

THE ST. PAUL GLOBE

MONDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1893.

Associated Press News.

Table with 2 columns: Category (Daily, Weekly, etc.) and Price (1 mo, 6 mos, 12 mos).

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Entered at Postoffice at St. Paul, Minn., as Second-Class Matter, under No. 100,000, on July 16, 1878.

Branch Offices: New York, Chicago, St. Louis, etc.

MONDAY'S WEATHER.

Threatening; Warmer. By the United States Weather Bureau.

YESTERDAY'S TEMPERATURES.—St. Paul, 32; Duluth, 14; Minneapolis, 24; Williston, 25; Havre, 44; Helena, 46; Edmond, 30; Battleford, 36; Prince Albert, 40; Medicine Hat, 30; Swift Current, 20; Regina, 24; Winnipeg, 24; Chicago, 28; Cincinnati, 31-31; Montreal, 14-21; New York, 26-28; Pittsburgh, 20-24.

Forecast: Partly cloudy; light snow; moderate southerly winds.

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

The Personality of Christ.

At this season of the year, the thoughts of almost every one who properly comprehends the significance of Christmas day naturally turn, reflectively, to the Man around whose nativity so much interest exists.

It does not matter what may be the creed of the Christian; the one great figure, whose earthly pilgrimage ended on Calvary, must always be attractive to the imagination.

It was the practice of the early governors of Rome to advise the senate, from time to time, of events and incidents of importance within the several areas under their jurisdiction.

There has always existed much dispute as to the exact personal appearance of the Saviour. At the time of Christ's coming the Messiah was certainly expected to appear among men.

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Thus much, at the close of the nineteenth century, the Christian world knows of the physical personality of the Saviour—thus much and no more; for as it is known that knowledge upon the subject will be added by the generations that are to come.

Don't fail to remember that but few of the pipe stories are about pipes. An elevator combine is planned. Of course, it will have its ups and downs.

The available cash balance and the gold reserve are moving toward each other with such speed that a collision

life that was or is destined to partake of the joys and sorrows of this world.

Pelite Lynching.

The Louisiana judge who publicly approved of the mock trial and lynching of two negroes, charged with the murder of a white planter, deserves to have this written specimen of his logic inscribed upon the record of legal whimsies.

It is sad that Chicago put up the price of brooms before she swept the Chicago river. It would have been a pleasant sort of thing for Gov. Lind to open the new capitol with a Democratic administration.

One cannot make a whistle out of a pig's tail. Tod Sloan looks immeasurably better in a jockey's togs than in a dress suit. The clocks of the White house are so old and well adjusted that they never stop during receptions, even when the homeliest women in Washington visit them.

Chicago has an ice cream trust. This means that Chicago will get "milk" cream hereafter. Chicago doesn't care, however, as she is eating beef soup and not ice cream just now.

Hobson sent a parting telegram from San Francisco that his fear of "kissing across the continent" was implied by delicacy and gallantry. Heaven! where was Hobson brought up?

A Pennsylvania girl stole a hat worth \$2 and was sent to state prison for two years. Matthew S. Quay and his pals shooed a plum tree in season and out—and, well, let's await results.

The board of health of Passaic, N. J., has put a ban on kissing, because it believes osculation is responsible for the spread of grip. Lieut. Hobson has cut Passaic out of his itinerary.

The Glen View Golf club, of Chicago, had a great search for a donkey the other afternoon. The impression was general that there were enough mirrors in Chicago, but this must be a mistake.

P. T. Barnum's widow has married Baron Alexandry Orngiana. Barnum has turned over in his grave three times already since it happened. He could have put a man with a name like that alongside of the fat woman and the glant and made a fortune.

The three-act comedy "Innocent" is as irreverent as the amia of a cherub. And very good not to be perfectly presented than it was at the Metropolitan last night by the Woodward Stock company.

A thread of plain and good deal of excellent nonsense combine to make three hours pass swiftly when "Gay Coon Island" is on the boards, and the audience at the Grand last evening witnessed a thoroughly good performance of the play.

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The following advertisement appeared in the Morning Post of London: "A young married man, with family, has lost in speculation half of a sum of money of which he is a trustee, and for which he must shortly give up the office of trustee."

State Press Gibes.

While upon the subject of cemeteries and tombstones Mr. McKinley ought not to forget the claims of Savannah Saturday that war, both regular and volunteer, Mr. Alger is still secretary of war, and the poor fellows are still sickening and dying like sheep with cholera, in distant hospitals, or without the aid of that admirable medical science whose deficiencies Surgeon General Sternberg has so frankly admitted.—Baltimore Sun.

