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TODAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—For North and South Dakota: Fair; warmer; north winds, becoming northeast.

For Wisconsin: Fair; slightly colder; northeast gales.

For Minnesota: Fair; slightly colder; northwest gales diminishing.

For Iowa: Fair; colder in eastern portions; northwest winds.

For Montana: Fair; warmer; east winds.

TEMPERATURES.

Place.	Ther.	Place.	Ther.
Boston	42	Montreal	32
Buffalo	44	New Orleans	60
Chicago	38	New York	50
Cincinnati	56		

THE largest distillery in the world is to be erected at Peoria, Ill., this season. It will cater to the largest appetite in the world.

ABOUT fifty gamblers commit suicide at Monte Carlo every year. About fifty thousand who ought to commit suicide do not do so.

MOODY, it is said, converted 4,000 souls at Washington during his revival meetings. The soul of Congressman Breckinrige seems to have escaped him. Perhaps it was too small to attract his attention.

THREE more expeditions are to leave Newfoundland this year in search of the north pole. It they find it, they should bring it nearer to the haunts of civilization, where there will be no danger of it again becoming lost.

A CHICAGO woman laughed herself to death the other day. She had just been reading the concluding chapters of Editor Stead's book, in which he predicted that Chicago would yet awake to a sense of her wickedness and reform.

ST. LOUIS Knights of Labor have declared a boycott against the product of twenty breweries in that city. If they could extend the boycott to the product of all breweries, and enforce it, the working classes would be greatly benefited.

THE shortage in the accounts of McKane, the Gravesend boss now serving a term in the penitentiary for election frauds, amounts to about $700,000. It is no wonder that with such a fund at his command he was able to cut so wide a swath.

IT HAS been discovered that young people engaged in the manufacture of cigarettes are afflicted with nicotine poisoning, but their affliction is not half as bad as that of the young people who are engaged in smoking the cigarettes.

A NEW political coalition has been formed in Ohio, the Populists and Prohibitionists having combined against the two other parties. As these two parties cast but 4.80 per cent of the total vote of the state at the last presidential election, their prospect of success at the present time is not roseate.

IT IS definitely announced that the president will veto the seigniorage bill. If this proves true it will put a quietus upon all silver legislation during this congress, for the views of the executive will be known, and it will be futile to attempt to obtain a two-thirds vote in either house to override his vetoes.

SECRETARY CARLISLE suggests the creation of a retired list in the revenue marine service. Such a list would doubtless increase the efficiency of the service, for it would remove the inducement—the necessity, oftentimes—of officers remaining in the service after the days of their usefulness are over.

THE appropriations made by the Iowa legislature for charitable institutions this year foot up to $765,878. This is a large sum, but many of the beneficiary institutions are educational as well as charitable, and the money is not ill spent. At least, there will not be any general complaint among the taxpayers.

THERE are preparations on foot for a general strike among the coal miners of the country. This may be a good thing for the miners, but it will be a great hardship to the consumers of coal, no matter what class they may belong to. It is a knife that cuts more ways than one.

CALIFORNIA is becoming a fashionable place for Chicago people to die in. At least a score of prominent citizens of the Windy City have left this mundane sphere by way of the Pacific coast state. It is a wise precaution, for old St. Peter has good reason to question the eligibility of souls hailing from Chicago to admission to paradise.

THE rival apostles of tariff reform—though on different lines—Wilson and McKinley—are both recovering from their recent dangerous illness, and will be in the arena once more in the course of a few weeks. Their indisposition has not, however, interfered with the progress of the merry war between the two systems.

BOB INGERSOLL has made a change of base. Instead of attributing all the ills to which flesh is heir to the churches, he now places the responsibility upon the shoulders of the Democracy. Christians and Democrats are truly in a sorry plight, and can sympathize with each other—or with themselves; for a good Democrat must of necessity be a good Christian.

