THE ST. PAUL GLOBE

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1893.

Associated Press News.

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BRANCH OFFICES.

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THE DEMOCRATIC TICKETS.

STATE.

Governor .....JOHN LIND, Brown county
Lieut. Gov .....J. M. BOWLER, Renville
Sec. State.....J. J. HEINRICH, Hennepin
Treasurer.....ALEX. M'KINNON, Polk
Auditor.....GEORGE N. LAMPHERE, Clay
Attorney General..JOHN F. KELLY, Ramsey
Clerk Sup. Court....Z. H. AUSTIN, St. Louis
Judges Supreme.....THOMAS CANTY, Hennepin; DANIEL BUCK, Blue Earth
Court.....WM. MITCHELL, Winona

FOR CONGRESS.

First District .....MILO WHITE
Second District .....D. H. EVANS
Third District .....CHARLES G. HINDS
Fourth District .....JOHN W. WILLIS
Fifth District .....T. J. CATON
Sixth District .....CHARLES A. TOWNE
Seventh District .....P. M. RINGDAL

RAMSEY COUNTY.

Judge of District Court..GEORGE L. BUNN
Judge of District Court.JAMES C. MICHAEL
Clerk of District Court....JAMES A. MEADE
County Auditor.....WILLIAM PLATTE
County Treasurer.....ANTON MIESEN
County Sheriff.....JOHN WAGENER
Register of Deeds.....VICTOR C. GILMAN
County Attorney.....HERMAN OPPENHEIM
Judge of Probate Court...JOHN CAVANAGH
Abstract Clerk.....FRANK J. ELLES
Coroner .....OREN S. PINE
County Surveyor.....J. B. IRVINE
County Supt. of Schools....JOHN A. HOGAN

County Commissioners—
WILLIAM BROWN, CHARLES KARTAK,
D. J. SULLIVAN, CHARLES REIF,
CHAS. M'CARRON. OSCAR TANKENOFF.

RAMSEY COUNTY LEGISLATIVE.

Senators—
Thirty-third District..EDWARD PETERSON
Thirty-fourth District.....R. S. M'NAMEE
Thirty-fifth District.....JOHN H. IVES
Thirty-sixth District....JOHN E. STRYKER
Thirty-seventh District.....F. H. ELLERBE
Representatives—
First and Second Wards .....WILIAM JOHNSON; A. OLSON
Third Ward.....HENRY W. CORY
Fourth Ward.....JOHN J. O'CONNOR
Fifth Ward.....J. Q. JUENEMANN
Sixth Ward.....A. L. GRAVES
Seventh Ward.....LOUIS D. WILKES
Eighth, West Part.....GEORGE F. UMLAND
Eighth-Ninth, S. Side....W. B. HENNESSY
Eighth-Ninth, N. Side..THOMAS F. MARTIN
Tenth-Eleventh, Country....A. KNOWLTON

MONDAY'S WEATHER.

Warmer; Probably Rain.

By the United States Weather Bureau.—MINNESOTA — Warmer, with increasing cloudiness; probably rain; southerly winds. WISCONSIN—Warmer, with increasing cloudiness; southerly winds, becoming high by Monday night. THE DAKOTAS—Showers, turning into snow flurries, with colder, high southerly, shifting to northwesterly, winds. MONTANA—Snow flurries; colder; westerly winds. IOWA—Warmer; probably rain.

YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURES — St. Paul, 38; Duluth, 34; Huron, 46; Bismarck, 42; Williston, 40; Havre, 42; Helena, 40; Edmonton, 30; Battleford, 30; Prince Albert, 24; Calgary, 30; Swift Current, 32; Qu'Appelle, 24; Minnedosa, 24; Winnipeg, 24.

YESTERDAY'S MEANS—Barometer, 30.07; mean temperature, 36; relative humidity, 62; wind at 8 p. m., southwest; weather, clear; maximum temperature, 43; minimum temperature, 29; daily range, 14; 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	3.7	—0.1
La Crosse	10	3.4	—0.1

—Fall.

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

The two-cent stamp is still strutting around over the bank clearances.

Watch the left-handed indorsement the people give Russell A. Alger.

And Mr. Eustis, Mr. Kenyon and Mr. Clausen will be listed in the class "also ran."

Fashoda is a tough little uncivilized place and not worth having anyhow. —France.

The modern sage of China is Kang Yu Wei. He ought to be pretty wise to live down that name.

Don't misunderstand the situation. Every vote against Eustis is a vote to keep the capitol in St. Paul.

The men who are selling Klondike outfits are unable to see any evidences of unusual prosperity this fall.

As the Maria Teresa is down three miles, it would perhaps be just as well to dig her out from the other side.

The emperor of China appeared again in public yesterday. He just followed the empress dowager's lead and didn't try to trump it.

