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TODAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—Indications: Minnesota and Iowa: Fair; slightly warmer; variable winds.

Wisconsin: Fair; slowly rising temperature; south winds.

The Dakotas: Fair, probably followed by snow flurries.

Montana: Snow flurries; probably slightly warmer; winds becoming southeasterly.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WEATHER BUREAU, WASHINGTON, Feb. 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.	T'r.	PLACE.	Bar.	T'r.
St. Paul....	30.36	2	Helena.....	30.12	14
Duluth....	30.20	—8	Edmonton..	30.40	—8
La Crosse.	30.36	—8	Battleford...	30.34	—14
Huron	30.32	—4	Pr. Albert...	30.28	—20
Pierre	30.38	—8	Calgary.....	30.30	—2
Moorhead.	30.2	—12	Medi'e Hat..	30.18	2
St. Vincent.	30.54	—12	Qu'Appelle	30.34	—24
Bismarck..	30.28	—16	Minnedosa..	30.22	—20
Williston...	30.22	—8	Winnipeg...	30.26	—24
Havre	30.08	2	Port Arthur.	30.14	—10
Miles City..	30.14	0			

— Below zero.

P. F. LYONS, Local Forecast Official.

Corbett gave members of the legislature instructions in boxing yesterday afternoon.

San Francisco's able Chemist, Dr. W. T. Wenzell, declares Dr. Price's Baking Powder absolutely pure.

There is danger that Harry Hayward will be as gray as Capt. Dyer before he knows his fate.

Michigan is rather Russian in its style. Two editors there have been sent to jail six months for criminal libel.

The New York paragraph writers are in a cave of gloom. The death of Ward McAllister reduces 20 per cent their material for quips.

New York and Philadelphia show enormous increases in clearances for the week. It is suspected, however, that the increase can all be explained by the movement of gold to Europe.

The house committee on legislative expenses is making a desperate effort to stop the leak at the spigot while the pine land committee is running a full head waste at the bung hole.

Mexico should turn the Russian cactus loose on Guatemala. According to Senator Roach, of the North Dakota legislature, the cactus can destroy a first-class nation in a couple of years.

Col. Kolb, of Alabama, persists in bobbing up in the most surprising way. His latest is the sending of credentials of a Populist to the United States senate, asking that he be seated as senator from Alabama in place of Morgan.

Col. Breckinridge darkly hints that he wants to fight a duel with Mr. Heard. Several Kentuckians will, no doubt, arise and urge the colonel to do it in the hope that the fight may remove the fiery Bourbon from Kentucky politics.

There is one good thing about Senator Sheehan's bill; the people will have plenty of time to get ready for its operation. It must first go to the people of the state and then be adopted by a vote of the city. It is expected to get here some time during the twentieth century.

There is something shocking in Auditor Dunn's proposition to raise Dedon's salary. It is too bad to dispel that illusion of the pine land committee that Dedon was working solely for love of the dear people. Can it be that the pine land committee was mistaken? Perish the thought!

The Minneapolis Tribune is now edited by the Ging murder trial stenographer. It prints twenty-six columns a day of questions and answers, about twenty-two of which are inane drivel about which the public cares not a fig, throws away the news of the rest of the country, and calls that running a newspaper.

They do say that the new senator from Kansas, Mr. Baker, will not be a dependable quantity when the tariff question comes up again. In 1890 he bolted the Republican ticket and stumped the state for the Democratic nominees, mainly on the tariff. We again suggest to Senator Nelson that he form the acquaintance of Mr. Baker at the first opportunity.

Will this cup never pass? "Mingled with the general regret that the state is to lose the services of so competent, broad-minded and careful a governor as Knute Nelson will be a feeling of general satisfaction that he is succeeded by so capable, honest and wide-awake a business man as Dave Clough." — Pioneer Press. Stop a minute and think. The Pioneer Press sprouting wings on Dave Clough!

We are in receipt from the National Municipal league of its pamphlet giving the constitutions and by-laws of a number of these associations formed in the larger cities for the purpose of advancing reforms in our municipal governments. A note from the secretary, Clinton R. Woodruff, says that any body of citizens forming similar associations can have this pamphlet by applying to him at 514 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

DIDN'T I TELL YOU SO.