IN THE days when men claimed the right to compel other men to give them all their labor without recompense, and when there was a growing party in this country whose nucleus was a denial of that right, Abraham Lincoln said that "the nation cannot continue to exist half slave and half free." Today, when men are claiming the right to compel men by legal enactment to give them such part of their labor without recompense as a willing government may decree, and when Democrats are to be found asserting this right, it is time to say, paraphrasing the wise judgment of Lincoln, that the Democratic party cannot continue to exist half protectionist and half free trade.

"POINTS WITH PRIDE."

The GLOBE "points with pride" to its Easter Sunday issue.

With becoming modesty it allows the public to inspect and compare with competitors and do the rest.

EASTER.

As long as the Christian faith shall endure, and man's hope for immortality shall survive, Easter will be the most sacred of seasons. It commemorates the final triumph of the greatest of all men—the Godlike if not the God-man—over death, and His resurrection from the grave.

The story of the redemption has been oft-times told, but it never ceases to be the one story of all the rest that has a permanent place in the literature of the heart. If illusion it is, there is great beauty and fascination in the illusion, and it teaches a lesson more important than the web of any romance or the stirring scenes of reality. In adopting the human form, enduring all the ills to which humanity is subject, passing through temptations, poverty and persecution, He became a man. By overcoming all, and dying as a ransom for His fellow men, He became divine. And this day commemorates His final triumph over death, sin and the grave—a triumph in which all mankind has a part, a glory in which all human beings share.

After the season of fasting which closes with the advent of today, Christians should be prepared for a new season of activity in religious effort. They have mortified the flesh for forty days, and have learned lessons of self-control and self-denial that, if rightly minded, have been of great value. They have often thought of the trials through which their divine Master passed, and pondered the amazing love He thus displayed for the race—a love beyond compare, that mystifies and dazzles the intelligence and confounds human reason. It cannot be reconciled with philosophy; it was simply a wide departure from all usage, and a startling innovation upon the wildest tradition or flight of the imagination.

When the feast of Easter was established by the fathers of the church they had a wise purpose in view. It was made a day of rejoicing and of consecration, for which the preceding fast had a tendency to prepare the devout mind. The physical powers had been renewed by abstinence from excesses that had a tendency to enervate and debilitate, and the mental faculties had received an access of energy, fitting them for persistent and effective effort. There was nothing more natural than to expect most potent results from such conditions. And results have proved the wisdom of the conclusion. For the post-Lenten season has long been memorable in the annals of the church as a time of unusual spiritual awakening, whose results have been most beneficent.

The renewal of worldly gayeties that succeed this day will be a source of pleasure to the devotees of pleasure. The fast of Lent may not have proved of benefit to them, except as to their physical condition. But in that, at least, it has proved useful. In every walk of life we ought to experience revivifying results. Business will be the first department of life to feel the benefits. The somber garb that has prevailed during the dreary winter season will give place to more gorgeous raiment in keeping with the reawakened joy in nature and in spiritual life. For a few weeks, at least, society will revel in complete abandonment, and preparations for the summer's outing will go on apace. There will be balls and receptions, weddings and journeys, housewarmings and pleasure excursions without number, and money will flow freely throughout all the channels of trade. Each individual in the community will feel the stimulus.

Many will be glad to throw off the restrictions imposed by the Lenten season. They are irksome, useless and meaningless to thousands, but to those who rightly look upon them their purpose will be manifestly beneficial. It is not a religious use alone that is served by these observances. The abstinence enjoined during the season conserves the physical powers and renews the mental activity of mankind. And although all will rejoice that the days of penitential observance are past, thousands will have occasion to thank them for benefits conferred, physical, mental and moral.

"The Lord is risen!" With the observance of that event we can also celebrate the rising of a new and reinvigorated manhood, which is destined to have its impress for good upon human destiny and history.

GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.

