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TODAY'S BULLETIN.

Page.

1—Republicans Gather at Mankato.
Kansas Bank Robbery.
Sunday Cabinet Meeting.
Congressional Forecast.
Fortifications Being Rushed.
Report Not Yet Ready.
Havana Loyal to Spain.

2—Klondike Woman in St. Paul.
Funeral of Franklyn W. Lee.
Funds for Hope Chapel.
Colored People Will Organize.

3—Markets.
Insurance Statements.

4—Editorial.
Rev. Father Danehy's Sermon.

5—Sports.
Routes for the Cycle Path.
Minneapolis Matters.
News of the Northwest.
Spain Has Internal Troubles.

6—Danger in the Wheat Pit.
Butter and Cheese Makers.
Horses at Midway.
Simpson Admits His Guilt.
Christianity of Today.

MONDAY'S WEATHER.

Cloudy, With Snow Flurries.

By United States Weather Bureau.

MINNESOTA—Cloudy and threatening, with snow flurries in northern portion; winds becoming northwesterly.

WISCONSIN—Threatening weather and possibly light scattered showers; fresh southeasterly winds.

NORTH DAKOTA—Cloudy, with light snow; colder northwesterly winds.

SOUTH DAKOTA—Cloudy, with light snow; colder northwesterly winds.

IOWA—Fair; colder in western portion Monday night; westerly winds, shifting to northwesterly.

MONTANA—Cloudy weather, with snow flurries; warmer in western portion; northerly winds, shifting to easterly.

YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURES.

The Northwest.

St. Paul	46	Battleford	—2
Duluth	30	Prince Albert	—2
Huron	48	Calgary	4
Bismarck	30	Swift Current	—6
Havre	2	Qu'Appelle	—2
Helena	4	Minnedosa	16
Edmonton	6	Winnipeg	24
Buffalo	34-38	Montreal	32-52
Boston	46-60	New Orleans	72-78
Chicago	44-48	New York	54-64
Cheyenne	42-46	Pittsburg	50-50
Cincinnati	52-52		

—Below zero.

YESTERDAY'S MEANS.

Barometer	29.92
Mean temperature	39
Relative humidity	79
Wind at 8 p. m.	South
Weather	Partly Cloudy
Maximum temperature	52
Minimum temperature	26
Daily range	26
Amount of precipitation (rain and melted snow) in last twenty-four hours	Trace

RIVER AT 8 A. M.

Station.	Danger Line.	Gauge Reading.	Change in 24 hours.
St. Paul	14	3.9	—0.1
La Crosse	10	4.1	*0.1

*Rise. —Fall.

Note—Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation. —P. F. Lyons, Observer.

ATLANTIC LINERS.

NEW YORK—Sailed: Rotterdam, Rotterdam.
QUEENSTOWN, 8:30 p. m.—Sailed: Umbria, from Liverpool, New York.
DARDANELLES—Passed: Aller, from New York (on a cruise).
BEACHYHEAD — Passed: Freidrich der Grosse, Bremen, for New York.
LIZARD—Passed: Noordland, Antwerp for New York.

TODAY'S EVENTS.

GRAND—"Hogan's Alley," 8 PM.
Lieut. R. E. Peary lecture, Conover hall, 8 PM.
Fourth Precinct Republican league, Seventh ward, Sleppy's, Selby avenue, 8 PM.
State Board of Plumbers, state capitol, 10 AM.
Mrs. A. Heitzmann recital, Mozart hall, 8 PM.
Central W. C. T. U., St. Paul Commons, 3 PM.
North Star Gun club shoot, Rice street and city limits.
Journeymen Tailors, Assembly hall, 8 PM.
Epworth circle, L. of the G. A. R., progressive euchre party, Garfield hall, 8 PM.
Sacred concert and lecture, St. Joseph's church, 8 PM.
Committee on streets of board of aldermen, council chamber, 8 PM.
Franklin School union, kindergarten room, 8 PM.
Ninth Ward Populists, 191 Cayuga, 8 PM.
Food show, Market hall.
Second ward Democrats, Margaret and Mendota, 8 PM.
Sixth ward Republicans, Liedertafel hall, 8 PM.
Barbers' union, Assembly hall, 8 PM.
Boilermakers' union, Assembly hall, 8 PM.
Furriers' union, Assembly hall, 8 PM.

—It must be not only disheartening, but heartbreaking, for Col. Kiefer to see the manner in which his modest offer to continue to serve the people is met by some of his fellow Republicans. Their heartlessness, their indifference to merit, but, more than all, their notion that long service, with the experience gained, the wisdom garnered, the judgment balanced and ripened by it, is a positive disqualification for further service must cut to the very heart's core of the faithful old veteran. They recite the public stations he has held during his forty years of public activity, each successive one higher and more responsible, and they run them off glibly, piling one on top of the other, and coolly ask if the colonel has not yet had enough. As if each one had not taught the colonel how to be more useful in each succeeding one and all possible ones yet to come. As if there were no such thing as a vested right to continued employment gained by years of service. As if, in short, the colonel could ever have enough. It is very sad.

