ST. PAUL WINS AGAIN.

Minneapolis Bowled Down by the Saintly City Sluggers Once More,

And Oshkosh Makes Things Interesting by Walloping Milwaukee.

Enormous Crowds Witness the Games at Brooklyn and Over in Jersey.

Standing of the Teams in the Leagues and the American Association.

St. Paul and Minneapolis audiences joined, yesterday, in applauding one of the most exciting games of the series, played on the Minneapolis grounds. Over 4,000 people were present and after overflowing the stands and bleaching boards, crowded the grounds up th the foul lines. Just before the game, the players' bench and house broke down and a black dog ran howling across the field, from which unfavorable auguries were drawn on both sides. Winkleman and Sowders occupied the box and both did fine work, though the latter was better supported. In the second inning Winkleman was hit on the arm by a pitched ball and his after work considerably affected. For three innings neither team could score, though St. Paul got men on bases each inning. In the fourth, after one man was out, Cleveland was given a life on Meister's wide throw and sent to third by wild pitches, scoring on Sowders' hit. The next inning, Winkleman got nervous and sent Burch and Crooks to first on balls, both scoring on hits. Minneapolis could do nothing with Sowders until the ninth, only three scattered hits being made. In the ninth successive hits by Kreig, Foster and Strief, with the latter's out at second, gave two earned runs, but the next two men went out and ended the game. The pitching was so effective that of the hits made none was for over a single. The hits credited to Crooks and McCauley were scratch hits inside the diamond, and Foster's was a hit by virtue of a slip down. Each team made five clean hits. The fielding of St. Paul was admirable, not being marred by so much as a batting error. Sullivan was occasionally hooted, but his decisions were usually correct. The official score is as follows:

MINNEAPOLIS.	A B	R	B	S B	P O	A	E
Hawes, 1b	4	0	0	0	10	1	1
Kreig, lf	4	0	1	0	1	0	0
Foster, cf	4	1	1	0	3	1	0
Strief, 2b	4	1	1	0	1	5	1
Patton, rf	4	0	1	1	4	0	0
Winkleman, p	2	0	0	0	0	3	0
Meister, 3b	3	0	0	0	1	1	1
Shaw, ss	3	0	1	1	0	1	0
Murray, c	3	0	1	0	4	2	1
Totals	31	2	6	2	24	14	4

ST. PAUL.	A B	R	B	S B	P O	A	E
Pickett, ss	4	0	0	0	0	9	0
Crooks, 2b	4	1	2	0	2	2	0
Burch, rf	3	0	1	0	0	0	0
Cleveland, 3b	4	1	2	0	1	1	0
Murphy, cf	4	0	0	0	2	0	0
Sowders, p	4	0	1	0	2	6	0
Kemmler, c	4	0	2	0	5	2	0
Wilmot, lf	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
McCauley, 1b	3	1	1	1	15	0	0
Totals	34	3	9	1	27	20	0

Minneapolis....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—2
St. Paul.......0 0 0 1 2 0 0 0 *—3

Earned runs, Minneapolis 2, St. Paul 2; double plays, Foster to Hawes; bases on balls, off Winkleman 3, off Sowders 1; hit by pitcher, Burch, Winkleman 2; struck out, by Winkleman 3, by Sowders 5; first base on errors, St. Paul 2; left on bases, Minneapolis 3, St. Paul 8; wild pitches, Winkleman 2; time, 1:50; umpire, Sullivan.

Twin City Teams To-Day.

The St. Paul and Minneapolis teams will meet to-day on the West St. Paul diamond to play the game postponed on Saturday last on account of rain. Duryea and Stockwell will be the battery for the home team, and Klopf and Kreig for the men from Minneapolis.

AND MILWAUKEE LOSES.

Oshkosh Has a Picnic With the League Leaders.

Special to the Globe.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Sept. 4.—Milwaukee was badly beaten to-day in the presence of one of the biggest crowds of the season. Oshkosh started in by making six runs, and the game was a mere procession from that time. The Oshkosh men hit Shenkel hard, the left-hander being in poor condition on account of a lame arm. The Milwaukees were badly off in their fielding, and their errors counted materially against them. Lovett was very wild, but received splendid support from Wilson. He was hit hard in the last three innings, but it was too late to win the game. The fielding of Doran and the catching of Wilson were the features of the game. McCarthy also made a couple of brilliant plays. Score:

MILWAUKEE.	A B	R	B	S B	P O	A	E
Forster, 2b	5	0	1	0	2	4	1
Williams, lf	5	0	2	0	3	0	1
Maskrey, rf	5	1	3	0	1	0	0
Morrissey, 1b	5	1	1	1	12	0	0
Roussey, ss	5	1	1	0	0	2	2
Strauss, 3b	5	1	2	0	0	5	3
Sylvester, cf	4	1	1	0	1	0	0
Broughton, c	4	0	2	0	4	2	2
Shenkel, p	4	0	1	0	1	5	0
Totals	42	5	14	1	24	18	9

OSHKOSH.	A B	R	B	S B	P O	A	E
Burns, lf	6	2	4	0	1	0	1
Shafer, 2b	6	3	2	0	1	1	1
McCarthy, rf	6	0	1	2	1	1	2
Hoy, cf	5	2	1	2	4	0	0
Doran, 3b	5	2	3	1	1	5	0
O'Connell, 1b	5	1	1	0	8	0	1
Shannon, ss	5	1	2	0	1	2	0
Lovett, p	5	1	1	0	1	9	0
Wilson, c	5	1	2	0	9	1	0
Totals	48	13	17	5	27	19	5

Milwaukee....0 2 0 0 0 0 3 0 0—5
Oshkosh.....6 0 3 2 1 1 0 0 *—13

Runs earned, Milwaukee 1, Oshkosh 1; three-base hit, O'Connell; bases on balls, off Lovett 6, off Shenkel 1; passed balls, Broughton 4, Wilson 1; wild pitch, Shenkel; struck out, by Lovett 3, by Shenkel 5; double play, Shannon, Shafer and O'Connell; first base on errors, Milwaukee 3, Oshkosh 6; left on bases, Milwaukee 9, Oshkosh 10; umpire, Tindall; time, 2:02.

SMITTEN DES MOINES.

Base Ball Fever Raging With Terrible Virulence.

Correspondence of the Globe.

