AFTER THE FINNY TRIBE.

The Season of the Year At Hand When Sportsmen Seek to Lure the Trout and Bass.

Some of the Spots Near St. Paul Where the Most Lucky Casts Are to Be Made.

An Outfit For a Fisherman Who is After Not Only Fine Fish But Fine Sport.

Disciples of Isaac Walton in St. Paul--Samples of the Most Approved Styles of Bait.

THIS NOW the season of the year when the small boy is too intent upon his pole and angle worms to pay much attention to school books, and the hours drag with leaden wings until Saturday comes, and time is afforded for a search in the waters of the rivers and lakes adjacent to St. Paul, for the finny prey. But it is not the small boy alone who feels his bosom thrill and his whole being radiate with

CASTING FROM A BOAT.

pleasure as he contemplates a fishing excursion, but the staid man of business is only too glad to throw off his multifarious cares and hie him to a shady nook with a book of flies and jointed rod and reel with a silk line, with which to coax captives on his hooks. Sunday is the day when fishing parties most abound in this vicinity, and as an old disciple of Izaak Walton expressed himself to a

A BAD CAST.

GLOBE representative, "there is a fisherman for every fish on that day." A glance at the outgoing trains from the union depot Sunday morning would seem to justify the assertion, and they are all sorts, sizes and conditions, with every imaginable description of tackle. Even the ladies are not averse to carrying a small basket containing materials to catch fish, and possibly a cold, or a blister on their delicate noses

AN AWKWARD CAST.

and some of them have established a reputation for patience in the face of disappointments as to bites that would have put old Job to his stumps. Ever since President and Miss Cleveland allowed the wheels of government to run as they wished and betook themselves to Saranac lake after trout the country has been more than ever interested in this sport, and it will soon be time for stories about these expeditions.

A BITE.

"Going fishing to-morrow, so don't come up to our house," is a regular greeting nowadays about Saturday afternoon, and from that time until the last straggler is picked up by the outgo-

BROUGHT TO THE NET.

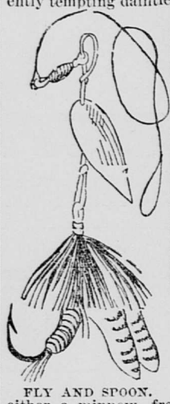
ing train Sunday morning the busy hum of preparation is heard in hundreds of St. Paul homes. The expert fisherman has a complete outfit, and it usually consists of a corduroy suit, broad-brimmed hat, high-water rubber boots for wading trout streams, a small wicker basket for prospective victims, a worm basket or tin box for the same purpose, a couple of jointed, brass-tipped rods, an equal number of reels, two pieces of silk line, each about twenty-five feet in length, and all the way from 1 to 300 snood hooks. Thus equipped the fisherman goes to a favorite haunt, and in many cases to a stream which he is part of, and then business begins.

Such a fisherman is William Dawson, who, together with Representative Rice and Horace Thompson, owns a stream well stocked with trout at Tuttle's old mill, four miles from St. Croix Falls and about three hours' ride from St. Paul. This is a trout preserve, and no one is allowed to fish in the steam unless accompanied by one of the owners or some member of his family. Even a written order will not be recognized by the keeper in charge of the stream. Two dams have been erected, the first covering about eighty acres and the second two miles from the club house give eleven miles of stream, with about 2,500 acres of land to tramp over. The average depth of the running stream is about three feet, although holes have been formed in several places which show a depth of from seven to ten feet, and these are favorite haunts of the speckled beauties so much sought after, and which range in weight from four to sixteen ounces. The fly that is most sought after by trout at this season is a black and grey combined, and in some instances the captive will jump a foot or two above the surface of the water to secure one of these apparently tempting dainties for his appetite.

CORRECT POSITION.

THE SOLDIER-COAT FLY.

This is the fully equipped fisherman's style, but the majority of the seekers after fortune's favors, or "bites," usually rig themselves out with a hemp or linen line and gaily-painted cork with lead sinker, while for a pole they depend upon an accommodating sapling to be found along the river bank or lake side, and then, with



FLY AND SPOON.

either a minnow, frog or common angle worm for bait, they wait for suckers to nibble.