One of the last acts of Gov. Nelson was the nomination of George L. Becker to be railroad commissioner for another term. Thereupon the Representative observes that it is precisely what it predicted during the campaign the governor would do if re-elected. And sundry and odd quidnuncs among the Democrats and other partisans look wise, and remark: "Didn't I tell you so?"

One of the "arguments" used against Gen. Becker during his campaign was the allegation that his resignation of the office of railroad commissioner was but a part of a farce; that he did not mean it; that it was in pursuance of an understanding that he should become a candidate for the sole and only purpose of holding enough Democratic votes to prevent Owen's election, and that he would be reappointed. With that proneness to suspect a bad motive where a good one is as, if not more, probable, to which most men are given, this infamous and malicious falsehood found wide credence, and was not without its effect.

The resignation of Gen. Becker was an act of a high-minded, honorable man, whose sense of propriety prevented his occupation of an office under appointment of a man whose opponent he was in a political contest. He accepted the nomination in perfect good faith, and with that loyalty to his party which, on other fields, accepts a call to duty regardless of personal considerations. There was a conspiracy of Republicans and Democrats to get him to accept the nomination, having for its object the end alleged, but Gen. Becker was not a party to it, nor would he believe it when assured of the fact. He was too honorable himself to believe others capable of such dishonor.

Gov. Nelson, with less of the fine sense of honor or of the fit thing to do that Gen. Becker showed, lent credence to the charge by his silence. He did not accept the resignation, nor did he write a reply stating why he did not. This he might have done in a manner that would have effectually quashed the rumor that was working Mr. Becker injury and himself benefit. He might have declined to accept the nomination because of his unwillingness to deprive the state of the experience and especial abilities of Mr. Becker for the place, unless the people themselves should say, by their ballots, that they preferred that Mr. Becker serve them in a higher capacity. But he kept silent, and thus gave a quasi-confirmation to the slanderous tongues. Even his fit and proper act of reappointment is made to appear as confirmative of the meanly malicious charges against one of the most conscientious and honorable citizens of the state. And thus in Mr. Becker's case, as in so many others in this queerly compounded world of ours, the act of sacrifice that should bring honor is twisted by malice into an implement of torture and a badge of dishonor.

Success attends every baking with Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, because it's absolutely pure.

A BIT OF "SARKASUM."

Our fellow laborer in the vineyard, he of the Hutchinson Democrat, is one we like even if we cannot always agree with him. He strikes from the shoulder, and strikes just as hard when he is right as when he is wrong, because all the time he is sure he is right. He disagrees with our opinion that the Nebraska lesson teaches us that the people do not want free coinage, and wants to know if New York and Minnesota elections turned on silver.

Privately, and strictly within the party, brother, we are quite confident that New York was a case of nausea, and silver didn't cut much of a figure in our own state. The Pops were the only fellows whose candidates were assuring the people that what they wanted and needed was the silver cure, and the Republicans were telling them that the gold cure was essential for their health, and don't you think if the people or a majority of them believed the Pops they would have voted in, especially, their representatives in congress? If free coinage of silver will bring wheat back to a dollar and beeves to five cents, don't you think there would be a pretty nearly unanimous rush for the men who could do it? The congressional vote shows that a small number of the people believed that they either wanted or needed it.

Dipping his pen in gall, our brother proceeds:

> The editors of city papers who gather sentiment from petty cross roads politicians, and the city bankers sitting in their offices and consulting their selfish interests, may think they know what the people need, but they don't know a whit of what the people want.

The late lamented Artemus Ward used to label such remarks as this, "N. B.—This is ment to be sarkasticul." Probably our co-worker didn't think the label was needed. Perhaps he didn't mean it for sarcasm. We feel quite confident he did not mean it for fact or argument, because he is too intelligent to take it for either. A Pop might, but a Democrat—never. The Pop is absolutely sure that a squad of "petty cross-roads politicians" sit at one elbow of the city editor, and a banker or two sit at the other, and pour their views into him as if he were a human sort of a phonograph who gave out only what was thus poured into him. But we acquit Br'er Green of any such a hallucination. So he must have meant to be sarcastic. He knows, though, that the city editor differs not a whit from his brother in the country; in fact, generally comes up from the country paper to the city desk, and there he tries to winnow the fact from the false and get at the eternal right of any question just as honestly as he did before he came up to town, and as the boys down in the country are doing now.

