LEWIS BAKER.

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#### TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

SIGNAL OFFICE, WAR DEPARTMENT, ST. PAUL, Minn., March 9, 12:15 a. m.-Indications for twenty-four hours commenc-ing at 7 a. m. to-day. For St. Paul, Min-neapolis and vicinity: Snow, followed by colder, fair weather, with a cold wave; fresh to light northerly winds. For Minnesota and Eastern Dakota: Snow, followed by colder fair weather, with a cold wave. fresh northerly winds. For Southwestern Dakota: Colder, fair weather, fresh northerly winds. A cold wave is indicated for Dakota, Ne-braska, Iowa and Minnesota. The temperature will fall 15 to 25 degrees by Saturday

St. Paul, March 8.—The following observations were made at 8:48 p. m., local time:

Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Ther- mometer	Place of Obs'vation.	leight of Barometer.	mometer
St. Paul,		24		29.84	38
St. Vincent			Huron	29.90	25
Moorhead		28	Yankton Ft. Totten. Bismarck	29.88	34
Duluth	30 12	22	Ft. Totten.	29.88	10
La Crosse	30,22	32	Bismarck	30.02	:
Milwauk'e.		30	Helena	30.02	(
Marquette.	30.32	22			10
Chicago	30.36	34	Medic'e H	30.24	
Des Moines	30.04	36	Qu' Ap'lle.	30.12	-:
St. Louis	30,26	44	Minnedosa.		25
Ft. Smith			Fort Garry	29.84	29

# THE GLOBE

Issues the Only Exclusive

# DAKOTA EDITION.

To-morrow's number will be unusually interesting and meaty.

It will be read by every Dakotian who has a live interest in the affairs of the great Territory.

Among the topics to be treated are the following:

Schemes being hatched to make the head.

What Gifford did and did not do regarding the passage of the Sionx Reservation bill by the house-The influences exerted by others.

Black Hills Politics and how the President failed to make Spilman

United States marshal.

Alliance work in Dakota.

Wolves near Devil's Lake devour a well-known man.

Urgent demand for home rule in the Territory.

Treatment of the Sionx Indians.

Firemen's Tournament in the North Illustrations and sketches of a notable Divine and Editor.

A Salvation Band starting for New Mexico--Humorously illustrated.

A picture of the Chambers boy and Newfoundland dog that survived the blizzard while the father perished.

Budd Reene's second chapter, in which he reaches Dakota.

"The Smoked Yank" -- A war story. THERE is a growing belief that Gov.

D. B. HILL's first name is really Den-ALD. WINTER refuses to take the

hint that his room is preferable to his company. Congress is now going to take a turn

at investigating trusts. The house might begin with the senate. THERE are other European rulers who could have been better spared than

the good old Kaiser WILHELM. It is one of the desires of our lives to see Gov. McGILL and Editor HEAT-

WOLE engaged in a tete-a-tete love feast. JUST at present Prince BISMARCK could command his own price from any paper in the land for a column inter-

IT IS understood that Gov. McGILL now has two organs, but, unlike Farmer MERRIAM's, they are not of the barrel

variety. The "Q." and the C., B. & N. may at least console themselves with the reflec-

tion that they are getting pretty widespread advertising WITH a cub blizzard and a full-grown strike to contend with, the "Q" and its

Northwestern protege are certainly playing in hard luck. EVEN if the winter is supposed to be nearly over, don't forget that the ordinance in relation to the cleaning of side-

walks is still in force. THE multitude of political schemes which are reported as devised of late at least does credit to the imagination of

Minnesota politicians. IMMIGRATION will now set in at a lively rate toward the Sioux reservation, and every immigrant will have a

cash value for St. Paul. THE universal regret with which Em-

monarchs to amend their lives so as to be worthy of something like it.

REPUBLICAN leaders in Minnesota who claim that Minnesotians are in favor of a high tariff should mix a little with the people and find out what the sentiment really is. The result would surprise them.

THE delegates of the Illinois Republi-

can clubs are gathering in large num-

bers in Springfield. It will do them

good to get together and decide upon

he most graceful way to bear their forthcoming deteat. It is announced that "it is not certain the Minnesota members will vote for the MILLS bill." Neither is it abso-

lutely certain that the sun will rise tomorrow, but there is a very general popular impression to that effect.

#### HARMONY DEFIED.

The contest now being waged beween Gov. McGILL and that recalcitrant rebel, JOEL HEATWOLE, nominal secretary of the state central Republican committee, gives the general public a fair insight into the inner precincts of the Republican organization.

When Mr. HEATWOLE calls the governor's aspirations for a renomination flapdoodle, one wing of the state capitol quakes. When the governor through one of his organs at Moorhead or Brainerd or Mankato, retorts that Mr. HEATWOLE is a disappointed office-

eeker then Northfield is convulsed. Prudence is thrown to the winds, the dove of peace slaughtered and the hungry dogs of war let loose.

Mr. HEATWOLE is an Indianian, endowed with the physical proportions of a good-natured man. As a prominent journalist of the state his course has has been therefore a cause for surprise that he has openly defied the governor, the machine organization of the Republican party and the autocrats who control it.

Gov. McGill for his part has posed as the accidental creation of a political combination. But despite the malodorous circumstances connected with his conception as a factor in politics, he has been given the credit of being above partisan machinations for his own personal success. He disappoints public expectation, lowers the high dignity of his office, becomes a brawler in politics and nothing more.

This internecine war but indorses the the Republican organization of Minnesota has ceased to be a fit trustee of the people's government. From the Republicanism of MARSHALL and RAMSEY to that of McGill and Lind is a fearful descent.