Secretary Carlisle is not wise in denouncing the attempt of the American Association of Architects to have all government work open to general competition. He charges the association with a desire to control the government action, overlooking the fact that the government in this matter is already in the power of a ring, and a very unscrupulous ring of incompetent men at that.

The office of supervising architect of the treasury is what is sometimes called by the slangy "a soft snap." The designs of all government buildings are prepared there, and all contracts for construction are awarded by the head of that bureau, subject, of course, to the approval of the secretary of the treasury. The secretary, however, knows nothing of the manner in which the awards are made, and, as he knows practically nothing about architecture, he accepts unquestioned the plans and contracts approved by the supervising architect. The result is notorious. The government buildings throughout the country are, as a rule, architectural monstrosities—hideous to an artistic eye. Their cost is far beyond the necessities of the labor market, and their construction is faulty. Take, for instance, the Chicago building. It was nearly three years in process of construction, and cost nearly $3,000,000. It is located on one of the best blocks of ground in the business center. There is nothing artistic in its appearance, there have never been any conveniences for the transaction of public business; its apartments are dark, dank and unwholesome. Four or five years ago it commenced crumbling to pieces. Great fissures appeared in the walls; the floors began to sink, the ceilings to fall. Several times the business of the courts was interrupted by the falling of a large section of plaster from the ceilings, and finally, some six months ago, the judges refused any longer to hold court within its walls, and removed temporarily to Milwaukee. Other officials, fearing for their lives, are trying to leave the structure, and it is only a question of two or three years when it will become a shapeless ruin. In other cities the same ground of complaint exists. There is not a federal building in the country that is equal to like structures constructed by private enterprise; there is not one that has not cost from 50 to 75 per cent more than its real value.

The present supervising architect of the treasury is more competent than some of his predecessors, but is not a man of high standing in his profession. He certainly lacks taste and business sagacity. His predecessor—Mullett by name and nature—was notoriously incompetent, and was frequently charged with sharing in the profits of government contracts. He was responsible for many of the structures that disfigure our large cities. They will preserve his memory in an odor far removed from sanctity.

The suggestions of the Association of Architects are worthy of consideration, if not of adoption, and Secretary Carlisle has made a grave mistake in treating them as he has done. If the business of the government in the construction of public buildings were open to competition we would have far more sightly structures, substantially built at a less cost than those that now deface the country. It is to be hoped that the secretary will reconsider his decision, and give the matter the attention which its importance demands.

RUTHLESS PIRACY.

It is with superlative annoyance, not to say profound grief, that the GLOBE discovers our superb commonwealth is being surpassed in a line of intellectual development wherein it has heretofore stood without a peer.

There are many things in which Minnesota takes rank in the first class; two or three in which she is unapproachable; one—only one—where she stands nonpareil among her sister states. To enumerate and gloat over some of her superior advantages: Where can be found a climate more replete with the ozone of health? Are the skies of sunny Italy more blue? And are not our pellucid lakes fit mirrors for this cerulean dome? Other states and nations have beautiful women, but none can surpass the Medicean forms the splendid complexions, or the brightness of the enslaving eyes of our Minnesota sisters, sweethearts and wives. Their magnetic orbs have stolen the seductive blue from the liquid depths of our most beautiful lakes; their laughter has plundered our fairy waterfalls of their rippling melody; their arms and throats have filched whiteness and purity from the piled snow drifts heaped into ivory mountains before the sturdy breath of the blizzard!

But this subject must not be lingered over, because it is pregnant with too great possibilities for poetry and eloquence. Let us drop the ideal for the actual. We are nearly first among the wheat-growing states of the Union, and if we did not invent No. 1 hard, we did construct the mills that gave value to it. We have recently discovered the most valuable iron ore on the continent, and are now sending it forth to fatten and enrich the hard and hungry ores of Pittsburg and Birmingham. Our maple syrup, garnered from the sap by Chippewa squaw power, now enters into the markets of the country in full competition with the perfumed sweets of old Vermont, and adds marketable flavor to the rugged and acrid juices of the sorghum of Kansas and Nebraska. We are improving all the breeds of all the domestic animals—including man—and showing in a thousand ways the supreme rulership that mind exercises over matter.