HOW TO MAKE THEM PAY IT.

It might not be the manly and independent thing to do, but human nature is weak at its best, and if there were any feasible plan of making the foreigner pay our taxes or any portion of them, the temptation would be too strong to resist, and we would not hesitate to add to the load of our brothers across the sea by casting upon them a part of our load. No man willingly carries any heavier load than he can help, and his conscience is easily soothed when the opportunity comes to shift a portion of his burden off on to his brother.

It was probably a recognition of this that makes the average protectionist insist that "the foreigner pays the tax" we lay upon the imports of his products. The intelligent protectionists, like McKinley and Donnelly, who know better, assert this because they know this will appeal strongly to the unintelligent class, whom they can make believe it. Meanwhile the foreigner continues to send his goods here precisely to the extent that we want them and are able to pay for them, and no more, and smiles as he gives us the wink when he hears these fellows assert that he pays the taxes.

There is a way of making a large number of these foreigners pay no inconsiderable portion of our federal taxes, and that, too, without imposing upon them any other obligation than they should bear. A partial list of the holdings of land by foreign companies, syndicates and individuals in this country, compiled a few years ago, shows something over 20,000,000 acres owned by foreigners. This did not include the holdings of Mr. Sully, of Dublin, who owns nearly an entire county in the best farming region in Illinois. So great has become this evil that congress passed an act prohibiting alien holdings in the District of Columbia and territories, and several states have passed acts of the same nature.

In addition to these direct holdings, there are large tracts of land held indirectly under mortgages. For several years loan companies have been getting money in foreign countries and lending it on Western farms. Of the nearly $200,000,000 of mortgage indebtedness in Minnesota, it is a reasonable estimate that nearly half of it is held by non-residents, either in Europe or other states in the Union. Then all of these enormous land grants to railways are held in trust to secure the payment of the principal and interest of their bonds. Of these, the greater portion is held abroad. In the Western states there have been within recent years foreclosures of large numbers of these mortgages, and the fee has passed to the foreign lender.

All of these immense tracts of land contribute nothing to the support of the federal government. These foreigners, in their direct and indirect holdings here, enjoy all the benefits of ownership without contributing a cent to the support of the federal government that assures them these benefits. This is a correct application of Mr. Donnelly's erroneous illustration of free trade. It is inviting men to come and own and occupy and enjoy without burden-bearing. There is but one way to reach them. As long as taxes are imposed upon what the people of this country consume and the land is exempted from bearing any burden of the federal government, the foreigner will continue to enjoy the returns on his investments here, exempt from any portion of our federal tax. But if the direct is substituted for the indirect system, and the money derived from customs is apportioned among the states and by them levied upon the property in the state, then these foreigners will contribute their quota for the maintenance of the federal government that other citizens of this country pay. To that extent it will relieve the citizens of this country of a portion of their burden, and make the foreigner share it with them.

Save money by using Dr. Price's Baking Powder. It's most economical because it's absolutely pure.

AT THE THEATERS.

Jack Frost's vicious push on the polar button has not been so disastrous to the theatrical business as might be imagined. The people of St. Paul are an amusement-seeking people, and 30 below doesn't alarm them. With a slight moderation, the prospects are for a most successful week at the Metropolitan, with Mr. Keene in six of his most popular characters, as Hamlet, Richard III., Shylock, Othello, Richelieu and Louis XI. This is a brilliant repertoire. There can be no stronger attractions, and, in all, the actor may be seen at his best. The Metropolitan box sheet is now open, and the prospects are flattering. There seems to be a pretty general desire to see him in Louis XI., which may be said to have been the grand success of his present phenomenal season.

* * *

Hoyt's great comedy work, "A Temperance Town," as presented by his excellent company, has made a great artistic hit at the Metropolitan opera house this week. They will give their last two performances at this theater today. The matinee will be played at reduced prices—25 and 50 cents. This will be the last two opportunities to see "A Temperance Town" for some time to come.

* * *

"Gentleman Jack," with Champion James J. Corbett in the leading role, has proven an exceptionally strong attraction at the Grand this week. The engagement closes with two performances today. Matinee prices for this afternoon are the usual Grand popular prices, and the large sale for both afternoon and evening is indicative of large houses.