There is not one action in the course of that party for the last two years that can commend itself to the young, vigorous and liberal-minded voters of the state. Public office in the state has ceased to be a public trust. Official position has been degraded to the nature of a prize, to be scrambled for by professional office-seekers. Aside from all considerations of the

benefit the Democracy reaps from such a state of affairs, the GLOBE candidly asks if the people of the state have not some reason for being ashamed of the dominant party? Can any fair-minded citizen in his private affairs afford to stoop to the level of the Republican leaders in public affairs?

It would be asking an honorable man Governor of Dakota only a figure- to sacrifice the jewel of his life-his honor.

## AN EXCELLENT SCHEME.

It seems the Blaineaes have a little cheme which they are nursing in the fond hope that it may in the fullness of time become full fledged and able to care for itself. It is in brief the fomenting of discord among Republicans in the way of bringing about a diversity of preferences for presidential candidates, causing a deadlock in the convention and then at the critical moment springing the name of the man from Maine in the expectation that he will

receive a unanimous nomination. A significant feature of the plan is found in the fact that not one of its promoters has the slightest doubt that Mr BLAINE would accept a nomination thus tendered. It is quite likely that if a deadlock such as is intended could be brought about such a scheme would have a very good chance of success. The dark horse has frequently been the winner of presidential races and Mr. BLAINE's positive withdrawal certainly puts him in that category.

But the Blaineacs will meet with a good deal of opposition in carrying out their plan. There are too many gentlemen prominent in the Republican party who want to see Mr. BLAINE shelved politically for all time to permit its uninterrupted operation. But it is an excellent scheme for all that-from a Democratic standpoint. There is no Republican whose nomination would meet with more general Democratic satisfaction than that of Mr. BLAINE, for there is no other who can be more easily

Let us hope, then, that the Blaineacs will persist in their refusal to know when they are whipped and will carry their scheme to a successful conclusion

### NOVEL COMPLICATIONS.

The points involved in the possible outcome of the Burlington strike present an interesting study. As the situation now appears, it is the evident purpose of the locomotive engineer brotherhood to compel all railways to efuse an interchange of traffic with the Burlington system, or, in event of their failure to do so, to inaugurate a general strike. The peculiar complication arisng from this state of affairs is that either the railroads or the strikers will be brought in direct conflict with the federal government. There is a provision in the interstate commerce law absolutely requiring an interchange of traffic. It is true that this provision was not inserted to meet any such contingency as has now arisen, but it is none the less operative. The provision compelling an intercharge of traffic was adopted to protect the public from conditions which sometimes arise when the railoads are warring against each other. and it probably did not occur to the originators of the law that it would so soon find an application in an entirely different direction.

Under the legal provisions that now exist the railroad company which re-fuses to exchange traffic with the Burlington is subject to the penalties which ing white men as neighbors. They the law imposes for its violation. It is would soon learn the arts by which the a dead moral certainty that if the roads attempt to obey the law every wheel on their respect-ive lines will be stopped by the refusal tion, as a civilizing factor, would be of the engineers and firemen to run the trains. It is an uncomfortable position pero William's death is being greeted for all the roads to occupy, except the wided for them. might serve as a usual warning to other Burlington. The Burlington line is Incoming set

really the only one occupying an independent position. It has secured the services of enough "scab" engineers to man its locomotives, but in doing so has virtually exhausted the supply of 'scabs" in the country. It has the interstate law and the interstate commissioners at its back to compel an interchange of traffic with the other lines. It knows that the moment the other roads attempt to comply with the law, that very moment the strike becomes general and the Burlington will have a monopoly of railroad traffic in all the territory where its lines penetrate.

It is a question, however, how strict the interstate commissioners or the courts would construe the law in its application to the case in hand. It is a query whether or not an impending strike which cannot be averted except by a violation of law, and which if not averted would be ruinous to the business of a company, would not be regarded in the eyes of the court as belonging to that category of accidents familiarly known to the law as "acts of Providence." It is certainly a grave question whether a railroad company could be mulcted in damages for doing that which it would be impossible to avoid without violating that other provision of the law which compels a common carrier to do all within its power to keep its line in operation for the accommodation of the public.

BLAINE'S DEAD ISSUE. If it is any gratification to a man to know that the seed he has sown has taken root, it must be in the very exuberance of joy that Mr. BLAINE witnesses the action of the Virginia legislature with regard to the ante-bellum debt of that state. One of the last acts of the Virginia legislature before its recent adjournment was to appoint a committee to memorialize congress on this subject, asking that the federal government shall assume payment of all liabilbeen marked by a series of brilliant | ities of the state which were outstandstraddles. He has blown kisses to ing at the breaking out of the late war. Bridget while wooing fair Prue. It The ground upon which congress is asked to pass such a measure is that the federal government destroyed the autonomy of the commonwealth by the creation of West Virginia, and by an armed invasion of its territory destroyed the resources of the state, whereby it was disabled from

paying its indebtedness. It will be remembered that this idea had its birth in

Mr. BLAINE's original brain, and was first made public in his book, "Twenty Years in Congress."
Our Virginia friends must not rely too strongly on Mr. BLAINE's expressed opinions. It must be remembered that when Mr. BLAINE originated the idea that the federal government was in justice bound to pay the ante-bellum debts of the Southern states he had two reasons for it, and frequent assertions of the GLOBE that both of them selfish. He was then an aspirant for the presidency and was courting the Southern vote. And he was also the holder of some Virginia state bonds. Since that time Mr. BLAINE has unloaded both his political aspirations and his bonds, and it is very questionable whether he could now be induced to go before congress and advocate the principle outlined in his book. On the contrary, the probabilities are that if he could be induced to speak on this subject at all it would be simply a sententious remark of "To Davy Jones with the ante-bellum debt." In the sale of his own bonds Mr. Blaine got

