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NOT THE SOLE AIM.

How Girls of Good Positions and Fair Salaries Look on Matrimony.

Some of Them Think It Would Interfere Seriously With Their Independence.

Others Have Not That Yearning for Home They're Supposed to Have.

A Consensus Shows They Do Not Think Marriage Life's Sole End.

OCCASIONALLY I ask a young girl waiting to step into a position which will be made vacant by the marriage of the present incumbent. One of these patient waiters said recently: "When a girl gets a good, paying position, I actually think she can't be induced to marry. She enjoys independence as much as Eve did the apple." I thought my friend didn't know much about the subject, and was a little out of temper. In order to find if there was a bit of truth in her assertion I wrote about twenty letters to girls who had good positions and fair salaries. The letters were brief and to the point. They didn't ask: "Is marriage a failure?" which is the fashionable question. It seemed irrelevant. How can a girl know if marriage is a failure when she has never been wed? So I asked why they didn't try the experiment and settle the vexed question. I had a lurking notion that nine out of every ten young ladies did marry just as soon as an opportunity offered. That notion was a mistake. I stand corrected. Every letter was answered and the reasons were as numerous as the sands on the seashore. There was one similarity about the answers. Each writer coyly confessed that she had been annoyed by a large number of offers of marriage and that she had only to say the word in order to make any one of half a dozen importunate suitors happy. That must be a pleasant state of affairs, and of course, when the dear girls affirm it to be true no one shall presume to doubt their word. My queries were addressed to maidens whose salaries from vary $50 to $100 per month. They were all of mature age, so that their reasons ought to be of some value. I quote a few:

"I don't care to marry, because I have not that yearning for a home which a woman is popularly supposed to posses. A home, in the modern sense, means a compound of gables and angles, painted some hideous color, with a little plot of grass and a wire fence in front. A home is never less than two miles from the city. Living in a home of your own, you are at the mercy of the suburban butcher and baker. I don't care about a view of green fields and the society of a sewing circle. I prefer to board down town and earn my own living."

Another in nearly the same strain protests:

"I don't want to spend my time looking after careless and dishonest servants. A wife must either do her own work or trust to incapable help. I had rather do typewriting than housework, even in my own home. It's very well to write poems about the comforts and beauties of domestic life, but I agree with the sentiments expressed in a comic opera lately, 'There's no place like home, and thank heaven there isn't.'"

Another looks at the question in a business-like way and draws her conclusions thus: "I earn $100 a month. I can't expect to marry a man who earns a larger salary. On my salary I board at a good hotel; take my meals at a fashionable restaurant, where my friends all meet. We discuss the topics of the day and amuse ourselves by watching the different classes of people wo saunter to and fro. That's much more amusing than dining at home in the solitude of two. I belong to a literary club and have purchased a well selected library. I go to concerts or the theater whenever I please. Can afford to dress well. I only work seven hours a day and take a vacation every summer. One hundred dollars a month means to me all these little luxuries and comforts. If I stop working and marry a man who earns that salary, it means for me a little cottage plainly furnished, one careless servant, about two dresses a year, always a fear that bills cannot be met—in short, it means more responsibility in every way, and nothing to compensate for my loss of independence."

I am afraid that girl has been disappointed in love. She says not a word of sentiment, and thinks single bliss a prize not lightly to be thrown away. Another seems to be a socialist. She says:

"Our present system of keeping house is all wrong. Here we live in scattering houses, doubling our expenses, and halving our comforts. I should think that a dozen families could build a house having a common kitchen, laundry and work room. By contributing to the common fund the work that women now do or trust to servants, could be done much cheaper and better in a large kitchen. It would pay to supply this work room with labor-saving appliances. Then a woman would be left free to perform her part in society as a wife and mother, instead of being a drudge, as she is under the present system. A common reading room could be stocked with good literature for a nominal price. The families living in such a building could have the advantages of each other's society, and in every way it would be cheaper and more pleasant than our present system."

