MEN OF MINNEAPOLIS.

Foibles and Follies of Some of the Prominent Dwellers in the City of Flour and Lumber.

Sharp Lances Leveled at the Individualities of Men Who Are Better Known Than Others.

What They Have to Say for Themselves and What Others Find to Say About Them.

Good-Natured Quips and Quirks--Rats and Chestnuts Indiscriminately Mixed Up.

"I AIN'T SAYIN' A WORD, AM I?"

It seems to be agreed that Loren Fletcher is the governor, de facto, of Minnesota. Rabid Republican partisans say so and have their pockets full of arguments to maintain their position. They say that while Andrew R. McGill wears the royal robes of state and sits in the high seat, his crown belongs to Mr. Fletcher, who has borrowed the scepter and wields it with despotic sway. This may or may not be true. Mr. Fletcher said to S. W. Farnham on Sunday night:

"Why should I not control the appointments of this city? It was my money elected that man, ever to paying for the tickets."

Mr. Farnham wanted the indorsement of Mr. Fletcher for surveyor general, but the potential backing of Mr. Fletcher had already gone to S. B. Lovejoy. When he heard this, Mr. Farnham said:

"If you have given Steve your promise, that settles it, and I may as well retire."

Mr. Lovejoy received the plum and the power of Mr. Fletcher was vindicated. The office is a fat one, worth perhaps $15,000 per year, and Mr. Lovejoy has already been smothered with congratulations. Other men had other choices, but it is fair to say Steve had as good backing as the others, without counting the scepter of Mr. Fletcher. As Freeman P. Lane feelingly expressed it:

"The lumber exchange indorsed Sinclair. But the exchange is run by Bray and Bassett, and many lumbermen do not attend—a majority, in fact, and those men indorsed our friend Steve."

So much for the facts alleged in the case. All, too, about that pleasant-faced, urbane and gentlemanly little gentleman, Hon. Loren Fletcher. Everybody knows him, and he knows everybody. While he is not particularly handsome, he has lots of fun all by himself. It is suspected that he is often obliged to retire to a private room and have his laugh out when he hears the yells and howls of his political opponents as they stumble into some trap that he has set for them months and even years before. When he appears in public his face wears an expression that betokens hidden sorrow, and he never allows himself to give the slightest expression of exultation. No matter how great his triumph or his seeming defeat his manner always seems to say, "I ain't saying' a word, am I?"

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Ald. Sly started for Oregon last evening with samples of his unrivaled red paint.

George Hyser, of the West hotel, has purchased a copy of "Every Man His Own French Scholar" and now calls the bell boys by yelling, "hi, there, Garcon!"

James Wheeler, who acts as business manager of the Theatre Comique as well as the architect of holes for vanishing ladies, takes unto himself a benefit this evening.

It is reported than an application will be made to the district court to restrain Tom Moore from attending the Sullivan-Cardiff fight. He denounces this as a scheme of enemies who wish to do him a life-long injury.

Ole Stetsonsen, chief of the fire department, vigorously denies that he has excluded Scandinavians.

Ald. Swenson was on the war path Friday night with his handkerchief to his face.

The reporter who was sent to interview R. G. Evans of the Union league, but who really obtained the political opinions of Harry Hawley of the Union club, is now looking for a job.

S. G. Gale favors the Hennepin avenue court house commission. There's lots in it.

While they are electing honorary members the ice carnival clubs should not overlook J. B. Gilfillan.

Lieut. Col. Landberg has a telephone at his residence and is nightly bothered by calls for cigars and inquiries about the "Dutch baby."

G. M. Wing, the assistant stenographer of the district court, announces his intention of discovering the true source of the Mississippi, and dedicating it "Wing" lake.

H. A. C. Thompson is still an inmate of the poor house and refuses to leave.

When Charlie Foote orates at the water board his voice rises and falls like the beating of the surf upon the shores of some sea girt island.

It is feared that a conspiracy has been set on foot to kidnap Will E. Steele while he is in Chicago and steal him away from Minneapolis.

W. H. Grimshaw, architect, calls a court house commission the "acme of human impudence."

Charley Jacobs has become a monomaniac upon the subject of the Burlington route, and when he dies will insist that he goes to heaven over that line and no other.

