SAYS IT WAS MURDER

Billings, the Blackmailer, Is Charged by the Coroner's Jury With Murder.

Unlike Shylock, He Mourns His Ducats and Damns His Wife.

Citizens of Chicago Excited Over Alleged Crookedness in the Postoffice.

A Connecticut Man Murdered and Thrown in a Well--Crime Notes.

Special to the Globe.

WAVERLY, Io., Dec. 31.—The coroner's jury, which has been investigating the tragic death of County Attorney W. S. Kingsley for the past ten days, met again this morning at 9 o'clock and agreed on a verdict charging Billings with murder in the first degree. When the coroner announced the verdict, Billings received it very hard, and was greatly surprised. He said: "I am very much surprised at the verdict, and I want to be put in possession of the means by which the jury arrived at such a verdict." Coroner Ford at once issued a warrant for the arrest of Billings on the charge, and he was taken into custody by Sheriff Jarvis. Mayor W. C. Holt was sent for and a preliminary examination began at once, C. D. Ellis acting for the prosecution. The verdict of the jurors was met with the universal satisfaction of the community. Billings will now have a chance to account for the most heinious crime ever perpetrated in the history of our town. Billings was as eager for Kingsley's bond as Shylock was for Antonio's, but unlike that venerable Jew, who bemoaned his fallen house and daughter rather than his ducats, Billings mourns his ducats and damns his wife.

SERIOUS CHARGES.

Private Letters Said to Be Tampered With at the Chicago Postoffice.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—The postoffice officials, as well as the business community, are considerably exercised today by the publication of the charges in several of the newspapers that under the present administration of the postoffice it is possible for private mail to be tampered with, and an instance of this has just come to light. On Dec. 19, W. H. Schimpferman, a large wholesale liquor dealer of this city, received a letter from Charles Graef, of New York, asking about the commercial standing of J. Bernstein, a local dealer in wines. Schimpferman immediately answered the letter, and on the same day Bernstein wrote to Graef ordering some goods. Both letters were mailed almost simultaneously in different street letter boxes. Bernstein, wishing to change his order, called at the postoffice to get his letter to Graef back. Instead he was handed the one written by Schimpferman to Graef. He opened it, and then wrote on it, "Opened by mistake." It reached Graef, and the latter, noticing it had been opened, sent it back to Schimpferman. He complained at the postoffice, but was treated shabbily and has been able to get no satisfaction. Schimpferman will carry the case to the postoffice department.

A MISSING MAN.

A New York Man Is Missing and Murder Is Feared.

ROSE, N. Y., Dec. 31.—F. C. Van Marter, about thirty years of age, came here about five weeks ago with his wife, a pretty and attractive woman of seventeen. He rented a house about four miles from town, where he stored his household goods and intended to occupy it in about a month. In the meantime he and his wife stopped with relatives two miles from their house. Dec. 12 three men came to where Van Marter was staying, and kicked and pounded him and told him to leave town without further warning. The men said they had a row with Van Marter some time ago, but did not get satisfaction. The mysterious part of the affair is that Van Marter has not been seen since, and murder is suspected. His wife is still at his relatives, and refuses to say anything about the affair, but it is thought that she has had nothing to do with the disappearance of her husband. A suspicious incident connected with the affair was the total destruction of an old unoccupied house near the place of the assault, which was burned to the ground early the next morning. Since then nothing has been seen or heard of Van Marter, and it is generally believed that he is dead, as nothing can be learned of his whereabouts. His father says he had a fight with three men some time ago, and they whipped him very badly, and told him to leave the country or they would meet him again.

Killed and Thrown in a Well.

SOUTH NORWALK, Conn., Dec. 31.—On June 24, 1884, the body of a man was found in an old well on the Connell place at Darien. Although an inquest was held and a search made, the body was not identified. Michael Egan, a farmer living a mile from Andrew Moran's, at Darien, says he knows all about the murder. He says the murdered man was Thomas Lahey, who worked in Stamford and boarded at Moran's, and on Jan. 1, 1884, he went to Moran's and was refused admission, and while trying to get in at a window he was shot by a boarder named John Conepf. He further says the body was taken into Moran's house and kept three weeks, when it was taken to the Connell place and dumped in the well. He saw blood on the walls of Moran's house, and afterward tracked a wagon from Moran's house to the well.