I studied that plan for a while and several progressive people said it was all right; but it seems to me that it has one serious defect. Just think of twelve women living in practically the same house, sharing the same kitchen and backyard. I don't want to be unjust, but there would be a quarrel between those women before the first week had passed over their heads in the new domicile. It may be well enough for men to try co-operation in business. Perhaps, by experience, they have learned mutual forbearance. But women have too long been accustomed to rule supreme over their own kitchen. They wouldn't co-operate. Some morning one woman would conclude to run that common kitchen in her own way, and the rest would have to submit to her dictation or be ruled out. As the poet says: "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true." I am afraid that my fair theorist will always keep her present name, if she persists in waiting to see her plan carried out. Another says:

"Of course, it's natural for a woman to look to some man for sympathy and protection, if one could only be sure of getting the right article. The ideal man is a scarce article, and I don't propose to marry for the sake of having a house to keep in order. Then, after all, there are other companions, a bird or a cat—a poodle, for instance, is ever affectionate and faithful. Then they are always silent, oh! so deliciously silent." I wonder if every woman who cherishes a poodle holds him in as high esteem as the correspondent just quoted?

All the answers were quite candid. The writers seemed to have no prejudice toward the masculine element, but simply expressed it as their opinion that marriage was not the sole end and aim of existence, as one remarked: "Marriage is good, but not so good as the sum of many other things."

EVA GAY.

A MOTLEY MIXTURE.

The Singular Composition of the Incoming Council.

The new council will be a very vicarious sort of a body. It will be motley to a degree. Every age, race, religious belief and occupation will be represented. Preacher and rumseller will mingle in committee work. Lawyer and client, farmer, grocer, hardware dealer and liverymen will hustle together. The farmer element predominates, and it is a little singular that of a city council five should be out and out farmers. The make-up of the new body, which has never been given, is as follows:

The First ward trinity will be conspicuous as the only Democratic delegation in council. They are all new men. John McGowan is a contractor, a bright young man and very popular. Frederick Breshaber has always been a German leader in local politics, and engineers a liquid refreshment parlor. Joseph Ingenhutt is a landed capitalist, whose spare time has been put in on the park commission.

Vernon M. Smith is the new Second warder. He manipulates loans and places insurance. Ed M. Johnson, the lawyer, and Fred C. Barrows, the lawyer, are familiar faces.

Unless the recount makes a change, John A. Gilman, the big contractor, will own the only familiar Third ward face. George A. Durnam is a liveryman and wood dealer, and Charles P. Enstead is a house painter.

E. G. Potter, of the Fourth waad, is a dealer in onions, apples and other produce in the commission line. Emerson Cole is a banker and lumber dealer, and S. B. Loye a harnessmaker.

C. P. Lovell, of the Fifth, is a wealthy real estate dealer and capitalist. Thomas Downs, one of the old familiars, is a stone contractor and builder, and H. W. Brazie is the well-known political doctor.

Christ Ellingsen, of the Sixth, is an undertaker. Samuel Hunter is an aristocratic plumber, and John A. Swanson a green grocer.

John H. Parry, of the Seventh, is a grocer. Ole P. Hatten an employe of the car works, and John M. Meloy an artistic photographer.

Melvin Grimes, of the Eighth, is a hardware dealer, D. S. Thompson a contractor and John C. Sterling a real estate baron.

J. H. Brodish, of the Ninth, is an attorney, Herman Vogt a brick manufacturer, and Erik Rhode a paintmaker.

F. A. Schwartz and Vincent Reeve are tied in the Tenth ward; Schwartz is a health inspector, and Reeve, the present alderman, a gardener. William J. Bursell is the first preacher ever elected to council. Ben H. Billings is a brickmaker.

John A. Blichfeldt, of the Eleventh, is a grocer. Otto Fultz is a foreman in the Milwaukee shops, and Jay Phillips is a liveryman.

William B. Woodward, of the Twelfth ward, is a carriage dealer, John E. Vanderwarker a lawyer, and Abram S. Adams a farmer.

D. D. Farnsworth, of the Thirteenth, is a farmer, James S. Gray a market gardener, and George H. Warren a dealer in pine lands.

MADE NO RETURN.

The City Clerk to be Called Down Shortly.

The city charter, in defining the powers and duties of officers, reads: "All fees and emoluments of whatever character accruing to any city officer as such officer, shall be reported to the city council monthly and paid monthly into the city treasury."

