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TODAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.—Indications: For Minnesota: Showers or snow flurries in early morning, followed by fair, cooler; north winds.

For Wisconsin: Showers; cooler; north winds.

For Iowa: Rain in the early morning; rain in central and eastern portions Friday; cooler; north winds.

For North Dakota: Fair, preceded by local rains or snow in eastern portion in the early morning; cooler in eastern and central portions; northwest winds.

For South Dakota: Fair; cooler in western portion; northwest winds.

For Montana: Fair; warmer; winds shifting to south.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WEATHER BUREAU, WASHINGTON, Nov. 1, 6:48 p.m. Local Time, 8 p.m. 75th Meridian Time.—Observations taken at the same moment of time at all stations.

Place.	Bar.	Tr.	Place.	Bar.	Tr.
St. Paul	30.02	44	Med'e Hat.	30.16	30
Duluth	29.98	4	Sw't Cur'nt	30.28	22
La Crosse	30.02	46	Qu'Appelle	30.10	32
Huron	30.04	34	Minnedosa	29.92	34
Pierre	30.08	4	Winnipeg	29.96	40
Moorhead	29.98	38	Port Arthur	29.98	40
St. Vincent	29.96	38			
Bismarck	30.04	38	Boston		38-46
Williston	30.14	34	Buffalo		48-52
Havre	30.18	34	Chicago		50-56
Miles City	30.18	38	Cincinnati		62-70
Helena	30.22	46	Montreal		48-50
Edmonton			New Orleans		66-76
Battleford	30.12	18	New York		58-66
Pr. Albert	30.12	24	Pittsburg		58-66
Calgary					

P. F. LYONS, Local Forecast Official.

THEY are beginning to call him K. Noodle Nelson.

SEVERAL presidential booms are about to go into winter quarters.

A GOVERNOR who can sign and won't sign must sometimes be made to sign.

F. W. M. CUTCHEON is not the new czar of Russia. He is merely the new czar's double.

GROVER went gunning yesterday. A lot of other people will be in the same business after election.

GOV. NELSON doesn't "wait until after election" to insert his advertising cards in the theater programmes.

PENNOYER has been heard from. He yesterday issued a Thanksgiving proclamation which had one merit—its brevity.

MR. COXEY, you might get out now and straighten up your good roads. The Republicans may need them on their way to Salt river.

SHERIFF CHAPEL will soon be sending out his high-priced deputies with search warrants to look for the Nelson vote in Ramsey county.

THE last communication from the governor to the auditor was sent by a messenger. It didn't take it seven days to make the trip this time.

"THE election hinges on the result in the two cities," is the last bulletin issued by the Republican managers. The result, then, is no longer in doubt.

THE death of the czar will prove a calamity in more ways than one. It is said that both Franklyn W. Lee and Michael Joseph Donnelly are preparing verses on the event. If the czar had known what was coming he would have lived forever.

THE rains of the past week are accounted for by the old folk lore saying, that, "if asses bray more frequently than usual, it foreshows rain." The published lists of Republican speakers and meetings furnish a better indication of approaching rainy weather than the forecasts of the weather bureau. The longer they are, the more rain.

WILLIAM ELROY CURTIS is down in New York, looking over the political field there, and writes to the Chicago Record that, "speaking of money reminds me that the political committees are complaining of a lack of funds, and particularly the Republicans, who have no reason for taxing the manufacturers this time." William Elroy puts the case diplomatically. Correctly stated, it would be, the manufacturers see no reason why they should be taxed this time. They take no stock whatever in the restoration of McKinleyism, and know that the trick of fooling all of the people all of the time is played out.

THE hopeless condition of the Republican situation has made its leaders so desperate that they have dropped argument and taken up the cudgel of vituperation. Their methods differ only from those of the Mafia in degree—the one stabs the body, the other stabs character. The chairman of the Republican state central committee charged Mr. Hopkins, mayor of Chicago, in a circular, with "levying blackmail upon the vices of that city." The Pioneer Press charges Mr. Biermann with being a thief. However lightly these representatives of the party of morality and godliness and decency may regard character, the gentlemen attacked do not esteem it so lightly, and each of them retorts promptly with a libel suit. Burns says that—

"The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order."

But a substantial verdict of damages will have a better effect to hold these wretches in order than will "the fear o' hell."

WILLIAM A. VAN SLYKE.

In the county campaign the area of low barometer is central over the office of clerk of the court. The winds bear into the storm center the Republican lies from every quarter, and cast them on the devoted head of William A. Van Slyke. Good people who have known him for years are astounded to learn from these sources what a consummate rogue, conspirator and general all-round villain they have been respecting as a good citizen all these years.

He is niggardly, they say, and uncharitable—this man whom the poor know so well as one of the most charitable and kindest-hearted of men.

