CITY NEWS.

WEATHER NOW AND THEN

Maximum Temperature To-day 78 Degrees; a Year Ago 73 Degrees.

Grand Master Hannahan Here—J. J. Hannahan, grand master of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, was in the city yesterday and addressed a meeting of B. L. F., No. 82, in the afternoon. He will soon return to Minneapolis to conduct union meetings for the firemen.

Pony for Eva Carlson.—Eva Carlson, a little girl who lives at 2222 Buchanan street NE, drew the pony given by the Fair and Carnival association Saturday. She held the winning ticket among the thousands given children who visited the fair that day.

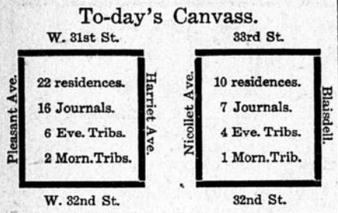
Ida Wanted to Die—Ido Peterson, an old offender, in the police court this morning, pleaded guilty to a charge of drunkenness and was sentenced to ninety days in the workhouse. She was arrested on the streets yesterday afternoon and confined in a cell at the central station. Last night she tore a sheet into long strips to make a noose and hanged herself to the top of the cell. Her groans frightened an inmate of the next cell and she called the officers to the rescue.

NUMBER 259

Total Residences canvassed from August 26 to date 5417
Journals taken 4453
Eve. Tribunes.....1077
Morn. Tribunes.....720

No. Flat Bldgs.....78
Journals taken 1215
Eve. Tribunes.....169
Morn. Tribunes.....178
Any advertiser can prove these figures

To-day's Canvass.



NECROLOGICAL

MRS. ELIZABETH WHITTEMORE, a resident of Minnesota since 1854, died Saturday at her home, 3940 Minnehaha avenue, in her ninety-second year. The funeral was held this afternoon from the residence. She is survived by one son, James A. Whittemore, by six grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

GEORGE ADAMS DRAPER died at his residence, 3025 Aldrich avenue, this morning, aged 84 years. The body will be taken to his old home, South Attleboro, Mass., for interment. New England papers please copy.

MAUD S. BLOSSOM, wife of Thomas B. Blossom, 1714 Thomas place, Oak Park, died June 6 in her thirty-first year. Funeral from her residence, Tuesday, June 9, 12:30 p. m. Interment at Princeton, Minn.

ARGUED HIS OWN CASE

Young Fred Warren Proved He Was Not Swimming Au Naturel.

Fred Warren, a boy arersted yesterday for swimming inside the city limits without a bathing suit, conducted his own case in court this morning and after subjecting the complaining officer to a rigid cross examination, was acquitted. Warren, in company with about thirty other boys, was bathing in the river at the upper end of Nicollet island. In the midst of their sport they were surprised by an officer. All but two of the boys escaped and the officer, in order not to return empty handed, took them along.

Warren took the trouble to bring with him his bathing suit, which he thought might be used as evidence in court. He called his witnesses and after calling the officer a liar he proceeded to prove that he had been out of the water some time when arrested and was dressed and combing his hair preparatory to going out on the street. When the defendant closed his argument the city attorney admitted that he had no case and the boy was dismissed. Warren's friend and chief witness, Harry Nelson, admitted his guilt and was fined $3.

WHERE WERE THE POLICE?

Few on Hand to Guard To-day's Band Parade.

The surprising negligence of the police department came near breaking up the band parade to-day before it had covered half its route. Two policemen only headed the paraders—a vanguard worthy of some "turn-out" at a country cross-roads. Along the line of march no p olicemen could be seen. If the marchers had been highway robbers, the blue coats could not have taken a more consistent leave of absence. No notice was given intime to clear the road of vehicles. The procession was obliged to halt, from time to time, that the front ranks might engage in a hand-to-hand struggle with obstructing drivers and chauffeurs.

"Call that a parade?" asked a man from Duluth. "It looks to me like a game of progressive football."

WESLEY'S BIRTHDAY

It Will Be Celebrated by the Methodists of Minneapolis Next Sunday.

Minneapolis Methodists will celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Wesley, Sunday, June 14. The meeting will be held in Wesley church at 3 p. m. Addresses will be delivered by Bishop C. H. Fowler of Buffalo, N. Y.; Bishop I. W. Joyce of Minneapolis, and Governor Van Sant.

WHAT HE LOST.

Judge.

Shakespere was reading the latest news.