Work of Burglars.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 31.—Messrs. Deavers, Hill & Neal's store at Blairsville, some fifty miles east of this city, was entered by burglars at 3 o'clock this morning. The safe was blown open and robbed, and then the store was set on fire. The building was entirely destroyed and two dwellings in addition. The loss will aggregate $15,000. No traces of the thieves have been discovered.

Tried to Commit Suicide.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 31.—G. S. Massey, the granger from Colorado City, Tex., who was swindled out of over $200, all the money he had in the world, by a New York sharper, attempted to commit suicide to-day by cutting his throat. He is in a precarious condition.

A Missing Cashier.

UTICA, N. Y., Dec. 31.—Marcus W. Basback, sixty-two years old, for twenty-five years cashier of the Herkimer bank, has been missing since Dec. 13. It is said that he owes the bank and its stockholders some $15,000.

The Cunning Crane.

American Angler.

"It was about fifty years ago," said Dr. J. M. Kendall, of Bowdoinham, "I was a youngster and playing on the bank of the Kennebec. I shall never forget in my life how neatly I saw a crane get a pickerel dinner. They were driving logs down the stream. I watched a crane acting sort of funny standing perched on one of the logs near the shore. I made up my mind to see what he was about, and hid in a clump of bushes. The crane had a bug in his bill and he kept dropping it into the current till it floated past him and then grabbed it again and repeated the same performance. He looked to me as if he was going to sleep. The old fellow kept the bug floating in front of the log for half an hour, when, all of a sudden, a big pickerel came up to the surface and made a dive for the bait. The pickerel was down the crane's throat in less than a second, and Mr. Crane flapped his wings and flew away. He took the bug in his bill, though. They look sleepy enough, but they know more than a good many people—how to get their bread and butter."

QUEER THINGS.

A monument to Gen. Robert Toombs has been shipped from Italy to Georgia.

About one person in 400, according to the Jewelers' Weekly, wears a glass eye.

One of President Cleveland's favorite dishes is pickled sheep's tongues, eaten just before he goes to bed.

Joel Arnold, of Colchester, Conn., recently trapped a white weasel, the like of which, old hunters say, was never seen in Connecticut.

One of the allegations in a suit for divorce brought by a Jeffersonville, Ind., bride of a year is that her husband failed to keep his promise to buy her a silk dress.

A man in the Duchy of Anhalt has wagered 2,000 marks that within two years he can copy the whole of the Bible, punctuation and all, without a mistake.

Mrs. Elizabeth Colby, of Bingham, Me., enjoys the distinction of being the only woman in the country licensed to solemnize marriages. Others are only allowed to make matches.

According to an eminent statistician, the population of the world is now 1,483,000,000. If there is any other world that thinks it is growing any faster than we are, let it come forward and compare figures.

The oldest two trees of the world are supposed to be one in Calaveras county, which is believed to be 2,560 years old, and the cypress of Somma, in Lombardy, Italy, which is 1911 years old, planted B. C. 42.

Mrs. Gilligan, of Bridgeport, Conn., who attacked an escaped lion after the great menagerie fire, and who has agreed to travel with "the greatest show on earth," has received an offer of marriage from a Western ranchman.

An estimate of the value of the products of the orchards and vineyards of California in 1887 has been made, which foots up a total of $18,000,000. More than five-sixths of the whole amount was produced in Central California

Hugo, Cal., has been so overrun by rats that a citizen there wrote to a friend in Wichita asking him to send on all the cats he could find. The Wichita man has shipped 250 rat catchers, and says that he will send a thousand unless he hears that Hugo is supplied.

A shark following a Rockland lime vessel recently, and eating up the garbage thrown overboard, gulped down a big lump of lime thrown over by one of the crew. The lime at once began to slake, and the shark threshed about in terrible agony and finally died.

Surveyors going over the line between Washington and Green counties, Pennsylvania, found one house so situated that the husband eats his meal in Washington while the wife eats hers in Green, and they sleep with their heads in one county and their feet in the other.

Her Terrible Dream Fulfilled.

Globe-Democrat.

