The St. Paul Globe

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WEATHER FOR TODAY.

Minnesota—Fair in west, showers in east portion Saturday; warmer in southeast portion. Sunday fair; fresh to brisk south winds, shifting to west.

Upper Michigan—Showers Saturday, clearing Sunday; fresh south winds, shifting to west.

Wisconsin—Showers and warmer Saturday. Sunday fair; fresh south winds, shifting to west.

Iowa—Fair; warmer Saturday. Sunday fair.

South Dakota—Fair Saturday. Sunday fair; warmer.

Montana and North Dakota—Fair Saturday and Sunday.

St. Paul — Yesterday's temperatures taken by the United States weather bureau, St. Paul, P. F. Lyons, observer, for the twenty-four hours ended at 7 o'clock last night—Barometer corrected for temperature and elevation: Highest temperature, 59; lowest temperature, 49; average temperature, 54; daly range, 10; barometer, 29.87; relative humidity, 82; precipitation, .04; 7 p. m. temperature, 58; 7 p. m. weather, partly cloudy; 7 p. m. wind, southeast.

Yesterday's Temperatures—

	*8pm	High		*8pm	High
Alpena	58	58	Marquette	58	66
Battleford	62	66	Memphis	74	80
Bismarck	70	72	Medicine Hat	70	72
Buffalo	56	62	Milwaukee	64	76
Boston	58	66	Minnedosa	52	58
Calgary	62	68	Montgomery	80	88
Cheyenne	68	74	Montreal	52	60
Chicago	70	72	Nashville	78	82
Cincinnati	70	76	New Orleans	86	90
Cleveland	58	62	New York	64	68
Denver	74	78	Omaha	68	72
Des Moines	64	72	Philadelphia	64	70
Detroit	60	66	Pittsburg	66	70
Duluth	54	56	Qu'Appelle	60	64
Edmonton	62	64	Frisco	62	64
Galveston	82	84	St. Louis	74	78
Green Bay	56	70	Salt Lake	76	78
Helena	70	70	S. Ste. Marie	56	62
Huron	70	74	Washington	62	78
Jacksonville	78	86	Winnipeg	54	68
Kansas City	66	82			

*Washington time (7 p. m. St. Paul.)

River Bulletin—

Stations.	Danger Line.	Gauge Reading.	Change in 24 Hours.
St. Paul	14	2.7	*0.3
La Crosse	10	3.1	0.0
Davenport	15	1.8	0.0
St. Louis	30	20.0	*0.4

*Rise.

River Forecast Till 8 p. m. Saturday—The Mississippi will continue rising slowly in the vicinity of St. Paul.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

Anyone unable to secure a copy of The Globe on any railroad train leaving or entering St. Paul will confer a favor on the management by reporting the fact to the business office. Telephone, Main 1065.

Subscribers annoyed by irregular or late delivery of The Globe will confer a favor on the management by reporting the fact to the business office. Telephone, Main 1065.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 6, 1902.

Nothwithstanding the vast amount of sugar that has been injected into the nine Republican congressional campaigns of Minnesota for the primary elections, we regret to say that they are yet far from being sweet.

HAS BEEN REPUBLICAN.

Answering the appeal of the Minneapolis Journal to the Republican voters of Hennepin that they should not elect John Lind to congress because Hennepin would then be known as a Democratic county, the Buffalo Lake News retorts that the chief cause of real concern to Minneaplis Republicans is the fact that Minneapolis, during its recent debauch of municipal corruption and police scandals is known to the world as Republican, with not only a Republican mayor, but a heavily Republicanized police force.

The Journal need not fear. The public knows that Minneapolis was Republican throughout the Ames administration and that the thirty municipal indictments returned by the grand jury were indictments of Republican officials.

The public is aware that Minneapolis, in 1897-98—when the city treasury lost something like $400,000 of public funds, when the city treasurer was indicted and convicted and the grand jury and the courts spent half a year in the indictment and trial of boodle aldermen—was likewise Republican, and that the indicted public officials then also were Republicans.

So well were the voters and taxpayers of Minneapolis themselves aware of the fact in 1898 that they were living under a Republican administration that they proceeded at the polls in November to elect a Democrat for mayor, a proceeding they are apt to duplicate this fall.

The public is likewise aware that the county administration, resulting in the removal of the register of deeds for cause by Gov. Lind and the removal of the sheriff for cause by Gov. Van Sant is also Republican; and voters and taxpayers are bearing this in mind, as they wait for the ides of November.

The fact is, as intimated by our Buffalo Lake contemporary, the Republicanism of Minneapolis is too well known either for the good of Republicanism or for the good of Minneapolis; and both will be gainers if Minneapolis and Hennepin county conclude, as they are likely to do, to go solidly Democratic all along the line this fall.

