

A WESTERN SAHARA.

The Thrilling Adventures of a French Explorer in the Great Desert.

How He Spent Months in Disguise Among the Wandering Arabs.

He Escaped Being Murdered by Assuming to Be a Mussulman.

A Leaf From Life Surpassing the Marvelous Tales of Fairyland.

THE great tract of country known as the Western Sahara, lying between Morocco and Senegal, is inhabited by nomadic and partly settled, whose reputation for marauding and fanaticism is perpetuated until the present day.

In these words M. Camille Douls, a French traveler, describes his experience during an expedition of the coast of Senegal in a recent issue of the London Times.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

half convinced. Never had they seen a man of my appearance who were wavering between the verdict of Mulainin and their own conviction that I was a Christian.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

half convinced. Never had they seen a man of my appearance who were wavering between the verdict of Mulainin and their own conviction that I was a Christian.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

THE morning after my capture, I was early awakened by Ibrahim, who called to me to pray. I dragged myself wearily to the tent, where I found Ibrahim and his companions.

TURKISH BATHS.

A Close Analysis of the Feminine Character by One of the Sex Who Is Posted.

An Observant Woman's Views Regarding the Feet of Her Fellow-Women in the Naked State.

The Bath Room As a Place for Fun and to Capitate upon Pedal Extremities.

TURKISH bath is a place in which one may well expect to derive many benefits physically, and even mentally.

TURKISH bath is a place in which one may well expect to derive many benefits physically, and even mentally.

TURKISH bath is a place in which one may well expect to derive many benefits physically, and even mentally.

TURKISH bath is a place in which one may well expect to derive many benefits physically, and even mentally.

TURKISH bath is a place in which one may well expect to derive many benefits physically, and even mentally.

TURKISH bath is a place in which one may well expect to derive many benefits physically, and even mentally.

TURKISH bath is a place in which one may well expect to derive many benefits physically, and even mentally.

TURKISH bath is a place in which one may well expect to derive many benefits physically, and even mentally.

TURKISH bath is a place in which one may well expect to derive many benefits physically, and even mentally.

ever when tempted to be scornful what a blow it would be to your friends to see you GOING ABOUT POWDERING YOUR NOSE, shaving your eyebrows down to the roots, and then putting on the same girlish gowns to make you look innocent, and coyly refusing to state at all.

Having given you all the time you desire to look at the occasion of the next chair, poor creature, she is one of the heavy-headed, philosophical kind. You can tell by the very way she is sitting in the chair, that she is not a martyr, a martyr evidently to her own mind, for she groans occasionally at the time it is taking her to get into proper attire.

Next to her comes the argumentative woman, who has been thinking and thinking she has been chattering, and now for the first time she has a willing listener. The other women have rather a hard time of it, but she is so clever that they have grown confidential.

EVERY WOMAN IN THE ROOM is a little bit of a philosopher, and it is said until that dear, little, quiet woman over in the corner raises herself up slowly and draws out sweetly: "In my opinion, the only way to be a good wife is to be a good mother."

EVERY WOMAN IN THE ROOM is a little bit of a philosopher, and it is said until that dear, little, quiet woman over in the corner raises herself up slowly and draws out sweetly: "In my opinion, the only way to be a good wife is to be a good mother."

EVERY WOMAN IN THE ROOM is a little bit of a philosopher, and it is said until that dear, little, quiet woman over in the corner raises herself up slowly and draws out sweetly: "In my opinion, the only way to be a good wife is to be a good mother."

EVERY WOMAN IN THE ROOM is a little bit of a philosopher, and it is said until that dear, little, quiet woman over in the corner raises herself up slowly and draws out sweetly: "In my opinion, the only way to be a good wife is to be a good mother."

EVERY WOMAN IN THE ROOM is a little bit of a philosopher, and it is said until that dear, little, quiet woman over in the corner raises herself up slowly and draws out sweetly: "In my opinion, the only way to be a good wife is to be a good mother."

EVERY WOMAN IN THE ROOM is a little bit of a philosopher, and it is said until that dear, little, quiet woman over in the corner raises herself up slowly and draws out sweetly: "In my opinion, the only way to be a good wife is to be a good mother."

EVERY WOMAN IN THE ROOM is a little bit of a philosopher, and it is said until that dear, little, quiet woman over in the corner raises herself up slowly and draws out sweetly: "In my opinion, the only way to be a good wife is to be a good mother."

EVERY WOMAN IN THE ROOM is a little bit of a philosopher, and it is said until that dear, little, quiet woman over in the corner raises herself up slowly and draws out sweetly: "In my opinion, the only way to be a good wife is to be a good mother."

WITH THE CHILDREN.

Bright Fancies and Odd Speeches of the Little Ones.

Not many weeks since a little girl received a visit from an uncle she had never before seen, but had heard much about. He was known to her as "Uncle Benny."

At the close of her customary evening prayer she said: "Dad bless mamma, papa and Tommy and Uncle Benny, for they are all here, and I am glad to see them. Dad, his other name is Hopkins!"

An influx of "over-Sunday" visitors having filled eight seats at Adelaide's table with young men, she refused to eat. Being questioned, the fourteen-year-old little replied: "I am not at all pleased at such a crowd of men being sent here. They take away my appetite. I don't like to see them."

