THE ST. PAUL GLOBE

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1898.

Associated Press News.

CITY SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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BRANCH OFFICES.

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SUNDAY'S WEATHER.

Fair.

By the United States Weather Bureau. MINNESOTA—Generally fair; variable winds. WISCONSIN—Partly cloudy weather; light westerly winds. IOWA—Generally fair; variable winds. NORTH DAKOTA—Fair; southwest winds. SOUTH DAKOTA—Fair; southeast winds. MONTANA—Threatening weather; warmer in extreme northern portion; southeast winds.

YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURES—Boston, 60-64; Chicago, 58-62; Montreal, 52-60; New York, 64-64; Buffalo, 60-62; Pittsburg, 62-66.

YESTERDAY'S MEANS—Barometer, 30.20; mean temperature, 55; relative humidity, 62; wind at 8 p. m., calm; weather, clear; maximum temperature, 69; minimum temperature, 41; daily range, 28; amount of precipitation in last twenty-four hours, 0.

RIVER AT 8 A. M.

Station.	Danger Line.	Gauge Reading.	Change in 24 Hours.
St. Paul	14	3.2	*0.1
La Crosse	10	1.7	*0.1
Davenport	15	0.8	0.0
St. Louis	30	3.7	—0.2

*Rise. —Fall.

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

CHURCH SERVICES TODAY.

☞ These notices will be printed as part of the news of the day, and free of charge, every Saturday and Sunday. They should be forwarded so as to reach the City Editor of The Globe either Friday or Saturday afternoon.

Baptist.

WOODLAND PARK, Selby and Arundel. Evening prelude: "Helen Gould." Sermon: "Degrees of Sin."

Catholic.

ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. PAUL. Most Rev. John Ireland, archbishop; Rev. J. Starrha, vicar general, and Rev. Richard Cahill, secretary.

Saturday, Oct. 8—St. Bridget, widow.

Sunday, Oct. 9—Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost. Epist. Eph. iv. 23-28; Gosp. Matt. xxii. 2-14.

Monday, Oct. 10—St. Francis Borgia, Confessor.

Tuesday, Oct. 11—Feria.

Wednesday, Oct. 12—Feria.

Thursday, Oct. 13—St. Edward the Confessor, King of England.

Friday, Oct. 14—St. Callistus I., Pope and Martyr.

ASSUMPTION (German), Franklin and Ninth. Rev. Alfred Mayer. Services 6:30, 8 and 10 AM, 3 PM.

CATHEDRAL, Sixth and St. Peter. Rev. J. J. Lawler, pastor. Rev. William Colbert, Rev. J. H. Brannan, assistants. Services at 6, 7, 8, 9, 10:30 AM and 7:30 PM.

ST. AGNES', Kent and Lafond. Rev. M. Solnce, pastor. Rev. H. Smalian. Services 8, 9:15 and 10:30 AM, 3 PM.

ST. BERNARD'S, Albemarle, between Geranium and Rose. Rev. A. Ogulin. Services 8, 10 AM, 2:30 PM.

ST. CASIMIR'S, Jessamine and Forest. Rev. R. L. Guzowski. Services 8 and 10:30 AM, 3 PM.

ST. JOSEPH'S, Virginia and Carroll. Rev. John T. Harrison, pastor. Rev. W. P. Walsh, Rev. William Sheran, assistants. Services 6, 7, 8, 9, 10:30 AM, 7:30 PM.

ST. LOUIS' (French), Wabasha and Exchange. Rev. Henry Gros, pastor. Rev. J. Thomas, Rev. Alexander Hamet, assistants. Services 7, 8, 10 AM, 3 PM.

ST. LUKE'S, Summit and Victoria. Rev. Ambrose McNulty, pastor. Rev. Thomas Rehill, assistant. Services 7, 9, 10:30 AM, 8 PM.

ST. MATTHEW'S, 500 Hall. Rev. Father Jung. First Mass 8 AM. Second Mass 10 AM. Vespers 3 PM. Sunday school 2 PM.

ST. MARY'S, Ninth and Locust. Rev. T. J. Gibbons. Patrick Shea. Services 10:30 AM, 7:30 PM.

ST. MICHAEL'S, Parnell and Colorado. Rev. P. O'Neil. First Mass 8 AM. Children's Mass 9 AM. High Mass and Sermon 10:30 AM. Sunday school 2:30 PM. Vespers 7:30 PM.

ST. PATRICK'S, Case and Mississippi. Rev. J. F. Dolphin, pastor. Services 7:30, 10:30 AM. 7:30 PM.

ST. PETER CLAVER'S (Colored), Aurora and Farrington. Rev. T. A. Printon, pastor. Services 10:30 AM, 7:30 PM.

ST. VINCENT'S, Blair and Virginia. Rev. L. Cosgrove. Services 8 and 10:30 AM, 7:30 PM.

Christian.

FIRST, Nelson and Farrington. Rev. A. D. Harmon. 11 AM: "The Province of Truth." 7:30 PM: "The Way Truth Is Held in Unrighteousness."

Congregational.

ATLANTIC, Conway and Bates. Rev. W. W. Lewis. 10:30 AM: "God's Two Books." 7:30: "Results of Effort."

PARK, Mackubin and Holly. Preaching morning and evening by the pastor, Rev. Alexander McGregor. Morning subject: "The Song of Moses and the Lamb." Evening subject: "Noah." This will be the first of a series of evening sermons on the great characters of the Bible.

PEOPLE'S, Pleasant avenue. 10:30 AM. Hon. W. W. Folwell, LL. D., will preach on "The Gospel of the Kingdom," and at 8 PM the choir will give a special song service.

