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TODAY'S WEATHER. WASHINGTON, Oct. 13. - Indications: For

Minnesota: Fair: warmer: winds shifting to south. Wisconsin: Fair; north winds, shifting to south: warmer Sunday evening. Montana: Fair; west winds; colder in

lowa: Fair; winds shifting to south, and The Dakotas: General winds, shifting to sou h; warmer in eastern portion

TEMPERATURES. Boston 56-6 Montreal Buffalo 46-54 New York

WELL, Japan, Wi Ju do it?

TOM REED is to talk in Minneapolis. Is this a flag of distress from Uncle

ROBERT J hasn't spoken a word since Online paced a quarter in twenty-nine

NELSON is also swinging around the circle a bit. He spoke at Grand Forks last night. HEAVENS, will this cup never pass!

Among Mr. Howard's forty stolen passes was one Pullman pass. You must register-a solemn vow to

vote the Democratic ticket. Reform must take no backward step.

THE "calamity howlers" should spend today reading in the newspapers the story of the return to prosperity.

THE West has the name of being a great hastler, but the West must take off its hat to the Eastern train robber. FITZSIMMONS is about to display the

white feather. Possibly it wouldn't be a bad idea for him to start a millinery THE Montana capital fight is affording

up old scores with Marcus Daly. The latter is also doing a little "squaring." THE Minneapolis Journal last evening put Joel Heatwole on a jackass and labeled him David B. Hill. The Journal

is right; Joel is on his way to Waterloo. A KENTUCKY church has suspended Col. Breckinridge from communion until Feb. 1, 1895. The ladies of the grand

turn to and pray for the colonel. "BLOODY BRIDLES" WAITE seems to be certain of re-election as governor of Colorado. Even the president and secretary of the Republican League of Colorado have deserted to his standard.

THE fine Italian hand of William D. Washburn was felt in Washington county yesterday. The heavy hand of the Washington county voter will be laid upon Mr. Washburn's man in No-

LEVI MORTON having given his party a bath of ice water by employing a toreign coachman, it will have to do a deal of hustling to set itself right with the workingmen. Is ex-Labor Commissioner Peck still alive?

THE organization known as the New York State Democrats is refreshingly frank. It announces that it will fuse with Republicans whenever possible, and with Tammanyites whenever possible. This looks like a case of anything

McCutcheon, the cartoonist of the Chicago Record, is doing some very excellent work. He hits off this swinglng around the circle and two and three-minute speeches of McKinley at railway stations with a picture of a sleeping car with McKinley's face protruding from the curtains of his berth, and the porter, with his fingers to his cap, saying to the governor, "You must excuse me for calling you up at 2 o'clock in the mawnin', Mr. McKinley, but we've stopped at Grass Valley Junction, and there's two night switchmen want you to come out on the back platform and tell them how it is that the foreigner pays the tax."

THE Welshmen who slipped through the open gates of the contract labor law, and came to this country to engage in the manufacture of tin-plate, are retheir wages, and are returning to Wales, where the tin-plate manufacturers are offering them work and holding out inducements for them to return. This indicates that a reduction of 25 per cent in the wages paid for this work brings the wages below those paid in Wales, and that a lower rate of tariff than 25 per cent would amply compensate for the difference in labor cost in that country and in this. The McKinley rate on tin plate was 2.2 cents a pound, the ad valorem equivalent of which was about 78 per cent. The new act reduces the rate to 1.1 cents a pound, or one-half of what it formerly was, with an equivalent ad valorem rate of about 40 per cent. This rate, then, is double that which would be necessary to make up the difference in the labor cost. It follows that no reduction of wages at all is necessary to put our tin-plate manufacturers upon a level with those of Wales, and shows further that the reduction of wages, as has been charged, was made merely for political effect in the pend ng congressional

However much every Democrat may detest the American Protective association, they will none of them sympathize with the indignation shown by Pat Egen, ex-minister to Chili, and others government should regulate and superof his class, who went into the Repub- vise the business affairs of everybody, by an Englishman, Prof. Chamberlain.

and are now protesting vigorously against the manner in which the Republican party nurses and coddles that offspring of superstition and bigotry Mr. Egan has no reason to complain of CORNER FOURTH AND CEDAR STREETS | the Kepublican party, or to reprove it for its sympathy with Apism. He went into the party for revenue, and it has fully repaid him for his services. The Republican party will certainly take this view of the case, and pay no attention to Mr. Egan's protest.