Mrs. Jacob Condon, living a few miles from this place, dreamed a few nights ago that her year-old baby was burned to death, and that she sent word of the casualty to her husband, who was working at a distance from home, by James Portlewaith, a neighbor. The next morning she told her husband of her dream and admitted that it made her despondent. He laughed at her fears and went away to his work. Late in the forenoon Mrs. Condon left her kitchen to go to the wood-shed, a few steps away. While she was there she heard her baby screaming. She ran into the house and found the child lying in front of an open grate, wrapped in flames. She threw an old coat about the child and smothered the flames, but it was so badly burned that it died in a few minutes. Mrs. Condon went to the door to call for assistance. As she reached the door James Portlewaith was passing the gate. She sent him to her husband with the dreadful news, thus fulfilling her terrible dream to the letter.

The Wake Wiggled in Baby.

The Youth's Companion.

Some expressions are all the more forcible for having sprung spontaneously into existence, without the fostering aid of grammar. Little Lilian had an uncomfortable way of waking before light and expecting the family to rise with her at what they considered an unbearably early hour.

"Lilian, you must lie still and try to sleep," said her mother one morning, when this early bird began to chirp.

"I'll try," said the little girl, and so she did, but it was to no purpose. In five minutes she was sitting up in bed playing with her little pink toes. This time her mother, growing impatient, as sleepy people have been known to do, summarily extinguished her under the bedclothes, saying in despair, "Lilian, I told you to try once more to go to sleep!"

"I know it, mamma," said truthful Lilian, "and I did try, but the wake wiggles in me so I can't keep still!"

Scenting a Counterfeiter.

Brooklyn Eagle.

While walking through a part of the Twenty-fifth ward the other night with a man who was once in government employ, and who has been mixed up more or less in chemistry, I called his attention to a curious smell that pervaded the precinct. The night was still and muggy, and the heavy air was charged with a smell like burning metal. The man stopped and began to sniff. "H'm!" said he. "That's rather odd!" (Sniff.) "Antimony?" (Sniff.) "By George! Do you know what this is? Somebody's making counterfeit money." In Wednesday's paper I read with a little start of surprise a paragraph stating that counterfeit half dollars had made their appearance in this city in considerable numbers.

Several Hundred Killed.

LONDON, Dec. 31.—Mail advices from China state a powder magazine containing 40,000 kilogrammes of powder exploded at Amoy Nov. 21, doing immense damage. The force of the explosions was very great. A quarter of the buildings of the town were laid in ruins. Fifty soldiers were blown to atoms. Several hundred inhabitants were killed.

Seven Negroes Wounded.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Dec. 31.—At Fulton, Ky., last night, two white boys, Hays and Bruce Eddings, misbehaved at a dance of black people and were put out of the house. They returned, and while Hays held the door open Bruce fired both barrels of a shotgun loaded with buckshot into the crowd. Seven negroes were wounded, two of them seriously.

A Man of Experience.

Fred Carruth.

"Did I understand you to say that you had had considerable experience with the Indians in the West?" inquired a man on an Eastern train of a tall stranger.

"Yes, I suppose I have."

"What do you consider the outlook for their civilization?"

"Poor, very poor. They don't seem to learn anything. Why, sir, only last week I traded one of the most intelligent of them an old horse, blind in both eyes and all crippled up generally, for two good ponies, and he never knew he was cheated. I can't understand why it is the Indian doesn't improve more."

"Well, that looks bad for them, sure enough. I suppose you have a ranch near one of their reservations?"

"Oh, no; I'm no rancher," replied the stranger, as he threw his leg over the arm of the seat. "No, I'm a missionary. I was sent out by the William Penn Missionary society, of Philadelphia, and have been laboring among the red brethren for the last twenty years."

LIFE IS LOVE.

Love lives, Love dies; too soon the song is ended;
Grief's tears time dries. Joy is with sorrow blended—
And still for change we evermore are crying.
Youth, with ambition's care, is ever sighing;
Dreams of to-day are triumphs of the morrow—
Triumphs soon die. Smiles are but masks of Sorrow.
The seasons change, and Summer dims her splendor
In Autumn's tears. Spring's grace but seems more tender
When most severe hath been rude Winter's frowning.
Love lives, Love dies; the end of all things crowning;
The echo of the song sounds harsh and dreary—
Sigh we for change, else we of life grow weary.
—A. F. Cullingworth.

THE MISER'S MONEY.

Philip Acre had reason to be satisfied with the world in general. In the first place, he was going to marry the girl he loved, and very opportunely old Thomas Mortimer, a relative he had only seen once in his life, had died and left him a fortune.