He has been the enemy of the workingman, they say; this man who has always been their public as well as their private friend, and who has always supported those measures, when in the council, beneficial to them.

He is the "candidate of the gang;" "he is only a figurehead behind which they are hiding," they say, and reiterate, hoping to make some one believe it. Do they give any specifications? Do they point to any act indicating it? Van Slyke has been in the council for years. Surely, if he were their tool, it could be shown in some action of his there. Why don't these mendacious creatures name some act to support their naked assertions? They can't. They know that he has always opposed their schemes, and voted against them when they were tried to be worked through the council.

Mr. Van Slyke has been before the people of this city in one or another public capacity for twenty years. Surely in all the record he has made there should be something to adduce if he had been ever anything but a faithful officer. But these reckless, lying sheets, desperate in the hopelessness of their candidate's cause, reck nothing of this; care nothing for fact, and spew forth their daily stream of lies and insinuations.

There are some things, though, that he never did. He never obtained money, and, when the debt became due, permitted his wife to try to avoid having the security given for the debt sold to satisfy it on the flimsy pretext that she was a surety only, and that an extension of time had been given without her consent. Can Mr. Rogers say as much?

He has given his time and money to the advancement of the interests of the city for twenty years. Can Mr. Rogers point to any such a record for twenty years, or two years or one, or at all?

Another thing he didn't do. He didn't help swell the bubble of the boom and inflate prices of real estate and induce people to buy at inflated values, and make money out of their credulity, and, when the bubble burst, hie himself off to another city with his speculative wealth to swell its volume there. Can Mr. Rogers say the same?

AN INSULT TO THE STATE.

President Northrop, of the state university, a word with you. Why did you permit Knute Nelson to make an address yesterday to the students of the institution over which you preside? At another time it would have been quite within the bounds of propriety for you to have invited Mr. Nelson, as governor of Minnesota, to address the young people under your care; but you are certainly a man of sufficient intelligence to know that this is not the hour to invite a man who is actively engaged in making a canvass for re-election to make an address to the student body. The state university is supported by the people of Minnesota, who are of many creeds political and religious, and your act of yesterday will be looked upon by more than a majority of the people as a piece of "peanut" partisanship unworthy of the head of a great institution of learning. The GLOBE would have gladly overlooked your invitation of Gov. McKinley to address the students, had you not forgotten to invite Michael D. Harter and Thomas G. Shearman, and capped the climax with an invitation to Knute Nelson.

THINKS THEY'RE CHUMPS.

Gov. Nelson wants votes. They are the one thing he wants and needs just now more than anything else. He doesn't care how he gets them. If honey will catch them, use honey. If truth will catch them, use that; and if the other thing will do it, pile it on thick. So we find him telling the workingmen that "the wise tariff policy" of his party "has advanced wages." It isn't an original idea of his; it is a stock old gag that has been worked for years until intelligent Republicans reject it as palpably false and as shown to be false by long experience.

Gov. Nelson does not believe it himself. He can't. He has been told that the tariff cannot affect wages so often by intelligent men in his own party that he can't help knowing it. Even McKinley was compelled to reluctantly admit that the tariff could not fix wages any more than any other commodity. The Minneapolis Tribune told a correspondent that "the Tribune does not understand that Republicans who are authorized to speak authoritatively for the party claim that a protective tariff is for the special benefit of labor." The Milwaukee Sentinel admits sadly that the price of labor is determined by the supply and demand. Vice President Wickes, of the Pullman company, told the strike commission: "We go into the market to buy labor as we buy other things," and that "the supply and demand regulate its value." The Pioneer Press, which certainly is as good authority as an office and vote-seeking candidate, has repeatedly admitted that the tariff could not affect wages. And yet, thinking the workingmen who ask him questions know no better, Gov. Nelson repeats to them the old, musty chestnut that "its wise tariff policy has advanced wages." Is he entirely sane in treating the workingmen as fools?

WHILE Tom Reed was telling his Ann Arbor audience that there must be no further agitation of the tariff question in a Democratic way, and that agitation must be reserved until the people restore the Republican party in '96, over in Grand Rapids, in the same state, on the same day, the furniture dealers were reporting their successful establishment of a warehouse and sample room in Manchester, England, which they had opened and stocked, and telling of several heavy contracts which they had secured in competition with English firms. Facts like these are worth miles of howls.

THE "LITTLE FATHER" IS DEAD.

Alexander III., czar of all Russia, the paternal head of the most paternal government among nations called civilized, is dead. More than one hundred million people called him their "little father." Other people and other nations call him the despot, and in the nomenclature of governments his was called a despotic monarchy. Over all the hordes of people lying between the Baltic and the Pacific this one man's word was law. His will was absolute. Paternalism was incarnate in him.