Papa to Adelaide (whose mamma is away for a few days): "We miss mamma awfully, don't we, Adelaide?" Adelaide (hesitatingly): "Yes, papa; probably you, but she fusses so, I think it tries my nervous system."

A young lady to whom Adelaide was much attached, and the name of Grace. Hearing it for a few times, the young creature commented: "Mamma, isn't Grace a serious name? It makes me shiver of prayer."

At another time a strange child was introduced to the tiny hostess with intonations as to his entertainment. While the subject of the conversation was checked by: "My dear, I have played with children all my life."

It sounds a little bit irrelevant, but as it was told by a highly esteemed clergyman, and in Sunday school, too, it is probably a good deal of a story. A little girl walking in the public garden on Sunday with her mother, began to play upon the grass and was instantly reprimanded by her mother.

"Why can't I run on the grass, mamma?" she exclaimed. "Because the policeman will make you stop if you do. Don't you see the policeman over there? Besides, it is Sunday, and God doesn't want you to play on the grass."

"Oh, dear," said the little girl, "if it wasn't for the policeman and God, what nice times we could have." ANNOUNCED FROM HEADQUARTERS, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 12, 1887.

A little girl of six, the daughter of a friend of mine, did a precocious and amusing thing the other day. She was amusing herself with a ball of string, and she had just finished winding it up to a street car when she noticed the glances of the passengers and their evident amusement at the same.

NOT A BITE.

"My boy," said a clergyman, "don't you know that it is wicked to catch fish on Sunday?"

"Well, I ain't sinned much yet," said the boy, without taking his eye from the cork; "ain't had a bite." What is the reason, good friend, you don't nibble? We have been fishing for you a long time. We haven't sinned any yet with you. You never got cheated in our store. Did you ever stop to think that it is not the man who already trades with us that we advertise for. He is committed. It's yourself we are after. We can offer you advantages not to be found elsewhere. We make our own clothing and make it upon honor—just as we want it, just as you want it, and mean to sell it to you so that you can save a nice margin over where you are now trading. Come in, anyway, and try the U T K, Minneapolis.

Well, why not? We have been too long in Minneapolis not to have all of our goods such as we can guarantee. We have been here for twelve years, and intend to stay twelve more, and always give the best for the least. You ought to see the stock of jour. tailor-made Suits and Overcoats that the

MINNEAPOLIS, Now has on its counters. Everything is new and of the very latest styles and fabrics. We have no old culls. Men's suits from \$5 up to \$40; Boys' \$1 to \$25; Men's Overcoats, \$3 to \$60; Boys', \$1 to \$25; Men's Fur Lined Coats, \$45 to \$150; Fur Coats, \$10 to \$300. Any kind of Fur Coat made to order with any trimming desired.

SEAL CAPS From \$4 up to the finest Prince Albert at \$18. MINNEAPOLIS PROVISION COMPANY! Beef and Pork PACKERS, AND GENERAL PROVISION DEALERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

From the large cities, and wanting the best of everything, you must send your laundry by mail or express. Write us for terms. Cascade Steam Laundry, Minneapolis.

DR. BRINLEY, Hale Block, Hennepin Ave., Cor. Fifth St. Opposite West Hotel. Regularly graduated and legally qualified, long engaged in Chronic, Nervous and Skin Diseases. A friendly talk costs nothing. If convenient to visit, a free consultation, medicine sent by mail or express, free from observation. Curable cases guaranteed. In three months, or until cured, \$12 to \$20, and 2 to 4 to 5 a case; Sundays, 2 to 3 p. m. If you cannot come to case by mail, Diseases from Indigestion, Excess or Impure Blood, Nervousness, Debility, Dimness of Sight, Perverted Vision, Defective Memory, Peco Pimples, Melancholy, Headaches, Loss of Spirit, Pains in the Back, etc., are treated with success. Satisfy, privately, speedily. No charge of medicine.

LOCK HOSPITAL, ESTABLISHED 1867. Dr. H. Nelson, surgeon in charge. Office, 226 Washington ave., south, corner Third av. Guarantee to eradicate and permanently cure without excise or mercury, chronic or poisonous diseases of the blood, throat, nose, ears, and eyes, including all forms of stricture cured without pain or cutting. Acute or chronic urinary diseases cured in a few days by a local remedy. All forms of indigestion or excess with cough, indigestion, tired feeling, nervous, physical and mental weakness, resulting from improper or unhygienic food or drink, or those who are often treated for constipation, dyspepsia, and other ailments, by laxatives, are cured by the use of our medicine for ladies. No poisonous drugs used. Hours, 9 a. m. to 12 m.; 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m. Sunday, 2 to 4 p. m. Book, 50c by mail.

BOWER'S School of Shorthand. ESTABLISHED 1834. Shorthand and Typewriting School EXCLUSIVELY. All branches of shorthand work thoroughly taught, and instructions strictly individual. Success by mail lessons guaranteed. Sent for circulars. G. B. BOWER, 522 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MRS. FLORA O'DOUGH, Commission Merchant STOCKS GRAIN AND PROVISIONS, Direct Wire to Chicago and Eastern Markets. 103-104 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn. Out-of-town Orders Solicited.

HEATH & KIMBALL, 14 S. Fourth St., Minneapolis. read the "Wants" each week. Millions Always finding what they seek.