DES MOINES, Sept. 4.—Des Moines has enjoyed to the full a whole season of base ball. The paramount topic of conversation in all circles, business, social—yes, and religious as well—is ball. To a visitor this all pervading enthusiasm is scarcely explained by the excellent work of the local club. It is unnecessary to search for reasons—the fact is interesting enough—and the ball mania is so contagious that the stranger quickly learns the way to the athletic park, and, once inside the gates, there is left in his mind no lingering doubt of the popularity of the national game. The population of the city is scarcely 40,000, and during the past week, notwithstanding wet weather, the average attendance at the games has been little short of 2,000. Many of the most prominent business men of the city may be always seen at the ball park. Two of the three judges of the district court are regular patrons, and in at least two cases decrees of court have been signed by his honor while seated on a bench in the grand stand. The commercial traveler, learned in the ways of his customers, wisely makes his round of visits in the morning, and instead of the latest story current on the road he pours into the ears of the Des Moines merchants taffy for the Des Moines Base Ball club, only incidentally mentioning the bargains that await the customer in his sample room, thereby insuring for his house a fat order and for himself an invitation to the afternoon game. The small boy is there by the hundred, and his knowledge of the players and their characteristics is not in proportion to his size, for many a wee lad in knee pants can give the batting and fielding averages of every man in the club, and they know personally the great men of all the visiting clubs. And the state officers are all dividing their attention between the duties of the capitol and the pleasures of the ball ground. This afternoon the Milwaukees made five runs in the first two innings and Des Moines did not score until the fourth. The weather was bad and none of the state officers went over. But they stood at their telephones, and as the goose eggs were counted off to them the statesmen gathered together for comfort. The secretary of state, the auditor, the treasurer, the clerk of the supreme court all were there, and it was not until the eighth inning that the Des Moines score took a satisfactory turn. Then did the servants of the people and the citizens of the town rejoice. The ladies go. They are seen by the hundreds in the grand stand. They come in, two and three together, some with gentlemen escorts and some without, but all with an abiding interest in the game. And they stop on the public streets to read the ball bulletins which enterprizing merchants place in front of their stores. They entertain their callers with accounts of the remarkable double play that Davy Force made, and the splendid way in which Veach covers first. They can describe the peculiarities of the pitchers. "Hutch," Clark, "Ted" and "Little Wells" each has his admirers. Many of the leading society ladies of the city attend the games, and there is no city in the West possessed of a more refined society than is found in Iowa's capital. Everywhere is heard ball talk. Coming out of church last Sunday morning, two ladies were heard to greet each other: "Good morning—such a fine sermon." "Splendid—who pitches to-morrow?" "Wells—didn't our boys do up Lovett yesterday, though?" "I couldn't go—so sorry. Good-by." And I am told this is not unusual. I can not help wondering whether, if Minneapolis had a base ball club as is a base ball club, there would be such an awakening as is manifest in this town. But of course speculation on the subject is useless, because the Minneapolis club is not of a sort to inspire enthusiasm anywhere but in the camp of its opponents. K.

Des Moines, Sept. 3.

HOW THEY STAND.

Four Clubs Fighting Hard for the Pennant.

The last few weeks of the Northwestern league contest promise to be the most interesting of the season. Milwaukee retains the lead, but St. Paul, Des Moines and Oshkosh persist in staying near the front. The teams are, in fact, better bunched than they have ever before been. Milwaukee now leads St. Paul by only sixteen points, Des Moines by twenty and Oshkosh by forty. They are so close together that a week may change the positions of every one of the four teams. St. Paul occupies the peculiar position of having won more games than any other club, but is second in the race from having played four games more than Milwaukee and lost three of them. St. Paul has won every game played since a week ago Saturday. The record follows:

CLUBS.	Milwaukee	St. Paul	Des Moines	Oshkosh	Minneapolis	Duluth	La Crosse	Eau Claire	Won	Played	Percentage
Mil'ke.	—	3	9	11	5	9	11	9	57	91	.626
St Paul	6	—	4	4	13	12	7	12	58	94	.610
D's M's	8	7	—	8	8	7	9	7	54	89	.606
Osksh	4	8	7	—	5	9	14	7	54	92	.586
M'plis	6	3	4	6	—	7	8	13	47	94	.500
Dulu'h	1	5	4	3	10	—	5	11	39	94	.414
LCr's'e	7	5	5	4	2	7	—	5	35	94	.372
E'Cl're	2	6	2	2	4	4	5	—	25	89	.280
Lost.	34	37	35	38	47	55	59	64	360	...	....

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Figures and Speculation on the Playing of Individual Teams.

It is now pretty generally conceded that Detroit will win the National league pennant. When the Western clubs started on ther last trip East Chicago was but one game behind the Michigan club, and New York, Philadelphia and Boston were close behind. It looked as though there would be a very general shaking up of the teams, which might bring any one of the five out on top. But base ball is a very uncertain game. On its previous trip Detroit had lost right and left, and returned home in a badly crippled condition. This time, however, Dame Fortune smiled on the Wolverines, and they took three games from Washington, three from Boston, two from New York and one from Philadelphia, having played but two games with the latter club. Chicago and Detroit meet for the first game of their last series to-day in Detroit, and the Michigan nine has a lead of forty-eight points over that of Illinois. Of course, it is not impossible for Chicago to overcome this lead, but the season is so far advanced that it is pretty hard work to make so large a gain. Another thing, Detroit is now playing a much stronger game than Chicago, and the chances are about two to one that Detroit's lead will be increased right along. Really, it now looks as though Chicago would have the hardest kind of work to stay in second place. It has, however, the advantage of having most of the remainder of its schedule to play on the home grounds, while New York, Philadelphia and Boston must play most of their games in the West. The three little clubs—Pittsburg, Washington and Indianapolis—are now in the order in which they will probably end the season. Pittsburg is much the strongest of the three. In fact, were it earlier in the season, it is believed Horace Phillips' Smoky City aggregation would beat the Bostons under the wire. The Eastern clubs begin their last series in the West next Monday. The record to date is appended:

CLUBS.	Detroit	Chicago	New York	Philadelphia	Boston	Pittsburg	Washington	Indianapolis	Won	Played	Percentage
Detroit	—	6	8	10	9	8	10	10	61	97	.628
Chi'go.	9	—	10	9	7	3	8	8	54	93	.580
N York	7	5	—	7	8	9	6	13	55	98	.561
Phil'da	6	6	7	—	4	9	8	14	54	98	.557
Boston	6	6	4	8	—	9	9	10	52	95	.547
Pittsbg	2	6	6	6	6	—	6	9	41	95	.431
W'h'gn	4	7	6	3	4	9	—	5	38	94	.404
I'd'nas	2	3	2	1	5	7	9	—	29	98	.295
Lost..	36	39	43	44	43	54	56	69	384	...	.....

