CLARA BELLE'S GOSSIP

A Sprightly and Gossipy Letter From the Great Metropolis.

Men as Well as Women Are Attracted by the Hats in Shop Windows.

The Fair Clara Takes a Whirl at the New Spring Styles of Clothes.

All About Mantles and Jackets of the Coming Season.

NEW YORK, March 23. 1888.—"Men as well as women," said the brightly observant Miss Entre Nous to me, "cast sly glances in passing, at its hats and its tournures in the plate-glass shop windows. Granted that the female heart is full of deceit and given to all manner of wickedness—granted even that the female brain has always had a fair show, but let no unbeliever in the equality of the sexes ever credit woman with more personal vanity than man. On this point there is, to say the least, perfect equality. In fact, I know it. Happening to be obliged to wait for the horse-car, that, like the letter, never came, I suddenly became aware that a store-window opposite was a source of frequent observation. It was a beautiful show, truly, and the hues of artistically grouped flowers were a joy to behold, but presently, to my great amusement, the secret of this passing interest was divulged. A young woman on the same side of the way as myself was faithfully reflected in the glass. Until she gave that thoroughly feminine shake to her draperies and looked over her shoulder at the fit of her dress-improver I had not thought of the window in its capacity of mirror to the public. For five minutes more or less she turned and twisted, now waiting for cars and carriages to get out of her range of vision, and then slowly pacing back and forth, while I watched her performance in the broad window. Having satisfied herself, she finally walked away, leaving me to remark, "How like a woman!" Not a bit of it! Presently.

A MAN

well known to fame came round the corner and turned down the street. Suddenly he halted, glanced over at the window, settled his coat collar, pulled his coat down in the back, shook his leg, that may have been asleep, for aught any one could tell, gave a fresh tilt to his plug hat, and then, having admired himself sufficiently, he, too, went his way! Since this experience, I have noted that both sexes, mind you, when they have a good opportunity to see themselves as others see them in a shop window, improve it. The window above mentioned is, I find, exceedingly popular. I have looked in it myself."

Betwixt the furs of winter and the unwrapped bodices of spring comes a spell of mantles and jackets. Some are jaunty to excess. I was particularly pleased with

A LOVELY LONG CLOAK

in pale gray cashmere, stirped with almost invisible lines of white and a darker shade of gray. The cloak was very simply cut, fitting tightly to the waist at the back, and then falling in full folds to the hem of the skirt. The long fronts were cut perfectly straight from throat to feet. They were bordered with silver passementerie, the same silver being used to cover the wide, upright collar. Another long cloak of a similar design is made in a beautiful fabric, with a fickle design in velours frise upon the ground of gold-colored satin. In this case the mantle is lined throughout with squirrel fur, so that while it looks smart and spring like, it is yet deliciously cosy and warm. A neat little seal plusk cloak is also likely to be widely popular. It is made with semi-fitting fronts buttoned back to show a tight-fitting undervest of mouse-brown moire, a most effective combination of color and material. Long raglans for traveling cloaks are made of striped and plaid cheviots, homespuns and serges of very rough surface in gray, tobacco brown and copper colors. Dark india cashmeres, especially of navy blue, gray and black are made up in more dressy raglans and lined throughout with surah. The close-fitted newmarket long cloaks with bell sleeves are made for young ladies, and these are sometimes of smooth cloths and Suede and cream colors, or else they are of the dark copper and mahogany shades, with a belt, cuffs and hood-lining of cream-colored cloth.

THE STYLISH COATS

of smooth-faced cloths for dressy occasions come in copper colors, in the new green shades, in tobacco browns, Suede color, the odd blues with green tints, and in bright red shades, while the rougher homespun jackets are in stripes or bars or melanges of two or three of these colors together. The new shapes are quite short, and are single-breasted; the fronts are closely fitted, and many have vests of contrasting color, made of cloth or else of pique; the edges are stitched or bound, and the linings are of striped, checked or changeable surah. Shoulder capes of beads come in various sizes, some scarcely reaching to the tips of the shoulders, while others are pointed to the waist-line, and still others

drop nearly to the elbows, and are even all around. The pointed capes are also made of black faille francaise, richly wrought with jets, reaching to the waist in back and front, tied there with a waist-ribbon, while the arms are covered with jetted net of an elaborate design. Rows upon rows of jet or of Suede-colored bead fringe cover other small silk wraps, and there are entire capes of bronze beads, while some have bronze and blue beads together; black and steel or black and gold beads are also associated.

