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GLOBE ART DEPARTMENT,

ST. PAUL, - - - - MINNESOTA.

HAS LOST HIS PARTY.

Budd Reeve, of Buxton, Bewails the Situation in North Dakota.

FUSION IS A BAD THING,

Because It Leads to Family Rows of a Very Serious Character.

ARE DEMOCRATS WANDERING

Reeve Says He Is Sick of the Weakness and Hypocrisy He Sees.

BUXTON, N. D., Sept. 29.—To the Voters of North Dakota: I am sorry to come before the people burdened with a family trouble.

But by looking back at the history of the human family we find that family troubles and rows are the oldest and most firmly rooted institutions on earth—that they come without irrigation and flourish when all other crops fail; that they grow rank and large, especially in North Dakota. No sooner did Eve's two oldest boys grow up than family trouble and rows set in. Trouble even commenced before this; it commenced with Adam and Eve before any boys were born, and has kept up down to the last Democratic state convention, when a political boss tried to force the honest Democracy of North Dakota to swallow Populists for Democrats.

Trouble with the human family set in like an Arctic winter—early and hard. It came butt-end first, and has never reversed its position.

It struck Adam and Eve like an ice gorge under a bridge, and has kept right on gorging. Trouble commenced when Eve was turned out of the Garden of Eden into the cold world for tempting Adam with an apple. She had no sooner survived this shock, and gone through the trials of motherhood; her virgin heart had no sooner become interested in other things and warmed up by maternal love, and the fond hope of a happy life with a family of grown-up children, than she was stricken down by a murder in the family. She was not only called upon to mourn for a son departed, but for one to live to bear the mark of Cain and be a disgrace to human nature and the human family.

But we must not overlook Adam entirely. He is also entitled to sympathy and consideration. Naturally weak and yielding to temptation, the world must have looked doubly mixed and strange to him when Cain's sin was added to his own—poor Adam.

It is to be regretted he was not made stronger—with more moral braces and supports. It would not only have been a good thing for Adam, but saved us all a world of trouble.

We can see him acting as grave digger, pallbearer and mourner at the first funeral. We can see him preaching the funeral sermon of his own son, trying to comfort his wife, and denouncing Cain at the same time for murder and falsehood. All the people on earth weret here, still there was no long procession; just the parents and murderer were there—that is, it Cain attended. There were no neighbors to sympathize with or friends to comfort the first family in their sorrow and affliction.

Such is the beginning of trouble with the human family which has grown and spread over the earth. No book could contain an account of all the family troubles and rows between friends. Trouble is as old as the world and ae fresh as the last breath.

Jacob and Esau contended. Joseph and his brothers fell out and had a bloody time. James G. Blaine and Roscoe Conkling contended. President Cleveland and Dave Hill can't agree, neither can Bill Leistikow and myself.

So it goes from the highest to the lowest. We are not living in a new state or contending with new conditions, when we open up family troubles and family rows, but are strictly in harmony with human nature and the way the world is made. We are simply keeping time with the order of nature.

In some respects a family row, or any other kind, has many unpleasant features; and it is to be regretted that more of them cannot be avoided or made more agreeable when coming on or going on. But, as long as they cannot, let us make the best of everything, and be thankful for that which we have.

In a family row, or any other, the first and most natural question to ask is 'Who is to blame?" Let us see who it is in this case. Let me inquire.

Where is my wandering party tonight—the party of all my loves? It has wandered away and joined the "Pops," and now roosts with strange wild doves. Once it was pure as morning dew, as it knelt at Jefferson's knee; now it jumps and flops around worse than Paddy's flea. I'll go for my wandering party tonight—go for it good and strong. I'll show it up in its proper light, and let the people judge who's wrong.

Since my party got to wandering and roosting with the birds above referred to it has acquired new and strange notions. It gets up on its ear if every one else does not flop around and try to get on the same roost. This is a species of political hallucination hard for a straight Democrat to understand. And because I refuse to wander out of the fold and go to roost with these soiled doves, some of them claim I have a "sore head," and am running to relieve it. That is about as reasonable as some of their other ideas.