We will be disappointed if the Gov.-elect Lind fails to recommend the placing of all state officials upon reasonable salaries instead of continuing the pernicious fee system, which gives a few favored ones exorbitant incomes, while the rest of the people, but which the party in power has not dared to favor.—Appleton Press.

Republicans are declaring that if Gov. Lind fails to reform at once the evils of state which he contended for in his speeches, his line of reason will be a failure. On the same ground the entire state at once with good roads. It was the only state issue they raised in the platform and the constitutional amendment.

All Comes Out of the Farmers. During the past week the warden of the State penitentiary has promulgated the biennial report of the prison board, on the state's binding twine concern. It throws little or no light upon the points made against the management in the campaign, but instead confirms the claim that the twine which is produced in violation of the law is sold in violation of the law.

From the Montreal Herald. Every French Canadian resident of Maine believes that a miracle has been performed at the grave of the late Mr. Dupre, who died and was buried in the woods above Grindstone falls four years ago. Braupe, or Bo Peep, as he was called by his acquaintances, was a well known and popular character.

Before his death he expressed a wish to have his body taken to Montreal for burial, pronouncing a fearful curse upon anyone who neglected to obey his last request. Among other catastrophes which were to follow a denial of his wish were the sudden death of the three-act comedy "Innocent."

Two weeks later the camp boss was killed by a falling limb in the following spring the logs were being cut near the shore, and while they were lying on the shore, waiting for rains, a forest fire swept through the woods, burning the logs and the camp where the men were sleeping.

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Hamburg is now supplied with a number of automatic cabs, which are rapidly gaining in favor over horse cabs. It is claimed that they go one-third faster, and that they are more easily managed in a crowd of vehicles. They hold four passengers, and the fare is 20 cents for 1,200 yards, and 25 cents for every additional 600. The cost of a cab per day is \$4 to \$5.

Keely's motor has been an egregious failure as a motor, but proceedings at the latest meeting of the Keely company prove that it is still unrivaled as a spellbinder.—Chicago Times-Herald.

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Here, There, Everywhere.

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Half a Dozen Witticisms.

"She's pretty enough to bite." "Yes, but there's lead poisoning in all those face preparations."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Attorney—One more question. Did you ever steal a horse? Witness—Do you think I am a ghost? No, sir, I live in Texas.—Philadelphia North American.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "a man imagines that he's puttin' his foot down with great firmness, when he's merely gittin' his back up an' lookin' ridiculous."—Washington Star.

"Papa," said Pety, "did you believe in Kras Kringle when you was a kid?" "Of course," said Pety, "I was a kid, but I don't believe in Kras Kringle now."—Philadelphia North American.

Several of them were standing at the bar in the alderman's saloon. Just a few feet away, farther down the room, was the alderman's catering establishment, but as the hour was unholy no one was there except the solitary waiter who had the "dog watch."

"You all know old man Dupre?" said Frank Lane one night to a group of actors and their satellites. He hit a canny out on the road one time in which there was a fresh young fellow named—well, I forgot his name, but he was well called him Thompson.

"Where do we play Tuesday, Mr. Dupre?" "The old man started a minute, but I guess he was carried away by the young fellow's nerve and he said: "Ugh! We play at Marinette Tuesday."

"Well, where do we play Wednesday, Mr. Dupre?" "All thought the old man would surely land on him then and just simply kill him, but he turned again and, after glancing a minute, said: "We play in Wausau Wednesday"—or wherever it was that day.

"Thompson hesitated a minute and went back to the attack again. He had his nerve right with him, that baby had. He says: "Where do we play Thursday, Mr. Dupre?" "Then the old man looked at his watch, he turned on Thompson and says: "I don't know, young man. You're ahead of the advance agent."

The wonderful expansion of our export trade is revealed by the official statement of the market we are finding in far-off Africa. In 1884 exports to Africa were less than \$5,000,000. During the past year they have risen to \$17,000,000, including corn, wheat, canned beef, lard, butter, tobacco, furniture, leather, boots and shoes, hardware, cotton clothes, agricultural implements, clocks and watches, sewing machines, typewriters, bicycles, and scientific instruments.

Good-bye, I cannot call you less than friend, and yet, how could I call you more? The time has come when I must bid you adieu. And leaves us there as lonely as before. And he says: "Good-bye in even tones—'Good-bye' what a lovely word for us to say? And both go on their little good-bye seppings—And neither murmurs at the separate way. You have been kind to me; I shall recall Your kindness with sincere gratitude. And I have been your friend, and that was all."