The Lowering War Clouds.

Turn to whatever quarter of the globe one may, the spirit of belligerency is active, the preparation of nations is martial, the talk of men is warlike. Every sign points to war. The universal press is the barometer whose readings indicate an impending storm. They are sensitive to those changes which place now one and now another topic foremost in the public attention. When men become bellicose they rarely fail to meet with accommodation. So with nations. Some one is sure to be stirred into knocking the chip from the shoulder. Then comes the fight. We are so absorbed in the tumult of war, assertion and contradiction, that the similar conditions abroad escape us. It is the significant thing that this condition is general.

Russia is evidently preparing for another attempt to unlock her back door and open the Dardanelles to her warships. Disraeli and Bismarck balked the Bear twenty years ago, but the purpose has never been relaxed for a moment. The Chinese partition had not come to divert the powers and make the Graeco-Turkish outbreak the looked-for opportunity; but now that Germany, England and France are waiting for a spring to rend the Mongolian, Russia is preparing for her opportunity. She masses troops on the Armenian frontier; sends Edhem Pasha from Thessaly to the Macedonian frontier of Bulgaria, and is insisting upon making Prince George governor of Crete. The volcano fire of revolt rumbles underneath the whole Austrian empire. Czech, Slav and German break into riot when they meet, and the press of France and Germany calmly discuss the partition of Austro-Hungary when Francis Joseph sleeps with his fathers.

The Dreyfus matter brings Germany and France to a point where a clash seems imminent. His trial and conviction involved an affront to Germany which the haughty spirit of Wilhelm will not bear patiently. Dreyfus was charged with selling to Germany the secrets of the French army. The secret paper on which he was convicted was found, it was said, in the waste-paper basket of the German minister, Wilhelm, Hohenlohe, his prime minister, and Von Bulow, minister for foreign affairs, each declared that Dreyfus had communicated no army secrets. In spite of this Dreyfus was convicted, and, in the Zola trial, the government interferes practically to give to the German government the lie direct. The German has a long memory and bides his time in patience, but this affront will not be left unresented.

In the East the situation is critical. Russia's temporary occupation of Port Arthur grows into a permanent occupation of Manchuria. France enlarges her demands for concessions, to grow into possessions, in Southeastern China, and England insists that no partition shall interfere with her freedom of trade. Japan still holds Wei-Hai-Wei in pawn for payment of the remainder of her war indemnity and, on default, declares her intention to make the holding permanent. Russia announces her determination to keep Japan insular, and gathers forces and fleets in the Sea of Japan, while Japan increases her war strength. Down in the Southern part of Africa we have President Krueger telling his volksraad that the claim of England to suzerainty must be refused and the nation made independent, while France and England are sparring for vantage ground in central Africa. Thus the skies are lowering wherever one turns. If the clouds do not burst into war, it will be because of the absolute uncertainty of what would the conditions of warfare under the revolutionary changes in armament introduced since the last great war. The Japanese-Chinese naval conflicts but added to this uncertainty.

An Implied Warranty.

The supreme court of the state of Illinois recently handed down a decision the gist of which is that the seller of an article of food impliedly warrants its fitness for that use. A butcher had sold some pork to a woman, who bought it, as the butcher knew, for immediate consumption. The meat was, in fact, unfit for food and made the woman's family ill; whereupon she brought action for the breach of warranty implied in the sale. The trial court followed the English decisions and held that there was no warranty implied in such sales; but the supreme court reversed this judgment, thus establishing the contrary doctrine in that state. But the rule that the seller warrants by implication the fitness of an article of food was established in the state of Minnesota years ago in a case that is worth narrating, if only for the humor of it.

It begun and ended in the little village of Caledonia, where Dave Thompson was the one police officer, by virtue of his appointment as village marshal. One evening Mrs. Thompson informed her lord that there was no butter for the hot biscuits she had prepared for the abendmahl, and Dave dispatched one of the children to a neighboring grocer with 50 cents of the shinplasters of the realm for exchange for the product of the dairy. Upon the butter's return with the child —the relative strength of the two requiring this reversal—and the replenishment of the butter dish, Dave liberally larded a steaming biscuit with the alleged butter. Released by the generous heat from confinement, the odor that rose to salute Dave's nose from that butter was something awful. Indignantly the minion of the law strode over to the grocer with the offending and offensive parcel of butter, and demanded a return of his 50 cents. The stubborn grocer refused the exchange, insisting that the butter was good. Dave left the butter on the counter, and the next morning consulted his lawyer, who advised him that he had a 50-cent cause of action with, possibly, punitive damages for filling his house with ill odors. Whereupon Dave sued out a summons under the authority of the court of justice presided over by Squire Weida, who dispensed justice for an avocation and meats for a vocation.