PLYMOUTH, Summit and Wabasha. 10:30 AM and 8 PM. Special music. Rev. Isaac B. Tracey, of St. Cloud, will preach both morning and evening. J. C. E. at 3 PM. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7 PM.

Episcopal.

DIOCESE OF MINNESOTA—Rt. Rev. Henry B. Whipple, D. D., LL. D., residence, Faribault; Rt. Rev. M. N. Gilbert, D. D., LL. D., Coadjutor; residence, 18 Summit court. Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

ASCENSION, Clinton and Isabel, Rev. Chas. Holmes, 7:30 and 10:30 AM, 8 PM. Sunday school, 12 M.

CHRIST, Fourth and Franklin. Rev. Charles D. Andrews. 7 and 11 AM, 8 PM. Sunday school 9:45 AM.

MISSION OF THE RESURRECTION. Atwater and Stellar. W. C. Pope, 3:30 PM.

ST. BARNABAS' MISSION, Lilydale. W. M. Farrar, Lay Reader. 4 PM. Sunday school 3 PM.

ST. BONIFACIUS' CHAPEL. Mackubin and Aurora.

ST. CLEMENT'S, Milton and Portland. Rev. Ernest Dray. 11 AM. Sunday school 3 PM. Evening service 7:30.

ST. JAMES', De Soto and Lawson. Rev. Carl Reed Taylor. 8 AM, 11 AM, 7:30 PM. Sunday school 9:45 AM. Friday, 8 PM.

ST. JOHN'S, White Bear Lake. Rev. Mr. Streeter, rector. Sermon 11 AM and 8 PM. Visitors at the lake cordially invited. Seats free.

ST. MATTHEW'S, St. Anthony Park. Rev. Charles E. Hixon. 11 AM. Sunday school 12:15 PM.

ST. PHILIP'S MISSION, 438 Rice. Celebration Holy Communion, 7 AM. Morning service. 11:15. Sunday school 11:30.

ST. PETER'S, Dayton's Bluff, Fourth and Maple. Seats free. Strangers cordially invited. Rev. George H. Mueller. Holy Eucharist 7:30 AM. Matins and sermon 11 AM. Evensong and sermon 7:30 PM. Sunday school, 9:30 AM.

ST. MARY'S, Merriam Park. Rev. George H. Ten Broeck. Morning prayer and sermon, 10:30 AM. Sunday school 12 M. Strangers cordially invited. Seats all free.

TRINITY, St. Paul Park. Rev. Charles Holmes. Services will be resumed in near future.

ST. PAUL'S, Ninth and Olive. Rev. John Wright, D. D., pastor. Holy Communion 8 AM. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 AM. Leo White, the soprano, will sing "Ave Maria." Choral evening service 7:30. Sunday school 9:30.

HOLY SPIRIT MISSION, Hastings and Earl. Sunday School, 9:30 AM. Children invited.

ST. STEPHEN'S EPISCOPAL MISSION, View and Randolph streets. Sunday School, 3:30 PM. Evening prayer and sermon, 7:30 PM. Strangers made welcome.

HOLY FAITH MISSION, Post Siding. Sunday school 2:30 PM. Evening prayer and sermon, 3:30 PM. Everybody made welcome.

Presbyterian.

WESTMINSTER, Greenwood and East Winifred. Rev. R. L. Barackman. Preaching 10:30 AM, "God;" 7:30 PM. Prayer meeting Wednesday, 8 PM.

Lutheran.

DANISH LUTHERAN, Orleans and Stevens. Rev. J. C. Peterson, pastor. Sunday school 1:30 PM. Preaching service 3 PM. Lutheran league meets first and third Thursdays in every month.

EVANGELICAL EMANUEL, Goff and Dearborn. Rev. E. L. Lubbert, pastor. Sunday school 9:30 AM. Preaching service 10:30 AM.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL, Winifred and Bancroft. Rev. Mandly, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 AM and 7:30 PM. Sunday school at 9:30 AM. Y. P. A. meeting 6:45 PM. All welcome.

MEMORIAL ENGLISH, Sixth near Exchange. Alex J. D. Haupt, pastor. 10:30 AM, 8 PM. Text for Morning's Sermon, "The Great Commandments." Evening, "Choosing a Wife." Sunday school 12 M. Twin City Central Lutheran League, Minneapolis, Tuesday afternoon and evening. Service Wednesday 8 PM. Class instruction Friday 8 PM.

SALEM EVANGELICAL, South Robert and Bunker. Rev. William Utesch, pastor. Sunday school 9:30 AM. Preaching service 10:30 AM. Evening service 7:30 PM.

TRINITY ENGLISH, Robie and Ada. Rev. W. H. Zuber, pastor. Sunday school 10 AM. Morning services, 11. All welcome. Seats free.

Methodist Episcopal.

CLINTON AVENUE, Clinton and Isabel. Thomas Hambly, pastor. 10:30 AM. 7:30 PM. Morning topic, "Honoring God and Its Results." Evening, "Weakness in Great People." Sunday school 12 M. Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:45 PM. All are invited.

FIRST, Summit and Dayton. Rev. Frank B. Cowgill. 10:30 AM, subject, "Fellow-Workers with God." Sunday school 12 M. Junior Endeavor society 3:30 PM. Young people's prayer meeting 7 PM. Subject, 8 PM. "The Christian Use of Money."

ST. JAMES' A. M. E., Fuller and Jay. Rev. J. C. Anderson, pastor. 10:30 AM. Morning subject, "The Secret Path." 8 PM, "God's Way of Convincing."

New Jerusalem.

