

BLAINE IN AND OUT!

The Plumed Knight Gives Harrison a Surprise.

Getting Ready for the Nomination He Resigns His Place.

BENNIE ACCEPTS WITHOUT THANKS

The Greatest Political Excitement Known for Many Years on the Eve of a Great Convention.

WASHINGTON, June 4.—James G. Blaine resigned the portfolio of secretary of state at 1 o'clock to day. President Harrison accepted it an hour later. No ink was wasted in the correspondence. On both sides it was cold and formal. There was no expression of regret on either side, and the president even forgot the usual courtesy of expressing his appreciation of the services hitherto rendered by the head of his cabinet.

But Mr. Blaine's letter was a declaration of war, open and fair. It was accepted as such, even if, in his haste to take up the gauntlet lest hesitancy might be attributed to fear, the president did forget to be courteous or even dignified.

Apparently no one of Mr. Blaine's friends had any intimation as to his intention. Maybe General Clarkson and those who are looking after the secretary's interests in Minneapolis knew it; but party leaders in Washington did not.

But the steps having been decided on, Mr. Blaine did not wait to consult his friends. With his usual firmness he acted.

It was just 12:45 o'clock when Mr. Blaine's secretary, Mr. Dent left the room of his chief. He went directly to the executive mansion. In his pocket reposed a communication addressed to President Harrison, sealed in an official envelope of the state department. Private Secretary Halford received the message and took it to the president. The latter tore open the letter and read:

WASHINGTON, June 4, 1892, 12:45 p. m. To the President:

"I respectfully beg leave to submit my resignation of the office of secretary of state of the United States, to which I was appointed by you on the 5th of March, 1889.

"The condition of public business in the department of state justifies me in requesting that my resignation be accepted immediately. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

(Signed) JAMES G. BLAINE.

Without a word the president handed the message to Mr. Halford. Then, as it was the hour fixed for public reception, he went to the east room, where he shook hands with some two hundred guests. He said little, but it was apparent that he was doing a "heap o' thinkin'". The reception over, he hastened to lunch, but was back at his desk in a half hour after he had received Mr. Blaine's letter.

It was 2:05 when Private Secretary Halford called at Secretary Blaine's residence on Lafayette square. He, too, bore an official envelope, which he placed in the hands of Mr. Blaine himself. The letter it contained read:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, June 4, 1892. To the Secretary of State:

"Your letter of this date, tendering your resignation of the office of secretary of state of the United States, has been received. The terms in which you state your desire are such as to leave me no choice but to accede to your wishes at once. Your resignation is therefore accepted. Very respectfully yours,

(Signed) BENJAMIN HARRISON. HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.

While this letter was on its way to Secretary Blaine the president was busy sending telegrams announcing the resignation of the secretary of state to the other members of the cabinet. Within fifteen minutes Attorney-General Miller was at the white house, and he kept the president company until Secretary of War Elkins arrived. Neither waited long, but the way in which they kept the telegraph wires busy during the afternoon indicated their agitation.

The news of the resignation created the most intense excitement throughout the city. Few would at first believe it. Mr. Blaine's most intimate friends did not anticipate it. The consensus of opinion is that Mr. Blaine has thrown down the gauntlet, and that his resignation is a declaration that he is a candidate.

The effect of the resignation at Minneapolis is eagerly canvassed. Friends of both Mr. Harrison and Mr. Blaine express the fear that if either is nominated the friends of the other will be too "sore" to go actively into the campaign.

Mr. Blaine gave out copies of his res-

ignation and the acceptance to the press, but declined to talk.

Secretary Elkins said: "Secretary Blaine's resignation does not change the situation in the least. I still think Mr. Harrison will be renominated. I do not think it would be justice to Mr. Blaine to say that his withdrawal from the cabinet is a declaration that he is a candidate. I do not construe his action in that way."

Assistant Secretary Crouse said: "The letter of Secretary Blaine, written to Mr. Clarkson sometime ago, I interpreted as a frank, full withdrawal from the presidential race. His resignation at this time, however, I regard as a complete withdrawal of that letter. To me it signifies not only that he will accept the nomination if tendered him, but that he is possessed of the assurance that his nomination is in sight. His resignation now is a proclamation to the world that he is a much healthier man than he is credited with being."

