SAILING.

N. C. USHER.

A sunlit bay—
The distance gray
Bodes stormy weather;
A fishing-boat
And we afloat
Alone together.

A laugh so sweet,
A foot so neat,
And she so discreetly
So grave and shy
That by and by
I'm lost completely.

The line wont go—
Her head bent low,
A golden glory;
Her hand near mine,
A touch divine—
The old, old story.

Still worse the knot,
The line forgot—
A happy lover!
The sky grows red,
And overhead
The sea birds hover.

The sunlight fades
To eve's dim shades,
The day is ended;
Who heeds the hour,
When beauty's power.
With love is blended?

Long years have gone,
We still sail on
Through life together;
And side by side,
Till death divide,
All storms we'll weather.

The shadows gray
Oft cross the way
To life immortal;
Each grows more dear
As we draw near
The golden portal.
—San Francisco News Letter.

PREDESTINATION.

How a Young Servian Officer Outwitted a Would-be Oracle.

It sometimes happened that I was obliged to pass fifteen days at a stretch among the Cossack villages on the left flank of the army line in company with a battalion of infantry. The officers of different regiments often gathered in the evenings and enjoyed the night gaming.

One evening, tired out with Boston, I threw my cards on the table and went to chat in the corner with Maj. S——. The conversation, contrary to the usual custom, grew agreeable and very interesting. One of the party contended that the Mohammedan belief, which decreed that the fate of man was written in heaven, found many converts in the Russian ranks. Finally, all the party dropped their cards and commenced to relate anecdotes tending to the contrary.

At this an officer—seated in an obscure corner of the room—rose and advanced to the center of the circle and gazed upon us with a calm but proud look. He was a Servian by birth, as his name indicated. The exterior of Lieut. Voulitch corresponded with his character. He was tall, a parchment-like complexion, brown hair, eyes black and penetrating, large but regular nose—a peculiarity of his race; a cold, sad smile eternally playing over his thin lips. He was a man noted for bravery; talked but little but with vivacity when he spoke, and never had revealed any soul secrets nor his family affairs. He drank but little wine. As to the Cossack girls, whose charms are celebrated, he never flirted or made love. It was said, however, that his colonel's wife silently adored him. If so, however, he was very discreet.

He had only one passion—this was gambling at cards. Before a green cloth he played and was always a loser, but his bad luck did not seem to disconcert him—he was a believer in fate. "Gentlemen he said, in a calm voice, "gentlemen, I fear my luck has been disturbed. Can a man voluntarily dispose of his life or his luck? No, the fatal moment of ill-luck in play is the same as ill-luck in life. You don't believe it? Show me the man bold enough to try the experiment. I'll wager that no man here has the courage to bet against fate."

"Not I! Not I! Not I!" echoed from all sides. "I'll risk the wager," I said. "I do not believe in predestination."

"How much money?" demanded Voulitch quietly. "Maj. S—— shall hold the stakes and be judge."

"Twenty ducats," I answered, throwing the gold on the table.

"Here are 15 ducats," said Voulitch, "but I will owe you the other five pieces, if satisfactory."

"This is all well," responded Maj. S——, placing the 35 ducats in his pocket. "But allow me to understand in what the test consists, in order that I may decide the matter clearly."

Voulitch entered an adjoining cottage and beckoned his fellow-officers to follow him. He looked at the walls, upon which hung numerous side-arms. He pulled from a peg a pair of large pistols in holsters. As yet the company did not comprehend his meaning. Then he cocked the pistols and placed them at his head. We seized his arms, crying: "What do you intend to do? This is foolishness."

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "who wins the bet? Who owes me 20 ducats?"

We all withdrew outside to the bivouac fire. He made a sign for us to be seated around him, and we obeyed in silence. At that moment he seemed to exert more mysterious influence over us. I regarded him fixedly, and his glance was finaly fixed on me. His pale lips smiled slightly, and, notwithstanding his coolness, I saw death on his pale visage. I have often observed, and many old army officers will confirm this remark, that death may be read on the face of a man who will die in a few hours. There is a strange sort of irresistible expression in such instances that cannot be confounded with the ordinary aspect.

"You will die to-morrow," I said, gazing at him sternly.

He looked at me calmly and replied with one of his cold smiles: "Perhaps yes, perhaps no!" Then turning to Maj. S—— he asked. "The pistols you wrenched from my hands were loaded?"

"Well loaded, Voulitch," answered one of the young officers. "But your pretended attempt to blow your brains out was a mere pleasantry."

"Foolish pleasantry!" said another.

"I will bet 50 roubles against 5 that the pistols were not loaded!" exclaimed a third.

A new bet was made. These interruptions annoyed me.

