

WHY SHOULDN'T MAN?

"Is it wrong to kiss?" asked a timid maid... "The shimmering sands that border the deep..."

THE BALTIMORE PLAN.

A Baltimore capitalist one day went down into Virginia to collect the interest on a \$500 bond which a town had voted to build a bridge.

"A freshet carried off the bridge the same year it was built."

"But the bond stands good for all that?"

"Yes, I suppose so, but we have no money on hand."

"Can't you pay this from some other fund?"

"We haven't a cent in any fund."

"Can't I sell the bond to some one here?"

"Nobody got anything to buy with."

For the next four hours the man with the bond was very busy.

He attached the hand fire-engine, garnished three or four of the taxpayers, locked up the village graveyard, attached the safe in the Clerk's office, and when the sun went down he had arranged for so many injunctions that no one dared stir abroad.

The sun was hardly up next day before his interest was ready, and in less than an hour a citizen purchased the bond at a discount, exclaiming:

"I shan't never get nothing on it, but we can't have wicked speculators coming here to cast reflections on Virginia's honesty."—Wall Street News.

TOBACCO AND WINE.

Darwin was once asked by a gentleman of Manchester for his testimony as to the influence of alcohol and tobacco on intellectual labor.

Mr. Darwin replied that he drank one glass of wine daily, and believed that he should be better if he drank none at all, although the doctors agreed in urging him to drink it as a cure for giddiness.

He added that he had taken snuff all his life, and regretted that he had ever done so. The habit he had often tried to shake off, and for a time had done so, but never successfully for any long period.

He felt sure, however, that it was a great stimulus and aid to his work. "I also," he wrote, "smoke daily two little paper cigarettes of Turkish tobacco. This is not a stimulus, but rests me after my work, or after I have been compelled to talk, with tired memory, more than anything else. I am 73 years old."

NOT SO VERY.

Very pretty are the words of the preacher: "As I awoke this morning and heard the glad voices of the bright-winged songsters, I fancied the fair earth was a great harp, and could see in imagination the birds pecking at its myriad strings."

But when one reflects that the birds the preacher heard were those noisy scolds, the English sparrows, and recalls his own feelings and his own impressions when awakened by their outrageous chattering, the poetry is knocked clean out of the pretty talk.—Boston Transcript.

TAKE IN YOUR WATCH CHAIN.

Our fashionables will be dismayed to learn that the most polished nation in the world has decided it is not now "the thing" to wear a watch chain in view. What in the world is to become of the massive plated chain cables to which our watches are suspended?

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

Some man bolted into the hut of Saul and announced that a champion had come forth, and Saul said: "Bring him in." He expected some man fourteen feet high, and lifted up his eyes at an angle of forty-five degrees. "Where is he?" (surprised) "He is in." "Why, my son, what are you talking about? Go home to your mamma. You must be joking."

"Will you just listen to me?" asked little David. "Yes; you're a nice boy; go on." Then said David: "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there was a lion and a bear came and took a lamb out of the flock. Thy servant that slew both the lion and the bear will beat the brains out of this uncircumcised Philistine." Saul began to see the point. "My son, it's a fact. Why didn't I think of it before? Go out and win. But come, let's have a little common sense in this matter. Bring in my armor." And they loaded the little fellow down with 200 or 300 pounds of brass. "I can't wear this. I ain't used to this sort of thing," said David, and he put it off.

Brother, don't you try and of the devil's armor. Don't let the devil pass an ounce of brass on you. Trust in the Lord sine cera, honey, without a particle of wax, our word sincere. Victory comes not by trusting in the Lord and common sense, not in trusting in the Lord and keeping your powder dry. Trust in the Lord sine cera, just as you are.

So David goes out without knowing how he was going to fight. He doubtless expected to use his shepherd's staff, as with the lion and the bear, but the

Lord showed him a better way. He was caparisoned as a shepherd of the sheep, and that's all the Lord wants to kill Goliath. David gave the giant all the advantage of position. The battle was fought on the ascending slope of the Philistine's hill. Goliath was so full of wrath at the sight of his pigmy antagonist that he lifted his visor to curse him more freely, and that proved his ruin. Our little David slipped a stone in his sling, and made a run at him. He didn't stop for a pot-shot, but as he ran he just let fly and let God take the stone to its mark. God gave direction to it; it sank into the Philistine's forehead, and down he went. God always directs a smooth stone from the brook when we lean our whole weight upon Him. Goliath dead, the rest of the Philistines fled. And that is the way to kill Goliath now.—Sermon by Evangelist Barnes.