I am not running because I have a sore head, but because I am sick all over—sick of the weakness, treachery and hypocrisy of political brokers and would-be political leaders.

It is enough to make a strong dog sick, to say nothing about a weak, nervous man, to see a lot of political plugs and officeseekers get together, claiming to represent the great principles of Democracy, and then overlook every principle and object on which Democracy is founded and for which it exists.

Compare the great party of Andrew Jackson to the present deformed and demented organization of North Dakota and see the contrast.

Look at the hero of New Orleans, then look at our political dwarfs; see these political mendicants and beggars hanging around back alleys and back doors with hats under their arms, begging Populists to take them in out of the cold. Great Democrats these are. But before begging for the milk of Populist infants what did they do?

A few of them got together in advance of any convention and traded off all their principles and the principal part of the offices for the promise of the deposit of state funds. They said to a few Populists, "You take the offices and give us the bank account." They sold their principles for a promise of gold. But it remains for the people to ratify the contract. Let us see whether they do or not.

When it comes to fusion it is simply a matter of taste or judgment what to fuse with. There is no law or principle regulating it.

There is no reason why Democrats and Republicans should not fuse as well as Democrats and Populists. Democrats and Republicans are nearer alike. I do not favor fusion with any party, only as a resort to save general demoralization—anarchists from getting hold of the country. As now entered into to gain spoils it is too "rocky."

If anybody knows where my wandering party is tonight it will be appreciated if they will send or bring it home. "The clock in the steeple strikes one," and it is time it came home. No one can realize how badly I feel.

Once a fellow told me about his wife leaving him. He did not know she was going, or that she had any thought of it. The first intimation he had of it was when he went home and found she had left. He told how he felt, and how everything looked to him. The closets and bureau drawers were empty.

She had taken the children. Everything was gone but some old shoes, a hat and a hair ribbon. He sat down on the side of the bed and cried over the situation. Then he kissed and caressed the hair ribbon in memory of love and days gone by. Then he told how the past and the future rushed together and met in his brain like surging billows. How he left the house, and how the echo of his footsteps sounded as he passed out through bare and deserted halls. A great change had suddenly come to him.

He was left a grass widower—perhaps for life. His tale was truly touching. But this man's feelings were nothing compared to mine when my party went off and left me. What is it to have one woman and a few children go off compared to a large part of the greatest and oldest party on earth? There is a big difference where thousands take flight instead of one. It is just a thousand times worse and harder to bear. I love Democratic principles, and every one who deserts them sends a pang through my heart.

There is but one thing that will console and keep a man up, when his party or wife runs away, and that is, that they went off because he objected to their going around fusing. If he should sanction fusing, it would break him up anyway. So when it comes to this, they might just as well go as stay. Fusion with other parties is a bad thing. It has caused more than one family row and broken up more than one household.

In my case, if I am not entitled to the sympathy and respect instead of abuse, who is? Losing a party is no small affair. Think of a party over a hundred years old running off and fusing with an infant party only two years old. This is worse than an old grandfather running off with a child. But such is the weakness of human nature and political corruption. So let us bear with it the best we can. Let us be charitable and forgiving and write the old man a letter inviting him to return: "Dear Old Fellow—You have made a mistake. You have listened to the voice of the tempter and had your head turned. Come home, old chap, and we will forgive and not prosecute." The head and heart is never turned, only through temptation, through the hope of gain, or love of pleasure. The thing that seduced and turned the heads of some of our Democratic dwarfs toward fusion was the hope of gaining the state funds and having the pleasure of making something out of them.

Knud told them they could have them for Democratic votes, and when he did, they immediately transferred their Democracy over to him and gave him a Democratic nomination. From this Knud claims he is entitled to Democratic support by right of purchase, if not principle. His theory is that when he agreed to deposit good gold with Democratic croakers and thereby secured a Democratic nomination, that the contract having been made with supposed bosses, the vote of the party belongs to him by right of contract and purchase. That the valuable consideration agreed to be paid the dwarfs binds the transfer of the party the same as paying part of the purchase money down in a real estate trade, binds the transfer of the property.