> quently he has no further interest in the matter. The action of the Virginia legislature is the acme of absurdity. It is just as reasonable to ask the federal government to assume all colonial liabilities created prior to the Revolution as it is to ask the United States to assume payment of the ante-bellum debts of the Southern states. The war is over, and all questions incidental to it have been settled forever. The dead past has buried its dead issues in a grave from hich the stone will never be rolled

price of Virginia ante-bellum securities

which his book produced, and conse-

## away.

CHICAGO'S CANDIDATE. Chicago claims the honor of having nominated LINCOLN, GARFIELD and BLAINE by filling the convention hall with claquers. There is an evident intention to repeat the experiment by starting a local boom for GRESHAM and capturing the convention after the old Chicago fashion. There is no question but the local influence at the point where the convention is held is an important factor in controlling the action of the convention. The galleries did great work in the way of nominating both GARFIELD and BLAINE, but in each instance the successful candidate had an element of strength that Judge GRESHAM lacks. LINCOLN, BLAINE and GARFIELD came to the convention with the solid and enthusiastic support of their own states. Judge GRESHAM will not, and therein lies his weakness. The galleries may shout themselves hoarse every time Gresham's name is mentioned, and the air may be filled with flying hats and waving handker chiefs every time a vote is recorded for him, but as long as Indiana's solid vote is being cast against him there is not much of a probability that there is going to be a stampede to him among the delegates. It will be time enough for Judge GRESHAM's friends to put the Chicago claquers in training after they have secured something like a decent support for their candidate from his own state. And then it will not do to forget that corporations will have to be placated before the distinguished jurist will have a show, even with Indiana backing him. When it comes to running a Republican machine, the galleries have no terror for the corporation attorneys on the floor of the convention hall.

LET THE CROW FOLLOW. The news that the great Sioux reservation will speedily be opened is naturally very joyful news to the people of the Northwest in general and to those of Dakota in particular. But the good work should not stop there. There is room for its extension into Montana.

The Crow reservation in Southern Montana comprises 7,000,000 acres of the finest grazing and agricultural land in the territory. It is in the possession of but 1,300 Indians, and is practically useless at present. In a territory where the cattle ranges are crowded to the utmost and farming land has long been at a premium this is an especial hardship. All the reasons urged in favor of the opening of the Sioux reservation apply with redoubled force to the Crow reservation. The Indians themselves would be

much better off if the reservation were reduced, the surplus lands sold and thrown open to settlement. Not only would each family receive all the land it could ever cultivate, but it would also secure a large sum of cash, sufficient to provide for its needs for years to come. Beside that there would be the advantage to the Indians accruing from havwhite men gain a living from the earth, and would, in imitating them, speedily worth all the government schools and annuities that have ever been pro-

Incoming settlement demands the

opening of the reservation, and now that the opening of the Sioux territory establishes a precedent, congress should not be slow in granting it. The Northwest is unanimous in this matter, and the Northwest knows what it is talking

about.

A START MADE. A start has been made toward breaking up the vile dens which the listlessness of officials and the inadequacy of the law has enabled to flourish unchecked in the northern wilds of Wisconsin and Michigan. Three procurers have been arrested in Detroit, and will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law-Michigan law, be it observed, for Gov.Rusk, of Wisconsin, is still blind to

his duty in the premises. It is to be hoped that under the Michigan law a long term of imprisonment can be provided for these wretches. In no other legal way can the dives be broken up. If a few of the scoundrels are convicted and are sent behind prison walls for a lengthy term of years, the others will not be long in taking warning. If the law is found inadequate to deal properly with the rascals, there does not seem to be any remedy except that which the people may take into their own hands.

When crime was prevalent in the Western states and territories in years gone by, and when the laws were found insufficient, the people had a very practical way of meeting the difficulty. The vigilantes constituted themselves court, jury and executioners, and well did they do their work. Crime speedily became less and criminals conspicuous by

Lynch law is seldom justifiable, but it does seem as though the outraged citizens of Wisconsin and Michigan will be compelled to resort to it as a relief from the evils of which they so bitterly com-

A NOVEL CAMPAIGN CLUB. Some young women of Greensburg. Pa., have organized a novel campaign club, its object being the retention of Mrs. CLEVELAND in the White house. This is a matter in which the women of the country may well have a voice, and in which they can undoubtedly exercise a great deal of influence. Whatever objection may be urged by the masculine members of the opposition to the administration of President CLEVE-LAND, it is the unanimous sentiment of Republicans and Democrats alike that Mrs. CLEVELAND has made an admira-

ble mistress of the White house. The social administration, of which she is the head, has been admittedly without a superior. It is natural enough then that the women of the country who speak authoritatively upon social matters should desire to see her continue in her present position, and that they should use every endeavor to bring that desirable end about. Their object is a meritorious one, and their efforts should meet with substantial

encouragement. Who, knowing the irresistible nature of the arguments which women usually bring to bear upon fathers, husbands and brothers, can doubt their ultimate success. And, although the retention of Mrs. CLEVELAND will involve the retention of her husband, the Republican women who belong to the clubs cannot be blamed for that. It is merely an inident for which they are not responsible. And, beside, the voters of the the benefit of the slight advance in the country have already made up their minds regarding Mr. CLEVELAND'S re-

But the Greensburg campaign idea is a pretty one, devised, no doubt, by pretty women. It deserves imitation in other parts of the country.

#### MONOPOLISTS AND WAGES. One point in this tariff controversy should be kept in the minds of the peo ple whom the monopolists; are trying to bamboozle with their sophistical reason

ing. A favorite assertion of theirs is that a high tariff makes high wages. Though the fallacy of the argument frequency, they are sure to return lovingly to it. But let the workingman reflect upon this point: if the monopo lists really believed that a high tariff made high wages and conversely that a low tariff made low wages, would they not be the first to advocate the lat-

ter? Upon that point there can be no doubt at all. It has been demonstrated, however, that wages remain practically unchanged with either a low or a high tariff. The monopolist alone, who, by the high tariff, is enablad to extort further tribute from the consumer, is benefited. Experience with his grasping methods has shown conclusively that if he could derive a still greater profit by favoring legislation which would enable him to decrease his employes' wages he wouldn't hesitate a moment

to do so. It is well to take any protestations of sympathy for the workingmen made by the monopolists, with several grains of salt.

