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SUNDAY'S WEATHER.

Fair; Variable Winds.

By the United States Weather Bureau.
MINNESOTA—Fair; northerly winds, becoming variable.
NORTH DAKOTA—Fair; northerly winds, becoming variable.
SOUTH DAKOTA—Fair; northerly winds; becoming variable.
WISCONSIN—Fair weather; light west to northwest winds; colder Sunday night.
IOWA—Fair and warmer; winds becoming northwesterly.
MONTANA—Fair weather; southerly winds.

YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURES.

Boston	50-62	Cheyenne	58-58
Chicago	44-48	Cincinnati	60-64
Helena	66-68	Montreal	48-56
Pittsburg	50-58	New York	46-54
Buffalo	50-58		

YESTERDAY'S MEANS.

Barometer	29.97
Mean temperature	42
Relative humidity	83
Wind at 8 p. m.	Northwest
Weather	Partly cloudy
Maximum temperature	52
Minimum temperature	33
Daily range	19
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	0.0
La Crosse	10	4.7	*0.1
Davenport	15	5.0	0.0
St. Louis	30	18.4	*0.1

*Rise.

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

ATLANTIC LINERS.

NEW YORK—Arrived: La Champagne, Halifax; Paris, Southampton; Etruria, Liverpool. Sailed: Palatia, Hamburg; Lucania, Liverpool; Manitoba, London; La Bretagne, Havre; Rotterdam, Bremen; Furnessia, Glasgow.
COPENHAGEN—Sailed: Thingvalla, New York.
LIVERPOOL—Sailed: Georgic, New York; Campania, New York. Arrived: Bovic, New York.
SOUTHAMPTON—Sailed: St. Paul, New York.
ANTWERP—Sailed: Westerniand, New York.
QUEENSTOWN—Arrived: Umbria, New York.
PHILADELPHIA—Sailed: Belgenland, Liverpool.

TODAY'S EVENTS.

METROPOLITAN—"The Black Bostonians," 8 PM.
GRAND—Hopkin's Trans-Oceanic Star Specialty company, 8 PM.
Baseball, Lexington park, Saints vs. Hamm's Experts, 3 PM.
Revival service, Central Park M. E. church, Cressley and Hunter, 3 PM.
Sixth Ward Hebrew league, State and Kentucky, 8 PM.

—Col. Kiefer's life has evidently been a series of kind acts to those in need of assistance.—Dispatch. Of course, the Dispatch can name some of the colonel's charities. Will it do it for the information of the people of this city? The colonel could afford to be charitable, as he has been either seeking or holding office for forty years, and has drawn in salaries and fees from $70,000 to $100,000.

—It will seem strange to have a city assembly made up wholly of Democrats, but that is just what we will have after the May election, counting Messrs. Nash and Johnson, and they are pretty good Democrats this spring and any other springs that will follow thereafter.

—The request of the queen regent of Spain to Victoria to help her because they are both widows is unique. Cuba, too, will be something of a widow when she is made free, but she will like the new state of things nevertheless.

Condolences Returned.

Two years ago St. Paul schools felt the effect of the movement for a reduction of assessments for taxation. The schools were caught between the arbitrary limitation of the percentage of taxation for their support and the very largely reduced valuation of property. The prohibition of special legislation prevented amendment of the charter provision, and the board and council had nothing to do but to cut the garment to the cloth.

Our contemporaries of the other Twin were profuse in their profession of regret for what they called the reckless extravagance in municipal administration that had so impaired the finances of the city, and especially were they lachrymose over the selection of the schools for the pruning knife. They chose to ignore the legal difficulty that made the school fund the one victim of a deficiency of funds, and left it to appear that the general financial condition of the city was bad.

Now Minneapolis is having her turn. It is no legal obstacle that has shortened the school year and made a slash of $90,000 in next year's school expenses necessary; it is merely bad financial management. Last week the board of education cut out $50,800 of expenses, teachers, salaries, supplies, and the list must be still farther pruned. A spasmodic effort was made to raise the $90,000 needed to keep the schools running for the full time this year, but the effort was abandoned because it received no support from the people best able to contribute. It is a long lane that has no turn, and Minneapolis has met her angle.

We now return the condolences and counsel tendered St. Paul by Minneapolis, through the Times in its issue of Jan. 3, 1896, with no other change than the substitution of Minneapolis for St. Paul:

> It seems strange to the members of a public-spirited and self-respecting community that any city with an average amount of local pride, and a decent appreciation of the importance of the public schools as factors in the material as well as the intellectual and social development of the city, would deliberately propose to make those institutions the first and worst victims of past municipal extravagence and mismanagement. It is almost incredible that Minneapolis should shrink from any reasonable sacrifice, in order to maintain the efficiency of her schools. Surely there are more suitable objects and methods of retrenchment than the educational department. Better go without street improvements for a year or two, cut down the salaries in all the city departments, economize to the utmost limit of safety in the fire and police departments, if necessary, appeal to the capitalists and enterprising business men for voluntary contributions to maintain the city's credit—do any or all of these things, rather than apply the squeezing process to the institutions which, more than all others, make good citizens and give the community assurance of a wholesome and beneficent future.

