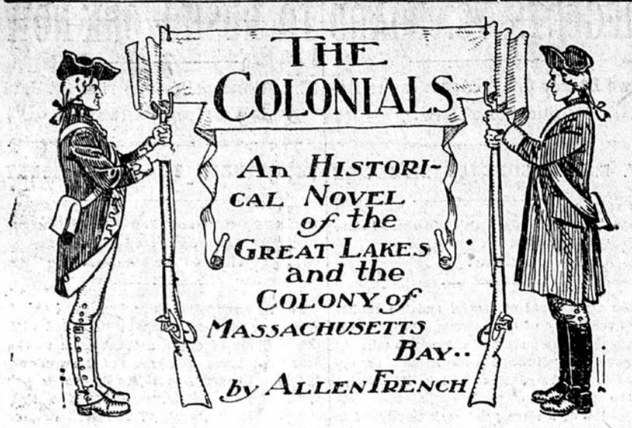

The story opens on the shores of Lake Huron, in the autumn of 1772. Frank Ellery, a trapper, refuses to act as guide to a lieutenant of the King's infantry, desiring to return to Boston with his servant, Benjy, on his birthday. Appealed to by Alice Tudor, a white captive, he secures consent of Aneeb, an Indian chief, to take her back to her people, but with the stipulation that she go with the troops. He then agrees to act as guide, but the lieutenant attempting to mistreat the girl, he comes to her rescue. Benjy is fatally wounded, but the lieutenant is cut down by Frank. Alice is carried off by Aneeb, and after burying Benjy Frank follows on the trail of the Indian family, coming up with them when they are at the point of starvation, Aneeb having had his leg broken by an elk. He works hard all winter providing provisions for the family. Panther, an Indian suitor for Alices' hand, finds them, and again presses his suit. Aneeb refusing it, he attacks the but with some other Indians. In the fight all of the Indian family are killed. Alice and Frank escape, the latter wounded. Being without ammunition, he and Alice are at the point of starvation when they they reach the fort at Detroit. He lies at the point of death, and, Alice's brother having sent word from Montreal that he was leaving for England, she is told that Frank is dead and is sent to Montreal under escort. In December, 1775, a young traveler arrives at Roxbury, near Boston. There is great excitement over the tea ships, and he sees Dickie Ellery, younger brother of Frank.

They ride together to Boston. Dickie is asked to go and see Humphreys, who is dying, but his uncle persuades him to go away in his company. The stranger goes to Humphrey's bedside and is alone with him to the end.

Chapter III.

TEA AND SALT WATER.

The great meeting was silent in the old South church. A few candles lit the edifice, casting shadows into corners, revealing but uncertainly the hundreds of faces ranged within the pews. The meeting was waiting; there was no discussion. Hours before, the citizens had resolved that the tea should on no account be landed. They had sent Rotch, the owner of the first of the tea-ships, to carry a message to the governor at Milton, demanding that the ships be allowed to clear for London. Since them, only murmurs had passed through the church. Doctor Church arrived late, and for him they made room. Doctor Warren went out to the wonderment of some; he returned in a quarter hour, to their relief.

Doctor Warren took his seat again by Church's side. 'What has happened?" asked the older man, turning his eyes, a little haggard, on his more active colleague. "Was your patient dead?" He read a change in Warren's countenance.

"Yes," answered Doctor Warren. "Apoplexy." As if unwilling to speak further, he dropped his eyes and shook his head.

Without and within, the great crowd waited. The light in the west had gone; dusk departed, night came. Then at last was heard at the door of the church the stumbling of a weary horse. The crowd upon the church stairs made way for a man as weary as his steed, and through the church the whisper passed, "Rotch has returned."

The meeting roused into life. 'Prentice and merchant, tradesman and workman, looked each at his neighbor. Then all eyes were fixed upon the ship-owner as he passed to the platform, all ears were ready for his words. The moderator met Rotch; a question was given and answered. Then the moderator turned to the meeting: "The governor has refused a clearance."

One long universal breath; then cries of anger. Figures sprang to their feet; there was an instant's tumult, quickly stilled. Above the confusion rose calls to order; the impulsive ones pulled back into their seats.

"Mr. Rotch," said the moderator, "will you tell the meeting if, on your own responsibility, you will order the ship to leave the town?"

The quaker stood firm; his aspect was honest. "I cannot," he answered clearly. "The ship would be confiscated. It would ruin me."

"Will you attempt, then, to land the tea tomorrow?"

"If called upon to do so by the customs house officials, I must."