ARBITRATE. The Burlington company insists that public sympathy ought to be with it in the strike while the strikers urge that ublic opionion should sustain them. Without going into a discussion of the respective merits and demerits of the quarrel, the GLOBE has a simple proposition to submit. It is that the matters in difference between the Burlington company and the Locomotive Engineer brotherhood be submitted for determintion to an arbitration board, to be impartially chosen. The side which has most confidence in being supported by public sympathy will be the one to first accede to this proposition. Which

STRAY SUNBEAMS. "With all the noble traits in Mr. FISHER'S character there was none more conspicuous than his trustworthiness," said Rev. Dr. Neill yesterday afternoon in his just and eloquent tribute to the dead journalist. No higher eulogy could be pronounced upon a man. Trustworthiness is the highest virtue in business life and the most sacred bond of personal triendship. The man who can be relied on in season and out of season, who is always at his post, who is ever faithful in the performance of professional and social du-ties, is, after all, the noblest type of a citizen.

The brilliancy of genius, the power of sta-tion, the glamor of wealth, all count for nothing if this one element in human character be lacking. With it all the others are mere appendages without any special use in accomplishing the true ends of human existence. In the day of final awards we would trustworthiness, than the Emperor William. He that has been faithful in a few things le that has been shall be lord of many. It is interesting to know what a strike eosts. A careful estimate of the Reading costs. A careful estimate of the Reading strike places the total cost at \$3,629,000, with the losses apportioned as follows: Two thousand five hundred railroad men out of employment forty-eight days, whose wages averaged \$2 per day, \$240,000. There

were 20,000 miners out twenty-six days whose wages averaged \$10 per week, \$1.

400,000; workingmen at the furnace thrown out of employment by the strike, loss \$280,000. The increase in price of coal caused a loss to constumers of \$700,000, while the Reading company is said to have lost in round numbers \$1,000,000. \*\*
Mr. CLEVELAND is something of a wag, in a dignified sort of a way, to be sure. But there is really a quaint bit of humor in the brief message he sent to the senate yesterday in reoonse to the senate resolution asking for information concerning the Chinese treaty.

The very revered and dignified senators must have laughed over this exhibition of presi-dential drollery, and also must have felt a sting of mortification at the exposure of their

#### own stupidity. SOMETHING OF EVERYTHING.

A Touchy Point.

Chicago Herald The effect of the tariff on trusts is a very touchy point with protection organs. It might help their case considerably if they could point out a single member of any trust who is not bitterly opposed to the Mills tariff bill.

### Turning the Tables.

Omaha World. Country Host-What on arth are you doing? City Guest-Doing? Why, using the

finger bowl, of course."

"Finger bowl, eh? Wall, if you want to wash your hands in a shirbet, made with forty-year-old wine, y'r welcome, but you won't get no more.

#### He's a Good Worker.

Jordan Independent. Hon, J. L. MacDonald has been appointed a member of the Democratic congressional committee. Our John is recognized as a good worker by the administration; and he is fulfilling the promises made during the campaign, and is making the words "Pitch Fork John" sound from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Western enterprises are not forgotten by him.

### People Are Not Forgetful.

The highly protected "infants" threaten to shut up shop if the tariff bill is passed, but the threat has a very familiar sound. It was in the campaign of 1884 that they were all going to wreck in case Cleveland was elected. That dread event took place, and still they have managed to exist and have kept piling up money. People do not forget such things easily.

#### Buckman and Barto.

Fergus Falls Journal. The latest bit of congressional gossip is that Senator Buckman is out of the race and that his strength will go to Barto, who will fall out after he has been at Washington one term and let Mr. Buckman have a show. This is somewhat ridiculous. In the first place one term would not satisfy the desires of a man so large as Mr. Barto, and in the second place the next congressman will begin his name with C. and his postofiles address is Fargus Falls. his postoffice address is Fergus Falls.

#### Michigan Timber.

New York Tribune. One of his colleagues in the senate said to Mr. Palmer, of Michigan, the other day:

"Palmer, I suppose that between legitimate lumbering, lumber stealing and fires, the timber is getting pretty searce in Michigan?"

For a moment Mr. Palmer looked at For a moment Mr. Palmer looked at his friend pittyingly, and then replied: "Just to think what a common school system we have, and with it all, a United States senator to ask such a question! Why, my dear sir, there is timber enough now standing in the state of Michigan to make three board fences, posts and all, fifteen boards high, clear around the earth once a year for fifteen around the earth once a year for fifteen

That removed the questioner's doubts—at least in Mr. Palmer's opinion, I

### A Poker Chip Trust.

New York Sun. Considerable excitement was caused along Sullivan street and in other quarters of the town yesterday by the announcement that a trust in poker chips had been recently formed by the chip manufacturers, and that the price of chips had been advanced \$2 a thousand. chips had been advanced \$2 a thousand. It was stated that the manufacturers used to make a great deal of money by the sale of chips, but that competition had been so brisk of late that a combination was made necessary. Haste was made to form the combination before the passage by the legislature of the trust bill now before it. Only two of the chip manufacturers were to continue in business, the others receiving divi-

the chip manufacturers were to continue in business, the others receiving dividends from the trust board out of the jack pot thus formed.

There was general rehef when inquirles among the leading dealers in chips proved that no trust had been formed, and that the price of the useful article remained the same.