These are the ones to be seen from the car windows as the puffing, snorting engine whirls passengers across the country, and the sight of a wriggling, squirming captive on a hook is a scene that never escapes the most ennuied or bored traveler as he is whirled by a stream of water.

RUBBER FROG.

It goes without saying that, as game fish are so shy in their appetites, the successful angler, with artificial bait, must have the very best. Manufacturers in angling supplies know this, and so they endeavor to imitate nature exactly in flies, worms, etc. Not only is the greatest attention paid to gaining the exact form of the insects copied, but the artificial bodies are made out of substances—usually rubber of

SALMON FLY.

various degrees of hardness—which will sway to and fro in the water's current almost lifelike. Artists of good ability paint these rubber baits, and the insects, made of silk, with the deadly hook almost invisible, are as gorgeous in color as those that live in the woods and fields, or flit from flower to flower, sipping the sweet honey.

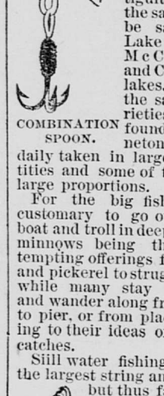
BASS MOUSE.

Fishermen are divided as to the relative merits of artificial and live baits. Any one who has killed 100 or more fine trout in a summer morning with half a dozen little artificial flies is apt to be enthusiastic concerning his black and green hackles, yellow grouse and gray drakes. The fisherman who has twenty or thirty splendid bass in his basket, taken by trolling, will talk for hours upon the merits of this and that gleaming, silvery, feathered spoon-hook. This is well as far as it goes, but the sport of fishing is not all in angling, but in capturing the game you are after. Every man holding a rod has learned this. Yet, however unsportsman-like it may seem, the use of live bait—worms, grubs and the various sorts of "creepers" in fresh water fishing, will kill more and bigger fish in the long run. As live bait, however, of the right kind is hard to get, wise anglers always carry to lake, or river, or brook some of the tempting and beautiful, and natural and deadly specimens of insects or bugs constructed in city sporting emporiums.

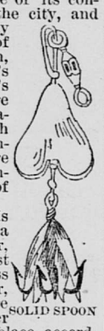
GRASSHOPPER.

The manufacture of these baits has become a real art within the past three or four years, and this season some valuable novelties are presented. Among them is a fur-bodied mouse, with a hook so deftly inserted that the big bass or brook trout that bites it is almost sure to be captured. It is a perfect reproduction of a tiny field mouse, with pink ears, bright eyes, sprouting black whiskers and tiny paws, and tail lying close to its body. Green rubber frogs, made in half a dozen sizes, costing from 25 to 60 cents, are deadly bait for bass and pickerel. They resemble the live jumpers of the woodland marsh exactly. The helgamites now manufactured are as black, as nobby, as many-legged and as tempting to river bass as artificial bait can well be. They are made in several sizes, costing from 30 to 75 cents each. A novelty in the way of single trout flies is the hackle with a tiny gleaming spoon-blade spinning just above the artificial insect. Treble trout hooks of various sizes are made on this principle, but it seems unlikely they should be as deadly as the plain artificial fly, for they are less natural. A most important form of artificial bait, especially for lake fishing and long stretches of still river water, is the spoon. The old Canada spoons of a dozen styles are still popular, but anglers who want spoon-hooks that will keep free of grass and weeds take kindly to the new "spinners." They are generally made with treble instead of double hooks, and heavily tipped with bright feathers, and average in price about 75 cents. They are "balanced"—that is, the bright spoons are placed on the shank of the hook, around which they spin, half on one side half on the other. All these new spoons are fitted with swivels at the top, which prevents line tangling. A deadly double form of these novelties is the "Adirondack Spinner," used for big brook trout. Squids for sea fishing—chiefly for blue fishing—are now made almost entirely of block tin burnished like silver. They are plain, strong and cheap for their size.