John Olson, an employe of Frank Heck, says that he was prepared to welcome one child, but twins exceeded his most sanguine expectations, and he is accordingly setting up two cigars to each visitors.

People who wish to grasp the hand that grasped Sullivan's will be hunting up Mike Breslauer Monday.

It is likely that C. E. Dickinson will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law for attending the plumbers' ball without a license.

THE POLITICAL HORIZON.

Hennepin the Turning Point and Must be Held Democratic.

Relations of Ames to the Party and His Contest to the Cause.

Nothing is more important to the cause of Democracy in the Northwest than the dominancy of that party in the county of Hennepin. The late election has demonstrated that hereafter the city of Minneapolis will be the controlling power in political contests in the state. Wherever she throws her majorities, victory will follow. And this is but a repitition of history. The great centers of population in the older states are the controlling powers, not only in state, but in national elections. Minneapolis and St. Paul will control Minnesota in a short time. The latter city has established her fidelity to the party of Jefferson. The metropolis must come to the front and make a certainty that desideratum which now seems apparent. The election of Mayor Ames last spring was regarded as a sure sign of the prevalence of Democratic sentiments in this city. And, notwithstanding his failure to carry it in his gubernatorial canvas, the result of that spring election is still demonstrative of a Democratic majority in Minneapolis.

So important is this matter to the cause of Democracy, that it becomes mete and proper to keep alive public attention in that direction by a frequent reference to the political situation. Wherever sacred trusts have been imparted to the integrity and faithfulness of Democrats, the careful discharge of those responsibilities must be guarded with an impartial eye, when shortcomings arise they must bear their comment, and honest dispatch of duty must receive its just reward.

NOT ON INDIVIDUALITY ALONE.

It should not be forgotten that the spring election did not turn alone upon the individuality of the two men who headed the respective tickets. On the other hand it should be remembered that each of these men fairly represented the distinctive features upon which the party lines are drawn. One was a sedate, aristocratic, holier-than-those sort of a character, filled with the assurance that what was good for him, opulent and independent, was good for all other men. The other, unsophisticated, undignified, without wealth and defiant to all sorts of hypocracy, to arrogance and assumption; in his daily walks the true exponent of personal independence and liberty; the very antithesis of his opponents. In the first all the arrogated virtues of the Republican party were depicted; in the latter the liberalism, the humanitarianism and all that gives Democracy its hold upon and binds it to the hearts of the people was fully characterized. Those who supported the victor despised hypocrasy and paternalism in government, and loved freedom in all its forms. They were Democrats, no matter with what party they had previously or have subsequently affiliated. The fall election evidences the conclusion that with the rapid increase of population which the last three years have witnessed in this city there has been a corresponding increase of Democratic voters. Without considering the results upon the heads of the tickets, the general average upon the county and legislative nominees of the two parties shows a majority of less than one thousand for the Republicans, and there is little doubt but that this showing resulted from

A FEW UNFORTUNATE AFFAIRS

during the campaign, which drove many Democrats to the opposition, and kept many away from the polls. It is, thererore, safe to conclude that Minneapolis is Democratic. The all-important question to the people who adhere to the principles of that party is, shall she continue to remain so and grow stronger in that faith, as time shall expand her population and wealth, and see her become one of the largest, as she is now one of the greatest, cities in the government.

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The present administration, when it entered upon the dischurge of its duties as the representative of Democracy, accepted, among the gravest and most important of its responsibilities, the implied obligation of maintaining the strength and increasing the confidence of the public in that party. The discharge of this trust called for the exercise of a higher ambition than the gratification of personal aims. He who undertook it should have borne in mind the fact that to attain this end it was necessary to forget his personal interests and constantly keep in view the faithful performance of his official duties. Whether Mayor Ames has been regardful of this political consummation or not; whether he has given the public duties devolving upon him that care and attention which a conscientious officer should devote to them or not; whether he has run the city government under such a regime as was demanded by the great body of the people who elected him or not, it is now apparent that many of his warmest political friends have lost their regard for him which went with him when he assumed the reins of the mayoralty. It is no criticism upon his ability, his honesty or his

