SAINTLY CITY DOINGS.

Dedication of the New Dayton Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Carl Gross, an Old-Time German Resident, Buried Yesterday.

Minnesota's Chief Executive on His St. Anthony Park Farm.

Summary of the Doings of One Day Gathered From All Sources.

FOR THE WORSHIP OF GOD.

Dedicatory Services at the New Dayton Avenue Presbyterian Church.

"And now, in gratitude to the Great Head of the Church, we, the members of the Dayton Avenue Presbyterian church, do set assde this house for the worship of Almighty God, in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen." These are the words with which the pastor, Rev. Maurice D. Edwards, formally dedicated the new Dayton Avenue Presbyterian church yesterday morning.

The dedication exercises proper, were very simple, and consisted merely of selections of Scripture read responsively by pastor and congregotion, followed by the dedicatory statement given above. An elaborate musical programme had been arranged, however, embracing selections from Thayer, Voguick, Beethoven, Geibel and Handel. Among the numbers on the programme were a grand offertoire, by Miss Susie L. Jones, organist; a solo by Mrs. A. P. Wilkes, and an anthem rendered by a quartette, consisting of Mesdames Cass Gilbert and A. P. Wilkes and Messrs. W. L. Trask and Nathan Ford.

The dedicatory sermon was preached by Rev. David R. Breed, D. D., of Chicago, from the text found in Hebrews xi., 8, the subject being "Spiritual Entail." The speaker followed the text closely and showed how Abraham's inheritance was a type of what is called heredity—the transmission of qualities and instincts from one generation to another. The sermon was a plain, practical effort, though in more than one passage the preacher drew pathetic and touching lessons from common experience. After a few words of congratulation to the church, Dr. Breed said:

"This structure is a link that ties the past and future. It is a tribute to those who have gone before and a promise to those

WHO ARE TO FOLLOW.

"The blessings of Christian civilization are transmitted through that institution ordainded by God— the family. This principle of inheritance set forth in the text is that bond that gives unity to the human race. Some are inclined to quarrel with the law of entail, but they do so only when they fail to receive a blessing, God visits the sins of the fathers on the children to the third and fourth generations, but let us remember that he also transmits salvation from His Son through thousands of generations.

"Each and every one of us is a link in a chain. We all inherit something from the past, and we shall all hand down something to the future—a fact of which we too often lose sight. We are all under obligations to our parents; primarily, because they are our parents. The first command given to men with a promise is 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' But we are doubly bound to our parents if we have received from them any inheritance. Your mother and your father have given to you a religion; it is the best inheritance you can have. You must respect that precious legacy or your children will fail to respect it. If we would have our principles respected by posterity we must respect the principles of our ancestry.

"There are too many low and mean passions current in our American civilization. We are too often grading down when we should be grading up, and the result is a spread of infidelity. We must respect the God of our fathers for the sake of our children. We cannot live to ourselves. So live and teach your children so to live, that they will go on beginning where you left off, and grade upward. To do this you must reverence the home and the family. There was once a good old-fashioned way of building a home. The young married couple started out into life together, worked together, secured a home and their children grew up about them. As the feeble steps of the aged couple began to go down into the dark valley the children clustered around them and supported them to the last. Home associations were cherished, and around the family hearth were clustered the holiest and sweetest things of life.

"How is it to-day? Alas, sadly changed. Perhaps in our city life the old home is no longer possible, but the old home idea and the family life we should take upon ourselves to perpetuate as a sacred obligation. If you are living without respect for your parents and their religion, or without thought as to what your children shall receive from you, your state is indeed a wretched one; but if you have kept the faith of your fathers, and have lived and worked for the future, your declining years shall be a foretaste of heaven, and your reward shall be unspeakably great."

THE TRUSTEES' STATEMENT.

Following the sermon, James N. Walsh, of the board of trustees, read a statement of the financial condition of the church, from which it appears that the cost of the building and furniture, complete, was $49,600. To this must be added the expenses incidental to building, moving the old church, etc., $3,800, making the total cost $53,400. Of this amount subscriptions to the building fund, of $18,200, have been raised. The carpets and cushions to seats cost $2,400 and were donated by the Ladies' Aid society. The pews were donated by the Young People's society at a cost of $2,000, while the "Little Workers" provided the windows, costing $500. The sum of $24,000 has been borrowed by the church, and $6,300 more is needed to complete the work. Of the amount borrowed $15,300 is already covered by subscriptions to the building fund and cash on hand, leaving a debt unprovided for of $15,000. The 1,200 people present yesterday did considerable toward paying this debt when the collection was taken up.