WASP



COMBINATION SPOON.



SOLID SPOON

The phantom minnow is a speckle-back of India rubber with a wide, short-eared spoon spinning around the head. It is surrounded by three bunches of treble hooks attached to different silken strands. This is a bass and pickerel bait. The modern salmon-flies are made with wings that "fluff" like those of the real insects. Some of the very best artificial baits for bass and trout are bugs, with well-concealed hooks. Grasshoppers, green, of tough rubber, are calculated to deceive the wariest kings of the stream. Potato bugs, humble bees, honey bees and wasps, shaped and colored exactly like nature, go to fill the white, pink edged, pocketed leaves of the angler's book.

HUMBLE BEE.

SWIVEL SPOON.

Splendid fishing and big strings have been the result of the season's work thus far at all the lakes and rivers in this vicinity, and the most frequented spot is Lake Minnetonka, where pickerel, white fish, black bass, croppies and wall-eyed pike are more abundant than ever before. White Bear lake has also a host of admirers, because of its contiguity to the city, and the same may be said of Lake Phalen, McCarron's and Colman's lakes, where the same varieties of fish found at Minnetonka are daily taken in large quantities and some of them of large proportions.

For the big fish it is customary to go out in a boat and troll in deep water, minnows being the most tempting offerings for bass and pickerel to struggle for, while many stay inshore and wander along from pier to pier, or from place to place, according to their ideas of luck or previous catches.

Still water fishing is apt to produce the largest string and the biggest fish, but thus far nothing exceeds the exhilaration attendant upon hooking a game, active brook trout after a long wade over the pebbly bed of a running stream, varied with an occasional plunge into a hole overlooked in the excitement of the chase. About forty miles from St. Paul, on the Taylor's Falls branch of the Duluth road, there are a chain of lakes named Chisago from the county in which they are situated, and here the most expert fishermen of St. Paul like to congregate, for they are sure of good and continuous sport. Forest lake, also on the Duluth road, and Alexandria lakes, on the Manitoba, are also much frequented fishing grounds, and abound with trout, bass and pickerel, some of the latter weighing upwards of twenty-five pounds.

PHANTOM MINNOW.

Some big catches of trout are already recorded, Messrs. Samuel E. Dawson and Dr. Charles Wheaton at the old mill, a few days ago, capturing 500 in a day, and in one hole the first named took out twenty-five of the prettiest fish imaginable as fast as he could unhook them. Some of the expert trout fishermen of St. Paul are William Dawson, who usually devotes about two days in the week to his favorite pastime; Representative Rice and his son, Edmund Rice, Jr., Frank B. Bass, W. C. Carey, D. B. and George R. Finch, Horace Thompson, Dr. Fulton, W. B. Dean, H. B. Upham and Dr. C. A. Wheaton.

ELOPED WITH HIS NURSE.

A Succession of Romantic Adventures in the Life of Elias Van Steenburg.

Sparkill, N. Y., has been called upon to furnish a pretty little romance. The story opens in September last, when young Elias Van Steenburg, a boarder at the Mountain house, walked into Rockland cemetery and shot himself near Commander Gorringe's grave. Young Van Steenburg assigned no cause for his act except that he was tired of life. He lingered a long time on the verge of death and physicians considered his recovery almost miraculous. At last, to avoid the possibility of his arrest for attempting suicide, his friends removed him by stealth to his home in Connecticut. During his illness he attracted much attention from young ladies of the vicinity, many of the girls being of good social standing. He was a fine-looking young fellow, twenty-four years old and excited the sympathy of his fair visitors. They carried him flowers and refreshments and sat by his bedside and read to him. Indeed, he was quite a social lion. Among his feminine nurses was Mrs. Shelly, a vivacious brunette twenty-nine years old, who was living near Sparkill with her husband and three children. She was very attentive to the wounded man, and he apparently cared more for her company than for that of the other women around him. A few weeks after Mr. Van Steenburg was taken home Mrs. Shelly disappeared. There had been no domestic trouble, and her husband made no effort to trace her. Recently, however, he received a letter from her in which she stated he might "disabuse his mind of ever seeing her again, as she would never return," having married Van Steenburg, "the love of her heart." Mr. Shelly, who is a steady, industrious brakeman on the Northern railroad of New Jersey, has instituted divorce proceedings. He is not at all broken hearted. He married his faithless wife nine years ago, she being a Miss Ann Hooper, a girl of good standing. She has left a very cosy home and an interesting family.