The report that Minneapolis had turned over a new leaf, after an almost unbroken carnival of ten years of Republican administration and had gone to the polls with a big new broom and swept house from top to bottom, putting in a bran new Democratic administration from congressman and mayor down to coroner and dog catcher would be worth millions to our metropolitan neighbor. It would bring homeseekers and investors, population and business. It would restore faith and give Minneapolis once again a good name.

Secretary Randall finds that the first four days of the state fair paid the expenses for the year, and that the last two days are pure velvet for the treasury surplus. For a profit-paying monopoly, Randall's agricultural merger beats the New Jersey trust.

UNEQUAL PROSPERITY.

As one of the marked evidences of phenomenal prosperity, a Minneapolis contemporary quotes the following census statistics of growth in the manufacturing industries:

	1890.	1900.
Av. number of employes.	4,712,622	5,719,137
Wages and sal'ries pd.	$2,283,216,529	$2,735,430,848
Value of products	5,369,579,191(a)	13,039,279,566

(a) Error; this is the 1880 total. For 1890 it should read $9,372,437,283.

This is a remarkable showing in regard to the percentage and volume of increase in the value of the manufactured products. It shows what the trust development, the inflation of stocks and dividends and the inflation of prices on the necessaries of life have accomplished during the past census decade. But, how about the almost infinitesimal increase in the volume of wages?

Value of manufactured products increased in the ten-year period $3,600,000,000, or over 40 per cent and in twenty years $8,600,000,000, or over 150 per cent.

Wages and salaries paid to employes who produced this vast product increased during 1890-1900 only $452,000,000, or not quite 20 per cent.

The value of the product turned out by the average wage-earner has increased nearly one-half; while the annual wage paid to the average workman shows no increase.

Is this prosperity?

Is this national progress?

When it is considered that nearly every trust and other manufacturing industry that has participated in this enormous increase in product values is protected by tariff walls and fed on tariff bounties, something of the causes which have worked to produce this abnormal and one-sided prosperity may be understood. Government privilege is that cause.

As compared with the petty increase in the aggregate volume of wages and salaries paid in the tariff protected manufacturing industries, take the progress of the country in the volume of remuneration in an entirely different line of work, where tariffs and trusts and politicians have no place and where natural laws alone govern.

The total sum paid to teachers in the public schools of the United States increased from less than $60,000,000 in 1880 to over $91,000,000 in 1890 and to $137,000,000 in 1900.

The increase was 50 per cent for each of the two decades.

The progress of the public schools is simply the natural increase in the population and enlightenment of a civilized and progressive people. The 50 per cent increase in volume of salaries to teachers is a normal increase. It is what other professions and industries governed by natural laws of development should show.

It is the farcical pretext of the tariff beneficiaries that the tariff is levied for the "protection of labor." The hollowness of the pretext is shown in the above figures, which the tariff-protected proprietors themselves have furnished to the census experts of a protective tariff administration.

At the international commercial and industrial congress at Ostend, the American delegates were unable to get the floor for the purpose of defending the American protective tariff, and left the convention in high dudgeon. So Minnesota is not the only place where the Dingley schedules are unpopular.

FOR OPPOSING ROOSEVELT.

It is apparent that Editor Alvah Eastman, of the St. Cloud Journal-Press, is a great joker. In his search for reasons why John Lind might not be elected in Hennepin county to congress over "Uncle Loren," notwithstanding the 5,000 plurality which Hennepin gave Lind for governor in 1898, Editor Eastman says:

"A great many people would vote for Lind for governor who would not vote to send him to Washington to oppose President Roosevelt."

Is this intended for sarcasm, or for an innocent joke? The Journal-Press certainly recalls how "Uncle Loren" has been opposing the president's tariff and reciprocity program for six months past; while Lind, on the other hand, stands for freer trade relations with Cuba and Canada along the line of reciprocity and tariff revision.

Had John Lind been in congress in place of "Uncle Loren" during the recent session, President Roosevelt would have had strong support from the Fifth Minnesota congressional district, instead of the opposition he actually has had at the hands of the present congressional incumbent.

If opposition to Roosevelt is the issue on which the election of Minnesota congressmen depends, the entire Republican delegation from Minnesota deserves burial; and if Editor Eastman is consistent, he should rise in his editorial sanctum and order the funeral arrangements.

Three-fourths of the Democrats in congress, on the authority of Messrs. Fletcher and Tawney, supported President Roosevelt on the principal measure of the recent session; while the solid Minnesota delegation, two senators and seven congressmen, were in Washington opposing President Roosevelt, and the almost unanimous popular sentiment of the state, at the behest of the beet sugar coterie. The Journal-Press has named a strong reason why Lind should supersede Fletcher.

