THE TERROR OF TRAMPS

A Visit to Mine Host West and the City Workhouse Over Which He Presides.

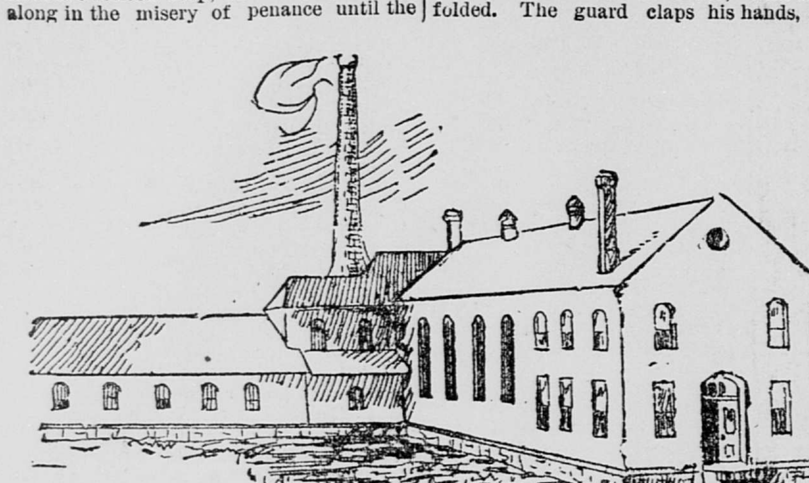
The Miniature Penitentiary in Which the City's Offscourings are Made Useful.

Life in a Workhouse Where Prison Labor is Not Brought Into Competition.

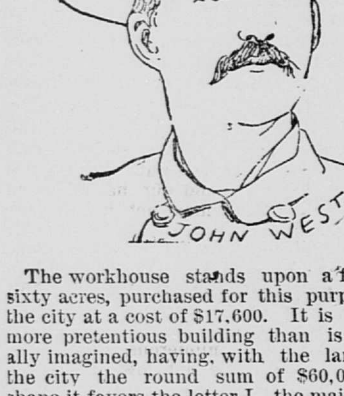
Men and Women Who Live in the Fear of Sixteen Shooter Winchester Rifles.

THE road leading by way of Second street out of North Minneapolis to Shingle creek, in Crystal Lake town, is a disgrace. It is equally a disgrace to ride over this road, if the trip is an involuntary one, with the new city workhouse for its destination. This via dolorosa begins on Second street at Twenty-fifth avenue north, and continues until the section post, at the summit of the hill, tells the traveler he has passed the limits of the city and is in the town of Crystal Lake. It is a broad road, but the dust and sand are fetlock deep, and the pilgrim toils along in the misery of penance until the street ends and the country road begins, where sand is exchanged for good rocks and the ploughing walk for a brick trot, which brings the tourist to Shingle creek. At this classic stream the road forks, the boulevard to the right pointing to a new brick structure, with ponderous smoke stack, a half mile further along. This is the city workhouse, which only last week began its philanthropic work of holding out an asylum to the victims of the Minneapolis municipal court, under the auspices of Supt. John West.

IN PENITENTIARY STYLE.



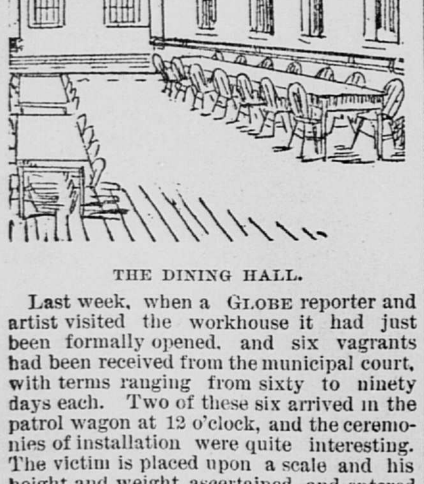
THE CITY WORKHOUSE.



The workhouse stands upon a farm of sixty acres, purchased for this purpose by the city at a cost of $17,600. It is a much more pretentious building than is generally imagined, having, with the land, cost the city the round sum of $60,000. In shape it favors the letter L, the main building being the down stroke, standing with the gable end to the road, the whole being admirably brought to the mind's eye by the accompanying cut. In the rear are two square buildings, serving the use, respectively, of engine-house and coal and wood rooms.

THE BUILDING DESCRIBED.

The main building, for the first half is divided by a large corridor, the offices being on the left and the barber shop on the right, the space overhead being used for sleeping apartments for the guards. The corridor also serves as a reception room, containing the registry desk, scales and height-marker. The rear half of the building is the cell-room, which is fitted up in approved penitentiary style. Three tiers of cells arise in the center, eighteen to the tier. The cells are each ceiled and floored with a solid stone and closed with a grated door. Each door has a special lock, but each tier is secured further by a lever, opening at the end, and closing the row of doors at one stroke. A neat iron bed, with good tick and pillow, pair of blankets, stool and full set of tinware, make up the cell equipment—much better than is usually seen in similar institutions. The room is systematically ventilated, supplied with hot and cold water and arranged for steam heating. In the rear of the main building is the kitchen and buttery and running off in the L is the dining hall, a large commodious room, which will also be utilized as a chapel. The second floor of the rear building is designed for women and contains, besides the neatly arranged bedrooms, a large sewing room. The engine room is supplied with pumps to fill the large water tank and with an elaborate steam heating plant. The farm is bountifully supplied with garden truck of every description and next year a regular crop will be made, it having been too late when the farm was secured for this year.