KITCHEN BELLS.

Egyptian petroleum is unfit for illuminating purposes, but for blowing up servant girls it has no superior.—Lowell Citizen.

Formerly, says the Hackensack Republican, the foolish virgins had no oil; now the foolish virgins are too free with the kerosene.

There is a great difference between a musket and a domestic. A musket, for instance, never kicks 'till it goes off.—Yonkers Statesman.

The hired girl who conscientiously reports everything she breaks soon finds herself too dish-honest to retain her place.—Hartford Sunday Journal.

A kitchen girl—
An awkward whirl
Around of coal-oil can;
The girl still there—
Nix "Angel fair,"—
This s'plosion didn't "pan."
—Cedar Rapids Gossip.

Lawn Tennis and Bicycle Shoes at low prices at Lovering's.

WHEN YOU GO TO THE LAKE

The Hot Weather in Town Has Already Started the Annual Hegira to the Lakes,

And Many Mansions Are Closed, the Windows Screened and Doors Locked Up for Keeps.

None But the Servants Are at Home and They Have no Fear of Molestation.

In Imitation of the Owners They Keep Open House and Picnic in the Parlors.

ONE week of hot weather, with the knowledge that all Minnesota people have of other hot weeks to come, has started the annual hegira to the lakes. On St. Anthony hill, on Dayton bluff, and in the quiet streets of old "lower town," where there are solid old mansions and lawns, on which the sun shines only with slanting rays by reason of the sturdy old elms, the annual packing of trunks and putting away of winter goods and chattels has begun, and those people who have figured in upper tendom are off for the cottages at White Bear, Minnetonka and the other lakes. The new dresses in which the daughters will sail through the ball rooms, wield the tennis racquet, drive along the shore or row upon the lakes, have all been carefully prepared and packed in proper shape in the big Saratogas and shipped to some attic in a lake side cottage. The winter furs and dresses, carefully packed in snuff or camphor, are stowed in dark closets of the mansions where their fair owners live, the tapestries are folded away, the costly rugs rolled up and put in their summer vacation places, and the valuable pieces of bric-a-brac gathered together where moth and rust cannot corrupt nor thieves break through and steal. The blinds are closed tight, the front door locked and the gas meter is in for a rest until the returning cool of autumn and shorter evenings again remind the family that another plunge into the whirlpool of society at home must be taken at once. The house is gloomy and dark and lonesome.

THE MAID STAYS AT HOME.

The silence is breathless and the air close; no whisper of the past is there and none of the future; no hint of anything; no rustle among the gray linen folds or even a mild flutter among the gauze to tell of the past gayeties or of those that may possibly take place during the summer, for Jane, the cook, and Betty, the housemaid, and James, the footman, are left to

TAKE CHARGE OF THE HOUSE

and to see that everything goes on properly. And how better can they take care of things than to enjoy them themselves? or what surer way is there of knowing that the rooms are in good condition than to occupy them occasionally themselves?

These ghostly, gloomy, darkened rooms will hold no terrors for James, who knows them well, and is too matter-of-fact to have any faith in ghosts; but the housemaid—familiar as she is with the rooms by winter daylight, firelight and gaslight—will now trip hurriedly by the big, deserted rooms. The cook has no supernatural fears, and would like well enough to entertain her friends in these stately rooms, which are still a novelty to her—she not being as familiar with them as James and Betty. It will be a great temptation to use them—there are the rooms, and there are the servants wanting to give a party. Released from the bonds of servitude for a few months, they will try how it feels to be master and mistress of a town house, and, although they will not be able to enjoy the feeling of proprietorship which going in and out of the front door gives, along with sitting at the front windows—on account of the odious fashion of boarding them up—they will have to run of the kitchen and basement, as usual, and will occasionally ascend to the dining room and honor that stately apartment with their presence on warm summer evenings. But it will be with a difference—James will not don the dignified yet servile air which he has been wont to assume on entering this room, but will enter and read his evening paper at the open window with an air of one who has come to to his own again. The cook's humility will all have left her when she enters without cap or apron, and familiarly seats herself in one of the carved and shrouded arm-chairs, ready, however, as usual, to administer a sharp reproof to Miss Betty about her