On the return day came the grocer, bearing the identical parcel Dave had laid upon his counter. With dignity the court opened and called the case. Dave was duly sworn and told his story and rested. Whereupon his honor called on the defendant for his defense. That worthy said that he sold Dave good butter, and he had brought it into court to testify for itself to its excellence. Dave's lawyer suggested to the court that the customary oath to tell the whole truth be administered to the butter, if it were to be offered as a witness, but the court, deeming this request persiflage inconsistent with judicial dignity, ignored it, took the proffered parcel, solemnly opened it, smelled of the butter, took a sample on the point of his butcher knife and tasted it, and then promptly delivered himself of this sententious judgment: "That butter ain't fit for a hog to eat. Judgment for the plaintiff for 50 cents and costs." And thus was the doctrine of implied warranty of edibles established in the state of Minnesota.

Our Absurd Coinage.

Nothing shows up the absurdity of free coinage, or even coinage that is not free, at the present ratio of 16 to 1, better than the difficulty which the government is having with successful counterfeiters. These defrauders of the nation are "counterfeiters" only in the narrow and technical sense of the term. The coins which they turn out do not bear the stamp of the government, but in every other respect they are honest. They are not composed of base metal, nor are they light in weight, as counterfeit coins have been from time immemorial, but are exact counterparts of our genuine silver dollars themselves. This is what makes them extremely difficult of detection.

It is almost impossible to make a coin of the exact size and weight of another, unless it is composed of exactly the same material of the same fineness. Hence the calipers or the scales or the ring of the coin on the counter will usually distinguish the false from the true. All that the counterfeiter today has to do is to buy silver bullion, prepare dies that are an exact reproduction of those used by the government, turn out dollars identical with those produced from the mints in weight and fineness, and pocket the profit of nearly 50 per cent. This is a gain large enough to make the illicit business profitable, and larger than the margin frequently obtained from counterfeiting in the past. So numerous have become these spurious coins, to be distinguished from the original only by some faint difference in the tracery of the engraving, that it is said that the government officials are contemplating seriously a change of design.

Unless they propose, at the same time, to call in all the outstanding silver and recoin it, which would be an enormous and costly job, this would not remedy the difficulty. The truth is that the silver dollars are at present mere token coinage, while they are also unlimited legal tender in the payment of debts. These are the conditions which place the highest premium upon the counterfeiter's work. When we get around to the point of adopting an intelligent ratio for coinage, approximating somewhat to the commercial ratio between gold and silver bullion, the counterfeiter and his profit will vanish together.

Their Ignorance.

We hear reference from time to time to the ignorance of the Spanish people, but few of us have any conception of how dense and hopeless it really is. This moribund nation seems to have taken no account of anything that has happened in the history of the world and the progress of peoples for several centuries. It has not and cannot be made to have any conception of the character and resources of the people of the United States or what a trial at arms with them would be. We get a glimpse of the primitive notions of even the educated Spaniard in the publication at Vienna of an interview with a "Spanish statesman," who is said to be no less a personage than the Spanish ambassador himself.

He avers that Spain would rather have war with the United States than to pay any compensation for the loss of the Maine, and gives his reasons why such an encounter would be by no means one-sided. He offsets England's expressed friendliness toward us by saying that she cannot maintain this attitude for fear there might come from Washington a disposition "to declare Canadian independence." This is his sole idea of American interest in its neighbors, and he cannot distinguish between the condition of the people of Cuba and those of Canada, or between the attitude of the United States government toward each. A more remarkable statement follows. This Spanish "statesman" says that, if the United States should attempt to increase Spain's difficulties by inciting a revolution in the Philippine islands, then Spain would retaliate by "raising revolts in the American Southern states."

Comment upon this is hopeless. A nation one of whose highest diplomatic representatives is capable of believing that the state of public opinion in the United States is such that the Southern states are still anxious to rebel, and that a foreign power, against which the whole country was arrayed, would be able to raise a rebellion in them against the North, is a subject for comic opera and not for serious treatment. His view is valuable as showing a level of ignorance in Spain so low that it cannot, probably, be raised by anything short of a sound drubbing.

—The letters from the pastors of the city churches published in Sunday's issue indicate their appreciation of the opening of the Sunday services department, an appreciation, we doubt not, that is shared by their flocks. While these acknowledgments are gratifying, we confess to a wonder at the concept of news that has hitherto excluded these announcements from the news columns of the city papers. The inconsistency of this was clearly shown by the daily announcements made by all the papers of the entertainments to be given on the evening of the day of publication. If it is news to inform people where they can go for amusement that evening, it certainly is news to tell them Sunday morning where they may go to attend divine service and what will be the subjects of the sermons. The Globe is a newspaper.

