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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1889.

There seems to be a "jar" in the family
of the eminent Dr. Marlowe, caused
by the "fruits" of a marriage which re-
minds one of the title of the play last
night.The case of Mrs. Maybrick has started
all sorts of sensational reports of cases
where women eat arsenic to improve the
complexion. Ladies who are addicted to
this habit should remember that they are
playing a "skin" game and are bound to
get the worst of it.The Gazette last night devoted three
fourths of a column to binder twine and
jute bags. The News suggests for to-
morrow night two other topics on which
that paper is equally well informed, viz:
"Where the woodbine twineth," and
"Holding the bag."YESTERDAY was the eighteenth anni-
versary of the Chicago fire and according
to the dispatches, 150,000 working men
took a partial holiday and \$300,000 worth
of stock in the World's Fair. Even the
newsboys and booth-blocks of that city
own stock and New York might as well
resign her claims.It is said that the Duchess of Marl-
borough, formerly Mrs. Hammersley, has
ordered all her New York real estate to
be sold at auction. It takes a great deal
of money to support a live "juke," with
tastes like the Marlborough's. And after
the money is all gone 'tis highness will
have no trouble in disposing of the sur-
plus wife. She can go to join Duch-
ess number one.BOULANGER'S last and most desperate
game is to muster his scattered forces,
make a sudden landing on the coast of
France and capture Paris. This is the
climax of his egotism, to attempt the
identical scheme in which the great Na-
poleon made a wretched failure. Is there
not an island of St. Helena for Boulanger?
And yet it would be a pity to waste
the island. He is not worth the squad of
soldiers necessary to guard him.Mr. MIKE McDONALD, the Chicago
gambler, whose wife paid him the poor
compliment of preferring a priest, seems
inclined to forgive her and take her home
on account of the children. He did this
once before when the madam took a sim-
ilar trip. Husbands would condone this
offense, perhaps not so often as wives do,
but much more frequently than is now
done, if they dared to brave the public senti-
ment, which in such cases is the un-
written law.In keeping before the people the fact
that Tanner and Dalzell talk too much
down with the same disease. At the time the
appointment of Tanner was made the
selection seemed to be a suitable one,
and was so regarded by the general public.
Results proved that he was not the
right man for the place, and instead of
continuing his mistake, as other Presidents
have done, Mr. Harrison removed the
Commissioner as soon as it could
decently be arranged. There is nothing to be
gained by post-mortem abuse, except to
create and keep alive a prejudice among
certain classes. But this is partisan
politics.JUDGE MACK was very uneasy from the
time the Terre Haute Knights reached
Washington lest he should not have an
opportunity to make a speech. With so
many Eminent Grand Commanders on
tap there was very little show for a plain
circuit judge from the little town of
Tarry Hut, but Mr. Mack lay
low and watched his chances and he got
there. A corps of boys from Louisville
dressed in the uniform of the Knights
came marching into the armory, and at
their head was—Judge Mack, who, in an
introductory speech, made the greatest
effort of his life, and what was more to
the point, called attention to himself.
This is merely a little weakness of his
Honors, and does not impair his general
usefulness.It seems like a satire on modern
building that a mansion so perfectly
constructed as that of the Studebaker's at
South Bend should fall an easy prey to
the flames. It is a matter of regret that

a home so beautifully adorned and con-
taining so many valuable works of art
should be swept out of existence; and
still the loss to Mr. Studebaker is not so
great as that which happens daily
through the ravages of fire and passes
unchronicled and unnoticed. The poor
man who gazes upon the smouldering
heap of ashes, all that remains of the
scanty accumulations of a lifetime, and
knows not where his family will find
shelter for the coming night, suffers for
a tittle of the sympathy that is showered
upon the millionaire. And yet the latter
has only to wave the magic wand and a
new house more beautiful than the
old will spring from the smoking ruins.
Another illustration of the truism, "To
him that hath shall be given."

No more striking instance could be
afforded of the difference between the
standards of morality in France and this
country than the published accounts of
Boulanger's flight. In describing this
they mention in the most matter-of-fact
way that "he was accompanied by his
mistress." Such a statement made of an
American in public life would damn him
hopelessly and forever. He would feel
the weight of public censure in an
unmistakable manner and would seek
obscenity as a welcome refuge.

While unfortunately our public men are
not in every instance morally above re-
proach, there is a sentiment which does
not permit any open display of this irregular-
ity. We have an inheritance from
our Puritan ancestry which will forbid
the importation of this most reprehensible
custom as illustrated by that all-around
fraud, Gen. Boulanger.