Men are the makers of the best of these smoothly-fitted cloaks. Are masculine hands more skillful? Possibly not. But they are pleasanter. If there is anything on earth that a sensitive girl dislikes it is to be patted and pawed, snipped and gusseted by another girl. That is the real secret of the success of the men dressmakers. Of course we would resent any undue familiarity in a tailor right off. But we can be smoothed over the shoulders, compressed at the waist and felt from shoulder to waist—all in a business way—without a cause for a blush. Believe me, the nicest maiden in New York had rather have a deft, respectful man fit a coat to her than any woman alive.

Braiding has by no means had its day of favor as a trimming on jackets, and is done with both metal and mohair braids, some of which are flat and others tubular, while the twisted cords of silk or of metal are used in all the most elaborate designs hitherto done only in soutache braid. A jacket that may be worn with half a dozen different dresses is a useful garment in a spring or summer outfit, and it is now an easy matter to choose such a garment, since the clothes and homespuns are so varied in color; thus a copper-colored or a Suede cloth jacket is worn by young ladies not only with a gown of the same color, but with blue, green or brown dresses, or with a gown of black lace, while coats of bluish-gray or of drab cloth are worn by older ladies with gray, brown or black dresses. Smart little tea jackets for theater wear will be worn with any kind of evening skirt, which is no longer in its first youth. Two lovely garments of this kind are well worth describing. The bodice in one case has a vest of fawn velvet, bordered with gold passementerie and arranged with a bodice and sleeves of ivory satin. The front is arranged to open over a vest of pale, coffee-colored tulle embroidered with white. Another jacket shows a very spring-like combination of crocus-yellow and pale purple. It is made with a full chemisette front and wide puffed sleeves of yellow gauze, with a fine silk stripe in the same color. Bretelles of purple velvet pass over the shoulders, the rest of the bodice being composed of alternate pieces of purple and yellow gauze. The front is prettily ornamented with jetted passementerie and long fringes of fine jet beads.

Striped wool jerseys with sailor-blouse front, fitted back, and deep sailor collar, are pretty neglige corsages for wearing out partly worn skirts. Other jerseys have stripes closely fitted in a point down the back and front to the waist line, with plain-colored jersey wool gathered on the shoulders and carried down the sides of the striped points. Most of the spring jerseys have

the sleeves slightly full at the wristband, and some are tucked at the top and bottom, while others are shirred around to match the shirred yoke of the bodice. They are so smooth that the wearer can't put so much as a thin pocketbook under them without destroying the outlines.

WHEN WILL WOMEN LEARN,

I wonder, the utter folly of carrying purses in their muffs, unless the said muffs are properly provided with hidden receptacles securely fastened? I hope my sympathies are not on the side of dishonesty, as a rule; but I could not help feeling angry when I read the other day of a lady who casually left her muff on a chair in a store, and when she returned to her seat was surprised to find that her purse had been abstracted. The woman who stole the money will, no doubt, receive a severe sentence. At the same time, the lady who was robbed might well be censured for putting temptation in the way of a probably needy woman. Her excuse, if she condescended to give one, would doubtless be that she couldn't reach her pocket.

There was a pretty girl in Broadway yesterday afternoon. She was slim, shapely and stylish. Her tailor-made suit was as smooth and snug as her skin, and doubtless much tighter at the waist, where her corset clamped her vitals. An intricate construction of bustles and improvers further stiffened her. Suddenly she seemed thrown into contortions. She went like a bow, she writhed like a spiral spring, and she made up snoots with her piquant face. People stopped to gaze at her. In another minute, I am sure, she would have been dragged into a store, her coat unbuttoned, her stay cut and her bosom exposed to reviving treatment, for we all thought she had a fit. But she didn't. She was only reaching for a pocket deep in the rear mysteries of her complicated skirts. She was straightened, calm and comfortable as soon as she had found her wallet. CLARA BELLE.

A MOUNTAIN OF GOLD.

How a Hermit Stumbled Upon the Famous Lost Cabin Mine.

MILLIONS LYING USELESS.