DISCHARGE OF DUTY

to remind him that those friends are not pleased with the courses he has chosen to pursue in connection with political affairs. On the other hand it is due to him to say that the whole cause of dissatisfaction among Democrats lies in his political conduct. The writer has heard Col. Glenn say of Dr. Ames, and in the doctor's presence, that the latter did not know as much about politics as an oyster. The difficulties which have induced the displeasures existing have been the outgrowth of an unskillful politician's advices. It is not even charged to him that he is the mover in these faults laid at his door. But the condemnation arises out of the fact that he will be led in directions where he is likely to meet stumbling blocks. Certain it is he has voluntarily gone or been led into a course which is quite sure to prove a dangerous, if not a fatal, path for him to tread. His promised contest is not encouraged by the popular voice of the democracy in his own home, and probably meets the same consideration throughout the state. If he develops sufficient facts, as he promises, to warrant the step, then he will add a power of strength to his hitherto popularity. This not expected. He has not given his friends satisfaction as yet that he has any substantial grounds on which to base his contest. On the contrary, his observing admirers have grown more doubtful of his cause for a contest, as he has spoken of it through the press. The announcement that he will not disclose the facts on which he relies in his petition for a writ of quo warranst, is accepted as an evidence that sufficient facts do not exist to warrant the

ISSUE OF SUCH A WRIT,

For every lawyer who knows enough to proceed to procure such a writ understands that his petition must contain information consisting of facts—not conclusions—which will show to the court that there is cause for inquiry into the right of the respondent to hold his office or franchise. Like all pleadings, his petition will be required to present issuable facts, otherwise it may be expected the supreme court will refuse to grant the writ. Let the doctor remember that he will not be justified if his writ is refused under such circumstances in coming back to the people with the charge that the court was Republican, and he could, therefore, procure no justice. He has, in the judgments of many people, gone illadvisedly into this matter, and his restoration to the esteem of his party friends depends upon the development of good reasons for his actions. The Democracy of the state has paid him an exalted compliment in the unparalled support they have given him and he must not betray the confidence and respect thus shown him by entering upon so serious an undertaking as he is engaged in

WITHOUT WARRANTABLE GROUNDS

for his course. Nor is an abondonment now possible. He has gone so deep into the flood that he cannot now return. Mac both like, he must perish where he is or wade successfully through the stream he has entered. Nor can the doctor ignore the criticisms of his friends in this affair. He stands at the head of the party not only in Minneapolis but in the state, through the promotion of these friends. The effect of failure on his part will be that he can no longer lead, while he will continue to endeavor to remain at the head. As a natural and inevitable result, contentions will arise and the promotion of the doctor, rather than proving a benefit, will end in disorganization. It matters not what his personal enemies may say or do, the body of the party wish him success, not only because he is generally admired as a gallant leader, but because his success is the success of the party.

PUBLICO.

Couldn't Help That.

Julian Ralph in the Journalist.

I got a new view of my calling once when the city editor sent me after something or other in the east side of town. I found my man and approached him with, "Are you Mr. Feldsticker?" "Yah," he replied. "I am a reporter of the Sun," said I. I've been trying ever since to think what he meant by his reply. Perhaps he did not understand me—or else didn't know what he was saying. At any rate, when I said I was a reporter of the Sun he replied, in a fatherly tone full of sympathy, "So? Vell, you can't help dot."

Choice Fruit.

New York Sun.

An elderly woman entered a Broadway fruit store yesterday, and pointing to some ripe tomatoes, said:

"How much is tomatoes a quart?"

"They're worth 40 cents apiece, madam," said the clerk. "I suppose there would be about eight in a quart; that would be——"

"Never mind figgerin'," said the elderly woman, sarcastically; "you may keep them. Good morning."

"Merry Christmas," said the clerk.

Two of a Kind.

Rambler.

Mrs. O'Finnegan—This, mum, is me twin bye, Micky.

Mrs. Worthington—Indeed; where is the other one?

Mrs. O'Finnegan—Shure he's over to his mother's house, Mrs. Toole. Her Jimmy and me Micky wuz twins—born on the same day, mum.

Keep Coe's Cough Balsam in the house. In cases of croup it never fails. At druggists, 35 cents.