It is said Knud read law in the old country before leaving Norway, and is well up on political contracts and the purchase and delivery of political parties, and will sue for the delivery of his purchase if it is not forthcoming.

And one strong point, it is said he will make, if it comes into court, is, that knowing the character of the bosses who ran the convention, that when the people sent them there to act as their delegates and political agents, it was notice to the world that the people placed themselves in their hands as mere chattels, to be disposed of as their agents might see fit, and in support of this theory many strong cases are cited.

For instance, the case where Boss Leistikow converted a strong man like Judson La Moure in a single night—used him for about fifteen minutes for political purposes to elect Roach, and then let him go back into the Republican party to be converted over again when needed—that six others were also temporarily and instantaneously converted by the same one, for the same purpose, and in the same way. Knowing the ways and powers of the boss, there may be a point here which the people cannot go behind in the sale made of them.

There may not be anything in this, but that which the people can recall and get out of. But there is one thing certain—there is great anxiety on the part of Knud and his friends to elect a supreme judge—it may be to guard this very point. Something strange and unnatural has crept into our politics, to say the least. It is well known that when the state convention met three-quarters of the delegates were opposed to fusion. Walsh county was almost unanimous. But as soon as the boss appeared everything turned. He must be a hypnotizer.

I thought once my jaw would drop in favor of fusion. If hypnotism has crept into politics through a boss, may the Lord have mercy on us.

To settle the question of Knud and the bankers having the right to buy and sell the Democratic party, I appeal to the people for a decision. If the people say at the ballot box, "Knud's contract must stand," he has it. If not, he must drop it.

In appealing from the right of Knud and the bosses to buy and sell the Democratic party, the case must be argued before the supreme power of the land, the people, and in arguing this case from now until the polls close, I shall get over the state and before the people as fast and far as my pen and a saddle horse will carry me.

In honor of the stand I have taken in this matter, in protesting against the purchase and sale of political offices for a money consideration, and in nominating those for high offices who do not belong to the same party, the people have nominated me by a petition to represent the state of North Dakota in the congress of the United States, all of which I greatly appreciate, and for which I am profoundly thankful. My election to congress is a small matter and of secondary consideration compared to the stamping out of the purchase and sale of political principles. If this is accomplished in this campaign by my nomination, a victory has been won.

I shall go forth without money or scrip, relying upon the virtue and intelligence of the people for support. It will be strictly a campaign of the people without boodle. The great cry has been against corruption and the use of money in carrying elections. I have not one cent to use, and would not use one to influence a vote if I had millions.

I am as poor as any man in the state financially, but when the time comes to start, believing that Divine Providence always has and always will have a care over the American people, I shall go forth, relying upon God and the citizens of North Dakota to see me through. I am the only candidate ever nominated in the state directly by the people on petition. This nomination comes from the highest class, and if elected I shall be the servant of the people, not the boss of some faction or party. The campaign will open at Valley City Oct. 4, at the close of the Cheyenne Valley fair. After this date, I shall try to go wherever the people call me and find means for me to get there. Nothing gorgeous is asked or expected. We can get along without brass bands or torchlight processions. Recognizing the hard times and the importance of economy, I shall not turn my back on free lunch counters or ask for anything beyond the means of my constituents. I don't smoke and hope no one will ask me to drink. Plain food and cold water will do. I have trained a horse to stand on a picket rope, so I can stay wherever night overtakes me, or with a tar paper shanty farmer who is too poor to have a barn to keep the horse of a friend and his candidate. I'll furnish the horse, the rope and the saddle; everything else must come from the people.

No one will be asked to put up anything. All contributions must be voluntary. Aid is not asked outside of the state, but under the circumstances, nothing will be refused from abroad. We have not been wiped out by a forest fire or a cyclone, but a greater calamity has overtaken us politically. The Democratic party of North Dakota has been sold out by dishonest leaders.