It is said by those of other nations with different conceptions of government, whose opportunities brought them close enough to him to let them know the man, that, despot though he was, he lived up to the ideal of his form of government, and sought earnestly to be the parent, watchful, considerate, firm, feeling to the fullest the responsibility upon him, and endeavoring, as best he might, to discharge that responsibility. Upon the rebellious children who had felt the impulse of the Western freedom, and grew restive under the close control of the parental hand, he dealt with a firm severity, becoming the ideal father.

But it is a remarkable tribute to the suitableness of that form of government to the great mass of that people, that all of the great movements toward freedom have been checked and rendered fruitless by the unswerving loyalty of the peasantry to their "little father." If, as has been said, the best form of government is that of the wise, humane, just but firm despot, then Russia has the best government possible. We have seen in the writings of Kennan and others gloomy pictures of the dark side of Russian paternalism, just as we might see, were the story told of the rule of a just and firm parent, dark pictures of repression and apparent cruelty in the punishment of recalcitrant children; but there is abundant testimony to the brighter side of the picture, which shows a reign of law, acting through the sense of duty and responsibility of the czar.

One other aspect of paternalism is shown in the effect upon the commercial interests of the world in the sudden illness which has terminated now fatally. This is seen most clearly when we contrast it with the death of the heads of other governments and its effect upon the same interests. The wires from London, Berlin, Paris and Brussels told us that business has slackened; that the money centers are disturbed; that stocks have fallen, and that a feeling of uncertainty prevails, as if some great calamity were impending, and all because one man was perilously sick and nigh unto death.

A few months ago the head of the French republic fell by the hand of the assassin, but the commercial relations of the world remained untouched. Victoria may pass away soon, but the value of consols will not be disturbed. The exchanges of no nation were disturbed when six years ago William I., emperor of Germany, ripe in years, was gathered to his fathers; and in our own country we see the heads of the administration change, and their policies change with them, without any accompanying commercial or industrial disturbance.

It is the Russian form of government, its pure paternalism, that is the cause of falling stocks. Who will succeed Alexander? Will another Nicholas rule, or will he be set aside for the stronger brother Vladimir? What will be the policy and disposition of his successor? Will he follow in the peaceful steps of Alexander, or will the fierce, quarrelsome disposition of one of his ancestors be reproduced in him? Will he plunge Europe into war, or will he pursue the policy of peace of Alexander? Whatever he may do, it will be his own individual will, free from the restraints of parliament or any form of representative government. Ministers may advise, but they cannot restrain him, and a hundred million loyal people stand obedient behind him. No wonder capital and trade and commerce in other nations halt and wait the development of these immense possibilities.

To the Westerner Russia presents the picture of some half-tamed brute of vicious and uncertain temper, couchant, with its face in the light of Western civilization and progress and its body stretching across the northern portion of Europe and Asia until it is wholly lost in the gradually deepening gloom. Europe stands in the presence of this monster of unknown possibilities in a feeling of constant dread. England watches its movement in the East with apprehension lest it might seek a southern outlet to the Indian ocean through the possessions or dependencies of that country, while all the nations of Europe stand on their guard in order to prevent her commerce and navy from getting access to the world through her back door—the Bosphorus. To this feeling is to be attributed the anxiety with which the nations look to the successor of Alexander and the qualities of mind he may possess. The king is dead, long live the king.

SUPREME COURT GEOGRAPHY.

One of the wildest absurdities which have been exploited in connection with the fruitless canvass which Judge Collins is making for re-election to the bench of the supreme court is the geographical argument. A map has been printed in the Republican papers, ornamented with a black line enclosing a certain portion of the state, and editorial matter accompanying this map states that within the area circumscribed by this line nearly all the judges of the supreme court have heretofore lived.

The argument sought to be drawn from this diagram is that Judge Collins, who lives at St. Cloud, ought to be elected because of the geographical position of his home. In other words, the people must leave out of sight the public interests to be subserved by the election of a candidate for the bench, must ignore the relative qualifications of the candidates and pass upon them simply according to the place on the earth's surface where their respective homes happen to be located. If geographical distribution of the positions on the supreme bench is to be the rule, then qualifications must be ignored. It is difficult to see, however, what a resident of the Red river valley gains by preferring a candidate living at St. Cloud to one living in the city of St. Paul.

Taking another instance, a resident of Duluth is just as conveniently located with reference to St. Paul as with reference to St. Cloud. The whole plan of raising this geographical question is an attempt to befog the issue, to lead the people astray upon immaterial matters, and to thwart the honest masses in their definite intent to seat that gallant gentleman and eminent jurist, John W. Willis, upon the bench of the court of last resort.

GO IT, REP., GO IT, POP.