Silence now, a silence of minutes. But all thoughts, all glances, were fixed upon one man, Samuel Adams. What will he say?

Samuel Adams looked about him, and caught the eye of Doctor Warren. The doctor nodded slightly. His eye passed to Doctor Church, who nodded also; to Mr. Hancock, upon whose lip a flitting smile appeared, almost a sneer, whose eye spoke with meaning. He met the glance of Paul Revere, who frowned and nodded yes, and caught the eye of Molineux, whose face was set in inflexible resolution. Then slowly Samuel Adams rose to his feet and said:

"This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

That was all. Then came the abrupt sound of hundreds of people rising to their feet. Without words the meeting was dissolved, and the men of Boston turned their backs upon the scene of their long waiting.

The church was half empty, but the leaders had not moved. A few of them spoke together, but all seemed to be waiting, listening. Somewhere in the streets without sounded a cry. Then came another and another, then a whole burst of sound. Noises strange to Boston rose upon th cair. Doctor Church caught Doctor Warren by the arm. "Come," he said, "what is this? Let us see." He pushed quickly to the side door and out into the porch.

From the steps they looked down upon a sea of faces, faintly illumined by the scattered lights. People were pushing, crowding, craning their necks. Something was coming. What was it? There at the corner of the chusch, beneath the lamp—a gleam of steel. And then again that cry.

"By Jove," cried Doctor Church, clapping the other on the shoulder, "a war-whoop!" He knew that eyes were on him; he pretended surprise. "Indians, as I live!"

The cry came again and again, and again. At the corner began a commotion, arms were tossed, weapons were lifted high. Not swords, but hatchets, and below were feathered heads and painted faces. The war cries multiplied and resounded in the narrow place. The crowd pushed apart, and down the living lane come hurying a motely band of shouting men. Then across the way the whoop was answered, and from the little house more Indians come rushing, broke through the crowd, and fell in with the rest. The Indian cries rose louder, but among them now were distinguished words, "To Griffin's wharf! To the tea ships!"

The people comprehended slowly. At first, in astonishment, they were silent. But one understood quicker than the rast, and gave his welcome to the Indian troop. Doctor Warren, looking among the crowd, found one clear-lit face, and on it fixed his eyes. It was a young man's face fired with enthusiasm. In sudden exultation at the purpose of his countrymen this man raised his hand and stuck it on his mouth. He gave out the real gas-sakwi, the terrible war-whoop. It rang above its feebler imitations, palpitated in all ears, and struck into an instant's silence the Indians themselves. Fists clenched, hearts beat faster at the sinister cry, and startled listeners gasped.

"My God!" cried Doctor Church. "Hear that!"

Doctor Warren did not move.

The sound died. In answer rose from every side a roar of fierce applause. Doctor Warren lost sight of the young man, as Indians and crowd swept onward to the wharves.

Chapter IV.

THE ELLERY HOUSE.

From the walls of the old Ellery library the family portraits still looked down, challenging the admiration of their descendants. The grim great-grandfather, Francis, in coat of tin and hat of lead (artist unknown), pointed with drawn sword and deadly frown at Fort Hill, from the staff of which the royal flag was coming down—a whig reminiscence of the year 1689. The grandfather, Thomas, smiled sternly upon the beholder. His habiliments were less metallic and his features were natural. But this picture also recalled whig traditions, for this same fort upon the hill was emitting a salute, and various casks and boxes piled upon a beach hinted at defiance of royal authority by means of the device of smuggling. A further advance in art showed, by the brush of Copley, Francis Ellery the second seated in a chair, in the background men spinning rope, and at his feet a torn copy of the stamp act.

Mr. Eliery drew up before the fire, and with certain papers from an inner pocket busied himself for a full half hour ciphering. A single candle was enough for light, two meager sticks upon the hearth supplied him warmth, as he worked industriously. But he had an ear for foreign sounds, and at the first fall of a foot upon the steps without he thrust the papers back in their receptacle, and began, though off the key, to hum a stave. He knew that Dickie had come back, but scarcely had time to wonder at the haste in which he came.

"Uncle," cried Dickie, bursting into the room. "Uncle!" he stood panting. He was angry—twice angry.

"What is it?" his uncle asked, and turned quietly.

Dickie blurted first his greater item of news. "The tea is destroyed!"

"What!" cried Mr. Ellery.

"Every chest of it," panted Dickie, "is thrown into the harbor. A mob disguised as Indians——"

"The dirty villains!" exclaimed his uncle. "Tell me no more."