A PRACTICAL JOKER.

Joseph Prudhomme was much given to practical joking. He called one day at a porter's lodge, and addressed the watchful occupant thus:

"Is M. Henri Monnier at home?"

"No, sir. He is not here; he does not live here."

"Yes, he is here," Monnier returned, "for I am Henri Monnier."

The next day he called again, his face made up and not recognizable.

"M. Henri Monnier?" he asked.

"Not here, sir."

"Yes, he is; I am Henri Monnier," then disappearing as before. The following day he called again, and the same dialogue occurred. This time the porter lost patience, and said:

"If you come here again, I will answer you with a broom-stick."

Monnier then wrote to his friends, informing them that he had changed his lodgings, giving his new address at the house of the mystified porter, and inviting them to a house-warming in the evening.

"Ah! you are here again, are you?" was the porter's reply to the first visitor who inquired for M. Henri Monnier, followed up by a hail of blows from a stick. The same punishment awaited all the other guests that came in succession.

WASHINGTON'S ETIQUETTE.

President Washington never went to Congress on public business except in a state coach, drawn by six cream-colored horses. The coach was an object which would excite the admiration of the throng even now in the streets of London.

It was built in the shape of a hemisphere, and its panels were adorned with cupids, surrounded with flowers worthy of Florida, and of fruit not to be equaled out of California. The coachman and postillions were arrayed in gorgeous liveries of white and scarlet. The Philadelphia Gazette, a Government organ, regularly gave a supply of court news for the edification of the citizens. From that the people were allowed to learn as much as it was deemed proper for them to know about the President's movements, and a fair amount of space was also devoted to Mrs. Washington—who was not referred to as Mrs. Washington, but as "the amiable consort of our beloved President." When the President made his appearance at a ball or public reception, a dais was erected for him, upon which he might stand apart from the vulgar throng, and the guests or visitors bowed to him in solemn silence.

"Republican simplicity" has only come in later times. In our day the hack-driver who takes a visitor to a public reception at the White House is quite free to get off his box, walk in side by side with his fare and shake hands with the President with as much familiarity as anybody else. Very few persons presumed to shake hands with Gen. Washington. One of his friends, Gouverneur Morris, rashly undertook, for a foolish wager, to go up to him and slap him on the shoulder, saying, "My dear General, I am happy to see you look so well." The moment fixed upon arrived, and Mr. Morris, already half repenting of his wager, went up to the President, placed his hand upon his shoulder, and uttered the prescribed words, "Washington," as an eye-witness described the scene, "he withdrew his hand, stepped suddenly back, fixed his eye on Morris for several minutes with an angry frown, until the latter retreated abashed, and sought refuge in the crowd." No one else ever tried a similar experiment. It is recorded of Washington that he wished the official title of the President to be "High Mightiness," and at one time it was proposed to engrave his portrait upon the national coinage. No royal levees were more punctiliously arranged than those of the first President.—Quarterly Review.

HINTS TO HORSEMEN.

It seems, says the Scientific American, to be a characteristic failing of most coachmen to lay the lash on a horse that exhibits fear at an object in the street or beside of the road. Mr. Bergh, the President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, says in the organ of that society, what every reasoning being ought to know, and that is never to whip a horse for becoming frightened at any object by the roadside, for if he sees a stump, a log or a heap of tanbark in the road, and while he is eying it carefully, and about to pass it, you strike him with the whip, it is the log, or stump, or the tanbark that is hurting him in his way of reasoning, and the next time he will be more frightened. Give him time to smell all of these objects, and use the bridle to assist you in bringing him carefully to these objects of fear.

PARISIAN WINE-BIBBERS.

Good wine can seldom be obtained at either hotels or restaurants in Europe. Americans who have followed the European practice of taking wine at almost every meal make the general complaint that the wine furnished them almost everywhere has been of the most inferior quality. Many of them have been accustomed to drinking foreign wines at home, and they are strongly of the opinion that the good qualities are exported and the inferior alone kept for home consumption. But the fact is that the adulteration of wine is carried on to such an extent, especially in Paris, that what is called "vin ordinaire" has very little of the grape in it. Indeed, it is scarcely possible for all the vineyards in Europe to supply pure wine sufficient to meet the demand for consumption. Everybody drinks two or three bottles of wine per day in Paris, and you will see even the scavenger and chiffonier sitting on the curbstone, partaking of their midday meals, with a bottle of wine to wash it down. At the Bon Marche dry-goods establishment all the employees are fed in the extensive dining-rooms on the upper story of the establishment. They number from 1,200 to 1,500 men and women. We were shown through the culinary department, and were startled at the immense wine-room, which contained many thousand bottles. A large force of men was at work washing and filling bottles, and we were assured that the daily consumption of the establishment exceeded 4,000 bottles. By the side of every plate at the long dinner-tables was a bottle of wine, and these had to be filled three times every day. Wine is a part of the daily food, and most of it seemed as harmless as water. Wine in America has an intoxicating quality, but what we met with in Europe at table d'hotes would scarcely intoxicate a child.—Baltimore American.