THE DINING HALL.

Last week, when a GLOBE reporter and artist visited the workhouse it had just been formally opened, and six vagrants had been received from the municipal court, with terms ranging from sixty to ninety days each. Two of these six arrived in the patrol wagon at 12 o'clock, and the ceremonies of installation were quite interesting. The victim is placed upon a scale and his height and weight ascertained and entered in a register. His nationality, religion, social state and status of education are entered, and to each name registered was appended: "He drinks." A thorough search of the person is made, and in one case the sum of $7.30 was found neatly stored away. "That man will be safe," remarked the deputy. "He will never leave us so long as his money is here." When this formula is through the prisoner is turned over to the barber, and every vestige of hair on head and face is removed, the workman being an artist in his line.

An introduction to the bath is the last act, and the performance is generally the most distasteful to the prisoner. While engaged in polishing his epidermis, the clothing is rolled together, labeled and stored in a pigeon-hole, its substitute being the prison uniform of jeans pants, cheviot shirt, straw hat and stout brogans. The ornament to society is then ready for the

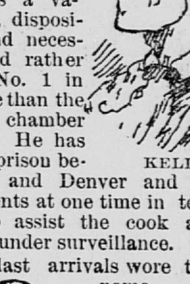
DAILY ROUTINE.

At 5:30 the cook is on deck, and at 6 the gong sounds. Every prisoner arises, performs his toilet, makes his bed and seats himself. At 6:30 the cells are opened and the men emerge, file into the dining-room and seat themselves in order, with arms folded. The guard claps his hands, and the attack on the food begins. By 7 o'clock the men are at work on the farm, quitting at 11:50 to prepare for dinner. The same form is repeated, and at 1 they are again at work, knocking off at 6 p. m. The work, at present, is grading the immediate surroundings of the building, of which there is about 6,000 yards to be done, besides the roads and walks. When these are completed, the men will make the brick necessary for the proposed addition, and will put in the crop for next year.

The meals, if those of last week were fair samples, were excellent, and the fare much better than usually falls to the lot of a tramp. The men are not supposed to be dainty, so there is no style apparent, but the food is plentiful, various and well-cooked. Tobacco will also be furnished in moderation to confirmed votaries, Supt. West believing it to be advantageous. Reading matter will be furnished to those who desire it.

SPECIMEN INMATES.

Of the first six men incarcerated, the state of New York furnished four, the conspicuous character being that of John Kelly. Of a life stretched over nearly three score years, two thirds have been spent in prisons and reformatory institutions; yet so far as known, Kelly has never been guilty of a felony. He is a vagrant by birth, disposition, choice and necessity and would rather occupy Cell No. 1 in the workhouse than the richest guest chamber at Fair Oak. He has been in every prison between Boston and Denver and has not owned fifty cents at one time in ten years. His work is to assist the cook and he is scarcely kept under surveillance.



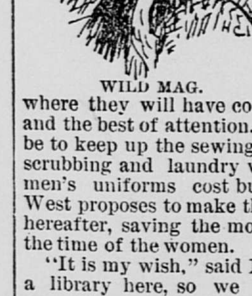
KELLY.

One of the last arrivals wore the same name, probably for the occasion, however. He looked a cross between a Turk and a ragbag, and his language was so interlarded with crook patois as to be scarcely intelligible. When he had passed through the barber's hands and the bath tub he was utterly unrecognizable, and his disgust, when a spade was given him, was entirely beyond description. The other four men were of the ordinary family of tramps, their only remarkable feature being the sinister look about the mouth, always noticeable upon the fresh removal of the mustache.

FROM WAY BACK

THE WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

is as yet untenanted, but this state cannot long exist. The county jail is never without women, and the next invoice will go to the workhouse, where special provision has been made for their reception and entertainment. Supt. West favors the appointment of a matron for their superintendence, believing it highly improper for a man to have charge of the branch. The second story of the main building will be devoted to the women, where they will have comfortable quarters and the best of attention. Their work will be to keep up the sewing and darning, the scrubbing and laundry work. Though the men's uniforms cost but $3 each, Supt. West proposes to make them at the house hereafter, saving the money and occupying the time of the women.



WILD MAG.

"It is my wish," said Mr. West "to form a library here, so we can benefit these men if possible. You might say in the GLOBE that any contributions of books and papers would be desirable right now. We want everything but the daily papers of St. Paul and Minneapolis. It wouldn't do to give them those papers, because it would only keep them informed of the whereabouts of their pals and cronies.

THE OFFICAL ROSTER

of the workhouse is as follows:

Superintendent—John West.
Assistant—Michael Whelan.
Engineer—H. M. Young.
Driver of Black Maria—James McCullough.
Guards—Joseph Hoy, Joseph West and L. C. Noracon.

The guards are armed with Winchester repeating rifles, and are instructed to shoot prisoners who may attempt to escape.

Weak in the Pocketbook.

Tid-Bits.

"Do you know that Nigster is so weak that he can't stand alone?" asked the judge.

"Mercy, no!" replied the major. "What is the matter with him?"