So Germany offered Spain $90,000,000 for the Philippines. Spain is like some Minneapolis real estate dealers; she doesn't know when to sell.

Write in the names of the Independent Democrats if you want to, but put your X opposite the names of the regular Democratic nominees.

The Chicago Tribune prints a picture, "Early Spring in New England." Wouldn't "Late Fall in the Klondike" have been more appropriate?

Sports Afield has an article entitled "A Western Wolf Hunt." The Globe wasn't aware that the Nimrods were hunting Minnesota elevator men.

If England should suddenly conclude to become a republic, it is easy to see that nobody else would be in it with Gen. Kitchener for the presidency.

This is the week in which William Henry Eustis will find out that the people of St. Paul are pretty unanimous for keeping the capitol right where it is.

Although Emperor William is over at Beyrout, he is getting news from home right along. He has ordered another Berlin editor to jail for six months for lese majeste.

The United States supreme court room at Washington was blown up yesterday by gas. The supreme court seems to have had on hand an unnecessarily large quantity of gas.

The Republicans held their hurrah meeting Saturday night. The next meeting of that character the Democrats hold will be on Tuesday night, and it will be the hummer of the year.

Mr. Eustis would locate the capitol at Loring park, Minneapolis. Does every owner of a home in St. Paul wants its value reduced one-half. This is exactly what a vote for Mr. Eustis means.

The Minneapolis Tribune's article, "Making Sugar of Minnesota Beets," suggests that somebody connected with the Republican state central committee has been engaged recently in "making sugar for Minnesota beats."

The New York Election.

Elsewhere will be found some telegrams from New York state indicating the election of Judge Van Wyck and the probable return of a Democratic legislature, thus insuring the re-election of that popular United States senator, Edward Murphy Jr. Especially gratifying news this must prove to the Democrats of Minnesota, who, while they have been waging their own fierce fight, have not lost sight of the struggle of their Eastern brethren.

Mr. Croker is terse and to the point. There is no doubt in his mind about the result. Senator Murphy, who is an old state campaigner, having begun his political career under the eye of Samuel J. Tilden, figures, as all up-the-state politicians figure, on the majority which the Republican candidate will take to the Harlem (Spuyten Duyvil creek), for the state north of the Harlem is Republican, just as south of it it is Democratic. In presidential years the Republican candidates have reached the historic water course which separates Manhattan island from the mainland with majorities ranging from 60,000 to 80,000. Roosevelt, on Senator Murphy's figures, cannot possibly win. The Globe has persisted in this belief from the day he was nominated.

The conclusions of three such experienced Democrats as Messrs. Croker, Murphy and McCarren are most cheering. New York is a Democratic state beyond a doubt this year.

And so will be Minnesota.

Cowardly Evasion.

The mind of that man is not evenly balanced, or, shall we boldly say, the heart of that man is not sincerely honest who, being possessed of some influence in the community as a leader of thought and public opinion, deliberately seeks, in a great emergency, to misdirect the votes of the people by a misrepresentation of the issues involved.

The Republican party of Minnesota has dominated the public affairs of the commonwealth throughout a period of forty years. The majority of the laws enacted during that time may have been good and wholesome, while many have been very imperfect and even bad—but, as for administration, it has been most vicious, entailing hardship and large pecuniary loss upon those who are least able to bear the burdens imposed. Gradually, with the recurrence of each biennial election, the discontented minority has approached nearer and nearer to the point at which it should be transformed by accretion, into a majority, and thus be afforded an opportunity to effect certain reforms both by the amendment of the laws themselves and by the selection of those who should execute them. Probably in no year in the history of the state has there been so great promise of a realization of the hopes of this reform element as the present, due, alike, to its wise choice of John Lind as leader and to the condition of public opinion as now existing.

The managers of the Republican campaign and the editors of the Republican press are fully alive to the situation. They have measured the forces which confront them; they realize the energy of the movement and the necessity of obstructing its progress; in the final pre-election week they have thrown up their hands in despairing abandonment of the defense of that which has proved indefensible in their candidate and now are concertedly, and in obedience to the commands of the directors of their campaign, seeking to neutralize the effects of the public appreciation of the objectionable record of Mr. Eustis by diverting attention therefrom, and endeavoring in influence the more pliable minds of those in their ranks, and appealing to the instinct of party fealty, by impudently insisting that a vote for Mr. Lind is a vote in the interests of Spain and of disapproval of the victories won by our army and navy under the present national administration. The adoption of this course is an admission of their defeat, in advance, but it is none the less cowardly and dishonest, and carries with it, in its application, an insult to every intelligent Republican voter in the state who, appreciating the corrupting influences of the ring represented by Mr. Eustis, and the forces by which it is protected in the seat of power, has determined to act independently and thoughtfully in the casting of his ballot, and who believes more thoroughly in the already proverbial honesty of John Lind than in the beguiling promises of his already besmirched opponent.