DUELING IN FRANCE.

So rare have fatal duels become that when by chance a hostile encounter has a tragic conclusion the annals of the past are immediately ransacked for similar circumstances, and for some days the newspapers are filled with more or less fresh details concerning all the famous duels that have taken place in France since the Revolution. It is not a very difficult matter to tell the story of the fatal duels that have taken place between Frenchmen of late years, nor will the history prove a long one. Since 1870 there have been, so far as the reported cases go, 545 duels fought in France. Of these only eight have proved fatal.

KISSING THE BRIDE.

There is a popular notion that it is the privilege of the clergyman who ties the knot to be the first to kiss the bride on the conclusion of the ceremony. Mr. Henderson, in his "Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties," relates how a clergyman, a stranger in the neighborhood, after performing a marriage in a Yorkshire village, was surprised to see the party kept together as if expecting something. "What are you waiting for?" he asked at last. "Please, sir," was the bridegroom's answer, "we've no kissed Molly." Not many years ago, we are told how a fair lady from the county of Durham, who was married in the South of England, so undoubtedly reckoned for the clerical salute that, after waiting for it in vain, she boldly took the initiative, and bestowed a kiss on the much-amazed south-country vicar. The practice, too, was in years past much kept up in Scotland, and is referred to in the following old song, in which the bridegroom, addressing the minister, says:

It's no very decent for you to be kissing;

It does not look well in the black coat and; 'T would have set you far better tea and gien your blessing

Than thus by such tricks to be breaking the law.

Dear Willie, quo' Robin, it's just an old custom, An' the thing that is common should ne'er be ill'um;

For where ye are wrong, if ye hadna ha' wished him, You should ha' been first. It's yours'el' is to blame.

It has been suggested that this may be a relic of the *osculum pacis*, or the presentation of the Pax to the newly-married pair. Mr. Henderson also informs us that some years ago it was customary in Ireland for the clergyman to conclude the ceremony with the words, "Kiss your wife," and occasionally "the bridegroom was hard put to prevent one or other of his companions from intercepting the salute designed for himself."

AN EXTRA POCKET.

A Detroit clothier sold a young man a pair of pants without having to brag up the goods or lie about what they cost in New York, and the incident might never have been recalled had not the buyer entered the store again.

"I bought this pair of pants of you the other day," he began.

"Yes, sir."

"I am not quite satisfied with 'em."

"What's the trouble?"

"Why, there are two hind pockets."

"Well?"

"Well, I always carry my tobacco-box in my hind pocket. If there is only one I don't lose any time feeling on the wrong side. If there are two I'm never sure which one the box is in, and I have to let go the plow-handles both at once. I want the extra one taken out."

It is a solemn fact that the young man sat down in a dark corner and waited three-quarters of an hour for the tailor to knock the two hind pockets into one.

STATISTICS.

Every color of the Diamond Dyes is perfect. See the samples of the colored cloth at the druggists. Unequaled for brilliancy.

tinued until the diligence arrived at Havre, where Hugo's interlocutor, delighted with his companion, insisted upon putting up at the poet's hotel, in order to secure a few hours more of such congenial company. While their rooms were being prepared the landlord brought them the register of arrivals, requesting them to inscribe their names therein. As Hugo took up the pen to fulfill this formality, the unknown of notarial aspect looked eagerly over his shoulder. Having signed his name in bold and eminently legible characters, the poet turned round with a smile, saying: "Now, my dear sir, it is your turn." But his horror-stricken fellow traveler had snatched up his carpet-bag and fled as soon as the dread words "Victor Hugo" had disclosed to him the profundity of the abyss into which he had stepped his foot.

MAKERS OF MEALS.