If Minneapolis finds a bitter taste in these returned condolences and counsel, it will be because of the substitution now of fact for the hypocrisy with which they were flavored when tendered to St. Paul.

One Point of Similarity.

There is a disposition on the part of his admiring organs to compare McKinley to Lincoln. With every disposition to be just, we fail to find but one parallel, and that is in the selection of a person to fill the important post of war secretary. Lincoln ratified the bargains that had been made in consolidating the opposition to Seward, and appointed Simon Cameron for war secretary, the most important office in the cabinet at that time. The record which that arch jobber made in the few months in which he shared with army contractors their robbery of the public funds is common property. So notorious did his jobbery become that his removal became unavoidable, and Lincoln let him down easy with the Russian mission.

Already there come from Washington rumors of jobs in arms and coal which serve to recall the record made by the present war secretary. They revive the memory of his connection with the formation of the Diamond Match trust, that bled the consumers of this country so copiously for years. They recall to memory the suit of the Detroit manufacturer of matches whose property Alger and his partner absorbed, and whose suit for restitution the supreme court of the United States had to dismiss because his contract with Alger was against public policy, though the court gave Alger and his partner a roast that was no certificate of good moral character or of common honesty. They bring up again John Sherman's charge of the purchase by Alger of Southern delegates pledged to him, in the national convention of 1888. And they suggest that the secretary will bear careful watching now. The parallel will be complete should the president, before snow flies, find some vacant foreign mission as a convenient let-down for his war secretary.

Blind to Its Inconsistency.

> The curfew law, where it exists, takes another hitch in the control of the state over the personal liberty of the citizen. It goes farther than most innovations of that character in that it invades the family life of citizens and usurps control of their children.—Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle.

The Democrat and Chronicle is one of the most rabid supporters of ultra protection that comes to our exchange table. It out-Dingleys Dingley in its attribution to McKinleyism of all the virtues that work for prosperity and the advancement of the nation. It regards the policy of protection as divine in its origin as the tables delived on Sinai. If pushed to an expression of its deepest convictions, we doubt not it would avow its faith that that policy was inadvertently omitted from inscription upon those historic tables. And yet we find this ardent advocate of the policy of governmental interference with the liberty of the individual to expend his earnings where and how he will, buying what he will of whom he will, opposing curfew ordinances because they "take another hitch in the control of the state over the personal liberty of the citizen."

Should the Democrat and Chronicle attempt to square its opposition to laws that "invade the family life of citizens and usurp control of their children" with its advocacy of laws that assume that the same citizens are unable to make for themselves judicious purchase of family necessaries, we apprehend that it would find itself in an unpleasant dilemma. It certainly seems to follow with all the certainty of logic that men who are unfit to be allowed to buy where they will are unfit to have unrestrained control of their children. But this paper is not the only instance of this glaring inconsistency. There are others in plenty.

Our "Interests" in Cuba.

The interference of the United States with the insurrection in Cuba for the purpose of bringing about a cessation of hostilities is justified by its proponents on two grounds, the injury to our material interests that has followed the outbreak, and the shock to our sensibilities given by the brutalities of the warfare there waged. We have preferred to put the justification on the first ground because we have been unable to idealize the insurrectionists and measure them by the same standards by which people of our race are measured. A people whose greatest delight is a Sunday bull fight cannot be judged or gauged by the same standards that would be properly applied to a people whose civilization revolts at such a display at any time, and especially on such a day.

The sole question, as we have heretofore put it, is whether there is such injury to the welfare of this country, to its material, commercial interests, as to warrant our putting a stop to the struggle, peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary. In his reply to the memorandum of the powers, the president spoke of the "chronic condition of disturbance there which so deeply injures the interests and menaces the tranquillity of the American nation, * * * besides shocking its sentiment of humanity," thus putting foremost the material interests affected. The humanitarian ground was largely cut out from under the feet of those who made it their sole foothold by the recent release of the reconcentrados and the appropriation made for their return to the country and support there until they could become self-supporting. The ordinary hardships of warfare would not, alone, warrant interference.

The material interests are largely commercial in their nature. They include the mutual interchange of products, the sale to Cuba of our produce and the purchase of hers. These are matters of statistics. The investments of our citizens in sugar plantations and in mines and shipping amount to a very large sum, incapable of precise statement, the profitableness of which has been seriously impaired where not wholly destroyed. Claims already filed with the state department aggregate many million dollars. The Cuban trade, diminished by the revolt of 1868-79, was increasing steadily. Our exports of $10,000,000 in 1888 rose to $24,000,000 in 1893, and in 1894, preceding this outbreak, were $20,000,000. They fell to $12,000,000 in 1895, $7,500,000 in 1896, and $8,250,000 in 1897. On the other hand, our imports of Cuban products, amounting to $50,000,000 in 1888, rose to nearly $79,000,000 in 1893, and fell, under the blight of insurrection, to $18,400,000 in 1897. Here is a disturbance of commerce, the direct consequence of the revolt, sufficient to justify the use of means to prevent its continuance, without reference to the disturbance of domestic markets and the peace of mind of our people by the warlike conditions excited in this country.