NO MORE SOLDIERS, PLEASE. General Schofield, in his annual report to the secretary of war, strongly urges a large increase in the standing army of the nation. One year by carrier, in advance. \$5.00 In doing this the general is probably vielding to that not unnatural disposition of men charged with the administration of some one of the various departments of our governmental system, to lose sight of its proportional relation to the whole system and to magnify its particular and peculiar value and importance and the benefits

which will inure from its enlargement. We see this disposition in every branch of our service, from the head of the great departments in Washington down to the boards of our municipalities. All of their recommendations are in the direction of increased facilities and enlarged operations. Each head discovers new fields into which the energies of his department might be put, and from them all there comes annually a chorus of demands for increased appropriations and extended facilities.

Aside from the unmentioned but probable reason for the recommendation of Gen. Schofield, the public will look with some curiosity at the reason he assigns why, in a time of profound peace, with no possibility of war with any nation, exempt from all those complications out of which wars grow, and occupying a position in which war could only result from our own unjust and indefensible action, he urges the increase of the army. The possibility of a war with some foreign nation can be set aside as of no weight, and the only other reason assigned by him is the labor troubles of the present year.

He refers to the fact that during this year a large part of the army has been employed in suppressing domestic violence, which took the form in many cases of "forcible resistance to the execution of the laws of the United States. the seizure or destruction of property under the care of United States officers. and in defiance of national authority." the states and the police power of the force the execution of the federal laws. quate now, when the population has more than doubled. "It was a wise take the place of protesting and strikforethought," he says, "in apparent anticipation of such conditions as those which have confronted the government within the last year, that dictated several years ago the policy that established under authority of congress large military posts near the great business and railway centers of the country.' These he recommends should be completed and others established.

A change that is striking and mo-It is but a few years ago that that army or rather as one of them, as it seems he his charge-" iers, and solely occupied either in the pursuit of hostile Indians or in gnarding the frontiers against their incursions. Here and there on the Atlantic coast were a few fortifications built to protect our harbors, and manned by a the broad expanse between the frontiers and the seacoast the sight of a soldier of the regular army was one of rare many of the large cities in the country, one finds a military encampment, manned with the different arms of the country against a foreign invader, but from our own citizens.

The "wise forethought" of the party which has dominated this country for many years felt intuitively that the inevitable result of its policy of favoritism would produce a discontent which might break out into open violence, and that the police and local militia, victims of the same policy which caused the outbreaks, and possibly symnathizing with it so it would be unable to suppress disorder, provided these encampments, where the military arm of the government might be ready to repress speedily and successfully the disorders

Whatever of disorder or its causes that exists now which did not exist twenty-five years ago is not the result of the growth of population, as Gen. Schofield seems to think, but is the result of the development of conditions under the operation of bad legislation; and the remedy lies, not in attempting to redress those results by force, but in repealing the laws that created them. If the plain causes of disorder are to continue, then the recommendations of Gen. Schofield must be heeded, and not only must the regular army of the nation be very largely increased, but the militia and all the police forces of the states and municipalities must be also enlarged. The force of disorder must be met by the constantly increasing force of order. and we will travel that path until social disorders and suppression of disorders

Either this, or we must take the backward track to those conditions which prevailed when the present social disorders were the "unseen danger" to which Gen. Schofield alludes. Take off this meddlesome and interfering hand of the government, which is reaching everywhere more and more into the affairs of men and disturbing the natural relations whose accompaniment is peace and contentment. Stop pandering to greed under the specious pretense of protecting and guarding the interests of men. Break down the walls which privilege has built about itself. Set men free again, and leave them to their own resources, making them self-reliant and self-helpful, and the disorders which the general of the army asks for an increase of the military force to repress will subside in the era of peace and con-