Its principles have been sacrificed for personal gain, and, politically, we are in a helpless suffering condition from the stupidity, greed and selfishness of ignorant dishonest men. The good name and principles of the party must be redeemed at all hazards and any cost. That is what this campaign means.

The issue will not be the silver or tariff, but common honesty and political decency, without which free government and the ballot box is a farce.

What is a platform and a party name without party honor? For want of this it might be said that every party in North Dakota feels more or less humiliated.

What we need most now is philanthropists and patriots to dig us out of a hole. Thus far I have had to act as my own corresponding secretary and chairman. It has kept me pretty busy to look after the details of the campaign and creditors too. But I am still going. Anything from postage stamps up to a pair of spurs to urge my horse along, or a pair of saddle bags to carry the records to show up the dishonesty of the rascals will help. Address all communications and contributions to me at Buxton, N. D.

I start out on the ground that a man who does not support and advocate Democratic principles is not a Democrat, and should not be supported and voted for as such. Knud J. Nomland has always been a Republican, and is now a Populist. He was nominated by Populists long in advance of any Democratic convention. He never supported Democratic principles, has not agreed to, does not intend to, and dare not come out and say that he will. His nomination was a cold-blooded out-and-out job on his part, and a disgraceful sale and surrender of the Democratic organization that nominates him.

The action of the Democratic convention at Grand Forks was also influenced by contracts to grant certain patronage to certain individuals, from which a timely consideration would be gained if they would agree to nominate Populists instead of Democrats. Where is the man who will hold up his right hand and swear this is not true?

Knowing this, it is not only the right, but the duty of every true Democrat to keep in "the middle of the road."

Indorsing Populists does not make Democrats. It makes political half-breeds, without force of character or principle beyond office seeking.

A cross between a Democrat and a Populist begets a political mulatto which is neither a first-class white man nor a good negro.

Any man or party is unworthy to be trusted with the care of this government, or any other, who barters away principle and honor for personal or political gain. The man who does this robs his party of virtue and his state of credit. There could be no greater crime. It is time a stop was put to buying and selling principles to the highest bidder in an open market. This is to protest against it.

The people and I will be around with our platform and more communications soon.

BUDD REEVE.

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FATHER OF OLIVET.

Death of Prof. Joseph Estabrook of Atrophy of the Liver.

OLIVET, Mich., Sept. 30.—Joseph Estabrook, principal of the normal department of the Olivet college, died last night. The immediate cause of his death was atrophy of the liver. Prof. Estabrook was one of the most prominent educators in Michigan, and was seventy-four years of age. He served as principal of the state normal school at Ypsilanti, and for many years had been known as the father of Olivet college. Prof. Estabrook also gave several years of service as regent of the state university and as state superintendent of public instruction. His active connection with Michigan's educational interests lasted nearly half a century.

"The Milwaukee" runs the lates private compartment cars, library, buffet, smoking cars and standard palace sleeping cars. Dining car service unexcelled.

Gen. West Dead.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Sept. 30.—Gen. A. M. West, candidate for vice president of the United States in 1884, on the Greenback labor ticket, with Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, died at Holly Springs, Miss., today. Gen West was the first President of the Chicago, St. Louis & New Orleans railway (now the Illinois Central) and was the pioneer railroad builder of the South.

SMOTHERING

Spells, Palpitation, Pain in Side Shoulder and Arm, Short Breath, Oppression, Asthma, Swollen Ankles, Weak and Hungry Spells, Dropsy, Wind in Stomach, etc., are the first symptoms of Heart Disease, which is cured by **DR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE.** I had for fifteen years suffered with Palpitation of the Heart, and never found a remedy that gave me relief until I tried **Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure;** I worked wonderfully, and gave me instant relief. I can cheerfully recommend this medicine to all who suffer from any kind of Heart Disease.—M. H. HUSBAND, Greenville, Texas. Dr. L. L. Carmer, Gypsum City, Kansas, had Heart Disease; pulse 90 to 140 a minute, heart beat so violently it could be heard across a large room. Took Dr. Miles' remedies and was cured. Contain no opiates or dangerous drugs.