—Then, again, we might elect Mr. Doran mayor of the Sixth ward.

—Uncle Sam may yet weather the storm. He has sold 200 of his reindeer.

—A band of Chicago thieves has stolen a 700-pound brass cannon. What do thieves want of more "brass?"

—Secretary Gage's leading diversion these days seems to be the flourishing of a red rag where Mr. Gompers can see it.

—Towns are literally springing up in the night in Alaska. Rampart City, which was a wilderness in September, now has a population of 2,000 souls.

—The plum crop of California has been ruined by a heavy frost. The "plum" crop in St. Paul is coming along finely and will be ripe early in May.

—The wheel of fortune sometimes goes around with a whiz and a whirr that make the head swim. A. B. Wilson, the sewing machine man, died worth millions. His daughter has just made application for admission to the Waterbury, Conn., almshouse as a common pauper.

Thrusts and Parries.

As indicating the drift of sentiment among the silverites, we note the opinion of once Governor R. K. Colcord, of Nevada, which we find in the Phoenix (Ariz.) Republican:

"I am a Republican and believe thoroughly in the principles of that party, but I do not believe that it can continue in power by advocacy of the single gold standard. During the last few months I have traveled extensively, and everywhere I find a most bitter opposition to that policy. The people may not be wildly clamorous for the free and unlimited coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1; for in fact the idea of any ratio is not very greatly developed with the average citizen. The idea prominent with him is that one metal has been struck down, and he wants it rehabilitated. The Democrats will press this view for all it is worth, and shrewdly omit the 16 to 1 phase of the question in 1900. By so doing they will sweep the country unless there is a great change in the conditions now existing. The American people really want bimetallism—gold and silver—and if silver is restored to its former place as money, will be content to let congress establish the ratio."

When it is admitted that the ratio is not a divinely established and immutable one, and is "established" by law, a very long stride has been taken toward a position where Democrats can get together.

The most absurd phrase that was ever admitted to common use in the English language is the prefix "Honorable," usually given to members of congress and the like.—Princeton Union.

If it were only confined to them it would be endurable, but it is sometime prefixed to names of men who really are honorable, and they suffer from the implication raised that they are members of congress or the legislature.

A South Carolina paper calls upon the people to "raise corn, meat, sorghum, potatoes and prepare the land for a large small grain crop next fall."—Chicago Tribune.

The adroitness of that Southern editor is striking. Whatever way the market goes he can insist he advised correctly.

It "transpires" that she does "get" one occasionally, and that it is "set."—St. Paul Globe.

No, no! It "sweats" that she does "git" one occasionally, and that it is "sit." The Globe must be consistent with itself.—Faribault Democrat.

The Globe always is. Do you not comprehend the irony of quotation marks?

What St. Joseph needs is better sidewalks. It remains to be seen what good the new inspector will accomplish.—St. Joseph Gazette.

And what the Gazette needs is better English.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL.

GRAND.

Gilmore and Leonard are announced on the programme at the Grand as "Ireland's Kings." Perhaps it is their regal position that makes them so lacking in knowledge of the brogue of the common people of their realm. Mr. Gilmore's dialect may be the real thing among the "upper circles" of Ireland, but it is woefully unlike anything current in walks of life less exalted than the kingly.

Which statement of fact does not interfere with the other very patent fact that they head a lot of very clever people in a farce-comedy olla-podrida that is not at all bad to take.

"Hogan's Alley" is funny. Not the thing itself, because there is nothing to the piece, but it affords a vehicle for the exhibition of some good specialties. A very yellow Yellow Kid is the only feature of the piece that makes good, in any sense, the title. There is the alley, a semi-rural scene and a burlesque roof garden. By any other name or in any other sort of a setting the specialties would be just as good. One must needs be bilious indeed if with the rapid action and bright dialogue of "Hogan's Alley" he cannot laugh every five minutes at least.

Eddie O'Dell does some really clever acrobatic work. He is clever in other directions and his monologue during the performance of his specialty is far from being of the mediocrity common to knockabout acrobats.

Tony Murphy's character dancing is excellent. Mazie King does some remarkable and unconventional dancing, and the Le Page sisters do a neat turn in singing, dancing and lightning changes, which earned them repeated encores.

W. J. Hagan sang some songs, among them one composed by Gilmore and Leonard dealing with the Maine incident, which elicited much sympathy from the gallery and caused several individual declarations of war.

There were other specialties, and none of them bad. The piece is well mounted and the fun is fast enough to satisfy any one. The house was packed and every specialty was warmly received. Altogether "Hogan's Alley" is among the best of the farce comedies that have come to the Grand this season.

REPEATED FOR FUN.

"I'd like to know someone that hasn't got something in the way of a secret up his sleeve," said the man with the white spats in a pause in the conversation.