CHARLEY FOSTER IS GLUM. Two Ohioans were prominent in the administration which came in in 1889 with a whoop-la and went out in 1893 in gloom. One of these was Charles Foster, secretary of the treasury; the other was William McKinley, chairman of the ways and means committee of the house. That administration was distinguished for three great measures. One was the Sherman silver purchase act, another the dependent pension act, and the last, but not least, the McKinley protective tariff act, which was to nake everybody rich by taxing ever ybody. The second of these acts was one of charity, pure and simple. The other two were the embodiment of that idea of the Republican party that the

tented industry that will follow.

it-being more capable of doing that

Of the two acts the McKinley act was the one which took the business interests of the country more particularly under its sheltering wing, and directed the people of the country how to trade. Little more than a year after the passage of McKinley's big business regulator he demonstrated his incapacity to manage even his own business. Later the business man of that administration, its secretary of the treasury, became a bankrupt, and his affairs have been recently settled by a receiver, his assets being some 30 or 40 cents on the dollar. The special interests which Gov. McKinley had so well served had gratitude enough to promptly pass around the bat and raise a sufficient sum to meet all his habilities and restore him to his former position of prosperity. Mr. McKinley is now swinging around the great circle and bewaiting the departure of the prosperity which his business administration gave to the

It is rather remarkable that that other ornament of this business-regulating administration, Charley Foster, is maintaining an intense silence and does not join his tellow Ohioan in pointing to the year 1892 as one in which "every factory was operated to its fullest capacity and every man wanting work found it at remunerative wages." Possibly this is due to the indifference of those people who rushed to the financial aid of Gov. McKinley and left Secretary Foster to settle with his creditors as best he could. Anyway, Mr. Foster is not singing the praises of McKinleyism or pointing with any degree of pride to the prosperity that followed under that

wonderful piece of humbug. MR. MORTON'S COACHMAN. Levi P. Morton is the Republican nominee for governor of New York by the grace of Boss Platt. Morton was elected as vice president of the United States in 1888, and as such presided over the deliberations of the senate. One of the acts of that body, which, with the aid of its co-ordinate branch, succeeded in bringing, as ex-Senator Ingalls said, "upon the most magnificent political organization that ever existed the most overwhelming defeat," was an act which prohibited any person from bringing into this country any alien, or any alien from coming here under any contract, expressed or implied, made previous to the coming here of such alien, to perform labor or service of any kind in the United States. This act was merely a For this purpose he says the militia of | sop thrown to the growling Cerberus of labor, which had begun to recognize municipalities are not adequate to en- the absurdity of inhibiting or restricting the importation of the products of labor An army that was adequate twenty-five and permitting free access to foreign years ago, when there was no danger of labor. It was not intended to be taken disorder known to exist, is inade- seriously by anybody, and especially by those who wished to employ labor to

ing Americans. Mr. Morton, as vice president, signed this act, and it became immediately a dead letter, galvanized into life only for partisan or malicious purposes. Mr. Morton spent his usual season abroad, and while there employed one Howard as his coachman, and he served him so well that the ex-vice president thought, it desirable to retain his services after his return home. Consequently, Mr. mentous has taken place within the last | Howard came to this country, and enfew years in the relations of our stand- | tered the service of the ex-vice president ing army to the people of the country. at Rhinebeck as his family coachman. is, but he is far from particular about

imported might be arrested and deported. Very much to Mr. Howard's surprise, who doubtiess harbored the Democratic idea that the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness involved company or two of regulars. But in the right to labor wherever he could find work, and for whom he might, he was arrested the other day by one of the commissioners of immigration under occurrence. Now, as an adjunct of a charge of violating this contract labor act, and is now held awaiting deportation. An interview with Mr. Morton shows that he, too, is equally surprised service, put there, not to protect the at the application to him of the act which he, as vice president, officially certified; and which his party, expert in its devices for fooling labor, enacted with the tacit understanding that it would amount to nothing.

