

DR. NEWMAN'S CHURCH.

Deacon Cummings and Wife Refused to Commune—The Church Rites. [New York Special.] The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered at the Madison Avenue Congregational church Sunday morning. Seven persons joined the church, three on profession of their faith. Deacon Cummings, of the Anti-Newman party, said that the advisability of postponing the communion service had been discussed at the last regular meeting of deacons at which all attended. The friends of Dr. Newman stated that they had heard that friends of Dr. Ranney would refuse to partake of communion at the hands of the deacons on the other side of the house. For that reason Dr. Newman asked that the communion be postponed until after the settlement of difficulties in order that a scandal might be avoided. The proposition was voted down by a party vote of 5 to 4, the majority being friends of Dr. Ranney. The majority held that the postponing of a solemn sacrament that had been solemnized with regularity for twelve years would be demoralizing. Deacon Cummings sat at the communion table Sunday preparing the cubes of bread. Deacon Foster, of the Newman party, went up one of the aisles tendering to the communicants the bread which he carried. Mrs. Cummings, the wife of Deacon Cummings, DECLINED TO PARTAKE. Several others in different parts of the house are said to have done likewise. Some of the friends of Dr. Ranney, as many as twenty-five declined. This created considerable comment. After the evening service many of the members crowded to the front part of the church. Deacon Cummings entered into an animated conversation with Deacon Foster and said afterwards: "Mrs. Cummings was the first to refuse the communion. Deacon Cummings just came to me and apologized in her name, assuring me that nothing personal was intended." Dr. Newman said: "It is only a highly unusual matter anyway, and Mrs. Cummings has not said me an apology, explaining her refusal on the ground that she did not consider herself in a fit condition to partake of the sacrament." Deacon Cummings said: "You must not believe the lies concocted by the Newman side. Mrs. Cummings is a Christian woman and would not act in the manner attributed to her."

"Did she refuse the sacrament?" "I don't know." "Then you did not apologize to Deacon Foster?" "No sir. I was not with my wife at the time, having been engaged at the communion table." Mrs. Cummings said: "Yes, I did decline to partake of the communion bread, but I am not a Newman party because I did not feel prepared to do so. I did not commune the last time. I do not think I was the first one to refuse to do it."

A SIGNIFICANT LEADER.

The Seymour Platform of 1868—It Needs the Principles of the Party Then and Now. N. Y. World. A WORD TO MR. MORRISON.—In 1868 the Democrats held their National Convention in this city. Horatio Seymour, New York's most honored statesman, was nominated for President.

On the committee on resolutions were James A. Bayard, of Delaware; William J. Allen, of Illinois; George W. Gilek, of Kansas; now Democratic Governor of the State; William Preston, of Kentucky; Henry C. Murphy, of New York; Wade Hampton, of South Carolina; and Thomas S. Bocock, of Virginia.

The platform declared in favor of "a tariff for revenue upon foreign imports, and such equal taxation under the internal revenue laws as will afford incidental protection to domestic manufactures, and as will, without impairing the revenue, impose the least burden upon the people, and encourage the great industrial interests of the country."

Upon this platform Governor Seymour ran and carried the state of New York over the patronage of the administration, the prejudices of the war and the great military prestige of General Grant.

It voiced the principles of the Democratic party then. It speaks the principles of the party now.

Only upon the Seymour platform or something like it can New York be carried by the Democrats in 1884.

Western Musical Criticism.

[Aurora (Ill.) Journal.] The Kellogg concert, as might have been anticipated, was largely attended. The dollar freeze-out was rather rough on the hold-lums, but the audience managed to exist without the customary war-whoops. The divine Louise was as resonant as usual, which, by the way, she ought to be, being well seasoned. The editor of this paper makes no great pretensions in the way of musical criticism, but when he gets a \$500 prize, a grand, strab-and-trist, back-gentle, self-adjusting, chromometer-balanced, full-jewelled, fourth-pow, rip-sporting conglomeration comes to town he proposes to hum himself. Kellogg's diaphragm has evidently not, like wine, improved with old age. Her upper register is upstairs near the skylight, while the lower register is closed for repairs. The aforesaid Kellogg performed her grand triple act of singing, rolling the eyes and talking to some one in the wings at the same time. Her smiles at the audience were calm but determined, but her smiles at the "feller" hid behind the scenes were divine. Her singing when she condescended to pay any attention to the audience, to our critical ear (the other ear being carefully folded up), seemed to be a blending of the fortissimo crescendo da-bi-no-or-care either. Her costume was a harmonious blending of the circus-tent and balloon style, and was very gorgeous, barring a tendency to spill some of the contents of it at the top. The Italian part of the business was not particularly unusual, and demonstrated what early associations with the hand-organ and monkey will accomplish. The venerable and obese Frank, Brignoli, was as graceful as usual. His appearance very nearly resembles a dove in a corner, with a water tank on a narrow-gauge railroad. He was not fully appreciated until he turned to go off the stage. He then appeared to the best advantage and to take an interest in getting out of sight as soon as possible—an effort in which he had the sympathy of the audience.