There were a number of men sitting in the corridor of the Ryan hotel yesterday afternoon. They had been talking about criminals generally, and it had all started from a discussion of the Moshik hanging.

"The man don't live that would have the real history of his past life told in detail," continued he of the spats. "I heard once of just such a discussion as this, and one man in the party would not have it that there were no men altogether on the square. He pointed particularly to a well known bishop whose life had been notably pure and upright. A cynic insisted that the upright man certainly had something hidden, and said he would prove it. He took a sheet of paper and wrote on it, 'Fly. All is discovered.' Then he addressed it to the bishop. The upright man has never been seen since."

About 12 o'clock Saturday night a couple of men and a boy were engaged in pushing the night owl lunch wagon, that stands on the postoffice corner, along Wabasha street to a new location at the corner of Seventh.

Deputy Sheriff Marks and a friend were making their way home when the procession came along. "Hello," said Marks, "remarkable things they do nowadays without making much ado about it. I see they're moving the Waldorf again."

A small boy with a bunch of papers under his arm rested himself against a post in front of the Endicott arcade yesterday morning. He had probably gotten up early, and was apparently tired. He forgot to call out his papers, and they hung loosely in the hollow of his arm.

A horse was hitched to the post that the boy leaned against. He was not a very brilliant-looking horse, and wouldn't bring much money at a raffle. But he had his appetite with him. He reached out and nosed the bunch of papers for a minute. Then he nipped one and pulled it out of the bunch. He chewed it a bit, gave it a flourish and proceeded to swallow what he could of it.

The boy came to and made a vicious kick at the horse. A passing wayfarer stopped, laughed and bought a paper, and gave the boy a dime. "Leave the horse alone," he said. "He's absorbing information."

He may or may not have been from the country, but it was evident that cable cars were something of a novelty to him, for he sat on the grip and watched the proceedings with a frank interest.

He was worried when the Selby avenue hill came in sight, and when the car started up the steep incline his eyes began to bulge, his body was bent at a sharp incline, and he held on tight.

He heaved a deep sigh of relief as the car leveled itself over the top of the hill and he realized that he was out of immediate danger.

"Summit," shouted the conductor.

The man who may or who may not have been from the country looked around with an expression that was half scorn and half pity.

"Say," he remarked audibly to the passenger next to him, "where is that fool who thinks we imagine we have been going down hill?"

There have been "Dagoes" on the police force in other days. There was the Dell 'Osso, of medieval memory, whose name had been a source of terror to the Dagoes on the flats, even as in other days the Dell'Osso gonfalon had been a terror to the enemies of Florence.

Then there was that other son of the South who had not got quite as far as a place on the force, but whose ambition had led him to add two inches to his stature—on paper. He stuffed his shoes. But the only present member of the force who had to abjure Humbert of Italy when he became an American citizen is now attached to the central station, and he is quite as full of vaulting ambition as though the eyes of all Italy were upon him. And thereby hangs this o'er true tale.

He has not been long on the force. He is enthusiastic. He has visions of himself passing through the various grades of "coppership," and attaining finally to the unbending dignity of a seat in the swing chair that occupies the inner sanctum. It was necessary that he should inform himself of small matters in the line of duty, and he would not expose himself to ridicule by asking questions. There is, even to the man of no emotions, something mysterious about a fire alarm box. Who has not felt a desire to ring in a fire alarm, and have those prancing steeds come dashing up as though in response to the waving of a magician's wand?

The Italian copper had a key to the alarm box, but it had not as yet been his proud privilege to summon the fire department. He didn't quite know how he would act when some night he saw flames bursting from the roof of a building, and it lay with him to become the savior of life and property. He experimented. It was about 2 in the morning. He picked out a box on lower Seventh street. It, the box, was fastened well up on a pole, and he speculated. He had a key that would fit the box. The key was attached to a chain, and the chain was fastened to the star that adorned his overcoat. It would be well to inform himself of the working of the box. So he pushed his key into the keyhole and turned it part way. And just then he heard the whistle of the sergeant a block or more away, and he tried to respond.

The key would not come out of the box. These boxes are so made that when the key is inserted it cannot be taken out until the chief in command of the fire department comes and releases it.

The copper didn't know this, and he worked at the key.

Again came that whistle.

He got desperate; the sergeant would think he was neglecting his duty, and still the key would not give way. He felt like a man chained in the midst of rising waters. He could not release the chain from the star. He muttered "cospetto," "sapristi" and "caramba," or whichever of these remarks is appropriate for utterance under like circumstances.

Another shriek from that warning whistle and he had an inspiration. He slipped out of his coat, and, leaving it hanging to the box, tore madly off up the street to where Sergeant Ross stood.

"Where were you?" growled Ross, as the Italian came to the salute.

"Signor Sergeant-a, I maka de bada mistake. I lose-a de coat; I soak-a de key."

And Ross had to send for the fire department to get the key out of soak.