Mr. Morton says that this man was in hi- employ in London, and that, when he went to the continent and had no use for his services there, he sent him to New York and has retained him as his second coachman since. He says that he was not aware of any infringement of the law, believing that he acted within its provisions, which permit, he supposes, the bringing into this country of persons in the domestic service of which the legislative arm of the gov- the family. Mr. Morton, as vice president, did not read with sufficient care the act which he signed, and in this trap he now finds his fingers. Section 5 of that act provides that nothing in it shall be construed to prevent persons who are citizens or subjects of a foreign country, temporarily residing in this country, from engaging, under contract or otherwise, persons not residents of the United States to act as household domestics for such foreigner. But nowhere in the act is any provision that a citizen of this country may employ a foreigner and import him or her to act as a domestic servant.

The act was a farce in its conception and purpose, and has not prevented the importation of labor into this country whenever manufacturers found it convenient. The law broke down under its first test, when it was attempted to prevent the importation of workmen for the tin plate mills; but we believe that it did in its early days prevent the engagement abroad of teachers for universities and colleges in this country; and we believe a minister of the gospel, who was imported to preach the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, was tried and convicted, and de-

There is a grim comicality in this application to Mr. Morton of the act which he officially ratified as vice president, and whose character as a sop to labor he so well understood that he did not inform himself of the provisions of which he now finds himself a surprised victim. As to poor Howard, the situation is not at all comical.

SCHOOL TIME.

Bunker Hill, Mo., has the spirit of '76. The whole school there struck againsta teacher the parents didn't like, and for weeks not a single scholar appeared.

In the same interesting state it's getting to be common to give school holiday on Monday instead of Saturday.

James N. Lougee, of Hodgdon, Me., has taught school for ninety terms. He must have worn out several dozen

Massachusetts pays male teachers

\$118.07 per month, females \$48.17. That's

the average for the whole state. In New York the rates are much lower. F. Lafcadio Hearn, the author, is a teacher in a public school in Japan. In the university there the post of protessor of the Japanese language is held . HIBAM IN THE NINIH.

than the people are themselves. There is only one section of the city which can begin to compare in its recherche social attributes with Summit avenue. That section is Merriam hill. Although one wouldn't think it, Merriam hill is in the very center of the bloody Ninth ward. A leader among those who so ably

maintain the social ton of Merriam hill is Hon. Hiram F. Stevens. Hon. Hiram wears the senatorial toga, and he is auxious -extremely auxious, it is saidto keep on wearing it, at least for four years longer. He is, moreover, a lawyer, and, according to the general consensus of opinion, a very smooth man-one of hose velvet politicians who never make a mistake more serious than that of shaking hands with undue cordiality around election time with those to whose existence he remains totally oblivious during the remaining eleven onths of the year.

Between the senator's political and his social ambition there arises occasionally a conflict of jurisdiction, so to spead. The one calls on him to appear exclusively in the garb of the society young man; the other makes him the friend of the workingman, at least to the extent of sporting for evening use what in the expressive vernacular of the Celt is known as a "caubeen," surmounting other habiliments which would forever exile him from the scented aimosphere of the hill

Indeed, it is hinted that just at this time the Merriam hill senator is posing as an agriculturist and holds out his finger nails as proof of his lovalty to the cause of the Populist. However well, or ill-founded, this latest assertion of Hiram's versatility may be, it is quite evident that since the opening of his latest campaign for senator he hasn't cultivated his manicure any too carefuly. When he grasps the helm of a hooner of Ninth ward beer, and his finger nails come in contact with the exhilarating fluid, it is known that the foam dies away and a very duil tint overspreads the amber beverage. One evening last week the senator carefully dressed himself in his election oggery and hied him forth to prove his devotion to the downtrodden. Standing

the inimitable Sache. "Hullo, senator!" came from the sand-

in the shadow of one of the adjacent

sandpits was the senator's right bower.

"Hullo, Sache!" was the response. "What is cur itinerary this evening, old man. "Our what, senator?"

do-that is to say, where are we bound? "There's a dance down at Mike Mc-Carty's tonight, Hiram. Let's-"That's right, old man. Hiramthat's my name. Let us avoid putting on airs. It is obnoxious to the free-

born American. Who's down at Mike's,

"By Jove, I forgot. This will never

"Oh, quite a crowd. You see, Judge Howard and me fixed it so that a lot of the boys will be down there at 8:30 o'clock. By the way, Sen- Hiram, have you any one-dollar bills about ye? I haven't got anything smaller than a ten myself, and that won't do, ye know. We'll have to go it a little easy for a while yet. Mike is a little forgetful once in a while, or his eyesight isn't good. I don't know which it