Stonewall Jackson's Daughter.

Washington Star. The world has just discovered that Gen. Stonewall Jackson left a daughter, and England and France have discovered that she is the most beautiful woman that has visited their shores this season. Miss Julia Jackson is said to be a much more beautiful girl than the now famous Jennie Chamberlain, and there is every probability of her being chosen the coming season in London. It would appear that the crop of English professional beauties has given out, as we hear of no one who takes the place formerly filled by Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis West. It is a new field for American enterprise. Miss Jackson is a dark type, and half the artists in London are raving about her eyes.

Kentucky Whiskey Did it. [Cincinnati News-Journal.] Two of the handsomest and brightest young men that have grown up in the capital city of Kentucky since the war were Thomas Crittenden, grandson of the great and good John J. Crittenden, and James Arnold, son of Rev. Isaac Arnold. With physiques lithe and sinewy as the thoroughbred horse of the bluegrass region, with the heritage of honored names, a wealth that was lavished upon their schooling, these two young men and bosom friends might have climbed to any position of honor among a people who love to bestow honors upon robust men of courage and culture. But Tom Crittenden and Jim Arnold early took to drink, in a town that boasts the manufacture of the finest whiskey in the world, and introduced the breezy influence of frontier dash into the very proper society of a staid old village.

FUNG HI ON HIS MUSCLE.

The First Assistant Ironer in Sam Lee's Laundry—A Romantic Story. [New York Special.] A Chinaman named Fung Hi is first assistant ironer in the establishment of Sam Lee on Montrose avenue, Brooklyn. On Saturday Fung was bending over his board when a Chinaman, about 49 years old entered and asked if there was room in the establishment for an energetic laundryman with the best of reference from San Francisco. The only answer Fung Hi gave the applicant was to catch him by the back of the neck and throw him into a vat of soapsuds. Other Chinamen rushed into the place, and the action of Fung Hi found general favor for in his mind he was a man of wealth, dragged from the soap vat, punched in the head and neck, had his nose wrung his pig tail upjoggled and was sent up Montrose avenue under the maledictions of the Mongolians. Some years ago Fung Hi was an auctioneer in Canton and was a man of wealth, having a large garden and an African bird on a sun shade over him when he went out for a walk. Near him lived A. W. Chow, a tea merchant. A. W. Chow came to New York and opened a mammoth tea store in Chatham street, from where he sent many dollars home to his wife in Canton.

His wife in Canton. There also lived in Canton Meen Fung, the man who figured in the soap vat. Meen was a mandarin, and for some reason or other left suddenly for America and came to see A. W. Chow. Chow was in New York, and Meen went to see him. He fed and clothed him and lent him money when he lost a fan. Meen, however, sighed for Canton, and when A. W. Chow said he wished to send \$1,000 home to his wife, he offered to carry the money to Canton. He took the money and a short while after arrived in the Oriental city. He went directly to Mrs. Chow, laid \$10 before her, and said that he had just buried her husband and the \$10 represented his estate. Mrs. Chow, like the auctioneer, never went out except accompanied by her shade bearer. Every day Meen drove over to her garden until the \$1,000 was gone, and then he walked and finally prevailed upon Mrs. Chow to marry him. She consented. A month after the marriage Meen called upon auctioneer Fung Hi. He told him that he and his wife were going to travel and would

SELL THE TEA GARDEN. And while Mrs. Chow was away from home the whole estate was knocked down to the highest bidder and Meen took it. When the authorities heard of the sale they hung up the auctioneer and bastinadoed him. Fung, his business ruined, came to Brooklyn and went to work. Meen, while Mr. Chow waited to hear from his wife and the \$1,000, was in a palatial tea garden. Like the auctioneer, never went out except accompanied by her shade bearer. Every day Meen drove over to her garden until the \$1,000 was gone, and then he walked and finally prevailed upon Mrs. Chow to marry him. She consented. A month after the marriage Meen called upon auctioneer Fung Hi. He told him that he and his wife were going to travel and would

Truman Smith, the oldest living United States Senator from Connecticut, now in his 95th year, continues active in mind, though weak physically, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. George W. Clow, in Stamford.

