



BULLETIN OF THE ST. PAUL GLOBE.

TUESDAY, FEB. 4. Weather for Today—Fair.

PAGE 1. Harrison Formally Withdraws. Cheering News for Cubans. Triple Shooting Caused by Jealousy.

PAGE 2. Fairchild Replies to Gen. Sanborn. Skull of a Sioux. Year's Work of Associated Charities.

PAGE 3. News of Minneapolis. Salvation Army Protest. Gotham Indorses the Salvationists.

PAGE 4. Editorial. Thirty-Day Limit Denied G. A. R. Reds Want Lands in Severity.

PAGE 5. Wind-Up of the Carnival. A. P. A. Fight in the House. Tariff Next in the Senate.

PAGE 6. Powell Talks of the Gulf Line. Unity of the Americas.

PAGE 7. Bar Silver, 67-1/2c. Cash Wheat in Chicago, 66-3/8c. Light Movement in Stocks.

PAGE 8. Harvester Works Will Continue. News of the Courts. Interstate Fight Over Game Laws.

TODAY'S EVENTS. Metropolitan—Browns, 8-15. Grand-Gay Old Boy, 8-15.

The Umbra isn't such a stayer as the St. Paul.

Another stirring up of the animals is about due, Mr. Olney.

Bring on your bond bids, now. Tomorrow it will be too late.

Hunter, of Kentucky, is still hunting for those two votes that he needs.

The returns from Indiana this morning are very pleasing to Mr. McKinley.

The St. Paul stands pre-eminently today as the fastest vessel on the seas.

Roosevelt will be too busy purifying New York politics to visit the Twin Cities.

Did Mr. Harrison consult Mrs. Dimmick before deciding not to lease the White House?

While this weather lasts the people can laugh at the coal barons and their extra 1/4 per ton.

England has about reached the jumping off place when it lays claim to the Antarctic continent.

When New York gets that 200-story structure, the elevator will be the most popular route heavenward.

B. H. to Miss G. O. P.—I can't marry you, my party maid.

Nobody asked you, sir, she said.

It is a close race for infancy between a Minneapolis and a Chicago alderman. The Howard charter collar fits either.

It is beginning to be understood that this is not a carnival climate. The boys and girls had a jolly good time, just the same.

The carnival ended in a blaze of glory overhead, even if several days of postponement were not enough to get rid of the mud underfoot.

Cripple Creek is dividing with the Witwatersrand district the honors of gold production, and still Stewart and Teller are not happy.

With house and senate each passing bills that the other will not accept, Reed's idea of how not to legislate seems to be realized.

The "military wall" in Cuba is again effective as far as news is concerned. Nothing but stories of Spanish victories can get through it.

BEN IS NO BARKIS

LETTER OF EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON TO CHAIRMAN GOWDY, OF INDIANA.

SAYS HE'S NOT A CANDIDATE, AND WILL NOT ALLOW USE OF HIS NAME BEFORE THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

HE HAD THE HONOR TWICE, AND THAT IS ENOUGH—HIS EXPERIENCE IN THE WHITE HOUSE SATISFIES HIM.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 3.—John K. Gowdy, chairman of the Republican state central committee, called on Gen. Harrison this evening by invitation, and the ex-president handed him the following self-explanatory letter:

Hon. John Gowdy, Indianapolis, Ind.: In view of the resolutions passed by the state central committee at its recent meeting, and of the fact that delegates to the national Republican convention are soon to be chosen in this state, I have concluded that some statement from me as to my wishes and purposes should now be made to my Indiana friends. Hitherto, I have declined to speak to the public upon this matter, but scores of friends to whom I have talked and many scores more to whom I have written do recognize in this expression the substance of what I have said to them. To every one who has proposed to promote my nomination, I have said: "No." There has never been an hour since I left the White house that I have felt a wish to return to it. My Indiana friends have been most devoted and faithful, and I am their grateful debtor. The Republican party has twice in national convention given me its endorsement, and that is enough. I think the voters of our party are now entitled to have a new name. For the sentiment, great or small, that has been manifested for my nomination I am truly and gratefully indebted to you and kindred-breaking party lines—which have been shown me in so many ways I am profoundly appreciative. I cannot consent that my name be presented or used in the St. Louis convention, and must kindly ask my friends to accept this as a sincere and final expression upon the subject.

—Benjamin Harrison, Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 3, 1896.

MEANS WHAT HE SAYS.

Consensus of Opinions of Indiana Republican Leaders.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 3.—When Col. John C. New was seen this evening relative to the letter of Gen. Harrison, he said the letter meant what it said. "I have no objection to my name being used as a candidate before the St. Louis convention, but I am not accustomed to fight behind a man's back," he said. "I have no objection to my name being used as a candidate before the St. Louis convention, but I am not accustomed to fight behind a man's back," he said.

"Do you think Gen. Harrison will take any hand in the selection of a candidate?" "I do not think he will," he said. "I do not think he will," he said.