"Naw bocklesh, me b'y. Now, how is that, Sache? Will that fetch the terriers, as havin' the true ring, do ye think? "Mother o' Moses, Sen - Hiram I mean -who put you on? Why you talk

like a native, man.' "Just so, Sache. Diggin thu Gaelga? That's what knocks! You see, Johnny and I have been having recitations for nearly a week now, and I'm reading up, too; why I've finished the third chapter aiready of the life of Bryan Boru. Ah. but he was a mighty chief. But.coming back to the real merits of our campaign. Sache: I just caught the Union bank fellows before they closed up for the

twos and ones. How much do you There was a somewhat prolonged ilence. It was broken by Sache: "Well, you see, Senator-Hiram, I mean-there's the judge, and I've been thinking, perhaps, it wouldn't be just the thing to let him in on the deal altogether. Howard is a pretty smooth man himself, and he has a lot of them

day, and I've laid in a goodly supply of

too, and he'll waat to set 'em up on his own account. I think I'll flash this X on him on the quiet, and-" "But, say, Sache. That man Howard -Tom Howard, isn't it? - why! Supposing Joe should get on? My Gawd, man; we're skatin' on thin ice, so to speak. Why, Joe would never forgive me, and without the Pioneer Press-

terriers with him. He's a bit dignified,

Heavens!-without the Pioneer Press. what would become of me?" A prolonged sh-sh-and a motion for silence were the only response. Presently the silken-haired judge hove in sight, exclaiming with his customary suavity:

"Good evening, gentlemen." The senator pulled his "caubeen" still wered: "Ah, good evening, judge." "Going to Mike's, I presume," said the judge.

"You judge correctly," answered the senator, waking from his reverie; and then, struck by his own admirable witticism, he cried out merrily to his friend Howard: "Irish wit, judge. Irish wit, y' see. Great people, judge, great peo-

Here the sounds of that famous old melody, "Nell Fiaherty's Drake," produced on an asthmatic fiddle, greeted the ears of the trio.

"Here we are," said the senator." "Sure enough," said Sache. "Let's get right in," said the judge. They stood in front of what in the Island of Saints would be called a "she-

The sound of the fiddle was much louder for a moment, but before the door had fully closed the music was drowned in the stentorian tones of one of Hiram's Populist constituents, as he cried aloud in a fuddled way:

"Hurrah for the ex-sinathor. Hurro!" Then there was a bang-the door shut tight, and the reporter found himself in the cool October night air pondering on the uncertainties of reform politics, and wondering how he should meet the city editor's all-absorbing demand for

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Sol Smith Russell appeared in his nost congenial charater at the Metropolitan opera house last evening, and that is Noah Vale, in "A Poor Relaion. The play is anything but actistic, but the character of Noah Vale possesses an interest, because it is drawn with care and fidelity enough to resemble a human being, and a human being with whom everybody sympathizes. Mr. Russell's portrayal of the role is his happiest performance. He possesses two qualities in a marked degree - drollery and quaintness - and these qualities are most conspicuous in Noah Vale. The company rendered mediocre support. The house was

THE MEANEST MAN.

Meanness takes many forms. An Indianapolis man who made his little accomplished one unenviable variety.

Another case, almost incredible, but Lassing, Mich., whose horse ran away. A brave lad of ten stopped it, turned it around and drove it back to meet the owner. The latter threatened to have Mim arrested for trying to steal the rig.

Harbor recently, an old woman took a short cut to the street across & man's lawn. "Don't you know this is private property?" said he. "Yes, sir; but I shought you wouldn't mind. I am eighty-three years old, and very tired." to dead enough to know you ought to brand of poetry; he cannot believe that keep off my land," was the M. M.'s his monograph on the political issues of muttered comment.

train, has been denounced as the meanest man, but he was undoubtedly obeying orders. Phito felt his way along the track by the fence, and finally came to a farm, where he was cared for. An old man entered the office of the Cumberland county (Me.) clerk recently

The Wisconsin brakeman who put a

little blind boy, Philo McCoy, off his

to have two deeds recorded. The fee was \$1. He haggled for a cut rate for an hour, and finally put down 32 cents and asked to be trusted for the rest. It was in the same state that a man promised, at a minister's "donation" "a

boughs from the tiptop of the tree. SHORT STOPS.