Mr. H. B. Clayton, the Scandinavian Mormon, who has had four wives—three of them living—and twenty-eight children, should be invited to come East and lecture on "How it Feels to be Colonel of your own Regiment."

Edward Wallace, a member of the East St. Louis board of education, has been indicted by the grand jury for keeping a place for fighting game cocks. Mr. Wallace seems to be a broad and liberal educator. He should set up the plea that he is keeping a school where game fowls are taught the chickenly art of self-defense.

Pretty Mrs. Wise of Virginia says: "When my husband was elected to congress I said I would not go to Washington, as I had nothing to wear. My friends wrote to me to get out the family laces and cover my old dresses. So here I am as you see, with my grand-mother's laces over my old gowns." These laces have been the envy of all beholders.

Queen Victoria has telegraphed her congratulations to the little British army that won the victory at the Wells of Teb last Friday. If the good woman desires to fill her fighting boys in Nubia with an enthusiastic and patriotic reverence for the British throne she should send each of them a cheap copy of her late book containing incidental references to John Brown.

Denver, Col. is a bright, pushing town, but it is not equal to high-priced Italian opera. The Italian opera company opened there last week to \$1,000, and Patti sang at a matinee to less than \$3,000. The newspapers explain the evident lack of musical culture upon the ground that Mapleson placed his tickets at \$5 and \$7. The impresario was evidently under the impression that the streets of Denver were still paved with gold bricks.

A Democratic State.

"New Jersey is a noble, steadfast Democratic State; a State that has stood firmly by its principle in the darkest hours of the Democratic party, and through years. In 1860 New Jersey gave her electoral vote to Stephen A. Douglas notwithstanding the break in the Democratic party; in 1864, to George B. McClellan; despite the trials and prejudices of the war in 1868, to Horatio Seymour, and in 1876 to Samuel J. Tilden. Mr. Tilden carried New Jersey by over 12,000 majority in 1876. Four years later Gen. Hancock very nearly lost the State and obtained a bare majority of 2,000. A careless word in the platform, unmeaning, but capable of misconstruction nearly defeated a popular candidate in the year 1880. The Democratic party of New Jersey adopted a platform which said: "We favor a tariff for revenue limited to the necessary expenditures of the Government and so adjusted as to give protection and encouragement to home productive industry and labor without protecting or fostering monopolies." On this platform speaking the true sentiments of the Democrats of the State, New Jersey elected a Democratic Governor by an old-fashioned majority of 7,000. On such a platform alone, or something like it, can New Jersey's electoral vote be carried for the Democratic Presidential candidate this year. Can the Democratic party afford to do without New Jersey in the Presidential election?"

Simple Tests For Pure Water.

Dr. Baker, of the Michigan State Board of Health, suggests the following simple tests for drinking water: Color.—Fill a bottle made of colorless glass; look through the water at some black object; the water should appear perfectly colorless. A muddy or turbid appearance indicates the presence of soluble organic matter, or of solid matter in suspension. Odor.—Empty out some of the water, cork up the bottle and place for a few hours in a warm place; shake it, remove the cork, and if the odor is in the least repulsive, the water should be rejected. By heating the water to boiling an odor is evolved that otherwise may not appear. Taste.—Water fresh from a well is usually tasteless, even though it may contain a large amount of putrescible organic matter. Water for domestic use should be perfectly tasteless, and remain so, even after it has been warmed. Reich's Test for Sewage Contamination.—Fill a clean pint bottle three-fourths full of water, dissolve a teaspoonful of loaf or granulated sugar, cork the bottle and place it in a warm place for two days. If the water becomes cloudy or muddy it is unfit for domestic use. If it remains perfectly clear, it is probably safe to use.

Gold and Silver. [Philadelphia Times.] The gold shipments continue. Since February 21 they have amounted to \$8,000,000. The European demand for wheat and provisions and the general distrust of American railway securities furnish a legitimate reason for a light movement of gold abroad and the continuation of the silver folly only adds to the tendency of the more valuable coin to seek a home in countries where it has no competitor as money. The politicians in congress are so busy just now trying to put each other in a hole, that they can't possibly take time to pass a bill suspending the silver dollar and the gold standard, or any law likely to continue until silver becomes the real money of the country.