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

A Close Struggle Going On for Second Place.

The American association clubs are now playing in the East, often contesting two games a day to clear up the schedule. This organization plays 140 games, and Cincinnati has but twenty-eight more to play, while Baltimore has thirty-five. St. Louis seldom loses a game, and must win only half its remaining games to get its 100. There is a pretty struggle going on between Cincinnati, Louisville and Baltimore for second place, and the last will probably gain a slight advantage by playing most of its games at home. Brooklyn and Athletic are almost on even terms for fifth place. Speculation is already rife as to the coming contest for the world's championship, which now seems almost certain to be between Detroit and St. Louis. The former can doubtless hit the ball harder, but it is an open question whether or not the latter cannot offset good willow work with fine fielding and coaching. The American teams stand as follows:

CLUBS	St. Louis	Cincinnati	Louisville	Baltimore	Brooklyn	Athletic	Metropolitan	Cleveland	Won	Played	Percentage
St. L's	—	5	10	14	14	11	14	14	82	108	.759
Cin'ti.	6	—	5	8	11	10	14	11	65	112	.580
Lo's'c	5	10	—	10	11	10	9	7	62	107	.579
Bal'e.	2	9	6	—	5	10	10	15	57	105	.542
Br'l'n	3	6	7	8	—	8	7	11	50	106	.471
Athl'c	6	9	6	2	5	—	9	13	50	107	.467
Met'n.	4	3	7	3	5	5	—	7	34	106	.320
Cl'v'd	0	5	4	3	5	3	9	—	29	107	.271
Lost	26	47	45	48	56	57	72	78	429	...	.....

THROUGH THE DUST.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—Fully 8,000 people tramped through the dust to Ridgewood Park to-day to see the Brooklyns defeat the Louisville club, but they were doomed to disappointment, for the tables were turned, and the Louisvilles won easily, hitting Porter when and where they liked. Brooklyn played a new short stop, Otterson. He is young and inexperienced, but he played fairly well. To-day's game was the first time he has faced a pitcher like Hecker, and he could not hit him. White made a ludicrous error in the first inning. McClellan was on first, and started to second on McTamany's grounder, which White had got. White started to make a double play, but changed his mind and threw to Mack, who ducked his head, thinking some one else was behind him. Mack had left the base when White started in to make the double. Torry made a three-bagger in the second inning and made a run with the help of a very pretty bunt by Peoples. In the third inning Terry made another three-bagger, but after that he subsided. In the second inning Browning hit a liner over McClellan's head and Swartwood, who got it, was so slow in handling it that Browning went to second. "That will just cost him a $10 bill," said Manager Byrne, savagely. He relented, however, when the big right fielder made a three-bagger in the next inning. The Brooklyns were ahead till the fifth inning, when the visitors got on to Porter and hit him for five runs. McQuade umpired the game to the satisfaction of all. Score:

Brooklyn.......0 2 3 0 0 0 1 0 1—7
Louisville.....0 0 0 1 5 1 2 0 *—9

Earned runs, Brooklyn 7, Louisville 7; errors, Brooklyn 10, Louisville 4; base hits, Brooklyn 15, Louisville 15; two-base hit, Phillips; three-base hits, Swartwood, Terry 2; double plays, Atterson, McClellan and Phillips; McClellan, Phillips and Peoples; Kerins and Mack; first base on balls, Swartwood 2, Collins, Kerins; first base on errors, Brooklyn 4, Louisville 3; struck out, Brooklyn 4, Louisville 3; passed ball, Peoples; wild pitches, Porter 1, Hecker 1; time, 1:40; umpire, McQuade.

A BURLESQUE.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—The game that the St. Louis and Metropolitans played at Weehawken, N. J., to-day was a postponed game. It is a pity that it was not postponed even further, for it resulted in a burlesque on base ball. There were between 12,000 and 13,000 spectators at Monitor Park and not a policeman, and the crowd used the field as much as the players. When the game opened the mob had invaded the playing ground, and neither first nor third base could be seen from the puny grand stand that had peen boarded together behind the plate. The insurgents were little less aggressive all around the field. An inning was played under these conditions, and Umpire Ferguson said that no base ball could be played with such surroundings. The St. Louis men got in their carriages and drove about the grounds asking the gang to "please disperse." But the gang didn't. Then one of the horses that had brought the Browns from New York was detached from one of the carriages and ridden into the crowd on all sides, and with little more effect. After half an hour of that kind of business, Ferguson refused to order the game on again, and Joe Battin was called to fill his place. The men then went ahead for five more innings, when darkness, brought on early by the tress that surround the field, made a stoppage necessary. The reporters had to sit in the stifling grand stand, where no effort was made by the authorities to prevent people from standing in front of them. Therefore an accurate score could not be kept. It was a miserable game anyhow, no batter being allowed more than a single base on any hit that went into or past the crowd. There were plenty of those. The only brilliant play was by Robinson, who stopped a hot grounder from Jones and threw him out in the third inning. In the fourth O'Neill let his bat slip from his hand as he missed a pitched ball, and the stick hit Welch, who was standing behind O'Neill, full in the face, knocking him insensible for a moment. St. Louis played with eight men after that. Score:

Metropolitans..........1 0 0 0 0 5—6
St. Louis..............0 1 1 9 1 4—16

Earned runs, St. Louis, 8; base hits, Mets 13, St. Louis 21; errors, Mets 11, St. Louis 5; double plays, Lynch, O'Brien and Jones, Gerhardt and O'Brien, Boyle and Robinson; first base on balls, Hogan 2, Boyle 1; first base on errors, Mets 3, St. Louis 9; struck out, Cushman 2, Gleason, Comiskey, Robinson; passed ball, Donohue; time, 2:15; umpires, Ferguson and Battin.

Lake City Beats Wabasha.

Special to the Globe.

LAKE CITY, Sept. 4.—There was a match game of base ball yesterday afternoon between the clubs of Wabasha and this city on the former's grounds, resulting in a victory for Lake City by a score of 20 to 18.

Ball Games To-Day.

Minneapolis at St. Paul.
Milwaukee at Oshkosh.
La Crosse at Des Moines.
Duluth at Eau Claire.
Philadelphia at Boston.
Washington at New York.
Chicago at Detroit.
Indianapolis at Pittsburg.
St. Louis at New York.
Louisville at Brooklyn.
Cincinnati at Philadelphia.
Cleveland at Baltimore.

TIPS AND ENTRIES.