Notwithstanding this plain provision, City Clerk Cornman, it appears, has made no return of fees to the city nor any report. The fees he has received from the recording of chattel mortgages, the issuance of dog licenses and the recording of births and deaths have been considerable, aggregating probably $5,000 a year. Alderman E. M. Johnson announces that at the next meeting of the council he will introduce a resolution calling upon the city clerk to explain why he has made neither a report nor a return of fees. The clerk's salary of $2,500, with provisions for clerk hire, is supposed to remunerate him for his services, and an investigation will probably be ordered.

A CURIOUS OMISSION.

An Important Witness Against Pearl Wilson.

In yesterday's report of Pearl Wilson's trial a reference was made to the testimony of Patrolman Delano. Patrolman Reese was meant, as Delano was not called as a witness. Just why he was not is something of a mystery, as it is understood that he is in possession of considerable valuable information, having attended the woman almost constantly for several weeks. He kept a careful memorandum of what she said and all circumstances bearing upon the case that came under his observation, and probably could tell much that would throw light upon the tragedy. It is altogether likely that had he been called a different verdict than that of acquittal would have been returned. The failure of the county attorney to place him upon the stand is a curious omission, to say the least.

HE "WATCHED" HER.

Curious Freak of a Drunken Man at a Variety Theater.

The other night a couple of hilarious young men occupied a proscenium box at the Theatre Comique. They had been paying little or no attention to the performance, when one of them was attracted by the antics of one of the fairies on the stage below. "Watch that girl," he said to his friend.

"Watch her, eh!" replied the other. "Yes, I'll watch her," and suiting the action to the word he pulled a handsome gold hunting case watch from his pocket and threw it directly at her head. It missed her by only a few inches and struck against one of the flies. The time piece was badly shattered, but one of the stage hands, who corralled it, has had it repaired, and is the owner of a valuable watch as a result of the drunken man's freak.

DRESS REFORM GOES.

Minneapolis Has Organized a Society to Carry It Forward.

Why a Letter Carrier Can Pick Out the Sweet Girl Epistles.

Shop Window Dressing as a Fine Art--The Artists' Good Salary.

Various Matters of Life and Living as Seen About Minneapolis.

"THE nineteenth century is woman's century," said Victor Hugo. Probably by that he meant that woman in that century would have full and free opportunity of proving herself an equal of the sterner sex and of throwing off all those absurd customs which have been as so many chains and fetters, preventing the full development of her faculties. Dress reform is one of the crying needs of the nineteenth century. Physiologists and scientists assure us that women are not fitted by nature for the lines of work in which men engage, and that the home is woman's true place. But the progressive woman of to-day, without the slightest distrust of her own judgment, sets at naught the decision of science and philosophy and proclaims herself ready to engage in any occupation known to the civilized world. She is sure of being able to prove herself the equal of man, and in her own heart is positive that she is his superior. Having disposed of the problem of eternal fitness, there remains in her path but one obstacle. The present styles of dress look fairly well, but they are ruinous to health. If she fail in her ambitious attempts, ergo, it is the fault of the corset and bustle and heavy draperies, which sapped her vitality, leaving her with neither strength nor vitality to try again.

Some people are cynical enough to rejoice in the fact that women labor under disadvantages in the struggle for success. They think the earth would be a howling wilderness if there were a few thousand more strong-minded women to make the air blue with their theories and disputes. Such people, however, are in the minority. Who is there among us who thinks that way? If there be one let us bind him hand and foot and cast him into outer darkness, for he is not worthy to behold the kingdom of women.

The apostle of dress reform, in this country, is Kate Jenness Miller, a pretty woman with a form like Hebe. She doesn't need the aid of art to improve her figure. Those devices which modistes use to conceal defects in the ordinary woman's form, would only serve to hide the charms with which nature has endowed her. So like a sensible woman, she devises artistic robes, like unto those worn by Greek goddesses; the artistic folds, clinging draperies and æsthetic combinations of color in these gowns are enough to make an ordinary commonplace mortal turn green with envy. Kate Jenness is a generous woman; she doesn't want a monopoly in this matter. Straightway she edits a magazine, lectures on hygiene and dress reform, sells paper patterns—in short uses every device in her power to induce other women to go and do likewise. Just here a pert young miss remarks

"Kate J. Miller accumulates a lot of money out of all those things, and makes herself famous. It is just on the same plan that an actress advertises herself by a scandal. Kate is pretty, has almost a perfect figure, and affects dress reform so that everybody will admire her."