NEW JERUSALEM, (or Swedenborgian), Virginia and Selby. Rev. Edward C. Mitchell. Service at 10:30 AM. Sunday school at 11:45 AM. Text for sermon, "The Way of the Wisked He Turneth Upside Down," Psalms cxlvi., 9.

Scientist.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, Ryan building, 418 Robert street, St. Paul. 10:45 AM. Subject: "The Doctrine of Atonement."

Spiritualist.

CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT, Central block, Sixth and West Seventh. Tests and messages from the spirit side of life by Mrs. Mary Langdon. Services at 8 PM. All welcome.

Unitarian.

UNITY, Summit and Wabasha. 10:30 AM. Clarence Leslie Diven will preach. Sunday school 12 M.

The Dead and the Wounded.

The Leech Lake tragedy seems almost an insult to the spirit of heroism. Citizens of St. Paul who have known Maj. Wilkinson as he has moved around the streets among the people find it difficult to realize that he is now in his coffin and that the bullet of a North American Indian placed him there.

This is no time for indulgence in humors connected with a campaign of so serious results. Maj. Wilkinson and the subordinates in his command who died in the conflict at Leech Lake are as much entitled to monumental honors as if they had fallen at Santiago or on the hills of San Juan. The only reflection of dishonor in connection with this whole affair is upon the war department at Washington. Gov. Clough has spoken to that department in a very forcible manner. He has uttered the voice of Minnesota. The government at Washington, through the war department management, has stigmatized itself as incapacitated for a great emergency.

Over and over again has the lesson been taught to the war department that the Indian is a thing that cannot be trifled with. He is a bad man in his relations to civilized government. Unless he is completely overawed by numbers, when it comes to a conflict, no point can be made against him. He fights in ambush. This is his method of fighting. He is a sneak and a coward, and no amount of poetry or religious sentiment can bring him to a different position. The figure of the noble savage has long ago departed from history. He has refused to accept the best offers of education and civilization. He has persisted in his spirit of treachery. He has cost many valuable lives; and the end is not yet.

Now we are told by Gen. Bacon that a winter campaign is necessary to subdue this ugly tribe of the North. In competent hands the campaign ought not to last a fortnight. The trouble is the control of things at Washington, in the war department, is not in competent hands.

This outbreak had its origin in whisky. The people can review the record. A miserable redskin refused to give up the name of his tempter. Result, Maj. Wilkinson and a number of comrades are resting on their biers today. What a shame! How can Christian people go to the sacramental table and at the same time feel that there is a God in Israel?

A Whitewashing Farce.

It is quite evident, from the reports that are coming in day by day from the commission appointed by President McKinley to unearth the scandals connected with the war department management of the troops in their camps and hospitals, that a nice little dish of half-cooked preserves is to be handed out to the people of the country in the nature of a relish. The appointment of Grenville M. Dodge as the president of that commission ought to have been a sufficient notice to the country that whitewash was in the pot, and that it was to be applied very freely for the benefit of the entire gang.

Let us look back a little while and recall the relations of Gen. Dodge to things that have gone before. He was a good soldier; nobody will doubt that. He became chief engineer of the Union Pacific railroad, and his relations with Jay Gould and Sidney Dillon are well remembered facts.

But now, as we go nosing about, we are able to discover a certain relationship which he had in the past to Gen. Alger. Gen. Alger has always been ambitious to be president of the United States. In 1888, when John Sherman was a candidate for the presidency, Gen. Alger precipitated himself upon the convention and, through the alleged purchase of a good many votes by George E. Spencer from Southern territory, he managed, not to elect himself, but to defeat the nomination of Mr. Sherman, and Benjamin Harrison came into the field. Mr. Harrison was nominated and elected and served four years as president of the United States.

Dodge and Spencer were good friends, meanwhile, and both friends of Alger.

Will Gen. Alger deny the fact that to George E. Spencer, formerly a so-called "carpetbag" senator of the United States from Alabama, he made certain deliberate propositions on a hotel porch in Southern California looking to the purchase of the votes of the delegates to the Chicago convention in 1888?

We don't pause for a reply. Spencer is dead.

George E. Spencer and Grenville M. Dodge were two men about as closely associated with things on this earth, of a peculiar quality, as any men could be. The relationship of Alger to Dodge is, in the language of Rudyard Kipling, "another question." Stephen B. Elkins was secretary of war in President Harrison's cabinet. Possibly we may recognize a little cheek by jowl in his relations to Gen. Dodge.

But we don't want to make insinuations. We only hope that the pall of whitewash will not be too blue-streaked with imported indigo. We would like to see the whitewash plainly put on, without any artificial discoloration. It is bound to come, and no sensible man has thought of anything else since the commission was appointed.

Exhibit of Home Industries.

If it is true that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country, it is often just as true that a country is not without honor save among its own people. Not that a country or city lacks the spirit of patriotism, but they often fail to give it expression in the patronage of their own industries. Citizens send away for things when the same goods, and frequently of a superior quality, could be secured within the city.

It should be said, however, in justice to buyers, that the slight is not due to malicious intention, but to the fact that the quantity and quality of home goods have not been thoroughly exploited. The exploitation of St. Paul industries and arts will be made in the splendid exhibit to be opened in Market hall this week.

The executive committee of the Ladies' Auxiliary has been hard at work for months, and the result of its efforts will be not only a surprisingly gratifying array of home manufactures, but a series of attractive entertainments, planned for the entire exposition. Furthermore, the chairmen have appointed members of their committees to take charge of the several departments so that visitors may find prompt answers to their queries. This division of labor will render the service satisfactory to the public and make it comparatively easy for each member, providing no appointee fails in her duty.

The rapidity with which the exhibits are now coming in and the fact that they all represent home interests are sufficient guaranty of a generous patronage.

Look Out for Home Interests.