What a delicious bit of comedy this Republican campaign is. Just cast your eye back to the scenes of only last July. For months the press of the party had been jubilating over the certainty that "this is a Republican year." The state elections of '93 had gone so sweepingly their way that they felt sure that all that was needed was to hold conventions and an election. The hard times had come, and they repudiated their offspring, laid it on the doorstep of the Democracy, and then stood off and shouted: "It's your brat."

They talked this so long and so loudly that every hungry place-hunter in the gang pricked up his ears and entered the race for some office. When the convention was to convene there came trooping down to St. Paul an eager, hungry horde of candidates, each with his cohorts, and flung themselves into the arena to scramble, trade, combine, sell out, anything to get on the ticket, cocksure that a certificate of election would follow in due time, a superfluous formality. And when the convention was over and the many were left and the few chosen, they set up a shout of exultation and proclaimed to the people: "This is a Republican year."

Democracy was fading away. Populism, that had disturbed their dreams a few years ago with dread possibilities, was becoming a reminiscence. It would be all but unanimous. They talked no more of pluralities for their ticket, but of majorities. And their roosters mounted their dunghills and crowed, and the timbrels sounded and the tomtoms were beaten and the nominees laid in the shade of the official plum tree, waiting for the fruit to ripen and fall into their opem mouths. Ah, what blissful serenity.

And here it is the 31st day of October, and what a change. Where is the assurance of victory now? Who of the lot is shouting that this is a Republican year? Who now is lying serenely under the plum tree, watching with watering mouth the purpling of the fruit? Where is the July army with banners now? Instead of jovial smiles, apprehension and consternation write their lines on anxious frees. The patriots are rushing up and down the state, pleading, begging, threatening. Majorities are no longer dreamed of. The plump and portly plurality that took the place at first of the vanished majority has shrunk daily until its wildest claim is a beggarly two or three thousand

And to whom are they addressing their cajolery? Are they soliciting Republicans to stay by them? Are they beseeching the errant Populists to return to the fold? All this and more. They are trying to seduce Democrats! They paint lurid pictures of appalling disaster resulting from what? Democratic success? Oh, no; they dropped that scarecrow long ago. It is b-u-s-i-n-e-s-s now that is about to be shaken with an earthquake. It is s-o-c-i-e-t-y that must be saved. And from whom? Why, those dreadful, iconoclastic, disreputable destroyers of all social fabrics, the Populists. It the Democrats don't come to the relief of the poor, beleagured Republicans, everything will go to the demnition bow-wows. And who are these barbaric Populists, pray? Republicans, nine-tenths of them. Graduates from Republicanism taking a post-graduate course.

And so the campaign that began in such a blaze of glory, and amid such hip-hip-hurrahing, is ending in an appeal to Democrats to come over and help save them from a part of themselves. Was ever anything so ludicrous? Did ever a campaign have so much of the bouffe in it? What a pretty family row it ends in, to be sure. And will the Democrats rush over and help the old woman? No, thanks; we haven't forgotten how the old woman's sharp tongue has lashed us aforetime, and we have some old scores to settle ourselves when she gets through this row with her cub, and meantime we will stand off and look on and enjoy the scrimmage. Go it, Rep. Go it, Pop. We'll stay at home and come on top. Ta-ta.

WILLIAM L. WILSON was provoked out of his usual self-control and temperateness of speech by the sneers and taunts of Republican papers, whose conceptions of a campaign are intimately connected with boodle, that he had secured the aid of English gold in his London trip. In his speech at Beverly Mr. Wilson indignantly said: "British gold, indeed. If I had wanted gold, I had no need to go to England for it; I could have secured on this side of the water ten times the gold I could have by any possibility obtained abroad, if I had consented to even the slightest betrayal of the great trust reposed in me." Mr. Wilson knew as well as others the influences and the kind of influences which are brought to bear on congressmen whenever changes are made in the tariff which give or propose to take from special privileges their power to rob.

JOHN M. THURSTON defied Mr. Bryan so says an account of one of their joint debates, to point to a single instance where free trade had benefited American workingmen. For thirty-four years there has been small chance to make such demonstration, but in 1874 the Republicans rashly gave it. At that time quinine was worth $5 an ounce. There were two factories in the country making it. Imports of it were taxed 45 per cent. Wages averaged $1.50 a day. In spite of the protestations of the manufacturers that it would ruin them quinine was freed of tax. There are five factories, employing several hundred more men; wages are the same, and quinine is worth about 50 cents an ounce.