Now, of course, we all agree that the above sentiment is extremely naughty. We know that Kate Jeness Miller is acting from motives of pure philanthropy. She wants to elevate womankind by showing them how to dress in a style which combines beauty with comfort.

An effort is being made to start a dress reform club in Minneapolis, but young women are such a stiff-necked generation. One declares: "Oh, it's all right for a few old maids to affect that style of dress. It gives them something to talk about and nobody looks at them anyhow. But I am not going to make a guy of myself."

Another, a plump brunette, says: "I don't believe a word that those dress-reform people talk. It doesn't follow because I wear a corset that I am foolish enough to injure my health with tight lacing. A corset, if properly worn, only makes a person look trim and neat. I never was ill a day in my life, so dress-reform can't work any wonders for me."

A dressmaker said: "The average woman is far from perfection, physically. She has a perfect right to use any little device which will make her more presentable. Every woman owes it to society to look her best. Loose and limp dresses are well enough for work, but you will never find Worth designing any gowns which can be hung on straps from the shoulders and look effective."

A clerk in one of the leading stores said: "Ladies' underwear is woven so as to fit perfectly, and for years no other sort has been in demand. A dress will not fit smoothly unless the underwear is of fine quality and fit the body closely. Even our most fashionable people wear no more than is necessary for warmth and comfort. Dress reformers must possess more genius than artists if they can devise underwear which will fit better or be more healthful than that made by leading manufacturers." A society girl said: "The woman who says she wore a corset two or three days and it nearly killed her, must have bought one of those starchy 50 cent affairs. If she had worn a French contill corset, which is so elastic and pliable that it yields to every motion of the figure, she would know what solid comfort is."

These opinions might discourage some people, but the ladies who have studied dress reform don't look at it that way. They say it shows how ignorant the mass of humanity, especially women, are, and how much they need education.

It is whispered that the ladies will give a reception soon after their reform club is organized. Those naughty society girls are behaving so sweetly, in order that they may be invited. They think it will be more funny than a menagerie. Let us not sit in judgment before we have seen the reformed dress. The ladies who have the courage to adopt it certainly possess moral courage. Perhaps they are right and all the world wrong. "Quien sabe?"

WOMEN'S CHIROGRAPHY.

Why Minneapolis Mail Carriers Know Girl's Letters.

A recent writer has said that a glance through a mail carrier's bundle of letters would show a large number written by women, and these could be easily distinguished by their careless appearance, even if there were no distinctive features about them. That statement hints rather broadly that women are careless. An attempt is made to teach letter-writing in the common school course, but the result is scarcely edifying. Children want to exercise their inventive faculties in seeing how far they can depart from the conventional style prescribed by the teacher. From later contact with the world boys usually learn that neatness and precision in letter writing are at a higher premium than careless originality. Girls, after leaving school, usually get a training in society, which doesn't tend to correct faults acquired at school. Perhaps that is one reason why most women write in a careless style. A stationer says: "Women, as a rule, are quite particular to select the latest style in paper and envelopes. This heavy crepe paper without lines has been popular for the past two years. Of course no person can write legibly on such paper, but the ladies pronounce it just too exquisite."

The angular, or English style, affected by many, serves as good a purpose as a cipher, for no person, except the initiated can read it. After all, the mechanical appearance of a letter matters little. Many people have such an ingenious way of ignoring your question and leaving out exactly what you want to know. If a letter gives one a glimpse of the writer's true personality, almost any other fault is easily overlooked. Such letters are always welcome, but the persons who can write them are like angels' visits, few and far between. An authority says that hasty and careless expression of thought are hardly excusable, because we are always supposed to take sufficient time to write to a friend who is at all worthy of remembrance. Also that the stereotyped apology "hoping you will excuse a poor pen, etc.," is no longer admissible, because good writing materials are cheap and readily obtained.

