information encouraged him. He had a little tent by himself to which he retired to rest for tomorrow's battle. Before he slept his friend was requested to point out a mosquito so our Englishman would know what to avoid. A June bug had just flown in, and as that was the largest as well as most convenient subject, it was pointed out as a small-sized mosquito by the wicked Minneapolis camper. I have no authority for the statement that he came from that wicked place, but knowing no St. Paul boy could be so heartless, I jumped to the conclusion that this bad youth must have wandered in from over the falls.

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The bear hunter laid his weary bones—also the rest of his body—upon his three-legged couch, saw that his adjustable sitz bath was in the right position for his morning swim, then settled himself for his well deserved repose. He was dreaming of returning from the morrow's hunt triumphantly bearing (B. Harrison pun) a polar bear over each shoulder, with another strapped to his back, when the June bug lighted upon his Saxon nose. With a wild warwhoop he arose, grabbed the invariable walking stick—American cane, without which no true Briton ever moves—and prepared for a hard-fought battle. He light his candle and chased that June bug all night long, while the winsome, enticing little mosquito feasted at will upon his anatomy, slowly devouring him by piecemeal. Then he became desperate, seized his gun and the quiet villagers were aroused about 4 a. m. by the explosion of his fire arms. Supposing he had committed suicide in despair of ever making his American girl see an English joke or fearing that he was in the clutches of a train robber, the near neighbors rushed to his rescue. Oh, what a sight met their astonished eyes! He lay in the sitz bath, whither he had fallen exhausted. Both eyes were swollen shut, and his face looked as though he was in the throes of three cases of measles at once. And the June bug? He lay upon the floor a shattered wreck with four bullets in his brain, and the June buggess is now a weeping widow. Judging from the stories this young man tells about American mosquitoes, one would think they were first cousins to the vulture family.

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The same brave Johnny Cow was in camp one night when the boys were awakened by shrill screams from the adjoining residence, where a party of girls and their chaperone were domiciled. The crowd of boys grabbed the first article of clothing that was nearest, flew to their assistance with the wings of summer love, and routed the burglar. Then it was discovered that the bear hunter was missing. Had the burglar who had disappeared through the rear window carried off the little Englishman as his only booty? Johnny had had small loans from most of the boys, and they were so tender-hearted they could not bear to think of losing him. They scampered back to the camp to procure more clothing and weapons with which to pursue the cannibal burglar. When they excitedly raised the tent flap, there was Mr. Jonathan Bull dressed in his best clothes, calmly shining his boots. He "was willing to hunt the fiercest burglar single-handed, but no girl was going to have a look at him unless he had his boots properly cleaned and his necktie on."

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I thought a person could buy a mosquito bar canopy, put it over his bed, go comfortably to sleep and defy the whole mosquito family. That is what I thought until I met Spreckles, or rather what used to be Spreckles; he has grown very much in appearance, but in reality very little is left of the original Spreckles. He came down Wabasha street with his face about three times its normal size. "Hello, Spreckles," I called in as sympathizing a tone as a 92-in-the-shade thermometer permits; I don't care to sympathize too much this weather for fear of perspiring away what little flesh is left on my bones. "Hello, Spreckles, have you got the toothache?" "No," he growled. "Been in a fight?" I queried. "No," he snarled; "wish people knew when to keep their mouths closed; cause a man happens to have his eyes swollen shut, is he obliged to wear a placard announcing the cause to every monkey he meets?" I knew he was suffering, and mentioned that I thought he might be thirsty. He became somewhat mollified, and told me the disease from which he was suffering was caused by the bite of an insectus mosquitoeus. He explained thusly: "I stood the torments for a few nights, and then, in an unlucky moment for myself and family, I purchased a canopy for our bed. I put it up and crawled contentedly in; so did the mosquitoes. Before, they had the whole room to soar in, now, I was in a 9x6 space shut in with a million little singing, biting devils. Instead of shutting the mosquitoes out, I only shut them in. I stayed there until both my eyes were swollen shut, and my ears were so big they met behind my head, then I crawled out and gave the mosquito trap up to its rightful occupants. The only advantage I derived from that canopy was being able to spend the rest of the night in comparative peace on the floor." His tale was told in such heartrending accents that I was compelled to take him into a thirst-quenching establishment and comfort him.