The announcement of Mr. Blaine's withdrawal from the cabinet turned the discussion in both houses and congress upon the political outlook.

REUBEN TALKS IT OVER.

"I do not see," said REUBEN as he came in the office and put his foot on our desk and borrowed a pipe of tobacco, "why some ministers profess so much sanctification, do bad themselves, and then complain if one of the flock goes wrong. I was thinking of the case of DR. TYER, who kicked a man out of the East Durham church this week because he took on a little too much coffin varnish. The gentleman who was 'churched' says that he did drink a little—but that was not the cause of his being bounced. He says that he had talked a little about what the painted sirens had said about the good and holy DR. TYER, and that so enraged him that he just bounced him out. The gentleman who was bounced said that he was not afraid to meet his God, and if the stories about the doctor were true, as he verily believed, he would not be hot enough to boll the sin out of him. So I believe that preachers who live in glass houses should not promiscuously heave boulders at their neighbors who keep their windows open."

"But the meanest thing I have heard," said REUBEN, "is the case of when a saloon keeper in Durham begged and implored a Keeley graduate to come into his den and take a drink. I am told that this is a fact—that one fellow who had come home—who had felt that he was cured of the damnable disease of drunkenness, was assured by the barkeeper that all Keeleys drank on the sly—that he had some splendid whiskey, etc. I do not want to believe this—but if it is so, God pity the abandoned wretch who would solicit a reformed man to fall; to go back to a hopeful and happy wife with beared eyes and the scent of death upon his breath."

And REUBEN got under the table, took a nap and left town on the first train.

AND THIS IS TRUE.

In his tobacco talk in these columns yesterday, REV. ALEX WALKER, whose head is always level, concluded his article by saying: "A lazy man and a politician seldom succeeds in raising fine tobacco."

And how true this is. Yet MR. WALKER need not have confined himself to the single proposition of a tobacco crop. We earnestly hope that what Mr. WALKER suggested will be taken as personal by all classes who deal in politics for a living and all lazy men who deal in nothing for a living.

The lazy man and the politician are two extremes. For an end which he believes in sight the politician will work night and day—never ceasing until his ambitions have been realized or the grave takes him in and covers up over him. He is indefatigable; he will lie for his candidate; he will misrepresent the other fellow and praise his own—the praise, while, being the grossest misrepresentation. He is not indolent. He is doing work that would not only raise a large crop of tobacco if applied in that direction, but he is performing labor that would make a good crop of most anything; he is throwing away his time which would build a successful business—but he goes on through life allowing the weeds to grow over his whole plantation, and finally dies—his life a series of postponed successes.

The lazy man would not keep down the weeds either—but the scamp never had anything. He would rather sit around on a box in front of some grocery and "allow that the craps wouldn't be worth a dern anyhow," than to go out and help make them worth something.

And of the two evils—the lazy man and the politician, we are of the deliberate rare opinion, as FARMER JOE DANIELS would say, that shake 'em both up in a hat there would be no real difference. They are both waits and sores on the great body of progress; they are cancers which eat the nutriment—they are drones which steal the honey honest people make.

The commencement season is now about over, and the sweet girl graduate is abroad in all the festive glory of budding womanhood. And in this connection it might be remarked that now is a good time to make butter.

LOVESOMANIA.

The latest sensation in the way of a suicide is the case of a young girl in New York—a girl young, beautiful and gifted—with wealth, position and influence, all in fact that makes life worth living to the average mortal—to smooth the rough places and round the square corners of the years which, in the natural order of things, were supposed to be before her—died by her own hand and in her own father's house, all because of an insane and idiotic idea that she loved a cheap fellow who happened not to love her.

This luckless maiden, who is described as possessing all natural and unnatural graces both of person and intellect, is said to have been the happy possessor of wondrous long and silken tresses, such as seldom seen outside the charmed circle of a side show or a freak house; that in these same long and silken tresses she felt an especial pride and pardonable vanity which caused her to devote the larger part of her time to their care and arrangement.

And it so transpired that when this frail and fated maiden resolved that in failing to attract the eye of a brainless and pennyless and soulless dry goods clerk who chanced to have regular features and a good set of teeth—that all was ended with her, to add brilliancy to the tragedy she fastened the long and silken tresses about her swan-like neck and let the beautiful golden braids do the cruel business.