Probably Had Nothing to Bequeath.

From the Cleveland (O.) Leader.

An editor died in Philadelphia a few days ago and members of his family are worried because they can't find a will. He must have been one of those people who wisely regarded wills as mere formalities when the heirs can agree and as worse than useless when there is to be a fight anyway.

Annexation's True Inwardness.

From the Richmond (Va.) Dispatch.

In the time during which the scheme has hung fire the public have been gradually coming to an appreciation of the jobbery that is in it, and as a consequence a strong sentiment against annexation is manifesting itself all over the country. The people are beginning to see that the movement is entirely a selfish one, in the interest of a few persons. They are coming to understand that the whole business is, when reduced to its last analysis, a conspiracy on the part of a ring to guard against the possibility of losing what amounts to a bounty of some $5,000,000 annually.

NORTHWEST NEWS AND VIEWS.

From the Ortonville Journal.

Those state papers that are banking on the acumen and political purity of the St. Paul Dispatch will be begging to be soundly kicked by the highest bidder before the seared leaves and ripened fields of another autumn touch the heart with their melancholic wand.

From the Adrian Democrat.

It seems Dan Shell, agent of the machine at Worthington, is desirous of turning down Dar Reese, agent of the gang in St. Paul. Reese now holds the office of clerk of the supreme court, and Shell wants his job. We were under the impression heretofore that the machine was better organized than to allow two of its stokers to indulge in a hair-pulling contest for the same place.

From the Albert Lea Standard.

The fact is, and it can be shown by every place that has tried it, that, while the retail sale of liquors for a time is less under no license, yet it continually increases and grows worse; the disregard for law and the impossibility of enforcing it is more open, demoralizing and evident, and in most cases the situation in a few years becomes an evil of scandalous proportions.

AT THE HOTELS.

ASTORIA—R. L. Miller, Sioux City; L. A. Wilson, Duluth; F. Johnson, Philadelphia; M. Lawrence and wife, Austin, Minn.; A. B. Johnson, Black River Falls, Wis.; A. Smith, Chicago; James McDowell, Duluth; Frank Schaffer, Duluth; F. S. Stough, Minneapolis; F. D. Foley, Minneapolis; I. T. Dugan, Barnesville; M. A. Box, Barnesville.

CLARENDON—L. J. Kinnie, Superior; B. F. Dumont, New York; H. Rasmusson, Moorhead; John H. Smith, Detrad, Minn.; John Kronschnabel, Fraer, Minn.; M. Conklin, Jamestown; F. Chamberlain, Duluth; Charles E. Brown, Chicago; Dr. D. J. McMahon, Waseca; C. M. Constans, B. E. C.; S. A. Watson and wife, Portland, Or.; Thomas Morcan, Oregon; C. A. Patterson, Fargo, N. D.; C. Hensch, Chicago; N. Greengard and wife, Windom, Minn.

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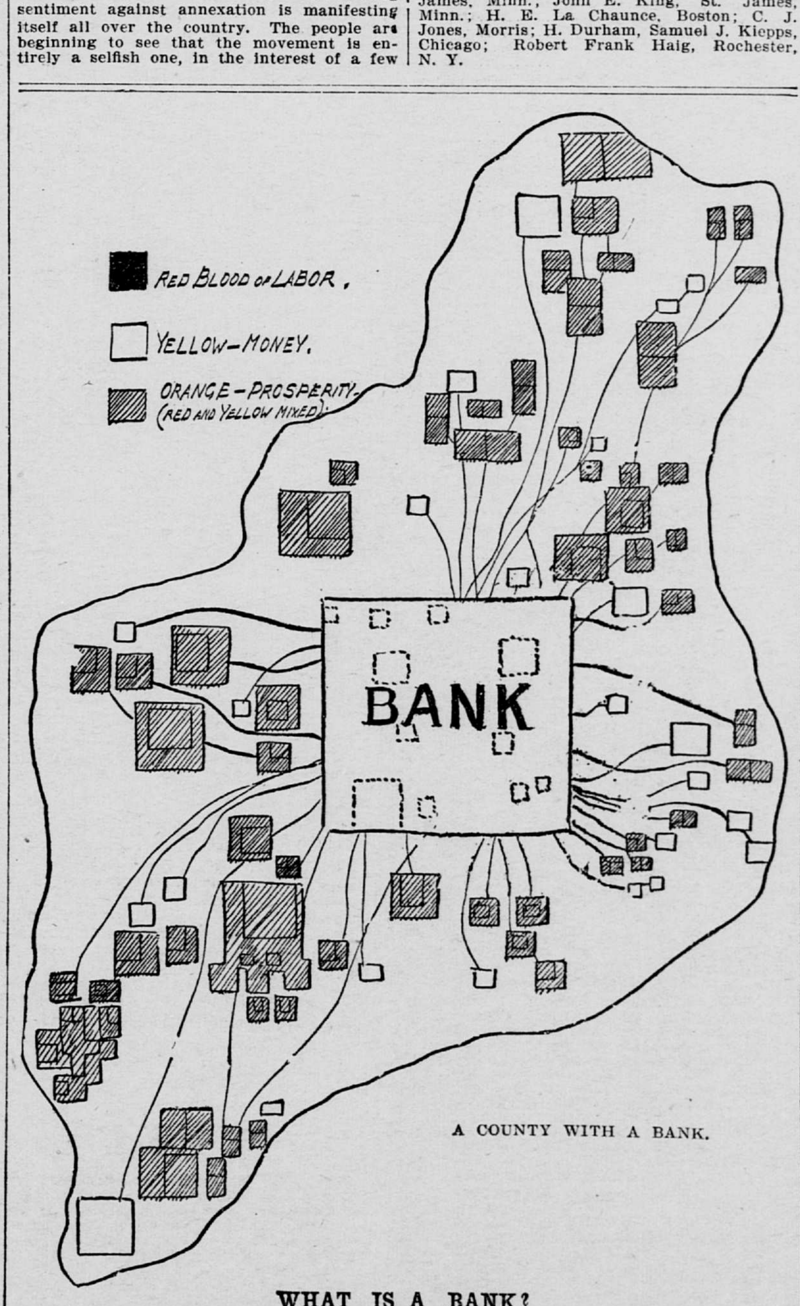