MR. REED and the GLOBE are very rarely in accord. But they are of one mind in regard to the effect of the tariff, and that is the depressing uncertainty in all branches of industry related to it which follows any proposed change in it in any direction. When it comes to the remedy, however, we are as opposite as the poles. His cure would be the maintenance of a more or less ultra tariff. We would find the remedy in its entire elimination as a means of revenue or anything else. If Mr. Reed were not a protectionist because he is a Republican, he would be a free trader.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND remains as much an enigma to the politicians as ever. They cannot reconcile his actions with any of their own rules of conduct. He always does the things they would not do and never does the things they would do. Naturally, they never liked him, and now they like him less than ever; but, in spite of the opposition of the politicians, Mr. Cleveland has been thrice the candidate of his party for the presidency and twice the president. There is that in this which should set the politicians to pondering.

TOM REED, usually careful of the sort of expressions which escape his lips, has his moments of negligence when the truth escapes him. By what seems to be a well understood arrangement, all comparisons are with the present conditions and those of two years ago. Everything has happened since 1892. In his speech at Chicago Mr. Reed referred to these conditions as "those which we have been in for the last three years;" then, hastily correcting himself, he added, "two years." The expression "three years" was the unconscious cerebration of truth.

AT THE THEATERS.

When Joe Ott and his company of clever comedians started out last night at the Metropolitan in Franklyn W. Lee's farce-comedy, "The Star Gazer," they were greeted by a large and fashionable audience, made up of friends of the author, admirers of Ott and lovers of farce-comedy. And there was nothing to mar the success of the production of a St. Paul man's dramatic effort. Every comedy point was caught, laughs were hearty and encores were as plentiful as candidates. Mr. Lee is fortunate in that he has handed over "The Star Gazer" to so clever a man as Joe Ott, and who is so hilariously original and eccentric, and knows so well what the people want. To get down to points, Mr. Lee's effort is an up-to-date farce-comedy, satirical of astronomy, and providing an abundance of opportunity for specialty work of the cleverest character, executed by highly proficient people. Ott, as Prof. Jupiter Mars, a queer astronomer, is killing, his original aspect and quaint methods making him conspicuous, and his singing and dancing bringing him into favor. He works faithfully and potently, and he has to, for his two brothers, Phil and Matt, keep him hustling, they are so clever, for they all come from a clever family. Opening in the apartments of Prof. Mars, the piece went snappingly to the finish, with all the novel features well in hand. Ott's song, "It's All Right, but It's Awkward," was a big hit; the lying machine, with a little local infusion, caught the house; and the marvelous copy of Joe by Phil in the last act puzzled every one and was vociferously applauded.

At the conclusion of the second act everybody was called before the curtain, and when Ott appeared, leading the author by the hand, both the star and the author received an ovation, at the close of which Mr. Lee responded with a brief speech.

The piece is one of the hits of the season, and will, no doubt, draw big tonight and at the matinee tomorrow. Tonight the Elks and the Press club will be there.

* * *

The excellent company seen in "The Coast Guard" at the Grand this week are making an unquestionable hit, and the business improves with each successive performance. The regular matinee will be given tomorrow afternoon at 2:30, at the usual "Grand" scale of prices. Tomorrow night will close the engagement of this sterling play at this theater.

* * *

The members of the St. Paul Press club take a hearty interest in the success of the play written by their fellow member, Franklyn W. Lee, which is now running at the Metropolitan. Such members as are able to attend the performance tonight will meet at the club rooms at 7:45, and will proceed to the opera house in a body to testify their appreciation of "The Star Gazer." Manager Scott has extended the courtesies of the house, and tickets will be in the hands of the secretary, Stephen Conday.

Attend to Your Knitting, Knute.

Spring Valley Sun.

If Gov. Nelson will drop his fight against Adolph Biermann and attend to his own campaign fences, and let Bob Dunn look after his, he will poll many more votes, and that is what he is after, and will need all he can get to prevent being distanced. After election Mr. Nelson will be looking around for more votes, while Adolph Biermann will be running for a week after election and will receive the largest vote for state auditor ever given a candidate for that office. Gov. Nelson has no time to fool away on any candidate but himself.

John W. Willis.

Mazeppa Tribune.

The Tribune cannot fall into line with the Republicans and a few Democrats who are stooping to everything that can possibly be turned to defeat John W. Willis for position of associate justice of the supreme court of Minnesota. Every charge which can possibly be thought of is being used to this end, but election day will find him a winner by large odds. The people have a champion in John W. Willis, and if he is elected to the high position of associate justice his rulings will be fair and impartial and not cut out and framed for him by monopolies and corporations. Judge Willis should receive the vote of every farmer and laboring man in the state of Minnesota.

What He Had Missed.

Chicago Tribune.

"I am glad to be able to say, children," remarked the benignant old gentleman who was addressing the Wait's Mission Sunday school, "that I never swore an oath in my life. I never drank a drop of any kind of intoxicating liquor. I never took a chew of tobacco; never had a cigar in my mouth; never smoked a pipe; never went to a theater, and never saw the inside of a circus tent."