The service last evening was largely of a musical nature, the singing being the same as in the morning service. Dr. Breed delivered the sermon, while the pastor, Rev. M. D. Edwards, led in the Scripture reading.

The new Dayton avenue Presbyterian church, about the finest in the city, is located on the corner of Dayton avenue and Mackubin street, fronting on the avenue. The material used in construction is Bayfield brown stone; the roof is covered with blue slate, and the spire with Akron tile. In architecture, the style is modern Romanesque, the church being in the form of a square, 100x100 feet, with entrances on Dayton avenue and on the corner of Dayton and Mackubin, the tower rising above the latter with a total height, including the weather vane, of 150 feet above the street.

The church interior has the form of a Greek cross, 94x94 feet. Entering through handsome vestibules to the auditorium, the first thing that impresses the visitor if the harmony of details and the absence of supporting pillars to the roof. The woodwork is handsome old oak, combining well with the æsthetic tints of brown and yellow, in which the ceilings and walls are colored. Handsome stained glass windows allow floods of rich light to pass into the edifice. At night the church will be illuminated by chandeliers of a handsome antique design. The seats are arranged in a circular fashion around the pulpit, which is placed at the end of the church, directly in the center. A slight pitch to the floor allows a good view of the pulpit from every seat, though in the exercises yesterday it was nearly hidden by a handsome bank of flowers. The seating capacity is 850, but it was found at the dedicatory exercises that the church would contain 1,180 people.

FUNERAL OF CARL GROSS.

One of the Old-Time German Citizens Buried Yesterday.

Carl Gross, one of the oldest German citizens of St. Paul, was buried yesterday afternoon in Oakland cemetery. Saturday, May 12, while engaged in his occupation of paper-hanger in the Roaths block on West Seventh street he was suddenly stricken with paralysis on his left side and remained in that condition until his death. The deceased was sixty-nine years of age, and is survived by two sons and two daughters. Through his whole life he was a faithful, honest German—a representative type of the national character. Five years ago he sustained a severe loss in the death of his wife. Carl Gross was one of the first members of the Mannerchor German Singing society, and frequently played leading parts in the German amateur theaters. The decease of Mr. Gross, a leading singer in his time, leaves P. J. Giesen and Otto Dreher the only surviving members of the famous band that sung in St. Paul thirty years ago.

A BUCOLIC STATESMAN.

Minnesota's Chief Executive in His Retired Country Seat.

Even in the midst of the political excitement of the past week Gov. McGill, who is supposed to be covering as many of the anxious seats as any of the aspirants for gubernatorial honors, has not shown up in the usual wirepulling places. Each afternoon as the short line train on the Manitoba pulls out of the union depot at about 5:30 o'clock, Minnesota's chief executive boards the rear car and is off for his suburban home at St. Anthony Park, where politician cannot corrupt or newspaper reporters break through and steal. The governor enjoys the seclusion which the place affords after his day's work is done at the executive office. The air is not heavy with the smoke and dust of the city out there, and a quiet as holy as that which hovered over Paradise at creation's morn reigns through the generous garden spot and on the lawn which spreads itself about his rustic retreat. The note of the blue bird vibrates through the beautiful atmosphere at morning, and the tinkle of the gubernatorial hoe, as

it strikes a stone in the strawberry patch, mingles with the swallows' twitter at eventide. Instead of the blind goddess with the scales, who stands high above the dome which shelters the head of the chief executive all day. Ceres and Pomona are the deities that are enshrined, and they have everything their own way. The sun shines with a mellow light on all the lots in the addition where the household stands, and the stars send down long blue twinkles on the roof at night. When the shadows lengthen at evening the hoe is hung carefully up on a peg in the woodshed, the Jersey cow is taken in from the adjoining lot, the lares and penates including the telephone plug which shuts out the busy world, are packed away for the night and the chief executive goes to his rest, invigorated by his exercise and with his physical machinery working as regularly as the short line time table which tell off the hours when the robes of state must again be put on and the hoe handle give place to the lever which works the stamp of the great official seat of the North Star state.

The Only Line That Does It.

The only line running complete vestibule trains, sleeping cars, coaches, dining cars and baggage cars, between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago is "The Northwestern Line," Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railway.

It was the first line in the Northwest to run Pullman sleeping cars.

It was the first line in the Northwest to run dining cars.

It was the first line in the Northwest to run vestibule cars, and, as stated above, "The Northwestern Line" is today the only line running complete vestibuled trains between the Twin Cities and Chicago.