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"There is a very decided division between the Conservative and Reformist parties of the Spaniards, and they are pouring hot shot into each other's ranks through the columns of the press. As a proof of this, I send you the papers of the Conservative party, in which the editorials are written in a particularly bitter strain against their former allies. The Reformist party was in favor of the mild policy of Campos, while the Conservatives believe in fire and bloodshed. The situation is a most critical one, and no one recognizes this fact better than the Spaniards."

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"The correspondent then goes on to detail several engagements, in one of which a whole troop of 300 Spaniards were annihilated. The news given out, however, was of a tremendous Spanish victory."

"The price of provisions is rising very rapidly, and destitution in the city of Havana is increasing rapidly. A great many families are now dependent for subsistence on what the government gives them a small amount weekly. There has been three weeks without the public markets, even those having money to spend being obliged to go hungry. Nothing has been received from the surrounding country for a long time."

"Another circumstance which aggravates matters is the fact, well known to everybody on the island, that there is very great discontent known to exist among the military friends of Gen. Pando, whom they think was slighted by the government at Madrid in appointing Gen. Weyler to the position formerly filled by Gen. Campos. It is well known that this part of the Spanish element are far from being willing to co-operate with those who are favorable to Weyler, and that they will do anything they may safely do to make him fail. On the whole, everything looks very bad for the Spaniards. But I do not think that the situation is so desperate as is being reported by the newspapers. I know for a certainty that they have been operating with entire freedom, and that they have remained in Havana and Pinar del Rio because they are not in the least afraid of being beaten by the Spaniards."

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It is also reported that the columns under command of Gen. Cornell, operating in combination with those under Gen. Linares and Aldecoa, are in pursuit of a numerous band of insurgents near Artemisa, which is supposed to be near the main force. This band is said to be striving to effect a junction with Gomez, and it seems in a fair way to do so, as there is no apparent check in its advance along the southern coast of Pinar del Rio. The reported disposition of the troops was such as to prevent the advance of the insurgents, and not such as to make any pursuit of him necessary, the plan being to await his coming. Among other rumors which are current in Havana, it is said that the band led by Pedro Diaz, numbering a thousand, is reported as making movements about Guira Melena, near Artemisa, which are between the Batabano military line and Artemisa.

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Friedmann was twenty-four years old. His sister lives at 734 West Seventh street, while his brothers, Anthony and John, constitute the firm of Friedmann Bros., No. 1034 West Seventh street. According to the statements of his sweetheart, Miss Julia Oelker, Joe Friedmann was once convicted of larceny in this city a couple of years ago, and served eight months' imprisonment at Stillwater. For the past few months he has been employed as a waiter at the Central restaurant, No. 414 Jackson street. He was considered a sober man by his fellow employees and an excellent waiter. He has recently joined the local union of the National Alliance of Restaurant Employees and Bartenders. Five months ago he became acquainted with Friedmann, eighteen years old, the pretty brunette daughter of Fred Oelker, who has kept a saloon at 879 Broadway, and who resides on East Sixth street, near Pine.

Of late, however, Miss Oelker has favored Hoffman, who is employed on East Seventh street, near Olive, and this was the cause of the quarrel. Friedmann the fiercest jealousy. Julia had refused several times to marry Friedmann. Her last refusal was given Sunday. Last night Hoffman took Julia to the Grand opera house. As they were entering the theater they saw Friedmann standing outside watching them. He was seized by Hoffman and he followed them down East Seventh street on their way home. Just before they reached the southwest corner of Seventh and Olive streets, Friedmann hurried past them on the side of Hoffman. Then he turned and said: "Julia, this ends it!" He drew a revolver from his overcoat pocket, and at the distance of a few feet he fired shots at Hoffman. Only one of the shots took effect. It struck Hoffman on the left collar bone and glanced along the bone imbedded itself under the skin several inches from the point of entrance. Then Friedmann shot twice at Miss Oelker. She had turned away from the scene, but she struck her about the middle of the inner edge of the right shoulder blade and penetrated her lung. The wound is probably fatal. There was now one shot left in the 32-caliber bull-dog revolver. Friedmann turned the weapon towards his own chest and sent a ball into his body, two inches below the right nipple. It pierced the lung. As he shot he swung about, and dropped at full length upon his back, dead.

The shooting was witnessed by Lieut. Sexton and Officer Charles Banker, who were coming down Seventh street, and who were fifty feet distant when Friedmann fired the last shot. Banker at once notified the central station from the adjacent patrol box, while Lieut. Sexton called Hoffman and Oelker to the sidewalk. The officers sent Hoffman and Miss Oelker to the central station as soon as the patrol wagon arrived. Hoffman was removed to the undertaking rooms of Thaum & Jacobson, 223 East Seventh street, only a few doors distant. Lieut. Sexton telephoned for Coroner Whitcomb, who was quickly on the scene. Dr. Finner arrived about the same time. The physicians called Hoffman to the hospital, but Friedmann had died almost instantly. The bullet had severed some of the larger arteries of the chest. The dead man was of medium height and fairly handsome, with thick, wavy, black eyes and hair. He was comfortably dressed, and within the inside pocket of his overcoat was a copy of the National Restaurant Employees' and Bartenders' alliance, was found the following letter, written pencil on a note head of the Central restaurant. The letter is here translated of the spelling peculiar to a German not versed in the English language. It read:

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