A Good Cook Brings Good Digestion and Good Health. (From the Detroit Post.) Many a discouraged man has echoed the prayer of the good divine, as he realized in the depths of his inner nature an aching void that naught but food could fill, and conjectured after Hood that what he did might be history, but what he ate would be mystery. The time is rapidly approaching when the man who marries his cook will be envied. Such a union will no longer be considered a mesalliance in the French sense, but it will be a mes-alliance on the basis of temporal comfort, and a happy future contingent on properly cooked food and good digestion. The latest graduate from the cooking school who applied for a situation was told to go into the kitchen and string the beans for dinner, which she immediately proceeded to do, lamenting that she had to use white thread to string them in, when red would be so much more esthetic. She must have been sister to the amateur cook who was told to have a "stuffed leg of veal" for dinner. When the family were assembled at table the leg of veal was there, but no stuffing.

"What is this?" asked the lady of the house; "I told you particularly a stuffed leg of veal."

"It's the butcher's fault, mem. He didn't have a single leg that was stuffed," answered the ready prevaricator.

There are people who, if they cannot extract sweetness from the viands of an ill-cooked dinner, can at least make it an occasion of mirth rather than of reprimand or fault-finding. To this class belonged the man who stopped at a Salt Lake City hotel, and asked of the greasy waiter what he had to eat. Beef and mutton were brought, each a little worse than the other, and, just as the hungry traveler was abandoning himself in despair to his appetite, the waiter said they had broiled curlews.

"What is a curlew?" asked the traveler.

"Why, a bird something like a snipe," answered the waiter.

"Has it wings? Can it fly?" inquired the guest.

The waiter responded that he could.

"Then," said the hungry man, "I don't want any curlew. Anything that had wings and could fly, and didn't leave this country, I don't want for my dinner!"

The Southern people have always had the reputation of being the best cooks in America, but it is within the bosom of their own families this accomplishment lies, and is handed down from mother to daughter as a precious heirloom. Perhaps in the "good old days" of chivalry and slavery they were ably seconded by the hands of willing slaves, for the colored people love to cook, and there was no stinting of any good thing. Certainly there are no chickens ever cooked North as they cook them in Ole Virginia. Why, the flaky crust of a chicken pie would melt on the tongue like a snowflake, and leave a harvest of memories; and the "inwards" of such a pie! Chicken, young, and tender, and yellow-legged, parboiled first, then sandwiched into layers of paste, rich with cream and butter. "Mo' chicken, then mo' buttah, mo' chicken, mo' paste, salt, peppah, a leetle bit sweet marjoram, mo' chicken, some gravy, mo' cream, an' then flop on de top crust, honey, and bake 'em brown in de oven! Laws! Norfen folks don't no how ter make chicken pie!"

And old duty is right; and is there anybody out of Maryland that can make Maryland biscuit? Hard, white, crisp, sweet thoroughbreds, fit associates at a luxurious supper of fried oysters and broiled chicken! There are few Northern women who would go to the trouble of making them even for company, for it is a work of time and patience to knead the dough till it blisters—the test of their excellence.

CAUGHT AT LAST.

As Mrs. Oates was going up the steps of the theater she saw a 12-year-old boy struggling in the hands of the police. The lady is naturally of a sympathetic turn, and stopped the police to see if so young a lad could not be kept out of the city jail.

"Don't take that poor little boy to jail," she said, "I'll pay his fine."

"Hasn't been fined yet," said Officer Solomon.

"He looks like a good boy," continued Mrs. Oates. "If you let him go I'll give him something to do as a supe. Pray, what crime might so nice a little boy commit?"

"Defacing posters," reported the officer.

Mrs. Oates, who was bending over the boy and about to stroke his curly head, assumed an erect, not to say tragic, position immediately.

"Those posters?"

"Those pictures of Alice Oates in red tights and tassels all along the side of the leg. He cut both legs off with a jack-knife. He cuts up all the posters that come along."

"Say no more," hissed the actress, "away with him to the lowest dungeon. I know him; he cut my head and arms off in Chicago, carved me to pieces in New York and cut all my legs off all over San Francisco. Here, you pretty policeman, here's \$10 for catching the confounded little scamp. I hope he will go to the penitentiary; will he?"

"We swear it," said both officers, holding up their right hands.

"You are a nice chap, ain't you?" continued Mrs. Oates, putting her arms akimbo as in "Madame Angot." "A nice

THE DENVER OF THE NORTHWEST.

The Denver of the Northwest—is the terminal point of three divisions of the Northern Pacific Railroad. It is located at the geographical center of that line. It has had a most marvelous growth.