In all intellectual pursuits—save one—Minnesota stands the equal of any in the sisterhood. As yet we have produced no home poet worthy to sing the surpassing loveliness of L'Etoile du Nord. In lieu of that, however, we have originated an unexampled muse-annihilator in the mental building of Mr. Donnelly. Certainly others before our great citizen had ventured out on the vast ocean of speculation—some of them leaving out of sight the guiding Pillars of Hercules, even, in searching for some intellectual continent great enough and sublime enough to bear the strain of supporting those marvelous works which the mere vulgar are wont to attribute to a fourth-rate actor and Bohemian named William Shakespeare. But, thank Providence, no one before him had conceived the theory of the cipher. To this great mind was first whispered the darling prophecy of an interlinked story hidden away in the plays and poems of the Master. More than that: Mr. Donnelly first wrote a book to prove the existence of the cryptogram. To be more technically exact, it would be better to assert, possibly, that he wrote a large volume to say that he had found the secret of the cipher, and proposed some time in the indefinite future to sell that secret to the world in another volume.

But, anyhow, Mr. Donnelly was the discoverer of the subtle strand of moonshine which runs, or might, would, could or should run, irregularly through the works of the great poet. He is entitled by the unquestioned right of discovery to this equivocally woven cobweb; and, if flim-flam were patentable, would be entitled to retain and possess forever all the honors and emoluments attaching thereto. But no great discoverer was ever permitted to reap the full harvest of his labors and sacrifices. Kings and priests were unjust toward Columbus. Why should our great citizen hope to escape the common fate of genius?

A man named Owen—Orville W. Owen—who lives in the more commonplace commonwealth of Michigan—has started out to reap the crop of laurel sown by Mr. Donnelly. The GLOBE can do nothing more than enter its solemn protest. This man Owen, taking the hint from our own great discoverer, proceeds to proclaim an entirely new and different cipher—a perfectly original strand of moonshine—decorating and adorning the works of Shakespeare. His cryptogram is even more startling than that of Mr. Donnelly. It is also based upon a foundation entirely foreign to that so firmly laid and so compactly cemented by our celebrated compatriot. Owen's cipher has for its basis only four pregnant words, viz: Fortune, Honor, Nature and Reputation. Three of these words, probably, Mr. Owen is seeking by making public announcement of his find. Just why he injected Nature into the quartette of symbolical words is not clear. But this cipher goes on to relate the marvelous story that Lord Bacon (no cipherist seems to be able to unhitch his clutch from this queer old lawyer) was the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester by a secret marriage, and that Bacon was therefore, by divine right, the king of England!

The whole story is too long to be related here. Owen will tell it on the lecture platform, and probably in a book. It is sufficient for the GLOBE to enter its protest here against a mere Michigan man stealing and profiting by a discovery which occupied so many years of the time of our distinguished fellow citizen to invent. Mr. Owen should have been more original in his filching. Like Falstaff's charge against Bardolph, "he keeps not time" in his plundering. With as much justice, he might steal Mr. Donnelly's purse, or his farm, or his library, or anything that is his. Lord Bacon may be common plunder for all the critics and commentators who have lived and fattened upon the intellectual storehouse of the Master. But the cipher—the cryptogram—that belongs, by every rule of law and equity, to the man who had the genius to construct it. It is no answer to this indictment to say that the cipher of Owen is an entirely different riddle, and not connected with that sawed out by our fellow citizen. Every cipher belongs to Mr. Donnelly. He owns the cipher right through discovery.

Why could not Michigan be content with her Sweet Singer, and leave to Minnesota and her Donnelly their one ewe lamb of distinction—the authorship of the one and only cryptogram?

