

MILL CITY MATTERS.

Fire in a Boarding House--The Loss Probably About \$10,000.

Inspectors Doyle and Howard Make Two Very Important Arrests.

Police Commission to "Roast" the Democratic Administration To-day.

Some Figures on Aldermen--Many Events of Much Importance.

BOARDING HOUSE BURNED. The Residence of Mrs. Carr Destroyed by Fire.

The boarding house owned and conducted by Mrs. Carr, a widow, at 700 Hennepin avenue, caught fire at 10:00 o'clock last evening from the furnace in the basement.

The fire department was called at 10:05 o'clock and the fire was extinguished in about half an hour.

The loss probably amounts to \$10,000, including the destruction of the property of boarders.

No one was injured, although a number of narrow escapes occurred.

Inspectors Doyle and Howard Bag Some Big Game.

Inspectors Doyle and Howard yesterday accomplished a piece of detective work that reflects credit not only upon themselves but upon the police force.

Thursday night of last week four men entered the house of Mrs. Carr, a valuable nature.

The police force was called to the house and a search for plunder of a valuable and revolver was secured.

Mrs. Copley refusing at the point of the revolver, and under threats that the bed to which she was bound would be set on fire, to reveal the whereabouts of her money.

The detectives immediately arrested Sam Slighter and Jim Murphy at Davidson's street, and the other two men at First street north, and it is understood they have already confessed their guilt.

Mrs. Copley's watch was pawned by the same men, and the police were given the clue to the detectives leading to the arrest.

The same inspectors also arrested James Williams, who early yesterday morning was seen at the saloon establishment of H. M. Libby, 421 Nicollet avenue, and stole clothing amounting in value to about \$200.

The goods were found upon him and were recovered.

A ROAST READY. The Police Commission to Make Its Report To-day.

This afternoon's session of the city council will be a lively one. The annual report of the police commission, besides including a review of the work of the past year, contains a "roast" upon the Democratic administration, from which its power was stolen, which is evidently given for the double purpose of furnishing an excuse for the creation of the commission and supplying the Republican with ammunition to be used against Mayor Ames.

The functionary will, however, submit a minority report, in which he will deny in his characteristic way the claims of the commission that it has made any improvement.

THE ALDERMANIC VOTE. As Far as It Shows the City Strength of Parties.

Several correspondents have asked for the totals of the vote cast in Minneapolis for aldermen last evening, showing the relative strength of the two parties.

The following statement shows the vote cast in each ward for aldermen. Where more than two candidates were in the field the highest vote on each side is given:

Table with 3 columns: Ward, Democratic, Republican. Rows 1-13.

This does not show the exact relative strength, as the labor votes drew almost entirely from the Democratic party.

EMPHATICALLY DENIES IT. Police Commissioner Baker Did Not Vote for Himself.

The statement that appeared in the Globe yesterday, that Commissioner Baker had voted for himself as a candidate for vice president of the board of police commissioners raised that gentleman's ire. He sent for a Globe reporter in the afternoon, and remarked with unmistakable emphasis:

"I do not often take the trouble to contradict newspaper reports, but to not object to a newspaper imputing my motives even erroneously, but I do object to having it appear almost as a matter of fact that I voted for myself, as a matter of fact I voted for Mr. Baxter, and never for myself. I think the Globe in all fairness should make this correction."

The commissioner also stated that he was in favor of admitting reporters to the meetings of the board and of having full reports of the proceedings, except in instances when the character of members is under discussion.

"For instance," he remarked, "an infamous charge was preferred against me in the office at our last meeting, and was found to be utterly false."

"Don't you know, Mr. Baker, that men have been dismissed from the police force upon charges equally as silly and false?" asked the reporter.

BADLY OVERFLOWED. The Melting Snow Plays Havoc in the Eighth Ward.

Once every year, at least, the Eighth ward strongly feels the necessity of a sewerage system. Apart from the sanitary and the fact that it does not positively miss sewers, except during the annual thaw, which is just now under full headway, the heavy snow is going off rapidly and the water running in great streams, seeking the low ground.

The water is running in great streams, seeking the low ground, and the streets are impassable.

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MISS POTTER'S BENEFIT. All Seats Sold and a Great House Assured.

The feature in theatrical circles is the Miss Jennie O'Neill Potter benefit at the People's theater Friday night.

Miss Potter makes her debut as an actress in "Fanchon the Crickler." The lady is one of the leading elocutionists in the country, and possesses what is rare in this class of professional people, the art of impersonating her reading as a natural delivery.

Many of the best readers, both male and female, do not act their part, Mrs. Potter does both, and has the faculty of portraying a living person of the character she represents.

The lady has all the characteristics of a soprano, and as Fanchon will be the wild, affectionate little cricket in reality, she is the little lady, a natural actress, but she comes from a theatrical family.

James O'Neill, the Dantes in "Monte Cristo," is her uncle. Mrs. Potter is a native of Minneapolis, and is distinguished by a riant monotonous voice and pathos.

The principal characters in the play will be played by the leading members of the People's company. Mr. Barbour will represent Father Barbaree.

Mr. Brown appears as Landay. Mr. Shaw, as the first of the three, and Miss Clifford as Martha Barbo. Tickets are selling rapidly, and are on sale at the theater.

The sale of seats has been very large, and the balcony has been reserved in consequence. Another performance may be given Saturday night.

THE SOCIAL FIRE BURNS. Though Spring Comes on Apace--No Social Spontaneity.