SOME CURIOUS STATISTICS.

Russian vital statistics show that the population of Russia increases more rapidly than that of any other state in Continental Europe, except Holland and Denmark. The figures are from the Statistic Annual of the Russian Empire, and they apparently show that the Russian population doubles itself in fifty-eight years. The period in other countries is as follows: Denmark, 56; Holland, 57; Germany, 68; Austria, 95; Switzerland, 99; Italy, 141; France, 165. The births per 1,000 inhabitants are: In Russia, 49; in Germany, 43; in France, 26. The death-rate is higher in Russia—37 per 1,000—than any European country, excepting Hungary. The mortality is greatest among children. The death-rate of infants of 1 year old is in Russia 1 in 4, in France, 1 in 5; in Prussia, 1 in 6; and in England, 1 in 7. The most remarkable contrast between Russia and the rest of Europe is the comparative absence of illegitimacy. The rate per 1,000 legitimate births, which in England is 61, in Italy 66, in France 73, in Germany 83, in Sweden 96, in Denmark 110, and in Austria 124, is in Russia 30.

THE POSTOFFICE.

One of the largest express companies and dealers in exchange in the world is the Government of the United States. The difference between the postal service and the express and transportation companies is that the people of the United States hire private corporations to do their heavy freighting business, and pay them what the aforesaid companies can manage to exact, while they have organized a co-operative concern for the distribution of letters, small packages and small bills of exchange, and the business is done, not for the most that can be got from its customers, but for the least that will pay expenses. As it is deemed important that the charges should be low, it is not even attempted to quite pay expenses, the deficit being made up out of general taxation. In other words, nearly 95 per cent. of the cost of operating the service is collected from those who use the service, and in proportion to the amount they use it, and the other 5 per cent. is paid out of the general treasury.

In its vastness the postal business looks down from a towering height upon most of the railroad and transportation companies. The routes over which the Government sends the mails aggregate 344,000 miles, or a distance equal to about fourteen circumferences of the earth. Its immediate agents, not counting mere employees, number 44,512. The Postmasters in the United States would make two army corps—that is, they would if they were all forced into the army. The salaries paid to these agents amount to more than eight millions of dollars, or about the same as the total net ordinary revenues of the Government, including loans, in so recent a year as 1843.

A DISSERTATION ON MUSTACHES.

What the average girl doesn't know about mustaches nobody can tell her. It would be the most outrageous presumption. Some people have one idea about a mustache and some another, but there is no mistake about it on the part of a young woman. She knows exactly what the mustache is for, and there is no one who can get quite as much use out of it as the girl who fully understands her business. The mustache, she knows very well, is made to season kisses with, and in many instances kisses derive more than two-thirds of their sweetness from the character of the mustache. Something depends upon the color sometimes, and often the texture is a matter of real consideration. To some, however, the mustache in any color or in any way is such a perfectly lovely thing that the girl is not particular as to small matters if it is only a—mustache.

That there shall be a mustache is entirely essential. There would be no real sweetness in life without it, and not one girl in 800 would ever fall in love if it were not for the mustache. It is just the nicest thing ever invented to fall in love with, and no young man in his right mind ever fails to take advantage of it. The mustache ought to be given plenty of room to grow, and let us hope the drought of the last summer has not retarded it.—Philadelphia Times.

LADY TEACHERS.

There are now in the public schools of the United States, as teachers, at least 60,000 more women than men. Not more than twenty-five years ago the number of men was double that of the women. Every year, in increased numbers, "the common-school masters" are relegated to the obscurity of "general business" by that inexorable law, "the survival of the fittest," and, by the same law, in still greater numbers, the "lady teachers" are pushed to the front. During the last four years the number of male teachers increased 9,359, while the number of female teachers increased 15,817. Discovering the great change in relation to the employment of teachers, an "old-timer of the profession" was recently heard to exclaim, "The women are absolutely taking our schools; the ladies will be the primary teachers of the future."—Chicago Express.

boy to grow up in a Christian country and walk the high road to the galleys. Where do you expect to die when you go to? Beside trying to ruin me in the estimation of the public, see what a lot of trouble you have put these good, kind policemen to. You can go, sir."

On receiving such a scathing lecture, the boy blubbered heartily and went sobbing to jail.—Salt Lake Tribune.

REAL ESTATE.

LIVINGSTON MONTANA.

The Denver of the Northwest—is the terminal point of three divisions of the Northern Pacific Railroad. It is located at the geographical center of that line. It has had a most marvelous growth.