A good meater-the butcher. Hammered into fits - horse shoes.

At work on the streets-the beggars. The ships that pass in the night are

A receiver that receives-the coffin. Don't run to the pawnbroker's. He'll

not unloaded as fast as the schooners.

What is sweeter than a lovely woman's kiss? Her kisses.

"Get on to my little pull," as the trolley pole said to the electric car. A house cleaner- the cyclone.

Wages that collect themselves-those

"Talk about Flying Jib's fast time," said a seafaring man; "you ought to see the jibs fly in the wind " "A bad start," coolly remarked the

him in the patrol wagon. The howling of a dog under a window at night may not bring death, but it is apt to bring damnation.

May fly to flea another flight; And while he lingers out of sight, May hold you in his bight and bite. 'Who do you want to see?" asked the janitor of a big building near the city

QUEER BUT TRUE. Dexter, Mo., has a curfew bell which rings at 9 p. m. After that everybody

-go home or to the calaboose. A Jersey bull in Harrison, Me., twisted his nose ring into a hazel bush so tightly that he couldn't get away for three

In the latest "feud" in Kentucky, Charley Cole shot John Stapleton fatally

as the result of a quarrel over five cents. There is a mule in Georgia that "fit tribute to the other 2,000,000? into de wah," is now fifty-five years old

TOPICS UP TO DATE.

There are certain people in every girl stand in the front yard and hold up condemn them to their own society. large community whose dispositions her hand five minutes as a punishment St. Paul is not free from them, but one of them is so conspicuous as to dim the luster of his contemporaries. He is an intelligent man, but morbidly conceited, and because an education availeth little in society it you eat with your knife, rails unceasingly at his betters, and calls them "our codfish aristocracy." Not because he hates them-on, bless you, no-but because they fail to recognize the nimbus of genius about his After walking on the shore at Bar head, and fail to welcome him and his pie knife to their inner circles.

He is a poet, an author, a statesman, but alas, not appreciated; it is vain to endeavor to convince him that chopping lines into equal lengths and making the ends rhyme does not make the finest the day is not a masterpiece; nor can be understand why some orator was chosen to make the nominating speech in the last convention, while he, all loaded, primed and cocked with the effort of his life, was not even permitted to be a delegate, for fear he might say something. And all these natural events he regards as the endeavor of a vast conspiracy to keep him from the glory which he thinks is his.

For all these conspirators he cherishes a carefully nursed hatred that is indicative of his petty mind. Of late, however, he has developed a tendency which proves that he is even beneath an honest contempt; he now soils pen and paper by disseminating anonymous le:ters, abusing everybody; and with that load of tiptop wood," and afterward rerare discrimination which ever marks deemed the promise with a load of small the cad, he sends them to literary women who have never heard of him, and who are powerless to resent this gross impertinence. Who is he? It would give him too much passing notoriety to name him here, but you know him; he is always seen with his best and only friend -himself. And it all goes to prove that universal education is not an unmixed blessing, and that it is a difficult feat to make a silken receptacle for money out of the auditory arrangement of an adult lady porker.

The arguments which the Pioneer Press uses regarding the Democratic candidate for sheriff are of that deep, abstruse kind which consists of senseless abuse of the nationality of the subject of its remarks. A slight resume of the Republican ticket reveals the following nationalities:

Names. Henry Weber. . Gebhardt Willrich Prussian muel Kellermann Frank E. Elmund..... Norwegian Nels J. NessScandinavian E.W. Bazille French J. H. Moritz Bavarian T. D. Sheehan French
Dr. S. Robillard Irish Samuel Lowenstein.....Polish Henry Johns..... (We pass) F. Barta Bohemian Theodore Sander Austro-Hungarian race track tout as the policeman put Hiram F. Stevens.....American E. H. Ozmun Arabian