One Victim Watching Another. [Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.] The temperance buzz-saw is whirling with accelerated motion at Columbus, and the Democrats are dangerously fooling with it

THE MABDI.

Written for the GLOBE. A few words about this much-talked-of personage may be of interest at this time. The man is a native of Dongola, a narrow strip of country lying along the Nile, in Nubia. His name was Mohammed Mahdi, and Mahdi, or Mahadi, is a byname, or title, and signifies guide. It is merely a definition. The phrase El Mahdi is equivalent to the Guide. The first to receive this title was the twelfth of the last of the Sultans of the Shuto, a Mohammedan, to which the Persians belong. This first Mahdi, who was a lineal descendant of the Caliph Ali, and also of Mohammed by his daughter Fatima, was a man of great sanctity. He dwelt for some time in a cave near Bagdad, and it is said that the time and place of his death are unknown, though, no doubt, he died. In all ages since, many jealous Mohammedans have expected him to return, and overthrow the powers of darkness, and restore the ancient glories of Islam.

Of the many causes enough to desire to be rid of the rapacious Turco-Egyptian rulers. Under English rule they would certainly fare better; but whether the British government can afford to re-conquer and hold the country is another question.

The territory conquered and annexed by Ismail and his predecessors of the present Egyptian dynasty, and now called Soudan, though a very extensive country, includes but a small part of the old Soudan of the geographers.

[To the Editor of the Globe.] The following may throw some light on the history of "The Bloody Shirt."

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Two Beautiful Ladies. Washington Letter. Two really beautiful women have appeared here this winter—Miss McMullin, of San Francisco, and Mrs. Lay, whose husband is in the War Department. Miss McMullin left last week for New York and New Orleans.

What astounds you most in Mrs. Lay is that she should have been seven years a married woman. How lightly the cares of life seem to have set upon her fair shoulders! I think she is a sort of revelation and surprise to the people who have lived here with her. Everybody seems to have suddenly begun to talk about the beautiful Mrs. Lay. It was a good deal with Mrs. Langtry, who lived quietly in the Isle of Jersey for years without being thought particularly handsome. She and her husband, and all at once she became famous, though she was not one whit more beautiful than she had been for ten years before. Mrs. Lay deserves all the compliments bestowed upon her. For perfection of features, pose of head and symmetry of bust and form, I have never seen her equal. She is a republican, her native city has had from the days of old for the beauty of her daughters. And not only is she a very handsome woman and as fresh looking as a bunch of fresh plucked roses, but her manner is delightful and her conversation most engaging.

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After doing this he hurriedly took two dimes from a box in his money drawer and, procuring some of the "reformers" of the press, followed him to the door, and suffering among laboring men in Pennsylvania. For truth and decency sake, will not some of our "protective" tariff shirkers tell us where the protection comes in? Is it in the Lehigh ore miners at 60 cents a day, and living on raw bacon and dry bread?

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A STRAW.

Sam Miller of Pennsylvania Shouting for Blaine. [Washington Cor. March 5.] "Who is your candidate for President?" your correspondent asked of Congressman Samuel H. Miller, of Pennsylvania, and he replied: "James G. Blaine," he replied; "Blaine, of Maine. You have heard of him, probably." "Do you think he could be elected?" "Of course I do, or I should not be for him. That's one reason I am for him, because I think he is more likely to win than any other man. Another reason is that I think he is the best man we can find for the place."

"And are there other people of your way of thinking?" "Yes, thousands of them all over the country. I think he is the strongest man the Republican party has to-day."

"Can he carry New York, Mr. Miller?" "Yes, he can carry New York as no other man can. I was talking the other day to a New York politician, a man of experience, and intelligence, and he said that Blaine would get 10,000 votes from the Irish Democrats in the city of New York, while his nomination would create no opposition in the Republican party, as would be the case with almost any other candidate."

"Would Conkling oppose him, do you think, Mr. Miller?" "No, I do not think he would oppose him. He might not be enthusiastic in his support; indeed, I don't think he will be enthusiastic for anybody in the line of politics, but I think however, that Blaine would be stronger in New York state than any other man that we could nominate. I feel sure that he could be relied upon to carry the state."