Neither party, as every sensible man knows, and as every honest man will admit, was, of itself, distinctly responsible for the war. President McKinley himself shrank from the dreadful possibilities of such an issue and, to a degree which was irritating and even exasperating to many of his party associates, notably Senator Foraker, and his opponents alike, insisted upon exhausting every diplomatic resource rather than that war should ensue. Every one will recall the strain of uncertainty existing at that time, with its paralyzing effect upon business, and the general feeling of restiveness that prevailed. But when the war came it was a national war, in which partisanship sank completely out of sight, as was shown by the support accorded to the president in conducting hostilities which he has been generally and religiously credited with and in certain quarters praised for having sought so industriously to avert.

The Republicans of Minnesota when they met in convention a few months ago had many names presented to them from which to select that of a candidate for governor. They chose William H. Eustis, or, rather, Mr. Eustis was nominated, ostensibly as their choice. The question of the wisdom of that choice was in their hands for determination, but the ring dictated the choice, and Mr. Eustis was that choice. Many Republicans familiar with the record of Mr. Eustis realized that a mistake had been made, but ring influence and its annex, the Republican press—with some "independent" journals on the side—were relied upon to pull him through. It is not at all probable that a campaign of so much warmth and vigor was anticipated, and this, too, with the added stimulus afforded under John Lind's candidacy. The degree of vulnerability of Mr. Eustis, supplied by his record, was evidently miscalculated. The unlooked for non-partisan agitation by the farmers against the abuses of the grain inspection system was another innovation wholly unexpected, and the wretched manner in which the defense, begun by Grain Inspector Clausen and followed by Chairman Ira B. Mills, of the railroad and warehouse commission, tumbled down precipitated a panic in the Republican state central committee. The manifesto issued a few days ago by that body revealed the condition of hysteria that prevailed there, and the order was sent forth to cease all defense and attempt to draw the attention of the weakening Republicans from state to national issues, by starting a cry to the effect that a vote for Lind would be a vote for Spain and a protestation against the glory of our victories.

It is in this condition of puerility, evasion, cowardice and dishonesty that the distraught Republican party of Minnesota, as an organization in the hands of a hitherto powerful ring, stands trembling in the approaching dawn of election morning, and it is in support of this shifting, untenable and even hypocritical position that the Republican press of St. Paul and Minneapolis is giving voice, in utterances which, in the expressive language of Judge Ira B. Mills, chairman of the railroad and warehouse commission, in his characterization of protesting farmers, are both "unmanly and cowardly!"

Nelson's Bad Quarter Hour.

It comes to The Globe, in authentic form, that Senator Nelson had a very bad quarter of an hour the other day while coming down the St. Paul & Duluth. A fellow passenger was a former Republican representative from Isanti county, a Swede, but who two years ago was and now is working for Lind. Him the senator took to task for his recreancy to the g. o. p. He upbraided him for permitting ties of nationality to prove stronger than ties of party. He should not vote for Lind merely because Lind is of the same nationality; that was treachery to party, and that again was treachery to the country, and much more to the same purpose. While the Isantian listened his memory was working and his choler rising. When the gentleman from Otter Tail finished, the volcano from Isanti went into eruption. "You are the last man in the state, senator, to talk that way to me or to any other Swede. When you were running for governor in 1892 you told Scandinavian Democrats that they were unworthy of their nationality if they refused to vote for one of their own for that high office. You demanded their votes because you and they were fellow countrymen. At Elbow Lake you went down from the platform and bullied a Norwegian who dared to differ with you. When you were a candidate for senator you bullied Republican legislators of your nationality who were pledged to vote for Washburn into voting for you. Have you forgotten the arguments you used to Senator Roverud in the Merchants' hotel? Have you forgotten how you asked Norwegians and Swedes to have a fellow feeling in their breasts for you, a Scandinavian seeking preferment? And now you come to us Swedes and tell us we are traitors if we vote for a Swede for governor; that we must have none of that fellow feeling for a brother Swede which you insisted four and six years ago we must have for you. Why do you now say we must not do as you advised us then to do?"

"Because," replied the perturbed senator, thus dosed with his own medicine, "we Republicans must all stand by our party."

"But if Democratic Swedes and Norwegians then should not stand by their party, but should leave it to vote for you because Norse blood runs in your veins, why should we not now vote for Lind for the same reason?"

And the senator suspended the discussion.