A COUNTY WITH A BANK.

WHAT IS A BANK?

XI.

A COUNTY WITH A BANK.

If you take the two colors (red and yellow) and mix them, you get orange color.

Orange stands for fruit—for something done —for **prosperity.**

The picture on the opposite page shows the same county after a Bank has been started.

It shows the Bank drawing together the yellow Money from all points, in one block ready for use.

It also shows all the red Labor blocks drawing on the yellow Money, and turning both into **orange.**

One part of red and one part of yellow make TWO parts of orange.

So that there is twice as much orange (or fruit of labor—Prosperity) produced as there was of Labor or Money alone.

Orange represents prosperity.

If orange is wanted, and it means everything that all—rich and poor—are working for, then how much better off is the place where the Bank brings Capital and Labor together, producing comfort and happiness as a result of Both Capital and Labor being rewarded.

In the county without a bank, Labor struggles on alone, getting little to show for its work, and suffering much.

Money is hidden, and might just as well be under the sod.

It is from places like this that the people call for more money.

They know they want something.

They think they want Money.

They are in distress.

What they really want is to get the money, of which there is already enough, **into circulation.**

That is what the Bank does.

It puts money into circulation and makes it possible for labor to earn what it should.

INDIFFERENCE TO CHURCH

CHRISTIAN FAITH A MERE MATTER OF OPINION

Rev. Father Danehy Continues His Course of Doctrinal Sermons—Preaches From the Text "Preach the Gospel to Every Creature. He That Believeth Not Shall Be Condemned"—Text of the Sermon.

Rev. Father Danehy, continuing his course of doctrinal sermons, spoke last evening at the cathedral on the subject of "Indifference in Matters of Faith." His text was taken from Mark xvi., "Preach the Gospel to every creature. * * * He that believeth not shall be condemned." He spoke in substance as follows:

God, our Creator, has made known to us those duties by the fulfillment of which we can be saved. First among those duties is that of believing in Him and in all that He has revealed. His revelation is brought to the world by His Divine Son, Jesus Christ, and spread to all nations by that body of men whom He commissioned to teach it.

This is plain from the words of the text. Jesus Christ did not leave men any room for reasonable doubt either as to what He taught, or as to their duty to believe every article contained in that revelation. "He that believeth not shall be condemned." If these words do not make of faith a solemn duty binding upon all men, no words could do so.

But at the same time that He tells us we must believe somewhat, He also tells us what it is that we must believe. His divine revelation He entrusted to "faithful men who should be fit to teach others also." All that the apostles and their lawful successors teach as revealed by Him is to be believed under pain of God's condemnation. Our Lord Himself promised to be always with them to ensure the fulfillment of their arduous task to the latest day.

He sent the Holy Ghost upon them, who should abide with them always, and bring to their minds all things whatsoever He had commanded them. He therefore made all due provision that the faith which He exacted from His intelligent creatures should not be a blind faith. They have the assurance of God Himself that every doctrine to which they are bidden to assent is as true as God Himself is.

That a doctrine is contradicted does not lessen its truth. The plain and simple teaching of the Catholic church, confirmed as it is by the writings of the apostles and their companions, is today contradicted or disregarded by millions of men. These men are Christian men, too. In our own country, which we are proud to call a Christian land, this elementary truth is set aside by a majority of our fellow citizens. They belong to no church, or they attach themselves to some church that suits their fancy or convenience. They seem, too, to be contented to go on in this way. It has become a common saying with them that it is of no consequence what religion a man professes, or whether he professes none at all, provided he be a good man.