The Coney Island and Niagara Falls Races.

The following entries have been made for the races at Sheepshead Bay to-day:

First race, three-fourths of a mile—Harry Russell, Florence E, Mamie Hunt, Salieda, Commander, Tipsey, Pearl Jennings, Arundel, Armstrong, Patrocles, Swift, Specialty, Cyclops, Brittanic, Touche Pas.

Second race, three-fourths of a mile, two-year-olds—Faux Pas, Mint Bloom, Esterbock, Leo H, Mattie Looram, Billie Pinkerton, Balance, Montpeliar, Cruisor, Jim Reece, Locust, Taragon, Raceland, Bendecline.

Third race, one and one-eighth miles—Kingston, Stuyvesant, Goliah, Belvidere, Osceola, Cambyses, Banbridge, Lady Primrose, Flageoletta, Idalene Cotton, Deoden, Roy D'Or, Brenton, Rosalind.

Fourth race, one and one-fourth miles—Joe Cotton, Florence M, Flageoletta, Exile, Favor, Miss Ford.

Fifth race, one and three-sixteenths miles—Ordgeon, Windsail, Susie Forbes, Charley Russell, Orlando, Pendennis, Taxgatherer, Drake, Adonis, Compensation, Redstone, Three Cheers, Frankie B, Editor, Carey, Easter Sunday, Banero, Lelex, Malaria.

Sixth race, three-fourths of a mile—Count Luna, Theodorus, Maggie Mitchell, Santa Rita, Head Lad, Harry Russell, Beverly, J. Shipsey, Milton, Birthday, Pat Diviar, Skoboloff, Carrisama, Epicure, Modesty, Duplex, Auriole, Choctaw.

For these events the GLOBE's tips are: First race, Cyclops first, Touche-Pas second; second race, Leo H first, Mattie Looram second; third race, Rosalind first, Kingston second; fourth race, Miss Ford first, Favor second; fifth race, Windsail first, Charley Russell second; sixth race, Santa Rita first, Modesty second.

At Niagara Falls the entries comprise:

First race, one mile, selling—Glen Almond, Rhody Pringle, Malva R, Mary Hamilton, Weaver, Santa Claus, Elsie B, King B, Barbara, Glendon, Strathspey, Kensington, Belle B.

Second race, three-fourths of a mile—Glen Almond, Fagan, Peacock, Col. Owens, Pink Cottage, Gilt.

Third race, one mile and seventy yards—Pericles, Grey Cloud, Barnum.

Fourth race, one and one-fourth miles—Topsawyer, Alaric, Dousman.

Fifth race, steeple chase, short course—Jim Carlisle, Believue, Maggie May, Sea Foam, Brey Fogle, Abraham, Valour, Leroy.

First race, Strathspey first, Kensington second; second race, Pink Cottage first, Gilt second; third race, Barnum first, Pericles second; fourth race, Alaric first, Topsawyer second; fifth race, Abraham first, Leroy second.

Tips by the Talent.

Special to the Globe.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—For the races at Sheepshead Bay to-morrow the selections by the talent are Pearl Jennings and Armstrong in the first race and Paragon and Rowland in the second, although Montpelier is also spoken of as a winner. In the third race Flageolet is named to win and Lady Primrose for a place. Exile and Miss Ford are discussed by knowing ones for the fourth race, and Malaria and Easter Sunday for the fifth. Harry Russell may stand a chance for the sixth and Choctaw is named for a place.

Lucky B Dead.

Special to the Globe.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—Baldwin's Lucky B, who became ill at Sheepshead Bay during an exercise gallop on Friday, died late last night, despite the efforts of four veterinary surgeons to save him. He was buried this morning alongside the equally famous Dew Drop, who died in the Dwyer stable about a year ago.

Casey is Confident.

LONDON, Sept. 4.—Casey, the hand ball champion, who has just started on the Etruria from Queenstown for New York, said, before leaving, that Lawler's victory was a narrow one, and he was confident of winning in New York.

Scraps of Sport.

Prof. Ballam Rush, of Hastings, and Nick Shilling, of Detroit, Mich., fought ten rounds to a draw in Hastings Friday night. They talk of fighting with bare fists to a finish somewhere on the Mississippi in a few days.

Yesterday the Seven Corners Juniors and the Seven Corners Emeralds played a game of ball, in which the Emeralds had a walk-away by a score of 22 to 7.

The fielding averages of the St. Paul pitchers in the games in which they have pitched are as follows: Viau .965, Sowders .962, Duryea .940.

C. Cross, shortstop of the Eau Claire team, writes the GLOBE that he is not to be married to a lady of great wealth of La Crosse.

DEADHEADINGS AS AN ART.

Joseph Keppler Says that He Has Travelled Over 40,000 Miles on Railroads Without Paying.

San Francisco Chronicle.

Joseph Keppler, who hails from Chicago and lays claim to the title of champion deadhead, is now n the city. He has made deadheading a science and boasts of having traveled over 40,000 miles on railroads without paying a cent of fare.

Keppler stood in front of a Third street saloon yesterday, chewing the barren end of a match, when a reporter engaged him in conversation.

"How did I come here?" he said in answer to a question. "On the cars, of course; and as if anticipating the next query, he added: "Without paying a cent either. I've deadheaded it all over this country. Been from Maine to San Francisco four times in as many years. No, don't always get through as quick as a pay passenger, but I get there just the same. I've had some rough experiences. Been put off in snow and ice, where there wasn't a house around for miles, but I caught on again. You see, many of these railroaders know me and many times they've made me jump from a train without slacking 'er up.

"The most thrilling experience I ever had was on a train on the Pennsylvania railroad going between Johnstown and Altoona over the mountains. I boarded her at Johnstown, and as bad luck would have it the conductor spied me on the platform before we'd gone many miles. You see, sometimes the conductors don't go through the trains between these two stations, as they don't make any stops and a fellow has a chance to stea through; but this time I was caught. I knew I'd be put off right in the center of the Alleghany mountains, and the thought of it chilled me. The night was dark—so dark that you could'nt see your hand before your face. I looked around, thinking I could hide myself; but that was out of the question. I was standing on the last step and happened to look around the corner of the car. The window next to where I stood was open, and I hit a bold plan. Whew! it makes me shiver to think of it, and I never want to go through the likes again, not for all the railroads in the United States.