A great deal of pleasant, complimentary chattering is going on in some of the Eastern newspapers over the evidences of apparent official harmony displayed at the Philadelphia jubilee. For instance, President McKinley stood up in his carriage and removed his hat as he was driving to the reviewing stand, when he met Gen. Miles and staff riding to the head of the procession. Then again, Gen. Miles bumped up against Gen. Shafter as the former advanced to his seat at the banquet table, and the two officers shook hands. But it should be remembered that Philadelphia is the "City of Brotherly Love," and visitors do there what they never think of doing elsewhere, very much on the same principle that when one is in Rome he must do as the Romans do. But it has not yet been recorded that Matthew S. Quay and John Wanamaker have been discovered embracing each other. They used to, but that was when Brother Wanamaker, in 1888, was paying by installments the $100,000 fee, and chancing it in advance, for a seat in President Harrison's cabinet.

It was bitterly cold last night, and this fact prevented the Republican mass meeting at the huge barn called the Auditorium from being the success in point of numbers it would otherwise have been.—Yesterday's Pioneer Press.

The readers of yesterday's Globe were informed that the Saturday night meeting was a failure, but The Globe is such a mendacious publication (in the estimation of its esteemed Republican contemporary) that it gladly welcomes this corroboration of its statements and hastens to give it publicity. It ought to be again pointed out that John Lind had no difficulty, on Thursday night, in filling "the huge barn called the Auditorium." And speaking of barns, why didn't it occur to the Republican managers to hold the meeting in a stable?

Dramatic and Musical.

METROPOLITAN.

Clay Clement and his admirable company, playing "The New Dominion," set the Metropolitan opera house afire last night, and that is saying a great deal, for the enthusiasm that comes from numbers was not present.

Mr. Clement's company consists of but nine, but it is a winning nine, and it so won the favor of its auditors last night that after the second act the audience would have gone into hysterics at the slightest provocation.

The play is not new here and Mr. Clement's Baron von Hohenstauffen needs no extended notice. To say that Mr. Clement has improved since his last appearance here would be to disparage an occasion pleasant in the memory of those who enjoyed his presence; to say that he has deteriorated would be unjust. Mr. Clement's performance of his role is marked by a careful study of the minor accessories which made his creation a success long ago and keeps it fresh and vivifying yet.

The supporting company is excellent. Mrs. Clement, as Josephine, is not less charming than she is beautiful. And her subtle cruelty is excellently, even eloquently, assisted by a clever young man named William B. Mack, to whom is entrusted the juvenile role of "Cha-a-arley," as his dashing sweetheart reproachfully drawls it.

Nellie McEwen is a winsome, yes, a lovable, Flora, and her performance adds to those charms grace, dignity and a true devotion to the symmetry of the production which might tempt a less thoughtless young woman to excesses of emotion.

Jeffrey D. Williams' Marshall Boner is in keeping with the excellence of the production, which may be said also of H. S. Duffield's rendition of the role of Randolph.

Phosa McAllister, dear old (?) Phosa, almost lives the sick headaches that the role of Mrs. Randolph imposes on her.

Thomas O'Malley's "Poly" is as good a bit of character work as has been seen here recently, and Gertrude O'Malley's Martha, a minor role, was entirely acceptable.

There is one inexplicable incongruity in the smoothness of Mr. Clement's almost irreproachable production.

Just why the blare of the bass horn should portend the arrival of the hero in the fourth act it is difficult to conceive. Why a St. Paul audience, or any other audience, should have to be hit with an ax, metaphorically speaking, at a time when sentiment rules and the expected is about to happen, in order to inform them that the star is about to appear, is a puzzle, especially when the audience is as small and distinctly "select" as was that of last evening.

Tonight Mr. Clement and company will present his new play, "A Southern Gentleman."

GRAND.

The secret is out. Smith left home because he loved his wife. He told his story at the Grand last night and told it so well that he kept the audience, that filled every available foot of space in the house, in a continual roar of laughter. "Why Smith Left Home" is one of the purest and one of the funniest comedies that has ever come to the Grand. It is bubbling over with wit, humor and bright repartee. It is a laugh that stretches over two hours and a half, and such a hearty laugh that the dropping of the curtain between the acts is a positive relief. It hardly seems possible that an author can work out of his grain two such sparkling pieces of fun as "What Happened to Jones" and "Why Smith Left Home," but theater patrons do not take this into account, and those that had seen the former went to the Grand last night expecting to see something fully as good, and in this they were not disappointed. They were even happily surprised, for "Why Smith Left Home" is even better than "What Happened to Jones." There is not a dull line in it, and, although it is comedy, there is not a funnyism, not a line, not a word, that even borders on the coarse. It is a pure, wholesome laugh from the opening word to the close. It is all bright and new, even the scenery and the costumes. The latter are especially deserving of mention, for the women were handsomely gowned and the clothes of the men were in perfect taste.