—Doesn't Mr. McKinley need a new commander-in-chief of the army and navy?

—Somebody is trying to attach a fuse to all the peace resolutions.

—After the election in Milwaukee the town went right ahead doing the usual thing—drinking all the beer it could get.

—Of course, if we do go to war, we may conclude to annex Spain and turn it over to Mr. Pingree for one vast potato patch.

—This is a sort of an evening-up time for the "yellow" journals. They do not make any wilder guesses than the white journals.

—The council will be Democratic after the first of June, but it will lack a certain style of entertainment. Timothy Reardon will not be there.

—The vernacular of the noble game of draw has become enriched. "You can bluff like a Spanish Don" will be heard at every table in the land.

—The Wall street scalpers are in clover. The kind of war talk that is for peace one day and war the next keeps stocks bobbing in an entertaining fashion.

—Bangor, Me., has gone Republican fifty-nine times in succession. Bangor should go Democratic at least once just to get a delightful, champagne-sort of a sensation.

—Every Democrat hopes the rumor abroad that Mr. Kiefer is going to withdraw is untrue. Let's have an expression of opinion on the "perennial pursuer of the political plum."

—Spain's goose is cooked now sure. George Gould has offered his yacht Atlanta to the government, and, what is more to the point, has placed everything he has at the disposal of Uncle Sam.

—Every voter of St. Paul has only this to remember. Mr. Erwin has no more show to be elected mayor of this town than Mr. Frost, and every vote cast for Erwin is just so much aid for Kiefer.

—The town is full of real Democrats who are willing to wager that Erwin's vote will not run more than 1,500 to 1,800, and that 75 per cent of this will be by men who voted for Doran in 1896.

—McKinley's crisis days are Mondays and Wednesdays. It is getting easy for him now. On Mondays he puts off war until Wednesday, and on Wednesdays he puts off the big fight until the following Monday again.

IS WANTED IN DULUTH.

St. Paul Police Asked to Keep a Weather Eye Open for One Otto Schneider.

Chief of Detectives Schweitzer yesterday received a telegram from the Duluth authorities asking that a watch be kept by the police in this city for Otto Schneider, a 17-year-old youth, wanted in the Zenith city for grand larceny

Schneider is described as an unusually tall youth for his age, dark complectioned, dark curly hair, thick lips and brown eyes. It is likely, the telegram states, that he may have in his possession $300 in cash and $900 in checks, payable to the Fred Miller Brewing company, of Duluth. The checks are signed by B. H. Reibel as agent.

Following is a special news dispatch explaining the case:

Duluth, Minn., April 9.—The safe in the office of the Fred Miller Brewing company, at Duluth, was opened last night and checks and cash to the amount of $1,200 were taken. Otto Schneider, a clerk, who had the combination of the safe, is missing, and suspicion points to him. The safe was opened by some one who knew the combination, or was able to work it. There was $300 in money and $900 in checks taken. One of the checks is a certified check on the First National bank of Appleton, Wis.

Taken Under Advisement.

The receivers of the Bank of Minnesota appeared before Judge Otis at the special term yesterday, for the approval of their second account, which was filed with the court some weeks ago. The question of the compensation to be allowed the receivers was also brought to the attention of the court.

Judge Otis took the matter under advisement.

EPISTLES TO ST. PAUL.

This must be true, for Ique Lederer confesses that it happened to him.

"I was waiting for a train at Jamestown, N. D., once," said Ique, "and it occurred to me that I might take advantage of the opportunity to have a look at the lunatic asylum. I went out leisurely and was walking along outside of the grounds and wondering how it would do for a place to finish in, when I heard someone shouting behind me. I looked around and saw an idiot waving a club and singing out to me to stop. I had a hunch that he was one of the inmates of the place, and that I didn't need to wait for him, but I waited until he got near enough to make sure that he belonged on the other side of the fence. He looked ferocious and the club was of good size and apparently serviceable. Says I to myself, 'You're a good thing to come all the way up here to die at the hands of a chump with a club.' Then I thought it would be as well to see if the train wasn't due.

"I didn't want to let him think that I was running away from him, and I felt that I could exercise hypnotic influence enough to put him to sleep if he did get near me, but somehow it's always easier to hypnotize a lunatic with a club than with your eye, and pretty soon I was jogging along at a better pace. He improved his speed and I put on a spurt. He shouted to me to stop, but I thought the train must be almost due, and I had better not stop. I glanced around and he was swinging his club and indulging in what the story-tellers call maniac laughter. My breath was about exhausted, and he was frothing at the mouth when I struck the railroad track. He bounded merrily along, and I pushed on panting and shouting now and then for help.