"How about your own state, Pennsylvania?" "Oh, Pennsylvania would be almost unanimous for him. The Democrats would stand no show at all if Blaine were nominated. It would be hardly worth their while to organize and make a campaign there."

"You are enthusiastic for Blaine, Mr. Miller?" "Yes, and so are the people. They see that Blaine was tricked out of the nomination that the people wanted him to have four or eight years ago, and they want to see him nominated. They think that whoever is nominated by the Republican party will win, but the nomination of Blaine would make success more certain, and a defeat with Blaine as our candidate would leave the party in much better shape than with any other man in the field. There are thousands and thousands of voters who are of an independent turn of mind, who, under any other leadership than that of Blaine, would take defeat so much to heart that they would probably leave the party. By that I mean that they would not vote for anybody but Blaine nominated, in case of defeat by the politicians this time, because so disgusted that they would leave the party in case of its failure."

"Are you preparing, then, for a Republican defeat in the case of Blaine's nomination?" "By no means. On the contrary, there are many reasons for thinking our prospects better than at any time previous to the Presidential election in many years. The Democrats are spoiling their opportunity for it, as they usually do."

The American Girl. An Italian paper says: The American girl is champagne. She is glittering, foamy, bubbly, sweet dry, tart—in a word, fizzy. She has not that dreamy, magical, mummy-loveliness of our Italian girl. And yet there is a cosmopolitan combination in the American girl that makes her a most attractive coquette in her frankness, in her pardonable frivolity, in her being a phenomenon of verbal intrigue.

You may lose your head with her easily in a week, and in the way of recollecting what she had said to her yesterday, for she gitted with memory; but your heart—jamaal. It takes a longer time for that. But be sure she will have both sooner or later, and, like a true belle, will sing to you amid signs and smiles.

Be glad while ye may. Nor take the word of the morrow; The sweets of to-day Let us taste while they last. For life is but a passing show, And from the future to borrow; Dull care, like an ort, Fling away to the past.

I can't believe she is half as mercenary as she talks if she has a heart. There are thousands and thousands of people who are strong impression that the Alpha and Omega of life are a modiste and a millionaire. My impression of the American girl is one never to be forgotten. She is bright, brisk, and business-like.

To be concise, I would call the American girl a sort of social catechism—full of questions and answers. In many instances she omits the answers and becomes an incarnate "I've never experienced such a pleasurable witness-box position in all my life."

The White Elephant. I was at the pink elephant's private view and should have written you about the brute before this, only I said to myself, cut bono! Old Tongue Bramah, or whatever they choose to call the "white" elephant, is a tremendous distinction no more white than an alligator is. He has pink patches across his face and trunk, little pink dots on the outside of his ears, yellow toe-nails and a handsome pair of tusks. That's about the size of him as a curiosity, and I don't call that much. Far more interesting to look at is the Mahout Rajee, who takes care of the sacred elephant, an Ethiopian with dark, intelligent eyes, a pronounced moustache and a fine head of curly hair. Rajee falls to his waist. You will have heard ere this that though two bronzes are on their way hither, the learned society in command of the Zoological Gardens has decided that no mummery of worship shall take place there. One thing the arrival of the pink elephant in London has brought out most clearly, and that is that there are plenty of Englishmen here who can speak Hindostanee. Rajee was able to ask for rice for the first time after he got to the Zoo, through the medium of Hindostanee-speaking Londoners.—Globe.

Political Pointers. ALLISON'S LITTLE BOOM. [Jersey City Journal—Rep.] Among the well-known and worthy prominent men of the Republican party who stand, as we may say, in the second row, as probably or possibly the next best thing to the Republican nomination for the Presidency next June, is Hon. William B. Allison, United States Senator from Iowa, recently re-elected to that office. While there is no "boom" for Allison, nor is he a declared aspirant for the nomination, the party might go further and fare worse than to take him.

A PRACTICAL POLITICIAN. Utica Observer.—Dem The most ridiculous feature of this Blaine movement is the readiness with which he is indorsed by men and newspapers that habitually sneer at "practical politics." To this class belong the New York Tribune, Rochester Democrat and Utica Herald. The grievance of these journals against Blaine is that he is an adept in the lowest arts of politics a political prestidigitator rather than a statesman. Yet Arthur is overmatched by Blaine in this respect. The Maine favorite has no superior as a political manipulator, and the fact that his "reformers" of the press follow admirably his adroit leadership speaks volumes for the inconsistency and hypocrisy of the professed enemies of "practical politics."