FEEDING MACHINES

Is What the Restaurants in Minneapolis Are Gradually But Surely Being Reduced To.

Eat as Fast as Possible, Drink and Be Miserable, the General Rule Among Minneapolitans.

Appetite Waits Upon Indigestion and the Outraged Stomach Cries for Vengeance.

People Who Dine From High Stools and Eat Their Meals On the Jump.

HOW many people of Minneapolis eat their meals from high stools—not using the stools as tables, but as seats to hold them up within easy range of lunch-counters, while they literally "fire" the food into themselves? The people who have no homes, the business men who take lunch down town, the visitors to the city compose a vast army of hungry people who must eat, and that, too, quickly. The average American always eats as though he was in a hurry to catch a train; and the disposition to swallow food as though it was some disagreeable duty to be performed in the least time possible has grown to be a national characteristic. It is only the small minority that seem to understand the philosophy, or the amount of enjoyment to be derived from satisfying an appetite in a leisurely, genteel manner. The home dinners and suppers which serve as family reunions may perhaps present charms that keep some people before their plates a reasonable amount of time, but the restaurant dinner seems to know no law but that of haste, and no conscience which regards the rights of the stomach or the laws of digestion. A glance at the arrangement of one of these public feeding places, or rather machines, is sufficient to understand how true this is for the restaurants and what their patrons make them. Stools are placed close to the counter at regular intervals, which will just admit of comfortable elbow room. On the walls are placards which state in large, plain type what there is to be eaten, and the price. Within easy reach is salt, pepper and vinegar, the former in bottles with perforated tops and the latter in a bottle provided with a nozzle so you can distribute the liquid by squirting it, thereby saving the time and trouble of removing a stopper and pouring it out. On the shelves are platters of cold meats already sliced, sandwiches ready made, pie cut and on plates. The waiter with one motion sets down before you a glass of water, knife, fork, spoon, a pat of butter, plate of bread and perhaps a napkin. While he does this he asks "What's your order?" and yells it out in an abreviated form to a man who stands at a window opening into the kitchen, who repeats it to the cook, and sees that it doesn't become mixed with some other man's order in the shuffle. This happens, of course, when you call for some dish that has to be cooked. If you say, "I believe I'll take some oyster soup" he yells "stewone;" if a half dozen fried oysters, he cries "fryhalf." If you order ham and eggs, with the latter turned, his announcement to the individual at the the window is "hamandover." Hash in his vocabulary is "one plate," sirloin beefsteak is "sirlin." A boiled dinner is "New England," etc., etc. If you call for any of the cold edibles within his reach he catches it up with a dextrous movement consisting of two motions in and out. That is, he lifts it from the shelf with one motion and slings it at you with another. You need never dodge; the plate will always land before you right side up in the proper place. "Teaorcoffee?" He grabs up a cup, catches it on a saucer, holds it for a second under a milk faucet, then under the urn or boiler, and sets it down before you with a jerk and a slam, but doesn't spill a drop. Then he glances at your dishes, performs a lightning mental calculation and lays down a check which has upon it the figures of the amount of indebtedness you have contracted with the establishment.

You naturally catch the infection. The slam and crash of dishes, clatter of cutlery, the bellowing of the waiters, the rushing in of hungry people and the going out of others creates a scene of bustle and hurry that carries you with it, and in spite of yourself you are soon eating with the desperate energy of a starving man, taking big mouthfuls and simply biting the food instead of masticating it. After you have gorged yourself sufficiently you fall off your stool, grab your check, pay the cashier, and fly out the door. You may wonder at first why you were in such a deuce of a hurry when you recollect that you had plenty of time, but you soon cease to notice this, and only when you become dyspeptic will you endeavor to pay heed to the protestations of Your poor abused stomach. The fast-eating habit has built up in Minneapolis a score of lunch counters where every facility for supplying the wants of the inner man instantaneously is furnished. At one restaurant there is a counter 100 feet long, with waiters ten feet apart who can wait upon half as many people at the same time. Visit this place at noon, and the sight of a long line of people being fed, as by a machine, is startling to unaccustomed eyes. Even the saloons have found it necessary to have lunch counters in connection, so their customers will not go wandering elsewhere for their cocktails and beer. Free lunches, which will dull an ordinary appetite, are dispensed liberally. Basements are fitted up in the vicinity of business houses, so as to be convenient to the trade, and the street corners are even utilized by venders of hot sausage sandwiches to catch customers on the fly. Cheapness is another consideration, and a meal for an adult can be obtained for 15 cents, so that legitimate restaurants, where food is prepared to order and some attention is paid to the decencies and comforts of life, find their patrons are being enticed away by the allurements of the cheap lunch counters, which seem to recruit their customers from the ranks of the rich and well-to-do as well as the poor.