TREATMENT OF HER BETTERS.

The temporary respite from the obnoxious tasks of receiving and obeying orders will be fully appreciated—how fully, only those who have been obliged to submit to such tasks can know. It is the holiday time for the servants, a complete cessation of work.

The dinners will be rather more meals of leisure than during the cold months. The cook will grace the head of the table, and imitate the stately manners

THE COOK'S HIGH TEA.

of her mistress, while the footman at the other end will drink his beer with the air of a connoisseur.

The front door is boarded up and the shades and shutters of the front drawing-room windows are so tightly closed that no ray of light from within can find its way to the street—an arrangement which is entirely satisfactory to those who are left behind—for it is possible, and more than probable, that Jane, the cook, and Betty, the housemaid, and James, the footman, will use my lady's drawing-rooms for the purpose of entertaining a select party of their own friends before the summer is over. They must have some compensation for passing the hot weather in town—it is so unfashionable, and servants have as much regard for fashion as their masters and mistresses. The cook will assume the position of head of the house, and before giving a ball will have her afternoon kettledrums and high teas below stairs, in close imitation of those that have been given above stairs during the winter season. James has not been footman all these years for nothing—he knows how to order an entertainment as well as his master or mistress, and the cook is always an invaluable assistant. Under his careful instruction Betty has learned to make a salad and to fold napkins in every conceivable shape—the coquettish Betty, who can flirt a duster and manipulate a broom with as much airiness and skill as any member of her profession—and no one wears neater caps and aprons. There are other Janes, Bettys and Jameses left in town to get what amusement they can out of the hot, semi-deserted city. Nothing is so pleasant as a series of little evening parties. There is no opportunity for anything of this sort in winter, when the "quality" have it all to themselves, and there is no time so convenient as the summer. The kitchen is no place in which to give a party, and there are the parlors all ready; and the Jameses can drink as much as they like without fear of a reprimand, and may go home at any hour they please without fear of being locked out. Betty is not above borrowing a dress from Miss McFlimsey's closet upstairs; but alas! for Jane. She can find nothing to fit her buxom form, and is obliged to content herself with one of her own gowns.

MINNEAPOLIS NEWS.

WANT SEPARATION.

People Who Prefer Single to Wedded Bliss.

The Segelbaum divorce case was concluded yesterday, when the closing arguments were made.

Sophia McWhinney said she married Robert McWhinney at St. Andrews, N. B., Nov. 14, 1868, and lived with him until nearly five years ago, when he began to drink, abuse the children, and finally left her. Mrs. McWhinney then began keeping boarders and is now making a good living. The divorce was granted.

Mrs. Adella E. Brayton, a neat young woman of about twenty-five, wanted a divorce from A. F. Brayton. She said they were married Sept. 29, 1884, when her husband made her live in a shanty that was not fit for a dog to live in. Frequently he threw wood at her and when she dodged would walk up and strike her. He never supported her. A decree was granted.

Barbara A. Rodgers secured a divorce from R. N. Rodgers on the ground of desertion. They were married in New London, Wis., Oct. 6, 1882. They removed to St. Paul in 1883, and on Feb. 15, 1884, Mr. Rodgers left, and since then has not cared for his family. Soon after he left his wife gave birth to a child, which the father has never seen. Since her husband left her Mrs. Rodgers has lived with her father.

DISTRICT COURT NOTES.

The case of Ames & Moore vs. T. W. Hanley has been dismissed.