Protection at Its Best. Munch Clump (Pa.) Democrat. The simple, stubborn fact is that, under the existing tariff, the industries of Pennsylvania receive a much higher "protection" than those of any other state in the Union, whilst in no state is there so much poverty and suffering among laboring men as in Pennsylvania. For truth and decency sake, will not some of our "protective" tariff shirkers tell us where the protection comes in? Is it in the Lehigh ore miners at 60 cents a day, and living on raw bacon and dry bread?

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Timid Lady.—But if you all break, where shall we go? Conductor.—Oh, there are a number more attached as safety ropes!

NOTICE TO BUILDERS! LEADING BUSINESS MEN ST. PAUL, MINN. ARCHITECTS. E. P. BASSFORD, Room 28, Gilliam block. H. S. TREMPER, C. E., 19 Gilliam block. A. D. HENSHALL, Trevellyan block. A. M. RACLIFF, Manselmer block. W. WALTER STEVENSON, Davidson block, Room 28 & 29.

School Buildings, separately. Neil School, Rice School, Harrison School, Addition to the Adams School, and Addition to the Humboldt School. There being two distinct plans with accompanying specifications for the Neil school and bids may be made on either or both separately. Plans and specifications of the above buildings can be seen at the office of the architects, D. H. Millard and A. F. Gnager, Esqs. All bids must be accompanied by a bond with two responsible sureties of at least 20 per cent. of the gross amount of each bid, conditioned that in case the bid is accepted by the Board of Education, the bidder will enter into a contract with said Board to perform the work in accordance with the plans and specifications and for the price mentioned in his bid. The Board of Education reserves the right to reject any or all bids. By order of the Board of Education, R. SCHEFFMANN, Secretary, pro tem.

PILES! PILES! A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles, has been discovered by Dr. Williams' (an Indian remedy) called DR. WILLIAM'S PILES OINTMENT. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions and instruments do more harm than good. Williams' Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a potent, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared in a form that reaches the private parts, and for nothing else. For sale by all druggists, and mailed on receipt of price, \$1. DRUGS, BROS. & CUTLER, Wholesale Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

McGrath Fine Tailoring, 146 EAST THIRD STREET. The want of a reliable diuretic which, while acting as a stimulant of the kidneys, neither excites nor irritates them, was long since supplied by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This fine medicine exerts the requisite degree of stimulation upon these organs without producing irritation, and, in addition, is a pleasant witness-box position in all my life.

Table with columns: DEPARTING TRAINS, LEAVE MINNEAPOLIS, LEAVE ST. PAUL. Includes Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and Lake Elmo and Stillwater Trains.

Table with columns: ARRIVING TRAINS, ARRIVE ST. PAUL, ARRIVE MINNEAPOLIS. Includes Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and Northern Pacific R.R.

NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. "Overland Route" THE ONLY LINE TO Portland, Ore., and the Pacific Northwest.

Table with columns: DEPARTING TRAINS, LEAVE ST. PAUL, LEAVE MINNEAPOLIS. Includes Pacific express, Fargo night express, etc.

Table with columns: ARRIVING TRAINS, ARRIVE ST. PAUL, ARRIVE MINNEAPOLIS. Includes Atlantic express, Fargo night express, etc.

MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. LOUIS RAILWAY. ALBERT LEA ROUTE. General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Minneapolis.

GAS FIXTURES. KENNEY & HUDNER 108 and 105 West Third Street. Opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

Table with columns: TIME TABLE, LEAVE ST. PAUL, LEAVE MINNEAPOLIS, ARRIVE ST. PAUL, ARRIVE MINNEAPOLIS. Includes Willmar, Morris and Brown's Valley, etc.

ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS & MANITOBA RAILWAY. FARGO SHORT LINE. ONLY ALL RAIL LINE TO WINNIPEG AND THE BRITISH NORTHWEST.

ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS SHORT LINE. Leave St. Paul 7:20 a.m., 7:55 a.m., 8:30 a.m., 9:00 a.m., 9:30 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 10:30 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 11:30 a.m., 12:00 p.m., 1:00 p.m., 2:00 p.m., 3:00 p.m., 4:00 p.m., 5:00 p.m., 6:00 p.m., 6:30 p.m., 7:00 p.m., 7:30 p.m., 8:00 p.m., 8:30 p.m., 9:00 p.m., 9:30 p.m., 10:00 p.m., 10:30 p.m., 11:00 p.m., 11:30 p.m.