And such brain sick idiosyncrasy makes people tired.

There is such a thing as love stronger than life and enduring as time. But such a love is not set down in the catalogue of sentimental sixteen year old maidens who are not out of the alphabet of existence, and when occasionally such a passion takes possession of a human breast it does not hasten to put hope forever out the range of possibility by ending that existence upon which all depended.

THE GLOBE says that in this age of advanced thought and social freedom such occurrences as the case just cited are a sad commentary on our civilization. It remains for some moral scientist and tenth century benefactor to decide what love is a disease and discover a gold cure for the prevention of such a disease. And the fellow who gets the patent right will be a winner.

KEEP THE RECORD STRAIGHT.

There is journalism and there is journalism. We hear that some of Mr. CARR's friends think that THE GLOBE should not have published the card of Mr. B. N. DUKE which appeared in Saturday's issue.

Let the record be kept straight. In this controversy between MR. DUKE and MR. CARR THE GLOBE has no part. It considers both parties gentlemen—and regards them as valuable citizens. THE GLOBE printed MR. CARR's letter to which MR. DUKE took exception. THE GLOBE has always said that all sides could have a hearing in this paper. If we had refused to print MR. CARR's letter, then we should have refused to print the letter of MR. DUKE.

But as we printed one—we had the right to print an answer—as long as the language was decent.

Other papers which printed Mr. CARR's letter refused to print Mr. DUKE's letter—but that of course is their business.

Any man who wants an advertisement in this paper can secure it, provided the man is responsible for his utterances and uses language that is decent.

For our part we sincerely regret that the two factions in this city remain so far apart, and we earnestly hope that the open letter business will cease.

MR. CARR has friends, admirers and supporters and so has MR. DUKE.

But it must always be understood that the columns of THE GLOBE are open for all, and both sides can have a hearing.

AT RANDOM.

If I believed that when the end does come, And death doth close my weary eyes in sleep, That God would know my fearful sum Of sin—closed eyes 'e'en, then would weep.

If I believed that God would cast me out From his White Throne where joy and peace do dwell And leave me ever more to roam And stoke the furnace in the sulphur hell— I do believe that then this wicked bit of clay Which will arise from down beneath the sod, A better chance will stand on that dread day When all are called before the bar of God.

Than hypocrites who with cheek sublime, Prate of their virtue which they have not got— Such scamps will sizzle till the end of time In the devil's hottest boiling pot.

The above comprehensive poem was written by the Editor. If any well-eyed pelican wants to say that it is not poetry—we are prepared to admit that much of it, but will also prove that it is the truth. And we desire to state here that truth is not caring a continental darn about any frills or rhyme or rhytm or ornaments. The lie is the thing which must dress itself up in order to get an audience.

About 3 o'clock this morning the Old Man started to Henderson. If CAPTAIN RENN's train, which left a few minutes after the Old Man started afoot, overtakes him, he expressed a determination to ride part of the way.

COLONEL JOE BALDWIN has purchased all the Yam Farm onions and will present them to COLONEL HARRIS, of the Rooster Laboratory.

It will only be one day till to-morrow.

These open letters furnish subjects for the dull days.

REMARKABLE TWINS.

TWO WOMEN SO NEAR ALIKE AS TO DECEIVE THEIR HUSBANDS.

Mrs. Coombs and Mrs. Turner, of Springfield, Mass., Have Had Lots of Fun in Their Lives Because of Their Great Resemblance—Mrs. Coombs' Story.

Similarity in facial appearance has often resulted in mistaken identity with the subjects of this sketch, Mrs. Levi T. Coombs and Mrs. Josiah Turner. These estimable women are twins; their maiden names were Frances Arrette and Florella Antoinette Foss. It will be observed that their initials were the same, the middle name being bestowed on the promise of a pearl necklace for each.

The Foss twins were the daughters of Dr. Simeon Foss, a Maine physician of the old school and a Mason of high degree. They were born in Belfast, Me., Nov. 22, 1825. Frances made her debut in this world half an hour before her sister.

At Paris Hill they went to school with the late Hannibal Hamlin, ex-vice president of the United States.

Frances married the late Levi T. Coombs, who held the position of deputy sheriff of Androscoggin county, in the town of Lisbon, twenty-one years.