"Why, I asked him if he could stand a loan of $5, and he said he couldn't."

PARIS THEN AND NOW.

Gay Still, but Less Brilliant Than in the Days of the Third Empire.

Reminiscences of the "Good Old Times"—Longchamps During the Reign of Napoleon.

Eugenie and Louis, Auber and Verdi, Plon-Plon and Wicked Cora Pearl.

The Garbs and Trappings of the Wicked French City, by Rose Eytinge.

Rose Eytinge in New York Graphic.

I have seen Paris in many dresses.

I have seen her in full dress, during the Third empire.

And very brilliant and beautiful she looked in her crisp freshness and royal robes.

Shining with the antique gems of empire in their new setting that had been designed for them in the Fortress of Ham.

I have seen her just after the Prussians had left her gates, and very sad she looked —her gems all gone, her once gay garments soiled with the smoke and grime of war—the faces of her children gaunt with slow famine and sad with bitter sense of defeat.

I have seen her just after the fall of the Commune.

And a pitiful picture she was!

Her raiment soaked in the blood that flowed from her heart to her feet, the flowers on her breast torn, and trampled, and withered by the blasts of the fire that had scorched and seared her bosom, and her once beautiful face wounded and disfigured by the cruel matricidal touch of her unnatural children.

And I have seen her during the Republic.

And very tawdry and common and vulgar she looks in her cheap finery.

The Goddess of Liberty is the embodiment of beauty. But she must be gazed upon reverently as she stands upon her pedestal of pure white marble, her feet encased in sandals, her garments unsoiled and severe in simplicity; the zone that girdles her must be of beaten gold, and her brows bound with a fillet snow-white and pure.

But when we see her dressed in motley, with here and there peeping from under the folds of her classic drapery a bit of the tinsel that had formerly done service on some old court-train, and when we see beneath the fillet that binds her brow, with a touch so seemingly light, a band of rusty iron, she is not lovely to look upon,

It is quite possible that Napoleon the Third misgoverned France.

But he made Paris the finest and most fascinating city in Europe.

It is quite possible that her citizens were heavily taxed, but in return they enjoyed the privilege of living in an admirably-governed city, in an atmosphere of lightness and brightness, where the air was filled with the scent of flowers, the sound of music, and the gay laughter of light hearts.

He made her so attractive that the traveler from the farthest corner of the universe hurried to her presence, thankful for the pivilege of pouring his or her wealth into her lap.

It is all very fine for Mrs. Millionaire Mackay to buy a Napoleonic palace and tack a tail on the innumerable royal "Ns" that decorated its facade, making "Ms" of them; and to propose to purchase the Arch of Triumph and use it for purposes of private and domestic fireworks—but the brooch that clasps the spotless robe of the Goddess of Liberty should be of beaten gold, tried in the fierce fire of fate.

The ornaments of Miss France are only French-gilt. Fire-gilt to be sure, but light, hollow, and not likely to wear well.

During the Third empire "Longchamps" was as pretty a sight as one would wish to see.

Perhaps not altogether a refreshment to the spirit of an orthodox New England deacon; but, to the ordinary mere human creature, it was a picture likely to live in the memory, marked with a white stone.

The long stretch of perfectly kept road, gleaming white in the sun as only French roads can, the vast, bright, emerald-green lawn, sunny and clean shaven as a sailor on a Sunday; the horses in the paddock with their well-trimmed fetlocks, oiled hoofs, and glossy coats, with their heads erect and ears laid back as though they knew their value.

The royal stand gay and bright.

The gay groups of men and women dotting the lawn in picturesque groups,

The air filled with perfume and bright with gay banners.

Here they come! Bowling along over the soft green turf in a low, dark landau, drawn by four beautiful bays, with outriders gorgeous and glittering in gold and steel, and postilions with jingling spurs and bells.

The empress, tall and graceful, with her rounded, swan-like throat, sloping shoulders, tapering arms and rippling gold hair. But her eyes are set a little too close together to indicate either a generous heart or a large understanding.

There is the emperor with his fine bearing, his waxed mustache and imperial.

Louis Napoleon was certainly fortunate in his appearance, and like many another light-weight, he looked much more than he was, or would have so looked but for his bulging, heavy, fishy eyes.

And close beside his mother was the young prince.

O! Fair young mother!

Beautiful boy!

Let us thank God no power was given to her to see her boy stricken down in his early manhood. Lying on that hillside in the African wilds, his breast pierced with cruel spear wounds, his brave young spirit passing away, uncheered even by the presence of his lion-hearted but discreet English comrades.

In the empress' train are many beautiful women and courtly-looking men; but, as I am neither a chamberlain nor a chambermaid, I do not know their names.

To be sure I see there the Princess Metternich, as famed for her charities as for her repartees. She is one of the plainest and wittiest women in Paris, when Ouida is in Rome,

To be the first is a great misfortune, sometimes; to be the last (on a benefit program) is fatal to someone.

And there is the Princess Mathilde, not a beauty either, but witty and charming and perfectly dressed.

And there is Prince Pierre Napoleon, "Plon-Plon," looking as much like his uncle, the "man of destiny," as a stone in a 99-cent ring looks like a cameo.

And beside him is his petite young wife, the Princess Clothilde, fresh from the Convent of the Sacred Heart. Alas! for her that she should have left it, to live ever after in the cold shade of his neglect.