A DANGEROUS DRUG

That Seems to be a Popular Fad in Minneapolis.

Anti-pyrine is the latest fashionable remedy for sick headache. It isn't a harmless drug, either, as one might think, judging from the quantities consumed. Nobody knows who made it fashionable; probably it was brought into prominence by some restless individual who had tired of common drugs like opium, chloral, bromide or aconite. People must have drugs. There is a sort of unwritten law that one may overeat, overwork or indulge in any fashionable excess, and a few grains of some drug will make the deficit all right. Some of the victims of nervous prostration are becoming just a little doubtful of the expediency of using drugs and narcotics. Sad experience makes them distrustful, but they are in a hopeless minority. A number of physicians recently tested the virtues of anti-pyrine as a safeguard against seasickness. About twenty of them started on a voyage, each armed with a capsule of anti-pyrine. They intended to enjoy themselves like old salts, but after the first night out they arose as limp and dejected a lot of victims as ever were seen. There was a verdict against anti-pyrine. It was a unanimous verdict, too.

But the new drug really does give temporary relief to sick headache, but it's fashionable, and that settles the question of utility. Then there's the consolation that when people get tired of drugs they can turn to mental science for consolation and renewed health. Mental science is a step in advance of other fads, because if it does no good it at least does no harm.

BECOMES AN ART.

Store Window Dressers Who Draw Good Salaries.

Looking into store windows is a favorite amusement with grown people, as well as with children. The shop windows present so fascinating an appearance that a person may be pardoned for lingering a few moments to gaze upon the latest creations of fashion and art. Window decorating has become a regular trade, and a person who has become an expert in that business can readily find employment. A glance into the jeweler's window shows a background of plush in some æsthetic tint. Over this are scattered precious stones, some set, and others polished, but unset, making rivers and pools of rainbow tints. At another necklaces, rings and bracelets are set off by a crimson background. The dry goods stores show their best bargains and latest styles in the most seductive manner. It's so consoling to admire all the pretty trifles and plan just which ones we would have if we only had the cash—"ave there's the rub." A clothing store in this city lately imported or made up an English dude, who stood in the window and tried on all styles of overcoats, explaining, by gestures, their merits to an array of wax figures who sat around in graceful attitudes. Those figures were as hard to please as some customers. They just stared into space and never moved a muscle. They were so calm and impassive. A more appreciative audience gathered outside the windows, applauding and laughing at the novel sight. In Omaha a beautiful young lady walks about in the window of a dry goods store and shows how nicely ladies' wraps look upon her well-nigh perfect figure. It's amusing for the people and a good advertisement for the store.

Caught in the Act.

The city detectives are having their hands full just at present taking care of the hobos and toughs with which the city is infested just at present. Inspectors Howard, Doyle and Lawrence were coming down from the municipal court, yesterday afternoon, after giving evidence against half a dozen petty thieves, when they saw four men engaged in a row in the alley across the street. Going over to the scene of the conflict they found that three notorious toughs were trying to hold up an Englishman, thinking he had some money in his pocket. The Englishman was "getting it in the neck," so to speak, when the detectives arrived. After a sharp fight two of the men who were doing the holding up were lodged in the lockup.

Got Off Easily.

Henry Ross, a young man with a careworn look, was arraigned in the police court yesterday on a charge of stealing a coonskin overcoat from Theodore Lansing and pawning the same. The young man claimed that he had pawned the coat to get money with which to send a friend to Wilmar. The evidence showed that after getting the money Ross had made the rounds of a disreputable locality, and had spent the few remaining cents for bread for his family. Judge Bailey let him off with a fine of $10.

IT SHOULD SURELY GO.

The Police Commission Is a Public Nuisance.

A SECRET SESSION HUMBUG.

The People Want the Responsibility Laid on One Official Head.