Well when I saw the conductor come from the other end of the car I swung around to the side caught hold of the window sash, and hung there. Just then the conductor opened the door, expecting to find me on the platform. He felt for me in the darkness, I suppose, but he never dreamt to look for me on the side of a car. He went on into the next car. My arms were growing tired, and I was glad to get back on the platform again. To my great horror, however, I couldn't reach the steps again. Terror seized me. I knew I couldn't hold on another minute. I would have to drop and be mangled under the wheels I yelled as loud as I could; but that was useless, no one could hear.

"I thought I was lost and made up my mind to that when I heard the whistle of a train on the other track. I could hear her come thundering along. If I dropped then I knew I would fall on the track on which the west-bound train was to pass and be ground to pieces. I held on like grim death. The glare of the headlight shone upon me. I felt the strong currnnt of air from the passing train, I also felt my grasp relaxing, and that was the last I knew. I had dropped right between the two trains between the two tracks and never was touched. The engineer of the west-bound train had noticed me by the light aft the locomotive clinging to my perilous position, and saw me drop. He ran back for me, picked me up and brought me to Johnstown again. It was a miracle, of course, I escaped death. I've been on top of cars nearly frozen, rode along for 60 miles on a truck of a car, but never had such a rough experience before and never want to again.

"And say, young man," he continued, "if you ever go traveling like me, avoid steamships. I went as a stowaway one time, and I'll tell you what happened. After three days out at sea I was discovered. The captain said to me: 'Young man, you will have to go to work.' He set me to scraping off paint for nine days. At the end of that time we reached port, and instead of being allowed to land I was placed in irons and left there until we left, when I was liberated and set to work again all the way to New York, where they allowed me to go. I never went to sea again. Railroads are good enough for me."

Comfort for the Bald.

Bald men are found to be in excellent company. Dr. Eaton has discovered in the audiences attendant upon churches and operas in Boston—theology and music being the two grooves in which intellectual life in that city runs—that from 40 to 50 per cent. of the men were bald. Great scholars and thinkers are often bald. Shakespeare—if the bust at Stratford-on-Avon and the Droeshout portrait prefixed to the first folio are to be taken as evidence—was both fat and bald. Julius Cæsar, a hard-living, hard-fighting, hard-thinking man, was, like so many of the Roman emperors, bald. Chaucer had a kindness toward bald men. Aristophanes, the greatest master of Greek comedy, was bald; so was Socrates, if tradition and his busts do not lie, and we all know that Æschylus was populaaly supposed to have been killed by an eagle trying to crack a tortoise on his bare crown. It is, therefore, clear that the bald men have plenty of great people to keep them company. The coming man is to be quite bald, and the ladies are to like him all the better for it. The hair scalp is a remnant of pristine animality, which is to be shuffled off, just as Darwin tells us we have shed the piline pelt which was the clothing of that ancestral ape over whose pithecoid propensities the world has had so much to say. The balder the man is the more advanced his stage of evolution.

In the Smoking Room.

Life.

It was in midocean, and the fog was thick enough to lean against. The pools were all sold and there was nothing to do but play poker and exaggerate.

"Well, this is a pretty tough trip," said the fat Englishman who was dealing the cards. "Most as tedious as the one I made to the Cape."

"Been to the Cape, eh!" said the drummer." Well; that's a good ways to go, but I've sailed from London to India in a single sticker."

"And I," said a sleepy man who could hardly keep his eyes open, "I've been around the Horn."

"When?" asked the Englishman.

"All night," was the reply as the gong rang for dinner.

How She Could Distinguish Them.

Oil City Derrick.

"Speaking of Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Jones," remarked Fangle, "they resemble each other very much."

"Yes, they look a good deal alike," assented Mrs. Fangle.

"In fact, I can't tell them apart, but I suppose you can, my dear?"

"Well, I should just think I could. Why, Mrs. Jones' bonnet cost four times as much as Mrs. Robinson's."

THE SAW MILL REPORTER

Notes About a Leading Minneapolis Industry---Talks and Walks About the Mills.

The De Soto Mill Reporter Again Loose and Searching For Whom He May Devour.

Personal Items and Chunks of Taffy About the Men and Their Work.

The saw mills, with characteristic persistency, with but few exceptions got in full time last week. There were no accidents to record, save the breaking of the gang driving pully at the Day mill Friday, but it will be ready for duty on Monday morning. The satisfaction given by W. Markel and J. Sanders as circular and gang sawyers respectively is on the increase, and in this respect it resembles the cutting capacity of the mill, while Messrs. Wilder, the filers, will not take a back seat for any in the city. W. W. Wilder is a cultured gentleman as well as an expert filer.

"Get there," Ike," was the vulgarism flung at I. H. Thurston, the popular and juvenile gang sawyer at the Diamond, last Thursday, as he let the "many grinders" of his gang into inch and a half stuff exactly at 3 o'clock, and that he "got there" in great shape can be learned from the fact that at 12 o'clock noon he had turned out 51,500 feet of lumber in just three hours. Like all men of genius, Mr. Thurston is very unassuming. This is his fourth summer running the Diamond gang.

The De Soto mill is now getting where she belongs. All her work for the past week was in the neighborhood of 200,000 feet for ten hours both night and day. After turning out 200,000 on Wednesday night with Saul Millen at the helm, she turned out 225,000 the next day under the whip of Vice President Farr, and this without any effort at picking logs. The proprietors of this mill have a good thing and they know it, but they do not care that any one else should, as it is next to impossible to get an item of news out of them relative to the mill, especially out of President Brown, whose genial good-nature and unassuming familiarity has won him hosts of friends. Since Mr. Miller became night foreman, John Manthey files the gang. Frank Sims is the appointee of the Itasca Lumber company, whose logs the De Soto is sawing, to see after the logs and the cutting, etc. He fills the bill to perfection, is well liked by all, and among his many good qualities can be found a great appreciation for the GLOBE, which he says must be read every night before embracing the congenial "Miss Morpheus." The reporter cannot say whether he has any more substantial "embraces" of his own or not, but he is sometimes accompied with more than his share of fair escorts to witness the nocturnal illuminations at the mill. The Smith Bros. have charge of the slab and sawdust department. They have lots of "backbone" and are making lots of money. W. C. Smith has inaugurated a series of "watermelon picnics." They come off about 10 o'clock p. m., and are most enjoyable. The reporter tumbled in this week while a phenomenal melon was being devoured. Smith said he weighed it and that it was a "seventy-five-pounder," but Saul Miller said if the above figures were divided by two it would be nearer the truth; but the reporter was content to let them dispute its weight while he helped to make it lighter. The Messrs. Farr and Assistant Treasurer McLaughton were among the invited guests, and seemed to enjoy the sport with the boys.