And there near the empress is her faithful attendant, Dr. Evans, the American dentist, loyal to her in the days of her prosperity, but how much more loyal to the woman in her dark hour of danger and flight.

And coming across from the paddock—surrounded by admirers, and "small blame to them"—is the beautiful Mrs. Ritchie, daughter of Gen. Wadsworth of New York.

And that stately man, with a complexion like a pomegranate that has hung a trifle too long in the sun, with drooping mustache, small hands and feet, and dark, impenetrable eyes, is Imbar Pasha, chief minister of Ismail Pasha, khedive of Egypt, and one of the foremost diplomatists of Europe or the Easf.

And that dapper little man, with a faint pair of legs supporting a fragile body incased in a dark blue surtout, with a red rose in his button-hole and with snowy hair and mustache, is Auber, the great composer, an octogenarian, but still gay and jaunty and full of the enjoyment of life.

And there, too, is Verdi, soon to go to Cairo to produce his opera of "Aida" for Ismail Pasha, at whose desire it has been composed and who is completing an opera house for its reception in that City of the Pharaohs.

And there is Leonard Jerome, who, with his tall, stately figure and easy grace, with his deep-blue eyes, brown hair, and long mustache, is one of the handsomest men on the ground, which fact is well known of all women there or elsewhere.

And there is Harry Stone, one of the very handsomest of men, with a figure slight and straight, as was Saladin's, and with hair and mustache like white spun silk.

And there is genial, kindly Dr. Johnson, Paris correspondent for several important American newspapers.

"In fact these dreadful, vulgar Americans overrun all Europe," as I heard said by a woman born in a log cabin on the banks of the Ohio river, and who in the russet afternoon of her life went to England, where for a few years she supported herself by writing weekly letters to American newspapers.

And there is Cora Pearl, who, lying back in her low Victoria, is dressed in a complete and ethereal suit of pale mauve.

And so is her poodle, which sits blinking solemnly at her in the little low seat in front. He is dyed every morning to match the gown his mistress elects to wear that day.

By the way, the current talk now is that Cora Pearl was an American. We will be generous. We will permit the tight little island to continue to claim her, while we spread the mantle of universal charity over her memory.

Longchamps under the republic is a very different place.

The grass may be as green, the flowers as rare, the horses as fine, and the scene as gay.

But there is not the same air of well-bred ease.

To be sure there may be seen there many men and women who are helping to make the history of to-day notable.

But there are fewer fine ladies and more coarse ones.

The talk is louder and more "horsey."

Bookmaking flourishes like a green-bay tree—perhaps more like the deadly upas. And it is not a pretty sight to see a pretty, dainty-dressed woman walk up to the booth of the bookmaker and present for payment the ticket on the favorite which she has bought and receive her winnings with an expression of wolfish greed.

And the drive back to town, through the shady alleys of the Bois, through the Arch of Triumph, down the beautiful Champs Elysees, is no longer the moving on of a stately cavalcade, but a noisy, dusty route with a large admixture of rabble.

The same difference that marks the Grand Prix of the Third empire and the Grand Prix of to-day marks the whole of Paris.

All places, all people, all things are tinged with that familiarity that breeds contempt.

The mutilated buildings, still bearing the scars of the vandal hands of the communists. The wall bearing the three words—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—recalling with a shudder not only the recent horrors that visited Paris, but the more hideous memories of the revolution of 1788, meets one at many unexpected corners.

The shopkeepers are less suave and quite as dishonest. The streets are much less clean by day and not so bright by night.

It is not the purpose of the paragraphist to go into the causes that lead to this condition of things.

The explanation may lie in the fact that the French Republic is yet an infant, and like an infant does a deal of sprawling and purposeless yawping.

She has not yet found an exchange for the pageantry and splendor of the banished court, the serene simplicity, the sturdy, silent, self-respect that should mark her movements.

And while the onlooking world marks with hopeful pleasure her steady progress in the march of enfranchisement; when one thinks of the banished glories of the court of the Third Napoleon and the amiable amenities and gracious courtesies of Eugenie, and then is brought face to face with some of the rough elements of republicanism as it flourishes on French soil, one is apt to cry out with the Moors of old, "Aye de me Alhaina!"

And until Paris resumes some of her old-time courtesy, and covers the discolored rags of red republicanism with spotless robes of Spartan simplicity, good Americans had better revise their old-time prayer, and offer a petition that when they die they may be sent to a better place than republican Paris.

THE BEAR DIDN'T CARE.

What a Reckless Beast Did to an Engineer on the Arkansaw.

Arkansaw Traveler.

Old Ephraim Pierce was, years ago, one of the best known steamboat engineers in the South. He was what the boys called a dry old fellow, never smiled in public and never laughed except when he was alone. On one occasion, while his boat was lying at a warf in Cincinnati, a gawky country boy, carrying a carpet-bag, came down to the boat and told Pierce that he wanted to "l'arn how ter be er ingineer." The old man, kind-hearted and sympathetic, had not the courage to tell the young fellow that he had better seek better employment, but with one of his grim tales sought to discourage him.