The Democrats have always been loyal to St. Paul, and have produced the only true leaders in the interests of the city that have ever sat in the legislature. The Republicans occasionally send a good man to the capitol, but the ordinary Republican representative is too busy with private bills to give any attention to the requirements of the city. It is incumbent on the people to elect this fall such a delegation to the legislature from Ramsey county as will insure recognition for the county. The material for that purpose is not apparent in the Republican legislative ticket.

The time has come for St. Paul to look closely after her own interests in the legislature, and the only way that can be done is to elect well informed and capable men to the legislative body. The utter absurdity of sending such men as Andrew Holm, lodging house keeper; Walter Boyd, bailiff in a justice shop; Peter Thauwald, of the Fifth ward, and other men of that class to the legislature and expecting them to get a hearing before a legislative body will occur to most people. It is the personality of the individual, not his political preference, that makes the efficient legislator.

Stevens and the City.

Frederick C. Stevens was the president of the defunct Minnesota Savings bank—the institution that failed with liabilities of $200,000 and assets of $1.

At the time of the failure of the bank the city was a creditor of the institution in the sum of $10,000.

On page 26 of his last annual report Comptroller McCardy says:

"Judgment has been taken against the Minnesota Savings bank and its bondsmen for the balance in that bank."

Every taxpayer in St. Paul is a judgment creditor of Congressman Stevens. He was the responsible head of the broken bank.

Congressman Stevens wants to add to his obligations to the city to the extent of another term in congress. Will the people listen to this brazen appeal to their good nature?

It now appears that some unfeeling Democrats in Pennsylvania propose to send Matt. Quay to jail. They charge him and his son with misusing the funds of the state. The question will naturally arise, in the minds of people who know nothing of Quayism, how could the senator get the monies of the state, of which he was not an officer, into his hands? It is a part of the Republican system that people out of politics do not know much about—this dipping into the treasury for the benefit of the boss. It was part of the price of the election of the state treasurer of Pennsylvania that the man given the office by Quay should place the state money in the Quay line of banks. The exposure of Quay, if it be complete, cannot fail of having a salutary effect on the country, for the commonwealth of Pennsylvania has been boss-ridden as no other state in the Union has.

The Globe hereby warns Bog-ah-ma-Geshig, O-Ten-a-Gon, Ob-Dis-Zane-Kershing and the rest of the Pillagers that pretty soon it will quit printing their names, even as an evidence of good faith, and suggests that they appear before the legislature next winter and get some nice, new names like Sev-Cum-Lev, Bing-Binger and Goff-Sox.

Perhaps Chief Bog-ah-ma-Geshig ought to meet and marry Queen Liliuokalani. Neither is ruler over anything in particular, and neither would lose anything by the change of name.

How some American girls do soar! The divorced wife of Gen. Cassius M. Clay proceeded, a month after getting her papers, to get married to a sawmill hand and farm laborer.

In 1894 Pine county raised ashes enough to make ten million pounds of soap. This year it raised 500,000 pounds of honey. How's that for diversifying the crops?

This would be a good time for the ducks to "duck." Some of the best shots in St. Paul are out looking for them.

Hold the battleship Illinois for a few days, Mr. Long. Minnesota may need her.

As the campaign warms up the egg of commerce ripens for the fray.

Perhaps Oregon has secured a pure senator. His name is Simon.

The real name of Mr. Corbett, of Oregon, seems to be Dennis.

And now the reds are blue.

EPISTLES TO ST. PAUL.

Dar Reese addressed a Republican meeting in St. Peter Thursday night. He arrived in Julius Block's town in the afternoon and was met at the depot by Block, Editor Cowles, of the Journal, and other representative Republicans. The day was fair for a carriage drive about town, and, of course, to that interesting establishment, the insane hospital.

Dar was much interested in the hospital and insisted on going through all the wards. His interest was subdued very speedily. In one of the halls, in the female department, a woman rushed up to him, threw both arms around his neck, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Charles! I knew you would come. You will never forsake me again, will you, my husband?"

"My dear madam," said Dar, startled by the encounter, and seeking to disengage himself from the embrace, "you have made a mistake; I am not your husband."

"Why, Charles, how can you say that—and after leaving me alone with our three children?"

"I am sorry, but really you are mistaken," reiterated Dar.

After a shower of tears, the unfortunate woman became angry with her supposed recreant husband and threatened to do him bodily harm unless he reformed. Dar was willing to cut his sightseeing trip short.

* * *

"He's a lobster," remarked Frank Griggs, referring to an eminent gentleman at the other side of the council chamber. John Selb made an addition to the colloquial riches of the vernacular.

"He is," said Mr. Selb; "he ought to be canned."

* * *

"In what particular is Sam Lowenstein unlike Gen. Weyler?" asked J. Franklin George, of the Lincoln club. He gave it up. "Well," said the joyous J. Frankie, "when I got after Sam he walked Spanish and when Lee got after Weyler he talked Spanish—to his typewriter."

* * *

Ben Lodge, comedian of the Dorothy Morton Opera company, here recently, is one of the best raconteurs who has been in St. Paul in latter days. One of Ben's stories pertains to the adventure of a philanthropic Celt, who was solicited by a neighbor's wife to look for her husband, who had been missing for two or three days.

With great complaisance, Casey started on the search, in spite of a cough which racked his frame, seemingly from head to foot, at frequent intervals.

"Sure I think he's dead intoirely," she had told him.

But Casey looked first in all the saloons. As a last resort he sought the morgue. There were three bodies on the slabs, and Pat looked them over in vain.

"That's a bad cough you have," exclaimed the morgue keeper as the disappointed visitor started to leave the dreary place.