The police commission will cut quite a figure in the next legislature. Freeman Lane pledged himself to a repeal of the act, and he has sand enough to stand by his promise; besides, he gives substantial reasons why the machine should be smashed. No one will, or with truth can deny, that the commission was trumped up at a time when the city seemed hopelessly Democratic, and was intended simply to curtail the mayor's power. It was purely a political institution and should go. The people were opposed to it and the people demand its obliteration. They want the responsibility of the police management more directly fixed. Here was a case in point in the gambling permission. If there had been a mayor simply, the people could have condemned him at the polls for permitting such a state of affairs to exist, but how can they condemn a police commission? Give the mayor the full power and then hold him accountable.

An effort has been made to saddle the responsibility of the gambling upon Democratic officials, but it has no foundation in reason. The commission is composed of five men, of whom Mayor Ames and Hoy are Democrats and Baker and Baxter Republicans. Guile was elected as a Democrat, but has since flopped. Who controls the commission? But, allowing there are three Democrats and two Republicans, why did not the two Republicans try to stop the gambling? Does any one suppose for a moment that the records of the police commission will show that a motion to instruct the chief of police to close up the gamblers was made by either Baker or Baxter and defeated by a vote of 3 to 2? In an interview with an evening paper, Baker is reported as saying he "did not believe there was any gambling." It is very evident then that he did not make, second or support a resolution to stop gambling or close out the gamblers. Who is responsible? Guile has been reported as whiningly complaining he could do nothing. If this is so, he is too much of a baby to be on such a board. Will Mr. Guile come out and say he offered a motion in the board directing the police officers to close out the gamblers? If he did, let him name the vote by which it was defeated and give the name of every man who cast a negative vote. If he did not offer such a resolution, how can he evade his share of the responsibility?

The fact of the matter is, the board is a nuisance with its secret sessions. It ought to be abolished, and the people should have direct recourse upon all responsible persons. The gambling charge is enough, but it is not all. There is nothing partisan in this, and the Democrats and Republicans on the commission are alike to blame. Somebody has permitted the gambling and somebody received money for the permission, and the public would like to know who it was. Without the commission the charge could be made direct upon the mayor as the head of the police force, but what can it do now?

The repeal of the act will come before the Hennepin delegation, and the legislature will make whatever change the delegation desire. It is understood that several members secretly favor the repeal of the act, but they stand in awe of certain old grannies in the party, and will be afraid to come out boldly and stand by their convictions. Freeman Lane will prepare and introduce a bill, and the first course will be to refer it to the delegation. The public will want to know just how the delegation stands, and the GLOBE will see that such a bill is not quietly smothered in the committee from pure lack of nerve. It should require less "sand" to remove those to place a burden, and the delegation-elect should have at least the courage of its predecessor.

Run Into the Ground.

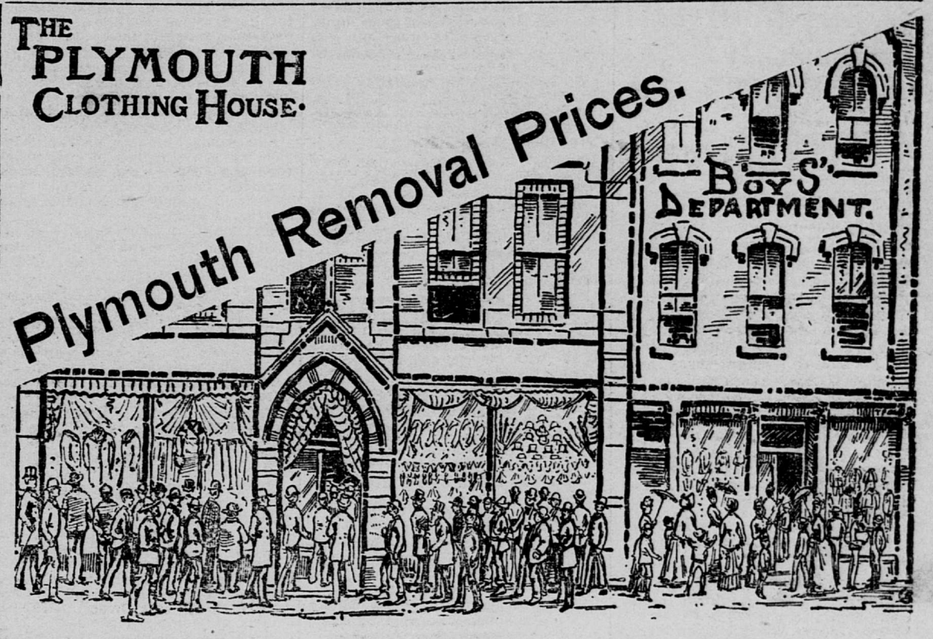
He was a Tribune canvasser, and he evidently wasn't proud of the fact, but he was obliged to tell what he wanted, so he said to the business man, "Don't you want to subscribe for our paper? You noticed, didn't you, that we ran eleven special trains the day after election?" At the words "eleven special trains" a wild, insane glare came into the business man's eyes. He seized the canvasser by the neck and kicked him out into the street. "I'll be hanged," he growled, "if I don't murder the next one that says eleven special trains to me. If those trains don't stop pretty soon they'll be run into the ground."