He stopped a moment to take breath, and a boy in the front seat spoke up: "I guess you must 'a' come to town on the last load, didn't ye?"

All the Requisites.

Chicago Tribune.

"I want a ream of writin' paper, a box of steel pens and a quart bottle of ink, young feller," said the burly customer. "I'm goin' into trainin' for a prize fight."

"THE AUTOCRAT."

Oliver Wendell Holmes. Born 1809. Died Oct. 7, 1894.

"The Last Leaf!" Can it be true,
We have turned it, and on you,
Friend of all?
That the years at last have power?
That's life's foliage and its flower
Fade and fall?

Was there one who ever took
From its shelf, by chance, a book
Penned by you,
But was fast your friend for life,
With one refuge from its strife
Safe and true?

Even gentle Elia's self
Might be proud to share that shelf,
Leaf to leaf,
With a soul of kindred sort,
Who could bind strong sense and sport
In one sheaf.

From that Boston breakfast table,
Wit and wisdom, fun and fable,
Radiated
Through all English-speaking places,
When were Science and the Graces
So well mated?

Of sweet singers the most sane,
Of keen wits the most humane,
Wide, yet clear,
Like the blue, above us, bent;
Giving sense and sentiment
Each its sphere.

With a manly breadth of soul,
And a fancy quaint and droll;
Ripe and mellow,
With a virile power of "hit,"
Finished scholar, poet, wit,
And good fellow!

Sturdy patriot, and yet
True world's citizen! Regret
Dims our eyes
As we turn each well-thumbed leaf;
Yet a glory 'mid our grief
Will arise.

Years your spirit could not tame,
And they will not dim your fame;
England joys
In your songs, all strength and ease,
And the "dreams" you wrote to please
Gray-haired boys.

And of such were you not one?
Age chilled not your fire of fun.
Dear alice
Makes a way of a gay barrier,
Though his years be long, they're eared,
Eighty-seven!

—London Punch.

AMONG THE EDITORS.

Better Remain at Home.

Buffalo Gazette.

Charles Lienau, of St. Paul, is said to be over in Carver county trying to turn voters from O. M. Hall enough to defeat him. Congressman Hall is one of the most influential congressmen Minnesota ever had; and one of the soundest Democrats. We don't know Mr. Lienau's argument against him, but think it would cut a small figure with O. M. on any platform where Charley would dare meet him face to face. It looks to an outsider as if Mr. Lienau would be making more to run his paper in St. Paul than be out on such business; that it would be far more agreeable for him to do so. While our local aspirant to "something" would do better at home, also, than tagging Charley around.

This Is Why They Flop.

Cottonwood Citizen.

The GLOBE is exposing the connection between J. J. Hill and the present governor of Minnesota, and it looks as though the governor had put his foot into it. Five million dollars is all that the governor is trying to save for the Great Northern railroad. He is doing this by refusing to sign the deeds to the state of certain pine lands that the Great Northern wants to gobble under its land grant, and which it has no right to take until the state has made its selection. Knute wishes to befriend his old employer rather than serve the people. This is the reason why several of the Scandinavian papers of the Twin Cities have refused to support him.

In the Bloody Third.

Rochester Record and Union.

The fight for congressman in the Third district has narrowed down to a contest between the present incumbent, Hon. O. M. Hall, and Joel P. Heatwole, of the Northfield News, Reed having withdrawn. While it necessarily makes the contest more equal, it does not by any means make Mr. Hall's chances of succeeding himself uncertain. Congressman Hall was one of the hardest workers in the last house of representatives. Being an able lawyer, a man of large business ability and naturally a leader, he at once was placed among the foremost men of the house. His record during his term is his best encomium, for he worked unceasingly for the interests of his constituents, and the people of his district will live to see their mistake should he be defeated.

Nelson's Partisanship.

West Duluth Sun.

Gov. Nelson believes in keeping the judiciary out of politics by making it exclusively Republican. Witness his appointment of Judge Lewis contrary to an understanding by all the members of the bar. By every principle of fairness that appointment should have gone to a Democratic lawyer. The election of a Democrat to the bench this fall will wipe out the evil effects of Gov. Nelson's appointment. H. F. Greene is by experience and learning fitted for the position. He would be a credit to the bench, and in the interests of a non-partisan judiciary he should have been elected without opposition. Unless we mistake the temper of the people in regard to this important question, it is quite likely he will be elected.

Joel Peanut's Canvass.

Litchfield Independent.