Dickie came upon his lesser cause of anger, his greater reason for sorrow. "And Humphreys is dead," he said.

Mr. Ellery started from his chair. "When?" he cried. A greater matter this, to him, than an act of world-importance.

"Scarce an hour since," responded Dickie. "I met Nick in the street. Oh, uncle, Humphreys wished to see me before he died." His voice was eloquent of distress and reproach. He wished to say, "You kept me from him."

But Mr. Ellery did not heed. He took a step toward the door, and paused. "Who was with him when he died?" he asked.

"I know not," said Dickie, grieved to the heart at his neglect of the old servant.

Mr. Ellery hastened to the hall; Dickie, following, found him with his greatcoat already on. "I am going out," the uncle said. "I must go at once to Humphreys' room. No, I do not want you. This is a legal matter. Shut up the house—make all secure." He opened the door and closed it behind him with a clang.

Dickie went to the rear of the hall and called, "Ann, Ann!" A little woman, bright-eyed, gray-haired and thin, came to the summons, wiping her hands upon her checked apron. The news was due her, but of the tea he told grudgingly, for she would rejoice. "The tea is in the harbor, Ann," he said. The little woman clasped her hands and raised her wrinkled face.

"Glory be to God!" she cried.

"And Humphreys is dead," added Dickie, sulkily. The triumph of the whigs made him angry. "Ann, I'm going out." He followed his uncle out into the night. The little woman stood long in the same place before she could speak. The matter of the tea passed out of her mind, lost among other thoughts.

"Humphreys is dead!" said Ann at length. "Humphreys is gone! Then I'm the last." She sat down upon the great carved settle and folded her hands in her lap. She was so quiet in the shadow, so small a figure in the great house, that it seemed no creature breathed within its heavy walls.

An enormous structure it was, the old stone house. A huge, cold, cheerless place; no fit dwelling, one would think, for just two men to occupy. But Dickie would not sell it. Dickie could go back in his mind to the day when Frank, pale and quiet, faced their uncle in the library and refused to sign a deed conveying the house. Then he had turned to Dickie. "Father said, 'Never sell the house or the wharf.' Some day I'll tell you why." Frank had disappeared that very afternoon; Dickie had been out of the house—to him those were Frank's last words. The younger brother knew not the reason, but loyally adhered to the rule. The uncle's pleading: "Doctor Church will give you a good price for the house, and Mr. Sears for the wharf," had not moved Dickie. It was the one point upon which they disagreed.

So the two Ellerys stayed on in the house, almost lost in its immensity. The carved furniture, the portraits, Dickie's own cheery personality, seemed to do little to fill the empty spaces. The house needed the presence of a woman, and the lack was not supplied by Ann, Benjy's sister, small and lonely. She worked silently every day, kept each room clean, but the mansion was not to be brightened by a servant, old and sad.

And as Ann sat there in the dim-lit hall the shadow of the house pressed heavily on her. Benjy had been drowned with Frank. Humphreys was gone; she was the last—the last of the Whig Ellerys and their whig servants, the last to know the secrets of those solid walls. An impulse seized her to take the candle from the library, to view each room, and to call up therein the images of the past.

She wandered through the house, and ghosts met her at each turn. Men and women, children, guests and servants, moved noiseless in the halls and rooms, or passed her as she went up the stair. She saw their faces clearly, but alas, they could not speak.

(To Be Continued To-morrow.)

IT MUST COME.

As inevitable as the changing seasons of the year is the change which comes to every woman. And just as one anticipates the changes of other seasons it is wise to anticipate this change of season and prepare for it. In this way the discomforts and disasters suffered by many women at the period of change can be avoided or overcome.

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Books and Authors

NEW BOOKS

The Brook Book. A First Acquaintance With the Brook and Its Inhabitants Through the Changing Years. By Mary Rogers Miller, Lecturer on Nature Study at Cornell University. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Minneapolis: N. McCarthy. Price, $1.35.

Those whose souls are thrilled in the presence of natural beauty and feel the need of no human companionship in the summer woods—Tennyson's "Blessed Woods of Sussex"—and hear the murmur and ripple of running water and the flutter and singing of birds in their own haunts and find intense pleasure in the study of all creatures who live in foliage, earth and water—these will read this book with real delight. The author has a most charming way of telling what she sees in her walks with the professor and shows herself to be a mistress of the art of imparting information in a most agreeable way, with exquisite touches of humor. She tells us of insects unfamiliar to the unlearned mind and shows that she has studied their construction, disposition, defense, food, habits of life, amusements, loves, hates and jealousies. She makes one even respect the tiny creatures who flutter about the arc lights and gas lights on a summer night. It is only wonderful that she has had the patience to watch and describe each minute step in the life of the spider and of the waterbugs who skate in July; of the jewel-weed which carries its own catapult, and of many other things. There is a delightful account of a walking party and much about birds. The illustrations are fine, sixteen being in half tone made by distinguished photographic artists. There are sixty-six line engravings. The author has made even polliwogs and tadpoles interesting.