"I made the depot platform and fell exhausted against the door of the waiting room with the lunatic not two feet behind. I was framing up a prayer for mercy when he reached out and touched me on the shoulder.

"'Tag,' he says, 'you're it.'"

Francis Wheeler is an insurance man and lives at the Colonnade.

In the Colonnade elevator there is a little narrow shelf running the entire length of one side of the compartment, and on this shelf are always a dozen or more keys belonging to the different roomers.

Mr. Wheeler went home one night recently, after attending an Elks' social session, and had a good deal of trouble in picking out the key that opened his apartment. Mr. Wheeler did some thinking next day, and when he returned to the Colonnade he produced a cowbell, which he fastened to the key. Now whether he returns home early or late all he has to do is push his hand along the key-board until the warning tinkle tells him the location of the much desired article.

Wheeler has no more trouble about getting in his room, but it is said that some of the Colonnaders have objected to the bell, which has a tune that can be heard wandering through the halls an hour after Wheeler starts it going.

As the now familiar tinkle tinkles throughout the house, the third floor roomer, who is troubled with insomnia, turns over and says: "Thank goodness, the cows are home."

The devotion of Mr. Pfeiffer to the game of pinocle brought about his downfall. Mr. Pfeiffer and Mr. Schneider used to play scat together, and it is said of them that they were wont to get so interested in the game that they would make the stake a glass of beer for the first 2,000 points. Of late they have taken to pinocle, and the man at the bar is increasing in substance, for they only have to play a thousand points of the game for the beer.

Thursday afternoon Mr. Pfeiffer met Mr. Schneider in the Swiss Casino and challenged him to a session at pinocle.

Mr. Schneider would accommodate him, and they got the deck and a table all to themselves in a corner, ordered a couple of preliminary steins and begun business.

They had played four games and consumed four steins along about 6 o'clock, when they got into a controversy.

Now Mr. Pfeiffer is a gentleman of generous proportions, and weighs in the neighborhood of 300 pounds. He looks ferocious when he is most amiable—one of those men whom you look at and conclude that if he was to get mad he would appease his wrath by biting some one's leg off and beating his brains out with it. Mr. Schneider is a small man, but pugnacious; jealous of his rights, and inclined to get too far interested in his game to be companionable. He might weigh a little better than one-half the weight of Pfeiffer.

"How menny pe you?" asked Mr. Pfeiffer.

"Swei hunder und feunfsig," said Mr. Schneider, looking at his pile.

"Dot ish not—dot gennot pe," said Mr. Pfeiffer.

"Dot's righd," returned Mr. Schneider.

"You hev nod py de righd cound got," said Mr. Pfeiffer, getting a little excited. "I don like dot cound dot you geep."

"Vot ish dot? Dot I am a chead? You air a liar, Pfeiffer," and the little man got up from the table, and Pfeiffer got up, too.

"I am a liar? Schneider, of you don'd take dot beck I vill smetch you," he roared, and he pounded the table.

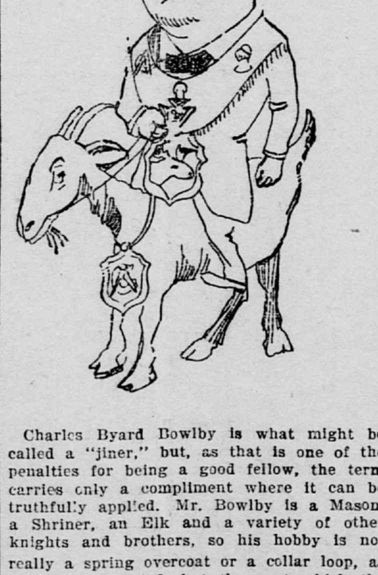
Schneider threw himself over the table and landed on the enlarged solar plexus of the big man. Pfeiffer went down into the corner, and the bartender and a small crowd of the curious ran up. Schneider spat on his hands and waited for the big fellow to get up; the other tried to get him out of the room before Pfeiffer killed him. He wouldn't go. Pfeiffer struggled to his feet, took his seat at the table, picked up the cards, and said:

"Schneider, air you goin' to play cards or air you goin' to geep on monkeyin'?"

—THE PHILISTINE.

HOBBIES THEY RIDE.

VIII.



Charles Byard Bowlby is what might be called a "jiner," but, as that is one of the penalties for being a good fellow, the term carries only a compliment where it can be truthfully applied. Mr. Bowlby is a Mason, a Shriner, an Elk and a variety of other knights and brothers, so his hobby is not really a spring overcoat or a collar loop, as might be expected, but the goat which the ignorant public has selected as the emblem of the mysteries, known only to those who have gone over the hot sands or have taken other unusual journies. It may be assumed that a man who is a Shriner understands the nature of the goat very thoroughly, so Mr. Bowlby doubtless enjoys riding his pet idea.