THE amended anti-option bill is said to be received with favor in congressional circles. It is not in favor with business men, however, and never will be, nor will any measure of the character which takes from men the right to transact their own business in their own way be in favor.

MAYOR WRIGHT'S SLATE.

In Mayor Wright's effort to secure the Republican nomination for mayor he has made up a slate and parceled out all of the offices to his supposed friends.

Wolterstorff is to secure him the delegates from the First ward and be rewarded with the city treasurership.

Gebhard Willrich is relied on to deliver the Second ward and receive a municipal judgeship.

Grier M. Orr and Private Secretary Handy are counted upon to bring in Wright delegates from the Eighth ward, Orr to be rewarded with the other municipal judgeship, and Handy to be clerk of the municipal court.

George N. Warren, the recently appointed member of the board of public works, is to hand over the Fifth ward delegation to Wright.

A very nice programme, if it works.

Can either or any of the parties thereto deliver the goods?

And if so, what good when the people elect the full Democratic ticket?

These are solemn thoughts which are commended to the plotters for Easter Sunday's reflection.

SENATOR CULLOM has a strong competitor for re-election in the person of William E. Mason, of Chicago, an ex-congressman and an all-around good fellow. The fact that Chicago has been ignored in the choice of senators has long been a grievance in that city, and as both of the present senators are residents of Springfield it gives the claims of the metropolis an added weight in other parts of the state. Mr. Cullom will not find easy sailing in the legislature next winter.

THE Chicago Herald is printing a series of interesting biographical sketches of the aldermen of that city, showing how, on the salary of $3 a week allowed them, they manage to save money, sport diamonds, drive fast horses, support fast women and build costly residences and business blocks. Their thrift is certainly remarkable, but Chicago people are remarkable anyway.

A PRESBYTERIAN minister in Rochester, N. Y., prayed fervently on Sunday for the advent of the day when there would be but one church in all Christendom. Of course, he had a mental reservation when offering the petition, and wanted that one church to hold to the Presbyterian faith.

AT A recent dinner at London the Prince of Wales offered a toast to Americans, and they feel highly honored. It is singular with what different feelings people regard a toast and a roast.

THE proposition to sell the Ferris wheel to Gov. Waite will meet no favor. The governor already has a wheel that throws the Ferris effort into the shade.

THROUGH OTHER EYES.

Senator Hill can only be caught by the sprinkling of taxed salt on his tail as long as Syracuse has a pull in New York politics. That's the sort of bird he is.—St. Louis Republic.

Gov. Waite, of Colorado, is one of the men who spend half their time getting into scrapes and the other half in frantic appeals to somebody to help them out.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

John James Ingalls denies the report that he proposed to enter the ministry. Both the ex-senator and the clerical profession are to be congratulated on this fact.—Boston Globe.

Gov. McKinley may have some queer ideas about the tariff, but Ohio will never enjoy that "off year" between biennial legislative sessions without thanking him.—Washington News.

The senate doesn't weigh things equitably. Favoring the seigniorage bill means short weight for dollars, and delaying tariff reform long wait for millions.—Philadelphia Times.

The supporters of the Wilson bill may have to fall back on diamonds as the only commodity from which they can remove the duty without exciting vigorous opposition.—Washington Star.

Should Mr. Cleveland approve the seigniorage bill it will be found that the patronage heelers were in favor of it from the first. Should he veto it, it will presently appear that they have opposed the measure from the jump.—Atlanta Constitution.

The majorities in house and senate for the seigniorage bill were discreditably large, but they were not large enough to justify the fear that the bill can be passed over a veto, and a veto is what the country demands.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Repudiating the A. P. A.

Waseca Radical.