It is said by the telegraph that
on the occasion of the Emperor
William's visit to England he ex-
pressed surprise at the percentage of
illiterate persons in a nation so wealthy
and civilized. The Queen, stirred to action
by his comments, requested of her
advisers that they lose no time in sug-
gesting a remedy. The nobility of that
country are openly hostile to free schools
and declare that the common people know
too much already, and that education
breeds discontent and socialism. What a
refreshing contrast is offered by the
United States where not only is a thor-
ough and practical education made free
to all, regardless of sex, color or condition,
but compulsory laws are passed re-
quiring the children to avail themselves
of these advantages. England fears to
educate her so-called lower classes lest
they revolt against monarchy and a gov-
ernment of caste. The United States
provides an education for every child
within her borders, believing that the
greatest danger lies in ignorance, and
that the safest and surest of all govern-
ments is that which is founded upon in-
telligence and equality.

PAID COLLEGE PROFESSORS.
The fiction that professors are
merely rewarded time-honored, but it is
not the less a fiction on that account. In
all our larger colleges these gentlemen
are, in fact, well paid. They have sal-
aries which enable them to live thor-
oughly well and comfortably, to educate
their children and to indulge themselves
with books and other luxuries of the
learned.

In addition they have leisure in much
greater abundance than is at the com-
mand of professional men in any other
calling. Their vocation gives them from
the beginning a freedom in that respect
which in other professions comes if it
comes at all, as the reward of a lifetime
of patient and successful labor. Their
hours of daily work are short and their
holidays many. In summer they have a
long vacation, which enables them to
travel or indulge to the full the desire for
out-door enjoyment which other men
must reluctantly curb for business reasons.
If they have a desire for fame or a wish to
increase their earning they have time
for profitable research, for authorship or
for whatever other thing they have a
mind to supplement their regular labors
with, and meantime their income is as-
sured as that of men in other professions
is not.

We do not think college professors are
rewarded beyond their deserts; but
neither are they underpaid or subjected
to hardship and injustice, and the main-
tenance of the fiction that they are is
both humiliating to them and hurtful to
their influence.—New York World.

CURE FOR LONG FACES.
The poet who sings "I know an honest
hussar" evidently believes in poetic
high license.

The man who is shocked to death by
electricity should be buried in a volt.—
Merchant Traveller.

All the Koffs of Russia sympathize
with the Czarina in her recently acquired
cold.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Secretary Blaine's address was pub-
lished in Fern, where it was doubt-
lessly arranged. There is nothing to be
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certain classes. But this is partisan
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It is plain that doctors ought to succeed
in politics when one reflects that they
are professional healers.—Baltimore
American.

We can all give good advice, but con-
stant vigilance will hardly insure us set-
ting a good example half the time.—
Milwaukee Journal.

The female organist of a Utica church
has eloped and married a fourteen-year-
old boy who pumped the organ. The
affair has taken the wind out of the
tide.—Binghamton Republican.

A FINANCIAL SOLOMON.
"But you are surely mad! How can
you think of borrowing money on those
terms and from people of that stamp?"

"My dear fellow," replied Gontran,
"better go to a scamp who lends you
money at 15 per cent, than to an honest
man who refuses you at 5."—Le Figaro.

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building that a mansion so perfectly
constructed as that of the Studebaker's at
South Bend should fall an easy prey to
the flames. It is a matter of regret that

he would

could he know the mighty rumpus
Made about his fair.

Wouldn't Christopher Columbus
Stand and stare?

—Bainbridge (N. Y.) Republican.

Advertiser in the News.

THE PROPHETIC DONKEY.

One of President Lincoln's Inimitable
Stories with a Moral.

There was a local politician went to Washington
to get an office that he felt sure only
awarded his application for it to be given to
him. In a couple of weeks he came back.
"Well, did you get your office?" his
friends asked him.

"No," said he.

"Did you see President Lincoln?"

"Yes, of course."

"What did he say?"

"Well, we went in and stated our errand.
He heard us patiently, and then said:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry I have no office
for Mr. X., but I can't give you that I can
tell you a story."

"We thought best to hear the story, and
let him go."

"Once there was a certain King," he
said, "who kept an astrologer to forewarn
him of coming events, and especially to tell
him whether it was going to rain when we
wanted to go on hunting expeditions. One
day he had started off for the forest with a
train of ladies and lords for a grand hunt,
when the party met a farmer riding a donkey.

"Good-morning, farmer," said the King.

"Good-morning, King," said the farmer;
where are you folks going?"

"Hunting," said the King.

"You'll all get wet!" said the farmer.

"The King trusted his astrologer, of
course, and went to the forest; but by mid-
day there came on a terrific storm that
drenched and buffeted the whole party.
When the King returned to his palace, he
had the astrologer decapitated, and sent for
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