Contribution From a New York Boy.

From the New York Sun.

To Spain—Cuba must be free; and C—U—B—A little quick about it, too!

—Office Boy.

New York, April 5

SMILES FROM THE LATE WAR.

"When I see those young fellows out there offering themselves as recruits for the defense of the country I am reminded of the time I went out myself," said Capt. Harries, collector of internal revenue, pointing with his thumb in the direction of the room in which the naval recruiting board was doing its work.

"I am also reminded," he went on "that the time is approaching when the war stories that we old fellows have been telling will have to give way to others of more recent date if there is need for the services of these young fellows.

"Now here is a bunch of stories that belong to the annals of the civil war," and he held up a bunch of papers, "most of them are characteristic of the times and the men and some of them are perhaps antiquated in their style, but they are essentially American, or Irish, in their essential picturing of that kind of human nature that made up the army. Some of them are experiences of my own and some of them I picked up at camp fires, but I suppose they will give way soon to quite another style, and another story. Would I mind telling you some of them? Not a bit. Sit down there. Now they are not connected and they have no sort of sequence, but you are welcome to them, though it is even possible that some of them have been told before, and told better. Here goes:

"The Second Wisconsin infantry was originally uniformed by the state, in grey very much like the uniform of the confederacy. It was shoddy and soon wore out. After the first few months of campaigning in Virginia the regiment got to be known as the 'Ragged Second,' and a view of its rear rank, when on dress parade was a sight to behold. One bright afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln rode up in an elegant carriage to Kaloramo Heights, just as the regiment had formed for dress parade. Well, the parade was satisfactory and promised to end well, when to the horror and consternation of the men—especially those in the rear rank—the driver of the president's carriage started to drive around to the rear. The excitement was great and the colonel was in misery. He was just about, as a forlorn hope, to give the command 'about face' when a gallant officer stopped the driver and informed him the road was impassible in that direction, and, as the carriage turned and drove off in another direction there was a sight of relief such as was never so universally indulged in at the cessation of any action during the war.

"Some of the first officers appointed got their places through political influence, and they made queer samples of commanding officers. The Seventh Wisconsin, in its early history, had a colonel who had an influential German following and his appointment was forced. The way he used to get tangled when drilling his men was a caution.

"One day he was drilling his regiment by the front and rear rank firing, and commanded the rear rank to 'about face, ready, aim!' This sudden innovation brought the long line of file closers and officers to their knees, while the lieutenant colonel and the major immediately took to the woods. The adjutant shouted 'Colonel, that is not correct; you will shoot the file closers.' 'I don'd care a tam,' yelled the colonel, 'if yon colonel ish te mark, fire away,' and the sodiers emptied their muskets loaded with blank cartridges at the colonel, who a few days later was promoted to a foreign consulship, a polite way Mr. Stanton had of getting rid of officers who were not wanted in the field.

"The army was composed of so many different sorts of men and so many nationalities that there have survived stories of the peculiarities in language or custom of nearly every nation.

"For instance, there was a sergeant of a company in the Twenty-first New York who had an accent that was remarkable, and caused no end of fun, though he was a gallant soldier. He was a Cockney. One day he was drilling a funeral squad. They had almost reached perfection in 'reverse arms' and, marching down be.we.n the l nes, the s.rgeant said: 'Your 'eads and harms and heyes are correct, but you 'ave not the sorrow on your faces that you should 'ave for such a sad hoccasion.'

"It is a fact that has often been commented on that the Southerners really had no idea that the Yankees could fight. You'll remember that one which tells of the comment made by old Toombs, of Georgia, who said, when he was told that the Yankees would make a fight: 'Fight!' he said, 'why d—n 'em, we'll lick 'em with popguns.' He was reminded of his saying after the war. 'Well,' he said, 'so we could lick 'em with popguns, but d—n 'em, they wouldn't fight that way.'

"There is another story along the same line. Some time after the war there were gathered in the corridor of the Southern hotel at St. Louis a number of veterans who were fighting their battles over again. One of them, an ex-Confederate officer, said:

"'I belonged to a Mississippi regiment and the last mother's son of us expected to return home with at least a dozen Yankees' scalps dangling at his belt. Our orators had led us to believe that all we had to do was to show ourselves, and the Yankees would break for the tall timber. Our colonel was a planter who had never seen a real live Yankee, and he fully expected to plant our regimental colors on the dome of the national capitol before we had been out a month.