"Well, perhaps," responded Casey, felicitously, "but any one of thim three fellies 'd be mighty glad to have that same cough."

* * *

A candiate on the Repubdlican county ticket was approached Friday by a First ward man who was never known to do a day's work in his life, and asked if he would indorse a note for $75. He said, kindly but firmly, that he would indorse no notes. Then the fellow thought that he could get along with a cash loan of $25. That would not do at all, and there was no chance to negotiate the loan.

"It don't make any difference at all," said the First ward man; "of course I'm for you—but say, haven't you got an overcoat that you don't need?" He didn't even get the overcoat, and the candidate remarked that it was the second time he had been approached by men who started in with a good-sized note and wanted to compromise on old clothes.

* * *

Walker Whiteside tells this one: While traveling through the South this season during the prevalence of the yellow fever, he was cautioned to be very particular as to the purity of the drinking water. He was stopping over at a small town, and being unable to obtain any mineral water, he was forced to drink the water furnished by the hotel—water which was anything but clear. Calling the waiter he said:

"Waiter, where does this water come from?"

"From the rivah, sar."

"What river?"

"The Tennessee, sah."

"It looks muddy. Is it pure?"

"It am, sah."

"But it cannot be pure. Look at it. It's discolored. What's in the river?"

"Nothin' but tributaries, sah."

—The Philistine.

HERE, THERE, EVERYWHERE.

It cannot have escaped the notice of those who pay any attention to what is going on in the world of commerce that we are now threatened with competition from a quarter whence we hardly expected it. Only a short time ago it was the fashion to raise the cry of German competition; and so watchful have we been of that bogey that we seem to have overlooked the more formidable rival across the Atlantic. We have no intention of taking up the role of alarmists, for indeed we do not, like some of our contemporaries, see much cause for immediate alarm; but it would be foolish to ignore the fact that British industry seems likely to be pressed much harder in the future by America than by Germany. Nearly every day we are confronted with premonitory signs of a coming contest, and these recur with increasing force. It is needless to trace how this competition from the United States has been called into existence. That it already exists is patent to the most careless observer, and that it will grow in strength may be safely enough predicted. The present condition of trade in the United Kingdom is generally good, but let us take care that we are not thereby lulled into a mistaken sense of security. There is danger in feeling over-confident. When trade takes a turn for the worse, we may find ourselves face to face with a rivalry that we cannot easily dislodge.—The Trade Journal's Review, Manchester, Eng.

* * *

It is nothing that a ship or two, under existing laws, has been added to the American merchant marine during the present decade—such laws as those will never restore the American merchant marine. As Senator Frye—the father of American shipping legislation in the senate of the United States—well said a few years ago, when speaking of our merchant marine: "The disease is deadly, and the remedy must be drastic." Senator Hanna must be ready to advocate a drastic policy, not a temporary or ineffective palliative. No man ever possessed a grander opportunity to do as much for the nation as does Senator Hanna, if he becomes the chief sponser for an effective plan which the nation will approve of and sustain, that will take from foreign ships the carrying of our foreign commerce, for which we pay them annually more than $300,000,000, and turn that enormous tribute into the pockets of American ship owners, and through them, into the hands of American shipbuilders, rolling mill owners, coal and iron ore miners.—Seaboard.

* * *

There appears to be an organized influence at work in Washington that is operating through the correspondents of a number of the Hannacrat papers. It favors the creating of a new cabinet office. These correspondents have been sending out labored screeds advocating the addition of a secretary of colonies and commerce. Behind this movement may plainly be discerned the hands of predatory politicians of the dominant party. These fellows are always famishing for spoils—for more opportunities to extract money from the public under false pretenses. If their vampire organization is intrusted for another two years with the law-making power of the country there is no telling how many official snaps they will attempt to create for the faithful servitors of the Republican machine. With a much longer lease of authority they will foist upon the overburdened taxpayers a list of blood-sucking sinecures as long as one of Blanco's proclamations.—St. Louis Republic (Dem.).

* * *

The esteemed New York Herald yesterday printed the following advertisement:

WANTED—Public executioner for South American state; compensation $3,000 per annum; state qualifications and enclose photograph. P., 300 Herald Downtown.

This remarkable announcement will suggest many thoughts to many minds. The ad. is proof, however, of the growing intimacy of our commercial and social relations with the republics of the Southern continent. We are to supply this hemisphere, it seems, with public executioners. The advertiser made one mistake, it may be remarked, in failing to hold back his ad, until after our November elections, when he would have been overwhelmed with applications from statesmen out of jobs who could claim as their qualification as decapitators the fact that they knew the feelings of decapitees, and would be inclined to cut heads off gently.—Philadelphia Record.

* * *

We do not doubt that when the truth is revealed it will show that many mistakes have been made; that some officers of the army were incompetent and too weak to carry the responsibilities imposed on them by a great and sudden emergency; that other officers were guilty of negligence and, perhaps, of disobedience of orders; that some of these officers were regulars and some volunteers, some having command of army corps, divisions, brigades, regiments and companies, and some being officers of the general or regimental staff in the quartermaster's, commissary and medical departments. Neither ought we to doubt that in some cases officers will be able to show extenuating circumstances which it was beyond their power to control.

That abuses have existed and, perhaps, still exist, however, and that unnecessary suffering among the officers and men called into active service since April has been the result, we are not disposed to deny.—New York Tribune (Rep.).

Poems That Tickle.

Ben King has been dead some four years, but the bright bits of verse that he scattered become more popular every day. The humor of his writing is so essentially American that he might easily have been the first in his line of writing had he lived. His song of "The Pessimist" has been given so many renditions that it may not be amiss to give it in its entirety. It will be readily connected with Longfellow's poems:

Nothing to do but work,
  Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
  To keep one from going nude.