The Minnesotian Wins. Washington Special Chicago Tribune. Father O'Shea, the New York priest, will now have a chance to lay before the senate committee on military affairs all the particulars of his peculiar case, for the president has appointed another man to the army chaplaincy to which man to the army chaplaincy to which Father O'Shea lays claim. The Rev. John F. Dolphin, of Minnesota, was nominated to this vacancy March 5. He is of the same faith as Father O'Shea, and was appointed on the recommendation of Bishop Ireland, A lively fight over his confirmation may now be looked for. Father O'Shea has undoubtedly a good legal hold on the place, and although he will be forced to yield before long, he has an excellent opporand although he will be forced to yield before long, he has an excellent opportunity to make it uncomfortable for the president and some of the officials of the war department who allowed themselves to commit the blunder of withdrawing an appointment without authority of law. Father O'Shea promises to furnish some facts about the circumstances which led to the withdrawal that will not be of advantage to the administration. At present he is out of ministration. At present he is out of town, but is expected here before the committee on military affairs takes up Father Dolphin's case. In making the new appointment at this time the president involved the suggestion of the war. dent ignored the suggestion of the war department officials. They recommend that in view of the uncertain status of O'Shea's case the place be held in abeyance until the senate adjourned, when

## A Table for Future Use.

t. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Many questions are answered by the following table. By a little figuring any one can see what states either candidate must get to secure election:

must get to secure creetion.
Whole number of electoral vote401
Necessary to elect
Republican-   Democrats-
California 8 Alabama 10
Colorado 3 Arkansas 7
Illinois 22 Delaware 3
Towa.1 13 Florida 4
Kansas 9 Georgia 12
Maine 6 Kentucky 13
Massachusetts 14 Louisiana 8
Michigan 13 Maryland 8
Minnesota 7 Mississippi 9
Nebraska 5 Missouri 16
Nevada 3 North Carolina 11
New Hampshire 4 South Carolina 9
Ohio
Oregon 3 Texas
Pennsylvania 30 Virginia 12
Rhode Island 4 West Virginia 6
Vermont 4
Wisconsin 11 Total
20 4
Total182
Doubtful:
Connecticut 6 New Jersey 9
Indiana 15 New York 36
Total 66

## But of a Windmill.

Doc Ames, of Minneapolis, manages to keep himself before the public by having himself mentioned every now having himself mentioned every now and then for vice president. We don't see why he doesn't strike for the first place on the ticket. There would be as much likelihood of his getting it. By the way, Doc would make a good vice president—not of the United States, but of a windmill. He could with great ability preside when the west wind happened to be absent.

#### They Should Feel Proud of It. Dakota Blizzard.

The write-up, with illustrated plates, giving Sioux City a big send off in the St. Paul DAILY GLOBE 27, is one that many citizens should feel proud of, and should they ever feel it their duty to return the compliment they will, we believe, be justly rewarded.

## SENSATIONAL SUICIDES.

A Married Man and His Mistress Kill Themselves.

#### Because in This They Could Not Live the Life They Wished to.

CHICAGO, March 8 .- A very sensa tional suicide was brought to light in the Japanese building, 243 State street, this morning. About 6 o'clock the janitor noticed a light in the rooms occupied by the manicure establishment of Mrs. Cobb, and as this was an unusual circumstance at that hour he forced his way into the place and found the corpse of Miss Gracie McCullen, the manager of the manicure rooms, seated in a chair. From friends of Miss McCullen it was learned that she was very much excited yesterday on reading of the suicide of W. S. Hartwell, at 178 North State street, and it is thought she may have brooded over the affair until she resolved to take her own life. Miss McCullen earns here from Milwenkes The

Cullen came here from Milwaukee. The developments at the inquest were of a most sensational character. The suicide was in pursuance with an agreement made with William S. Hartwell, the man who shot himself in a bath the vectordey. Miss William S. Hartwell, the man who shot himself in a bath tub yesterday. Miss McCullen came here from Milwaukee six years ago and entered Hartwell's house as a domestic. Hartwell and his wife did not get along well and the young servant maid and her employer fell in love with each other. She left the house when this condition of things was developed and entered the employ of Marshall Field & Co. Last November Mrs. Cobb came on from New York ber Mrs. Cobb came on from New York and engaged Josie as manager of her parlor. In the meantime Hartwell and she met, and the night before last arranged to leave the world together. The suicides were to take place simultaneously at 6 o'clock last evening. While ously at 6 o'clock last evening. While Miss McCullen was engaged on a lady's hand, about that hour, she received a note from Hartwell beginning: "My Own, Own Darling," and telling her of his suicide. She told a neighbor in the same bysiness, Mrs. Ruppert, the whole situation, but was prevailed upon to promise that she would "do nothing wrong," and that she "would be in that room in the morning."

On the desk within arm's length of where the poor girl's body was, were found two letters, sealed and addressed. One was addressed to Mrs. Mary E.Cobb, 66 West Twenty-third street, New York city." The other bore the address of

city." The other bore the address of the suicide's sister. The two missives lay on a torn sheet of common note paper on which was written the following brief but expressive words:
"I die true to the resolution I made to

my best friend. I die with him.

Telegraph to Mrs. Cobb."
This message was addressed to no one in particular, and, from the scrawly looking characters in black ink, must have been written after she had taken the poison. On the carpet near the center table lay an open letter wrapped about the photograph of a man, handsome and wearing a full beard. It was the picture of William S. Hartwell, ex-freight auditor of the Northwestern relived auditor of the Northwestern railroad, who committed suicide yesterday morning by shooting himself. That told the story. It was not even necessary to read the letter. It was in Mr. Hartwell's own hand writing and read

Chicago, March 7.—Dear Josie: Perhaps when you receive this I will be gone. Be the brave, courageous, noble woman that you always have been and remember our pledge. Yours affection-ately, WILLIAM S. HARTWELL. ately, William S. Hartwell.