The Misses Tracey and Katie Hartman, of Duluth, are guests of Mrs. E. L. Hannegan, 216 Fifth street south.

The young ladies of the Eighth ward are going to show their generosity to the poor by giving a ball at the Twenty-seventh street hall.

Miss Rena Rogerson will entertain a party of friends at her home, 933 Madison street, on Monday evening.

Manager Shepard, of the West, gave a select dancing party in the small dining room of the hotel Wednesday night.

The socialistic party will give an entertainment at Turner's hall to-morrow evening, for the benefit of a festival and dance.

Prof. Larsen's full band will furnish music for the dancing, which commences at 9 o'clock.

The Crescent club gave one of their usual parties last night in the Malcom hall. There was a large attendance and the music was supplied by the Blomquist orchestra.

C. A. Danzig, the popular boot and shoemaker, died yesterday at the age of over thirty, and denominated the plaintiff in unmeasured terms.

Several sporting men declared they had loaned him money upon his representations that he was really a member of the quinquet club, and was a member of the first board of trustees.

It was learned last night that C. H. Benton has charge of the case for Forest, and is carrying the war into Africa. It is said a criminal prosecution will follow.

It was also learned that a similar suit had been instituted in this court by the same party, and that the interest claimed to have lost at faro at the Astoria hotel. The defendants are the same as here, with the addition of three St. Paul sporting men.

LONG JOHN WENTWORTH. Why He Declined an Invitation to Join a Church.

All newspaper readers are more or less familiar with the name of Long John Wentworth, that eccentric figure who left his father's farm up in New Hampshire many years ago for Chicago, into which he walked one day, and returned with a few dollars, three shillings. How he saw Chicago's future, bought land, became rich, was sent to congress, and stood the trial of his life, is a story that has all been read, but a new story told the Historian a day or two ago ought to be perpetuated in type.

Long John's not a lions man of fortune, but he had some good deacon or times in Israel into solicitous horror by his unsightly expressions and curious manner of living.

Probably the most interesting incident in his life was when he was in Chicago. But in spite of all this, he used regularly to attend services at a certain Baptist church, where he would sit complacently under terrific denunciations of such as he from the lips of some iron-tongued orator.

One day the pastor of a newly established church, who was a member of the same church, invited him to the sinner and said, in tones of sweet persuasion, "Mr. Wentworth, why don't you come down and join our society?"

"I have been a member of your church for many years, and I don't want to leave it," he said, and he wouldn't trouble you about that. As it is now, you are insulted every day, by those Baptists. Come, now, join us."

"Long John," from his six feet seven, looked fiercely down upon the venture, and then he said, "I don't want to leave my church, but I will go for a check, and be done with it? You say church, eh? Do you think I'd be a fool enough to join a church that would have me in it?"

He wanted to Apologize. Baltimore American.

The guests had enjoyed it. Senator Blackburn arose early the next morning and called on his neighbor at the table, Gen. McCook.

"I want to apologize to you," he began, "but I don't want to wait for preliminaries. I said something to you last night that you didn't like. I oughtn't to have said it, and I'm sorry I did. I beg your pardon."

"Why, Senator Blackburn," replied Gen. McCook, "I don't remember you saying anything to me. I think you have been mistaken about that."

"No, I'm not," said Senator Blackburn. "I offended you, and I apologize."

SUED THE SYNDICATE. R. B. Forrest Wants Back Money Lost at Gambling.

His former prominence. He employs a prominent attorney who will push the case hard.

During the campaign of 1886, few men became better known in Hennepin county political circles than R. B. Forrest. He was a member of the Democratic county committee, and a very zealous one, abandoning his law practice completely to give his entire time to committee work.

As a natural consequence, he became a well known and very popular with his party, and was frequently spoken of as the probable candidate for county attorney. Since that time, however, his social disposition and love of conviviality have proved disastrous to him, and he has acquired a passion for play, that he could not resist.

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"No, I'm not," said Senator Blackburn. "I offended you, and I apologize."

"No, Joe," insisted McCook, "but it seems to me you did something to me."

"Well, let's go and see Hiseock," he called on Senator Hiseock and found him sitting at the table, and he was shapely stovpipe hat or the most comfortable soft felt. Senator Blackburn stated the case and tendered Senator Hiseock an apology.

"Now, look here," declared Hiseock, after a long thoughtful pause. "I don't remember anything about that." Then he began to brighten up. "Why, I do remember now, but it's true, it's true, it's true. I've offended you, Blackburn. He owes you the apology."

McCook and Blackburn looked at each other long and earnestly. Then they both clasped hands meaningly, smiled, and the troublesome affair was settled.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A little incident, full of the pathos and humanity of life, occurred in the city last week on the South side, and it was principally brought about by the advent of spring. This season of the year is a great inducer, from some mysterious cause, to the most of men, and in consequence a certain family, comprised of four members, took it into their head to change their location.

Express wagons were sent to pack up their household goods, and transportation begun. Now the man of the house had got all his furniture on time, but the wife, who did not know this, and, as luck would have it, an employe of the furniture store where the goods came from, happened along--

The express wagon was packed up, and the family moved to their new location. The wife, who did not know this, and, as luck would have it, an employe of the furniture store where the goods came from, happened along--

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said the other impatiently. "It isn't your fault that you are in this position. It's the best of it now. It's worth while making some sacrifice to keep your husband in the dark. What he doesn't know he can't be sorry for."

"I shall have to tell him soon," she returned. "I know I cannot live this double life with him much longer. It's your husband's fault, and it's your fault."

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