There is an attempt being made to saddle the much-talked-of A. P. A. in Republican party. As a Republican we repudiate the charge. We do not believe the Republican party has any connection in any manner with the A. P. A. That party has no affiliation with sacred religous political schemes—cannot afford to have, and has no reason to have. In fact, there is no political or religous necessity for the A. P. A., the number of Catholics in this country does not number to exceed ten or twelve millions, and as Donnelly said in his recent speech at St. Paul, it is not probable one-sixth of our people will attempt to kill or even maim the other five-sixths, or even attempt to control, oppress or dictate to them.

Chess Tourney.

NEW YORK, March 24.—The fourth game in the chess match between Steinitz and Lasker, played tonight in the Union Square hotel, resulted in a victory for Steinitz. The score is now even, two each. Steinitz won after a severe struggle, on the sixteenth move. The game lasted four hours and three-quarters. The fifth game will be played on Tuesday.

The Saintly City Easter Belle.

[Written for the Sunday Globe.]

She kneels, and, with head bent down,
The church lights form a dazzling crown.
The pretty gown is of goods most rare.
And her dainty hands are clasped in prayer.
The organ sounds its Easter lay.
While a man still watches the maiden pray.
What are her thoughts of now? I'd ask—
So saintly she seems at her pious task.
Perhaps of heaven and the angel band.
And glorious doings in the better land.
But herewith her visions and you'd little guess,
"How thoroughly swell is my Easter dress."

—A. M. B.

IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

THE WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION DUE TO IRRIGATION.

RIVERSIDE THE ORANGE CITY.

But They Had a Frost in January, and the Fruit Dropped—Former Minnesotians Flourishing—Why Redlands Chuckles Over Riverside—No Killing Temperature Has Reached Them Thus Far.

Special Correspondence St. Paul Globe.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., March 18.—I took a trip last week over the kite-shaped track—a part of the Southern California railroad system—which is a circuit of 160 miles from here, running through what is known as the "orange belt." The name is derived from its supposed resemblance to a kite, but I should say it resembles more the figure 8 placed horizontally, with the crossing of the lines a little east of the center. At the point of intersection is located the handsome little city of San Bernardino, and all, or nearly all, of the handsomest towns in Southern California are located on this line.

Our first stopping place was at Riverside, which is sixty miles east of Los Angeles. The name of Riverside is suggestive of juicy golden oranges, but it is equally the home of every description of semi-tropical fruit. It is emphatically a little city of homes, having one city-like street, comprising three or four squares of handsome and substantial business blocks, in which are some fine stores. It also has four banking houses, fifteen churches, a public school building costing $135,000, a Y. M. C. A. building which cost $25,000, a free public library of 10,000 volumes and a fine opera house which cost $120,000. But the pride of Riverside is its handsome avenues, along which are many palatial homes, embowered in orange groves. But of all these handsome avenues, the one par excellence is the far-famed Magnolia, so named, a friend suggested, from the conspicuous absence of magnolia trees along its wayside.

Just imagine, if you can, a boulevard 150 feet wide and ten miles long, as level as a floor, with a roadbed almost as smooth and hard as if paved with asphalt, with beautiful residences on either side set back 200 feet from the street, in the midst of orange trees, all bending under the weight of their golden fruit; bordered by hedges of cypress trimmed to perfection, with arches over the gateways, and in many places trimmed in fantastic shapes; the outer edges of the sidewalks bordered with pines and eucalyptus trees alternated with palms of immense size, and through the center of the street, as far as the eye can reach, the beautiful pepper trees, covered with their red berries—and you can have some idea of the incomparable beauty of Magnolia avenue Riverside. I do not believe another such a drive can be found anywhere in the world.

We met here Capt. M. J. Daniels, formerly state senator from Olmsted county, who is president of the Orange Growers' bank, of Riverside; also Mr. N. C. Younglove, another Rochester gentleman. We are indebted to them for a three-hours drive through their beautiful streets and other courtesies. They both have lovely homes of ten acres each on Brockton avenue, planted to oranges and other citrous and deciduous fruits.