Sold on a Positive Guarantee.

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind

Will Return to Work.

HOUGHTON, Mich., Sept. 30.—The striking trammers at Tamarack mine, such as will be allowed to return to work, will do so tomorrow morning.

Last Week.

Owing to previous engagement of Col. Dawson, Auctioneer, this will be the last week of the Pfister Jewelry Auction for the present. Don't fail to get a few bargains while you have a chance. Two sales daily, afternoon and evening. 416 Wabasha.

Each lady gets a souvenir Tuesday and Thursday afternoon next at the Pfister Juwelry Auction, 416 Wabasha.

Collars and cuffs 2 cents each at the National Steam Laundry.

DIED.

PARKER—At his residence, 1272 County road, St. Anthony Park, Sept. 29th, Charles D. Parker, aged 50 years. Friends are invited to call at his home from 11 to 1 Tuesday, Oct. 2d. Funeral and interment private. Kindly omit flowers. Memorial services will be held at Plymouth church, St. Paul, Sunday, Oct. 7th, at 3 p. m., to which friends and the various organizations of which deceased was a member are invited.

HOLST—Lulu Irene, daughter of Mr and Mrs. D. Holst, of No. 75 West Fillmore avenue, Saturday, Sept. 29, 1894, at 12 a. m., aged sixteen years and seven months. Funeral from above residence Wednesday, Oct. 1, at 8:30 o'clock a.m. Service at St. Matthew's church at 9 o'clock. Chicago papers please copy.

SICKINGER—In St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 29, 1894, Miss Fidas Sickinger, aged seventy-nine years, half-sister of A. R. Kiefer. Funeral services will be held from the Assumption church, Ninth, northwest corner Franklin, Monday, Oct. 1, 1894, at 9 o'clock a. m. Friends are invited to attend.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

GERMANIA BANK, ST. PAUL, MINN. Paid-up capital, $400,000. Wm. Bickel, president; P. M. Kerst, cashier. Does a general banking business and pays interest on time deposits. Located in its own building, opposite the postoffice. A few choice offices for rent.

DR. L. M. BENEPE HAS REMOVED his offices to Endicott Arcade Building, Robert st., between Fourth and Fifth, Room 287.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Stockholders of the Saint Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway Company, for the election of a Board of Directors and transaction of such other business as may come before it, will be held at the office of the company, in St. Paul, Minn., on Thursday, October 11th, 1894, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Edward Sawyer, Secretary. St. Paul, Minn., September 29th, 1894.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE Stockholders of the Great Northern Railway Company, for the election of three Directors to serve for the term of three years, and for the transaction of such other business as may come before it, will be held at the office of the company, in St. Paul, Minn., on Thursday, October 11th, 1894, at 12 o'clock noon. Edward T. Nichols, Secretary. St. Paul, Minn., September 29th, 1894.

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Fits, Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous prostration caused by alcohol or tobacco; wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of Brain, causing insanity, misery, decay, death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Impotency, Leucorrhœa and all Female Weaknesses, Involuntary Losses, Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of brain, Self-Abuse, Over-Indulgence. A month's treatment, $1, 6 for $5, by mail. We guarantee six boxes to cure. Each order for 6 boxes, with $5, will send, written guarantee to refund if not cured. Guarantees issued only by W. K. Collier Druggist, Seventh and Sibley streets, St. Paul Minn.

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Friday Eve., by Request — **"Forget Me Not."**

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Mrs. W. Smith, 817 Hague Ave., St. Paul.
Frank A. Hutson, Attorney, Globe Building, St. Paul.
William A. Eagan, 730 Dayton Ave., St. Paul.
Mrs. P. F. Egan, 882 Hague Ave., St. Paul.
Mrs. E. H. Burke, 72 E. George St., St. Paul.
Wm. Rienland, Pipeman Chemical No. 6, St. Paul.
John Patterson (ex-Health Inspector), St. Paul.
H. L. Collins (of H. L. Collins Printing Co.), St. Paul.
Henry Ley, Manager Minnesota Tailoring Co., St. Paul.
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