Florella married Josiah Turner, now dead, who also lived in the town of Lisbon. Both have been school teachers and inseparable companions. Their mother died when they were 2 1/2 years of age.

It is difficult to distinguish one from the other, and the photographer who took their pictures persisted that Florella had just been in the room when, in fact, it was her sister who had been there.

Frances has given birth to six children, all of whom are dead but two—Walter Coombs, of this city, and Simon Coombs, now mail agent on the Maine Central railroad.

Mrs. John Staples, of Charlestown, and Charles E. Turner, of Lawrence, are the only living children of Florella, who had three in all.

The height of the twins is exactly the same, and twelve years ago they weighed just 200 pounds apiece.

Singularly, when one would fall away in weight the other would do the same. Their aggregate weight at present is 350 pounds.

These duplicate sisters think alike, act alike and have never adopted different characteristics of dress to avoid mistakes of identity. Often one has worn the other's shoes, while years ago their dresses were so alike that one could not tell which one carried her pocketbook, and money came from the other's.

"Mistaken identity was almost a daily occurrence with us in our younger days," remarked Frances a few days ago. "My father always called us 'girls,' and neither of us ever addressed the other by our given names. We called each other 'sister' instead."

"The reason why father never addressed us by our given names was due to the fact that he was always uncertain which was which."

"After we were married people addressed me by my sister's new name so often that I declare I got puzzled myself once, and couldn't for the life of me tell whether my name was Turner or Coombs."

"We took our first ride on a railway train at eighteen years of age. We never had seen the cars before. At that time we were living in Lisbon and drove down from there in a chaise to Portland. When we alighted at Saco the depot closely resembled the one in Portland, and I stuck to it that it went with us."

"One time in church Judge Chamberlin was sitting in my sister's pew. My seat was just ahead of him. When I came in he mistook me for my sister, and politely arose and stepped into the aisle to let me into my sister's seat."

"My husband often mistook my sister for myself. To illustrate how easily he was fooled, I will recall the time when I dropped into my husband's store to pay him a call. Judge Chamberlin sat there, and I knew him well, but my sister didn't."

"As I entered leisurely my husband said, 'Come in, Mrs. Turner, and be seated.' I kept a straight face as long as I could until he had introduced me to the judge, when a smile on my face let the cat out of the bag, and then my husband discovered that he had introduced his wife instead of Mrs. Turner."

"When we lived in Minot we studied French under Parson Jones. One day I had a perfect lesson and sister did not know hers. We shifted around, and the parson mistook me for sister and I recited the lesson for her and no one was the wiser."

"We used to attend parties in my younger days, and on one occasion, when the fellows come in after the girls, I started off with sister's fellow and got quite a piece with him before I told him he was mistaken and had better go back after his girl."

"Once at dusk Mr. Coombs was going home from the store. He saw my sister on the other side of the street and thought it was I. Florella had a bundle under her arm which he mistook for a baby. My husband thought it strange that I was out at that time with my baby, and said to a clerk that he believed Frances was 'crazy and going to drown that baby.'"

"I used to fool my children sometimes after they had got to be quite large. Whenever I wanted to go away my sister would come over to my house, put on one of my dresses and stay with the children till I got back, and they would not know the difference."—Springfield Cor. Boston Globe.

Unfortunate Haskinson.

Mr. Haskinson—Here are some chocolate creams, Johnny. Do you think Miss Irene will be down soon?

Johnny (after staring them away securely)—Yes, sis'll be down purty soon. I reckon. I wish it was you, Mr. Haskinson, sis was going to marry instead of that stinky old Snagsford.—Chicago Tribune.

A GENTLEMAN OF HIS WORD.

Twelve Years Not Too Long for One Man to Remember a Promise.

"What makes some men the soul of honor?" asked the story teller. "Every one of us has had some experience in life to prove to us that there are men of unimpeachable honor. I think the most honorable gentleman whom I ever met was a man of absolutely infernal luck. I first saw him in a frontier town. He had been a cowboy, but he had got caught in a terrible winter back on the plains, and at the time I first saw him he was only a wreck of a man, with legs misshapen and weak, and eyes that were nearly blind. He seemed to be just clinging to life in that little Colorado town, doing what little he could in bar-rooms or going slow errands, until fate should be kind enough to take him away from his misery."