"Fantasma," Hanlon Brothers' most successful and longest-lived spectacular triumph, commences an engagement at this theater tomorrow night. "The Billiard Match," their latest mechanical contrivance, is said to be the funniest thing ever seen on the stage.

Death and Taxes.

Time changes and modifies everything. It has even brought a modification of the apparently immutable precept that man may escape everything except death and taxes. He cannot, to be sure, actually evade death, but life insurance now puts it within his power to escape the worst of death's old-time terrors—that of leaving his family destitute. As for taxes, the new income tax promises to be as irritable an impost as has yet been inflicted. But a man has only to invest largely in mutual life insurance policies, and thus have his most valuable possessions exempt from even this exceptionally searching levy.

Spreckels Refineries to Resume.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 1.—The Spreckels Sugar refinery, which has been idle for several weeks, will resume operations on full time next week. The refinery employs 2,000 hands. The Franklin refinery, which has been running on half time, will commence running on full time Monday.

Financial Integrity;

Its Violation in Public and Commercial Life.

This timely question will be discussed on the SUNDAY GLOBE symposium page by such intelligent and public-spirited citizens as

M. O. GROVER, General Counsel of the Great Northern Railway Company.
MOSES D. KENYON, Public Bank Examiner.
JOHN H. IVES, Lawyer.
HON. JOHN W. WILLIS, Judge of the District Court.
HON. HENRY A. CASTLE, Postmaster of St. Paul.
CRAWFORD LIVINGSTON, President of the St. Paul Gas Light Company.
FRANK A. SEYMOUR, Cashier of the Merchants' National Bank.
GEORGE W. FREEMAN, President of C. Gotzian & Co.
CHARLES SCHUNEMAN, The Dry Goods Merchant.
CLAYTON M. WEBER, Superintendent of the Pinkerton Natl. Detective Agency

The following are a few of the highly interesting features that will appear in THE SUNDAY GLOBE,

"A STUDY IN HATOLOGY."

The position of the headgear indicates the nature of the owners as a rule. How some well-known St. Paul people wear their hats, and the conclusions reached therefrom.

"BRAINS VS. IGNORANCE."

The reception accorded interviewing reporters by the nation's brainy men as contrasted with the actions of the cheap local officeholders when confronted by a newspaper man.

Millionaire Women and the Income Tax They Will Pay.

What Chauncey Depew Does to Earn His Hundred Thousand Salary.

Hermit Life of Mrs. Hicks-Lord---The Erstwhile Society Queen of Two Continents.

Letters of Governors of the Union on the Plan to Instruct the Pupils of the Public Schools in Military Tactics.

Famous English Concert Hall Beauties.

"Snapper" Garrison, America's Premier Jockey, on What American Horses Will Accomplish on the English Turf.

GET

Sunday's Globe!

And Please Your Family
With the Brightest and Best Paper Published.

THE HOTEL SKIRMISHER.

The "Tall Pine"—in the directory William W. Erwin — was at the Windsor last evening. He had come over from Minneapolis to escape the aroma of the Hayward trial; likewise to secure surcease from the eternal buzzing that is inseparable from the scene of a great trial. Mr. Erwin talks encouragingly of the progress so far made, but any one who knows him well will readily perceive that he realizes a tremendous legal fight is yet ahead of him. Never did man look better prepared to engage in such a battle. Erwin's face is always interesting, but it is doubly so when the shadow of mighty effort is upon it. The quietness and self-reliance of the man is accentuated by his alert, dauntless bearing, and he becomes more than ever a marked character. The etiquette of his profession prevents Mr. Erwin talking of the Hayward case except in the most casual manner; but he firmly believes that Hayward will never be convicted.

* * *

Presidents Edward Searing and Joseph Carhart, of the Winona and St. Cloud normal schools, and Joseph B. Aiton, high school inspector, were in the city yesterday, consulting with Supt. Pendergast on legislation needed for the good of the schools of the state.

* * *

Mayor Robert Pratt, of Minneapolis, accompanied by Luth Jaeger and one or two other political managers of Minneapolis, was registered at the Windsor yesterday. Ex-Chief Runge was also in town, and the wise folks say that these gentlemen want to make sure that any municipal charter bill passed shall be innocuous to disturb the equilibrium of deals now pending in Mill City political affairs.