This line is always in advance of its competitors both as to equipment and train service, and its motto, "Always on Time," is an established fact.

GLOBULES.

The board of education will meet to-night.

Company C, of the Minnesota National guard, First regiment, will be inspected at the armory to-night.

The Ramsey County Democratic club will hold a meeting Tuesday evening at 7:30 at the usual place. Business of importance.

The song service at the new rooms of the Temperance union yesterday afternoon was well attended. Mrs. A. D. Condit, assisted by Mrs. C. Brinckerhoff, conducted the exercises, which were listened to with marked attention.

"Riley's Rounders," a bright vaudeville company, will begin a week's engagement at the Olympic theater to-night. A benefit performance is to be given Billy Wells, the popular comedian and stage manager, and James Murray, the treasurer of the house, on Sunday night early in June.

On complaint of M. L. Hutchins, agent of the Relief society, the police yesterday arrested an imposter going by the name of Harry Rickerts, who has been borrowing small sums of money under the pretense that he was in the employ of the cable car company and would receive his pay to-day.

PERSONALS.

E. J. Mackay, of Donald, B. C., is at the Merchants.

D. W. Cowan, of Winnipeg, is a guest at the Merchants.

R. D. Bathgate, of Winnipeg, Man., was at the Merchants.

John Hackett, of Millen, Idaho, is a guest at the Hotel Ryan.

J. P. Bray, of Grand Forks, Dak., auditor of Grand Forks county, is in the city.

E. G. Bailey, a banker and railroad contractor, of Billings, Mont., is registered at the Ryan.

Col. F. P. Freemont, U. S. A., and Mrs. Freemont, of Fort Missoula, Mont., are at the Merchants.

Jay W. Anderson, the Duluth base ball man, accompanied by Capt. John Monagan and M. Chalk, was at the Merchants yesterday.

H. R. Bishop, of New York, president of the Duluth & Iron Range railroad, and J. C. Morse, of Chicago, president of the Minnesota Iron company, were at the Ryan yesterday.

Vestibule Trains.

The first new vestibuled train over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will leave Chicago to-day at 5:30 p. m. and arrive in St. Paul at 7:30 a. m. Sunday. These trains are composed of new cars throughout, and the Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers are the finest ever turned out by that company. They will run daily hereafter, and this is the only line running Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers exclusively, every day in the week, to and from Chicago.

Moved.

Henry E. Wedelstaedt & Co., stationers, are now doing business in their new qarters, at 95 East Third street.

Seidenberg & Co.'s Figaros.

Unadulterated, honest, straight Havana-filled 10-cent cigar for 5 cents. On sale everywhere.

[See ad. Title Insurance Co.]

BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

Rev. S. G. Smith's Sunday Sermon Before the People's Church.

Worship of Some Kind Is an Essential to Human Beings.

A Discussion of Some of the Many Definitions of Beauty.

The Chiefest Motive to Religion as It Is Presented to Us.

Rev. S. G. Smith, pastor of the People's church, preached before a congregation of many hundred people. The subject of the discourse was, "The Supreme Beauty," and the text was, "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: Dr. Smith said:

Some sort of worship is essential to man. All achievement and progress rest upon the recognition of something better, which deserves our reverence. The soul of man seeks alliance with kindred strength. It is this which lends dignity to scientific pursuits. The meaning of science is simply knowledge, and it is not the outward forms of life that interest men, but is the idea universal and imperishable which is manifested in them. So when Jesus said, "Consider the lilies how they grow," He pointed out the richness, and if we may so say, a spontaneousness of beauty which comes bursting upon us out of every crevice in nature.

The worship of ideas seeks not only knowledge but achievement and it is this which drives men forward to the betterment of society, and to labor for higher forms of political and individual life. Force also has its worshipers. The practical workman asks of material, what it is good for. And of power, what it can do. But the inventor's work is essentially ideal. First of all, he preaches the gospel of optimism; he thinks that the good in nature has not all been found out. He believes also that men are intended for more easy and peaceful living, and so because of his faith, though he himself may not know the reason why, he seeks to harness ideas and force to new chariots of human power. The noblest of men have also had in them a sentiment of worship for the achievement of the great leaders of the race.

That despicable audacity which ignores the achievements of the past and which belittles all the endeavors of the present except its own, lawfully ends in defeat and overthrow.