Nothing to breathe but air,
  Quick as a flash 'tis gone.
Nowhere to fall but off,
  Nowhere to stand but on.

Nothing to comb but hair,
  Nowhere to sleep but in bed,
Nothing to weep but tears,
  Nothing to bury but dead.

Nothing to sing but songs,
  Ah, well, alas, alack!
Nowhere to go but out,
  Nowhere to come but back.

Nothing to see but sights,
  Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got;
  Thus through life we're cursed.

Nothing to strike but a gait;
  Everything moves that goes;
Nothing at all but common sense
  Can ever withstand these woes.

Most newspaper scribblers were familiar with "If I Should Die Tonight" long before King wrote his, during the World's fair. But the rest of them have been forgotten since this appeared:

If I should die tonight,
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—
  And if I should die tonight
And you should come in deepest grief and woe
And say, "Here that ten dollars that I owe"—
  I might arise in my large white cravat
  And say, "What's that?"

  If I should die tonight
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel,
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel—
  I say, if I should die tonight
And you should come to me and there and then
Just even hint of paying me that ten,
  I might rise the while:
  But I'd drop dead again.

Here is another thing of King's on a theme that has been overworked and certainly the best of them all:

They stood on the bridge at midnight
  In a park not far from town—
They stood on the bridge at midnight
  Because they didn't sit down.

The moon rose o'er the city
  Behind the dark church spire,
The moon rose over the city
  And kept on rising higher.

How often, oh, how often,
  They whispered words so soft—
How often, oh, how often,
  How often, oh, how oft!

The maid and the cactus plant was a favorite for a long time, but it has dropped from sight lately. It is worth saving from obscurity:

Mary had a cactus plant,
  So modestly it grew,
Shooting its little fibres out,
  To live upon the dew.

Her little brother often heard
  Her say it lived on air,
And so he pulled it up one day
  And placed it on a chair.

Placed it on a chair he did,
  Then laughed with ghoulish glee—
Placed it in the old arm chair
  Under the trysting tree.

Nor thought of Mary's lover
  Who called each night to woo,
Or even dreamed they'd take a stroll
  As lovers often do.

The eve drew on. The lover came,
  They sought the trysting tree.
Where has the little cactus gone?
  The lover—where is he?

Poking Fun at Lo.

They call it an Indian war when the fact is that an Indian war has been impossible since Crook, Terry, and Miles wiped out the last hostile bands in the Yellowstone country. It may have been a mutiny, but it probably was only a riot.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

* * *

During the next few days the wise Minnesota Indian will carry his alibi with him in his dealings with the settlers.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

* * *

That Indian uprising did not last long enough for Boston to hear heavy firing off the coast.—Chicago Record.

* * *

The Minnesota Indians appear to be about ready to sign a protocol.—Chicago Tribune.

The Scotch Witness.

A small Scotch boy was summoned to give evidence against his father, who was accused of making a disturbance in the streets. Said the bailie to him:

"Come, my wee man, speak the truth, an' let us hear all ye ken about this affair."

"Weel, sir," said the lad, "d'ye ken Inverness street?"

"I do, laddie," replied the magistrate.

"Weel, ye gang along it and turn into the square, and cross the square—"

"Yes, yes," said the bailie, encouragingly.

"And when ye gang across the square ye turn to the right and up the High street, and keep up High street till ye come to a pump."

"Quite right, my lad; proceed," said the magistrate. "I know the old pump well."

"Weel," said the boy, with the most infantile simplicity, "ye may gang and pump it, for ye'll no pump me."—Albany Law Journal.

Mr. Lager Will Be Downed.

William Lager is running for the state legislature in Minnesota. Lager ought to make a great showing in a hot political campaign, but he probably will be downed eventually.—Chicago Times-Herald.

REAL WAR STORIES.

The disposition of the average American to see something funny in the most serious situations in life helped many a poor fellow to forget his troubles even in the hospitals in Cuba and at Camp Wikoff and on the transports. The men of the Third infantry came north from Santiago on the Yale. A good many of them were very ill, but when it was announced that orders had been received directing the return of the regiment to this country the fellows who were in hospitals dragged themselves out and made a brave front before the examining surgeons. Those who were the worst off physically made almost superhuman efforts to stand up before the surgeons and show that they were not too badly off to be removed. They knew that if they were left in Cuba their chances for life were reduced.

An incident is told of one who crawled off his blanket and made shift to stand upright to meet the surgeon. The examining surgeon was closing his eyes as far as he could, for he had no desire to leave any of the men behind, but when he got to this particular case he saw he would have to keep his eyes closed. The poor fellow who was being examined could scarcely speak, but he insisted that he had never felt better in his life, that his fever had left him and he had a good appetite. The surgeon shook his head, but passed the man. He had not turned his back before the poor fellow had fallen in a faint and an hour later was in the grasp of a delirium that could only have one result.

* * *

The sailors on the Yale were generally Englishmen, members of the usual crew used in the transatlantic service. They didn't like their job of acting as stewards to a lot of sick Yankees. They were overworked and kept up night and day, and were not in the best humor. A couple of them were on the main deck of the ship condoling with each other and condemning the eyes and limbs of all Yankees, particularly of sick Yankee soldiers. They stood just in front of where Drum Major McGuffin, of the Third, had stretched his six feet and odd of very sick Yankee soldier. He was reposing on his knapsack and blanket in the shade, and his gun lay alongside of him. In spite of his apathy he was bothered by the remarks of the Englishmen. When they had exhausted his patience he raised up on his elbow and remarked:

"Get to —— out of here the pair of you, or I'll break your British heads."