It was just a week before his wedding that his betrothed, Edith Wyllis, was seated in her father's drawing-room working on some lace and singing softly to herself. Few but would have praised the taste the young man had shown in selecting such a beautiful wife. She dropped her work with a glad cry as her lover entered the room. Her face saddened as she noted the tired expression in his eyes.

"Philip, you look worried," as he kissed her cheek.

"And I feel so, darling. I have come on a sad mission. To say that our wedding must be indefinitely postponed."

"But why?" was the tearful question.

"Until I can realize enough of an income to support you, dearest, as you deserve. I have found out to-day that I am not Thomas Mortimer's heir. That a distant cousin—a nearer relative—exists, and I will see that she comes into her property." And he sighed.

"But, Philip, the will has made it legally yours?"

"Legally, it has; but Edith, could I reconcile it to my ideas of truth and honor to avail myself of old Mortimer's fanciful freak at this woman's expense? I might take the hoarded wealth, but I should never respect myself again, could I dream of legally defrauding the rightful heir. Nay, dearest, I may lose name and wealth, but I would rather die than suffer a single stain on my honor as a Christian gentleman!"

"You have done right, Philip," said Edith, with sparkling eyes. "We will wait and hope on, happy in loving one another more dearly than ever. But who is she? What is her name?"

"That's what I didn't stop to inquire. I will write again to my lawyer to ask these questions, and to direct that a deed of conveyance be instantly made out; and then, darling——"

His lips quivered a moment, yet he manfully completed the bitter sentence—"Then I will begin the battle of life over again."

And Edith's loving eyes told him what she thought of his noble self-abnegation—a sweet testimonial.

"Hem!" said Dr. Wyllis, polishing his eye glasses magisterially with a silk crimson pockethandkerchief; "I didn't suppose the young fellow had so much stamina about him—a very honorable thing to do, Edith. I have never felt quite certain about Phil Acre's being worthy of you before"——

"Papa!"

"But my mind is made up now. When is he coming again?"

"This evening, sir," faltered Edith, the violet eyes softly drooping.

"Tell him, Edith, that he may have you next Wednesday, just the same as ever! And as for the law-practicing—why, there's time enough for that afterward. Child, don't strangle me with your kisses—keep 'em for Phil."

He looked after his daughter with eyes that were strangely dim.

"Tried—and not found wanting!" he muttered indistinctly.

The perfume of orange blossoms had died away, the glimmer of pearls and satin were hidden in velvet caskets and traveling trunks—and Mr. and Mrs. Acre, old-married people of a full month's duration, were driving along a country road in the autumn glow of a glorious autumn sunset.

"Hallo! which way is Thomas going?" said Philip, leaning from the window, as the cariage turned out of the main road.

"I told him the direction to take, Phil," said Edith, with bright, sparkling eyes. "Let me have my own way, just for once! We are going to our new home."

"Are we?" said Phil with a comical grimace. "It is to be love in a cottage, I suppose?"

"Wait until you see, sir," said Mrs. Acre, pursing up her little rosebud of a mouth. And Philip "waited" dutiously.

"Where are we?" he asked in astonishment when the carriage drew up in front of a stately pillared portico, which seemed not entirely unfamilliar to him. "Surely this is Mortimer place!"

"I shouldn't be surprised if it was!" said Dr. Wyllis, emerging from the doorway. "Walk in, my boy—come, Edith! Well, how do you like the looks of your new home?"

"Our new home?" repeated Philip. "I do not understand you, sir."

"Why, I mean that your little wife yonder is the sole surviving relative of Thomas Mortimer, although she never knew it till this morning. Her mother was old Mortimer's cousin, but some absurd quarrel had caused a total cessation of intercourse between the two branches of the family. I was aware of the facts all along; but I wasn't sorry to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing what kind of stuff you were made of, Phil Acre! And now as the deed of conveyance isn't made out yet, I don't suppose your lawyer need trouble himself about it. The heiress won't quarrel with you, I'll be bound!"

Philip Acre's cheek flushed and then grew pale with strong, hidden emotion, as he looked at his fair wife standing beside him, when the sunset turned her bright hair to coils of shining gold, and thought how unerringly the hand of Providence had straightened out the tangled web of his destiny.

Out of the darkness had come light!