At the Northern mill it is the old story, good work and no "let up" either night or day. A gentleman of classic appearance and considerable experience is superintendent, and, in paying his "ransom" in order to give him a higher position, his name being W. B. Ransom. The foreman, Mr. Somers, Engineer Carrier and the whole pharaphernalia are in the usually good condition of good men and good workers. Dan Reller, an old and faithful employe, runs the planing mill for this company. Like all good fellows, he is an ardent admirer of the GLOBE.

At Bardwell, Robinson & Co. everything goes along splendidly. The various apartments are filled with capable, good workers, and the goal of the capitalist—the millionaire's bank book—will be soon, if it is not already, in the possession of this firm. Mr. Bardwell is a gentleman in every particular, courteous, affable and always approachable. They do a large stair business, having at present twenty-five to fifty men in that department, for whom Foreman McClellan furnishes the brains, at least the designing part of them. They are doing some very fine work in the carving department, thanks to Foreman Murdoch, who learned his trade in Canada, but, "of course," perfected it in our great Eastern cities.

Johnson's planing mill, near the De Soto Boiler works, employ six men and make a specialty of planing and moulding.

James Minon, (not Minow), who was shot by Handle at his saloon, corner Seventeenth and second street north, Saturday a week ago, has not yet returned to his place at the DeSoto boiler works. He is alive and kicking, however, and intends to make it as hot for Handle as the law will permit. At the Diamond iron works Foremon Ditbenner keeps everything in motion like a good little man.

E. M. Smith, the well known and capable engineer, who has for the last fifteen years run the engine in the planing mill of J. H. Conkey, on First street, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third avenues north, Himsley and Foreman Hodges, make an excellent team, and they make something else, too, which something else make "everything else," namely, lots of money, which makes Mr. Conkey smile complacently.

Mr. Stevens, at the Leighton, continues on deck. He got in a full week, and now that the Mississippi aqua has been augmented somewhat by the recent rains, he hopes to get in a solid fall. With the solid crew he never fails to keep around him we see nothing to hinder the fulfillment of the above hopes, which we hope will be more than realized.

Hall & Ducey, who will not "come in behind," had their usual good success last week. They, like every other company who, since Adam was a boy, hire good men, will never get left; as in the saw mill business, like every other, a great deal depends upon the employes. "The right man in the right place." is Hall & Ducey's motto, and in the selection of Foreman Cook and Engineers Davidson and Smith, they have been exceptionally felicitous.

The majority of the 130 employes of the North Star Iron Works read last Sunday's GLOBE. They say they will buy a new suit for the reporter if the GLOBE can influence the removal of the works to East Minneapolis.

Across the river the planing mill of John F. Wilcox, corner Ramsey and Eleventh avenue east, near Twenty-third street bridge, employs twenty men. F. E. Wilcox, a brother of the owner, is the foreman. They are two good, enterprising fellows, who give excellent satisfaction and do lots of work. They make a specialty of planing and moulding.

The Fletcher mill had new life infused into it toward the latter part of last week by the Washburn Mill company. It seems this company rented the mill from Mr. Fletcher for the balance of the year, and started in earnest last Monday to give proof that they did so. It is believed that the saw mills of this company at the falls, which are monopolizing so much of the water, will pass in their checks next winter and will know their place no more. They are known as the Jones and Lincoln mills, and hence the action of the company in renting the Fletcher mill, as they have a considerable amount of logs that must be sawed within a certain time. F. H. Shaw, a very inspiring gentleman, is superintendent. Thomas M. Sharp, the well-known and much-respected engineer, runs the engine, being ably assisted by Frank Stanchfield. Mr. Sharp has seventeen years' experience at the business, and stands at the head of his profession.

J. H. Boynton is the millwright. Roger Linskit runs the circular and John Gonaugh the gang. They manufacture from 100,000 to 115,000 per day. This is as it should be, as the Fletcher mill is good for its size, and should not be allowed to rest. All honor to the Washburn company for their ambition in giving employment and in trying to leave nothing standing still in this world of motion.

Between Fletcher's mill and Bray & Robinson's is another cedar mill right opposite Mr. Canney's. Its present owner, J. B. Chatterton, who is a "solid Muldoon" in business and out of it, claims that it is the first cedar mill ever built on the Mississippi. It was the work of Hobert & Perkins, eight years ago, and six months after date of its completion Perkins was bought out by Mr. Chatterton. From that time everything went well, Hobert & Chatterton making a good team till 1885, when Hobert got a telephonic or some other kind of a dispatch, requesting that he takes a walk up the "golden stairs." Having obeyed the mandate to go hither, Chatterton, his former partner, has not since heard from him, and is since master-in-chief of the whole concern. He employs from fifty to seventy-five men in all. He gets out his own cedar.

At Bray & Robinson's, on Eighth avenue north, everything has been life and motion during the past week, and the rain on Saturday had no influence in keeping S. H. Guimby, who has charge of the outside lumber, in the shade, as he is a "natural born hustler."

The Minneapolis Job Work Paper company, owned by Nelson & Tenney, and situated near their saw mill, employ twenty-five men who are fortunate in the choice of a foreman, he being no other than the good-natured and genial Charles Baldwin, under whose deft management the output jumped from twelve to fourteen tons per day. At the saw mill of Nelson & Tenney they have worked for the past week, but that is inevitable, as the teeth are kept on edge—an important matter in a saw mill—by the old veteran, James Graves. Last week the cut was 110,000.

Clough Bros.' mill close by, which has been idle so long, was in motion all the week till Saturday afternoon, when a touch of their old trouble, want of logs, overtook them.

At the falls everything went well during the week, except the hauling was very bad for the past few days on account of the rain.

The blacksmith shop of E. R. Smith at the falls, close to the saw mills, make a specialty of lumbermen's driving tools. George Edwards is the foreman and fully fills the bill.

The 10th inst. will be pay day at the De Soto, when all the employes will have an occasion to produce that pleasing smile which adorned their countenances on the 10th of last month, which was actually "three feet long," and which, no doubt, has been reserved "only" for state occasions, as it failed to "materialize since." Assistant Treasurer McLaughton, who is also the man of all work in the office, is the "fair-haired boy," with the men at least, on pay day, but it is quietly rumored that he never fails to be that with the girls every day in the month, aye, and even a majority of the nights, too.

Ed Jackson, the day millwright at the De Soto, expects to go out West next winter to put up a new mill. Charles Herman, who runs the shingle mill, was laid up a few days by a "tip" from one of his saws above the knee. It has since kept him from praying, though he is tending to business, as usual.