The story of the piece has been told before, but briefly it is this: Smith and his wife are recently married. Smith has been a bachelor, and it is his desire and that of his wife that they enjoy their honeymoon in the quiet seclusion of their own home, but their relatives seem to seize on the opportunity to visit them from every nook and corner. First comes Smith's sister, then Smith's wife's brother and his wife of a day, and her aunt and her husband, the aunt coming with the express purpose of getting the household started right. All this riles Smith, and to make matters worse the servants are new and all members of unions and are determined to run the house to suit their own ideas. The cook especially is an autocrat of the worst kind, but in her Smith finds a friend, and he enters into a compact with her to drive the visitors away with vile cooking. There are many complications; Smith by mistake kisses one of the maids and is caught in the act; Mrs. Smith introduces her brother to her husband as an Italian singing master and later embraces him just as her husband enters the room. All these mistakes are finally cleared up in a masquerade given by the servants in the evening, when they had supposed that the family were to be at the theater, but Smith learns that the masquerade is to take place and returns home with the intention of stopping it. His wife learns of the affair and attends the masquerade in costume because her aunt has made her think that Smith is to be there to enjoy a little quiet fun.

Maclyn Arbuckle, in the part of Smith, is exceeding clever and funny. He has been seen here with Willie Collier and in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," but in the part of Smith his work is better than ever before. The part fits him perfectly. Miss Marion Giroux, who played the part of Mrs. Smith, is a beautiful woman and a charming actress. Her interpretation of the part of a young wife who finds it hard to believe that her husband does not love her, no matter what he may do, is perfect.

Miss Rose Snyder, as the aunt, Mrs. Billetdoux, played that most difficult part in a most acceptable manner, and Fred W. Peters, as her husband, a dapper little Frenchman with the title of general, was very good.

Two of the best pieces of character work that have been seen at the Grand this season were given by C. Jay Williams, as Count Von Guggenheim, and Mrs. Annie Seamons, as Lavina Daly, the cook.

Harry Webster, as Mrs. Smith's brother; Miss Gertrude Roosevelt, as his wife; Miss Blanche Chapman, as Smith's sister, and M. B. Snyder, as Maj. Duncombe, an old bachelor who has wooed Miss Smith for twenty years, are not given a great deal of opportunity, but all fill their parts in a most acceptable manner.

Miss Dorothy Uaner and Miss Jessie Conant, as maids in waiting, are very good. The former, especially, is given much chance to display her abilities and does it in a most clever manner. Miss Conant rendered a solo during the final act in a splendid manner, and was given a hearty encore.

The cast is, all in all, one of the very best that has ever visited the Grand, and is perfectly balanced.

The same bill all the week, with the usual matinees.

Churches and Their Work.

The committee having in charge the religious census of St. Paul, which is to be taken on Friday, Nov. 25, are busy at work arranging the details. They have already held three meetings and report that the interest in the work is increasing in all the churches. It is purposed by the Pastors' union to co-operate with the census committee to see especially that the work is properly followed up after the data are gathered.

The city has been districted into thirty-six districts following the ward and precinct outlines, there being but two to four precincts in a district. A plat of each district has been made, which shows the number of houses in each block. A chairman, to have direction of the work in each district, is now being carefully selected, and each chairman will need twenty to forty canvassers to do the work in one day. These canvassers are to be volunteer workers from the various churches in the city, numbering about 1,000 in all. A plea is to be sent to each pastor and superintendent in the course of a few days, requesting a certain number from each church. As the chairmen are chosen they will select some office, church or home in their district to be the headquarters of their work on the day of the canvass. Each of the volunteer canvassers will be informed where he is to report for duty, which in most cases will be the headquraters nearest his home. In all probability there will be a grand rally of all the people who are to do this work a few days before the canvass.

On the day of the canvass the workers will meet at their respective headquarters and be assigned the territory which they are to cover and a diagram will be given each of them so that there can be no possible chance of confusion. As far as possible, the canvassers will be sent out two by two, of different denominations, to invite the non-church-goers to attend church and Sunday school, and take a simple record of each home, so that the churches can intelligently follow up the work. The committee have decided that the following information be gathered: The name and address of each family, nationality, occupation, number in the family, number of church attendants, number of church members, number who attend Sunday school, the church preference, and, if church members, of what local church. When each canvasser is through with his territory the blanks are to be returned to the chairmen, and they in turn will hand them over to the central committee, who will classify them by denominations and hand them to representative pastors of each denomination, who it is expected will gather their fellow ministers together and divide them among their churches as they may deem wise. In this way the attention of some church will be called to almost every individual in the city. The records of the families who express "no church preference" will be kept in some central place, where any one will be at liberty to come and copy the names. There has never been put forth in the city of St. Paul an effort which may mean so much for the prosecution of church work as this religious census, and the whole plan commends itself to any thinking person. There can be no chance of proselyting or friction in any way. The whole work is accomplished without practically any expense, and there is to be nothing undertaken at which any person, interested in church work or not, can take any offense.