Cæsar never had a greater admirer than in Napoleon. Shakespeare, vigorous honey bee that he was, sucked the sweets from the poetry of every age. Luther was no rude iconoclast seeking simply the destruction of the things about him; for whatever he might think of Leo X., he owed reverent allegiance to Peter and Paul. All greatness in human action commences first of all with the worship of men. But when we come to see that nature is but

THE GARMENT OF GOD,

that her ideas are but copies of His thought, that all her manifold forces lose themselves in the deeps of His power, that men have lived and wrought and even suffered truly, only as they were Godlike, then do we see that all forms of reverence whatsoever are simply guide boards in the journey of the soul, that point with unerring finger to a lowly place before the altars of the great God. The worship of God explains the philosophy of life; it brings to us the best inspirations; it is the highest duty as well as the supremest privilege of every man.

As we have seen, all achievement is a kind of dumb worship. Religion therefore makes life consistent and intelligent. Since nature is the expression of God, and everything permanent must be builded in harmony with His law, we only ally ourselves to the true and the abiding as we ally ourselves to Him.

It is well that religion has always had its poets as well as its apostles and prophets. Duty may seem to us a stern conception; sacrifice a thing difficult and repellant, but this poet singing out of the temple of religion calls the service of God the beauty of holiness. Beauty is rythmic intelligence; it is power in forms of grace; it is intelligence in harmony and in proportion. Beauty ascends according to the ideas which it expresses and the material with which it works. Artists will say that the human form is the most beautiful of all objects. This is true because it expresses life as well as outline; but it is supremely true because the human body is the symbol of the soul. It is the most visible and authentic expression of the spiritual which this world holds. The advancement of the human ideals of art measures the advancement of the world. As far as Appollo is superior to Hercules, so much is the spiritual and civilized man superior simply to the man of strength; and as far as the Madonna is superior to the Appollo, so far is the religious man superior to the merely civilized.

But let us practically consider how holiness may be regarded as a thing of beauty. The average man says: "I do not believe this. Holiness is a thing austere and repellant. It calls for hard and, it seems to me, unnecessary sacrifices. I can not see that holiness is a thing of beauty, for beauty is always a thing of delight." But let us ask what holiness in God may be, and then we can understand what it may mean to man. Holiness in God is simply the

DIVINE HARMONY WITH HIMSELF.

It is the divine keeping within the bounds of His own moral law. It is a self-control, which is the noblest possible attribute of absolute power. The holiness of God is the moral safeguard of the universe; it is the perpetual guarantee of the abiding character of His government. Were it possible for God to swerve in thought or act from His own allegiance to the highest and best, the heart of man might well grow sick within him. His shining garments would blacken into doom and devils in hell would hold jubilee over the desolations of heaven. Now, as holiness in God is self-control, so precisely in man it is living within the boundaries of his highest destiny.

The beauty of holiness is thus presented to us as the chief motive of religion, though it is far from being the only motive, or to all men the most powerful one. Some object to fear as a source of religious feeling, but the Bible does not think so, and so the apostle says, "Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men." The Christian religion is eminently practical; it comes to men where they are. To those whose eyes are blinded, whose lives are coarse and brutal, whose spiritual perceptions are dead, there are no voices but those of threatening and warning. The philosophy of religious history is found in the fact that in every age God has bended to human thoughts and achievements. Through the swamps of human sin and shame he had built whatever road were easiest and best, determined at every cost to reach man and help him. Some people object to gratitude as a reason for religion, holding that religion thus becomes selfish and mercenary, but not so the apostles, who urges men "by the mercies of God" to present themselves a living sacrifice. It may be that the beauty of holiness is something which is only clearly seen as we come near to God. In the north of Italy the word flies from quivering lips,

"THE CHOLERA IS COME."

Eyes grow wide with fear. Terror paints the cheeks of the people in colors of death. Thousands say: "The Alps are near; let us fly to the mountains." Pursued by the phantom of death upon their track and beckoned by the thought of possible rescue, they fly; and soon the heights of the upper air baffle danger and bring peace. But once in the mountains they are awed and blessed by the things they see. Aurora scatters the red roses of dawn upon all the garments of the skies, until the East breaks out in blossoms like a garden in glorious June. The air they breathe has been washed out by rains, burned through by lightning, swept over by tempests until it is sweet as the breath of angels. The mountains keep watch and ward over the emerald lakes, which lie like jewels upon the bosom of the earth, and they who were driven thither in terror are intoxicated by new and strange delights. So men in the low plains of human life come to see the dreadful malady of sin. They fear its fearful grip upon the human soul; they shudder at its possible desolation in the life of the world to come; they flee to "the mountain of the Lord's house" which the prophet sees "in the top of the mountains," but when they reach the palaces of religion whither they fled, for safety, there they come to abide because "out of Zion the perfection of beauty God hath shined."