Long & Kus secured a judgment of $610 against F. T. Peet et al., for work.

The case of Albert W. Hankins vs. Monroe & Irving, has been referred to the clerk.

J. W. Mobyneaux will take disclosure in the case of Janney Bros., vs. D. A. Allen & Co.

Judgment was rendered for the plaintiff in the case of R. J. Mendenhall vs. J. A. McLeod.

The report of the commissioners favoring the opening of Twenty-eighth street was confirmed.

In the matter of the assignment of J. T. King & Co., the final account of the assignee was allowed.

The account of the assignee in the matter of the assignment of Gurney, Hall & Co., has been allowed,

The order to show cause was discharged in the case of William J. Sheehan vs. Thomas McQuade et al.

In the case of David Dows et al. against the Northwestern Grain Dealers' association, an answer has been filed.

Owing to the non-appearance of the plaintiff, the case of John Norton vs. W. W. Brown has been stricken from the calendar.

The application of the creditors of J. C. Constable & Co., for the appointment of a receiver for the firm, was argued at some length before Judge Hicks, and the case dismissed.

Elwood S. Corser, George N. Merriam and George G. Boshart have been appointed commissioners in the Minneapolis Railway Terminal company condemnation proceedings.

Lydia R. Richards has begun suit against Florence L. and Francis J. Dieudonne to recover a quantity of land. In her complaint Mrs. Richards alleges that Seth Abbott borrowed the money of Mrs. Dieudonne and to secure the payment thereof gave her a mortgage on land in Emma Abbott park. Later on Mr. Abbott sold the land to Mrs. Richards, but when he came to take possession he found Mrs. Dieudonne in possession.

Failed to Habeas Him.

Several efforts have been made to secure the release of Ted Huth, wanted at Eau Claire for burglarizing the store of E. A. Nichols. He once secured his release, but was immediately rearrested upon the charge of being a fugutive. Yesterday Sheriff Dunn arrived from Eau Claire with requisition papers and gobbled his prisoner in the nick of time, just as the local authorities were forced to the conclusion that he must be let go.

SLEEP MURDERERS.

Every cat has a night key. It keeps it in its voice.—Burlington Free Press.

"Every dog has its day," but the cats monopolize the nights.—Whitehall Times.

An English doctor has discovered that cats die of liver complaint. When? Where?—Detroit Free Press.

Don't monkey with a cat or you will get scratched. It is a case of claws and effect.—Washington Critic.

"Is there anything that will awaken this town?" feverishly demands an exchange. Import some cats.—Burlington Free Press.

A Western man has a cat that sings, and he says "the music would carry you away." We would prefer to have it carry the cat away.—Yonkers Statesman.

Some one once said that care killed a cat. What we want to know is the exact locality where a good quantity of the quality of care above referred to can be procured at any price.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Are all the singers dead?" asks a poet. Guess not. We heard a pair of them on a shed roof last night, that had a few lives left. Come around with your gun some evening.—Burlington Free Press.

The Best Place to Buy a Watch, Clock or jewelry, Emil Geist, 85 East Third street.

Every Farmer Knows

That weeds must be torn up by the roots, or they will be sure to crop out again. So it is with diseases which have their origin in depraved blood. The cause of the complaint must be removed by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, or no permanent cure is possible. Try it.

C. W. Allen, Druggist, of Brunswick, Me., says: "I have never known Ayer's Sarsaparilla fail to give satisfaction. In hundreds of cases within my knowledge it has proved a perfect specific for diseases arising from impurities in the blood. I regard it as an invaluable spring medicine."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Worth $5 a bottle.

FIELD, MAHLER & CO.

SPECIALTIES FOR THE WEEK

Just Received, a New Invoice of Our

Children's and Youths' Double Knee Cotton Hose,

Which have given our customers so much satisfaction. They are Heavy Black Ribbed, with White feet, and only 25c a pair.

Ladies' Gauze Vests, low neck, ribbed arms, Jersey fitting, at 25c.
Ladies' "Schopper" Lisle Hose, in black, tan, modes, double heels and toes, at 40c.
Ladies' and Gents' Gauze Vests, splendid value, at 25c.