Other items of interest in connection with this work will appear in this colum next week.

Epistles to St. Paul.

Of course, it is generally understood that fishing and hunting exploits shall be kept quiet unless told by the hero, but in this case the violation will be condoned for the reason that the joke is too good to keep.

Ed S. Kaye, the broker; P. T. Kavanagh, the auctioneer, and Elmer Bayliss, the typo, recently went hunting. They had a good time, and bagged a number of birds. But there was one they did not get. This was Kaye's. The bird was gracefully riding the ripples on Rush lake near a fringe of cattails. Kaye, after some labor, found his way around to that side of the lake, and, rather than kill the poor thing afloat, tried to shoo it into the air as soon as he came wihin range. The bird would not pay any attention to him, however, and finally, in sheer exasperation, he blazed away. The shot fell around the bird like a hail storm. Kavanagh's dog was on the scene in a minute, sniffed the thing and started back. Kaye waited till the dog was out of range and blazed away again. The dog thought perhaps he had 'em, as the saying is, and started back to see if he was awake. He took another sniff at the bird and started back again. Kaye was mad. He had torn his clothes, those that the tailor and nature had given him faring equally sadly. A nearer reconnoitering showed that the shot-riddled bird was a wooden decoy, and the dog wagged his tail good-naturedly as the aggravated broker disconsolately found his way out of the marsh again.

* * *

Broadhurst's "Why Smith Left Home" company comprises thirteen members, and they travel around the country like one huge family. In their lexicon there is no such word as "worry." It is one long round of "play." To look at them individually or collectively off the stage one would think that their one mission on earth was to be happy. They are always doing something conducive to this end. For instance, at the beginning of the season an idea suggested itself to Marion Giroux and Blanche Chapman that what the organization needed was a yell—a college cry as it were—and now, when they reach a town, this is what rolls out on the air from the thirteen throats with all the vim of a football team:

Cuba, Cuba, bow, wow, wow;
Liberty, Liberty, how? how? how?
Vengeance, vengeance, down with Spain,
Remember Smith, Remember the Maine.

This is quite an improvement on William Henry Eustis' yell of "Remember the Maine." —The Philistine.

The State Campaign.

If Tom Brown, our candidate for poundmaster, is not elected the gold standard will be endangered. Moreover, the Spanish will look upon his defeat as a victory for themselves, as his opponent is known to use Spanish licorice whenever he has a cold.

Republican journals and stump speakers may make use of this during the balance of the campaign without charge.—Menominie (Wis.) Times.

* * *

The St. Paul Pioneer Press, which is noted for its creation of bugbears on the eve of an election, has the audacity to say that the Spanish peace commissioners in Paris are holding off a conclusion of the peace treaty to see if the Democrats of this country shall be successful in the elections next week. A party must be hard run and certainly deserves defeat, when such contemptible falsehoods are set afloat to influence votes. But the American people can be safely trusted to vote with some degree of intelligence, and will resent such insults.—New Ulm News.

* * *

There is as little doubt as there possibly can be of the election of John Lind for governor of Minnesota next Tuesday. The evidence of this comes from all sources, from the enthusiasm his presence arouses wherever he speaks, from local reports of an increased vote for him in nearly every county over 1896, from men who travel over the state and hear public sentiment, and from a variety of other causes. Not only is there assurance of the election of Lind as governor, but if every friend of the ticket does his duty, the entire state ticket will be elected. There has never been a time in the history of Minnesota when the complete overthrow of the dominating and insolent Republican machine was so sure as now. It is too late for argument. What is needed in the remaining days is work, unceasing and vigilant work for the entire ticket from top to bottom.—New Ulm News.

* * *

John Lind is not the nominee of any corporation or ring, but of an independent people. He is no party slave and is independent in thought and action. He should receive the vote of every independent thinker.—Cottonwood County Citizen.

* * *

The Kenyon charge against John Lind is as big a boomerang as the lie of the St. Paul Dispatch, for which it had to pay Mr. Lind $600, besides paying a court expense of over $2,000.—Cottonwood County Citizen.

* * *

Voting for John Lind for governor isn't a matter of this or that party. It is a matter of self-preservation for every farmer and producer in the state. It is a protest against machine rule in Minnesota. It is just as necessary and just as proper for the strictest Republican to make this protest as for the opposite party voter to do so. The only way to make this protest is to vote for John Lind for governor. A vote for Eustis is the same as saying that the work of the state capitol ring is satisfactory to you.—Litchfield Independent.

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John Lind would make a worthy governor, and there is no reason why Minnesota shouldn't have a worthy governor for the succeeding two years. He has proven by his acts to be a friend of the farmer and laborer, and an enemy to the corporations. Lind is a friend to the industrial classes generally and should receive their support at the polls on Tuesday next.—Jordan Independent.