"Here's a fellow getting $1 a word!" he exclaimed.

"Too bad!" returned Johnston. "Just think of what I'd have got at that rate."

Determined to have the last word anyway, he returned to his dictionary.

NO FAMILIARITIES.

Kansas City Journal.

"I suppose you are familar with John Ruskin, Miss Tooties?"

"Indeed, I am not! I never allow myself to become familar with men, Mr. Pearson. I have not even met the person you refer to!"

VOUCHED FOR.

Washington Star.

"So you resent these hints of dishonesty in the government."

"Most emphatic," answered Farmer Corntossel. "I've been buyin' postage stamps from the government fur years and never got cheated yet."

TURNER GETS FIVE

Man Convicted of Participating in Diamond Robbery Sentenced to State's Prison.

His Pal, "Diamond Benny," Who Pleaded Guilty, Got Only Two Years.

Charles Turner, convicted of doing his share toward stealing the diamonds of S. Jacobs & Co., was this morning sentenced by Judge Elliott to five years in the penitentiary. Turner's partner, "Diamond Benny" Cates, is at Stillwater waiting for his friend. Cates, however, pleaded guilty and got only two years. Turners' wife was in the court room this morning and when her husband was sentenced she rushed up, threw her arms about his neck, kissed him and then sobbing, followed the sentenced man from the court room.

James West, just released from serving a workhouse sentenced of ninety days, was arraigned before Judge Elliott this morning on two indictments, one charging grand larceny in the second and the other burglary in the third degree. His crimes are alleged to have been committed at 525 Seventh avenue S. To both indictments West pleaded not guilty, his bail was set at $500 in each instance and the cases were continued over the term.

Erick Engman, indicted for violating the game law by catching bass out of season, pleaded not guilty. His bail was fixed at $100 and his case continued over the term.

KNEW HIS MILLS

Native of Amsterdam Has a Surprise for Hovey C. Clarke, His Guest.

The Minneapolitan Finds Pictures of Minneapolis Mills in Holland City.

Mr. and Mrs. Hovey C. Clarke returned to Minneapolis yesterday from a two months' trip abroad. Most of their time was spent in London, Paris, Berlin and Amsterdam.

"American interests, manufacturing and otherwise," said Mr. Clarke, "are, of course, making great headway abroad, but the thing that appealed to me most is the universal deference shown American travelers as compared with those of other nationalities. This respect is particularly pronounced at the custom houses. The old-time incivility and officiousness of the customs officials disappears the moment he discovers that you are an American. They draw the line so fine as to distinguish now between Americans and Englishmen. The American has a magic meaning to them, evidently, which the word English does not convey. For instance I was repeatedly taken, on general appearances, for an Englishman. The moment I spoke, my nasal twang, or something akin to that, announced my origin. The officials knew the difference, and when I said simply: 'American,' that was enough. They were all smiles and affability.

In France the customs official, when I said I was a citizen of hte sister republic, instead of examining, wanted to carry my baggage.

"'Ah, no, monsieur,' he said, 'eet ees not necessaire. Zee Americaine? Mon Dieu! He ees ever'ting.'

"In Amsterdam I was truly impressed with the greatness of Minneapolis. My friend, Tutein-Nolthenie, a noted banker, said to me: 'You need not tell me about your Minneapolis interests. On page 203 of my book on America you will find a complete description with illustrations of your Minneapolis saw mills.'"

Then Mr. Clark bowed very low and acknowledged that the Amsterdamians weren't so slow after all.

POLICE ALL ON EDGE

Changes in the Force Will Soon Be Announced.

Mayor J. C. Haynes is not yet ready to announce the prospective changes in the police department, but there will undoubtedly be some coming in a few days. There are reports that Captains Runge, central precinct, Hein of the north and Bosworth of the east precinct, are to retire, to be succeeded respectively by former Captain Thomas Coskran, Lieutenant Michael Mealey and Lieutenant Patrick Quealey.

Friends of former Captain John Landberg and Inspector John Stavlo are trying to land their favorites in the captaincy of the south precinct, but are waging no war on Captain George Sinclair.

Simon McNulty is reported to have hopes of a place on the detective force.

OPPOSED TO SALOON

Mound City Residents Ready to Oppose License for an Establishment There.

August Zodrow's petition for a license to open a saloon at Mound, Upper Lake Minnetonka, was presented to the county commissioners this morning, but was held on account of notice that a protest would be entertained. Several cottagers and residents of the upper lake oppose the granting of a license on the ground that Mound would with a saloon become a favorite resort of the worst element of the lake crowds. There is no licensed saloon there at present.