"Hullo, Bill," said one of the sailors, "the bloomin' old ghost is gettin' cocky fer 'imself." McGuffin made one effort, grabbed his gun and made a smash with the butt of it at the sailors. Fortunately it missed them and he escaped being held for murder—which, he says, he would gladly have committed in his then frame of mind.

* * *

On the Yale the scarcity of decent drinking water caused a great deal of suffering. A ration of water was served to every man, and the water served was of an awful quality, and so warm that the only way it could be used was to hang it up in a canteen in the wind until it had cooled to the temperature of the air. Once a day all the men lined up and went past the spot amidships where the water was served. One of the men relates a joke that was played on him by one of the sailors. He was waiting in line, when a sailor came along and asked him why he didn't help himself out of a tap that stuck out of a bulkhead. He answered that he thought it would not be permitted.

"That'll be all right," says Jacky, and the soldier filled his canteen from the tap. He took it up to his quarters and hung it in the wind. When he tried to drink it a couple of hours later he found that it was sea water. He had to go without water for twenty-four hours, so the joke was a brutal one.

* * *

There has been very little said or written about the army chaplain at the front, but the men of the Third are full of praises for Father Hart, post chaplain at Snelling. Father Hart did not go with the regiment to the front, being assigned to another command, but he was frequently with the boys in Cuba, and cheered many a poor fellow who needed his ministrations. He is not inclined to talk about his experiences, but one of the infantrymen says that he knows that Father Hart officiated at thirty funerals in a single day. He was at the front and under fire during all of the operations before Santiago.

* * *

"It's queer," said Drum Major McGuffin, "the notions that fellows will take into their heads when the fever is on them. You know the Twentieth was my old regiment. I served with them for years, and they all know me. Well, when I was lying on my cot in the hospital at Camp Wikoff, there was one of the fellows from the Twentieth brought in who was able to walk around, but was in a high fever. He looked at me and knew me well enough, but he at once began to roar out that he didn't want to be put next to any man from the Third. He swore he wouldn't have it. I tried to quiet him, for the only vacant cot in sight was next to mine. I urged him to lie down, that there were no men from the Third in sight. He looked at me. 'Sure of that?' says he. 'Sure enough,' said I, and he lay down alongside of me and cussed the Third."

* * *

"The funniest thing that came off in the hospital was in the writing of a letter. Every day there came down from New York a lot of ladies who wanted to do what they could for sick men, and they used to come around and volunteer to write letters," continued the big man. "A fellow from the Twelfth infantry was in a cot near mine. He had been pretty bad, and was out of his head most of the time. One day a lady put in an appearance and asked if we wanted any letters written. This fellow said he wanted somebody to write for him, that he had something on his mind. The lady drew a stool up alongside of his cot and asked him to dictate. He dictated a letter to the commandant of a Kansas post, in which he confessed that he had stolen $1,900 of the regimental funds and had spent the money; that he was dying and hoped to be forgiven. He had it signed in the name of the man who had been the commissary sergeant of the post, and the letter was sent off. It was found afterwards that the fellow who dictated the letter was not the man he pretended to be in the writing of the letter, and I suppose there was the deuce to pay somewhere."

* * *

"There is a joke, too, that I must tell Cal Stone," continued the major. "It was at Wikoff. A big Norwegian was brought into the hospital, and after they had put him to bed the hospital steward came around to get his name, regiment and address. I have forgotten what name he gave, but when they asked him where he lived, he mentioned a Minnesota town.

"'What state is that in?' asked the steward.

"'Why, it's on the Duluth road, you idiot,' said the Norseman.

"'But where is the Duluth road?' persisted the steward.

"'Ef you don't get out ay break your head,' said the Norwegian. 'You bin putty smart an' joke about the Duluth road.'

"'He wouldn't give up any more information, and I had to tell the steward where the Duluth road was."

* * *

"One night when I was getting well enough to move around a fellow at the farther end of the tent called me over to him and asked if I could keep a secret. I told him I'd try to, and he remarked that it was down there, pointing to the ground under him. I saw he was out of his head, and thought I might as well humor him. I asked him what was down there. 'Seventy-five dollars,' said he, mysteriously, 'all in ten-cent pieces; in the room down stairs, under the bed.' The poor fellow didn't know that the cold ground was within a foot of the botton of his cot. I winked at him and told him I understood. 'You take ten cents' worth of it and go and buy jelly,' he said. I promised I would. 'We'll need the rest of it for tobacco,' he said, and I agreed that we would.

"He died the next day."

Chronological Record of St. Paul.

The first telegraph message was sent from St. Paul Aug. 21, 1860, on the completion of the first telegraph line by James M. Winslow, of this city.

* * *

The St. Paul city library opened for business in its new quarters on the top floor of the city hall and court house June 17, 1889. For many years it occupied the third floor of the Ingersoll block on Third street.

* * *

The Metropolitan hotel was opened for guests June 27, 1870, at Third and Washington streets. Gilbert Dutcher was the first landlord. R. S. Alden, of St. Anthony, was the architect and builder.

* * *

Sept. 7, 1867, the ground was broken for the custom house and postoffice at Fifth and Wabasha, the old site of the Pottgeiser house. It was the first government building in St. Paul.

* * *

Workmen began tearing down the old Central Presbyterian church on Cedar, at the east end of Exchange street, May 7, 1889, to give place to a larger edifice on the same site.

* * *

Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, visited the state capitol in St. Paul Feb. 19, 1889. He was then the only living former vice president of the United States.

* * *

The first street railway in St. Paul was opened for travel July 14, 1872. It was a horse car line.