If this reasoning were true, indifferentism would be the only religion. All would be well with men of any church or no church. Their religious state would be as safe as it is sometimes convenient. But this reasoning is false. Its falsity is as grave as it is palpable.

Averse as our age too often is to weighing and defining its terms, it will call a man a good man, even though he neglect his most sacred duty. He may not, indeed, defraud his customers in business, or fail to support his family, or take the life of his fellow man, and still hope to enjoy the honorable title of "a good man." No, thank God, we have not come to that pass. But when he has fulfilled all his civic and social duties the spirit of our day permits him to believe that he has no further duty to perform. It goes further. It practically denies that he owes any sacrifice to God. So far from rebuking him, it flatters him that he is a good man, even though he make open profession of disregarding all religious obligation.

Now, in God's sense of the word, that man is not a good man. He owes a duty to society, indeed, but he owes allegiance to God as well. These things he ought to have done, and not to have left those undone. We have done our whole duty only when our obligations both to God and man are carefully discharged.

We recognize without hesitation in civil life the principle which God's church here enforces. Men are not at liberty to tamper with the civil law, or to obey so much of it as suits them, or none at all. They are not even permitted to explain it after their own fashion. The courts interpret the law. To their interpretation of it all must bow. All the power of the state is at hand to enforce obedience. In these conditions alone can we have peace and comfort. Withdraw any one of them and forthwith society is plunged into anarchy.

Men are not at liberty to adulterate the coin of the land. The dollar that is not currently received for one hundred cents is not a dollar. He who would attempt to issue it for such is liable to the punishments set down in the statute. The standard is established, and, think what they may of it, to that standard they must conform. Nor did any man ever think of justifying his violation of it by saying that what he holds to be good money is good. The defense is too absurd to be thought on. Yet this is what men do in religion. They claim the right to expound God's written word according to their own understanding, and to render to God just that form of worship that best suits their whim or their interest. God, then, is less wise than even man is. He has provided no court that will interpret His law. In the kingdom of truth upon earth He leaves every man free to utter spurious coin if he will, and come off unpunished.

It was not always thus in Christendom. Only a few centuries back men had a standard of Christian life and worship. They might not, indeed, live up to it, but they never claimed the right to set it aside. God had established it, man might not tear it down. The change came when men denied the supreme judicial power of God's accredited representatives. The written law was set up as the court of last appeal. Such a step was unexampled in the annals of Christianity.

From the very outset the results were fatal. Men began at once to disagree as to what Jesus Christ taught. As there was no tribunal or authority of any kind by which to decide the momentous question, they have gradually fallen into a state of apathy about it, and the Christian faith is become for millions a mere matter of opinion. All the theories that have since been adopted by various Christian bodies were hit upon with the hope of repairing that fatal mistake. The hundreds of sects into which Christian men outside the church are divided prove how utterly those theories have failed. "In religion we agree to differ" is the sad formula that they have reached at last. Of this state of mind indifferentism is the natural outcome.

The conclusion is plain. God wishes all men to come to the knowledge of the truth. Therefore, we cannot be indifferent to the truth. To teach this truth to men God sent His only begotten Son, whose apostles in their successors continue His work throughout all time. Therefore, we cannot be indifferent to their teaching.

In our civic life we recognize this principle of an authoritative standard as the only true one. It is much more imperative in our religious life. The indifferentist is in contradiction with himself. He respects some of God's commandments and rejects others that are equally binding. No commandment is more solemnly enounced than that of faith, for "he that believeth not shall be condemned."

Having abandoned the Catholic church, humanity's God-given guide, little wonder is it that men have strayed from the path to heaven. When they return to that guidance their feet will once more be set securely in the blessed way.

And They Saw Signs.

From the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Times.

A little after 8 o'clock last night there appeared in the northern sky a fiery shaft shaped for all the world like a great sword blade, that remained in a vertical position for upwards of two hours, and then gradually melted away. Thousands of people in both this borough and Manhattan witnessed the strange and beautiful sight, and it caused cold shivers to flow down the spinal cords of the superstitious and believers in uncanny portents. A great bank of red cloud appeared beneath the vertical swordlike shaft, but it soon melted away, leaving the shaft alone in all its glory.

Reformed Too Soon.

From the Boston Herald.

Col Watterson sees lively times ahead in politics, and he begins to feel very much like the newly enrolled member of the Young Men's Christian association, who, first introduced to Paris, enthusiastically exclaimed: "What a lovely place to have a good time if I hadn't experienced a change of heart!"

And the Editors Are Happy.

From the Cleveland (O.) Plain Dealer.

An Italian editor has killed a poet. A significant fact is that he killed him just at the opening of spring.