"He stopped me in the street one night. 'Will you lend me ten dollars?' he said roughly. 'I am in a bad way and I need it.'"

"Now ten dollars was a good deal of money to me at that minute, for in my western experience I had my ups and downs, and at that time I was having my 'downs.'"

"Wouldn't a dollar do you?" I asked, for the fellow looked so bad that I wanted to do something for him, but I knew that I should never see my money again.

"No," he said doggedly, "it won't. I want to go to Denver. I am about crazy with pain and I want to get there and see if I can't find some relief. I haven't a cent in the world. (There were a good many men in that little town who were in the same predicament.)"

"But I can't spare ten dollars," I answered. "I need it." "You don't need it so much as I do," he said fiercely. "Lend it to me. I'll pay it back to you. Give me your name and address. I'll find you—if I live."

"Well, I gave him the ten dollars. I told him that he need not worry about paying it back. I expected to get out of my troubles some day and then I should not feel the need of it."

"No," he said. "I won't touch it on any other condition. I want to pay it back with interest—12 per cent a year. (Money was worth something out there.)"

"So I wrote out my name for him, giving him as my permanent address the home of my family in the east. The next day he went to Denver. Shortly afterward I climbed into a saddle and rode away to 'punch cows.' I punched them with varying success all over the Colorado grazing fields for nine years. Having had enough of cattle raising by that time and my ideas of great fortunes having been considerably modified, I sold out my cattle and came back.

"Of course, after the first few months following my loan of ten dollars to the cripple, he never came into my thoughts, but I completely forgot about it. I had been east for three years, had married and was the proud father of the two handsomest children in New York, when a letter was forwarded to me from my father's home in Massachusetts. It was from the cripple. In it was a postoffice order for my ten dollars and interest on it for twelve years, at 12 per cent a month. There was no word in the letter except thanks for my kindness and the assurance that he was now 'doing pretty well for him.'"

"I call that man a gentleman and I told him so when I wrote him, and I also told him something in the letter which I hoped would please him—that on that day I had made the first bank deposit for my baby son, and that the amount was \$24.40, his loan and the interest, and that though the interest for the boy would not be anything like 12 per cent, the deposit ought to bring him good luck. That's all there is to this story."—New York Tribune.

A Faithful Car Horse.

A queer and intelligent Norwich animal is the Franklin street hill horse, belonging to the Norwich Horse Railway company. For several years she has done duty on the hill, and knows quite as much about the business of running horse cars as any other employee. She has no driver. After breakfast she trudges up to her station at the foot of the Franklin street hill alone, and when a loaded car comes to climb the steep grade voluntarily takes her place in front of it and helps to drag it half a mile to Rockwell street. At that point the driver relieves the hill horse, and she goes leisurely back to the bottom of the hill. Sometimes she goes clear down to Franklin square, where the cars are started, and exceeds her duty by helping the other horses along the route before the hill is reached.—Connecticut Cor. New York Sun.

When Pus Is Dangerous.

Pus is at first healthy. By its formation nature seeks to check or cure inflammation; but if the pus cannot find a free vent it soon becomes septic, when no medicine offers any hope, and even a surgical operation but little. The time for an operation is before the pus becomes septic—generally on the second or third day.—Youth's Companion.

Why a Steamer Vibrates in Calm Water.

Mr. Yarrow says that the cause of vibration in screw vessels when running in smooth water with their propellers well immersed is mainly due to the forces produced by the unbalanced moving parts of the machinery, such as pistons, piston rods, valves, gear, etc.—New York Times.

Neyer Get Hurt.

Old Lady—O-o-o! Horrors! There's a runaway, and there's a man in the wagon! O-o-o! He'll get killed! Bystander—Calm your fears, madam. He'll come out all right. Tisn't a man. It's a boy.—Good News.

White of Egg for Hoarseness.

For hoarseness beat up the white of an egg, flavor with lemon and sugar and take some occasionally.—New York Journal.

A VERY OLD SAINT.

FOR ELEVEN HUNDRED YEARS IRELAND HAS HONORED ONE MAN.

The Memory of St. Patrick Has Been Cherished by Irishmen and Their Descendants with a Consistency That Has Been Unswerving Through Many Years.