Adam Bede modestly calls attention to the fact that the national committee in the last campaign called him into Ohio to campaign with Mark Hanna. The next question is, will Mark achieve the return honor of being called by the national committee into Minnesota this fall to campaign with Adam?

Mr. Bryan may be excused for charging the president with "flim-flamming," and Brother Watterson will be immune for indicting the New York 400 with "moral abandon;" for this is the "off year," when Democracy grows triumphant and rampant.

Our evening Republican contemporary, strangely enough, agrees with Mark Hanna that franchises to public service corporations should be perpetual. It believes in the immortality of the soulless corporation.

Candidate Knatvold admits that Candidate Tawney is a very white pine kind of a fellow; and Candidate Tawney concedes that Candidate Knatvold lives on the oleo fat of the land.

The life insurance companies are taking great risks at this season of the year, when campaign committees are asking of the party supporters everywhere to pass in their checks.

Dr Ohage's report for the season at the public baths shows an increase of 30 per cent in the receipts, and it has been a cold year for swimming at that.

Although Mr. Hay thinks he has "Your Uncle Loren" in a hades of a fix, "Uncle" still persists in cutting Hay while the sun shines.

Dairy day at the fair drew 58,000 visitors; and Secretary Randall saw that they were properly milked.

The candidate roll calls for much dough and often needs all the roasting it gets.

AT ST. PAUL Theatres

Chauncey Olcott in "Old Limerick Town" will close his engagement at the Metropolitan opera house with two performances today, a popular price matinee this afternoon and the farewell performance tonight. The week has been remarkable for big business and crowded houses, and several records have been broken. The advance sale for the matinee is very large, but there are plenty of good seats left for the evening performance.

When "Way Down East" is seen again at the Metropolitan the coming week, it will be interpreted by the original cast. Archie Boyd, after a season under different management, has re-enlisted under the Brady banner, and will be seen again in the role of "Squire Bartlett." Boyd was the original in this part and played it with a great degree of success for several seasons.

* * *

A matinee performance this afternoon at 2:30 and the regular evening performance tonight at 8:15 will conclude the splendidly successful engagement of "Sis Hopkins" at the Grand opera house. The piece has played to the biggest week's business in the history of the theater, breaking records at every performance. This year's production of this simple story of Indiana life is praiseworthy in every way; the company is an especially capable one and the scenic investiture and accessories are elaborate and realistic.

Tomorrow night will witness the first presentation in this city at the Grand opera house of "Her Marriage Vow," a new comedy drama by Owen Davis, which has been very well received in the cities of the Middle West this season, and which has received the most favorable comment from the press wherever it has appeared. The story is said to be interesting at all times, and there are a number of especially effective scenes and situations introduced during the action of the play. A head-end collision between two trains going at full speed forms the basis for one of the most effective incidents of the piece. A splendid company and elaborate stage settings are promised.

IN WHICH WORLD?

Where Have You the Most Friends, Here or In the Hereafter?

"It was a popular yet accurate man who once said that he had acquaintances enough to fill a cathedral, but that he could put all his friends into the pulpit," remarked a gentleman of literary note to a coterie of club confreres the other day. "But there is a later thought on the friend question," he continued, "and that is that a man can admit he is at least middle-aged when he can count more friends in the next world than in this. I confess that I have reached that stage, and perhaps I am not claiming over much, either, in the belief that my list of friends, both dead and alive, is up to the average in number. But I think there are now more 'on the other side' than here.

"An interesting thing to me in this connection," he went on to say, "is that while most of those who passed away a few years ago died poor, I observe that nearly all who have gone recently have left their families in fair circumstances. Ability of every sort is better paid than of old, and men are thereby able to accumulate more. Life insurance, too, is proving a big help in this respect. I am insured and so are the majority of my acquaintances, and I can name you a dozen men, all of whom were more or less well known to you, who left their families well provided for by life insurance.

"I'm not touting for any particular company," he added, with a smile, "but if, like me, you now have more friends in the next world than in this, you will find that most of them have gone over well insured, and that policy holding is something that's growing in extent and popularity every day."

SEEKS MOSES CLAPP'S SEAT

Continued From First Page.

Third district. In the First district nearly every man who voted for Clapp is opposed by an administration candidate. A case in point is that of Henry Hymes, of Rochester, who twice represented his district in the house and who is now a candidate for the senate.