Congressman Hall, in his acceptance speech, brought out some questions for his Republican competitor, Joel P. Heatwole, to answer. Mr. Heatwole did not and perhaps will not answer these questions, as he cannot answer them truthfully with any benefit to his cause, but replies by asking Mr. Hall a series of questions, one of them being about the peanut tariff. Mr. Hall promptly answers the questions, and then asks Mr. Joel Peanut Heatwole what has become of the questions Mr. Hall asked him to answer. Heatwole is making a regular still-hunt campaign, similar to the one he made two years ago, while Hall is making an open-and-above-board canvass.

Attack of Lockjaw.

Montgomery Messenger.

Hon. O. M. Hall, Democratic candidate for congress from this district, is answering the questions propounded to him by Joel P. Heatwole, Republican candidate for the same office, through the St. Paul GLOBE in an able manner. Joel P. seems to have a chronic attack of lockjaw, as he has not yet answered the questions asked him by Hon. O. M. on Sept. 29. You must answer those questions, Joel, or the people cannot vote for you on Nov. 6.

Hall's Election Sure.

Appleton Press.

Capt. A. H. Reed has finally withdrawn from his independent candidacy for congress in the Third district, much to the delight of the friends of Joel Heatwole. The fight will be vigorous between Hall and Heatwole, but with the magnificent record of Mr. Hall in the minds of the people there is hardly any doubt of his re-election.

Machine Too Strong.

St. Peter Herald.

Capt. Reed withdrew from the congressional fight in the Third district. The pressure of the machine was too strong.

Honor to Adam.

Waseca Herald.

J. Adam Bede has resigned as United States marshal rather than surrender his citizen's right to express his political views in his own way. All honor to J. Adam.

The Folding Bed.

Detroit Tribune.

The evangelist pressed his hand.

"You have become a praying man," he cried, incredulously.

"Yes," replied the sallow party, solemnly, "I pray every night upon retiring and every morning I give thanks."

"Heaven be praised! What, it I may ask, turned your feet to the straight and narrow path?"

"A new realization of the uncertainties of life."

"Amen! Meditation?"

The sallow man shook his head.

"Folding bed."

All Right Except in Minnesota.

Philadelphia Times.

It is not creditable to the Republican that they have almost uniformly coalesced with the Populists under the various names they have assumed in the South in 1890 and again in 1892, and it is especially discreditable to the Republicans that they are today either supporting the Populist ticket, or have made a fusion ticket with the Populists against the Democrats, in every Southern state.

Wanted All of It.

American Hebrew.

Bank Clerk—This check, madam, isn't filled in.

Madam—Isn't what?

Bank Clerk—It has your husband's name signed to it, but does not state how much money you want.

Madam—Oh, is that all? Well, I'll take all there is.

The Old the Best.

Indianapolis Journal.

"But that is another story," remarked the young man, in the course of conversation.

"How I detest that phrase!" said Gladys. "The old, old story is good enough for me, any time."

Col. John F. Stone, of Pine City, spent yesterday, in St. Paul. Mr. Stone is one of the leaders of the Pine county Democracy and is this year the candidate of his party for state senator. Like all the Democrats in the Sixth district, he is an admirer of Congressman Baldwin, and he is confident of the re-election of the major next Tuesday.

ALL HOPE HAS FLED.

Continued From First Page.

not well fail to do is to "take a fall out of" Auditor Biermann. Mr. Biermann has been the innocent cause of a good deal of trouble to the governor. He had no intention, probably, of annoying so great a person as Mr. Nelson, but in the performance of his official duty he found an obstacle in the person of the governor, and in order to proceed with the business of his office and to guard the interests committed to his care Mr. Biermann found it absolutely necessary to

Spank the Obstruction

and set it out of the way to cool. It now becomes the duty of the governor to sauby the state auditor, and he could certainly find no more appropriate place to do it than in the presence of a Minneapolis audience—while the auditor is in St. Paul.

There are a good many other things which Mr. Nelson ought to do in order to solidify himself in Minneapolis, and if the GLOBE finds that he is forgetting anything it will, from time to time, make such suggestions to him as will help him out. In the meanwhile elaborate preparations are being made for Mr. Nelson's reception before a St. Paul audience. Mr. Nelson never appears before a St. Paul audience except when he wants something, and it is to be hoped that in his forthcoming appearance here the citizens generally will turn out to meet the man who has lived in their midst for two years and never made the acquaintance of any of them except such as he needed for political purposes. They should turn out and see Mr. Nelson this time, for Mr. Nelson is not going to be here much longer. He is going back to Alexandria.