The Earth's Beginning. By Sir Robert Stawell Ball, author of "The History of the Heavens," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price $1.80.

The distinguished author was requested by the Royal Institution of Great Britain to deliver a course of lectures to an audience of young people in London last winter, and this volume contains them, revised and enlarged. He introduces the lectures by a fine tribute to the great philosopher Kant, whose vast knowledge and habit of investigation extended far beyond the field of pure reason. His cosmogony shows that he preceded Laplace in laying down the principle of the nebular theory, which affirms that the earth, sun, planets and all bodies now forming the solar system originated from a vast contracting nebula. Thereafter the author begins at what he calls the "fire mist," out of which the globes of our solar system were formed. With the fifth chapter he begins the consideration of the sun and solar heat, and deals with that stupendous subject in a masterly way. Of the prodigality with which the sun distributes its heat, giving heat and light daily sufficiently to warm and illuminate two thousand million globes as large as our earth, the author admits that science is not yet able to explain it. Science thinks the excessive radiation of heat is gradually exhausting the supply, but the author thinks it will be millions of centuries before there is any appreciable alteration in the sun's effectiveness, and that the enormous emission of heat is due to the contraction or shrinkage of that luminary. The chapters on the sun are finely and clearly written. Those on the earth are equally so. He shows how the heat increases the deeper we go down into the earth, as known by Huyssen's mile-deep bore, the process being interestingly described. The interior heat, he thinks, is radiated by the shrinkage of the earth's crust. On earthquakes, which the author thinks are only adjustments of the crust, an interesting chapter is given. Each crust adjustment sends a pulsation all over the globe, the vibrations decreasing with the distances. The delicate instruments now in use indicate any earthquakes of importance happening anywhere in the world, details of vibrations being reproduced faithfully by a recording pencil on a revolving drum of paper. The author thinks that a strong proof of the rigidity of the earth is the rapidity with which the vibrations traverse the interior, which, he contends, is not liquid, as held by many. The material cast up by volcanoes, he thinks, comes from points within a moderate depth from the surface, and volcanic energy is originally derived in some way from the contraction of the primeval nebula. The author gives a thrilling account of the volcanic eruption on the island of Krakatoa in 1883, and he notes how, through the fight of the tremendous tonnage of volcanic dust westward scientists were enabled to discover that twenty miles above our heads there is a constant wind, "a mighty tempest incessantly hurrying with a speed much greater than that of the awful hurricane which once laid so large a part of Calcutta on the ground and slew so many of its inhabitants." The distance of this never-varying and furious wind saves humanity from utter destruction.

LITERARY NOTES

The author of "Red Pottage," Miss Cholmondeley, says it will be years before she completes another long novel. So glad! When it does come, hope it will not be so abominably suggestive as "Red Pottage."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued "Our Country's History of the United States," by Eva March Tappan, Ph. D., a very admirable introduction to the study of our history and profusely and handsomely illustrated and calculated to stimulate the young to look further into the records.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston, announce a series of "Best Writings by Great Authors," edited by Alexander Jessup. The Balzac and Stevenson volumes have been issued, and the volume on Poe will be issued in August. Each volume contains an introductory essay upon the author's literary work.

The Macmillan company announces "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature," by George Brandes, author of "William Shakspere," etc., and two new volumes of the Chiswick edition of Shakspere—"King Richard III." and "The Comedy of Errors," and Felix Schelling's "The English Chronicle Play"—a useful study in the popular historical literature environing Shakspere.

Mrs. Everard Cotes, in her "Those Delightful Americans," shows that Englishmen visiting this country characterize as "putrid" everything they consider not to their liking. She might have said also that Englishwomen have a habit of calling everything they do not like "nasty."

H. W. Fisher & Co., Philadelphia, announce "Our Annual Execution," a forgotten essay by Thackeray, containing "The Knightly Guerdon" and "The Almack's Adieu." They first appeared in Fraser's Magazine and were reprinted in Boston in 1869 in a volume of Thackeray's miscellanies, and have not appeared elsewhere since, and have been overlooked by the Thackeray bibliographers.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish the late Professor John Fiske's "New France and New England" and Charles Egbert Craddock's "The Champion" in the autumn.