Long, long before Maude raises her hay The greatest blessing of all to me! And ere the milkmaid strikes a peg The hen is up and has dropped her egg; The corn must rustle and the chickens chirp; If they hold their own with the barnyard If Maude is needing a hat and gown She'll hustle her hay to town, But she'll feed her chickens with a suit With a basketful of her fresh hen fruit; If the milkmaid's bean makes a Sunday call She'll feed her chickens with a suit; But works up eggs in a custard pie And Maude will find a chicken fry; And when the old man wants a horn, Does he take the druggist a load of corn? Not much, but she'll give him a tin of lard; And to take the druggist a load of corn? Not much, but she'll give him a tin of lard; While his poor wife stays at home and sews; For, saved from want by those selfsame fowls; For, saved from want by those selfsame fowls; She watches the cackling hens with care, And gathers eggs, and the eggs she'll hide Till she saves enough to stem the tide.

Oh! Blood is strong, through right and And stronger when 'tis shed; And Blue and Gray are washed away In the great flood of Red! One land hereafter? No! South! No! North! The Red, the Gray and the Blue today Are all the same, 'neath the white of Peace!—John O'Keefe in New York Press.

Jobbing Trade Quiet.

Effect of the holiday season felt by the local wholesale salers. The bulk of the business the past week has been in holiday lines, and the orders are, almost without exception, coming in by mail.

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The drug market has been active during the past week, never before more active at this season, which is usually a dull one except in holiday lines. The grip may or may not be every day, but the demand for antipyrine has been increasing each day. Collections are excellent, orders large and numerous, and St. Paul leading, as usual, in everything pertaining to the drug line.

Trade has been quiet owing to the fact that nearly all the shippers are at home for the holidays. Owing to this fact, mail orders have been unusually heavy, and practically all the business has been along this line. Prices on both staple and fancy goods have been steady, with the exception of sugar, which has declined.

While the hardware has been favorable for the hardware merchants the past week, business has been unusually dull. A better trade is expected in the near future. Mills have advanced the price of flour to \$2.50 per bushel, but as yet this has not affected the wholesale trade, as the merchants are controlled by local conditions.

The past week has been very quiet in this line, as it always is at this season of the year, owing to the holidays. Practically the only business in this line is in leather goods. The rubber trade has been almost as quiet as the leather goods. Collections are coming in very promptly.

Nearly all orders in the past week have been for fancy and holiday stuff and in this line business has been fair. The regular business has been almost entirely made up of almost entirely to mail orders. Collections are very good.

Probably the shortest independent telegraph line in the world is the one contained within the walls of the New York stock exchange. It is little more than a wire, extending only from the first to the fourth floor of the famous money mart, yet it is perfect in mechanical detail and over it during the day, a volume of business is transacted exceeding that of transcontinental wires.

John and Jonathan's "Scapuz." Much attention has been attracted by the work of the English association known as the "Scapuz," whose purpose is to prevent the displacement of landscapes by advertisers. A branch of this association has been doing good work in New York city. The displacement of scenery by advertisers is far less common in this country than in Europe, but the tendency to extend this kind of vandalism in the United States constantly increases. The duty of newspapers in the premises is plain. It is only necessary to call the attention of the public to the fact that the placing of advertisements upon the streets, or upon it, or to have it stopped entirely, and in this connection an admirable step has been taken by the Editorial Association of the city.

The characters of street car and elevated railroads distinctly limit their corporate rights. They have no more right to enter into the advertising business than to go into the grocery or dry goods trade, and the newspapers of New York propose to ask the courts to restrain these corporations from continuing what is clearly an illegal business. It is said that more than \$2,000,000 is expended annually in street car and elevated railroad advertising in this city. This is diverted from legitimate and legal advertising channels, embracing daily, weekly, monthly and other publications.—Lectin's Weekly.

It is understood that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is receiving a royalty of two shillings a copy on his book "The Day's Work," now selling so briskly. On a circulation of 50,000 copies this royalty would give the author a return of \$5,000 (\$25,000). Add the value of the serial and American rights and Mr. Kipling's receipts for this volume would be over \$10,000. For a collection of short stories which do not, with perhaps one exception, even approach Mr. Kipling's best work in the past, this pecuniary return seems adequate.—London Chronicle.

Bavarian Pencil Factories. Bavaria can boast of twenty-eight pencil factories, which employ 10,000 people, including men, women and children. Together they produce no fewer than 4,000,000 and 300,000 colored pencils per week. The total output last year reached the enormous quantity of 230,000,000 pencils, in the manufacture of which over 1,800 acres of cedar were used.

Curious Maine Story.

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