"Listen!" said I. "He should either blow out his brains or his predestination theory; or, if the pistols are unloaded, he must hang them against the wall."

"That's the idea!" laughed a chorus of voices.

They handed him the pistols.

"Gentlemen, don't budge!" observed Voulitch, quietly applying the mouth of one muzzle to his forehead and the other against his ear.

We moved back in the circle, petrified.

"Lieut. Petchorin, toss a card in the air," continued the Servian.

I took a card from the green board and threw it up in the air. The crowd of officers held their breaths, their eyes bulged out with agitation and morbid curiosity. The card floated away from Voulitch and his pistols. At the same instant both pistol hammers fell, one even slightly flashing its cap.

"Thanks be to God!" exclaimed several voices, drawing in by inspiration of breath.

"The pistols are unloaded," I remarked, chidingly.

"Examine them!" answered Voulitch. I took the arms and placing fresh caps under the hammers, discharged the weapons in the air. The hiss of the flying balls was more than ordinailry distinct.

Three minutes passed and none of the officers opened their mouths, while Voulitch calmly opened his purse and jingled the wagered ducats handed him by Maj. S——. Then we commenced to discuss why the pistols had not been discharged on the first attempt. Some said the caps were defective. Others contended that as the flash of one cap was visible the powder was moist. Voulitch should have loaded the pistols over.

"No," observed I. "This was perfectly fair, for they are my pistols and I never took my eyes off them since Voulitch seized the weapons. He is only a lucky better," I continued.

"It is the first time in my life that I ever won such a wager," answered the Servian, with a self-contented smile. "It was lucky play."

"But most dangerous," I replied.

"You commence to believe in predestination?" He gazed at me after this query and continued: "Let me ask you why you seem to regard my death as certain to-morrow?" His eyes glittered as he spoke, in anger. He had lost his temper. "As our wager is settled," he added, "your remarks on my death to-morrow were uncalled for." Then, without finishing his observation, he suddenly pulled his hat down over his eyes and walked away from the circle hastily.

After his departure we all discussed what we termed the excitability of Voulitch; and they unanimously pronounced me a sublime egotist because I bet against a man who evidently wished to kill himself—as though he could not have found a suitable occasion without me. I returned home through the deserted streets of the Cossack village. The chimes rang out from a small Russian church surmounted by its short spire and belfry. It struck 11 o'clock and three quarters. I hurried my footsteps. Suddenly a sharp report of a pistol echoed around the corner; cries were heard, and several guards and sentries with lanterns ran rapidly past me. I turned the neighboring street. Under the moonlight was a small group of soldiers, holding up the inanimate figure of an officer. On my approach the Cossacks, with all the respect they have for their superior officers, moved aside to allow my entrance to the circle. The dead man was Voulitch, his dark, dead eyes widely extended as if gazing steadfastly at the eternal stars; a large bullet-hole was apparent in his forehead and a sluggish stream of blood ran down his nose and chin. In one hand he had a pistol, in the other was a tightly-grasped note. The note was addressed to Lieut. Petchorin—to myself. I tore the wrapper hastily and read;

Lieut. Petchorin: You said I would die to-morrow. I could have waited until to-morrow to show you that a man, to a certain extent, controls his own destiny, but I die to-night by my own hand to prove that you are not an oracle. Keep your pistols in good order, so that you may not lose your money again. Had they been carefully cared for and properly loaded my fate was sealed. Farewell, Petchorin; nor sigh for one who has long desired peace for a troubled soul. Let my comrades say for me a little prayer each. I remain, as ever, the unfortunate VOULITCH.

"Take his body to the church!" said I, calmly, "and inform the colonel and his wife of this young officer's death." I saw them wrap his remains in his cloak and bear him away. Then, looking up at the stars, which beamed above so brightly, I moved homeward, wondering what the spirit of Voulitch was now engaged in doing.

STILLWATER NEWS.

Probate Court.

The contested will case of Martin Bahneman was heard before Judge Lehmicke. Fayette Marsh appeared for the widow and L. E. Thompson for the heirs. The heirs claimed that Bahneman was not sane and that undue influence had been brought to bear on him. The judge decided to admit the will to probate. Martin F. Bahneman was appointed executor, and gave $2,500 bond.

In the estate of Thomas Dunn the last will and testament was proved and allowed.

In the estate of C. K. Manning the last final account was examined and allowed.

Notes About Town.

Thus far the free bridge has not been the means of bringing any more farmers over from Wisconsin than formerly. Yesterday just twenty-six teams came over. A Wisconsin farmer complained to the GLOBE representative yesterday that the millers here do not pay enough for wheat, and said that they could do much better in Minneapolis and St. Paul. "We don't care anything about the toll if there were a better market in Stillwater," were his words. He continued by saying: "I sold my load of No. 3 to-day here for 62 cents, when I could have got 20 cents more in St. Paul." This is not the first time such complaints have been made.