What there may be back of these few but suggestive facts is as easily imagined as written. The coroner's jury returned a verdict that Miss McCullen came to her death from a dose of poison taken with a suicidal intent.

The following stews of Hartwell's sui-

The following story of Hartwell's succide is taken from the Chicago Times of

as follows:

yesterday:
"William Stanley Hartwell, forty-five London Referee. years old, late freight auditor of the Chicago & Northwestern railway, wrote his wife an affectionate Yarewell letter, No. 178 North State street, and sent a bullet through his brain. The breath from Bristol, on the 8th of July, 1781. of life was out of his body before those who heard the report of the shot could reach his side. It is claimed that Hartwell took his own life because he was out of employment and in financial distress. He was born at Monroe, Mich. and spent about twenty-two years of the and spent about twenty-two years of the best part of his life in the service of the Northwestern road. Beginning as a clerk in the freight department, he was steadily advanced till eight or nine years ago, when he was made freight auditor. His salary was about \$8,000 a year. Last October he reluverly registered earlier. October he voluntarily resigned, saying that he was tired out and was possessed of sufficient means to enable him to take a rest. Regarding him as one of their most faithful and competent men, the efficiency when him the officials of the company urged him repeatedly to reconsider his resignation, but he was resolved to quit. He said he was worn out and would try and secure less arduous work in some other branch of business. In recognition of his loyal service the company paid him his salary up to Jan. 1. At the coroner's inquest yesterday afternoon Mrs. Hartwell broke completely down down with grief. It was about 10:40 a. m. when the tragedy occurred. Between her sobs she said: "I know of no reason why my husband should end his life, except that he had been de-pressed about being out of employment pressed about being out of employment for several months. That, I think, preyed on his mind and drove him in-sane. He had been overworked for many years, and it broke him down completely. His health, otherwise, was very good. His money was about all used up, and he worried because he knew not where more was coming from. He did not drink to excess or gamble at all. His habits were regular. Last night he came home to bed shortly after night he came home to bed shortly after 12 o'clock and agreed to go down town shopping with me to-day. He arose late and went to breakfast. When he returned about 10:30 he took off his hat and coat, and I asked him if he was ready to go shopping. He said yes he would be in a minute. Then he went down on the first floor to the closet, and I heard the sound of a shot. His life was insured for \$4.000 in council No. 232 night he came home to bed shortly after was insured for \$4,000 in council No. 232 of the National union—\$2,000 to go to his wife and the other half to his father, M. D. Hartwell, of Springfield, Mass. Mrs. George A. Vroman, who lives on the same floor where the shooting occurred, found the body and notified me; and she handed me the farewell letter he left." A day or two ago Mrs. Hart-well applied to the Northwestern company for a pass to take her over the road. The day before yesterday Hart-well packed his trunk with clothing,

# the right ear and passed through the head. The coroner's jury decided that he shot himself while in a fit of melancholy, while in financial strats. About \$7 in cash was found in his pockets. The Master.

I never heard Liszt but once. I was

jewelry and keepsakes and shipped it to his friends in the East. He had no children. The fatal shot entered above

a young man then, younger than I am now, but I can never forget, and no one whose soul has not bowed in humble worship at the Feet of the M Master worship at the Feet of the can ever know the complete consecra-rion I made of myself while I listened to Him. He wore that weary expression which listened to Him. He wore that weary and haughty expression which was habitual to Him, and as He erossed the room to the piano, He received our Humble Homage with Majestic yet Awful condescension. The very Atmosphere of the room was Imbued with the M Master's Presence. As He took off His coat and rolled up His Sieeves, I held my breath with both hands. He played. The M Master played. Under the Magie Touch of His Hands the Heavens Bent to Listen—the hoarse chords muttered like the Retreating Storm, or the electrified keys sang all the twittering songs of all the

of Spring at once—the Sun through the Riven Clouds Moonlight Slept upon Riven Slept Violets, upon Bank the Bank of Violets, and singing Brooks ran Murmuring to the Sea—grim-visaged War clanged on his Brazen Shield with mimic Thunder of the Skies, and all the clamor of the raging Battle shook the ground beneath our feet—the room swam with the brilliant perfection of every Marvelous Conceit that sprang into living being under This marvelous Execution, and when He raised Both Feet higher than His Head and brought them down upon THEY SOUGHT A NEW WORLD, His Head and brought them down upon the keyboard in the Final Grand Hoopla, I knew no more, for I had Swooned at the M M Master's Feet. I never heard H H Him again.

#### IN A PANTHER'S MOUTH. Sensations of a Man Who Has

Been There. How it feels to find one's self in the jaws of a panther is that kind of knowledge which most persons are well con tent to acquire at second-hand. Probably all men would not have the same sensations, but this is the account which Col. Barras gives of such an experience says the Youth's Companion. He was a born sportsman, and, of course, could enjoy many things which to ordinary persons would seem anything but

"The panther came for me with light ning bounds, I could see nothing, owing to its tremendous speed, but a shadowy-looking form with two large, bright round eyes fixed upon me with an unmeaning stare, as it literally flew

Such was the vision of a moment! My presence of mind did not desert me. I raised my gun and fired with all the care I could at such short distance. But I missed, and the panther landed, light as a feather, with its arms around my shoulders.

"Thus we stood for a few seconds, and "Thus we stood for a few seconds, and I distinctly felt the animal sniffling for my throat. Mechanically I turned my head so as to keep the thick, wadded curtain of my helmet-cover in front of the creature's muzzle; but still I could hear and feel plainly the rapid yet cautious efforts it was making to find an opening, so as to tear, open the invalue. opening, so as to tear open the jugular

vein.
"I was helpless and so stood perperfectly still, well knowing that Stanford would liberate me if possible. At the first onslaught we were so placed that he could have hit the panther only by firing through me, which would have been injudicious, at least. "As may easily be supposed, the animal did not spend much time in investi-

mal did not spend much time in investigating the nature of the wadded hatcover, and before my friend could take aim without jeopardizing my own life, the beast pounced on my left elbow, taking a piece out, and buried its long, sharp fangs in the joint till they met.