"My dear boy," said he, "we would like the best in the world to have a new man, but, to tell you the truth, our runs are thickly beset with danger. We run mostly on the Arkansaw river, and the Arkansaw river is full of bears. They swim out and commit all sorts of depredations. Some time ago, while we were running along a bear swam out, caught hold of the bow of the boat, swung himself up and got on deck. He did not stop, but, buckety, buckety, buckety, he walked back toward the boilers. I got out of the way, but my partner was not so lucky. The bear seized him. My partner was as good a soul as ever lived, but the bear grabbed him and jumped into the river. Yes, sir, as good a soul as ever lived, but the bear didn't care a damn."

The young man took up his carpet-bag and climbed the hill.

Watterson in Switzerland.

Letter to Louisville Courier-Journal.

I am glad I am well out of England, and, it being the Fourth of July, I may be forgiven my parting fling. Every patriot must have his fling, you know, and if he does not make it a double-shuffle, no harm need come of it. I am not only out of England, but I am in a republic once more; not one of your six-storied stucco affairs, but a genuine and an old republic, no less than Switzerland itself. The stars and stripes float proudly over my head. We have dined and perhaps we did not drink the president's health and that of Mrs. Cleveland. I am this instant "looking toward them." Across the way is the simple capitol of the Swiss confederation, whose congress adjourned day before yesterday. Out in front are the Bernese Alps, with the Jungfrau hid behind the clouds. Of these things I shall write with some detail hereafter. The Hon. Boyd Winchester met me as one Kentuckian should meet another. I think he had a full heart. I will add that I observed nothing more imposing than a silk umbrella in his hand. His many friends at home will, I am sure, be glad to learn that his health has greatly improved; that is, in point of fact, quite another man, and that he has acquired the confidence of the government and the respect and good will of all classes here.

He Remembered the Dog.

Boston Beacon.

Smythe (who has just met an old acquaintance for the first time in eight years) —Oh, yes, Miss Tompkins, I remember you well, and also what fine watermelons your father used to grow.

She (absent-mindedly)—Oh, yes, I remember, too; and do you also remember our dog? [He did.]

THE BATHER.

The boy walked through the woodland dim,
Upon his way to have a swim,
Before him lay the placid pool,
Serene and lovely, sweet and cool,
Woe is me, Alhama!

Soon o'er his head the boy did yank
His clothes, and piled them on the bank,
And then he ran and didn't stop
Till in the lake he went ker-flop.
Woe is me, Alhama!

Beneath the serface he did pop,
And when he rose unto the top,
He heard, and much unto his grief,
The lusty shout of "chaw roast beef."
Woe is me, Alhama!

He danced around, and had, oh, lots
Of fun in chewing cut the knots;
It took him just two hours to dress,
At which time he had six teeth less.
Woe is me, Alhama!

NEWPORT FRIVOLITY.

Eli Perkins Contrasts Newport and Narragansett.

The Swell Newport Proposal—Love at Narragansett.

A Day's Frivolity at Newport.

Special Correspondence of the Globe.

NEWPORT, Aug. 5.—Just across the harbor from Newport is Narragansett Pier. The ferry runs back and forth several times a day. The two watering places, though within sight of each other, are as much unlike as Saratoga and Chatauqua, or Brighton or Monaco. Newport has one great hotel, the Ocean house, while Narragansett has ten hotels, the most fashionable of which is the Mathewson. The two resorts are very jealous of each other. Newport was established 200 years ago and she sneers at the infant Narraganset, only ten years old. In Newport the belles and beaux drive bang-tailed horses hitched to English dog-carts, while in Narragansett they play tennis and flirt. In Newport the cadish swells play polo as the belles look on and abuse everybody out of "our set;" while in Narragansett they all dress in fantastic bathing suits and go piling promiscuously into the sea. Newport is full of prim, worldly old maids who try to catch imitation Englishmen, with blaze faces, dude eye-glasses and inherited incomes, while Narragansett runs over with laughing, jolly Yankee girls ready to fall in love with the first handsome fellow who comes along. In Newport the girls are all bric-a-brac. They are represented by the eighteen-thousand-dollar peachblow vase, while in Narragansett they are real live Jacqueminot roses. In Newport we hear them talking about "men" and "women," new English terms for gentlemen and ladies, while in Narragansett they talk about the fellows and girls.

NEWPORT DIARY.

The aristocratic Newporters, having retired from the Casino dance at midnight the night before, awaken at 9 a. m. After coffee the fellows, after taking their "tubs," dress in white coats, striped circus-clown caps, knickerbocker trowsers, and dodge around hotel parlors and city shops with tennis raquets in their hands. Girls dress in nun's veiling, and go around to other cottages to inquire about the incomes of the men they danced with the night before.

At 11, all ride to the Casino. Fellows upstairs in the club-house drinking claret cups and playing billiards, and girls listening to the music and abusing the other cottagers. Mothers lay off at home in Mother Hubbard dresses, sigh and say, "I hate all this humbug, and wish the season was over." Old men swear and damn the expense and annoyance of trying to be fashionable.