"'Just before Grant invested Donelson we encountered a scouting party of Michiganders and the colonel took the company to which I belonged and attempted to head them off. They made a hasty scamper for a brush field that was surrounded by a rail fence, and we broke ranks and lit out after them in go as you please order. Every man of us wanted a Yankee and realized that there was not enough of them to go around. Just as we mounted the fence we received a volley that laid a score of men out. Before we could recover from our surprise those Michiganders were over the fence and at work on us with their sabers and six shooters. We concluded that we had made a mistake and didn't want any Yankees after all and proceeded to get out. The colonel was the first man back to camp. Half of his left ear had been shot away and he had an ugly sabre gash in his shoulder. I helped the surgeon fix him up and after he had been made comfortable he turned to the major, who was also an editor and said solemnly: 'Yer've been tellin' up in yer darned old paper that the Yankees wouldn't fight. Dod rot your measly hide what do yer call fightin'?' The major replied that those men were Westerners—only half Yankees. "Only half Yankees," yelled the colonel. 'Damme ef I haint goin' home! If thems only half Yankees I'll just be dad burned ef I'm goin' ter tackle any whole ones.'"

"The wit of the Irish soldiers sometimes made a heavy march lighter and it never was wanting. I remember hearing a story of an Indiana regiment the chaplain of which was fond of the text: 'If God be with us who can be against us?' They had been getting it pretty regularly and were tired. One day the chaplain made the old proposition and the reply was shouted from the ranks: 'If yez really want to know sorr, its the divil and Jeff Davis.'

"Col. Gabe Bouck, of Wisconsin, is pretty thoroughly well known to Northwestern veterans. He is a peculiar looking man, has a wart on one side of his nose, and usually one side of his shirt collar standing up and the other down. He was a captain in the Second Wisconsin infantry, and one afternoon his attention as officer of the day was drawn to a crowd of soldiers assembled on the outskirts of the regimental camp grounds. We had taken out with the company, to which I belonged, a man we call Yank, as a general utility man. He was not enlisted as he was not qualified to perform the duties of a soldier, but he would make himself useful, however, doing odd jobs for the men. He'd got an idea into his head that if he could get an old horse and a Virginia cart he could go out and pick out some vegetables which he hoped to sell to the soldiers. He did finally get hold, in some way, of an old condemned cavalry horse that was about to die, and succeeded in bringing him to the place where Bouck saw the crowd assembled. Bouck elbowed his way into the center to see what was up and discovered the horse that was about to kick the bucket. Bouck asked Yank what he would take for the horse.

"'I'll tell you what I'll do,' said Yank; 'I'll take twenty-five cents for the horse, and take it in shirt collars and warts.'

"When Pickett's famous charge at Gettysburg failed, and a few of the men came back very much dispirited and downhearted, they were met by Gen. Lee, who told them to form in line again; that it was all his fault, but to rally around the colors again. He stopped the rout, but there was one man who was deaf to all entreaties, and was intent on going to the rear as rapidly as possible. Lee called him, saying: 'Hold on, my man; hold on; fall in.' But the soldier continued to run. The general rode after him and ordered him to stop, asking him if he were wounded, sick or hurt. The man replied that he was not. Lee ordered him again to stop where he was and fall into line, and the man at this burst into tears, much to Lee's astonishment. He said: 'Why do you cry? Are you a baby?' 'No,' said the soldier; 'but I wish to the Lord I was, and a girl baby at that; then I'd have no chance of being here.'

"The fact is, going to war is by no means a pleasurable thing to do. The enlisted men have some portion of honor and glory, but they get a good many hard knocks, and it was of one of these who enlisted on account of his love for the country that Gen. Longstreet tells the following story:

"Gen. Longstreet said that during the campaign of the winlerness he never had an opportunity to sleep except as his corps was passing him. One night he had planted himself in the angle of a fence and listened to the conversation of a couple of soldiers. One of them said to the other: 'I suppose its all right that we should march all night and fight by day. Of course its right that we should do that for the love of country. I suppose that we should be poorly clothed as we are for the love of country, and I suppose it's all right to be poorly fed for the love of country. And one should, if necessary, die for the love of country. I'm willing to. But there is just one thing that I want to say—that if I ever live to get out of this, I'll be d—d if I ever have another country.'"

THE SPRING ELECTIONS.

No newspaper's account of an uneventful election is complete if it fails to remark that "the election passed off quietly." That was the case in Anaconda yesterday, yet the spring election attracted a good deal of attention, and some of the wards were warmly contested. In Anaconda, the result was a substantial Democratic success. The election leaves the city council as it is at present, with eight Democrats and four Republicans. No question relating to municipal management, except along general lines, furnished an issue in this city yesterday. All around good men were running, good men were elected, and the result is altogether satisfactory. Anaconda has six wards. Three Democrats were elected and three Republicans.—Anaconda Standard.

Helena is to be commiserated upon the result of its election. It had an opportunity to continue under Democratic rule, which took charge of the city when it was in a condition bordering on bankruptcy, and placed it in a position of financial stability. It had a chance to continue so and to elect a mayor who would at least not have brought it into disrepute. But the thirst for office was too much for the Silver Republicans and the Gold Republicans and the Democratic ticket was sacrificed at the pie counter. Conspuez such an unholy alliance.—Butte Miner.