By a vote of the county commissioners one quarter section has been taken from school section 50, (Long Lake) and added to section 49. Eight acres have been taken from section 91 and added to section 50. Several citizens from Long Lake appeared before the county commissioners this morning to protest the first named change, a petition for which was made by J. H. Winslow. The board granted the request notwithstanding the objections urged.

SLASHED A TOURIST

Pat Fay Was Disposed to Carve Anybody Why Came His Way.

Pat Fay, a sight seer from a small Iowa town, owes his life to some unassuming Minneapolis citizen, who refused to give his name and place of residence. Fay was accosted on Nicollet avenue yesterday afternoon by a man named E. W. Forrest, who stood in the middle of the sidewalk, awaiting all comers with an open jack-knife. Forrest slashed Fay several times across the face and the latter ran towards the Hotel Nicollet in search of an officer. A bystander noticed the trouble and knocked Forrest down before he could cause further trouble.

Both men were arraigned in police court this morning. Forrest said that he could remember nothing of the trouble and therefore pleaded guilty. He was let off with a fine of $10. Fay's case was dismissed.

EXACTLY.

New York Sun.

Mrs. Waggles—How romantic! So she's a woman who has loved and lost?

Waggles—Yes. She married a fellow who spent all her money.

WEST INDIES TRADE

Its Growth Prompts a Change in the Gregg-Seager Company.

Hereafter the Stockholders Will Operate the Sugar Machinery Business From New York.

The Gregg-Seager company, wholesale dealers in iron, steel and heavy hardware at 106-108 Washington avenue N, have sold their business to the Minnesota Iron Store company of 204-210 Second street N.

The stockholders of the Gregg-Seager company have disposed of their wholesale iron trade in order that the officers who were conducting the business might devote more time elsewhere to the firm of William C. Gregg & Co. The two concerns have been managed by the same men. William C. Gregg & Co. are exporters of machinery and implements for use on sugar plantations.

Heretofore the company has found most of its customers in Hawaii. Of late, however, increasing orders from the West Indies have persuaded the company that it must establish its headquarters near New York city at some point where a factory can be erected for the manufacture, on a large scale, of sugar-cane machinery.

The officers of the Gregg-Seager company, who are also officers of the William C. Gregg company, will therefore remove to the east. Charles E. Stafford, the secretary, will start to New York within a few days. William C. Gregg, the president, will follow Mr. Stafford at the end of this week. Mr. Gregg, who still has interests in Minneapolis(will return here at frequent intervals. His family will stay here for the present.

SAYS SHE IS HIS WIFE

Miss O'Brien Charges Her Alleged Common Law Husband With Non-support.

Claude E. Dezotell, residing at 1712 First avenue S, was arraigned in the municipal court this morning on a charge of refusing to support his common-law wife. According to the testimony of Miss O'Brien, Dezotell induced her to go to La Crosse with him last January, promising that as soon as they had arrived there they would be married. The witness said that at the time the arrangement was made she was under the influence of morphine and could not remember the entire conversation. But she said they went to La Crosse, where they lived at a boarding-house as man and wife under the name of Ellis. The witness further stated that she was introduced to the friends of Dezotell as his wife, but that he never made any arrangements for the marriage ceremony. They lived in this manner until April 22 and then returned to Minneapolis, Miss O'Brien going to the home of her parents. When they parted, Dezotell promised to contribute to her support, and at that time he gave her $9. She says she received no additional money until yesterday afternoon, when she asked for money to pay some of her general expenses, and he gave her 5 cents. An occupant of the boarding-house in La Crosse corroborated Miss O'Brien's testimony concerning their life in that city.

Judge Holt continued the case until next Monday, as the evidence of the state did not establish the fact that a common-law marriage had really taken place according to the law of this state.

EAST HIGH BACCALAUREATE

Rev. Dr. M. D. Shutter Preaches to the Class of '03 in First Congregational Church.

The baccalaureate sermon was preached last night before the graduating class of the East Side high school at the First Congregational church, Eighth avenue SE and Fifth street, by Rev. Dr. M. D. Shutter, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer.

Dr. Shutter repeated the Biblical story of the Babylonian king who came to the parting of the ways and chose by lot the road to Jerusalem. The story typified man's experience in life, except that at the parting of the ways he is constrained by his own will only. Dr. Shutter hoped that the many students before him would choose the narrow way thru life. They should take their religion into the market place or wherever their secular duties called them.