McKinley has come and gone. The blare of the bands, the glare of the torches, the display of youths who can "I like to trade with a man of sense," shout but cannot vote; the warike said the wily customer. "I'm a man of Mahan, prominent for once (and, by the dollars-I advertise," responded the way, who is he?); the bland Merriam. the smooth Napoleon of protection; all these impressions have faded from the retina of our excitable minds. But one idea remains behind, that being that McKinley is the friend of the poorer classes, the apostle of the workingman. Of course, in our enthusiasm, we forgot that to pay a large percentage of the price of a thing for the sake of af-"Anybody," said the blind begfording a large profit to the small class of capitalists engaged in manufacturing is not just or wise, but the bands and the torches were too much for us. But a Wabasha street dry goods house recalled us to our senses the next mornunder eighteen must get off the streets ing by a large display of fine blankets. with the following announcement, in the most conspicuous window:

LOW TARIFF BLANKETS for the Workingman. Formerly \$5.50. A BARGAIN!

And why should every user of blankets, and there are 63,000,000 of us, pay

Ff you're fonp o' good ol' readin'

Morning

to see the sun rise. You must come to our store to see the finest assort-

Must

Be Up

in the

ment of Furniture in the latest designs. WE ARE VERY STRONG in our assortment of Ladles' Desks in the most elegant designs, as well as those at low prices. No one shows as many styles in Desks of all kinds.

ill excuse our speaking of BEDROOM SUITS again, but really we can't help it. We really can't help talking about it. We are full of it. The three cars just received place us in position to supply the demand again. The last lot went so fast that some did not get what they wanted. If you need Bedroom Suits, consult your interest by consulting our stock.

Domestic happiness is to no small extent centered in the kitchen. Who ever knew a man to keep good-natured when his dinner was not well cooked? Some are not good-natured at any time, but most people are agreeable if well fed. Is your cook stove a good one? If not, come to see us. We have bargains for you in Ranges. A 6-Hole Range, large oven, at \$12.75. A great procession of Heating Stoves, with the American Ventilator at the head. If you have an old stove that don't just suit you, we will take it for what it is worth and make you the happy owner of a first-class "up-todate" heater that will save you fuel.



FARWELL CO Complete House Furnishers, 409-411 Jackson Street.

Uv the natchrul, homely kind, En' you got the cattle feedin'. En your chores ain't run Lehind. W'y take enny paper's columns (ef you h

n't got the volumes) Run your finger down until you finds the

Uv that tearful, funny, smile-y, En' you'll thank me for suggestin' of the

Extracts from campaign speeches-"He has did more for this ward than any other man in it."

"He runs a little, vile, penny, absolute sheet." "Gentlemen, if elected as your repre sentative, I will pay the national debt." "I am no shpeaker, shentlemens, but vat der udder gents has telled you,

t'ink ist alles true undt alles recht." "We must eratidate from the fair white page of our minds such statements.'

"Brutus," said Casca, nervously plucking at the sleeve of his tunic, as they strolled away from the market, where Antony was studying up, slyly, a copy of Shakespeare, from whom he cribbed the funeral oration entire. "What is the difference between last night and tonight?" "I give it up." said Brutus, slowly,

"Last night the bier was on Cæsar: tonight, Cæsar is on the bier!" And with a wild ery he vanished into the night.

"Nux vomica," reflected Brutus, sadly, as he waited for the Appian car. The GLOBE, ever willing to be fair in

all things, interviewed the Republican candidates on the county ticket yesterday, with the following results: Nels J. Ness-Ay tank we skoll have gude tams af Ay ban 'lected. Ay kom to San Pol in '78, an Ay spik gude Anglish. Ay spand chuge-fem dolar, en tank Ay skell gat 'lected, pay doo? Ozmun Fasha--Greeting, E fendi: A | between Christmas and Twelfth Night little month snall see the wante tents of the Ozmunli pitched in the legislative | Welsh girls knock on Christmas eve on fields. 'Til then adieu, O scribe, for I must mount my pure Arabian holby the henhouse door. If a hen cackles and go to purchase camer's milk for the the knocker must wait another year. If Rice street nomads. S. Lowenstein-Undt dey say dot I the year.

am not der freund off der beople; mein Gott in himmel, I haff shtood undt gried "Down mit monopoly" dil I vass ged me my throat sore alretty. Ist das nicht recht? Vel, vy aot vote by me, vunce agen, some more, alretty yet, an-other times, eh?