There was one drawback in Dubuque this spring—the attempt to run a mere local campaign upon a narrow, proscriptive, factional, 16 to 1 platform, to which many Democrats are opposed as a matter of principle, and many other Democrats who believe in the principle are opposed as a matter of policy. Dubuque seems to be the only place that has taken a backward step. Alone almost in the whole country it has gone from Democracy to Republicanism. It certainly shows that the leadership is faulty, for the current of public opinion is correct and setting in the right direction. She wants to pull herself out of that slough, and the sooner the better.—Dubuque Herald.

The people of Butte yesterday voted confidence in the city administration which it placed in office one year ago. The election of seven out of eight Democratic candidates for aldermen is significant. It shows that the citizens of Butte are satisfied with the progress made and have faith in the things yet to come. That is why they made it practically unanimous.—Butte Miner.

Yesterday's election resulted in a fusion victory in Great Falls. The Leader is frank to admit that it did not expect this result, and is disappointed over it. We hoped that at least one or two of the Republican candidates would win. The fusion majority was too much for them, however, and though that majority is somewhat reduced, the Republicans could not overcome it all.—Great Falls Leader.

NORTHWEST NEWS AND VIEWS

Many municipal elections were held throughout the country yesterday. And it was not a very good day for Republicans. The president's attitude on the Cuban question has not given his party any strength.—Duluth Herald.

As the government will probably need all her men-of-war on the brine, we have concluded not to press the matter of a couple of frigates for the Cannon river. We can get along with most any old thing—for spring fishing.—Faribault Journal.

The Populists of St. Paul have fused with Bill-Scannell Democrats and indorsed Bill Erwin for mayor. You can never tell what fool thing a body of politicians will do.—Stillwater Gazette.

Possibly never before in the history of the state of Kansas were the conditions for a bountiful yield of wheat more encouraging than they are at the present time, taking the entire wheat producing portions of the state into consideration. And not only is the outlook for an abundant harvest excellent, but the acreage is so much larger than last year that with anything like fair prices for this cereal the farmers of the state will be well rewarded for their labors.—St. Louis (Mo.) Gazette.

It is a matter of some moment to Oregon fruit-growers, as well as a source of congratulation, to know that the late frosts have had no effect upon the fruit trees. Oregon's fruit industry during the past few years has reached considerable proportions, and as the fine quality of our fruit becomes better known throughout the East, the demand for it increases. High freight rates yet militate to some extent against the green-fruit industry reaching the proportions it should, but when this obstacle shall have been overcome, as overcome it will be, Oregon fruits will be as well known throughout the East as those of California.—Portland (Or.) Telegram.

There is a good deal of discussion as to who is the richest man in the state, says the Princeton Union. Some say it is Jim Hill, some that it is Weyerhauser, and some that it is somebody else. But the richest man is the Mille Lacs county farmer who has every modern improvement on his farm except a mortgage, who has a good conscience, a contented family and who feels that he has enough. It is not what a man has that makes him rich, but what he doesn't want.—Crookston Times.

Donnelly's new father-in-law has just been given a fat job in the grain department of the Republican state administration. It is hinted that his illustrious son-in-law's enthusiasm as a mid roader had something to do with it.—Appleton Press.

Colonial Dames Ready to Work.

From the New York Sun.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 6.—The members of the Society of the Colonial Dames of Rhode Island have offered themselves for the service of their country. At the last meeting of the society it was voted to volunteer as members of a sanitary commission, similar to that great system which, during the last war, did so much to make easier the lot of the defenders in hospitals and the field. Resolutions were offered, and the officers of the society have already volunteered to form a commission, under the direction of the governor.

LIQUIDATION IN LOANS

BANKS DOING VERY LITTLE IN MERCANTILE CHANNELS

Changes Shown for the Week by the Associated Banks Heavier Than Usual, but the Net Decrease in Excess Reserve Only About Half a Million—Money Still Moving to the Interior.

NEW YORK, April 9.—The Financier says: The changes in the statement of the associated banks of New York city for the week ending April 9 were heavier than usual, but despite the fact that the operations which brought them about were of a nature to decrease the cash in banks, the excess reserve at the end of the week stood only $684,435 lower than at the close of the previous week. The largest decrease was in the deposit item, which fell off $12,399,900.

The loss in deposits was due to the continued interior movement and to liquidation in loans, although the shrinkage of $8,067,900 in this item was undoubtedly connected in part with sterling exchange transactions, by which the gold import movement is sustained. The higher rates for money have also operated to reduce the loan account, and every decrease counts, since the banks are doing very little business in mercantile channels.

The movement toward the interior assumed heavy proportions during the week, and the banks also lost through the subtreasury.

The decrease of $3,789,300 in cash was even less than expected, but, while the receipts of gold for the current week were nearly $5,000,000, the increase was but $1,420,800. The bank, which is the largest importer of specie, appears to have reduced its gold holdings over $4,000,000 and its deposits about $6,000,000, the latter being one-half the total loss reported by the sixty-five clearing house institutions.