Colonel T. W. Higginson, author of the biography of Longfellow, just issued in the American Men of Letters series, married a niece of Longfellow's first wife, and had access to letters which throw much light upon the poet's early married life.

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THE MANUFACTURES OF MINNEAPOLIS

Some Highly Interesting and Instructive Facts From the United States Census Report Just Out.

Some interesting and instructive facts may be gleaned from an analytical and comparative study of the United States census report on the manufactures of Minneapolis.

In the first place, the Minneapolis workman produces about twice as much per year as the average American workman, and many times more than the English, French and German workmen, the figures being: Minneapolis workman, $4,175; American, $1,900; French, $650; English, $485; German, $450. While the average wage of the Minneapolis workman is not so high in proportion as the value of his output, he earns $490 a year, which is about $50 more than the American average. Two inferences may be drawn from the large per capita production of the local workmen; either they are much superior to others or else the leading Minneapolis industries are more profitable than the average. Either inference is satisfactory to local pride.

In the past decade Minneapolis increased the value of its annual product from $82,922,974 to $110,943, and the number of its wage earners friom 23,703 to 26,608, which, considering the industrial depression during the five of those years, when there was an actual backward movement, is very gratifying. The city's total wage payroll in manufacturing industries is $12,708,523. Besides 2,603 clerks and salaried officials of those industries received in 1900 $2,428,396.

The last ten years in Minneapolis have given much evidence of the processes which tend to reduce the number of manufacturing establishments.

In 1890 there were 2,723 manufacturing establishments in Minneapolis; in 1900 there were 2,368. Most of the decrease is due to the disappearance of little carpentering, small dressmaking establishments, small shoe shops, paint shops, masons, brickmakers, etc. In the case of the carpenters and masons the decrease in the number of establishments is partly to be accounted for by the fact that there was less building in Minneapolis in 1900 than in 1890, but inasmuch as the total manufacturing product of the city grew from $82,922,974 to $110,943,043, the decrease in number was without adverse effect on the output.

The Minneapolis industries now having an annual output of over $1,000,000 value are given below, together with the value of the product and the number of employes:

	Product.	Employes.
1—Flour	$49,673,568	1,311
2—Lumber	12,285,305	3,120
3—Carpentering	5,412,038	2,400
4—Foundry and machine shop products	2,570,601	1,464
5—Planing-mill products, sash and door, etc., products	2,329,769	979
6—Masonry, brick and stone products	2,267,773	1,173
7—Linseed oil	2,017,214	199
8—Printing and publishing, newspapers and periodicals	1,792,955	611
9—Cars and general shop construction and repairs by steam railway companies	1,550,513	1,339
10—Malt liquors	1,507,720	238
11—Plumbing	1,441,553	...
12—Cooperage	1,314,625	625
13—Bread and bakery products	1,287,254	575
14—Clothing, men's custom and repair	1,227,838	767
15—Iron works	1,076,286	423
16—Boots and shoes	1,008,007	597

The Primacy of Flour.

It will be observed that flour continues to be by long odds the chief industry of Minneapolis. Its production forms nearly half the total product of the city and is four times as great as that of the second largest industry, lumber. It is gratifying to find that it is a growing industry, the value of its product having increased $19,000,000 in ten years, though the number of establishments decreased from twenty-five to twelve. The number of wage-earning employes increased in the same time from 1,621 to 2,071.

Whether flour making will continue indefinitely to be such a great industry as it now is in Minneapolis is hard to say. Judging the future by the past, we might expect that the city had now reached the climax of its growth in this department of industry, but the action of the Washburn-Crosby company in deciding to erect another mill, after carefully studying the situation to ascertain whether another point would be more advantageous, indicates that the apex has not yet been reached. People will continue forever to eat bread and as the population grows the amount of flour made must increase. The fact that the center of gravity of wheat production is slowly moving farther away from Minneapolis does not seem to make a great deal of difference, since freight must be paid on either wheat or flour. But as the production of hard wheat within the limit of the United States has probably reached its limit, unless there should be a succession of years of high prices for wheat, the prosperity and growth of the milling industry here will soon depend upon easy access to the Canadian wheat fields. Our own tariff against wheat and the efforts of Canadian railroads and governments to build up a milling center in Canada may interfere with plans for making the Canadian wheat fields tributary to Minneapolis. At any rate, when the future of such a splendid industry is at stake, it behooves those interested to begin early the efforts required to secure the arrangements fitting to new conditions which will insure the continued prosperity of the Minneapolis flour industry. Minneapolis industries are not yet sufficiently well diversified to permit its major industry to decline.