The people here are justly proud of their city, and would have you believe that somewhere near this spot was located the garden of Eden; and some of the more enthusiastic Riversiders will point out the identical spot on which grew the famous apple tree from which our grandmother Eve plucked the fatal fruit. But I am inclined to doubt this, however, as from the best information we have our first parents were not sufficiently clad to endure the chilling frosts which even the good people of Riverside must acknowledge sometimes fall upon this otherwise highly favored spot. They had a frost here in January which was unusually heavy, and several lighter ones since, which injured the oranges to soch an extent that the crop this year will scarcely be half what it would have been. The ground under the trees everywhere in that region was literally covered with oranges which had dropped off on account of the frost. They looked in every way as good as those still remaining on the trees, but were said to be worthless. It seemed like a shame to see such destruction. Some unscrupulous growers will box this frozen fruit and put it on the market, but most of them, who are anxious to maintain the good name which Riverside oranges have attained in the Eastern markets, will plow them under, preferring to stand the loss rather than injure the reputation of their fruit.

Riverside presents the most striking instance in Southern California of the marvelous transformation effected by scientific irrigation. The irrigation of land, which to a majority of the American people seems like a new idea, and one that is only adopted as a last resort, is in reality as old as history itself. It has been practical in Egypt, in Syria and other arid sections of the old world from time immemorial, but never has been brought to such scientific perfection as here in Southern California. Twenty years ago the country around Riverside was a barren and desolate plain without house or tree, and was considered almost as worthless as the desert of Arizona. It was assessed at 75 cents an acre, and the owner actually appeared before the county board of equalization and protested, claiming that the assessed valuation was more than the actual cash value of the land. But by the ingenuity of man the waters of the Santa Anna river have been turned upon this arid plain, and the desert has been made to bloom and blossom as the rose. Vacant land that was considered dear at 75 cents would now be called cheap at $500 an acre.

THE REGION OF REDLANDS.

But I have detained you at Riverside longer than I had intended, and must pass on to Redlands. This is a much newer station than the former, and, as it comes as near being in the frostless belt as any portion of Southern California, it is, and must ever remain, the section par excellence for the culture of the citrus fruits. Speaking of the "frostless belt," so called, I am of the opinion that it is all a myth—so far as California is concerned. I don't think there is any section here that is entirely free from occasional frosts. Of course the mesas or higher lands are less subject to either fogs or frosts than the lower valleys. This is why the Redlanders chuckle over the discomfiture of their less fortunate neighbors at Riverside. They have never yet had a killing frost, or one that has done much of any damage to the orange. But even this is no guaranty that they may not have one some time. They have had sufficient, however, to injure the roses and other tender flowers, and the flowers and lawns everywhere showed the effects of the succession of light frosts which they have had this winter.

But the wonder and pride of Redlands is what is known as Smiley's heights, or Canyon Crest park, which is an elevated ridge overlooking the beautiful and extensive valleys on either side. Here the Smiley brothers, two wealthy gentlemen from New York, purchased 200 acres, and have already expended a over a quarter of a million dollars in ornamenting and beautifying it. I had the pleasure of meeting the elder of these two brothers, who is a gentleman of rare culture and æsthetic tastes. He informed me that four years ago this ridge was like the surrounding foot-hills, in a state of nature, covered with nothing but sage brush. Now it is one of the loveliest parks that I have ever seen, where every kind of semi-tropical flower and shrub is growing in luxuriant profusion. And such a growth! I could not have believed it possible in so brief a time had I not seen it with my own eyes. Everything has been grown from the seed, and the whole park, with its miles of winding roadways, is guttered and curbed with granite, has hundreds of nooks where unique rustic bridges span little chasms, and where rustic seats, roofed with palm leaves, invite the weary sightseer to spots where the best views can be obtained. Here these brothers have each built, on heights commanding the best views of the valleys below, beautiful houses, which they use as their winter homes. They still have an army of men at work all over the grounds, and will spend a million dollars there simply to gratify their tastes for the beautiful in nature. As I stood upon the crest of this mountain and took in at one sweep the magnificent panorama which lay stretched out before me, I imagined that the view must have been something like that which Moses may have obtained when from Mount Nebo he looked into the Promised Land.