The last days of this campaign will witness more

Crooked Work

and more trading and knifing on the part of the managers of Gov. Nelson's canvass than were ever seen in any campaign in this county. Already the work has begun, and various candidates on the local ticket have been marked for slaughter to make a Nelson holiday. As already stated, Ed Rogers is one of the victims who will come in for a liberal share of cutting at the hands of the Nelson and Chapel managers. It will be remembered by those who attended the Republican county convention that in accepting the nomination for clerk Rogers intimated that he did not approve of the methods which had been adopted to increase the revenues of the office, and promising that in the event of his election he would not stand in the way of legislation looking toward a curtailment of the emoluments. This was a direct slap in the face of both Chapel and Nelson, who were the instruments by which the fee bill was passed, and the ink was not dry on Rogers' certificate of nomination before Chapel had turned his guns on him. It was the work of only a very short time to call the managers of Nelson's campaign to the assistance of Chapel in this deal, and for the past ten days there has been an active fight on between the respective forces.

But during the past few days a new deal has been fixed up that includes Hi Stevens in the list of parties who are persona non grata with the administration forces. This condition of affairs was brought about by the Nelson men, who, when Nelson's interest in the fee bill was shown, set about to find a scapegoat upon whom they could shoulder off the blame of passing the fee bill. Neither Senator Sanborn nor Hiler Horton was a candidate for re-election, and as for

Charlie Lienau,

he doesn't cut enough of a figure to be used anyhow, so it was decided to slide it all off on Stevens. Everywhere the Nelson men turned they were faced with indignant taxpayers who were "red-headed" over Nelson's action, especially when they learned that the bill was introduced at his special request. This matter was made the subject of discussion in several executive sessions of Nelson's committee, and upon the recommendation of Chapel's proprietor, who is also a member of the state central committee, a statement was prepared to show that Nelson refused to grant the special permission for the introduction of the bill until personally assured that the existing law was an unjust burden upon the sheriff, and that it would make no material difference in the receipts of the office; that H. F. Stevens, as a friend of Dick O'Connor and Charley Haas, took upon himself the task of making the matter "clear" to the governor, and that upon his recommendation the governor gave permission to introduce the bill. This is the version of the matter now being given out by the friends of Nelson and Chapel; and those two gentlemen, of course, are virtuously indignant at the slightest intimation that they had anything to do with it. The story has damaged Stevens incalculably, and his friends are correspondingly enthusiastic for Nelson and Chapel. The Nelson band wagon has come ferninst two pretty serious obstacles, and may get the worst of it.

"VAN" IS ACCURATE.

Chairman Babcock Conceded Heatwole's Defeat in the Third.

The Democrats of the Third district are working as they have never worked before, and the effect of their united effort is apparent in the "claims" put forward by the Republican organs and managers. No one can find the Third district Republican congressional committee to learn just what its claims may be, for the simple reason that the committee authorized by the Chaska convention has had nothing to do with the management of the Heatwole campaign.

Two years ago Joel Perdiceas managed the entire fight himself, and this year he has called to his aid Phillips, of Duluth, and one or two of his local henchmen. Chairman Weymouth has not been in it at all.

The Republican national congressional committee, however, through Chairman Babcock, Wednesday conceded the re-election of Congressman Hall to the Washington correspondent of the Minneapolis Times.

This concession appeared in yesterday morning's Times, and, evidently at the request of Joel or his chief manager, late last evening came a denial of this from Washington.

The people of Minnesota are pretty well acquainted with the Washington correspondent of the Times, J. S. Van Antwerp, and the GLOBE is willing to leave the question of the truth of the Times's dispatch to them.

"Van" is a Republican, but he is a hustler, and one of the most reliable men in the business, and when he wired his paper that Chairman Babcock conceded Heatwole's defeat the public can set it down that Chairman Babcock said it.

Then, again, the Minneapolis Journal yesterday, in a review of the congressional situation, presented no county estimates from the Third district, and while it claimed every other district by large pluralities, thought Mr. Heatwole might get through by 1,000.

A MANLY CORRECTION.

The Editor of the Waseca Radical Roasts the Collins Managers.

When the Republican managers sent out their scurrilous attack, headed "Beware of Willis," in the plates of the Waseca Radical they made a damaging mistake. The Radical is the Republican organ of Waseca county, and its columns are open to arguments in favor of the Republican ticket, but not to unwarranted abuse and detraction of honorable men on the tickets of other parties. The article in question escaped the attention of Editor Graham and appeared in print. When he read it, however, he was so indignant that he promptly penned an editorial apology, which appears this week in the most prominent place on the editorial page, and, under the heading "An Apology," reads as follows:

An Apology.

We want to say regarding the article which appeard in the Radical last week, "Beware of Willis," that we are sorry for and ashamed of its publication.

The production came to us in our stereotype plates prepared in St. Paul, and had we read the article, as we should have done, it never would have appeared in our paper.

We do not know who wrote it, but suppose it was prepared under the direction of the state Republican committee, which, if it was, we say to those gentlemen they are engaged in low down business, more likely to injure than aid the Republican party.

The article is not argument, but brutal personality, of which we do not approve, and we assure our readers no more of the same character will appear in