POPULATION IN DECEMBER, 1882.

" FEBRUARY, 1883... 1,000

" MAY, 1883... 1,946

" JUNE, 1883... 2,460

The Branch Line to the Yellowstone National Park has its terminal point here, and all the immense travel that that famous resort is compelled to stop here from a few hours' time to a number of days. The principal shops of the railroad company between Brainerd and the Pacific Ocean are now being built here. They will give employment to probably 1000 men. Pine timber is plenty in the immediate vicinity of the town furnish work for hosts of employes. The valleys of the Yellowstone, Shields and Smith rivers are vast and very rich in agricultural resources, and are well settled. Their trade is entirely tributary to Livingston, which magnificent cattle ranches abound in every direction; vast mines of true bituminous coal, and iron and copper, of 15 cents per ton; also rich iron mines are within two to four miles from town, and are being worked. The gold placer mines of Emigrant Gulch, Bear Creek, Mill Creek, and Eight-Mile Creek, are all in the Yellowstone Valley just south of Livingston, directly tributary to it, and are being actively worked. That wonderfully rich quartz country, silver and gold, known as the Clark's Fork District, is south of town, and Livingston is the head-quarters of the mining industry. Immense deposits of limestone, sandstone, clay and fine brick clay, are but two miles distant, and the manufacture of lime is already an important industry, this being the first point after leaving Denver on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. There are some 200 buildings in course of construction. The Park Addition contains the cheapest business property offered for sale—the tendency of business and business improvements being largely in that direction. There are two banks, the First National and a private bank; two newspapers, one daily and one weekly. A smelting and reduction company is also in process of formation, to be located here. There are many chances for new enterprises of various kinds. Like all new countries, the opportunities for profitable employment are very good, and workmen as well as men of capital will find plenty of chances in and around the town. Livingston is less than a year old, yet it is probably the second largest city in Montana. It is not surprising when one considers that agriculture alone has made Fargo; the Northern Pacific company's railroad shops, Brainerd; summer visitors, Saratoga; lumber, Eau Claire; silver and gold mines, Denver; cattle, Cheyenne; iron and coal, Pittsburg; that a combination of all of these factors as is found here should, within the next five years make this point a city of at least 50,000 people. The prediction may seem a wild one, but we have yet to see how anyone who, a few years ago, was accused of being wild in their predictions, who predicted one-half of what has actually occurred in the Northern Pacific country. We sold lots in Fargo a few years ago for \$100 each that now sell to-day for \$1000 each. We sold lots at from \$25 to \$50 per acre (cost 48 cents) that to-day sell for \$1,500, and are built on. We have acres to-day in Fargo which cost 48 cents that are now in town lots selling at the rate of \$1,250 per acre. So that Livingston, which was a town at from \$50 to \$100, inside of 3 years, sell at from \$500 to \$10,000 apiece. They have done so at all good points on the road in the past, and they will in the future—particularly at an exceptionally good point like this. We advise you to get in now.

C. LIVINGSTON & CO.

63 East Third Street, St. Paul.

G. G. BEARDSLEY, Fargo, Dakota.

W. A. SMITH, General Agent, Livingston, Montana.

Toward the Rising Sun.

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Which is composed of the

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Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec,

And in fact to all Eastern points in the United States and Canada. The 6:30 p. m. train from Minneapolis to Livingston, which we run on the latter city at 8:15 p. m., in ample time to connect with the Limited and Fast Express Trains to the East.

TRAVELERS FROM

Northern Minnesota, Dakota & Manitoba

Will find this the best and most convenient route to the East, as connections are made in the Union Depot at Minneapolis, guarding against loss of time

Remember, St. Paul passengers leave the Union Depot at 7:25 a. m. and 5:30 p. m., and leave Livingston at Minneapolis at 8:10 a. m. and 6:30 p. m.

Fare always as low as by any other route, and baggage checked through. Ask for your tickets via this route, and be sure they read via Albert Lea and West Liberty.

B. F. Mills, General Freight and Passenger Agent, B. & N. Railway.

A. H. Bode, General Ticket Manager, M. & St. P. Railway.

E. St. John, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, C. R. I. & P. Railway.

The City Office of the Albert Lea Route in Minneapolis is at No. 8 Washington avenue, opposite the Nicollet house, and in St. Paul at corner Third and Sibley streets.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.

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BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epss has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be built up until strong enough to resist all the attacks of disease, and to subvert the subtle maledies of floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Chad Service's Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (1/2 lb