In my next I will give you a general resume of my impressions of the climate and the desirability of Southern California as a home, and then hurry off to the midwinter fair at San Francisco.

J. W. CUNNINGHAM.

AFTER THE BOOM.

[Written for the Sunday Globe.]

When the real estate boom was abroad in the land,
I was happy as flowers in May.
And wouldn't call Cleveland my father just then,
For things were a-coming my way.
I had options on this piece, and options on that,
In the flats, in the town, on the bluffs;
Now I'm wearing my shirt some two weeks at a time,
And turning my collars and cuffs.

I bought forty acres ten miles from the town,
And called it a fanciful name;
I platted it into some nice garden lots,
Then waited for fortune and fame.
My fortune, I fear, got a touch of the grippe,
My fame met with sudden rebuffs;
Which is why I am wearing my shirt two straight weeks,
And turning my collars and cuffs.

Chill winter closed over my nice garden lots,
And filled them with snow mounts as high;
When the mortgage fell due (as some mortgages will),
I felt I was ready to die.
But, heavens, no fate quite so happy as this
Ever comes to the mortal who buffs;
I'm living—and wearing my shirtlet two weeks,
And turning my collars and cuffs.

I have offered the lots at a great sacrifice,
I have offered the lots at a song;
If some one don't haste and take pity on me,
I fear that I'll surely "go wrong."
I know what I'll do—I will give them away
To some bloated bondholder who puffs;
Then, in time, he'll be wearing his boiled shirt two weeks,
And turning his collars and cuffs.

—Michael Joseph Donnelly.

WITH THE TRAVELERS.

A well built, "stocky" man of perhaps fifty-five years of age, close-cropped gray hair and a yachting cap attracted considerable attention at the Ryan yesterday. He registered as from New York. But if there is a genuine man of the world, in all that the term implies, temporarily sojourning in this neck o' the woods over Sunday en route for San Francisco it is George M. Pinney, with a history of successful promoting of big financial enterprises. Mr. Pinney is by birth a Pennsylvanian, by natural selection, and because he can't help it, a man of brains. Intimately related to Judge Pinney, of Madison, Wis., a jurist of national reputation, the subject of this abstract and brief chronicle of the times is today associated with more money-making enterprises than any man of the day now sojourning in St. Paul. He has offices in London, Paris, Amsterdam and New York. He is a mining magnate, and has interests in Montana and California gold mines, in Minnesota flour mills and in Wisconsin pine forests. His Minnesota interests require him to meet certain gentlemen living in this state.

Mr. Pinney will remain in St. Paul until Monday evening. Tuesday he will meet certain English capitalists, and they will go on to San Francisco together.

Mr. Donnelly and the British.

To the Editor of the Globe.

I notice in your issue of this morning that the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly stated that "he believes the 'A. P. A.' is organized and propagated at the instance of the British government."

The opinion of Ignatius Donnelly is deserving of the greatest respect, but he must be in this instance ignorant of the history of England for the last fifty years if he thinks it possible that any government in power during the latter half of this century would dare to support or help any organization that had for its object the abridgment of the civil and religious liberty of any human being. It appears true that it is possible that a large section of the Orangemen may approve of the principles of the A. P. A., but the Orangemen are not only not the British government, but have not the sympathy of 15 per cent of the population of the British Isles. Yours truly, B. D.

St. Paul, March 19.

There seems to be some apprehension among the Republicans that the Populists and the Democrats will fuse during the coming campaign. This is not a wholly one-sided fear, as President Lowe, of the alliance, professes to be alarmed that the Republicans and Democrats will fuse in order to beat the Pops!—Springfield Times.