Kindness to an Indian Curiously Requited---A Globe Man Hears the Hermit's Dying Story.

Special Letter to the Globe.

DEVIL'S GULCH, Mont.—A gold mine richer than the Comstock lode, capable of making a dozen bonanza millionaires, each richer than Mackay with his $50,000,000, a mine known to contain mineral wealth on its very surface worth scores of millions, and yet a mine as utterly lost to sight and as inaccessible as though it were at the bottom of the sea—that in brief is the tradition, asserted to be founded on very substantial fact, which clings around the mining camp of Devil's Gulch regarding the Lost Cabin mine, which is not unknown to fame.

It is a curious, even thrilling story, and contains a sufficient basis of fact to stimulate the spirit of adventure in any man's breast, for each frontiersman who does a little prospecting is inspired with the hope that it may some day be his good fortune to stumble across the mine. By a piece of good luck it was given to the GLOBE representative to learn more about the fact and tradition of the lost mine than is known by any other white man. His information is

YET FRESH,

being hardly a week old, and as he has no desire to search for the mine on his own account, he willingly gives the story to GLOBE readers. It was early last fall that the writer's physician declared that a winter's sojourn in the mountains would be the only thing to restore your correspondent's failing health, and a week later saw him, accordingly, at Devil Gulch, a small mining camp situated in the heart of the Coeur d'Alene mountains, comfortably installed in an accommodating miner's log cabin. It was from this miner that he first learned of the Lost Cabin mine, and became impressed with something akin to a belief in the story, a belief that was more than confirmed by subsequent events. He learned that there was one man who was popularly supposed to know something about the mine—Trapper Joe, a half-crazy hermit, living farther in the mountains in complete isolation, and who, the story went, had once seen the mine but, with crazy cunning, would never talk about it. Time hung heavy on my hands and I determined to make the old trapper's acquaintance and learn his secret if possible.

One day I found my way to his hut, several miles distant. The old fellow was at home, and greeted me very coldly, though when he found out that my stay in the Gulch was solely on account of my health he thawed considerably.

THE INTERIOR OF HIS CABIN,

to which he finally invited me, was striking. Numerous skins thrown over the floor gave the place an air of barbaric luxury. Book shelves, rudely fashioned, occupied almost one side of the hut, and I noticed a most curious collection of literature. Volumes on mineralogy and chemistry jostled the works of Dickens, Thackeray and, strange to say, the Waverly novels. On another shelf was Prescott's Conquest of Peru side by side with odd volumes of Voltaire, Rousseau and Montaigne. On the top shelf was a complete edition of Shakespeare, and here and there were philosophical works, Descartes, Leibnitz, Schopenhauer, even Kant, intermingled with volumes in lighter veins. Noticing my look of astonished inquiry the old trapper said: "They are my only companions. For twenty years they have kept me company." Then evidently forgetting my presence he relapsed into incoherent mumbling which showed too plainly that his was a mind diseased. Nor did he again notice my presence except to give an unintelligible grunt when I took my departure. That was the beginning of many visits, during which the old fellow was more or less hospitable as he was more or less sane. Once I referred to the Lost Cabin mine. Immediately his whole demeanor changed. He seemed like one afraid of his life. "Save me! save me!" he cried. "I will not tell! I will not tell!" and then exhausted he fell back on his skin-clad couch, quivering with fear. With difficulty I pacified him, for his insanity began to take

A VIOLENT TURN,

but finally I succeeded, and with returning sanity he seemed grateful for my efforts in his behalf. It became evident to me that the old man was failing fast and could not last many months longer. Finally he became too weak to go to the camp for his supplies, for which, to the never failing amazement of the dealers, he always paid with little nuggets of pure gold, which, on inquiry, he always said he washed out of the bed of the stream running through the gulch. The most careful watch, however, failed to discover him mining. As he grew weaker he lost his incoherence and became almost sane. Then he conversed with me freely, except that he never referred to the lost mine. He told me that he had left X—— college in Kentucky, where he was a youthful professor to enter the Southern ranks during the war. At the close of the war he found himself alone in the world. Even his sweetheart, thinking him dead, had married another man. Disgusted with life he had wandered West, his books his only belongings, and ever since had made his home in the mountains. When I asked him how he had made his living in all that time he evasively answered that he had hunted, fished and mined a little, but that his wants were few and easily satisfied.