The coming of Gilmore is awaited with much interest. This will be a musical event that very few cities of this size ever enjoy. Inquiries are already coming in from the adjoining towns concerning seats. The house will be packed. There are quite a number of persons here who have heard Gilmore and all speak very highly of him. The box office for the sale of reserved seats will open to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock.

Last night Miss Jennie Barrett was given a surprise party by a large number of admiring friends at her home on Myrtle street. The surprisers met at the Elliott house about 9 o'clock and proceeded to her home, taking her completely by surprise. The evening was spent in playing progressive euchre and dancing. Refreshments were served in proper time, and a tip-top time is reported by all present.

As yet no owner has turned up for the horse and wagon left by the chicken thieves on Saturday morning. It turns out that the horse found dead near the wagon was killed. It is supposed that he ran against a tree. This is the reason they left their horse and wagon standing on the road.

Miss Agnes Green, who has been a sufferer from rheumatism for some weeks, has gone to St. Paul with a view to taking charge of the school of which she was elected principal some time ago. She is still quite weak, and it is thought she will not realize her expectations, soon at least.

An unsuccessful effort was made to burn the lockup at South Stillwater on Sunday night. The flames were discovered before they had gained any headway. The incendiary is not known, and the authorities are at a loss to know what object any one could have in burning it.

Frank Auger, a drunk, and Christ Perrni, a vag, were up before Judge Nethaway yesterday and their sentence dismissed, providing they leave the city. They both left. Charles Evans, arrested for drunkenness, claims he was not intoxicated and will have a trial this morning.

Yesterday Edward Dugas, a brakeman on the transfer, had his left hand caught between the bumpers while coupling cars and the thumb and two fingers crushed. The unfortunate man only began braking last week.

During the month of October only forty-seven special-delivery letters were received and delivered here. The boy cannot get very fat at this rate. About 100 special-delivery letters were sent from this city.

At the Omaha depot yesterday twenty-four lumberman's tickets were sold to North Wisconsin and seventy-one on Saturday. At the Duluth thirty were sold for Hinkley.

An unusually large number of notes on issue were filed in the clerk's office yesterday. The majority of them are relative to the Seymour, Sabin & Co. assignment.

Among the St. Paul men in the city yesterday were Messrs. George W. Hall, E. C. Long, W. E. Gales, E. W. Staples, George C. Squire and Thomas Carey.

Mr. Fellows reports business picking up at the postoffice. Yesterday he says he had the largest day's work for six months.

The Hersey & Bean Lumber company has erected a large substantial building near the mill, for storing shingles and lath.

A meeting of the ladies of the Presbyterian church will be held at Mrs. Judge Murdock's this afternoon.

Charley Lin, the clever laundryman, left yesterday to spend a year or so at his home near Hong Kong, China.

Mrs. T. F. Hopkins and Mrs. Kennedy of St. Paul were the guests of Mr. John O'Shaughnessy yesterday.

Miss Etta S. Fay will entertain the musical society at the home of Miss Clara Willim this evening.

The Ladies' Aid society of the M. E. church will hold an important meeting of Thursday afternoon.

The only prison arrival yesterday was John Holquist, who will serve a term of two years for larceny.

An extra chimney is being put up at the M. E. church, so as to utilize what heating power it has.

There was a general delay in the trains on the Milwaukee yesterday, caused by the collision.

Mr. Charles Ferguson and wife of Leadville, Col., are the guests of Mr. H. C. Ferguson.

Mrs. Mozzaro, the blind piano player, will appear at the Grand about the 13th inst.

Mrs. Edward Demery and child have gone to Washington city to spend the winter.

The directors of the city hospital will meet at Mrs. Sturtevant's this afternoon.

The Turner society to-night will decide whether they will disband or not.

"We pay taxes on about $260,000," said a car company man yesterday.

Council to-night and board of public works to-morrow night.

Six persons were confirmed in the German church on Sunday.

Miss Della Lanphear is visiting friends in Minneapolis.

Sanitary Officer Evans reports the city to be very clean.

Mr. Judson Smith is quite low with consumption.

Mr. James Brown is home on a short visit.

John Ryan's little girl is very sick.

The Paris municipal authorities, in order to relieve workingmen's distress, has decided to collect $300,000 to be expended on a series of grand fetes.

LOCAL MENTION.

New Northern Pacific Shops.