Wanted Smuggled Goods.

Detroit Free Press.

She asked for lace of a certain kind and the clerk took down a box and excused the small quantity in it by saying:

"We sold a great quantity of this the other day at wholesale."

"That is exactly like my sample, isn't it?"

"Yes'm. You must have bought that here."

"Oh, no, sir—I bought it of a pedler."

"Ah!"

"And paid him 14 cents per yard, while you only charge 6."

"I see. He told you—"

"That it was smuggled over from Canada."

"Exactly. We sell to a number who go about telling the same story, but of course we are not responsible."

"I—I—!"

"Just so, ma'am." I know just how you feel about it, but, being a woman, you can neither swear at yourself nor kick the man for a liar. Will you sit down in the back end of the store until your emotion subsides? No! Ah, well, call again. Nothing else to-day?"

A Kansas City Blaze.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 31.—The establishment of the Stevens & Brace Iron company, at the corner of Thirteenth and Mulberry streets, was completely destroyed by fire to-night. Loss on building, $25,000; fully insured. On contents, $80,000; insured for $60,000. The building was owned by Charles Francis Adams, of Boston.

Killed the Sheriff

LOUISVILLE, Dec. 31.—Sheriff Winters, of Hickman county, attempted to arrest Sam Price at his home, near Clinton. Price fired the contents of a double-barreled shotgun into the officer's body, killing him. The murderer is at large.

PLAY COURT EPISODE.

Suggested by a Visit to One of the Public Schools.

AN INTELLIGENT INTERVIEW.

Why the Boy's Lot Is the Happiest One---An Unanswered Question in a Trivial Conversation.

"What is the happiest creature living?"
"The school boy."
"And next to the school boy?"
"The school girl."
"And why do you place one before the other? Why is the boy happier than the girl?"
"Well, you see the school boy—"

But here the speaker's voice was drowned in the shouts and laughter of a troop of children that thronged the play-court of one of the public schools; and as he passed on with his friend, the writer wondered what his answer might be. But his reason, if good reason he had, will remain lost in obscurity, or bestowed only to increase the fund of philosophy possessed by his friend. Whether it was in capacity for noise or inclination for long slides on icy pavements in winter, or elfin dives and ducks and plunges in the water in the summer, or whatever it was that suggested itself as a reason for the boy's superiority in pleasure over his weaker sister, the world will be none the wiser for it, and half of us doubtless will go on believing that the speaker was wrong altogether in his proposition, while the other half will insist on regarding the matter as altogether too trivial and unsubstantial for a moment's consideration.

But trivial as the subject and conversation may have been, it recurred to the mind of the writer a short time after, that during the course of a conversation with the mother of the young lady whose portrait is fairly well produced above she said: "My daughter Mary took sick two years ago with what the doctors called inflammatory rheumatism. At that time we were living at Little Falls, Minn., and the way that child suffered was simply horrible. She was in constant pain, and for thirteen months there was not one night that she lay down to sleep. Her heart would beat violently at times and was very irregular. Her appetite was, as a general rule, poor, and when she did crave for something to eat, and it was given her, her stomach would not retain. She began to fail very fast and I called in other physicians, and they pronounced her sickness to be heart trouble, and that she would never get well. I spent over $700 in one year taking her to different cities for the purpose of consulting other doctors, only one of whom did her any good, and that relief was only temporary. In all I consulted and had her treated by sixteen physicians before I came to St. Paul. One doctor said the fibers around her heart were all dead, and that one of her lungs was paralyzed. She was given up to die several times. Last July, after reading of the many wonderful cures perfected by Dr. McCoy and his associates, I concluded to make one more effort to save her, so I managed to get the doctor to see her. He told me she was not beyond recovery, that he had seen many worse cases than hers, and said he would undertake to treat her. He gave her some medicine and asked me to take her to see him every day for a while. She was then not able to walk alone, and I tell you that inside of two weeks she was able to go to his office alone. She continued to improve right along, and in about six weeks she was entirely well, and to-day she is stronger, more active and healthier than she ever was." At this she called to Mary, who promptly responded, and at her mother's request pulled up her sleeve, showing to the reporter a plump arm, and looked the picture of health and beauty.

Mrs. Clint and daughter Mary reside at 194 Prescott street, and will be happy to corroborate the above statement.

The Plain Truth.