FUNNY FANCIES.

If a cow breaks into the garden, it is a sign that some one in the family will die within six months

Other signs of death are the howling of a dog outside of the house, the squeaking of a mouse behind the sick person's bed or the night of a bird or bee into the room.

To cut one's nails Sunday brings the devil with one all the week. To break a looking-glass brings trouble seven years. To turn a feather bed Sunday is

The bad effect of seeing the new moon through glass may be mittgated by turning over the money in one's pocket. For a clock to strike while a preacher is giving out his text is a sign of a death in the congregation.

Crickets and spiders bring good luck. So does it to touch a hunchback's hump. So does it to have one's teeth set wide apart or to meet a piebald horse.

If the right ear itches, some one is

praising; if the left, somebody is abusing; if the foot, one is soon to walk over new ground. There's luck in finding a pin or a

horseshoe, or in stumbling upstairs. If an unmarried person sits between a man and wife at dinner on any day

the henhouse door. If a hen cackles a rooster crows she'll be married within

RANSOM & HORTON'S "AD." FUR TALK!

クラングランクト

The seasonable weather, with cool nights and mornings, makes Ladies plan and talk about their Furs and Wraps for next Winter. Really we are hardly surprised that a lady hardly knows what to do about a Wrap this year. "Shall it be a Fur Cape or Jacket. or can I make a Cloth Cloak do?" This is a daily inquiry in every household. Some decide one way, some another. We have the goods to meet either horn of the dilemma. Candidly, the fact is that the present style of Dress Sleeves and Waists makes a Cape almost a necessity in the wardrobe as well as a Jacket, and if but one can be had for this season the Cape fills the bill best. There is, of course, but one valid objection, and that is on the score of warmth. If the ladies were SURE Capes were warm enough, but few Jackets would sell. To all such as have Fur Cloaks, whether in or out of style, we advise a Cape, as they CAN wear the Cloak with a plain waist for riding or severe weather, and then really the great majority of Ladies don't have to and don't go out in real cold weather. So much for Capes vs. Jackets. You pay your money and take your choice. We have everything in Capes in Fur at \$7.50 to \$750.00, and in Cloth at \$5.00 to \$75.00. We have all kinds of Jackets in Fur and Cloth, and we are getting quite conceited over our stock, as our trade is so steadily good and compliments so many, both from city and out-of-town people. Don't for a moment think that you won't get an Astrakhan on account of the cheap trash of the season. That doesn't change the fact that never before were as good values offered as you can get this year. Our Astrakhans at \$35.00, \$40.00, \$50.00 and \$55.00 are superb, and the equals of goods sold last year at ten dollars higher. We say as always: "FOR GEN-ERAL WEAR, UTILITY, SERVICE AND GOOD LOOKS NO GARMENT EQUALS ASTRAKHAN, AND \$35.00 TO \$50.00 CAN BE INVESTED NO OTHER WAY WITH EQUAL RESULTS." Plucked Otter makes a lovely garment. It is good for ten or more years' wear. Weather doesn't affect it, and deservedly popular in the West are this year's styles, and sought after in the East. Our Garments at \$125 and \$150 are the best purchase—at any price—we know of in Fur.

Perhaps you haven't been in our new store and don't know all about our NEW CLOTH CLOAK DE-PARTMENT. Well! you can't afford to pass it. It's the talk of the two cities; and we have certainly, without brag or bluster, a superb stock, well adapted in quality and price to present times, and Mr. Igel, our buyer, has "done himself proud." There are no old back numbers, there are no stickers among the lot. The telegraph and express are kept busy nowadays, and people who look us over most always buy. Of course, we don't see everybody, but it seems as though we did. We are pleased and gratified that we have hit the public taste in style and made prices that sell the goods against all competition. Call in some day. Perhaps you'll believe our next "ad" more thoroughly after using your eyes in our stock room awhile.

CATALOGUE READY-SEND FOR ONE.

Ransom & Horton, 99 and 101 East Sixth St., St. Paul.