E. H. R.

CONCERNING PEOPLE.

The empress of Austria has to give a written receipt for the state jewels every time she wears them, and her majesty, as a result, usually contents herself with her private collection, which is not to be sneezed at. It is estimated to be worth $1,500,000, and comprises some pearls which are second to none in Europe. She frequently loans her jewels to her daughters and other princesses of the imperial house on state occasions, but has found it unnecessary so far to extend a similar courtesy to her uncle.

William Henry Moore, of the Augusta (Ga.) News, who died recently, was one of the oldest and most versatile members of the newspaper profession in Georgia. He was by turns author, soldier, showman and journalist, having been a partner of P. T. Barnum, and afterward serving with distinction in the confederate army under Gen. Gordon. After the war he again went into the circus business with Barnum, but soon drifted back into the sanctum, remaining in the harness until his death.

Attorney General Townsend, of South Carolina, says that the state "dispensary" system of that commonwealth is going to be a howling success—figuratively, of course—and that if the liquor dealers of the state think they can nullify the law they are welcome to try it. He says the people are a little shy of the new system at first, but as they find that "Bungstarter Ben" Tillman sells good liquor, and sells it cheap, they will all fall into line, and the state will reap a rich revenue from the monopoly.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Suffern Tailer, of New York, are dazzling the residents of San Francisco with their many accomplishments. Mr. Tailer is the crack four-in-hand driver of the 400, and Mrs. Tailer, who was a Lorillard before her marriage, has a remarkable taste in dress, which is calculated to attract attention among the benighted heathen of the coast. The pair are on their wedding tour, and may go to Honolulu.

THE MINE HORROR.

The loss of over 100 lives by an explosion in Thorne Hill colliery, Yorkshire, England, brings out the time-worn query, "Can anything be done to prevent mine explosions?" Science seems to have thus far suffered defeat in the matter of mine ventilation, but with the ease with which power can now be distributed by wire from dynamos for the operation of ventilating fans, we ought to be able to keep the atmosphere of mine galleries and drifts below the danger point.—Evening Wisconsin.

London's lord mayor cannot do better than devote the funds collected for the royal wedding festivities to the relief of sufferers from the last mine horror. Science and civilization have not gone far while such catastrophes are so frequent.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

STILL HANGING FIRE.

Unsuccessful Conference Between Iron Workers and Manufacturers.

PITTSBURG, July 8.—The scale committee of Amalgamated workers and iron manufacturers held another unsuccessful conference this afternoon and adjourned to meet in this city next Monday week, July 17. The failure to agree today caused disappointment, as it was thought the entire matter would be settled at this meeting. The hitch is on the finishers' scale. The workmen have conceded a cut of 50 cents per ton in the puddling department, but the manufacturers also want a reduction in the finishing department, which the men are not willing to accept. The steel scale at Jones & Laughlin's mill was arranged today on a slightly reduced basis. It will be signed on Monday. Three firms signed the amalgamated scale today. They were the Illinois Steel company, the Cherry Valley Iron company, of Leetonia, O., and the Cleveland Hardware company. The latter two are small concerns. The Illinois Steel company operates plants at Joliet, Bay View, Wis., and Chicago, and employs 13,000 men. It is the largest union firm in the country.

A Governor in Earnest.

Boston Herald.

Whatever his faults, Gov. Tillman, of South Carolina, is a man of pluck and determination, and he proposes so see to it that the new liquor law of that state is enforced to the letter. This is well. The operation of this new experiment in liquor legislation is going to be watched with a great deal of interest outside of South Carolina, and it is gratifying to know that it is to be tried in earnest. That is the only way to demonstrate its practicability or its lack of it. If it succeeds, it is quite likely to be tried elsewhere.

Short Supply of Cattle.

Kenyon (Minn.) Leader.

High prices for cattle during the next year or two are predicted by the best livestock business men. The low price of cattle the past six years made stock raising unprofitable and the whole country is now drained of its supply. The supply being short, prices will advance, and as it takes two or three years to raise a sufficient supply to meet the demand promptly, stock raising will pay a good percentage.

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