At 4:30 p. m. we all go to drive. One line of dog-carts, tandems, phaetons and victorias fills Bellevue avenue. Belmont drives a four-in-hand drag. Pugs, poodles, Skye terriers, Japanese and Prince Charles spaniels occupy front cushioned seats, while men (lackeys) ride backwards on hard boards. Old women in Worth dresses loll back, bow sweetly to rich cottagers and then abuse them. Old men sleep off their burgundy dinners, while their sons, the cads, sit up, self-constituted lackeys, buttoned up in tight Prince Albert frock-coats, with their red ears sawing on high Regent street collars. They ogle rich girls through their English eye-glasses and say: "Be Jowve, she's bric-a-brac, yo' kneuw; she's a pill, but her gov'nor'l sugar-coat her with a hundred thousand dot." At 6:30 the heartless parade is over, and all gather at dinner and fill up with champagne and burgundy.

At 6 p. m. flirtations on cottage or hotel balconies. Not genuine love and sentiment, but intrigues and heartless flirting. "It's English, you kneuw."

At 11 p. m. all rush to the Casino. Cads and dudes in swallow-tails, and old maids and worldly mothers in low necks and short sleeves. They dance, they whirl, they revolve, they bow, they wiggle and they romp. Old blaze men sit n ithe galleries and chuckle as they use opera glasses on low necks. Old women sit around as wall flowers, hold fans and opera cloaks, and scold because they don't know anyone. "O, but we are so exclusive!"

At 1 a. m. music ceases. The beaus rush to the club-rooms to take their "night caps" and smoke their cigarets, while the women retire to the cloak room to say sweet nothings or whisper scandal and secrets about everybody not in their set.

There is no love, no real joy. It is a struggle for place—a fight for position. There are cuts and jealousy, and hate and triumphs and defeats, but love and happiness are not here.

THE NEWPORT CAD'S PROPOSAL.

It was in Newport that the first dude proposal was made. They were sitting on the Casino balcony watching the tennis players in their knickerbocker trousers, woolen shirts and Bowery target club hats. She was sweet 28, Gladys was, and had an awful aristocratic father, with no money. He, Algernon, was rich. Champagne flowed in his veins instead of blood. His father had risen from obscurity to aristocratic wealth by economy and hard work. He commenced as a tailor on the Bowery. By and by he became a merchant tailor. Then a merchant tailor and importer. Then the "tailor" slipped off of the sign, and he became IMPORTER. Still he made clothes. His son Algernon inherited everything except the tailor, and when his poor old father died, Algernon Livingstone broke out at Newport, joined the Casino, and drove a beautiful dog-cart, with an English tiger behind and a tandem team forward.

"Gladys," he said, as his big eye opened to drop his eye-glass, "I think I have something confidential to tell you."

"What is it, Algernon?" she asked as she smoothed her bang with one hand and handed him a saucer for his cigar ashes with the other. "What is your secret, Algernon?"

"Well, Gladys," he continued as he delicately blew a fly out of the champagne glass, "I think—I think that under some circumstances I might love you—now do you love me?"

"Yes, Algernon, I do love you—you know I do——"

"I am very glad, Gladys, that you love me, for I——"

"O, Algernon!"

"For I always liked to be loved"

"Well, Algernon?"

But Algernon never said another word Newport fellows never say any more than that.

WM. M. EVARTS ON SHORT SENTENCES.

I met William M. Evarts, our ex-secretary of state, several days ago, and asked him if he could explain the El Paso imbroglio in short sentences.

"In short sentences?" he asked, smiling.

"Certainly," I said, "just common ordinary sentences, such as us ordinary fellows use every day."

"Why, of course. Here it is: Cutting is an American, and while living in El Paso, an American town, he libelled a Mexican, living across the river in a Mexican town, and a few days afterwards, going over the river, the Mexicans arrested him and ——"

"That was right, wasn't it?" I asked.

"No, sir. Cutting being on American soil when he wrote the libel, broke an American law, not a Mexican law. He should be tried by an American court. In America Cutting's alleged libel is a misdemeanor, while in Mexico it is a penal crime. He should not be tried in Mexico for an alleged crime in the United States. You can't break the law of one country and be punished by the penalty of another country. You can't, in fact, break a Mexican law while living in the United States. The United States can never allow Mexico to punish our own criminals for breaking our own laws."

"What do you think about Cleveland's signing the oleomargarine bill?" I asked.

"Mr. Cleveland, when governor, signed substantially the same bill, when passed by the New York legislature, and the court of appeals set the law aside as a violation of the state constitution. This is a precedent." ELI PERKINS.

Evidences of an Engagement.

Rambler.

Caller (at the door)—Is Mr. Brown engaged?

Irish Servant—Well, sor, Oi can't exactly say, sor; but the housemaid do say she heard sumthin' o' that koind. Leastways he calls purty often on a leddy in the next block.

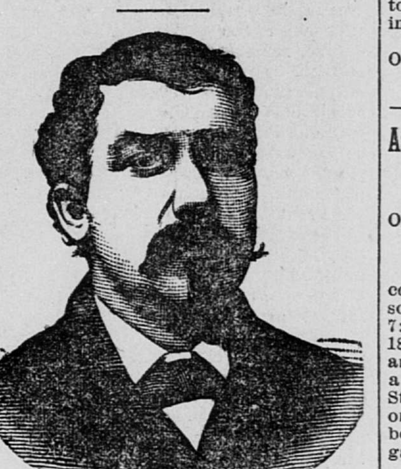
HE TOOK WARNING.

Some Easily Observed Danger Signals Along the Line of Life.

An Auctioneer Extricates Himself From Serious Difficulty.

Edward H. Blanke and His Opinion of the Value of Advice.