Growth in Lumber Production.

The manufacture of lumber and timber products also shows a handsome increase, from $7,215,293 in value of product to $12,285,305 and from 2,475 men to 3,017. There seems to be little doubt that this industry has reached its maximum product and will henceforth show a slow decline. Indeed, the allied industry of planing mill, sash and door products, already show a decline of about $100,000 in value of its product since 1900 and a falling off in the number of men employed from 1,419 to 900. The decline in the value of the lumber product during the present decade may not be great, but any one who has paid any attention to the history of this industry, must feel confident that ultimately the industry will go the way in Minneapolis that it has already traveled in La Crosse, Winona, Muskingum, Eau Claire, Chippewa Falls and other cities that once were famous for their sawmills. Though the sawmill industry is so much in evidence in Minneapolis, it does not have so large an output in point of value as might be expected, in view of the fact that it employs $13,000,000 of capital as compared with $14,000,000 in flour, which has a product four times as valuable.

The wage payrolls of the two industries are about the same, being $1,490,000 for lumber and $1,320,000 for flour. Thus of Minneapolis' two leading industries, the one which has the smaller capital and the much smaller product pays the more total wages and probably returns to the capital invested about the same actual amount of profits as the other.

The lumber industry thus appears to be a more valuable industry to the city than flour in respect to number of men employed, wages paid and returns to capital. If the flour industry were to be ruined, it would not deprive so many men of work and would only withdraw from capital about the same profits that the ruin of the lumber industry would cause. Yet the elimination of flour would reduce the total of the Minneapolis output of manufacturers about $50,000,000, whereas the elimination of lumber would reduce it only $12,000,000. These facts show that figures may deceive, if they do not lie. Comparing the value of the products, one would naturally conclude that from any economic point of view flour is a more valuable industry to the city than lumber. This marvelous productivity of the lumber industry both in wages and returns to capital explains the decay of many towns when they have lost their lumber mills and have nothing to take their place.

The value of Minneapolis' manufactured output increased $28,000,000 in ten years. Of this amount $24,000,000 was gained by flour and lumber.

Gains in Other Lines.

This leaves, apparently, an increased product value of $4,000,000 to be distributed among ninety-three other classified industries besides the large number grouped together under the head of miscellaneous. Of course, some manufacturers, such as carpentering, showed a heavy decline in the ten years. So that the gaining industries outside the two major ones had to make up a loss of many millions for the others before they could begin to pile up the margin of $4,000,000.

Carpentering, which is the third Minneapolis industry, is one that grows or declines with the building industry of the city. If the city grows, it grows. It does not directly tend to affect the city's growth in manufactures. In this sense it is not a primary manufacturing industry, which calls for consideration by those who would ascertain what are the city's promising productive industries.

Foundries and machine shops constitute the city's fourth industry. It seems to be a vigorous industry and the figures indicate that it is promising and progressive. The total value of its output is now about $2,600,000, against $1,400,000 in 1890 and the number of its employes has risen in the same time from 610 to 1,309. If the closely allied iron works, producing architectural and iron work were to be classed with the machine shops and iron foundries, the total product of this industry would be $3,600,000 and the number of employes would be about 1,900.

The planing and sash and door manufactures constitute Minneapolis' fifth industry. It seems to be a declining industry. At any rate, it employs about 500 fewer men than it did in 1890 and its product is somewhat less valuable.

Masonry, brick and stone products, the output of which is sixth in the list of Minneapolis manufactures, belong to the same class as carpentering. They reflect a city's population growth rather than its manufacturing capacity. In 1890 Minneapolis was growing faster than it is now. Consequently, there was more building and more activity in manufactures upon which building is dependent. Plumbing, the eleventh industry, may be placed in the same category.

The linseed oil industry is a very promising one. It was not important enough in the census of 1890 to receive a separate classification. In 1900 it ranked seventh with a product valued at $2,017,214. It employed 155 men besides 46 clerks and paid officials. The wages of the former were $81,981, of the latter, $71,375. The payroll of this industry is small in comparison with the value of its product, though the discrepancy is not so great as in flour. The outlook is good for larger and larger flax crops in the northwest and more and more oil making at Minneapolis.