America, so far as we know, has no patron saint. Columbus was never canonized, and George Washington lived too late for such honors. But she has compensation for this lack in the number of saints brought with her settlers. St. Nicholas, St. David, St. Andrew, St. George and we know not how many more have become domiciled, each bringing his quota of history, legend, poetry, song and genial association, but they are incidental—thrown in with the bargain, as it were—and our republic has no one patron saint.

We would not willingly say a depreciatory word of those distinguished personages whom we mentioned, but simple, modest, historic truth compels us to say that no one of them is more than a "circumstance" on American soil to him whose anniversary day, crisp, breezy and bracing, calls out the long procession, the harp-decorated green flag and the indestructible shamrock which reappears in fresh verdure every year. For something like 1,100 years the 17th of March has been observed as St. Patrick's Day.

And yet it is curious how entirely this eminent saint has been overlooked in naming places. You have saints all through the alphabet, from St. Alban to St. Vincent, but no St. Patrick. The Scotch have got in their St. Andrew, in the cold north, to be sure, as was fit. The Anthonys, Augustines, Bernards, Charleses, Christophers, Clairs, Francis, Johns, Josephs (run into Joos profane), Lawrences, Louises, Marys, Pauls, Peters and all the rest have their names linked with towns, parishes or streams, but there is not a notable St. Patrick's anywhere. This can only be explained by the modesty of those who hold him in regard, and it is a wrong that ought to be redressed.

It is to be lamented that so much of the poetry, song and drollery of a lively, mischievous, mercurial and imaginative people have gathered around this name that the historical character is lost sight of, and there stands up to the popular eye a legendary figure, exorcising the snakes and displaying the shamrock. Nothing can be further from the reality than this picture. A great amount of real scholarship has been expended on the investigation of St. Patrick's history, and while differences of opinion exist as to details, St. Patrick, unlike St. George, of England, is recognized by all as a true man with a definite record and a solid claim to the veneration of the good.

According to history, Patrick was a farmer's son, either on the coast of France or of Scotland, presenting him as church authorities report, as a neighbor being born about 410, in the hood of what is now Bologna. His original name was Succath, which the early writers of the Irish Christian church stated meant "brave in heart," and the Latin name Patricius was later given to him.

At sixteen he was carried captive into Ireland and was in slavery for six years. While serving as a herder in comparative loneliness in woods and wilds the Christian truth of his early days came to his mind. He prayed, meditated, believed; and when liberated returned to his home where he would now be called a converted, actively religious man. He remembered with pity the heathen among whom he lived, and returned to them as a Christian teacher. That is supposed to have been about the year 432. He preached the Gospel with singular eloquence and such extraordinary effect that he established Christianity so strongly in Ireland that it could not be overthrown. He baptized the kings of Dublin and Munster and the sons of the king of Connaught. He also established numerous monasteries.

St. Bernard testifies that St. Patrick fixed his metropolitan seat at Armagh. He devoted much attention to the suppression of slavery, one of the consequences of the piratical expeditions of the age. He died in Down, Ulster, on March 17, of either the year 493 or 495. Here are his own words rendered into English from the stiff Latin, tinged with Celtic, in which his "Confessions" are written:

"I am greatly a debtor to God, who has bestowed his grace so largely upon me, that multitudes should be born again to God through me, and that of these, clergy should be everywhere ordained for a people lately coming to the faith, whom the Lord took from the extremities of the earth. The Irish, who never had the knowledge of God, and hitherto worshipped only idols and unclean things, have lately become the people of the Lord, and are called the sons of God."

The "Confessions" the shortest, the genuine work, without later interpolations—is in the "Book of Armagh," one of the richest literary treasures of the Irish libraries.—Daniel D. Bidwell in New York Ledger.

An Awful Thing to Remember.

When a bachelor getting out of bed on a cold morning decides to keep on his night robe till the room gets warmer and then thoughtlessly hurries away to breakfast, where people smile slyly and significantly, it does not add to his joy to remember that he did not make the change in the apparel he contemplated.—Chicago Tribune.

Caleb Cushing Was an Early Riser.

A Washington real estate man, wishing to show Caleb Cushing a piece of property, was told to call at 5 o'clock in the morning. The man was not accustomed to such early hours, but was advised by one who knew Mr. Cushing to be prompt. As he drove to the dock at the appointed time Mr. Cushing was on the steps.—Green Bag.