"There is no divorce between religion and business. At the parting of the ways every one must decide what business, what profession, must be his life work. In that decision the question to be answered is 'What can one do that one loves to do?' It must be not only a task that one likes, but also a task that brings honor to God."

DRUNK WHEN MARRIED

Relatives of a Deceased Doctor Wish to Prove the Ceremony Invalid.

In seeking to prevent the wife of the late Dr. Stewart Bates, of Virginia, Minn., from sharing in his estate, relatives of the former are seeking to show in St. Paul that he was grossly intoxicated when the marriage occurred in April. Robert J. Bates, a brother and a prominent physician of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., now in St. Paul, has secured an affidavit from George Gerlock, a deputy in the clerk of court's office, to the effect that Dr. Bates was drunk when he secured the marriage license. Affidavits have also been secured from two other people, witnesses of the marriage ceremony, who say he was under the influence of liquor at that time.

MYRTLE WESCOTT DEAD

The Well Known Blind Pianist Has Answered the Final Summons.

Miss Myrtle Wescott, aged 34 years, died yesterday at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Grace Dygert, 1411 Fourth avenue S. Funeral Wednesday from above address, 3 p. m. Miss Wescott was born in Minneapolis and became blind when a little girl. Of an artistic temperament she evinced a strong talent for music and in spite of her infirmity became an enthusiastic student of the piano. Her first public appearance was in 1890 and she had frequently played in public since that time.

STRICKEN WHILE AT WORK

James Howard Falls Dead While Engaged in His Usual Labor.

James Howard, an old man employed at 908 Fifth avenue S, was found dead in the barn at the rear of the house this morning. The people of the house were away last evening and Howard was not missed until this morning. He had done the chores as usual and evidently was just coming from the barn with a pail of milk when he fell dead. He was lying on his face and the overturned milk pail near him. Death was due to heart failure.

HIS EXPERIENCE.

Chicago News.

"Do you consider a man who bets on another man's game a professional gambler?" asked the inquisitive person.

"Not me," replied the party who had been up against it. "I consider him the rankest kind of a rank sucker."

SPREAD IT TOO THIN

Good Roads Folk Want to Defeat Distribution of Internal Improvement Fund.

They Prefer a Few Large Appropriations to the Present Diffuse System.

Funds are now being collected to make a fight against payments from the state's internal improvement fund in accordance with the acts adopted by the late legislature. It will be remembered that the legislators cut this fund into the smallest possible pieces and scattered it broadcast over the state without system. None of this money has as yet been paid out, however.

Behind this movement is the Minnesota Good Roads association, but as this association has no funds it becomes necessary to secure the sinews of war by applying to the interested individuals for private subscriptions. President G. W. Cooley of the Good Roads association, is confident that there will be enough money on hand with which to take the proceedings to the court of last resort for final adjudication.

It is contended that the action of the legislators in dividing the money of the internal improvement fund in the manner which has prevailed for several sessions of the legislature is illegal. The people have formally decided that the state shall have a highway commission for the purpose of supervising all road work in the state and have placed a fund at the disposal of such a commission. The legislature has steadfastly refused to create a state highway commission and has cut up the internal improvement fund in any old way, but largely for the political advantage of the members of the legislature.

There was $62,500 voted out of this fund by the last legislature in sums ranging from $100 to $3,000, altho by far the largest number was in driblets of from $100 to $400. It is contended by road experts that this sum will be practically wasted except possibly where the money is used in the construction of bridges.

MONEY FOR AUGSBURG

The Free Church Conference Contributes $8,000 in an Hour—Foreign Mission Reports.

Routine business matters were pushed aside by the Norwegian Lutheran Free churcheds this morning in order to start raising funds for Augsburg seminary. Professor Sven Oftedal, who took charge of the subscription list in the absence of the Rev. Andreas Helland, treasurer of the seminary, secured $8,000 in about an hour. Over $10,000 is expected before the convention closes.

Much attention was given to the work of the Lutheran board of missions, which is supporting several stations in Madagascar. The board is in rather sore straits as its income was about $2,000 less than expected and the expenses were great owing to considerable traveling to and from Madagascar by the missionaries. The Rev. and Mrs. Sageng are still in France unable to proceed farther on account of lack of funds. The Rev. Elias Aas, Lakeville, Minn., and Professor J. H. Biegen spoke ardently for the cause of the mission work among the heathen and it is hoped that with the liberal spirit prevailing at this meeting that there will be no lack of interest when the call comes for means.