Hymes was originally a Clapp man. When Mr. Tawney became a candidate for Davis' unexpired term and the First district delegation caucused, Hymes abided by the decision of the caucus and voted for Tawney. As soon as the First district obligation to Tawney was paid, Hymes cast his vote for Clapp. Rochester has from time immemorial been conceded the senatorial nomination and Hymes was considered duly in line for it, but he finds himself opposed for the nomination by an administration candidate. A. T. Stebbins, who four years ago was dismissed from the senate by the Republican party of Olmsted county at the expiration of one term.

Avoid Disaffected Districts.

It has been generally admitted for more than a year that Senator Clapp was due to face trouble for a renomination, and of course there are sections of the state which have never been satisfied with his selection. Those communities have been left severely alone by the administration, which figures to undermine the junior senator in his own territory and take the chances of pulling Van Sant out of a deadlock with the naturally anti-Clapp vote.

The fight on Tawney and Fletcher has two-fold purposes. In the first place, by defeating them for renominations the governor of Minnesota can show his loyalty to the national administration and lay a claim in the Roosevelt support for administering a summary lesson to the insurgents. The second cause of Van Sant administration opposition to Tawney and Fletcher lies in the fact that either or both might develop into strong senatorial candidates.

Tawney demonstrated two years ago that he is a factor to be reckoned with and Minneapolis will be in the forefront with a candidate to lay out Clapp willy-nilly.

Fletcher, with the backing of the Hennepin delegation, reinforced with the wires the Hon Thomas Shevlin can pull, "Your Uncle Loren" would be a hard-fighting proposition.

The Third district fight is, of course, primarily directed at Joel Heatwole, who has been suspected of a desire to wear a senatorial toga. If his friends were elected to congress and the state senate, the organization would stay just where it is, in the vest pocket of Joel Heatwole, which would be bad for the schemes of the governor of Minnesota. Heatwole is saying nothing, but the temper of the famous organizer has been badly misjudged if he does not take a hand in the fight and a hand that will not be pledged to the administration or Van Sant benefit.

ROSING A DRAWING CARD.

Gubernatorial Candidate Sought as Stellar Attraction at Fairs.

Leonard A. Rosing, Democratic candidate for governor, who has been in St. Paul all of fair week, will leave tomorrow night on another short tour incident to his personal campaign. He will visit the upper end of the Fourth congressional district and make a detour through the lower ends of the Sixth and Eighth districts, returning to St. Paul Tuesday night.

Next week Mr. Rosing will commence filling the dates made for him by the state central committee, which will direct his personal campaign until November, in that it will arrange dates for him. The first trip under the direction of the committee includes a series of speeches at county and district fairs. Wednesday he will speak at a street fair at Madelia. Thursday Mr. Rosing is the stellar attraction at the district fair at Worthington. Friday he will address the crowds at the Chisago county fair at Rush City, and close the week, Saturday, with an address at the Watonwan county fair at St. James.

Fair week has proved a busy season for Mr. Rosing. He has held daily receptions at the headquarters in the Gilfillan block, and almost daily has been called upon to attend conferences of Democratic leaders, perfecting plans for campaign work in their respective districts. Beside the party workers, he has daily received calls from scores of the members of the rank and file of the Democracy of the state, and not a few Republicans who have pledged him their support.

One of the most pleasing features of the week has been the reports brought in by Democrats from the counties visited by Mr. Rosing on the personal tours he made last month. In every county the local Democrats are delighted. Mr. Rosing's appearance not only put new life in the Democratic pulse, but in every county reports already show that his personality and the cause which he represents has won him the friendship and votes of Republicans, who have stuck to their party ticket through thick and thin for years.

OLMSTED DEMOCRATS HAPPY.

Prospects for Election of Dr. Witherstine to Senate Are Excellent.

The Democrats of Olmsted county are fully confident that they are about to accomplish what has for years been considered impossible. In short, elect a Democrat to the state senate.

Dr. W. W. Witherstine, of Rochester, is the candidate, and there is every reason to believe that he will be elected, the first Democrat to represent that district since 1891-1893, when Dr. W. W. Mayo, the old war horse of the Democracy of Southern Minnesota, was in the senate.

Dr. Withestine is one of the most popular men in Olmsted county, and as a candidate for city and county office has repeatedly demonstrated his hold on the people and his abilities as a vote getter. William Kelly Jr., of Stewartville, who was in St. Paul yesterday, said the Democrats of the county are keenly alive to their chance and are daily receiving pledges of Republican support for their man.

A prominent Olmsted county Republican, a good vote getter himself, and a fine campaigner, who has landed on top every time he went after a local office, yesterday confirmed the statements of Mr. Kelly, only making it stronger with the statement that the thinking Republicans and the professional men of the county will solidly support Witherstine against Stebbins, who is accredited with holding a lead over Hymes and Bush for the Republican nomination, and that a big majority of the same votes will be cast for Witherstine should either Hymes or Bush win out at the primaries.