At St. Peter's Chapel.

A goodly number of colored Catholics assembled last evening in St. Peter's chapel, on Market street, to participate in observing the Day of Pentecost. The services were conducted by Rev. Father John R. Slattery, of Baltimore, Md., assisted by Father Shanley, of the cathedral. After the ceremony of hanging on the church walls fourteen pictures representing scenes in the life of Christ, Father Slattery made a short address. The brief remarks of Father Slattery were followsd by the administration of the rite of baptism to a young colored gentleman, F. Gilling, who desired to unite with the Catholic brethren of St. Peter's chapel.

HE OUTPRAYED THEM.

The Offering of a Saloonkeeper Before Some Female Visitors.

Duncannon Record.

At Detroit, Mich., the "Women's Temperance union," or the women crusaders and Salvation army, visited a liquor saloon and tried by hard praying to induce the proprietor to close the place. The proprietor invited the ladies to seats and asked them to pray, and he himself offered the following prayer:

"Almighty Creator, Thou who hast made the heaven and the earth, and created man after Thine own image as rulers of the earth, while animals are living on grass and water. Thou didst teach Thy servant Noah to make wine, and Thou didst punish him for making intemperate use of it. At the wedding of Cana Thine own son, Jesus Christ, transformed water into wine when the juice of the grape was exhausted, that the enjoyment of the guests might not be disturbed. The great reformer, Martin Luther, said: 'He who does not love wine, woman and song, remains a fool all his life long,' and one of the divine commands of the book Thou has given us is: 'That man shall drink no longer water, but shall use a little wine for his stomach's sake and his often infirmities.' All great men of this earth have been drinking of the wine Thou has given Thy children upon the earth. O Lord, we pray Thee, have pity on the women here, who are even like the beasts of the field and drink water like an ox, while they dress extravagantly and lead their husbands by other extravagances, not tending to our well being, to be bankrupt, depriving them of the pleasures of this world; yes, driving them to suicide. O! Lord! have mercy on these ladies; look upon them. They wear not even the color of the face which Thou hast given them, but they are sinning against Thee, and, not content with nature, they paint their faces. O Lord! Thou canst also perceive that their figure is not as Thou has made it, but they wear humps on their backs like camels. Thou seest, O Lord, that their headdress consists of false hair, and when they open their mouth Thou seest their false teeth; and, O Lord, just make a note of the spiral spring and cotton batting contrivances they wear in their bosoms, for no other purpose than to make themselves voluptuous, and to excite in man a much worse passion than the use of wine; and for the same reason they have a number six foot pinched into a number three shoe and a number forty waist squeezed into a number seventeen corset. O Lord, these women want men who patiently accept this without using the power Thou hast given to man, that all women shall be subject to man. They will not bear the burden of married life and obey Thy commands to multiply and replenish the earth, but they are too lazy to raise their children, and, O Lord, Thou knowest the crimes they commit. O Lord, have mercy on them and take them back into Thy bosom; take folly out of their hearts; give them common sense that they may see their own foolishness, and grant that they may be good, worthy citizens of our beloved city of Detroit. O, Lord, we thank Thee for all the blessings Thou hast bestowed upon us, and ask Thee to deliver us from all evil, especially hypocritical, lying women, and Thine shall be the praise for ever and ever. Amen."

HIS HYPERION CURL.

How Roscoe Conkling Was Identified by a Telegraph Operator.

"Years ago I was employed by the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore railroad at a junction a few miles out of Baltimore," said a telegraph operator to a reporter for the Philadelphia Press. "One afternoon an unusually handsome and athletic man entered the little station. 'Does the limited express for Washington stop here?' he inquired. 'No, sir,' I replied. 'Can you stop it?' 'Not without orders from the main office.' 'I will explain my situation to you,' said the stranger, 'in the hope that you will do all in your power to aid me. I came from Washington to intercept at Baltimore a gentleman who is on his way from New York to the capital. He is on the limited express. It is of the greatest importance I should see him before he reaches Washington. A railway conductor directed me to the Union station, where he said the limited would stop, but I lost my way, and wandered here after a long tramp.'