"At the same time I was hurled to the earth with such force that I knew not how I got there nor what became of my gun. Still, throughout, I maintained a clear impression of what was going on. going on. "I knew that I was lying on the

jaws, with a movement imperceptible to the bystanders, but which felt to me as though I was being violently shaken all over.
"Now I listened anxiously for the report of Stanford's shot, which I knew would be heard immediately, and carefully refrained from making the slight

ground with the panther on top of me, and I could feel my elbow joint wab-bling in and out as the brute ground its

est sound or movement, lest his aim should be disturbed thereby.

"In a few seconds the loud and welcome detonation, which, from its proximity, peoply, desfended me, styrick upon imity, nearly deafened me, struck upon

my ear. "I sat up; I was free; the panther "I looked around and found that I was some distance from the place where I had fallen, so that the beast must have dragged me some little way. Stanford as soon as he got the chance, had placed the muzzle of his rifle to the side of my antagonist and fired a large bullet right through it, which had caused it to dart

#### THE GREAT TOM CRIBB. A Memory of the Former English Hero of the Prize Ring.

Of all the famous pugilists that Eng-

land can boast, none have been held in such affectionate remembrance as "honest, brave, old Tom Cribb." was born at Hanham, about five miles At twenty-three he made his way to London; was for a time porter at one of the wharves; was pressed for the navy, the wharves; was pressed for the navy, and on being discharged entered the service of Mr. Sant, a coal merchant, who had a great taste for boxing, and who, struck by his porter's magnificent physique, suggested to him the idea of entering the prize ring. His first appearance was at Wood Green, Jan. 7, 1805, where, after a desperate fight of two hours and ten minutes, he defeated the veteran. ten minutes, he defeated the veteran, George Maddox. On April 8, 1807, "The Black Diamond," as he was now called, fought Jem Belcher, being backed by Capt. Barclay for 200 guineas, and after forty-one rounds Tom was de-clared the winner. In the same year he won the belt—on Gully's retirement—by his desperate encounter with Bob Gregson. The most famous of his victories was that over Mollineux, by which he won £400 and his patron, Capt. Barclay, £10,000. His return to London was a royal progress, the streets being lined with cheering spectators.

Tom was a great favorite with the Prince Regent and was ofter engaged. won the belt-on Gully's retirement

#### Prince Regent and was ofter engaged as one of his bodyguards. He retired from the prize ring on the 18th of May. 1822, and died in Woolwich on May 11, 1848, aged sixty-seven. HIS 'EART UNTRUE TO POLL Showing How a Poetical Proof

Reader Was Muict in Damages. Liverpool Post. At the court of passage an action was brought by Miss Mary McCormick, aged about twenty-five, to recover from Benedict Fay, a newspaper reader, damages for breach of promise of marriage. ages for breach of promise of marriage. The engagement continued until nearly the end of last year, when it was suddenly terminated by the defendant. Numerous letters had passed between them, in many of which the defendant gave what he termed "a few nice verses." One verse was:

gave what he termed "a rew me verses." One verse was:

Heed not what venomed tongues may say,
Dread not the world's decree;
'Tis love that cheers, and frights our fears,
So, Polly, trust in me.

Another verse in a later letter ran:

With all my heart, and strength, and power, I love no girl but thee; Fil trust thee to my latest hour; Oh, think, dear Poll, of me. Toward the end of last year the ardor

of the defendant appeared to cool off. He expressed himself jealous of another admirer, and finally he broke off the engagement, alleging that he been deeply wronged, and he asked that the photographs should be returned and all letters destroyed. The juny found for the lady, awarding her £50 damages,

## AMY'S HAT.

Of Amy's latest hat I sing,
The marvel fashion's mandate made;
The veivet soft, the jaunty wing,
And all the beauty there displayed.
A dream of lace, a satin fold,
A dash of silk of finest weft,
And, on the upturned brim, behold
The golden arrow Cupid left!
Oh, work of art! The sweetest thing
That e'er on woman's cofffure sat—
Enough to make a seraph sing—
(A paragon) fair Amy's hat!

The quaint calash of long ago,
The "pokes" and hoods of other days,
Were, though adorned with frill and bow,
Less calculated to amaze:
Amd yet, methinks, our granddames grave,
Whose mien the Pilgrim church begat,
Howe'er demure they might behave,
Down in their hearts could not but rave
O'er lovely Amy's dainty hat!

The milliner had done her best:
Remained there one thing to attach—
Does not your mind at once suggest?
The loveliest girl on earth to match!
Need there is none to search earth through
Nor seek in distant lands for that;
The one thing needful, entre nous.—
Behold it, under Amy's hat!
—Good Housekeeping.

NOBODY KNOWS BUT FATHER

Nobody knows of the money it takes To keep the home together; Nobody knows of the debts it makes, Nobody knows—but father.

Nobody hears that the coal and wood And flour's out together: Nobody else must make them good, Nobody—only father.

Nobody's hand in the pocket goes, So oficen, wondering whether There's any end to the wants of those Dependent—only father.

≯obody thinks where the money will como To pay the bills that gather; Nobody feels so blue and glum, Nobody—only father.

Nobody tries so hard to lay
Up something for bad weather,
And runs behind, do what he may,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody comes from the world's cruel storm To meet dear ones who gather Around with loving welcome warm, Nobody does—but father.

# Nobody knows of the home-life pure, Watched over by a mother, Where rest and bliss are all secure, Nobody can-but father. —H. C. Dodge.