Two Very Pertinent Lessons From Every Day Life.



Edward H. Blanke, 2501 Sullivan Avenue.

Mr. Blanke was found by a reporter for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat working near his establishment at the corner of Twenty-fifth street and Sullivan avenue. "It seems good to be able to work," he said, looking up. "In fact, it seems good to be able to move around at all. Some time ago I was taken with rheumatism. For four weeks it kept me in terrible agony. I was hardly able to get around, and then only by using a chair to lean on. I felt, when I moved, as if pins and needles were sticking into me. My feet were very much swollen, and the slightest movement caused agony.

"I went to a doctor, of course, but his treatment did me no good. He recommended a certain kind of baths, which failed to help me. Another doctor treated me with medicines, which also failed to do me any good. The pain increased and grew intolerable. One day a stranger came into my place. He noticed my condition and advised me to go and see Dr. McCoy. Very fortunately I was in a mood to take anybody's advice. I went to see Dr. McCoy and went under his treatment. In a short time all the pain ceased. The swelling left me. My strength came back to me, and now, as you see, I am able to do vigorous work, and am as well and strong a man as there is in the city."

IN ITS EARLY STAGE.

A Baleful Forerunner of a Dangerous Visitant.

"I first began to notice about four years ago, I think, there was something wrong with my nasal organs or bronchial tubes. The trouble at first was small, but it steadily grew worse. I endeavored for a long time to doctor myself, but as my trouble increased and I found that my powers of speech were being impaired, I became alarmed and consulted physicians. The first one said I was troubled with 'swelling of the nose,' and gave me some medicine which for a time seemed to give me relief, but it was only temporary, and my trouble came back as bad as ever.

"This sort of thing continued up until about a year since, during which I tried all sorts of medicines and other doctors, but gained no relief. My breathing became difficult and my cough and spitting more and more troublesome. My palate seemed considerably lengthened, and food did not have the proper taste. I was greatly distressed and worried and did not know where to turn for relief.

"About six months ago I had a very severe attack from malarial fever, and when I recovered from this my trouble, I found, was

GREATLY AGGRAVATED.

I could scarcely speak above a whisper and all my symptoms had grown proportionately worse. The physician who was treating me made an especial diagnosis of my case and pronounced my bronchial tubes to be affected. He treated me for this, but without any special good. In fact, it appeared to me and my friends that I was growing worse all the time.

"I grew despondent. My disease had assumed such a character that it looked to me to be incurable. I could scarcely make myself understood when talking; my breathing was difficult and was accompanied by a rough sound, and I ate scarcely anything at all. My appetite was gone.

"Along in March, when I had about given up all hope, I got hold of one of Dr. McCoy's pamphlets of cases, and after reading it concluded to go and see him. He examined me and said that I had catarrh of the throat and upper part of the lungs, that I was, in fact, in the first stage of consumption. He began treating me. To-day I can talk as well as you and you can discover no traces of my disease at all. I am

A WELL MAN."

The speaker, says the St. Louis Republican, was Marcellus C. Ketchum of 1222 Wright street. Mr. Ketchum is a fine looking, intelligent gentleman of about 30 years of age, and has been for a long time in the employ of O. J. Lewis & Co., the well-known auction and commission house at 417 Broadway and 510 St. Charles street.

Catarrh is the forerunner of consumption. The symptoms which Mr. Ketchum described are the symptoms of consumption in its early stages.

Permanent.

All the contracts, leases, etc., which Dr. McCoy has made in St. Paul and Minneapolis are for a period of one year or more. There is nothing of the itinerant in his practice. He has come here for a permanent location. As the Tribune says, he has "come to stay."

DOCTOR

J. Cresap McCoy,

Late of Bellevue Hospital, New York,

IS LOCATED PERMANENTLY

IN WEST HOTEL BUILDING,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

His offices are on the ground floor, occupying five rooms, fronting on Hennepin avenue, where he treats with equal success all curable cases. Entrance either from Hennepin avenue or the hotel rotunda.

Dr. McCoy's specialties in medicine are chiefly confined to the treatment of diseases of the nose, throat and lungs, including Catarrh, also Bright's Disease, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism and Nervous Diseases. All diseases peculiar to the sexes a specialty.

Surgical Specialties—Dr. McCoy has had wonderful success in the treatment of Club Feet, Bow Legs, Knock Knees, Hip Disease, Spinal Disease and Rupture.

CONSULTATION at office or by mail, $1.

Office hours: 8:30 to 11 a. m.; 1 to 4 p. m.; 7 to 9 p. m. Sunday, 10 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 4 p. m.; 7 to 9 p. m.

Correspondene receives prompt attention.

Many diseases are treated successfully by Dr. McCoy through the mails, and it is thus possible, for those unable to make a journey, to obtain successful hospital TREATMENT AT THEIR HOMES.

No letters received unless accompanied by 4 cents in stamps.

Address all MAIL MATTER to Dr. J. C. McCoy, West Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn.

Assessment for Change of Grade on Robert Street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 5, 1886.

The Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, will meet at their office in said city at 2 p. m. on the 23d day of August, A. D. 1886, to make an assessment of benefits, damages, costs and expenses arising from a change of grade on Robert street, from Third street to the northerly end of the so called Robert street bridge, in said city, on the property on the line of said Robert street, from Second (2d) street to Third (3d) street, and deemed benefited or damaged thereby.