"Telling him I would see what I could do for him, I telegraphed to Philadelphia for permission to stop the express. 'You might use my name if you think it would be of any use,' said the gentleman. 'And your name is—?' said I. 'Conkling—Roscoe Conkling,' replied the gentleman. I flashed over the wire: 'Senator Conkling wants me to stop the limited express for him to get aboard.' The answer came back: 'How do you know it is Conkling?' Turning to him I said: 'Philadelphia wants identification.' 'Will this do?' he asked, displaying a handsome gold watch with the initials 'R. C.' engraved on the case. At the same time, either by design or chance, he removed his hat. Grasping the key I ticked these words to Philadelphia: 'Letters 'R. C.' on gentleman's watch, but I know he's Conkling by his flaunting beard and the Hyperion curl of Nast's cartoons.' Straightway the sounder rapped: 'Stop train by order H. F. Kenny, general superintendent.'

"Conkling was profuse in his thanks. As the express shot around the curve, with him safely on board, he made a courteous gesture of farewell to me."

LIGHT NONSENSE.

"How high is this place from the level of the sea?" asked a traveling man of one of the residents in the Allegheny mountains.

"G'way, young man," was the response. "You can't fool me. The sea ain't level by a blame sight. I've been there and seen it."—Merchant Traveler.

"Speaking about clubs," remarked Mr. Cumso, who had just been elected a member of the Manhattan, "they are the sign-posts of civilization. You never hear of savages forming themselves into societies for mutual improvement and pleasure."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied Mrs. Cumso. "I've heard of Indian clubs ever since I could walk."—Tid Bits.

A newspaper vendor was asked how business was. Both his legs has been cut off in a railroad accident some years before.

"Oh, I can't kick," was the cheery reply.—Tid Bits.

DAWN.

In the still depths of a most silent night,
When fitful winds had breathed their latest sigh,
I walked, beneath the starry ministry
That kept stern watch with me from out the height,
And then it came with a resistless force.
The infinite hush—the weight of mystery,
That held me, crouching there in agony,
Stretching wild hands as one bereft of light!

At last, far off, the east began to pale,
A faint breath swept the chill of night away,
The golden banners of the dawn unfurled,
The earth took up her old accustomed tale—
The first faint murmurs of the coming day,
That whispered all: "A soul is in the world."

—Helen Martin.

A STRANGE PASSION.

What a row all my friends and relatives made when they heard I was going off to Russia to become the tutor of a parcel of girls and boys. I had income enough to live on, and every one I knew seemed to think that I ought to become a barrister or become celebrated in some way or another.

I do not exactly know why I took the tutorship in Russia unless it was to satisfy a whim, and because I had nothing particular to do just at that time. I arrived at my destination one very cold December day, feeling so irritated in mind over the wearisome journey that I hardly thawed out when Mme. Estrokoff and her husband received me so cordially.

My pupils dropped in one by one and were presented, three boys varying from eleven to sixteen and a young lady of seventeen or so.

An hour later the last pupil arrived, a girl of twelve.

I see her now as plainly as on that day, in her simple frock, her golden hair lying in long curls on her shoulders, her great blue eyes looking half-frightened at me.

I played draughts with her that evening and lost every game.

In fact, I devoted myself more to the study of her sweet face than to the board.

There was no denying it; I had committed two acts of folly for which the world would brand me as a lunatic.

I had fallen in love at first sight, and the object of my attachment was neither more nor less than twelve years old.

I was greatly puzzled, as time went on, to discover that I was quite alone in my admiration of Ludmela.

All the family acquaintances were lost in admiration to the charms of Mlle. Estrokoff.

Only to one unworthy seeker had the exceeding fairness of the little one revealed itself.

I remember my mother, who was fond of quaint theories and curious conceits, always maintained that the mere presence in the same room of a person of strong character always exercised a certain influence, either for good or evil, on the weaker persons around them.

I had not been in the room with Ludmela for five minutes ere I felt her influence and knew that I was in the presence of one whose face was but the mirror of her soul.

Her whole life, during the year that I knew her, was one long self-denial—utterly unostentatious, and therefore utterly unrecognized.

To this day I do not know whether her sweet caressing ways came of affection, or from a desire to give a fellow creature pleasure.

Whatever prompted her action, my life with her was all happiness.

For one year—ah, how quickly it went by!—I was her confidant, her friend, and seldom left her side.

At night I kept myself awake longing for the day to come and reunite us.

For hours I would sit, her little hand in mine, happy as I shall never be again, until we meet again in some other world, and I clasp her hands again as in the days of oid.

One year after (the anniversary, I remember it was, of the day on which we had first met) she said—I remember her words—"My good old friend" (her favorite name for me), "shall you be offended if I go out for half an hour? There is one more place on the sledge?"