When a person with a delicate constitution has a tendency to catarrh or consumption—whether this tendency is inherited or results from taking cold easily—it is noticeable that that person invariably loses flesh and loses strength, showing that the nutrition is interfered with.

In such a case the sufferer should at once be placed under influences that will restore the defective nutrition and tend to invigorate the constitution.

It is to be remembered that in every case the presence of catarrh is an evidence of predisposition to consumption, and no matter how slight the attack may be, it should be treated with the greatest care, and the treatment should be continued until all traces of the catarrh have disappeared.

If the catarrh is allowed to reach the smallest tubes in the lungs—which condition is indicated by the spitting up of a yellow material—then immediate attention to the malady is demanded, or serious lung trouble will result.

Catarrh is, nine times out of ten, the cause that produces consumption, and hence no one can afford to neglect a case of catarrh, however slight. It is easily cured if taken in time and treated regularly and correctly by a specialist. If left to itself it is rarely cured without a change of climate, but with each new cold it gets more and more troublesome, extending always a little deeper into the lungs, until a cure becomes difficult and sometimes impossible.

Personal.

There is the best authority for stating that Dr. McCoy's location in St. Paul is a permanent one. His leases, contracts, etc., are many of them for a term of years, and none of them for a shorter period than one year. His offices, 10 west Third street, St. Paul, are fitted up very evidently for permanency.

Dr. McCoy's specialties include all medical diseases, consumption, Bright's disease, dyspepsia, rheumatism and all nervous disorders. His skill in troubles of the eyes and ear has already been well established. The fact that he cures catarrh has had weekly confirmation by the local press, in the statements of patients cured, for several months past.

It may be further said that he doesn't propose to perform miracles or work by magic. Long experiences in the New York hospitals, office association with eminent specialists there, and years of study with the best authorities in certain lines of practice, make his treatment in those lines worthy of consideration. That it is skillful, that it is scientific, that it is not experimental, that it represents the best improvements and developments of modern study and modern discovery, is all that it is claimed. Concerning results Dr. McCoy respectfully refers to the statements of patients which have appeared regularly—each week bringing out a new and successful result—in the Minneapolis and St. Paul daily press for a long time past.

DOCTOR

J. CRESAP M'COY,

Late of Bellevue Hospital, New York, has Offices at

No. 10 West Third St., St. Paul,

—AND—

WEST HOTEL,

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,

Where all curable cases are treated with success.

Medical diseases treated skillfully. Consumption, Bright's disease, dyspepsia, rheumatism and all nervous diseases. All diseases peculiar to the sexes a specialty. Catarrh cured.

Consultation at office or by mail, $1.

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

Office hours: 9 to 11 a. m.; 2 to 4 p. m.; 7 to 8 p. m. Sunday hours from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m.

No letters answered unless accompanied by 4 cents in stamps.

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GENUINE INDIAN MOCCASINS!

In Great Variety. Headquarters for Toboggan Moccasins and Shoes at

BRADLEY'S,

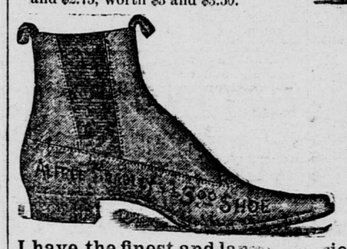
The Lower Town Shoe Man!

WE WILL SELL FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY,

Ladies' Hand-Turned and Hand Welt Shoes in French Kid, Dongola and Bright Kangaroo, from A to E width, in all sizes and styles, for $3, worth $3.50; $3.50, worth $4; $4, worth $4.50; and $4.50, former price $5.50.

Curacoa Kid, in Hand Welt, $2.75, worth $3.50; $3.25, worth $3.75; $3.50, worth $4. Machine-sewed, $2.50, $2.25, $2—a cut of 50 cents a pair right through.

Pebble Goat, Hand-sewed, in Common Sense (Ladies' Solid Comfort), $2.50 and $2.75, worth $3 and $3.50.



A big drive on Men's Fine Calf, Hand-Welt

SHOES!

For $3.50; a Machine-Sewed for $3.

I have the finest and largest variety of CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS ever brought to the city, to be sold at 25c and 50c per pair less than regular prices.

HAVE

Heel Plates

PUT ON YOUR RUBBERS!

They will last twice as long.

Only 10c a pair.