The framing of the Shingle Creek elevator is nearly completed, and they are to a certain extent waiting for the foundation to commence raising. Mr. Carleton, the foreman and contractor, is a man of considerable push and energy. He has another large contract waiting for him in St. Paul. He is fortunate in having Robert Martin among his employes.

E. H. Gromenhausen, who is foreman for putting in the machinery, has commenced work already and has three or four men at work, the most he can use at present. Frank Slater, the thorough millwright and mechanic from Bay City, Mich., is going to work for him on Monday. He may lawfully congratulate himself on the acquisition of Mr. Slater, who has been for months past engaged on some very important patent which no one knows anything about as yet, but which will be given to the public in the near future.

FOR HIM ALONE.

An Orange Romance and Elopement—All for Love's Sake.

The latest romance at Orange, N. J., has become public and caused considerable talk. Jennie Hathaway is well known to many people in the Oranges. She is the eighteen-year-old daughter of farmer Joseph Hathaway, whose place on the mountains is one of the handsomest and most extensive in this section.

She has a face and a form which attracted many city boys who have summered here for several seasons past. Her teeth were as even as they well could be, and when she smiled they shone through her pretty red lips in a manner which would captivate almost any young man with a tender spot in his heart. Did not this suffice to bring the beaux to her feet she had but to toss her long auburn hair back from the pretty face and glance at them from a pair of most bewitching eyes.

But with all these charms she was a rollicking country girl, and gave no more attention to one than she did to another until she met Harry Dunlap, a manly-looking young fellow, who resides with well-to-do parents in Newark.

The two met about six months ago, while Jennie was visiting an aunt in Newark. It was love at first sight, and thereafter Harry frequently had business in the evening which took him to the Oranges. And as frequently did he call at Jennie's home. They corresponded besides, and Harry became looked upon as Jennie's "company," to the intense disgust and envy of the scores of transient vacation young men.

Harry is but twenty years of age, and a few weeks ago, when he asked Farmer Hathaway if he and Jennie might get married, the old gentleman was astounded. He told the young man to wait at least two years before taking such a large step. He said he had no objection to Harry, but that both he and Jennie were young and should wait. Furthermore, Farmer Hathaway, fearing that the young couple might some way skip quietly away and have the knot tied, he sent Jennie to the seashore three weeks.

She was to remain away until the middle of September, and Harry was not told where she was, but she wrote to him and, unknown to her papa, he, too, went to the seashore to spend his vacation. When together the young couple canvassed the situation pretty thoroughly and concluded to jump into the matrimonial frying pan.

A few days ago they left Asbury Park and went to New York, where in the presence of a mutual friend they were married. The next day evening they surprised every one by walking into the Hathaway residence, announcing their marriage and asking the family blessing. Farmer Hathaway was at first dumbfounded, but soon recovered and worked himself into a towering rage because the young man had "dared to disobey his injunctions, by stealing the girl away from the seashore and making her his wife." But his anger vanished when he saw his wife sitting under the creeping vines on the back piazza of the house quietly sobbing. He cooled off, gave the romantic yung "scalawags," as he termed them, a good round lecture, and some sound advice, and then welcomed them.

Jennie and Harry have returned to the seashore, and Jennie's friends have consulted with Harry's acquaintances in Newark, and when Jennie retarns in September they will join forces and give a reception in her honor.

Edith Explained It.

Boston Transcript.

At the Summer Hotel—Mrs. A. to Mrs. B.—Did you see Mrs. C. eat her pie with her knife? How vulgar.

Mrs. A.'s Little Daughter Edith—Mamma, perhaps her fingers was dirty.

A MODERN STRADIAURIUS.

A Minneapolis Man on Whom Has Fallen the Mantle of the Great Amati.

Harrison Heskett, the Genius of Violin-Makers, and a Glance Into His Shop.

Remenyi's Great Tribute---Some Violins of Value---Part of a Wonderful Collection.

In one of those magnificent industrial speeches which the celebrated English Liberal leader, Gladstone, has made in his long and famous career is the following expression of a remarkable thought: "It wants more talent, brain and ability to make that perfection of beauty called 'a violin' (he meant a perfect violin, not a fiddle) than to have invented and construoted that marvel of the age, a locomotive." These words have been quoted merely to show the real importance of the facts contained in this article and the interest it should arouse when it becomes widely known, what is at present restricted to musical circle, to-wit: The fact that here in our midst in the city of Minneapolis there lives to-day the man who is said to be one of the greatest masters of the divine art of violin making; indeed, those who are best competent to judge unanimously render the verdict that he is the greatest living master. A rapid sketch of the most interesting data in the history of the violin can not fail to contain some interesting and novel information to those who have neither had the time nor inclination to ever read upon this subject, and will give a clear idea why an artist of this renown should be honored in the community wherein he makes his home.

At the ancient and quaint Italian city of Cremona in the sixteenth century there lived a family of the name of Amati, who one and all had the divine touch of genius in producing instruments of extraordinary sweetness of tone; but Nicolo Amati, the last of the great family of whom historians speak, was also the greatest. He was born in the old Italian city in 1596 and was gathered to his fathers in 1684, at the glorious old age of eighty-eight years. A noticeable mark of the Amati examples is their slenderness. Nicolo's work is slightly tinged with this fault, too, but in sweetness, roundness and silvery tones he surpassed all his relatives in his efforts, and a further improvement he made lay in the relations of the swells and thickness of his instruments, while preserving their distinguishiug sweetness of tones—they attain more power and brilliancy than in those of his father or uncle. Before his death the master had taken into his workshop a youth by the name of Antonius Stradiaurius, upon whose shoulders fell the mantle of the divine Amati, and nobly did he follow in his teacher's footsteps. His instrumets to-day are almost priceless in value and so highly thought of by connoisseurs that they are closely watched and it is well known who possess them. From his early youth all of his violins are stamped with this mark on the inside: "Antonius Stradiaurius, Cremonensis faciebat, A. D 16—" and then the particular date. This greatly assists in determining a genuine Strad from a spurious article. This master died in 1737, and since his day no great master has arisen till in a hamlet of the state of Ohio, by the name of Cambridge, in Guernsey county, was born about forty-five years ago Harrison H. Hes-