SILK DEPARTMENT!

Several pieces all-silk Colored Figured Grenadines, at 75c, reduced from $1.50.
China and India Silks, at 97c, of the latest designs, former price $1.25, $1.35 and $1.50.
200 pieces All-wool Dress Goods at the uniform price of 50c, worth from 75c to $1.
These goods, owing to the lateness of the season, were lately bought at greatly reduced prices in the Eastern market. In our

LINEN DEPARTMENT

We shall offer the following Special Bargains:

100 Dozen 5-8 NAPKINS, at $1.
100 Dozen 5-8 NAPKINS, at $1.25.
100 Dozen 5-8 NAPKINS, at $1.62.
50 Dozen 5-8 NAPKINS, at $2.50.
100 Dozen 18x40 TOWELS, at $1.20.
50 Dozen 20x42 TOWELS, at $2.16.
100 Dozen 22x45 TOWELS, at $3.16.
50 Pieces 22-inch GLASS TOWELING, at 13c per yard.
2 Cases Honeycomb QUILTS, at $1.
1,500 Yards Striped SCRIM, at 9 and 10 cents.
All the above goods are from 20 to 40 per cent. under actual value.

JUST OPENED, A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

BLACK LACE FLOUNCINGS, WHITE EMBROIDERED FLOUNCINGS.

Also, the Very Newest Designs in REVERING EMBROIDERY.

NEW IMPORTATION OF OUR

CELEBRATED JOUVIN SUEDE GLOVES,

In Gray and Tan Shades.

A COMPLETE LINE OF LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR!

Chemises at 25c. Drawers at 25c. Corset Covers at 25c.

A LARGE LINE OF LADIES' DRESSING SACQUES!

Orders from Out-of-Town Receive Our Careful and Prompt Attention.

FIELD, MAHLER & CO.,

Cor. Third and Wabasha Streets, Bridge Square,

ST. PAUL.

NOWHERE ELSE

In the city will you find such an attractive line of Light-Weight

SUMMER GARMENTS

As you will at SATTLER'S. We have a very large stock in all kinds and qualities. In men's Coats and Vests we have Seersuckers, Pongees, Silk Mohairs, Drap d'Etes, Cashmeres, Alpacas, and White, Checked, Striped and Blue Flannels. Also a large line of Office Coats. Alpacas and Linen Dusters and White Vests at ridiculously low prices. Light-weight Cassimere suits, suitable for dress occasions.

SATTLER BROS.,

91 EAST THIRD STREET, ST. PAUL.

R. A. LANPHER & CO.,

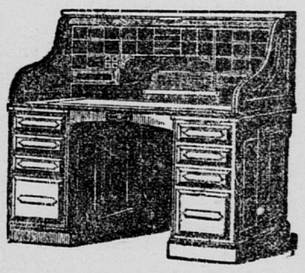
Leading Hatters

MEN'S FURNISHERS AND SHIRT MAKERS,

Sole Agents for Dunlap Hats.

153 EAST THIRD STREET, FOUR DOORS ABOVE MERCHANTS HOTEL.

CORLIES, CHAPMAN & DRAKE, (Incorporated)



Have in Store a Large Stock of

Office Desks and Wood Mantels,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Bank and Office Fixtures,

Hard Wood Finish and Interior SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS.

Store---Eighth and Jackson Streets.

Central Factory, Seven Corners, St. Paul

THE ICE PALACE

REFRIGERATOR!

Manufactured at the St. Paul Box Factory and Planing Mill, also Fisher's Grocery and Butcher Boxes and Cold Storage Houses, Counter, Store, Office and Drug Fixtures, Custom Planing, Moulding, Turning, Scroll and Resawing, Wainscotting, Casings and Hardwood Flooring. Railroad track privileges.

BLODGETT & OSGOOD, Cor. E. Fourth & Locust.

SULLIVAN

Makes a Statement Which is of Interest to the Public.