The Lutheran board of missions was authorized to make such arrangements as it deemed best with the United Norwegian Lutheran church regarding the division of the mission field in Madagascar.

ORDAINED TO PREACH

Theological Candidates Were Made Full-Fledged Pastors Yesterday.

Nine theological candidates were ordained for the ministry in the Norwegian Lutheran Free church yesterday. The services were held at Trinity Norwegian Lutheran church and were conducted by the pastor of the church, Rev. Gustav Oftedal, Rev. J. H. Brono of Fargo, N. D., assisting. Those ordained, with their new fields of usefulness, are as follows: Ole C. Dahlager of Dalton, Minn., White Earth, N. D.; John A. Stavney of Dalton, Minn., Alberta, Can.; J. A. Pederson of Willmar, Minn., Harvey, N. D.; J. H. Hanson of Brandon, Minn., Dell Grove, Minn.; Knut Knutson of Marinett, Wis., Waubay, S. D.; Andrew Olson of Vining, Minn., Starbuck, Minn.; O. P. Grambo of Harwood, N. D., Cormorant, Minn.; G. M. Tangvold of Minneapolis, missionary work at Mohall, N. D.; Hans J. Urdahl of Hanley Falls, Minn., Prince Albert, Alberta, Canada.

OYSTERS ANALYZED

They Contain All Classes of Food Substances and Are Easy of Digestion.

New York World.

Did you ever, when enjoying a dish of oysters, stop to wonder whether they were really nourishment-giving or just a delusive delicacy, more for pleasure than for profit?

It is a question that has often been asked and often answered both ways.

Recent extensive investigations in England have solved the problem in a satisfactory way. An elaborate series of chemical analyses in the laboratories of the Lancet, the oldest medical periodical in the world, show that the oyster supplies all classes of food substance—proteid, carbohydrate, fat and certain mineral salts—but that the percentage of nutritive material is comparatively small.

About four-fifths of the oyster is water, tho there is but little more solid matter in mutton or beef, and the meat lacks some of the food matter of the shellfish.

Moreover, the flesh of the oyster is particularly easy of digestion, being largely, in fact, assimilated by the substances within itself.

For these reasons, apart from the gastronomic delights of the oyster, it is recommended as a food, especially for invalids with delicate digestion. It is most easily assimilated when eaten raw.

It is not generally known that a considerable percentage of the mollusk is soluble in various liquids. This makes the choice of beverages taken with the oyster of importance in its digestion.

The best solvent is gin with four parts of water. This is in accord with the English custom of drinking gin with oysters. About 42 per cent of the solid matter of the shellfish is dissolved in this liquid, about 37.7 per cent in chablis, and about the same amount in cold water.

Oddly enough, stout has no effect on the oyster, and beer only a slight effect. Champagne, however, is, scientifically, a highly suitable accompaniment to the dish.

The rough analysis of the oyster is as follows:

	Per Cent.
Moisture	77.0
Organic matter	21.4
Mineral matter	1.6
Total	100.0

The liquor contained in the oyster shell has generally been considered valuable. It contains almost no nourishment, however; in fact, but 9 per cent of organic matter.

The edible part of the mollusk consists chiefly of liver, hence its capacity for digesting itself. When the liver is crushed, the hepatic cells are set free and the glycogen is brought into contact with the hepatic ferment, so that a veritable auto-digestion of the liver takes place.

ACCOMMODATING MUSIC.

Baltimore Herald.

It was at the typical musical comedy.

"What are they singing now?" he asked. "You see, I've lost my program."

"I haven't a program, either. But, by the character of the music, I would judge that it's either that beautiful poetic number, 'Song to Twilight,' or that interpolated 'coon' ditty, 'No Use, Yo' Pullman Porter, Yo' Has Ter Mosey Now.' I'm quite sure it's either one from the music."

THIS WAS THE LIMIT

Col. Wheaton Has a Trying Time With the Worst Pair of Gillies Ever.

A Playful Skunk Figures in the Affair—Vicissitudes of the Two Doctors.

What 'f you have got up 'fore day, 'n went ten mile 'n fished all day, 'n ketched nothin', 'n rid back after dark, 'n got no supper, 'n got wet thru besides. Shucks, what's that 'mount to. You ain't got no kick comin'. Ain't you been fishin?—Philosophy of Colonel Wheaton.