All persons interested are hereby notified to be present at said time and place of making said assessment and will be heard.

WILLIAM BARRETT, President.

Official:
R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works.
219-221

Assessment for Sewer on Nash Street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 7, 1886.

The Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, will meet at their office in said city at 7:30 p. m., on the 16th day of August, A. D. 1886, to make an assessment of benefits, costs and expenses arising from the construction of a sewer on Nash street, from Mississippi street to L'Orient street, in said city, on the property on the line of said improvement and deemed benefited thereby, amounting in the aggregate to $892.50.

All persons interested are hereby notified to be present at said time and place of making said assessment and will be heard.

JOHN F. HOYT, President pro tem.

Official:
R. L GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works.
220-21

Assessment for Sewer on Martin Street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 7, 1886.

The Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, will meet at their office in said city at 7:30 p. m., on the 16th day of August, A. D. 1886, to make an assessment of benefits, costs and expenses arising from the construction of a sewer on Martin street, between Rice and St. Peter streets, in said city, on the property on the line of said improvement and deemed benefited thereby, amounting in the aggregate to $495.

All persons interested are hereby notified to be present at said time and place of making said assessment, and will be heard.

JOHN F. HOYT, President pro tem.

Official:
R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works.
220-21

Assessment for Sewer on Ninth Street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 7, 1886.

The Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, will meet at their office in said city at 7:30 p. m., on the 16th day of August, A. D. 1886, to make an assessment of benefits, costs and expenses arising from the construction of a sewer on Ninth street, from Oak street to Fort street, in said city, on the property on the line of said improvement and deemed benefited thereby, amounting in the aggregate to $680.

All persons interested are hereby notified to be present at said time and place of making said assessment, and will be heard.

JOHN F. HOYT, President pro tem.

Official:
R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works.
220-21

Assessment for Sewer on Wacouta Street

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 7, 1886.

The Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, will meet at their office in said city at 7:30 p. m., on the 16th day of August, A. D. 1886, to make an assessment of benefits, costs and expenses arising from the construction of a sewer on Wacouta street, from Eighth street to Ninth street, in said city, on the property on the line of said improvement and deemed benefited thereby, amounting in the aggregate to $464.75.

All persons interested are hereby notified to be present at said time and place of making said assessment, and will be heard.

JOHN F. HOYT, President pro tem.

Official:
R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works.
220-21

Assessment for Sewer on Olive Street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 7, 1886.

The Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, will meet at their office in said city at 7:30 p. m., on the 16th day of August, A. D. 1886, to make an assessment of benefits, costs and expenses arising from the construction of a sewer on Olive street, from Olmsted street to Pennsylvania Avenue, in said city, on the property on the line of said improvement and deemed benefited thereby, amounting in the aggregate to $1,782.45.

All persons interested are hereby notified to be present at said time and place of making said assessment, and will be heard.

JOHN F. HOYT, President pro tem.

Official:
R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board Public Works.
220-21

Assessment for Marion Street Extension Sewer.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 7, 1886.

The Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, will meet at their office in said city at 7:30 p. m. on the 16th day of August, A. D. 1886, to make an assessment of benefits, costs and expenses arising from the construction of a sewer, commencing on Summit place at the intersection of the sewer on Rondo street; thence north on Summit Place to Fuller street; thence west on Fuller street to Marion street; thence north on Marion street to Edmund street; thence east on Edmund street, to Rice street, and on Rice street, from University Avenue to the south line of the right of way of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway Company, in said city, on the property on the line of said improvement and deemed benefited thereby, amounting in the aggregate to $16,376.50.

All persons interested are hereby notified to be present at said time and place of making said assessment, and will be heard.

JOHN F. HOYT, President pro tem.

Official:
R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works.
220-221

Assessment for Sewer on Dayton Avenue.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 7, 1886.

The Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, will meet at their office in said city at 7:30 p. m., on the 16th day of August, A. D. 1886, to make an assessment of benefits, costs and expenses arising from the construction of a sewer on Dayton Avenue, from Dale street to Miller street, in said city, on the property on the line of said improvement, and deemed benefited thereby, amounting in the aggregate to $3,280.

All persons interested are hereby notified to be present at said time and place of making said assessment, and will be heard.

JOHN F. HOYT, President pro tem.

Official:
R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works.
220-21.

Assessment for Opening and Extension of St. Albans Street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., August 7, 1886.

The Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, will meet at their office in said city at 2 p. m., on the 23d day of August, A. D. 1886, to make an assessment of benefits, damages, costs and expenses arising from the opening and extension of St. Albans street, from Goodrich Avenue to Fairmount Place produced westerly, in said city, on the property on the line of said St. Albans street, from Goodrich Avenue to Fairmount Place produced westerly and deemed benefited or damaged thereby.

The land necessary to be condemned and taken for said opening and extension is described as follows, to-wit:

All that land lying within the lines of St. Albans street in Summit Park Addition, produced southerly to Fairmount Place, in rearrangement of Highland Park Addition, produced westerly, in the city of St. Paul, Minnesota.

All persons interested are hereby notified to be present at said time and place of making said assessment and will be heard.

All assessment notices heretofore given have been annulled.

JOHN F. HOYT, President pro tem.

Official:
R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board Public Works.
220-222