* * *

Gregory Joyce, one of the old-timers of the Canadian border, and a man whose name has been prominent in two wars in Manitoba, was in town yesterday on his way home, after a trip to Ottawa, the Canadian capital. The Skirmisher was made acquainted with him by Senator Ed Young, and the old man, who is yet strong and hearty, though almost seventy, consented to an interview. In answer to a question regarding the state of business, Mr. Joyce said: "It's tough just now, my boy; but the bright lining of this almighty black cloud is beginning to peep out on the horizon, and after a little we'll have an era of solid business. You'll see the same thing here in St. Paul, probably better than we out on the border. Good times must come again to a region as rich as that embracing these Western states and our Canadian territories. Seems to me I've lived through a hundred panics, and I've always seen the flood of failure stopped, and the debris of disaster cleaned up into golden coin.

"Yes, wheat raising—that and cattle—is still the main reliance of our folks. But a bright indication to me is that dairying and the raising of marketable vegetables is being taken up and encouraged. Why, bless me, on your rich Minnesota prairies the fertility of the cow ought to be a God-send and a source of comfort and wealth. I used to say, in the old days when smuggling was a fashionable and a paying business, that the d—n fools who risked their hides and their heads could do better by raising hides on steers and heifers and cultivating heads of cabbage with a hoe. Honest business wears, and it pays. Dishonest dollars melt away, but the wealth raised on Western land will be plentiful and solid, in spite of Satan and bad laws, if the people will talk more with farm implements and less with their mouth; if they will use more hoss sense and less fool style. Tell the GLOBE readers that for me."

* * *

Joyce is the same man who some years ago whipped three men almost to death to keep them alive. Himself and three companions were caught out in a blizzard on the prairies. Joyce was tough and acclimated, while the others were but ill prepared for a sudden storm. Finally the team could not go any further, and the old man took the box off the wagon and set it up against the wind, with the top rim leaning against the wheels. Shelter was found behind this windbreak for a while, but as the night wore on, the three newcomers fell into the sleepy condition common to freezing men. Then Joyce got out his whip, and made them travel around the wagon in a small circle. They rebelled several times, but the whip kept them worked up sufficiently to keep going. This went on for two or three hours, when the storm abated enough for Joyce to find a plowed piece of ground he knew of. Then the party was kept moving long enough to find a settler's cabin and safety. The horses perished, and one of the men lost several toes and fingers. "It was the whipping I gave those chaps that saved them," says the old man, with a laugh and a shake of his shaggy head.

The Law on Imitated Goods.

New York Sun.

A late decision of the supreme court affirms the constitutionality of a state law which prohibits the selling of any substance compounded in whole or in part of fats, oils or any oleaginous material not produced from milk or cream, "which shall be in imitation of yellow butter." There is nothing in the law implying that this is an unwholesome article of food. If the thing is in imitation if yellow butter, not of white butter, it must not be sold. A majority of the court holds that this law is constitutional. Chief Justice Fuller and Justices Field and Brewer did not concur with the majority. A dissenting opinion is filed by the chief justice, maintaining that the law in question must be construed according to its natural and reasonable effect, as an attempt to regulate trade between the states, which is the prerogative of congress solely. As the law in question does not put the prohibition on the ground of public health, but merely on the ground that the article looks like butter, it follows that any state law which prohibits the sale of things on the score of their appearance would be sustained by the courts. Thus the importation of worsteds might be prohibited because they look like woolens, or the sale of oak if it looks like walnut, or of steel if it looks like iron. Especially might all imitations be prohibited, even though the seller should put the word imitation on them, as they do in the shop windows of Paris.

Delaware's Deadlock.

DOVER, Del., Feb. 1.—Three ballots were taken today in the United States senatorial fight. On the first ballot Representative Daly deserted Walcott (Dem.) for John R. Nicholson, attorney general, as did Senator Pyle on the second ballot. Outside of these changes the result remains the same.

FROM THE THIRD HOUSE.

The Minneapolis papers are wreaking a terrible revenge on Representative Feig for refusing to support Washburn. They are declaring that John Burke was at the bottom of the Feig resolution to investigate banks and public offices.