The newspaper and periodical publishing and printing industry is now the eighth in the city and is growing rapidly. In 1890 it employed 792 persons. In 1900 the number had risen to 952, of whom 364 were clerks, paid officials, editors, reporters, etc., and 588 were designated as wage earners. In the same time the value of the product increased from $1,266,060 to $1,792,955 and wages and salaries from $559,597 to $634,457. This industry is a very valuable one to the city, because of the large proportion of its earnings that is paid to labor—about a third. With only a fortieth of the product of the flour industry, it pays more than a third as much wages and salaries. Every million of increase in the value of its output is of about as much direct benefit to the city as an increase of $10,000,000 in the flour output. The latter industry is one that directly benefits the tributary country and the transportation companies more than it does the city in which it is located. Of course, whatever benefits them benefits the city, but the benefit comes indirectly. Among the other Minneapolis industries having an annual output in excess of $1,000,000 in value the boot and shoe industry is very promising. It gained 400 per cent from 1890 to 1900. In the former year it employed 66 men and clerks and paid them $33,097 and had a product valued at $211,684. In the latter year the number of employes had increased to 597, wages and salaries to $230,145, and the value of the product to $1,008,007.

The car building and repairing industry has also made a notable advance. In 1890 it had only 384 employes of all kinds. Now it has 1,339; then the pay roll was $216,146; now it is $721,650; then the product was worth $463,499, now it is worth $1,550,513.

The manufacture of malt liquors is gaining rapidly in value of output, having risen from $686,000 to $1,507,720, but the number of employes has not greatly increased.

The baking business has grown very rapidly, having almost doubled the number of men employed and more than doubled the value of the product between the two census years.

Minor Industries Flourishing.

On the whole it appears that out of the sixteen Minneapolis industries that have an output exceeding $1,000,000 a year, thirteen are what may be called original industries—leaving out carpentering, masonry and plumbing. Of these two—flour and lumber-making—are the typical Minneapolis industries and are in a highly flourishing condition. The other eleven are now so well developed as to form the bases of large manufacturing interests in the future and are growing rapidly, with the exception of cooperage and the planing and sash and door industry. Below the $1,000,000 line are many vigorous industries which will assume much larger proportions in the next few years.

The natural growth of the lesser industries in the next ten years will far more than offset any decline that may come in the lumber industry during the decade.

Though there is not so much blow and talk and boom about Minneapolis' manufacturing enterprises as there was in the boom and bluster period, there is a whole lot more to them both in fact and promise.

I. O. O. F. Excursion to Odd Fellows Home, Northfield.

Under direction of grand lodge, via C., M. & St. P. Ry., Friday, June 13.

Trains leave "The Milwaukee" depot, Minneapolis at 7:50 and 8:25 a. m. St. Paul at 8 and 9 a. m.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root** is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.

Home of Swamp-Root.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

WOMAN'S MAGAZINES FOR JUNE

Interesting stories and articles, suggestions for the newest things in shirt waists and tub gowns, ideas for summer entertaining, and omething new to amuse the children, make the Woman's Home Companion for June a valuable number. Rev. Dr. James L. Barton gives "A Chapter of Missionary Adventures"; Waldon Fawcett writes of the children of the White House; Ernest Harold Baynes takes his readers on a little journey to the woods and fields, and S. Roland Hall writes of the Brooklyn Sunday school parade. The fiction is by Cyrus Townsend Brady, Julia Truitt Bishop, Angela Morgan, Albert Bigelow Paine and Elliott Flower. "The Crowning of a King," Edgar Fawcett, tells what will happen in London, and Arthur Hoyt describes the ceremony of electing a pope.

The June bride will find in the June Good Housekeeping suggestions for her wedding, her trousseau, her gifts and her house furnishing, for a generous share of the magazine is devoted to her needs. Guy Kirkham presents some atttractive ideas illustrated by sketches. There is a plea for a den for the busy mother and a suggestion which some woman might follow in "Amelia Quigley, Ladies' Assistant," by Elliot Walker. Margaret E. Sangster writes of "The New Home" and Mary Esther Trueblood of "The New Hausfrau." The novel department, "Discoveries by Our Observers and Experimenters," is full of suggestions for every member of the family.

The June Harper's Bazar presents an attractive combination of useful and amusing matter. Lilian Bell continues her recital of the trials of a young housewife, and Mary S. Cotton and E. Nesbit contribute other fiction. Evelyn Taylor describes a visit to the golf links of St. Andrews in Scotland, and Margaret Deland discusses "The Tyranny of Things" in her talks to twentieth century women. The fashions are pretty and seasonable and comprehensive enough to include children as well as women, and styes in wall coverings in addition to gowns and hats.