The colonel came into the hotel with a scowl on his face as deep and dark as that which ornamented the classic phiz of Casey just after he struck out. He slumped into a chair, stretched out his legs, and informed the public generally that he would be d—d. Of course nobody asked why, for letting the colonel alone is known to be the shortest way of setting him going, and it did not fail in this instance, for he shortly set off as thus:

"I've went out with a whole lot of gillies, an' general just goin' fishin' was enough to take the curse off, but the gang I went out with yesterday needed somethin' stronger 'n' that. I started out 'ith four of 'em, 'n' two was all right. Doctors, they was, 'n' you'll notice that doc's is gen'rally all right. Dunno why t'is so, but it sure is so. I cal'lated to pick up Bill Richardson out to his house, 'n' shif' them other two gillies off onto him, 'n' keep the two docs myself; but jes' 'fore we got to Bill's, here he come on a hoss, 'thout no saddle, 'n' agoin' likety split. I halted him, 'n' he said he was off to town after the doctor for a neighbor whose wife was took bad, 'n' 'f course both of them docs of mine pricked up their ears 'n' let him know what they was. Docs is allers thataway. They're al'lers huntin' fer trouble, even when they're out huntin' er fishin, 'n' they're al'lers fixed fer it, too.

"Them two had each a little case full o' knives, saws, pisons 'n' other things docs carries, 'n' either one 'f 'em could 'a' killed a house full o' people 'f there 'd been any call fer it. One said he 'd go with Bill; fac' is, we was agoin' right after him soon's he said he wanted a doctor, then t'other says he 'd go, like them two d—d fool Frenchmens in the Sunday papers. An's they hadn't settled which 'd go time we got to Bill's gate, they both went. So I driv 'em over to the neighbors, seein' 'twarn't more 'n' a quarter mile off, 'n' I didn't want to lose 'em 'f I could help it.

"When we got there both broke into the house, 'n' in ten minutes one come out 'n' said it was a see say'ran case, whatever 'n' 'ell that is, 'n' we better go on an' leave 'em, special as it was liable to take 'em all day. He said no doctor could go nowhere, less 'n it was to heaven, 'thout bein' called on to doctor somebody, 'n' have his holiday turned into a work day, 'n' that's right, I know.

"You mind how our own doc tried to go bass fishin' 'n' got up, et his breckfus', 'n' got in his buggy 'n' was drivin' out his front gate w'en a guy come a larrapin' after him to come 'n' help a kid come into a famb'ly where there was 'leven kids a'ready, 'n' n'other wasn't no more wanted than nothin'. Then w'en he got back from there there was two lumberjacks got a fightin', 'n' he had to waste two hours a sewin' 'em up, 'n' a stoppin' the leaks they'd made in each others' hides. By then it was noon 'n' he put up his horse an' cal'lated he'd eat, 'n' then mosey off to the lake, so's to get the evenin' fishin', anyhow. An' w'en he started he didn't git a rod from his door 'fore another guy was after him to come to old Jabez's kids that had et Injun turnip. 'N' w'en he'd drug 'em back to life still another galoot was a hot-footin' after him agin. This time a drunk fool had mistook carbolic acid fer whisky, 'n' t'was plum' nex' day 'fore doc got him pumped out, 'n' so's the marshal could run him in. So he never went fishin' after all, any more'n my two docs yesterday did.

"Well, I put off with the gillies, 'n' got 'em to Eastwood's soon's I could, 'n' we got to work. You never seen a puttier day fer trout fishin' 'n' you never seen trout act so nice in your life, 'n' you never seen chumps sit in a boat'n square refuse to ketch 'em like them two did, 'n' if I was to tell you all they done, you'd say I was a lyin', which I wouldn't do no more'n George Washington could.

"First one of 'em'd hook one, bring him up jus' out of gaff reach, 'n' then git his line snarled, or reeled up so's it all balled on the spindle, 'n' he couldn't wind in no more, or some other d—d fool trick, but al'lers endin' up in losin' the trout; 'n' then the other'd do the same, or wuss, till I'm sure I'd a throwed a fit right there if it hadn't come noon, 'n' we went ashore to eat lunch.

"By that time they had two trout ketched in spite of themselves, an' three pickerel's any fool can ketch, 'n' they'd los' seven spoons, 'n' had only one apiece left. So I cal'lated we'd eat, 'n' soon they'd lose them two spoons they had lef', 'n' then we'd have to go back to town, 'n' I'd get shet of 'em.