Hymes would, if nominated, prove the hardest candidate for Dr. Witherstine to finish out. He is a resident of Rochester, and is personally beyond successful attack as to legislative record. He seems, however, to have gone into the fight in a rather half-hearted manner. Bush lives in the country, which weakens him with the Rochester vote for the nomination, and his legislative record not that of a heavy weight, which lends color to the belief that Stebbins will land the nomination.

Mr. Stebbins does not enjoy the fullest confidence of the Republicans of Olmsted county, who four years ago took the occasion to administer a lesson calculated to teach him that even in practical politics party honor is to be considered, if personal honor has no place. If nominated, he cannot expect to poll anything like the full party vote, and should prove easy for a man of sterling integrity and unquestioned ability, like Dr. Witherstine.

ODELL IS READY FOR THE FRAY.

Candidate for Secretary of State Prepares for Vigorous Campaign.

Spurgeon Odell, of Marshall, Democratic candidate for secretary of state, is preparing to take up the active work of the campaign and within a week will be in the field to stay until the polls close in November.

Mr. Odell was yesterday in conference with Mr. Rosing and Judge Buck at Democratic headquarters. For years he has been one of the recognized leaders of the People's party, and is one of the strongest men in Western Minnesota. He is a sterling campaigner and a gifted orator. He has submitted plans for personal campaign work entirely after his own lines and for a time at least will be a free lance.

MARE HAS A BEARD

CHICAGO HORSE HAS LONG HEAVY GROWTH OF BLACK HAIR ON UPPER LIP

VETERINARIANS SAY IT IS REMARKABLE PHENOMENON

She Is Otherwise a Beautiful Coal Black Animal, Strong and Straight Limbed and Dime Museum Managers Pursue the Owner With Offers to Buy Her for Exhibition.

CHICAGO, Sept. 5. — Chicago has a horse with a mustache. A week or so ago Myra II., out of Queen Myra, by Black Giant, appeared in the city, and wondering citizens stopped to gaze as she high stepped down the boulevard.

Bearded Myra, the veterinary surgeons agree, is a phenomenon. On her upper lip is a long black mustache, not a sparse thing made up of a few scattered hairs, but one of heavy luxuriant growth. When left alone it droops gracefully over her mouth and gets in her way when she eats.

Myra is the property of F. A. King, of Clinton, Ill. She is coal black all over, with the exception of a single white star on her forehead, a strong, straight limbed, beautifully formed animal, and altogether a splendid specimen of horseflesh.

Veterinary Surgeons See Her.

Mr. King brought her from Clinton to have two prominent Chicago veterinary surgeons examine the growth on her upper lip, and, if possible, explain its presence there. From here he will take her to San Francisco, where he will remain for the winter.

"Myra was my mother's pet. Mother died recently. I would not part with Myra for a fortune." Mr. King says: "Museum managers have fairly haunted my footsteps, all anxious to buy or lease her.

"Many surprisingly large offers have been made me, but I would accept none of them. As long as I have money enough to keep her well fed, well housed and well cared for Myra and I shall not be parted."

The Chicago veterinary surgeons who have seen the mare are at a loss to account for her mustache. The only theory they have advanced that Mr. King says is at all reasonable is one of "prenatal influences."

"I am inclined to believe there is something in it," says her owner. "The doctors argue that when Myra's mother was in foal some man with a heavy black mustache frightened her.

Mustache Six Inches Long.

"This, they say, had its effect on the unborn colt.

"It's a fact that the hostler who took care of Queen Myra, the mother of my mare, did have a heavy black mustache, but I doubt very much if he ever purposely did anything to frighten her.

"As far as we know, he always seemed extraordinarily fond of Queen Myra. Still, we can't know, of course, how he treated her when we weren't about to watch him."

So much for the cause. The fact is indisputable. The mustache on Myra's upper lip is as tangible as her tail and as much in evidence. It is six inches long on either side and heavy.

THE APPROACH OF SEPTEMBER.

The roses grow sleepy; the leaf turns to yellow;
The golden rod nods with an arrogant grace;
The apples all blushing grow temptingly mellow.—
And autumn's enchantments we distantly trace.

The gay winged creatures of sunshine and flowers
Are hastening home from the forest and shore;
From the ballroom's display; from the leaf-woven bowers;
Alack! It is time to be busy again.

NIGHTMARE OF MONEY.

Oh, it's dollars, dollars, dollars,
Every way you turn.
Dollars for the meat you eat,
And for the coal you burn.
Dollars for your clothing,
Dollars for your bed,
Dollars for the books that put
A thought into your head.