The General Office of the Omaha, Corner Fourth and Rosabel Streets.

James Judge, of Minneapolis, a Trusted Employe of Anthony Kelly & Co., Wholesale Grocers, Surprises His Friends.

In every well regulated establishment of any consequence, either office or shop, there are always one or more watchmen to look after the premises in the absence of the mechanics or those who are employed there. Such is the position held for a number of years by Mr. Timothy Sullivan at the general office of the Omaha Railroad company, corner Fourth and Rosabel streets, St. Paul. Mr. Sullivan has resided in St. Paul for the last fifteen years, and always enjoyed excellent health and had not lost a single day's work from ill health until about a year and a half ago, when, to use his own words, "I took a slight cold, which seemed to settle on my lungs and caused me a very great deal of trouble and uneasiness. I had a kind of a dry, hacking cough, and would spit up a kind of a mattery substance, which was sometimes streaked with blood. Had almost continual pains in my forehead and chest and a

RINGING NOISE IN HEAD

which was very annoying and disagreeable. I could not sleep well, and had night sweats. My appetite was very poor and I became at times very despondent and felt as though I would be better off if I was dead. Always had a dull, tired and languid feeling. Had no ambition to do anything. My nose was at times completely stopped up, so that I would have to breathe through my mouth. I had often read of the wonderful success of Dr. McCoy's treatment, and made up my mind that he could cure me if any person could; so about three months ago I placed myself

WATCHMAN SULLIVAN.

under his care, and I tell you frankly I do not regret it, for to-day I am as well and strong as I ever was in my life. I began to improve after the first week's treatment. My appetite returned; I can sleep soundly and arise refreshed; do not have that tired and dull feeling any more; have not been troubled with night sweats; am not bothered with hawking and spitting; my nose does not stop up. In fact, I feel like an entirely different person, and believe life still has greater charms than I care to give up for the present."

As stated above, Mr. Sullivan is now employed at the Omaha office of the Omaha Railroad company, and will speak for himself to any who doubts the above statement.

The Decision of the Judge in the Case.

One of the oldest and most reliable firms doing business in Minneapolis at the present time is Anthony Kelly & Co., wholesale grocers, located on Washington avenue north, who have been in operation for about twenty years. They have a large force of men employed to assist in the different branches. Among the number is James Judge, in the shipping or counting room, who, prior to working for this firm, was employed in an elevator, where he caught a slight cold, which, to use his own language, "with the dust I had to inhale while at work, settled on my breast and caused the almost intense suffering and much uneasiness, my health began to fail me very fast. I had frequent pains in my chest and lungs, and was never rid of the headache and pains in my eyes. Had bad spells of hawking and spitting, which was very annoying to me because it would make me feel sick, especially in the morning, after the mucus dropping from my head or nose into my throat at night. My tongue was very badly coated, and I had a disagreeable taste in my mouth in the morning. I had a

PECULIAR NOISE IN MY EARS

and my breath was more or less offensive. I had a very weak back, caused by weak kidneys. Taking everything into consideration I was in a very bad way and at times would become very despondent. The doctor I visited told me to snuff salt and water up my nose, but it did me no good. I could not sleep well at night and had no appetite. Had a dull, tired and languid feeling, no energy or ambition to do anything, and was in constant misery. I read of the many cures performed by Dr. McCoy's treatment of cases similar to mine, and placed myself under his care. In a few days I began to feel a change for the better, my appetite returned, I could sleep well at night and arise in the morning feeling greatly refreshed, the buzzing and ringing noise in my head and ears ceased, and the bad taste in my mouth vanished, the hawking and spitting stopped and I found I was getting well fast. I am very glad I visited his office, because to-day I am an entirely different person and feel as strong and healthy as I ever did in my life.

JAMES JUDGE.

James Judge, whose portrait we produce in this issue, is well and favorably known and resides at 417 Sixth avenue north, where he can be seen and questioned as to the truth of the above statement.

DOCTOR

J. CRESAP M'COY,

Late of Bellevue Hospital, New York,

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