One morning he sent for me by a passing miner. When I reached his cabin I saw that he did not have long to live, but I saw also that he was at last perfectly sane. That he realized his condition was evident by his greeting: "You have come in time to see me die," he said. "I don't think I will last the day out, but there is something I wanted to tell you before I go. You have been

MY ONLY FRIEND

in twenty long years, and I would like to show you I am not ungrateful. Sit down; the story is not a long one."

Taking a sip of brandy and water he began: "The miners think me crazy, and for nearly twenty years I have been so close to insanity that it would be difficult to point out the dividing line. My senses are clear now, as I feel my death approaching, and I tell you in all seriousness that my brain was turned because of the events connected with my virtual discovery of the Lost Cabin mine. What information I possess I will give to you and you can use it as you see fit, but I warn you that the search for the mine will be attended with personal peril. You know why I came into the mountains. I had been here nearly a year when one day wandering through the canon I heard strange cries. Hastening to the spot, I discovered an Indian in close combat with a mountain lion which was evidently getting the better of him. With one leg broken he was lying on his side and endeavoring to defend himself with his knife. I shot the lion and carried the Indian to my hut near at hand, where I nursed him until he was well. His gratitude knew no bounds. Noticing a rudely made bracelet of solid gold which he wore I asked him whence it came. He gave me to understand that there was a little mountain of gold known only to his tribe and that any one who revealed its whereabouts to the white men would be killed instantly, but that he would run the risk and show it to me since his life belonged to the man who had saved it. I had heard rumors of a mine of fabulous richness from the miners and eagerly

ACCEPTED THE OFFER.

The next morning we started. All day we traveled through mountains. Finally we reached a narrow canon. Here my guide insisted that I should consent to be blindfolded. I submitted. He took my hand, and I felt myself led along a path which constantly ascended, then I felt a rush of cool, damp air and felt sure we were passing through a cavern. Then we ascended again. The Idian removed the bandage, and I found myself on a narrow ledge jutting out from the wall of a great ravine. I shut my eyes in horror, for at our very feet yawned an abyss fully 1,000 feet deep, while cliffs equally high towered above my head. Opposite me, distant about 100 feet, was the other wall of the chasm, one perpendicular wall of rock. We were standing on a platform about ten feet square. Behind was the narrow path, scarce three feet wide, up which we had toiled. In front of us the ledge broke off abruptly, and there was apparently nothing but the deep blue depths of the almost fathomless abyss. Looking more intently at the very edge of the ledge I discovered an iron pin driven, apparently, into the solid rock. From this a rope hung over the edge, and evidently into the depths below.

"We have come," said my guide. "Below you shall see the path which leads to the golden mountain. One white man saw it before. He is dead. The braves killed him, as they will kill us if we are seen. Twenty feet below the ledge is another ledge. The rope will take us to it. Then you will see the

MOUTH OF THE CAVE

which leads to the mine. The way out is easy. I will go first. You follow." He took a step toward the edge. There was a whirr, an arrow flashed by me from some unseen source. My guide half turned round, the arrow was buried almost to the shaft in his breast. He gave a low moan and fell over into space. Horror-stricken, I shrunk back. At the same time I heard the whirr again, felt a sharp pain in my temple, and falling forward on the ledge became unconscious. When I regained my senses I was lying at the mouth of the narrow canon we had entered before I was blindfolded. A stinging pain shot through my head. Instinctively I groped my way to my cabin, where I lay for days delirious. In the intervals of delirium one day it seemed to me that an Indian stood by my bedside and said: "As you saved the life of one of our tribe your life has been spared. Should you tell what you have seen or make another attempt to find the golden mountain, mercy will not again be shown you. Once a week you will find a few nuggets of gold at the mouth of the canon. An eye will be on you always, and if you do not obey your life will be taken." Then I was delirious again, and when I once more awoke my senses were bewildered. I was half insane. I would have regarded the whole affair as a dream but that each week the little store of gold has been in the place indicated. I had no desire to leave the mountain. Life has had no charm for me, and it is only as I have regained my senses that my awful experience comes back to me. You know the narrow canon. You can search for the mine if you like, but remember the Indians, whom you have seen with their golden ornaments, still guard their secret."