Private Secretary Bixby was indolently lolling in his easy chair yesterday when a gentleman came in from the attorney general's office and asked what was the motto of the state of South Carolina. Without removing the cigar from his mouth or cracking a smile, Mr. Bixby replied: "It's a long time between drinks."

The committee on appropriations says it has no desire to interfere with the prerogatives and duties of the land commissioner, and expects him to be the custodian of the public lands. That is just what the law contemplates and what the pine land committee is kicking about.

Some of the very windy members of the Ramsey county delegation are looking with curious eyes at the pile of wood Senator Sheehan has sawed while they were talking and he was saying nothing.

Senator Jones divides the honors with Senator McHale as the handsomest man in the body, Senator Pottgieser coming in for third money and no consolation race.

When Representative Johns said yesterday, "I introduce this bill, Mr. Speaker, by special request," he meant that it should not count in the wager he has on, to introduce a hundred bills in a hundred days.

When it becomes necessary to straighten out a gnarled and knotty problem in parliamentary law, the services of Chief Clerk Dowling are as essential as whisky to a whisky cocktail.

Between Representatives Robillard and Robbins, the poor drunkard is having a horrible time of it these days.

If, as Mr. Dedon says, he was offered $1,500 a year by private parties for the same kind of work, and still continues to work for the state at $1,200, the opinion will get abroad that he either is or is not a chump.

Senator Smith went home yesterday in the company, but not in the custody, of Sheriff Norby, of Detroit.

The members of the Third house are still in the army of the unemployed. The two-cents-a-mile bill has not been introduced yet.

No man in the senate has widened more under the sense of his duties and responsibilities than Senator Miller. He is one of the most earnest and conscientious workers in the body.

The Altamonte people have not been saying much yet, but they have not abandoned their scheme by a damsite.

Editor Wheelock paid his respects to the legislature the other day. Fortunately for the legislature, it was in a personal call, not in an editorial.

G. H. Becker, president of the St. Paul Trades and Labor assembly, called at the capitol yesterday to correct the statement that labor unions oppose the confirmation of Labor Commissioner Powers. They say he has been the best commissioner of the state and is very satisfactory to labor people.

Senator Wyman is recognized as the leader of the senate. His forceful manner and good-natured way of presenting his opposition to propositions make him irresistible.

Senator Yale occupied the chair in the senate for a time yesterday and demonstrated that he had not become rusty since the time he sat in the same seat as lieutenant governor.

Lieut. Gov. Day retains but one committee place. He desires this place so that he could sit at the feet of Gamaliel, like the apostle of old, and learn wisdom from the fountain head.

Use less of Dr. Price's Baking Powder than of any other, because it's absolutely pure.

JAPS BOMBARDING.

Battle Between Wei-Hai-Wei Forts Is Raging.

LONDON, Feb. 1.—A dispatch from Che-Foo says that the bombardment of the Island of Lui-Kung-Tau, off Wei-Hai-Wei, has been resumed. The Chinese are replying steadily. The Japanese appear to avoid firing at the Chinese fleet with a view to capturing it undamaged.

WIT AND HUMOR.

During a rather novel discourse concerning the dignity and rewards of labor a colored brother, Rev. Mr. Cheekbones, who prided himself on being a self-made divine, remarked with considerable fervor: "I'se been practisin' de ministry fo' fo'ty years, bress de Lamb, 'n' I'se foun' out dat man mus' earn his bread by de sweat of his eyebrow, hallelujah!"

The Place to Find It.

Mr. Cawker (after his wife had read several pages)—Is there any news in your mother's letter, dear?

Mrs. Cawker—I haven't come to the postscript yet.

Dismissed.

Truth.

Miss Backbay (of Boston, at the telephone)—Who is it?

Mr. Southchurch — It's me — your fiance.

Miss Backbay (coldly)—You are my fiance no longer. I cannot trust my life's happiness to a man who says, "It's me." Farewell forever!

Preparing for the Ball.

Truth.

"Celeste, look at my cheeks. They are as soft as the velvet of a violet, are they not? See, they look like white ivory that has been brushed by a rose. Do they not, Celeste? Tell me, do they not?"

"Ah, madam!"

"And just a drop of belladonna—just a drop in each eye. Now—Oh!—Oh! Ah, see! Is there a young girl in New York with such eyes—with such glorious eyes?"

"Ah, madam!"