Isn't any telling
When the thing will end—
Dollars for a cheery word,
Dollars for a friend.
Dollars for a minute
Passed in talk polite.
It's dollars, dollars all the day,
And dollars all the night!

MAMMOTH WIND CAVE.

REMARKABLE CAVERN ONE HUNDRED MILES LONG, CONNECTING TWO THOUSAND CHAMBERS.

The house committee on public lands has reported favorably on the bill of Congressman Martin providing for the establishment of a national park to cover the country about the Wind Cave in the vicinity of the Black Hills in South Dakota. Should this bill pass, the Wind cave will soon stand with Niagara, Yellowstone park and the Mammoth cave of Kentucky as one of America's most wonderful freaks, says the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Republic.

Eighteen years ago this summer, as three cowboys, racing across the broad undulating prairies of Dakota, passed near the foot of a small hill, one of them was attracted by a peculiar hissing sound, as of escaping steam. He was some 200 yards in the rear of his companions, and without saying a word or giving any signal to them, he turned to the left and rode toward the source of the sound.

As he drew near a small clump of bushes, the hissing sound became more distinct and it was evident that it came from the bushes. He dismounted and left his horse, walking a short distance up the side of the hill until the tangled undergrowth made further progress afoot difficult. The hissing seemed to come from back of the thick vegetation which his gaze could not penetrate.

He cut away some of the branches and tangled vines and pulled away the brush. He crawled through the opening and was greeted by the sound of heavy rumblings, which seemed to proceed from what appeared to be the mouth of a well a short distance back in the thicket.

He crawled toward the dark hole, wondering what the strange sounds meant and how they were produced. When within about ten feet of the opening he was hurled toward the gaping mouth by a tremendous draft of air. He threw out his arms and grasped the shrubbery and, clinging desperately, he prevented himself being drawn into the hole by the powerful suction.

Lying on the ground he heard the roar which came from the recesses of what appeared to be a deep cave, but he did not dare draw nearer to investigate. Then he crawled on his hands and knees out into the open, mounted his horse and rode after his companions, who had gone on without him. He did not overtake them until they had reached the sod hut at the ranch headquarters. There he told the story of what he had seen and heard.

His fellows greeted his story derisively, saying, in effect, that it sounded to them like a fairy tale. But he insisted on the truth of his story and on the following morning the trio started back over the trail.

As the cowboys approached, the same noises were heard, first faint and then more distinctly. They cut away more of the brush and undergrowth and revealed the yawning mouth of the cave. Carefully they approached it on either side, so as to avoid the powerful draft, and later one of the more reckless of the cowboys offered to go into the dark hole if his fellows would hold to the end of a rope, which he fastened about his body.

Thus equipped the venturesome cowboy crawled nearer to the mouth of the cavern and was blown into it with great force. He yelled to his companions, but the sound of his voice was lost in the deafening roar. The others, however, held tight to the rope and then pulled the explorer back.

He explained that when he first entered the hole he was chilled to the bone—it was as though he had stepped inside a refrigerator on a summer's day. He had been able to hear nothing and see nothing, but he thought that if he remained inside long enough to recover from the sudden effects of the change of temperature and to accustom himself to the darkness, he could learn something of the mysteries of the interior. Accordingly he proposed a few signals which he could communicate to his companions in case of accident, or his immediate need of assistance, and started back toward the mouth of the cavern. The others braced themselves, not knowing how great a force they might have to pull against, and awaited developments.

Once inside the cave, the explorer did not find it so difficult a proposition as he had supposed. The effect of the torrent of wind was not felt after he had picked his way some distance along the rough bottom of the opening. It seemed to be a tunnel, inasmuch as he struck his head several times on the projecting rocks from above. He crept along cautiously and finally, after he had proceeded a distance of several hundred yards, he entered a larger apartment, in which the reverberations when he shouted startled him.

He told his partners what he had found, and later, with several cow punchers and ranchers in that section, they made a more thorough investigation of the inside of the wonderful cave.

But it was some considerable time before anything definite as to the extent of the subterranean passages became known. They were explored for miles in several directions. Wonders similar to those in the Mammoth cave of Kentucky were found on every hand. Those who have seen the South Dakota cave say that it contains winding passages, spacious galleries, deep crevices and trickling streams which grow into splashing cataracts and run into lakes.

The beauties of the rock formation inside Wind cave are said to equal and in some instances to surpass those of the Kentucky cave. The various passageways extend in all directions. Several of them have been traversed for miles, and others which promise to reveal beauties and wonders unequaled by those already familiar to the visitors have not been penetrated.