The coming week will decide to a great extent the future rates for money. Under present conditions the movement to the interior will continue and the banks have been called upon for another 10 per cent of Union Pacific money now on deposit; the immediate outlook is for firmer money.

On the other hand a pacific solution of the Cuban crisis means an abnormally cheap money market.

BEFORE THE CENTURY CLUB.

Prof. Martha Foote Crowe, of the Chicago University, Delivers Her First Lecture.

A woman with a strong personality and a peculiar fascination all her own—Mrs. Martha Foote Crowe, a professor in the Chicago university, gave her preparatory lecture before the women of the Century club yesterday, and won for herself their very warmest approval.

Prof. Crowe spoke in Park Congregational church, this being the first of her Saturday series of lectures before the Century club and the collegiate alumnea. The subject of the series is "Shakespeare and England's Early Playwrights," and her remarks yesterday were on the early theaters, how they were built in the liberties and why the corporation of London would not allow them in the city.

She said that the way had already been prepared for the coming of Shakespeare, or for some one else. The natural course of evolution had made the opportunity, and Shakespeare was the one to profit by it. If it had not been he it would have been some one else.

She told of the effects of the Puritans on the theaters of that time, and how this led to their being prohibited in London.

The drama in the earlier days leaned more toward the spiritual, and in contrast to this Mrs. Crowe spoke of the fact that the present day critics study the method of the actor rather than the moral pointed by the author, which probably detracts from the latter.

The second lecture takes place next Saturday.

MAKES AN ASSIGNMENT.

The Provident Trust Company Turns Over Its Affairs to Edward Yanish.

The Provident Trust Co. yesterday filed in the district court an assignment, naming Edward Yanish as assignee. The deed of assignment, signed by Albert Scheffer as vice president and E. J. Devitt as secretary, states that judgment was entered and docketed against the company by E. De F. Barnett for $10,292.56 March 30, 1898.

As the company is indebted to divers persons in considerable sums and by reason of losses and misfortunes, is at present unable to pay said judgment and in order to prevent the judgment creditor or any one else from obtaining a preference and that all might be treated alike, the assignment was made.

The summons and complaint in the case, on which the judgment was secured against the Provident Trust company sets up that that in August, 1896, A. H. Castle and R. C. Munger, copartners as A. H. Castle & Co., became insolvent and made an assignment to E. De F. Barnett. That, as such assignee, Barnett, on Nov. 1, 1896, deposited with the trust company $2,300, and on Nov. 11, $7,501.49, and, although demand has repeatedly been made, has not been able to secure the payment of the certificates of deposit.

The trust company made no answer to the suit brought by Barnett and judgment was taken by default.

The Provident Trust company was organized in June, 1896, with a capital stock of $500,000, of which, according to the articles of incorporation, $200,000 was to be paid in when the company commenced business.

One of the gentlemen interested in the company stated yesterday afternoon that the company owed about $25,000 and would pay dollar for dollar.

STATE BOARD OF PARDONS.

Will Meet Tomorrow in the Governor's Offi and Consider Several Applications for Freedom.

The state board of pardons will hold a meeting in the governor's office tomorrow morning, at which time it will consider forty applications which have been made since the last meeting of the board. Most of the applications are from convicts serving short sentences.

The following applications were filed yesterday:

John St. Aubin, of St. Paul, sentenced March 22, 1897, to the state's prison for three years for the crime of grand larceny in the second degree, asks for a pardon. He is a very young man and was born and raised in St. Paul.

Erick Setterdahl, also of Ramsey county, is tired of workhouse fare. He was sent up for one year for grand larceny in the second degree, and thinks he has served long enough under Supt. Fitzgerald.

Melvin A. Barringer, of Minneapolis, asks for executive clemency. His offense was that of forgery in the second degree. He has been sojourning at St. Cloud.

Charles Hoshaw, another St. Paul man, asks for liberty. Six months in the workhouse was what the judge gave him for stealing from a store.

Edgar Webb, sent to the workhouse from Minneapolis for petty larceny, prays for a pardon. He was sentenced Feb. 23.

Talks About Bad Boys.

Ex-Gov. Peck's lecture at the Metropolitan opera house on Thursday next is certain to attract a large and distinguished audience. The popularity of the lecturer will no doubt contribute to this in no small measure, and then his subject will draw from such widely divergent elements.

Those who have a lively personal interest in bad boys will be anxious to discover the colonel's secret of developing the good in them, while others will be there prepared to enjoy with keenest relish anything he may say derogatory to the conventional good boy. And, if the reports that come from other towns where the lecture has been delivered, is true, both these classes will go away feeling that they have received the worth of their money.

Grocery Store Fire.

Fire in the grocery store of Rombeck & Selb.216 Rondo street, about 11 o'clock last night, caused a damage to stock and building of about $600. The property was uninsured.