"Well, we had dinner peaceful, 'n' was a settin' on the bank a smokin' w'en a mis'able skunk hadn't nothin' better to do than to come prowlin' down to where we'd et, alookin' fer scraps. Now if them guys had let him 'lone he'd never bothered nobody, but they jes' couldn't, tho I tol' 'em what they was a foolin' with. They had to stand off a safe distance 'n cast at the beast, 'n' final one of 'em ringed him fair roun' the neck, 'n' the hooks went into his hide good'n deep. Even then the shunk didn't shoot, 'n' if the fool with the rod had cut the line like I told him, it would a gone off an' no harm done. But he must play him some, an' first thing he knowed he got it fair 'n' square. I crope up 'n' got his rod where the skunk'd drug it into the bresh, 'n' broke the line, 'n' then I took him over an' left him in the woods below Eastwood's w'ile me'n t'other feller went up'n' got a pair of breeches fer him to wear to town. Eastwood give us a old pair fer him, an' f'ever you saw a peacock with his tail fresh pulled out, you know how that feller looked.

"We picked up the two docs on the way to town, foun' 'em at Bill's, 'n' they joshed the life out of that feller all the way in. Said he'd have to be see say'red 'fore he'd ever get out of them breeches, 'n' they'd do it fer him fer love'f he'd let 'em. By the way they said the see say'ran op'ration they'd done for Bill's neighbor's wife was a perfec' success, but I heerd Bill tell his wife both was dead w'ile we was in his yard waitin' for the docs to come out. W'at is a see say'ran op'ration, anyhow?"

—C. C. Kelly.

WOULD NEVER DO.

Chicago Tribune.

"What name?" asked the Boston butler.

"Chief Kicking Horse," said the Indian caller.

"Dear me! That will not do at all. I shall take in your name as Chief Recalcitrant Equine Quadruped."

THE EDITOR'S FEAR.

Baltimore American.

English Magazine Editor—I am afraid—

Assistant—Yes?

English Magazine Editor—That we are not labeling our humorous department plainly enough. Unless we make the titles less ambiguous half our readers will not know the articles are funny.

ALL ONE TO HIM.

Life.

"Look, papa! The duke has brought his coronet."

"Tell him to go ahead and play it. I don't mind the noise."

Monday, June 8th—Retailers' Day—Great Band Contest.

The Young-Quinlan Co.

Formerly Fred. D. Young & Co.

513 Nicollet Ave., Syndicate Block.

A WEEK OF

Extraordinary Offerings

ENTIRE STOCK OF HANDSOME

Tailor-Made Gowns

offered at prices that should cause furious selling Monday and during the coming week——This entire stock of unusually handsome gowns was purchased for our opening May 6th——It was the unanimous opinion of everyone who attended our opening that our showing was the finest ever attempted west of New York——These models were not bought as show pieces, but carefully selected with a view of pleasing our most fastidious customers——They comprise our choicest models and materials——Veilings, Twine Cloths, Voiles, Sicilians, Etamine, Mistral Cloths and Scotch Homespuns.

$18.50 for $40, $37.50, $35, and $30 Gowns.
$27.50 for $75, $57.50 and $50 Gowns.
$42.50 for $85, $75 and $65 Gowns.
$23.50 for $55, $50, $45 and $40 Gowns.
$35.00 for $75, $65, $55, and $50 Gowns.
$50.00 for $125, $100, $85 and $75 Gowns.

Antique Lace Robes. *Almost given away.*

About thirty robes all told——Linen and antique lace robes——the handsomest summer dress of the season——white, linen and blue——Regular prices $38.50, $35.00, $32.50. Choice..... ***$15***

Important Skirt Offering.

The newer ideas in fancy duck, white, blue and black——ring dots, polka dots and plain. We especially emphasize our values at **$2.75, $3.85** and **$4.50.**

Instep Length Skirts.

Every change of the season is given emphasis in our new skirt showing, etamine, veiling, twine cloth and fancy homespun, ***$5.00, $6.50, $7.50, $8.75*** and ***$10.00.***

BASS WAS LOADED

Paretic No. 29 Tells How He Won a Gold Medal and Much Wine.

Six Ounces of Buckshot and a Strong Nerve Win Over Science and Luck.

"Speaking of fishing," said Paretic No. 29, "reminds me of a contest that was held down in the Kinnikinnick valley some years ago."