Nicolay sells at auction to-day (Tuesday), Nov. 3, on the ground, eighty-five valuable business and residence lots in Como Park addition, only one block from new Northern Pacific railroad shops, at terms to suit everybody.

Nicolay.

Sells at auction in Como Park addition today (Tuesday,) Nov. 3, at 3 o'clock, eighty-five valuable lots on Front street and adjoining streets, for business and residence purposes, at your own prices and on liberal terms.

Masonic.

Stated convocation of Minnesota Royal Arch Chapter No. 1, this (Tuesday) evening, Nov. 2, at 7½ o'clock.

By order of the H.·. P.·.
J. C. TERRY, Secretary.

Nicolay Sells 85 Choice Lots

At auction to-day (Tuesday), Nov. 3, in Como Park addition. For particulars see advertisement in auction want column.

The Most Economical

And powerful hard coal self-feeder ever built is the Pruden Stove company's square West Point. One correspondent says: "It responds to the open draft as quickly as a wood stove." 100 East Third street.

New Northern Pacific Shops.

Nicolay sell at auction to-day (Tuesday), Nov. 3, on the ground, eighty-five valuable business and residence lots in Como Park addition, only one block from new Northern Pacific railroad shops, at terms to suit everybody.

Strouse Bros.

Have the largest stock of novelties in clocks, at 176 West Seventh street. Seven corners.

Nicolay Sells 85 Choice Lots

At auction to-day (Tuesday), Nov. 3, in Como Park addition. For particulars see advertisement in auction want column.

Go To McMillan's,

Corner Eighth and Minnesota streets, for tenderloins, spareribs, sausages, etc.

Remember, Nicolay To-Day

Sells at auction, one block from new shops of the Northern Pacific railroad, in Como Park addition, the balance in this favorite addition, embracing eighty-five elegant business and residence lots, on easy terms. Sale at 3 o'clock. Free 'busses leave at 2 o'clock.

Borrow Money

On your household goods. See financial column, page 7. R. Deming & Co., 362 Jackson, corner Fifth street.

Free 'Busses for Nicolay's Auction

Sale this afternoon leave at 2 o'clock sharp, from 116 East Fourth street. Please remember that should it storm to-day, the sale will be postponed until Thursday next, Nov. 5, at the same hour, 3 p. m., on the premises, Como Park addition.

New Northern Pacific Shops.

Nicolay sells at auction to-day (Tuesday), Nov. 3, on the ground, eighty-five valuable business and residence lots in Como Park addition, only one block from new Northern Pacific railroad shops, at terms to suit everybody.

Borrow Money

On your furniture, pianos, horses, wagons, diamonds, watches and all articles of value. Property left in your possession. Terms easy. Your own time. All business strictly confidential. Mackey's loan agency, room 7, First National bank building, corner Jackson and Fourth streets, St. Paul, or room 7, Mackey-Legg block, Minneapolis.

Nicolay Sells 85 Choice Lots

At auction to-day (Tuesday), Nov. 3, in Como Park addition. For particulars see advertisement in auction want column.

For Rent.

Four brick dwellings, all modern improvements; Laurel avenue. Also, one ten-room house, furnished; steam heat; for six months from Nov. 15. Inquire C. Riley, corner Nina and Laurel avenues.

Remember, Nicolay To-Day

Sells at auction, one block from new shops of the Northern Pacific railroad, in Como Park addition, the balance in this favorite addition, embracing eighty-five elegant business and residence lots, on easy terms. Sale at 3 o'clock. Free 'busses leave at 2 o'clock.

Globe Job Printing Office.

D. Ramaley & Son, book and job printers, Globe building, 14 West Fourth street.

Workingmen, Secure Homes

For your families by attending the great auction sale of eighty-five desirable lots in Como Park addition, only one block from the extensive new shops of the Northern Pacific Railroad company, to-day (Tuesday), Nov. 3. Sale at 3 o'clock, on the ground. Free 'busses leave 116 East Fourth street at 2 o'clock.

Nicolay Sells 85 Choice Lots

At auction to-day Tuesday, Nov. 3, in Como Park addition. For particulars see advertisement in auction want column.

DIED.

YANDES—At his home on Dayton's bluff, Friday, Oct. 30, of paralysis, James W. Yandes, in the 68th year of his age.

HART—At the residence of his son, G. R. Hart, No. 562 Cedar street, Sunday, Nov. 1, of old age, William Hart, aged 89 years. Funeral Tuesday, Nov. 3, at 2 o'clock p. m. Friends invited.

PELLETIER—Sunday, at 6 a. m., at the residence of his parents, No. 230 Mt. Airy street, George Pelletier, aged 23 years. Funeral from St. Mary's church, at 9 a. m. to-day. Friends of the family invited to attend.