The June Designer devotes many pages to fashions that are both pretty and practical. In addition, there are stories by Ellen Olney Kirke, Ida Preston Robinson and S. E. Benet. Ella G. Rolf writes of "Quaint Wedding Customs and Superstitions," and Mary Kilsyth presents some original ideas for the furnishing of a summer cottage. There are several articles on fancy work and the page on fancy stitches for the ornamentation of summer gowns will be appreciated just now.

The New Idea contains fashions for every occasion, and in addition, there is much interesting reading. Florence Brooks contributes a clever little play, "The Blue Apron," and Francis Bellamy writes of the women of England. There are stories by Grace MacGowan Cooke, C. F. Lester, Rose Willis Johnson and others. Mme. Ben-Yusef describes the lingerie for a $1,000 trousseau. There are pages for the housekeeper, the home dressmaker and milliner and the children are not forgotten.

An Event of History.

The children and grandchildren of the present generation will look back to June 1st, 1902, as a great day in history. It was on that day that the English and the Boers decided on peace. We are too close to the happenings of the Boer war to realize what they mean, but in time to come the struggles of this handful of South Africans against the most powerful nation on earth will take place among the important events of history. With the declaration for peace come thoughts of golden grain belt beer, that honest brew for honest men in times of peace and quiet. It will do you good and is worth a conscientious trial if you don't already use it.

There is a full bottle of satisfaction in every bottle of Hamm's Velvet bottle beer, the new pale brew.

There are many forms of nervous debility in men that yield to the use of Carter's Iron Pills. Those who are troubled with nervous weakness, night sweats, etc., should try them.

Is your business dull? A good remedy will be found in advertising it in The Journal's want columns.

"The Pioneer Limited"

To Milwaukee and Chicago every day, via C., M. & St. P.

Electric-lighted throughout.

Private compartment sleeping cars and sixteen-section sleepers.

Berths are longer, higher and wider than those in any other cars in America.

Library-buffet smoking cars, and the finest dining car service.

Pioneer Limited, the famous train of the world.

Lowest rates to all points.

Nothing so beneficial as a tonic in hot weather as JOHANN HOFF'S EXTRACT with meals and on retiring.

INSIST upon JOHANN HOFF'S and you will not be imposed upon. No substitute as "just as good."

EISNER & MENDELSON CO. of New York, Sole Agents.

Donaldson's Glass Block

Basement Bargains FOR Wednesday

Boys' Clothing.

100 boys' double-breasted two-piece Suits, 5 to 16 years, neat and serviceable, in gray and brown mixtures, checks and plaids; regular price $2.50 and $3.00. Bargain Basement price,

$1.25

Crash Suiting.

50 pieces of 32-inch Crash Suiting, in grays and tan mixtures, desirable effects, suitable for suits and skirts; worth 19c yard. Bargain Basement price,

5½c

White Goods.

Extra big bargain in checked and striped White Goods; nice fine quality; worth 7c per yard. Bargain Basement price, yard,

3¾c

Hose.

Misses and Children's fast black Hose, in plain and ribbed, sizes to 8½, worth 10c pair, Basement Bargain price, 4 pairs for 25c, per pair,

7c

Laces.

20,000 yards of Imitation Duchess Lace, Insertion Galloon and Serpentine, in white and ecru worth to 25c per yard, Basement Bargain price, yard,

8c and 10c

Shirt Waists.

Ladies' fine quality Percale Shirt Waists, in stripes, made with fancy white yoke bias front and plaited back; worth 50c each. Bargain Basement price, each,

25c

Fancy Veiling.

100 pieces of Tuxedo and Chiffon Veiling—plain and fancy gold stripes, in all colors; worth to 69c yard. Bargain Basement, yard,

10c

Chambray.

2,000 yards of Manchester Chambray, in tans, blues and pinks, worth 12½c yard, lengths from 2 to 10 yards. Basement Bargain price, yard,

6½c

Shoes.

Women's fine dongola kid, lace, Shoes; good styles and extra good values; worth to $3. Basement Bargain price, pair,

$1.69

Ribbons.

Extra big values in pink, blue and white corded Stripe Silk Ribbons; three inches wide; suitable for stocks and bows. Bargain Basement, per yard,

10c

One lot of plain black, all-silk, Satin Ribbon, No. 80. Also, all-silk, Plaid and Stripe Ribbon, 4½ inches wide, worth to 39c yd. Basement Bargain, yd,

20c

Defective Page