She went: there was an accident, and she returned to die.

Her last words were for me,

"Do not forget blue eyes!"

"Darling, God is witness that never for one short moment have I forgotten you!"

I went to her funeral; the rest dropped wreaths on her coffin.

The world always drops wreaths on coffins, even after it has broken the heart lying there.

I dropped tears, bitter tears, for my life's joy gone for ever.

The night after the funeral I started back for England.

I visited the Estrokoffs a year or two back.

All my old pupils had married irreproachably.

Ludmela's name was not mentioned, and I did not mention it.

I only went and sat by her grave, and fancied I still held her little hand and looked into her face as in the days gone by.

Delightful Office for Rent.

A splendid office on ground floor of Globe building is for rent from May 1. An excellent location for any important financial institution, it having a large fire and burglar-proof vault in it. Inquire at GLOBE counting room.

BARGAINS
Not Advertised.
I WILL DISCOUNT FROM
5% TO 10%
All Prices Advertised in St. Paul, on
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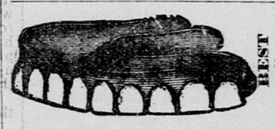
Furnisher of Houses, Hotels and Restaurants, No. 448 Wabasha street.



BEST TEETH, $8.
Cullum' Painless Method of Tooth Extraction.
FILLING, $1, UP.
COR. SEVENTH and WABASHA, ST. PAUL.

ALLEN'S ULCERINE SALVE
A positive cure for Old Ulcers and Sores of every name and description, no matter how many years standing. This is the heavy artillery of salves for Sores of long standing. Cures, also, Chilblains, Burns, Cuts, Felons, Scalds, Frost Bites, &c.
All genuine bears this signature. D. L. Allen
ST. PAUL, MINN. Druggist & Chemist

HOLLAND & THOMPSON MFG. CO.
Office—317 Minnesota Street.
Factory—South Park, St. Paul, Minn.
Steam Heating, Brass and Iron Fittings,
FOR STEAM, WATER AND GAS.
BRASS FOUNDRY.

EYE AND EAR!
Dr. J. G. Walker, 104 East Third Street, St. Paul, attends exclusively to the eye and ear.
ARTIFICIAL EYES.

Get Hood's
If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people.
"I had been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, and in one store where I went to buy a bottle the clerk tried to induce me to buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was. I had taken it, it agreed with me, I was perfectly satisfied, and did not want any but Hood's. I am glad to speak a good word for this excellent medicine." MRS. E. A. GOFF, 61 Terrace St., Boston.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

THE
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL
RAILWAY.
"THE FAST MAIL LINE,"
Is the Only Line Running
DAILY PULLMAN
VESTIBULED TRAINS
CHICAGO, ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS,

Leave Minn'polis,	6:50 p. m.	Daily
Leave St. Paul,	7:30 p. m.	Daily
Arrive Milw'kee,	6:50 a. m.	Daily
Arrive Chicago,	9:30 a. m.	Daily

NEW CARPETS.
Order before the Spring Rush at
OLIVER BAKER'S
Carpet, Drapery and Wall Paper House,
417 and 419 Wabasha St.

$50,000 TO LOAN
This week, for an Eastern client. Bring in your applications.
BEAUMONT & CATHCART, Cor. Third and Robert. Over C. B. & N. Ticket Office.

TELEPHONE 117-3.
FLORAL DESIGNS. CUT FLOWERS
E. V. BEALES,
FLORIST AND SEEDSMAN,
Cor. 2d and Cedar Sts., St. Paul, Minn
SEEDS AND BULBS. FLORAL DECORATIONS.

REMOVAL!
The Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Company Have Removed to
32 West Third Street.

MONEY!
AT CURRENT RATES.
CLARK & THORNE,
316 Robert Street.

PATENTS!
Caveats, Designs, Trade Marks, Labels, etc. Write or call.
F. W. LANE,
Room 52, German-American Bank Bldg. ST. PAUL, MINN.

LOTS ON STATE STREET FOR SALE AT OLD PRICES.
WILLIAM N. VIGUERS & CO.,
Northeast Cor. Fourth & Cedar sts

Confirmation of Assessment for Grading River Street.

OFFICE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., May 18, 1888.

The assesment of benefits, costs and expenses arising from grading River street, from Hoffman avenue to Main street, in the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, having been completed by the Board of Public Works in and for said city, said Board will meet at their office in said city at 2 p. m. on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1888, to hear objections (if any) to said assessment, at which time and place, unless sufficient cause is shown to the contrary, said asessment will be confirmed by said Board.