It is only in rare instances now that you can find a restaurant situated in a retired

spot, away from the roar of the street, where the room is shaded from the glare of the sunlight; where the waiters move noiselessly and an effort is made to cater to your capricious appetite. When you do find such a place hang to it. Encourage the proprietor, for he needs it in his battle against the feeding machines of the day. Fee the aged Ethiopian who remembers your little idiosyncracies; send a tip back to the cook who handles a porterhouse steak with veneration and preserves its juices for your palate. They are the only protectors you have from the relentless enemies to your health and happiness, who stand behind masked batteries of terra cotta doughnuts, gutta percha pastry and leather beef steaks, and smile while they take your money for satisfying your appetite by destroying your stomach.

THE VANISHING LADY.

How the Clever Trick is Performed--A French Invention That Was Quickly Caught on to by Shrewd American Showmen.

The Hanlons were the first to introduce into this country the clever trick of the vanishing lady. It had been practiced in Paris last season, where it produced a decided sensation. William Hanlon purchased the right to produce it in this country and reserved it until the opening of the present season. When it was first produced in New York it produced quite a sensation, but it didn't take the American showmen long to catch on to it, and in less than two months after Hanlon first presented it the trick was being performed in all the dime museums and side shows. The lady is seated on a chair on the stage in sight of the audience. A cloth is thrown over her by the shomnan, and after pronouncing a few cabilistic words the cloth is removed and the lady has disappeared. The audience feels assured that she has disappeared beneath the stage floor, but can't understand how she got away so quickly and without moving the cloth which has been cast over her.

HOW IT IS DONE.

The lady is seated on a chair which is prepared with wires and springs for the purpose. While the man is adjusting the cloth over her head she touches a spring in the back of the chair which raises a wire frame to a level with her head and projects two wires from the seat of the chair out even with the knees. These wire supports hold the cloth in place, giving the appearance of the lady still resting in the chair. The newspaper which has been laid beneath the chair has a trap concealed within its folds. The rug which lies on the floor is similarly provided. The lady touches another spring in the chair which turns the bottom up and slides her down through the trap. Her feet touch the top of a ladder which has been placed underneath and is being held by two strong men, and she steps down into the room underneath the stage and quickly runs around to the stairway and up to the stage again, making her appearance at the side entrance just after the showman has removed the cloth from the chair. It requires a good deal of nerve on the part of the lady who performs the trick, as the descent from the stage on the ladder is sometimes a perilous undertaking. It requires acrobatic skill and good balancing to get down quickly, as if there is the least unsteadiness in holding the ladder she is liable to be thrown off.

UNIVERSITY NOTES.

The state University has now a skating rink and a good one. Under the efficient management of F. D. Jones a part of the campus was secured, banks made and otherwise prepared so that now all students who enjoy in skating can have as much of it as they wish. At this season of the year, when everyone has a strong inclination to stay indoors near the fire, anything that can call one to open air exercise is commendable.

Dr. McLean began Thursday a course of four lectures on "Books and Reading Prescribed by the Regents for New Students." Dr. MacLean commenced by congratulating the students on the world of literature which was opening to them, and explained the necessity of reading as a supplement to their studies, saying that one broadens his soul as in no other way by reading different kinds of literature. He went on to enumerate the books written on the subject, advising most of all books and reading by ex-President Porter, of Yale. The end of reading is first to exercise the intellect, but its chief end is the formation of character. Reading not only enlarges the intellect, but also the will power and deepest emotions. He briefly described the origin of the various technical terms used in connection with books, closing by likening a book to an insect inclosed in transparent amber—in the same the author's mind being preserved and exhibited by a book.