Special Officer Meyendorff, of the United States land office, recently made an investigation of the Wind cave, in company with the agents of the geological survey. In his report Mr. Meyendorff said in part:

"To do justice to this wonderful evolution of nature which created this cavern, to describe its grandeur, grotesquenesses and beauty would require the researchful mind of a profound student of geology and the pen of a poet. Bereaved of both, and limited in space and time, I will simply say that it is one of the greatest wonders of the world.

"Some one aptly likened it unto a sponge. It is an oval piece of sponge several miles in length, depth and breadth, with caverns big enough to inclose the Congressional Library, and most artistically decorated with ferns, grasses and feathers of pure white lime and gypsum and studded with glistening gems of crystals of the same formation.

"The cavern known as Fair Grounds is a fair illustration of it. It covers about one and one-fourth acres and is about forty feet from the floor to the ceiling. Those who visited the Yellowstone National park and the Mammoth cave of Kentucky all accord the Wind cave only a second place to the Yellowstone canyon and the geysers of the former and declare the Wind cave superior, in point of attractiveness to the Mammoth cave."

Edward C. Horn, Ph. D., who made somewhat of a study of the Wind cave, claims that there are 3,000 chambers and 100 miles of passages.

The report of the geological survey says:

"We keep winding and descending until we reach the first room, the Bride's Chamber, and we are 155 feet below the floor of the Cave house. This room is about twenty by thirty feet, with rough, ragged rocks all about and overhead, with many small outlets in various directions; but as we move on we find an almost perfect prairie log and mound, with hole as natural as possible. We are now in the Snowball room, a much larger and higher room and ceiling all potted with a gypsum formation that looks like large flakes of snow.

"Next comes the postoffice, a long room where we begin to find the boxwork formation all about and overhead. From here we pass on to Red hall, a smaller room, the sides of which are of a soft red sandstone. Here I saw some of the mineral paint, of which you had samples in exhibits sent from Rapid City.

"From here we enter the Opera House, an immense room, grand in its varied formation of boxwork and varied colors of the rocks that form the grand arches overhead. Then the Devil's Outlook, an enormous crevice reaching sixty-five feet above, showing how the water has cut and ground the rocks until a sharp corner cannot be found. Here we lit a calcium wire and threw the white light up above us to see the grandeur of this wonderful opening.

"There is no doubt but this cave has at some time been filled with water which has left its marks all about, and by the deposits has formed the beautiful frostwork we shall see later on, but now there are but very few places you will find any moisture whatever.

"Moving along from one room to another, we come to Capital Hill, about sixty by 100 feet, with its high dome ceiling, in the center of which nature has placed a centerpiece of most beautiful boxwork. The Odd Fellows' Hall comes next, with the three links in the ceiling, formed by three holes cut out by the rushing water. The goat standing in a little side opening looks very natural.

"Then we reach the Stone Quarry, where we find great slabs of stone of a pink tint, broken away as straight as it cut and piled up ready for a large building.

"Then we reach the Garden of Eden, where we find the frostwork, being down in the second tier of chambers; here the boxwork is coated with a pure white frost and the edges are trimmed with little white balls like popcorn and long frost petals white as snow and so delicate that a breath will almost destroy it. Noah's beard hangs from a little point of rock in this frostwork about an inch long, and from it are long strings like fine siler wire fully two feet long.

"Words cannot describe this place, so we will go down Corkscrew Patch, a winding trail going down quite steep around a deep, dark hole, and we are on the brink of Dante's Inferno. Amid a continuous change of formations and constantly changing scenery we find Monte Cristo's palace, the Assembly room, the Fair Grounds—an immense room 200 feet long and from forty to sixty feet wide, with great domes near the center."

BEHEADED BY A CAR

POLISH LABORER IS KILLED ON INTERURBAN LINE NEAR SNELLING AVENUE

IT IS EVIDENTLY A CASE OF SUICIDE

Position of the Body Indicates That the Man Laid Down on the Track—His Head Is Completely Severed—Motorman Saw Him When Only Ten Feet Away.

A Polish laboring man, apparently about thirty years of age, was beheaded by an Interurban car, bound for St. Paul at 12:35 this morning on University avenue, between Snelling avenue and Albert street.

The car was crowded and was running at a speed of about thirty miles an hour and the man's head was completely severed and left hanging only by a thread of flesh. His shoulder was crushed and his arms broken.

Saw Him Only Ten Feet Away.

Morotman Theodore Schoening was in charge of the car, which is one of the new ones, equipped with an air brake, and says that he did not see the man until he was about ten feet away from him. He applied the brakes, but was unable to stop the car before it struck the unfortunate man.