We are overstocked with goods, and they must be sold and we will sell at prices that will make them go.

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Heating Stoves at Your Own Price.

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Every style and grade of Overcoats that are manufactured. Our exhibit the finest possible. In numbers remarkable. The very best made. Elegant Overcoats in Black, Brown and Blue, at $15. Magnificent Heavy-Weight Overcoats, all prices, from $10 to $45.

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Popular Clothiers,

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SPECIAL LOT SHINGLES.

Call or Send for Prices.
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152, 153, 154 Drake Block. Loan Money on Improved Real Estate Security,

At 6, 6½, 7, 7½ and 8 per cent.

On Shortest Notice for any amount.

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U. S. Government Depository.

CAPITAL $500,000

J. J. P. ODELL, Pres. H. A. WARE, Cashier.

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STOCK BROKERS. Direct private wire to all markets. Prompt attention given to orders by mail or wire.

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Grain and provisions bought and sold for cash or future delivery. Commission one-fifth. Orders for the purchase and sale of stocks on any stock exchange in the country promptly executed. We have the only direct private wire from St. Paul to Chicago and New York.

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Liberal advances made on consignments of grain. 322 Sibley St., St. Paul.

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REAL ESTATE AND MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS.

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Rice Block, S. W. Corner of Fifth and Jackson Streets.

Five per cent. interest paid on time deposits. Money loaned on improved city property. Transacts a general banking business. Capital, $50,000. Surplus and undivided profits, $20,409.38. Open Saturdays from 6 to 7 p. m. John S. Prince, President. Edward J Meier, Cashier.

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Investment Bankers,

152, 153 and 154 Drake Block, St. Paul, Minn.

Buy and Sell Stocks Bonds and Real Estate

NATIONAL INVESTMENT COMPANY

HAS

MONEY TO LOAN,

On improved real estate at lowest current rates. No delays.

Room 28, German-American Bank.

PETER BERKEY, President

C. G. JOHNSON, General Manager.

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CAPITAL, - - - - $300,000.

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Corner Fifth and Wabasha streets, opposite Postoffice.

BANK OF MINNESOTA,

Paid Up Capital $600,000;
Surplus $100,000.

Wm. Dawson, Pres. Robt. A. Smith, V. Pres. Wm. Dawson, Jr., Cashier.

S. F. CLARK.

390 Jackson Street, - - St. Paul

APPLES, CRANBERRIES, FRUITS,

BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY

MINNEAPOLIS PROVISION COMPANY!

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Pork and Beef Packers

AND GENERAL PROVISION DEALERS.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK

Corner of Fourth and Jackson Sts., St. Paul, Minn.

PAID UP CAPITAL, - - $500,000.

Albert Scheffer, President.
P. H. Kelly, First Vice President.
Chas. Kittelson, Second Vice Presid'nt.
Herman Scheffer, Cashier.

SEVEN CORNERS BANK

Paid Up Capital, $100,000.

R. M. Newport, President.
W. B. Evans, Cashier
Michael Defiel, Vice President.
C. A. Hawks, Asst. Cashier.

BLACK WOLF!

Or Black Leprosy, is a disease which is considered incurable, but it has yielded to the curative properties of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC—now known all over the world as S. S. S. Mrs. Bailey, of West Somerville, Mass., near Boston, was attacked several years ago with this hideous black eruption, and was treated by the best medical talent, who could only say that the disease was a species of

—LEPROSY—

and consequently incurable. It is impossible to describe her sufferings. Her body from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet was a mass of decay, masses of flesh rotting off and leaving great cavities. Her fingers festered and three or four nails dropped off at one time. Her limbs contracted by the fearful ulceration, and for several years she did not leave her bed. Her weight was reduced from 125 to 60 lbs. Perhaps some faint idea of her condition can be gleaned from the fact that three pounds of Cosmoline or ointment were used per week in dressing her sores. Finally the physicians acknowledged their defeat by this Black Wolf, and commended the sufferer to her all-wise Creator.

Her husband hearing wonderful reports of the use of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.), prevailed on her to try it as a last resort. She began its use under protest, but soon found that her system was being relieved of the poison, as the sores assumed a red and healthy color, as though the blood was becoming pure and active. Mrs. Bailey continued the S. S. S. until last February; every sore was healed; she discarded chair and crutches, and was for the first time in twelve years a well woman. Her husband, Mr. C. A. Bailey, is in business at 17½ Blackstone Street, Boston, and will take pleasure in giving the details of this wonderful cure. Send to us for Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

"Star Patent" Toboggans.