* * *

The first cable line in St. Paul was opened for travel Jan. 25, 1888, on Fourth street. The East Seventh street cable line began carrying passengers June 15, 1889. The line extended from Wabasha street to Duluth avenue, on Dayton's bluff.

* * *

The first and only serious cable car accident in St. Paul occurred on the Selby avenue line Jan. 26, 1888, the second day it was in operation. M. L. Saunders was killed and several other passengers were seriously injured. The grip failed to hold coming down the hill, and the cars jumped the track on the curve at Third street.

* * *

The location of the Soldiers' home was settled on the ninety-fifth ballot Jan. 12, 1887, at the Merchants' hotel, St. Paul.

* * *

Ground was broken for the new state capitol of Minnesota on Wabasha May 6, 1896.

* * *

The city hall and court house for St. Paul and Ramsey county was first occupied by the various city and county officials May 6, 1889.

Richard Croker's Creed.

Alfred Henry Lewis, in Monday's Telegraph, gives a fairly accurate pen picture of Dick Croker, but in a quoted conversation Croker gives us a better idea of himself:

"What do you call a great man?" asked Croker. We were at the table awaiting our dinner at the time.

"There are so many kinds of greatness," I replied, "that description is difficult; I could give you an an example. Take Tom Reed. I don't like him; moreover, I think he's as crooked as a dog's hind leg. Yet he's undoubtedly a great man—a very great man."

"I don't think so," retorted Croker. "Reed's not true to his friends."

"Treason to one's friends," I argued, "is a frequent earmark of greatness. Some men couldn't be great if they were true to their friends."

"Well, that's not my notion of a great man," insisted Croker. "My idea of a great man is one who is never dishonest; who is never the coward; who when he gives you his hand gives you his life, and, come fair weather or foul, stays by his colors and wins with his friends or loses and dies with his friends. That's my idea of greatness."

There is not a man on the press of New York, however he may write, who does not recognize how true this is of Croker. He never forgets his friends, and I hardly think that he forgets his enemies, either. This thing of not forgetting his friends was a trait of the great Napoleon, of Grant and of hundreds of others who made more or less of a success in life. It was a leading trait in the character of the late Senator Stanford, of California, and in that of Henry George, who could gather thousands around him by his personal magnetism alone. Joined to a love of his friends the war governor of California added an intense hatred of his enemies. I once had occasion to interview Stanford and he delivered himself thus:

"You are a young man. Let me give you a piece of advice. Never forgive your enemies; if we forgave our enemies less we would have fewer enemies to forgive."—New York Journalist.

PEGLER IS A PRIZE.

He Is Like George Washington Because He Is So Different.

Everybody in newspaper circles is laughing at the "holy show" Arthur Joshua Pegler, of the Minneapolis Journal, made of himself around Walker. Although he didn't get within a mile of a hostile Indian and didn't see the fights of Wednesday and Thursday at all (every correspondent at Walker will make affidavit to this), he gave his paper full and detailed description of all the fighting, and the Journal swallowed the bait like a sunfish in May. His matter, from his remark "The Jorg is a thing apart" to the end of the chapter, has developed into the humor of the campaign. The St. Cloud Times has picked out a few of Pegler's gems. It says:

"The present Leech lake Indian war has brought to the front another newspaper hero. He is the Minneapolis Journal correspondent, and he goes by the euphonious name of "Pegler" Arthur J. Pegler, if you please, who is "English, quite English, you know."

Pegler appears to be everywhere. Indeed, judging from his specials to the Journal, Pegler is "de whole push." From Walker, Pegler sent specials to the Journal which contained the following paragraphs:

"The Brainerd gang are going to kill Indians. I expect Gus Beaulieu back with my dispatch boat every minute. This man ought to be Indian agent. I don't care a hang for the political end of it.

"The temper of the soldiers here and at the agency is something to make a man gasp. The Irishmen at the agency are walking about whimpering to themselves like so many punished children. If ever they are allowed to get in this game, no officer on God's green earth will be able to hold them.

"O'Connor had the tightest squeeze of his life. A Winchester ball passed under his arm and burned the flesh, without cutting his coat. Bullets did queer things yesterday, and Tinker, the inspector, was ready to die with heart failure and took refuge in the pilot house.

"The newspaper correspondents, Brill, of the Pioneer Press; Beaton, of the Tribune, and Knappen, of the Times, are still with the troops." (But Pegler; ah, where was Pegler?) "Immediately on my return from Bear island I sent my chartered steamer with the redoubtable Gus Beaulieu aboard to pick the boys up, if there is any such thing. Beaulieu is absolutely fearless. If he doesn't bring the lads home, I am going back with him again. Unarmed, ill-clad, out of condition, without food or drink, the press representatives with Bacon are in a desperate strait.

"Beaulieu and I will go back into the middle of the hostile Indians this afternoon, if we can find them. He says he can end the war, and I believe he can, if bringing in the men wanted will do it.

"I have kissed my hand to more whistling rifle balls in the last forty-eight hours than ever I care to meet again."

* * *

The Sleepy Eye Dispatch, a newspaper with a long memory, takes this wallop at the young man who uses truth "gingerly" because there is so little of it around:

The Journal's Mr. Pegler is up at Walker, Minn., writing Indian war specials for his paper. Mr. Pegler is the enterprising journalist who accompanied Mr. Holden from New Ulm to Redwood Falls the day preceding the date of the hanging and who wired his paper from here the full particulars of (1) an attack on the prisoner at Sleepy Eye by "an infuriated mob," (2) full particulars of the hanging with the "dull thud" in the proper place. Mr. Pegler's special was all right except (1) there was no attack on the prisoner at Sleepy Eye, (2) the prisoner was not hanged. Except these minor discrepancies no fault could be found with the report.