MINNEAPOLIS REAL ESTATE.

The following transfers were recorded yesterday:

George R Nimmons to Maggie Pratt, lt 9, blk 2, Avery's Chicago Avenue add. $750
John Hay Smith, assignee, to Frank C Nickells, lt 14, blk 18, Washburn Park add 435
Frank C Nickells to Sabin P Sanger, lt 14, blk 18, Washburn Park add 600
John T Blaubelt to Maggie Pratt, lts 5 and 6, blk 5, Minnetonka Bluffs 600
John Stoal to Charles L Davis, lt 4, blk 2, L F Menage's add 2,000
Daniel MacKenzie to Allen C Sanders, lt 1, blk 5, Aurora Park add 7,500
Clinton E Olmstad to Allen C Sanders, part lt 5, blk 16, Forest Heights add 1,800
Frank L Sanborn to J M Russell, lt 7, blk 11, Park Avenue add 2,900
Electus A Pratt to Clara B Webster, lt 5, blk 3, L F Menage's add 3,250
Wickcliffe W Price to George H Rust, lts 11, etc, blk 2, A Y Davidson's add, etc 4,000
Jacob D Petrie to Catherine H Ames, lt 10, blk 27, Calhoun Park add 3,000
John C Treadwell to Amanda Edgren, lt 13, blk 29, Highland Park add 850
William B Haskell to James F Crichton, lt 11, etc, Haskell's subd block 4, Lakeview add 8,000
Moses H White to Addie B Beal, part lt 2, blk 3, Calhoun Park add 325
Irving A Dunsmoor to William C Baker, lts 25 and 26, blk 13, rearr 5th div of Remington Park 1,000
Fred S Hags to John O Keefe, lt 19, blk 2, Union Square Park 300
John Martin to John J Gilillan, lt 1, etc, blk 1, St Anthony Falls, etc 54,250
John B Gilillan to John Martin, lts in subd of blk 39, St Anthony Falls 54,250
Carl F Baur to Louis J Weber, lts 29 and 30, blk 2, Lauderdale's subd 1,200
Mary A Davis to Finley McNeil, part lt 4, blk 60, village of Champlin 150
George A Herrick to Finley McNeil, part lt 2, blk 60, village of Champlin 150
Adaline L Vandervoort to Edward Sikeron, part lt 3, blk 5, Ridgwood add 10,000
William D Hale to William E Haskell, part lt 20 J S Johnson's add 8,000
James Flerichton to William E Haskell, lts 19, etc, blk 1, Calhoun Park add 22,000
George Oliver to Joel C Gilmore, part sec 28, town 120, range 21 1,000
Samuel C Gale to Wm Reynolds, lt 28, blk 2, Croffut's add 1,000
Alfred Bildslen to Swan Rosengren, part lt 9, Lawrence & Reeves' Out Lots 2,500
Swan Rosengren to Alfred Bildsten, part lts 14 and 15, blk 1, Hance's add 5,000
Three unpublished deeds 3,600

THE PLYMOUTH CLOTHING HOUSE.



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ASTRACHAN, Natural or Dyed,
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HAIR SEAL, ROMAN LAMB,
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RED FOX, RUSSIAN COON,
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