SNOWSHOES. ICE SKATES.

Gymnasium Supplies.

Send for new Winter Catalogue.

FREDK. A. LELAND,

462 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis.

Autumn gives the "Wants a boom," Still they come and still there's room.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the copartnership heretofore existing between Thos. L. Blood and Stephen Van Wyck, under the firm name of T. L. Blood & Co., is hereby dissolved by limitation, Stephen Van Wyck retiring; the business will be continued by Thos. L. Blood, Wm. H. Mingaye and Geo. C. Stone, under the same firm name; the new firm will assume all liabilities and collect all accounts due the old firm.

THOS. L. BLOOD,
STEPHEN VAN WYCK.

NOTICE is hereby given that Thomas L. Blood, William H. Mingaye and George C. Stone, all of the city of St. Paul, county of Ramsey, and state of Minnesota, have formed a limited partnership, in accordance with the provisions of the statutes of the state of Minnesota, for the purpose of manufacturing and selling mixed paints, dry colors, white lead, oils, varnishes, brushes, glass, putty, etc., in the city of St. Paul, Minnesota. That the said limited partnership shall be known under the firm name and style of T. L. Blood and Company, and will use the further designation of "Northwestern Paint Works." That said partnership consists of Thomas L. Blood and William H. Mingaye, as general partners, and George C. Stone as special partner. That the said George C. Stone has contributed and paid in, in cash, the sum of fifteen thousand dollars ($15,000) as capital towards the common stock, and that the said partnership is to commence on the 1st day of December, A. D. 1887, and is to terminate on the 1st day of December, A. D. 1890.

THOS. L. BLOOD, [L. S.]
WILLIAM H. MINGAYE, [L. S.]
GEO. C. STONE, [L. S.]

Dated St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 30, 1887.
Witnesses:
A. GOLDSMITH,
F. W. FISHER.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Ramsey. } Be it known that on this 30th day of November, 1887, personally appeared Thos. L. Blood, William H. Mingaye and George C. Stone, to me well known as the persons who executed the foregoing instrument, and who acknowledged that they executed the same freely and voluntarily and for the purposes therein expressed.

Notarial Seal, Ramsey Co., Minnesota. } FRED WOODBOURNE, Notary Public, Minn.

Filed for record Dec. 3, 1887, at 8:55 o'clock a. m.

OFFICE OF REGISTER OF DEEDS, Ramsey County, Minn. }

I, Michael J. Bell, register of deeds of said county and state, do hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing paper writing with the original record now remaining in this office, and that the same is a correct transcript therefrom, and of the whole of said original record, as the same appears in Book "D" of Incorporations, page 374.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my official seal, at the city of St. Paul, in said county, this 3d day of December, A. D. 1887.

M. J. BELL, Register of Deeds.
H. A. HAGEMAN, Deputy. dec5-6wks-mon

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF Ramsey—ss. In Probate Court, Special Term, Dec. 10, 1887.

In the matter of the estate of Pete Schrantz, deceased.

Whereas, an instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Peter Schrantz, deceased, late of said county, has been delivered to this court;

And whereas Catherine Schrantz has filed therewith her petition, representing among other things that said Peter Schrantz died in said county on the 27th day of November, 1887, testate, and that said petitioner is the sole executrix named in said last will and testament, and praying that said instrument may be admitted to probate, and that letters testamentary be to her issued thereon:

It is ordered, that the proofs of said instrument, and the said petition, be heard before this court, at the probate office in said county, on Thursday, the 5th day of January, A. D. 1888, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, when all concerned may appear and contest the probate of said instrument.

And it is further ordered, that public notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested, by publication of these orders for three weeks successively previous to said day of hearing, on Monday of each week, in the St. Paul DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper printed and published at St Paul, in said county.

By the Court,
[L.S.] E. S. GORMAN, Judge of Probate.
Attest: FRANK ROBERT, JR., Clerk.
OLIVER & FARWELL,
Attorneys for Petitioner.
dec12-4w-mon

NOTICE OF MORTGAGE SALE—Notice is hereby given that default has been made in the conditions