From the position of the body it is believed that the man laid down on the track with the intention of committing suicide. His collar, necktie, coat and vest were found by a telegraph pole near where he was struck by the car and he was lying with his head just over the track upon which the cars bound for St. Paul run.

Name on a Religious Card.

Upon the man was found a Polish prayer book and a picture of the Virgin, upon the back of which was written Weil K. Blookf, which is supposed to be the man's name. This name does not appear in the local directory.

Conductor H. Pieeper was in charge of the car and the suddenness with which the motorman brought it to a stop shook up the passengers severely. The coroner was notified and went at once to the scene of the accident.

HE WAS HIRED TO PAY FOR OTHER CHINAMEN

Ling Ming Gok Interceded With the Joss For His Country.

With the death, a few days ago, of Lung Ming Gok, the most respected inhabitant in Chinatown, was brought to light a character so weird and strange as to almost surpass belief.

Lung was the "chinsin" of Chinatown, that is, the caretaker of the sacred joss house. He was hired by the Chinese of Philadelphia to pray for their sins and their souls.

The task kept him busy, for he spent his whole life in prayer.

Morning, noon and night he invoked the omens by proxy for devout Chinamen all over the city and state. As he lived, so he died—in an attitude of devotion in front of the joss at whose shrine he had knelt thousands of times since he was elected to the high and honorable position of chinsin.

Lung Ming Gok's death, in the joss house, at the shrine of the celestial deity, within the sacred portals of the temple, high up on the top floor of the somewhat bizarre building on Race street, amid the silence of the oriental environment, with the air redolent with the peculiar odor of burning punk, was, to the Chinese way of thinking, an ideal one.

No peering white devil ever invaded the sacred sanctum while the joss was being propitiated by the almond-eyed chinks, while Lung was in charge of the temple; no prying eye or listening ear of the unbelievers was near. On days when the joss house was thrown open to visitors the same Lung Ming Gok was there, smiling, bland, yet dignified, willing to explain to the curious the meaning of certain Chinese symbols, or, if the question was about the great joss himself, the old priest would instantly lose interest at once and plead ignorance of the question under the guise that "no speakum Yinglish."

The Chinese trusted him implicitly. To his guardianship hundreds of them gave the keeping of their future spiritual welfare. They placed the highest confidence in him to make certain offerings to the joss, at certain times for a nominal sum per year, month, week, day or prayer, according to the agreement. No prayer was too short, no stipend too meager for Lung Ming Gok to refuse, as long as it was commensurate with his labor, and no offering too arduous or contract for proxy prayers too long.

Ever since he was elected to the office, which he secured by overbidding several competitors, by offering the sum of $140 for the concession and all its emoluments, there was not one note of complaint of recalcitrant prayers or of omitted offerings. Since the dead priest took charge and made his hundreds of offerings for his many patrons, joss smiled on the true believers and all was prosperity.

Chinamen who were struggling against adversity to get along, threw off the yoke of debt; laundrymen who barely made expenses at the wash tub and ironing board, began to lay up snug sums of money; gamblers who invoked the smile of the great deity for good luck at the gaming table by proxy through the mediations of Lung Ming Gok, made unheard of winnings and paid the old chinsin well for his intercession.

As chinsin, Lung Ming Gok had all he could do. Chinamen from within a radius of 100 miles of Philadelphia were his patrons, and from morning until night the venerable chinsin was a busy man, offering up their prayers to the joss at so much per.

The average Chinaman is a devout religionist, either in reality or by proxy. So long as they are done and placed to his credit with the deity, it is all right. If the Chinaman does not care to do his own praying, a little note, sent to the faithful old chinsin, is all that is necessary, and the offering is made by proxy.

Every Chinaman contributes liberally to the temple, paying generally on the first and fifteenth of every month. But it is aside from that that the chinsin reaps his harvest. Every one who worships in the temple tips him generously, and this, with his proxy business, makes the position worth at least $1,000 a year clear of all expenses.

Lung Ming Gok made a good living from it and had a neat bank account when he died. He was immensely popular with those of his race, and all his patrons were glad to be called his friend. There is a superstition, among the Chinese that the chinsin can work harm against one through the joss, so every one paid him all obeisance.

As propitiator of the joss, as an intermediator of the deity, as a chinsin who never omitted a prayer or skipped an offering, Lung Ming Gok was revered, respected, feared and obeyed, and for that reason he will be missed.—Philadelphia Press.

Had Hopes, Though.

First Fisherman—Why do you come to this lonely place to fish? Second Fisherman (sadly)—Because I like solitude and silence. I am a widower. And you? First Fisherman—Because I, too, likely solitude and silence. Second Fisherman—Ah, you also are a widower? First Fisherman (more sadly)—Not yet.—Indianapolis News.