kett, who to-day makes Minneapolis his home, living in a pleasant residence district in the southern part of the city. That magnificent executor on the entrancing violin, Edward Remenyi, who now makes Paris, France, his home, was in this country some years ago, and in a long communication to the Ohio State Journal at that time speaks as follows of Heskett's work: "Heskett's new violins are quite equal and even superior in strength of tone to my very best and oldest Italian violins, and I can boast of possessing some of the very finest specimens. This is such an extraordinary fact in the art of violin making that you, as an American citizen, should be really proud of Heskett. I know all the violin makers on both hemispheres, and I dare to state it emphatically (should I even awaken jealousy among all other violin makers) that Heskett, of Columbus, (now of Minneapolis,) is the best and most perfect violin maker since the death of Antonius Stradiaurius, who died in Cremona, Italy, A. D. 1737." This was a great while ago. It wanted time to produce another great master. The very name of Remenyi placed to a tribute like this is sufficient to mark out H. H. Heskett as no ordinary man. In a pleasant conversation held with the gentleman a few days ago, he related to a GLOBE reporter how his health had failed him in Columbus, O., where he has been residing since 1873, and how he had come here on the recommendation of his physicians. The climate of Minnesota he found benefited him considerably, and he intended making this city his permanent home. Among other interesting facts he related in connection with his art was the important matter of woods used. After the death of Stradivarius, balsam fir wood became extinct in Europe, and this may partly account for the deterioration in violins after the master's death, for he almost exclusively used this wood. Within the past ten years Shraddick, director of the conservatory of music in Cincinnati, discovered that the balsam fir was profuse in Colorado, Maine, and other mountainous regions. He had experiments instituted that were crowned with success as to applying the wood again to violins, and this wood Heskett uses exclusively in creating his instruments. The workshop of the violin maker has not at a casual glance any very distinctive features from any other wood-cutting trade. The scroll-saw stood in the middle of the floor, benches were ranged against the walls, a large collection of carpenter's tools were arranged on a racket overhead, and in a corner, also overhead, on a shelf side by side were the bottles containing the precious oils and varnishes used in this mysterious craft. A second glance, however, disclosed two beautiful and striking looking instruments on the wall, and on one of the benches lay an open book of large size, a glance at which showed the fact it was G. Hart's great work on the violin, and there in quaint old fashioned colored letters one could read the soft beautiful Latin names—Amati, Stradivari and Guarneri. This elevated the room at once above the ordinary workshop and cast that halo around where genius lives. The instruments on the wall were copies of two famous Strad's—the Dolphine and the Messiah. The coloring of this copied Dolphine is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The shades of brown, vermillion and golden yellow blend and inter-blend in a charming manner and the effect, as the sunshine falls over the back of the instrument, is truly striking. The chemists and violin makers in the old world have been known to take and scrape the varnish off an old and famous example, and then analyze it to see if they could fathom the secret of these famous instruments; and in this regard lies Heskett's success, for it is his own opinion he possesses now the very same secret method in his varnishes as the Italian makers used, at all events he succeeds in getting their identical effects, both in the tone and coloring, and it should be remembered his violins are new, and age improves a violin, just as it does most wines; so what will be the value of his handiwork 100 years from now can hardly be imagined.

In his possession is a valuable collection of bows. There is in the lot a very scarce Francesco Tourte, about 100 years old, out of the Plowden collection in London, England. A bow made by Dodd, also about 100 years old; this was originally owned by that king of Bavaria who made Lola Montez famous. It came into Heskett's hands through a trade. And another bow, with a peculiar crescent shape, was made by the famous Parisian maker, Vaillaume. That is a rare gem indeed; but the object of which he is proudest is a magnificent violincello, date 1735, from the workshop of Carlo Bergonzi, of Cremona, Italy, that money could not buy. The master tenderly took it from out its precious covering, toyed with it as one toys with curly locks of some beautiful child, and commenced to play over its sacred strings. The melody, rich and mellow, filled the room and then died away in a lengthened echo as 'twere breathing out its life. The memory of that sound—sonorous, sweet and beautiful—will be cherished by the writer all his life. Minneapolis should be proud to count such a man as Heskett as one of her citizens. TROUSDELL.

Compliments of the Season.

McAllister (Kan.) Herald.

The little, stinking, offensive jackanapes and illiterate blackguard who publishes and makes a horrible attempt at editing the Russell Springs Record (the most disreputable, unreliable and slanderous sheet printed in Kansas), who is working for the county seat at Russell Springs, and tells his friends he is to receive so much remuneration for his services if Russel Springs secures the county seat, and not so much if she fails, comes at the editor of the Herald in his last issue in a most disgusting manner, and shows his readers the smallness of his caliber and the ithyphallic nature of his illicit designs. The poor, demented offspring left in this cold, wide and unfeeling world, with a hat over his head, and no brains in the head, without the guiding and warning hand of a natural mother, seeks to lower the Herald editor to his degrading standard, by using abusive and disgraceful language, and attempts to offer us advice. He is a dirty, low-lived, cross-eyed pimp, whose present position, respecting his intentions, stamps him an illiterate puppy.

He Was An Usher.

Omaha World.

St. Peter—I am ready to resume charge of the gate. Was I gone long?

Accommodating Spirit—It seemed only a few moments and I attended to your duties as well as I could.

"Thank you; but see here, what did you send those five bad men up to the highest seats for?"

"They are millionaires."

"Humph! Who are those people crouching back against the wall?"

"Oh, they're nobody; just ordinary folks. I told them I guessed they wouldn't be put out if they kept quiet."

"Well, well! Why, you have refused to allow quite a number of good people to come in at all, I see. They are poorly attired, to be sure, but their records are stainless. What were you on earth, anyhow?"

"I was a church usher."

He Clearly Shows It.

La Crescent Co-operator.

Congressman Wilson, of Winona, in the St. Paul GLOBE tells how the rich corporations and men get out of paying their taxes. He backs his assertions by strong proofs, and clearly shows that the state officials are abeting these shameful steals.

Maybe He Will.

Kansas City Times.

To Senator Dawes, who is now in St. Paul, but thinking of "going out to have a talk with the Indians:" Ah, there, Mr. Dawes! Stay there!

FULL WEIGHT PURE

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's the only Baking Powder that does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in Cans.

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BARGAINS

—ON—

Dayton's Bluff!

$300--South-facing, Reaney street lots.
$325--Reaney street; $100 cash, balance $10 a month.
$375--Beech street; Weed & Hall's addition.
$400--Minnehaha street; Weed & Hall's addition; easy terms.
$650--Lots in block 3, Lockwood's addition; on Cook street, near Arcade street.

These are all considerably below the market, and will pay handsome profits to investors this fall.

LUTHER & RUSSELL

367 Jackson St., Near Fifth St.