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Bank Examiner (!!) Kenyon is the most efficient agent for Lind in the present campaign. The people of the state, irrespective of party, have so lost all confidence in Kenyon, that what he recommends or says they mistrust and what he censures they have confidence in. It was a very shortsighted and shallow policy on the part of our Republican friends to have ever let Kenyon come to the front against (?) John Lind.—Belle Plaine Herald.

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The Republican state central committee, finding a scarcity of Minnesota Scandinavian papers that are supporting Eustis, are deluging the state with publications in the Swedish language issued in Chicago, which are hired to publish portraits and fulsome biographies of Eustis and other candidates on the state ticket, and furnish tens of thousands of extra copies for circulation in this state.—Litchfield Independent.

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The big dailies have now opened their big guns of their mud batteries on John Lind and he may expect the bombardment to continue until election day. The Pioneer Press, Journal and Tribune have columns daily berating Lind and making all sorts of nonsensical and false charges against him. They hope by this pounding of mud to sink the gallant champion of the people. They are paid to do it, but we have faith that the people will rally to the support of their defender, honest John Lind.—Litchfield Independent.

Here, There, Everywhere.

The famous Clover Club of Philadelphia can now boast of having entertained the president of the United States. There's no distinction on account of rank, color or previous condition of servitude around that festive board, however. And so it happened that when plain William McKinley sat down to the table his festive hosts struck up that plaintive ditty, "Oh, Willie, we have missed you!"—Boston Herald.

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There are rumors from Washington, through the Herald, that Hanna has told Duty to tell Destiny to tell the president to keep the Philippines. We doubt it. We believe Destiny will lie low and say nothing until after election. Should it prove true, it will be unfortunate if we should lose Illinois just as we acquire the Philippines, for Illinois is worth fifty Philippines.—New York Post.

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They were leaning against the bar rail in Cassidy's saloon, on Valencia street, the other night, when Flaherty, the hackdriver, inquired of Gallagher, "How are yees on a coonundrum?" "Foine," was the answer; "but Oi've not had one for some time. To tell yer der trut', Oi've been drinkin' stame beer lately." "Oi'm not talkin' of drinkin'; are yees good on gissing things?" "Oi can gess innything that walks." "Well, thin, why is it all the rich Germans refuse ter use green-colored robes in their carriages?" A pause, and then the reply: "I dunno." "Because they think they're Mike-robes," said Flaherty. Then the patrol wagon was called. —The San Francisco Argonaut.

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"Delusion in these matters is so easy! It is so easy to glove the claw of greed and make it seem like the hand of destiny, reaching out over the earth to possessions that have a covetable look! It is so easy to see the 'finger of God' pointing us to a 'national mission' in lands that have accepted some other religion than our own! It is so easy to read 'God's purpose' into a purely human ambition and selfish desire! Oh, let us distrust the teachers who assume to have been taken into the counsels of the Almighty."—J. N. Larned to a meeting of New York clergy.

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"Our great paramount duty is to guard the rights and interests of the seventy-five millions of our own people, and to preserve and maintain intact the vital principles upon which our own and all popular government rests."—Ex-Gov. Stewart, of Vermont.

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"It will not do to go back upon the Declaration of Independence, and upon the principles on which this government was founded, and the policy which has characterized it since its existence. There is no room for vassal states. All Americans must be under the same flag and the same laws and the same liberties."—Winslow Warren to a meeting of Unitarian clergymen in New York.

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Ole Oleson went to the circus the other day, and got into trouble for assaulting the elephant. "What made you kick him in the shins?" said the judge. "Vell, you see, eet vas dis vay. Ay dadn't not know. Ay take ma vooman to circus. Ay buy um peanut. Ay see big elephant. Hay got—vot you tank? —hay got two tails. Vel, bynby hay take hay darn tail, hay stale ma peanuts. Ay tell ma vife eef ay know which end hay got um head on ay skall break hay dam face. Ay dadn't know."—The San Francisco Argonaut.

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Some one had told Alice's father that his little daughter sometimes said naughty words. So one evening he took her on his lap to talk to her about it. "Who told 'oo I said naughty words?" she asked, her big brown eyes full of wonder. He was smitten to the heart and reproved himself for his credulity. "A little bird," he answered, shamefacedly. "Oh!" said the child, her face expressing great disgust, "I bet it was one of 'ose damn 'little sparrows!'"—The San Francisco Argonaut.

THE NOVEMBER METEORS.

Astronomers All Over the World Looking Out for Them.