The president rapped for silence and ordered two rounds at the expense of Paretic No. 13, who had violated Rule No. 3 by taking a mixed drink.

"There was a fishing club at a little lake down there," continued Paretic No. 29, "and all of the members were what Grover Cleveland calls gentlemen anglers. We didn't fish with the idea of bringing in big strings, but we had keen competition to see which one coud land the biggest ones. So one spring the club offered a gold medal for the one who could land the heaviest bass during the year. Each fish, according to the regulations governing the contest, must be weighed by the president, who would record the name of the fisherman, the date and the size of the fish.

"Several members who didn't know what to do with their money added boxes of cigars and cases of wine to the prize. Naturally the competition was spirited with so many useful articles, as well as the medal and the glory, involved. Several pools were made on the result, and from the first the wise ones picked either Judge Jones or old John Marshall for the winner.

Judge Jones used to average twenty-two hours a day on the water when conditions were propitious, and eighteen when the weather was bad. He knew more about bait, lines and all sorts of tackle than any living man. John Marshall had fished the lake for more than twenty years, and tradition said that he could get into a boat any time and row straight to the spot where the biggest lot of bass was located. He was quite as industrious a fisher as the judge, and we figured that as each one would catch three times as many bass in the course of the summer as any other angler, the chances of landing the biggest were in their favor.

It got along well toward the end of the summer, and the judge was leading with a monster fish whose official weight was recorded at 5 pounds and 13 ounces. John Marshall had landed one that tipped the scales at just a trifle over 5 pounds, but his hopes of beating the judge were acknowledged to be slim. Some others strung along with four-pounders, but the judge's fish was the biggest ever caught in the lake since the club was organized, and he had figured out just how he would have the medal engraved, and had invited several friends to help him drink the wine.

"I am not much of a fisherman, and I had no expectation at any time of being a factor in the competition. The best bass I had taken was only a trifle over three pounds, and I had serious doubts of ever being able to land a five-pounder if I got one on my hook. One hot day, however, when I had been fishing for some hours without any luck, I was just about to start for the shore, when I struck something that felt like a half-grown sperm whale. My line went whizzing out so fast that the reel fairly screamed, but I managed to check the shark before he got it all out. I played him for three-quarters of an hour before I finally got a net under him.

"He certainly was a beauty, and looked fully as big as the judge's prize-winner. I took up my scales and weighed him. Just five pounds and nine ounces.

"Then I lifted up my voice and cried and cursed, to think I had come so near winning and failed. Just then I would have given a year's salary if that fish had gone six pounds. Then a thought struck me.

"When I carried that fish up to the clubhouse I could see men coming on the run from all directions. Before the fish was weighed at least six bets were made that it would go over the judge's mark. The judge stood by, affecting indifference, but a good deal worried nevertheless. John Marshall was openly gloating, for he preferred to be beaten by me than by the judge, whom he hated as one can hate a successful rival.

"'Six pounds and one ounce,' said the president.

"Then the judge swore, probably for the first time in ten years. His white hair stood straight up, and he fairly foamed with rage.

"'I don't believe it,' he shouted. 'The scales are fixed.'

"'If you doubt the accuracy of the official scales, judge,' said the president stiffly, 'you are at liberty to try your own.'

"The judge did, and his own scales gave me half an ounce more than the official ones. The medal was mine, for nothing over five pounds was caught again that year."

"But I thought you said the bass only weighed five pounds and nine ounces when you caught him," said Paretic No. 10.

"Have you ever read Mark Twain's story of the Jumping Frog?" asked No. 29. "When that fish was weighed at the club there was just six ounces of buckshot inside him. If any one had been sharp enough to turn him upside down my name would have been mud; but they didn't."

CONCERNING HOME RUNS.

Washington Star.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "doesn't it depress people when some one makes a home run at a baseball game?"

"I should say not! How could it?"

"I should think it would remind a lot of men who are late for dinner of what they ought to be doing."

AS USUAL.

New York Sun.

Spring's harbinger is now at hand,
His music fills the air.
'Tis not the robin, but the jay
Who sheds his underwear.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Chicago News.

Gunner—I hear that the man was killed in a shooting gallery.

Guyer—Did some one accidentally shoot him?

Gunner—No; he smoked one of those cigars they give for hitting the bullseye.

Waltham Watches

The best things going.

"The Perfected American Watch," an illustrated book of interesting information about watches, will be sent free upon request.

American Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.