Exhausted with his story the old man fell back. Reviving, he told me to do with his few belongings as I liked. Then he became delirious, and, just as the sun was setting, died just a week ago. Is it not a strange story.

MINNEAPOLIS REAL ESTATE

The Firms represented below are among the most reliable Real Estate Agents in Minneapolis.

T. J. JANNEY & CO., REAL ESTATE & LOANS. No. 280 Temple Court.
$700---East-front lot on Stevens avenue. $200 under the market.
$2,500---8-room cottage and two acres of land, small fruits, etc., at Lake Minnetonka.
$11,000---Double corner on Stevens avenue, inside of Seventeenth street.
$11,000---55x165, Ninth street, inside of Fourth Avenue South.

JOHN L. NEAL 224 HENNEPIN. If you want Bargains in Real Estate, or have Bargains to offer, consult me.

N. H. EMMANS, 309 Hennepin. **MOUNT CURVE** Avenue lots in LAKE VIEW ADDITION, and adjacent Residence Property west of Hennepin, a Specialty.

Hotchkiss & Reed, 315 HENNEPIN AVE. *FOR SALE---Four choice East Front Lots on First Avenue South. Great Bargain. Two beautiful Lots, south front, on Western Avenue, few blocks from West Hotel. Lie high and dry. Money in them.*

WM. RAGAN 16 South Third Street. **FARM LANDS** WANTED IN EXCHANGE FOR **CITY PROPERTY**

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NELSON, RYDELL & CO., Rooms 63, 64 and 65, STILLMAN BLOCK. Real Estate, Loans, Insurance and General Brokerage, REMOVED TO Rooms 63, 64 and 65, Stillman Block. Over the Postoffice. Minneapolis, Minn. EXCHANGES A SPECIALTY!

J. L. Beach & Co Room 2, Ground Floor, Lumber Exchange. Sole Agent for **Interstate Mortgage Trust Company** Of New England. We have unlimited facilities for selling first-class Minnesota and Dakota mortgages.

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MERRIAM & KNEALE, 315-320 TEMPLE COURT. Are owners of CRYSTAL PARK, the most beautiful suburban residence district around the city, lying on the east shore of Crystal lake, and has large lots, fine trees and graded streets, while the entire lake will be boulevarded this season. Buy now before any advance in price. We have a fine grocery stock for sale whose average sales are $125 per day. Best thing in Twin Cities.

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58 FEET AT $225.
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HARTMANN & MALLET, *Ground Floor Fargusson Block, Duluth, Minn.* Information Freely Furnished.

FOR SALE.
Iron lands — The most valuable iron locations on the Vermillion and Messabi ranges. Will give options and leases on reasonable terms.
Pine lands — The best quality and most favorably located pine lands in Northeastern Minnesota. Handy to railroad or water.
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Town lots — Lots in Pioneer and Zenith additions to Ely, the best part of the future metropolis of the Vermilion iron country.

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WM. C. SHERWOOD & CO., Metropolitan Block, DULUTH, MINN. Offer a large list of very desirable property for sale. We have bargains — and bargains will not wait—in Acres and Residence Lots in West End of City. Also a desirable WATER FRONT. We have sold 500 Residence Lots in West Superior during the past six weeks, and have a very few left at former prices, at from $125 to $300 per lot. They are situated in and near the section to contain the projected Steel Plant, and only a half mile from Tower Avenue, the best business street. *Write, Call or Telegraph!*

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AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO., *OF HARTFORD, CONN.* Organized in 1850.

President.....Morgan A. Bulkeley
Secretary.....John L. English

Capital stock..... $1,250,000 00

ASSETS DEC. 31, 1887.