The advance guard of the great November meteor swarm is due this month, and on the nights of the 13th, 14th and 15th astronomers in all parts of the earth will be awake and on the lookout. They will be both surprised and disappointed if a meteoric spectacle, which may be a brilliant one, is not beheld by some of the watchers. The main swarm of meteors is not due until November, 1899, but their advancing columns, broken into parallels and separated by considerable gaps, occupy so much space on the celestial highways they traverse that millions of the mysterious little bodies must already have reached the neighborhood of the earth's orbit, and it can hardly happen that many of these will not become entangled by the terrestrial attraction, and dart their fiery spears through the upper air.

The reader may like to be reminded that this, the greatest known "meteor shower," has a period of thirty-three and one-quarter years; that the history of these meteors has been traced back to the year A. D. 126, when the planet Uranus is believed to have captured the wanderers and turned them into a permanent orbit around the sun; that a comet (Tempel's) is known to be traveling in the same orbit with them, and that the world was astonished at the magnificence of the displays which they made in 1833 and in 1866. At their return in 1866 changes had taken place in the array of the meteors, indicating a considerable scattering, and in November, 1867, enormous bodies of them were still rushing across the earth's orbit, and another splendid display occurred.

The point in the heavens from which the meteors appear to radiate is situated within the curved blade of the imaginary "sickle" which marks the constellation Leo. This is not well risen until midnight, but late in the evening meteors radiating from it may be seen shooting upward from the northeastern horizon. Observers are advised to begin watching for them about 11 p. m. on Nov. 11, keeping up the watch for five nights altogether and continuing it until the morning twilight begins. Fortunately, there will be no trouble from the moon, which is "new" on the 13th.

The November meteors are very swift in movement, since the earth meets them "head on," and they frequently exhibit bright colors and leave brilliant trains. The Harvard college observatory offers to send maps and forms of record to all who will take part in systematic observation of the meteors. If the expected display on the 13th or 14th does not equal expectation, another chance will be presented on the night of the 27th, when the celebrated Andromeda meteors are due. These are believed to be part of the debris of the vanished comet of Biela, and they furnished dazzling spectacles in 1872 and 1885. Their period is thirteen years. During the shower of 1885 an iron meteor, supposed to belong to the Andromeda swarm, and subsequently famous under the name of "a piece of Biela's comet," fell at Mazapil in Northern Mexico. Unlike the Nov. 13 meteors, which are known as the Leonids, the Andromeda meteors are slow, because they overtake instead of meeting the earth. Their color is frequently reddish. The full moon will interfere with the observation of these meteors, whose radiant point is overhead between 9 and 10 o'clock in the evening.—Garrett P. Serviss in the Scientific American, New York, Oct. 26.

A Party on the Wrong Tack.

The Republican party is on the wrong tack. It has been going wrong for the past two years. It has cut away from the traditions of Washington and Lincoln. James G. Blaine is no more among its prophets.

The Republican party of today looks Englandward. England is the enemy of Ireland, and she has ever been, when opportunity offered, the enemy of America.

With a man like Blaine as president of the United States the Republican party would be a truly American party. But because Blaine was an American, and because the Republican party made him its candidate for president, England opposed him and the English element in the Republican party revolted.

Today this English element dominates the Republican party.

No; the Republican party of today is no true American party. It is the Anglo-Saxon party. All its concern seems to be to consult for England's interests and to glorify the Anglo-Saxon race. They who believe in that sort of thing will consistently vote the Republican ticket.—From the Irish World.

TRADE OF ST. PAUL

SUMMARY OF THE SITUATION FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOV. 5

OUTLOOK IS FAVORABLE

Collections Are as Free as Could Be Expected — Representative Jobbers in the Several Lines Outline the Local Status of Business —Prices Firmer in All Lines of Dry Goods—Iron Active.

The following summary embodies the views or representative jobbers in the several lines indicated respecting the trade conditions and outlook in St. Paul:

DRY GOODS.

Prices are firmer in all lines of dry goods. Silks, woolens and cottons that have been sold in the past at less than cost to manufacture are all on a firmer basis. Sorting up orders, while not large, are more numerous than ever before.

The advance orders for spring are the largest they have ever been. Collections are fair, considering the wretched condition of the country roads.

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GROCERIES.

Trade this week shows quite an improvement over the latter part of October, presumably on account of cessation of the prolonged rainy period. Reports from the northwestern part of North Dakota are that roads have been impossable, and threshing stopped by rains, which were almost continuous for three weeks. Everything is now normal again and both orders and collections are better this week, and promise a satisfactory November.

Taking all things into consideration, Minnesota and adjoining states whose trade is tributary to St. Paul, show a very satisfactory improvement over past years. Farmers are enabled to dispose of all their produce at good prices, and the new departure of the Western farmer in diversifying his products has been the means of circulating more money among that producing class. Groceries are firm and present values are likely to be sustained during the fall season.

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HARDWARE.

The iron and heavy hardware business for the past month has been very good. This is particularly true with the lumbering business. There is going to be a large cut in the woods