Prof. Judson delivered an address before the Delta Ligma Literary society last Monday, taking for his subject "A Boy's Recollection of the War." He spoke of the general thought at the beginning of the war that it would be of short duration, and of the universal enthusiasm at the call for volunteers. The soldiers went out, he said, loaded with baggage, most of which they discarded very soon. The officers went away with elegant uniforms and gilded swords, but returned very differently. He described the return of the soldiers after the army was disbanded, with their flags, which were so gay when they went out, all tattered, and how the town was illuminated then by putting a candle in every window pane. A hearty round of applause greeted the professor at the close and all the members of the society seemed to have spent a very enjoyable evening.

Money is being raised by subscription among the members of the S. C. A. for the benefit of the state N. M. C. A.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Carpenter entertained at their home, 1300 Hennepin avenue, the Minnesota Alpha of the Delta Theta and their ladies. There were present Misses R. K. Baker, Shillock, Morin, Gale, Berry, Gideon, Parcher, Brooks, Smith, Foss Stevens, Hall, Petit and Harmon, and Messrs. Storkwell, Leeds, Howard, Anderson, Richardson, Burnell, Brown, Spaulding, Spotswood, Sacre, Moffet, Schimmel, Thompson, Harmon, Fiske.

JOSEPH-JOSEPH,

Affectionately Called Jo-Jo, Relates a Reminiscence of His Whiskers.

This is a picture of Jo-Jo. Jo-Jo is with us again. Jo-Jo is a young Russian gentleman of romantic birth and hirsute adornments. Jo-Jo is said to have been found in a cave near Kostruma, Russia.

Whether his whiskers were found there also his biographer does not state. Suffice it, however, that Jo-Jo has his whiskers with him. As Jo-Jo was with us last year on his farewell tour, and is again swinging around the circle, on another farewell tour, an unbiased description can be given of this interesting adornment. Jo-Jo is a great freak; there can be doubt of that. He bears a strong resemblance to a skye terrier and is just as the photographs and bills describe him. And this is the most convincing argument that can be offered an unsuspecting public. Jo-Jo is with us at the Seventh street museum, and is well worth a visit to those who like the curious. Jo-Jo is full of interesting reminiscences. A reporter had a conversation with him the other day.

"Do you know," said the freak, lighting a cigarette and lifting a delicate tuft of hair from off the end of his nose, to enable him to blow out the smoke, "That the expression 'get onto his whiskers' originated out of a little incident that occurred to me in Chicago. I was exhibited there in a museum, and one day a fellow came in and, after gazing at the other curiosities, suddenly spied me. One look at my face evidently knocked him out, for he exclaimed sotto voce, 'get on to his whiskers'—well, you can bet, he didn't get onto 'em." Jo-Jo was married a year and a half ago to Keibo, the fire-child, a hairy maiden, and they have a baby-hairy also. Its delicate health prevents it from being exhibited. The famous Georgia minstrels, reorganized and strengthened by Ben Hunn, and including all the talent of the old-time organization, has been secured for the stage attraction at the museum, and will give hourly performances.

The Gypsy Baron is the best light opera that will be seen here.

A DOG WITH A RECORD.

Grover, a St. Paul Pup, That is Open to Fight All Comers.

He Was Never Known to Lose a Match --How He is Trained.

Patrick Shanley, the dog trainer, sauntered into the GLOBE office yesterday, and was followed by a common, every-day-looking bull terrier.

"That's Grover," vaguely remarked Mr. Shanley, as he sank into an arm chair. "That's Grover, the dog there. He is a fighting dog, you know. Can lick anything of his

weight in the Northwest for money or marbles, and there is not a dog in the United States can stop him except by killing him. Oh, he's a daisy. Here is his record."

The document showed that Frorer was born on the 8th of September, 1884, in Minneapolis; that he weighed forty pounds when in condition and had engaged in the following fights, being the winner in every case:

Dec. 25, 1885, at Minneapolis, with Pilot, weight 36; duration 1 hour; purse $100; Pilot withdrawn.

March 27, 1886, at Minneapolis, with Jack, weight 45; time 39 minutes; purse $50.