"And now, Celeste, that sun-tint for my hair, be quick and overmore be careful. There, what a difference! My gown, my gloves—my jewels for my throat — and now behold! Could he dream for a moment but that I were a young girl?"

"Ah madam, pardon me for being ambiguous—but, Time will tell."

Awthaw Anglo—You Americans have no patriotic airs such as we have.

Amer E. Kan—Haven't, eh! What is the matter with Uncle Sam as a national him.

Perhaps.

She—What made love go blind?

He—Cataracts in his eyes, I guess.

She — And that's why Niagara has such a fascination for bridal couples, perhaps.

In the Morning.

Truth.

Last night — but why stir pleasure's ember?
In regretting there's not any use—
I felt like a king, I remember,
But this morning I felt like the deuce.

A social problem for beginners is something like this: If it takes three pounds of tea at a dollar a pound to bring out one young lady, how many demoiselles can be introduced for $500, allowing the tea to be 85½ cents a pound?

The difference between marital woes and equine whoas is that the former starts a scandal and the latter stops a horse.

Why are sunbeams like Price's Cream Baking Powder? Because both are absolutely pure.

NELSON'S REJOINDER.

He Insists That What He Said Is True.

To the Editor of the Globe.

I notice in your columns an interview with Warden Wolfer, of the Minnesota state prison, in which he says: "There are several statements in the article (concerning the prison twine plant in the Farm Implement News) that are not true." Two of these he specifies.

I said in the article in question: "This (Nebraska) hemp costs, laid down at Stillwater, a little over four cents per pound." The warden says: "As a matter of fact it cost $3.70 per hundred f. o. b. at Fremont, (Neb.)" My statement was concerning the cost at Stillwater, and I still hold that it is true. It was so stated to me by the superintendent of the prison twine plant. Moreover, I give you the warden's figures from his report issued about ten days ago. He gives the amount of hemp purchased during the two years covered by the report at 3,457,161 pounds, costing $153,130.70, or a little more than 4.42 cents per pound. He gives the amount of hemp on hand per inventory at the close of the two fiscal years at 287,837 pounds, which he reckons as worth $12,117.94 or 4.21 cents per pound. My figures were to show that the raw, baled hemp which is now being used in the factory costs a little over four cents per pound laid down at the prison factory.

As to the second point, I judged from the facts I had gathered that the state would collect 90 per cent of the farmers' paper it took for twine. In answer to this, the warden says of this paper: "What still remains uncollected is in such shape that it is believed, by proper and careful handling, can nearly all be collected." When you analyze this statement, it is not far from the statement I made.

I do not wish to annoy the warden, nor discredit his work. He has done all that mortal could do to carry out the orders given him by the legislature. He sold it at cost, as ordered, and had to take farmers' paper or keep the twine, and with the farmers' paper came poor farmers' paper, which the taxpayers of the state must make good.

MILTON O. NELSON.

Chicago, Feb. 1.

Another German Personal.

A German paper says that one of its contemporaries published the following advertisement: "A young lady of enormous wealth who is prepared to pay off all the debts of her intended husband, desires to form the acquaintance of a respectable young gentleman, with a view to matrimony. Each reply to be accompanied by a photo of the sender, and addressed to J. P., at the office of this paper." The delicate hand which drew up the above lines and thereby secured a very large number of offers belonged to no less a personage than Herr Itzig Schlaucheles, who had lately opened a clothing establishment in town. By means of the photos sent in, he was enabled to ascertain which of his would-be customers were in the habit of leaving their debts unpaid.

ENDED LIFE IN CHURCH.

NEW YORK WOMAN SUICIDES IN CONFESSIONAL.

Sensational Mystery Surrounds the Entire Affair—No Motive for the Deed

NEW YORK, Feb. 1.—It was a few minutes before 6 o'clock this evening when two women in the Church of the Epiphany, on Second avenue, this city, heard the sound of a body falling, followed by groans and gasps, from a confessional box in the southeast corner of the church. One woman summoned the assistant sexton, who hurried into the church, and opening the confessional, found, lying in a heap, with blood flowing from her right wrist and throat, the almost lifeless body of a young woman. A doctor was called who saw that the woman's condition was hopeless, and twenty minutes after the discovery she was dead.