The following is a list of the supposed owners' names, a description of the property benefited, and the amounts assessed against the same, to-wit:

Suburban Hills. St. Paul.

Supposed owner and description.	Lot.	Block.	Benefits
H C Sargent, W'ly ½ of	6&5	5	$84 00
East Side Syndicate.	7	5	50 00
Same	8	5	50 00
Same	9	5	50 00
Same	10	5	50 00
Conrad and Geo W Bohn	1	6	50 00
Same and same	2	6	50 00
Same and same	3	6	50 00
Same and same	4	6	125 00

All objections to said assessment must be made in writing and filed with the Clerk of said Board at least one day prior to said meeting.

R. L. GORMAN, President.
Official: W. F. ERWIN,
142-143 Clerk Board of Public Works.

A St. Paul Clothing House that is Owned and Managed Exclusively by St. Paul Men
A SPRING OVERCOAT!

A Spring Overcoat is an absolute necessity for any man, not only at this time of the year, but even in midsummer such a garment is very comfortable to put on during a cool evening. Tailor-Made Spring Overcoats here from $9 to $35, some Silk-Faced and some Silk-Lined, but all well and honestly made and perfect in fit. You know we guarantee each garment we sell to be as low or lower in price than the same quality and make of garment can be bought for elsewhere. Young men who wish a particularly stylish and natty Spring Overcoat will find it in our English Top Coats. They are particularly swell and becoming to young men. We are exclusive agents for Brokaw Bros.' Fine Custom Ready-Made Clothing.
Out-of-Town Orders Promptly Filled.
BOSTON
ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE
THIRD STREET, CORNER OF ROBERT, ST. PAUL.
JOSEPH M'KEY & CO. ST. PAUL'S RELIABLE OUTFITTERS.
We have no branch houses, and are not a branch of any house.

THE MATCHLESS STEINWAY PIANO!
FRANZ LIZST says: "The new Steinway Grand is a glorious masterpiece in power, seniority, singing quality and perfect harmonic effects."
RICHARD WAGNER says: "I find your Grand Piano of wondrous beauty. It is a noble work of art."
RUBINSTEIN says: "Your unrivaled Pianofortes have once more done justice to their world-wide reputation. I have used them exclusively with the most eminent satisfaction and effect."
Hundreds of similar expressions from the great masters can be furnished.
We invite you to see the STEINWAY GRAND PIANO, the consummate flower of perfection, by the side of which all other pianos are commonplace and inferior. We have recently placed a large number of these splendid instruments in the homes of St. Paul, Minneapolis and other cities, and we cordially invite your critical examination at our warerooms. Many other fine instruments on exhibition at all times, which we will sell at lowest prices consistent with quality.
W. J. DYER & BRO.,
148 & 150 East Third St., ST. PAUL. 509 & 511 Nicollet Av., MINNEAPOLIS.

NATHAN FORD
92 and 94 E. Third St.
Guarantees Satisfaction to Every Purchaser of the
KNABE HARDMAN FISCHER
AND OTHER
PIANOS!
CLOUGH & WARREN AND ESTY ORGANS.
LOW PRICES. EASY TERMS.

DECKER, HAINES, BRIGGS, EVERETT,
PIANOS.
Our New Warerooms:
107 East Third Street, ST. PAUL.
TERMS:
Cash,
Monthly Payments,
Quarterly Instalments;
Or, to Suit the convenience of Purchasers.
MUNGER & FARWELL

10 NEW UPRIGHT PIANOS!
$190
Each in perfect order in every way. Warranted and guaranteed for five years by a house with a capital of
ONE MILLION DOLLARS.
Here is an opportunity; call quick, before they are gone.
A. E. WHITNEY
97 EAST THIRD STREET.
General Agent Hallet & Davis, Emerson and Kimball Pianos and Kimball Organs.

Persons Loaning Money on Real Estate Mortgages should require the Mortgagor to furnish A GUARANTY POLICY OF
THE ST. PAUL REAL ESTATE TITLE INS. Co.
IN PLACE OF AN ABSTRACT, the purchaser of Real Estate should require the seller to furnish a Title Policy with his Deed.

HIGH ART JEWELRY!
DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND SILVERWARE.
E. A. BROWN,
111 East Third Street, - St. Paul, MInn.

FINE TAILORING!
DUNCAN & BARRY,
30 East Third Street, - - - St. Paul.

WANTS! READ THE GLOBE! WANTS!