June 15, at Minneapolis, with Mulligan, weight 48; 50 minutes; purse $100.

July 29, in Dakota county, with Tige, weight 43; 1 hour and 19 minutes; purse $100.

Oct. 9, at Minneapolis, with Levi's Jack, weight 43; 47 minutes; purse $100.

Nov. 7, in West St. Paul, with Prince, weight 47; 1 hour and 43 minutes; purse $50.

New Year's day, at Colman's lake, with Bruiser, weight 39; 1 hour and 47 minutes; purse $100.

"A lot of sports here in town imported that last dog from Virginia to do up Grover, but he was too much for him, and the friends of Bruiser had a chance to weep over his grave a few days after the fight. Bruiser was a beautiful dog and had lots of good points, but he couldn't go against Grover and live."

Grover is a cross between an English terror and an Irish bulldog, and has the agility of one and the stubbornness of the other. He is perfectly gentle, and follows his master about the streets with the greatest docility. He takes no notice of other dogs, and never indulged in a street fight but once. That was on an occasion when a large Newfoundland undertook to bully Grover because he was small. In Mr. Shanley's expressive language, "that dog never knew what struck him." Grover is a great pet among the children in the neighborhood in which he lives, and spends a part of every day romping with them.

TRAINING DOGS.

"There's a good deal in knowing how to train a dog," said Mr. Shanley. "I have ways of my own, and when Grover goes into a fight he is as hard as a rock, and weighs four pounds less than he does now. Do you know when is the best time to feed dogs? At 11 o'clock at night. Dogs are the most uneasy animals you can find, and night is the only time they keep quiet long enough to digest their food. When Grover is in training I feed him during the day on cakes made of oatmeal largely, and then at 11 o'clock at night I give him a mutton stew boiled down from three pints to less than one. The cakes are excellent for a dog in training, and I learned how to make them from old man Jintly, a dog trainer from wayback, who was in his prime during the days of Waterford Jack and those other famous dogs of his day. I have a machine at home in the shape of a wheel, which I use in giving dogs exercise. Placed in the wheel the dogs have to run, you see, and it hardens them up. I also train them on the road."

Mr. Shanley is the owner of three other dogs besides Grover, and is very proud of the collection. He thinks that Grover is the best dog in the Northwest, and expresses himself as being willing to back him against all comers. A fight will probably be arranged between Grover and Jumbo, of Minneapolis, who now wears the championship collar, to take place in April.

Expected Her.

Detroit Free Press.

"I suppose that was your wife who was in here while you were down town?" queried a new clerk in a Grand river avenue grocery to the proprietor as he entered.

"I don't know. What did she say?"

"Nothing."

"What did she do?"

"Emptied the contents of both money drawers into her pockets and walked off as cool as January."

"Yes, I suppose it was her, James. I thought she might turn up and that's why I left only 40 cents in change in the store."

An Able Financier.

Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.

"Mary," said an economical Philadelphia husband, "I want to make you a Christmas present this year, but I really don't know what to get. I guess I'll postpone it until next year and then get something nice."

"John, you said that last year."

"Really now, did I? Well, that proves that I never forget you."

"But, John, you may be dead by next year."

"Why, that's true, and if I don't waste any money on Christmas presents you'll be so much the better off. Really, Mary, I'm glad to see you look at matters in such a sensible way."

There are seventy-five people in the Gypsy Baron company.

DR. BRINLEY!

422 First Av. N., Minneapolis, Minn.

One-half block Northeast West hotel

Regularly graduated and legally qualified; long engaged in Chronic, Nervous and Skin diseases. A friendly talk costs nothing. It inconvenient to visit the city for treatment, medicines sent by mail or express, free from observation. Curable cases guaranteed. If doubt exists we say so. Hours, 9 a. m. to 8 p. m. Sundays, 12 to 2 p. m. If you cannot come, state case by mail.

Diseases from Indiscretion, Excess or Exposure, Nervousness, Debility, Dimness of Sight, Perverted Vision, Defective Memory, Face Pimples, Melancholy, Restlessness, Loss of Spirits, Pains in the Back, etc., are treated with success. Safely, privately, speedily. No change of business.

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