In a pool of blood in the confessional was found an old-fashioned razor. With this she had almost severed one of her hands, and her throat had been cut from ear to ear. There were no services going on at the time. An examination of the woman was made, and in her clothing was found a pocketbook containing 10 cents and a letter revealing her identity. On the envelope was written, "I am Catherine Morrison, of 79 East One Hundred and Eighth street." The letter read:

"Dear Mary: Called to see you today and I am sorry I did not meet you at home. Why do you not write and let us know how you are? Mother has not been well since New Year's, but is feeling somewhat better.

"KATIE MORRISON."

At the address given in the letter it was learned that the woman had boarded for six years with George Powers, an express man, and his family. Mr. Powers took charge of the body. Mr. Powers said Miss Morrison was a religious enthusiast and of independent means. She was worth $40,000, and was a friend of his wife from childhood. Her father, who died when she was a child, had been a broker. Her mother had died seven years ago. He knew of no trouble which would have led the young woman to commit suicide. Miss Morrison was thirty-one years old and good looking. At the church it was denied that the woman had committed suicide within the edifice, and there was an evident attempt on the part of those interested to conceal the facts.

BUILDING GUNS CHEAPLY.

Plan for Giving a Twist to Ball From a Smoth Bore.

The very heavy cost of modern guns is largely due to the time and labor which are necessarily expended upon the operation of rifling them. The material itself is relatively cheap, but a rifled gun, besides being much more costly is, other things being equal, more short lived than a smooth bore. It is almost impossible so to make the gun and the projectile that the soft driving bands of the latter shall, at the moment of discharge, accurately fit into the grooves and lands of the bore and allow no gasses to pass ahead. When these gasses do pass ahead of the projectile they score and damage the interior of the gun; and, where the new powders are used and the gasses of combustion attain an enormous degree of heat the process of deterioration, especially in weapons of large caliber, is often very rapid.

A Swedish engineer, W. T. Unge, has devised a method whereby he hopes to save, not only the cost of rifling, but also the interior wear and tear for which rifling is responsible. He proposes to construct all guns with smooth bores, and to fit the projectiles with gas checks, which shall render it practically impossible for any gasses to rush pas them. In order to convey to the projectile an axially rotary motion such as is at present conveyed to it by the action of the rifling, he has invented a mechanical arrangement which at the instant of firing gives to the gun itself the rotary motion. This may be either constant or increased. He has saisfied himself that the effect upon the projectile is exactly the same as is produced by the constant or increasing twist of an ordinary rifled gun; and he is of opinion that the adoption of his system, while giving equal or improved accuracy of fire, will reduce the cost of heavy guns by one-half and add enormously to their endurance.

ACCOUNTS VERIFIED.

Business Done After Dark by Experts in Figures.

In many a business office there is transacted a business at night of which none of the employes are aware. It is the auditing of books, a feature of work performed by several well-known public accountants. Of course, in the majority of such cases the partners in the concern have had some reason to suspect some of the office force of dishonest practices. At times, however, one partner may suspect another, or some reason may arise where the firm desires to ascertain their standing at an unusual time of the year, and without its being known to the bookkeeper. "It is by no means an unusual feature of the work," said a well-known public accountant in speaking about the matter recently. "Many a time when a large mercantile house has closed for the night and everybody has gone home my men have entered the store, taken the books from the safe and worked over them until daybreak. In such cases they never touch a pen or pencil to the books. They merely verify the figures and transcribe the entries on paper. The result of each man's work is kept by itself and turned over to another person in my office, who obtains the final results. Every care is taken in handling the books and replacing them in the safe to give no grounds for suspicion of what is going on. No doubt many a bookkeeper and cashier in this city would be surprised to peep into his office at night and find a force of men working over the books as familiarily as he and his fellow clerks have been doing in the day time for years. The night force speedily become acquainted with the names of customers and the pages of the ledger accounts, turning to them without reference to the index, like old hands. Sometimes, of course, the fact of our working at night over the books never becomes known to the clerks. If the accounts are found straight there is no occasion to let them know that they had been suspected. At other times they discover that their figures have been overhauled when confronted with the unmistakable evidence in figures of their false entries."

I find the ROYAL BAKING POWDER superior to all the others in every respect. It is purest and strongest.

WALTER S. HAINES, M. D.
Consulting Chemist, Chicago Board of Health.