THE LAST PUMPKIN. It was not a very cheerful season for the French family on their little farm. A few days before Thanksgiving Mrs. French found her husband lying insensible on the floor of the barn.
It seems he had found a man stealing

hay and a struggle ensued and he was struck down. The worst of it was that a pocket book containing all his savings was gone too, and the same night the barn was burnt down, but poor Susan French was to have weakly the same that the barn was burnt down, but poor Susan breakly was to have weakly the same than the same that the same than barn was burn town, our poor susan French was too busy nursing him back to life to care very much about the money. She tried her best to cheer him up, however, and so Thanksgiving

day came around again.
"I don't think we have much to give thanks for," said the husband, sadly thinking of his loss.

thinking of his loss.
"I'm sure it might be a great deal worse," was Susan's reply. "We'll have a good dinner anyway." cheerfully, as she dressed the children and tidied the room. She was so glad that her husband was able to be about that she fall thankful in heart.

"And, there aint any punkins," said little Lily, "and no turkey."
"There is a pumpkin," said the mother, triumphantly, "a good one; I've kept watch over it. It's all right."

"And," continued Mrs. French, "I think roast pork with apple sauce as good as turkey. We have got two barrels of apples. I shall keep Thanksgiving; I wouldn't miss it. And, Henry, you go to church and take John, and I'll get dinner for you. I and I ily and Single. dinner for you—I and Lily and Sue.

She had her way, and having tidied the house she went out to the barn to the house she went out to the barn to look for eggs. At last she heard a cackle, and looking carefully spied a speckled gray's head protruding from the ruins of the barn. Certain beams and boards had so fallen as to make a hiding place for Speckle, and thither she was wending her way. Susan followed her. She could see by crouching low the great white eggs that were to make her pumpkin richer. She put in her hand and drew them forth—four—five—and then— What was that lying there—that stained and blackened thing, with glimpses of red at the thing, with glimpses of red at the edges? Yes, it was a great, soft, flat pocketbook—the pocketbook in which Henry French had carried his wealth about his person. It was warped and melted into a wad, but as she tore it open she saw that the little fortune safe; there was hope and courage

for Henry now. "I smell the fire," said little John, hurrying in after church. "Pa, dinner

"And I'm ready for it," said the farmer. "How bright you all look, girls! What is it, the one pumpkin? He spoke a little bitterly as he uttered the last words, and drew his chair to the table. the table.

the great golden pie, a dish of apple sauce, and another dish, covered. "Will you give thanks, Henry?" said "I suppose I ought to," said Henry.

There stood the pork, the potatoes

"We've got a house over us this year."
He bent his head and uttered a few words of thanksgiving. Then he leaned back in his chair. "Take the cover off the little dish, pa," said Lily.
"Why, what is in the little dish?', asked Henry. "Why do you all look en?"

And Susan reached across and lifted the lid, and Henry looked. Everything was safe—the coupon bonds, the money, the receipts—everything.

Susan was not the only one down whose cheeks tears ran that day—tears of joy and thankfulness.

"And it came about," thought Henry, "because Susan kept up her heart so well and made the best she could of our one pumpkin!"

CAUGHT IN A PIPE. A Reporter Who Spent a Night in an Organ. New York Press. A good story was told at the recent dinner of the Stylus club about the narrow escape from death of a well-known member of the New York press in St. Andrew's church, this city. The gentleman in question, who, by the way, is quite a celebrated organist himself (pipe organ, not hand organ), was wandering through the organ lott of St. Andrew's church, when he slipped and fell into the diapason pipe of the huge instrument. He went down feet foremost into the cone of the pipe until he was firmly wedged.

The more he struggled the tighter he wedged himself, and being about twelver feet from the top of the pipe the air soon began to give out, and he became frightened at the idea of dying in the prison where accident had lodged him. His frantic shouts for help did no good.

After spending a night in this dangerous and dismal hole, and having in his struggle stripped off his coat, he wound it about his waist, so that no air could escape from below. Soon he heard the sonorous tones of the organ, and its the welcome and inspiring and to the welcome and inspiring

strains of Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
he ascended the pipe until he could
reach the top with his hands. Then he
knew the air had been pumped in below him, and that by gradual compression of the air he had been forced up as sion of the air he had been forced up as through a pneumatic tube. As he drew himself out of the pipe he gave one hearty and fervent shout of "Saved!" which rang above the tones of the or-gan and nearly frightened the organist

to death. As none of the gentlemen who heard the recital of this sublime narrative can attest upon their oath that it is a pre-varication, they are obliged to let it go

#### A Lawless Life. Sometimes, when I think what a law-

less life mine has been, I wonder that

down to posterify as a true story.

the respectable outlaws with whom I the respectable outlaws with whom I am most intimately associated in social, religious, and political circles have not elected me chief of the band. I think nothing of defying those in authority; I "sass" the president, scoff at congress, bully the legislature, and transgress the laws of the land daily. I drive across the bridge "faster than a walk." and onenly snear at the \$5 fine with across the bridge "faster than a walk," and openly sneer at the \$5 fine with which the sign-board threatens me. I have walked "on the grass" in Fairmount Park; in Central Park I have "plucked a leaf, flower, or shrub." I have "stood on the front platform" for many miles. I have 'talked to the man at the wheel;" I have got on and off the cars while in motion;" I have "smoked abaft this shaft:" I have refused to keep moving on the Brooklyn bridge; I have neglected to clear the snow from my sidewalk; I have dumped ashes into the alley at early dawn; I do not muzzle my dog, and last year he was not registered; I do not always "turn to the right" when I am driving; I do not always "procure tickets before entering the ears"—why, I can't begin to tell one half my lawless acts. But one virtue, even though it may be considered a negative one, I insert here as a saving clause. ative one, I insert here as a savin clause, I have never overstated th value of my property to the assessor.