Loans on Real Estate	$15,871,829 42
Loans on Collateral Security	720,320 56
Premium notes, or loans to policy holders	1,840,840 68
Value of real estate owned	403,494 29
Market value of bonds and stocks owned	9,906,468 88
Cash on hand and in bank	3,111,172 55
Accrued interest and rents	526,294 06
Net deferred and outstanding premiums	170,268 01
Total admitted assets	$32,550,688 45
LIABILITIES.	
Net present value of outstanding policies, American experience table of mortality, with 4 per cent interest	$25,109,184 00
Total gross policy claims	181,329 00
All other liabilities	148,468 26
Total liabilities	$25,438,981 26
Surplus over liabilities	$7,111,707 19
INCOME IN 1887.	
Total premium income	$3,201,344 72
From interest and dividends	1,584,798 93
From rents and all other sources	44,569 58
Total income	$4,830,713 23
EXPENDITURES IN 1887.	
Losses and matured endowments	$2,141,132 12
Dividends and other disbursements to policy holders	884,527 01
Total payments to policy holders	$3,025,639 13
Dividends to stockholders	112,599 93
Management expenses	743,705 72
Total disbursements	$3,881,864 85
BUSINESS IN MINNESOTA IN 1887.	
In force at end of 1887...502	$492,359 00
Issued during 1887.....180	422,186 00
In force Dec. 31, 1887.....604	790,332 00
Cash received for premiums	13,809 00
Notes, credits, etc	544 00
Total	$14,353 00
Losses paid in 1887	21,162 00
Losses incurred in 1887	20,010 00

STATE OF MINNESOTA, DEPARTMENT OF INSURANCE, ST. PAUL, March, 1888. I, the undersigned Insurance Commissioner of the State of Minnesota, do hereby certify that the Ætna Life Insurance Company above named has complied with the laws of this State relating to insurance, and is now fully empowered through its authorized agents to transact its appropriate business of life insurance in this State for the year ending January 31, 1889. CHAS. SHANDREW, Insurance Commissioner.

B. F. STAHL, Manager, Room 11, Mannheimer Block, St. Paul.
A. B. DONALDSON, General Agent, Minneapolis.
E. A. LeMAY, General Agent, Faribault.
A. W. EDWARDS, Special Agent, Hamline.
GEORGE H. ELY, Special Agent, Fergus Falls.
C. L. DEMPSTER, Special Agent, Lake City.

AN OLD

TIMER

Residing in St. Paul, whom a good many consider very conservative, has been giving some good advice. He says he has been purchasing corner lots for twenty-five years in St. Paul, and can certify that his purchases have paid profits equal to five (5) per cent per month on his cash investment, and advises those who can to secure a corner lot in some of the many good localities about St. Paul. If you can't purchase a $20,000 lot near some fine business block, why, purchase one for $500 or what you can afford to pay, and you will never regret your investment. We can second the above advice, and can show you just the corner you want. We have some of the finest property in St. Paul listed with us, and at prices that there is an immediate profit in the purchase.

If you want a home we can fix you in most any portion of the city. If you want a location where railway track privileges are required and in the heart of the city, we can show you property just the thing; or if you want to locate a factory, or build you a nice home, or erect a $50,000 mansion, we can fix you up, and at prices you cannot duplicate in the city. In fact, if you want to do any business in our line come in and see us, as we "get there." On the West side we offer some property at prices and terms not found in any other office in the city. If you want to secure a home we will furnish you material or build the house for you, and can locate you at

Inver Grove Park!

On the Minnesota & Northwestern railway, with the cheapest fares charged on any of the short lines and suburban lines entering St. Paul. Lots $175 each up to $500, and on terms to suit. Remember INVER GROVE, the most promising suburb near St. Paul.

In all portions of the city we have desirable property. Come in and see us and we will do you some good.

Bushnell AND Bushnell, Real Estate AGENTS AND DEALERS, ST. PAUL, MINN.

Central Business Property. RESIDENCE LOTS. Monthly Payments. *Platted Blocks and Additions.*

All parties who desire to secure some of the very choicest Business Property at lowest prices should call upon me. I also have a great deal of Residence Property for sale.

Monthly Payments!

If you want to buy a lot for a HOME on MONTHLY PAYMENTS, without interest, I can sell same to you and give you anywhere from FIVE to TEN years to pay for same. It will cost you from $10 to $25 per month ONLY, according to location and price of lot which you select. It enables mechanics and laboring men of all classes who are steady and reliable to secure homes for themselves, instead of paying rent. Come in and examine the plan on which I sell before you buy.

Platted Blocks and Additions

To any one who desires a choice Block in a Platted Addition, or an entire addition, I sell at reduced prices and on easy terms.

Jas. H. Davidson, UNION BLOCK, No. 51 East Fourth St.

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