THE RUSE.

An Adventure of a Young English Officer in India.

BY C. F. HOLDER.

Ernest Requart was the youngest lieutenant in the —— regiment, stationed at her majesty's barracks at Kavana, India. He had just graduated from civil life, and was not merely young, but inexperienced, and his brother officers naturally got into the habit of calling him the "babe"—a christening that fell to the youngest man in every regiment.

Mr. Requart came from what was known as a hunting family. His father, grandfather and all his uncles had served in India, and stories of their prowess were club talk to that day. Even the feminine side of his family were renowned as followers of Nimrod, and one of his aunts was the finest cross-country rider in Ireland, and had a collection of "brushes" equaled by none in the United Kingdom.

It would have been strange, all things considered, if the young officer had not inherited the tastes of his ancestors, and from the moment he set foot on Indian soil his ambition had been to bring down single-handed a tiger, and to face the charge of an Indian elephant.

Mr. Requart was of small stature, and it was the opinion of many of his friends that he would make about two bites for a big tiger; but this opinion the young man did not share, and one of his first official acts was to apply for leave to visit the country of big game in the interior. In the regiment was one of the most inveterate of practical jokers, who happened as well to be a fine shot and an authority on matters of the field. To this gentleman Mr. Requart was referred for "points" on the sports and games of India, and with solemn visage the old soldier told the young man the most remarkable tales, the result of a very vivid imagination.

Among the points thus imparted were some which related to the capture of elephants, a subject upon which the young hunter was ignorant.

"I can fix you out," said the old officer, "in a shape that will enable you to bring down your first elephant without doubt. You see, the great difficulty is to approach them without being discouered. Now I have the skin of a young elephant, which was used last year by some of the men in a masquerade. I propose that you take this up to the elephant country, and when you get in the vicinity of a herd to place yourself in the skin, taking the fore legs, and have one of your men or gunbearers take the part of the hind legs. The herd will think you a young elephant, and you can approach them easily and pick out your game at leisure."

Mr. Requart jumped at the proposition, and two days later he was on his way to the upper country with the elephant skin carefully packed among his traps. He had letters of introduction to a gentleman who held an official position in India in connection with the elephants, and so was soon put on the right track, literally, for one day after prowling through the jungle some time a native came creeping back holding up his hand to enjoin silence, and told the hunter that not 100 yards away there was a herd of elephants feeding. The elephant skin, which had been borne by two natives, was carefully brought up and spread upon the grass. But now an unforeseen accident occurred. The native who had been hired and trained for the hind legs refused to serve and neither threats nor offers of money could prevail upon him to get into the skin. Finally a substitute was found, who, after he had been guaranteed a large sum and his widow a competence, expressed himself as willing to accept the position.

It occurred to Mr. Requart at this moment that there might be some danger in the adventure, but it was too late to back out, so, stooping down in front of the hind legs, the skin of the young elephant was dropped over him and soon tied or laced so that it looked as natural as life, indeed, some of the men said it was more so. The mouth of the elephant was open, and through this Mr. Requart thrust his rifle and prepared to fire.

There was but one drawback, and that was the hunters were obliged to walk in a stooping position, which, to say the least, was uncomfortable and tiresome, but, by taking frequent rests, they could easily manage. Then, too, a young elephant would naturally move along slowly in feeding, and, perhaps, lie down. A native was now sent out, all being ready, to reconnoitre, and upon reporting that the elephants were still there, the bogus baby moved ahead slowly through the grass.

Fortunately, they were what is called "down the wind" from the great game, so that they would not be scented, and in a short time were on the edge of a clearing, overgrown with reeds or high grass in which the herd could be plainly seen. They young man peered through the eyeholes of the elephant skin and saw for the first time a wild elephant. The colossal animals were grazing, moving slowly along, innocent of the presence of danger, and Mr. Requart could not but wonder what they would do when they saw one of their own kind, a baby elephant, rear up on its hind legs and emit fire and smoke from its mouth.

There was not much time for observation. The big animals were passing on, so the bogus elephant boldly walked out of the bush and moved along in the same direction. For some time the herd did not notice it, but finally an old elephant caught sight of the bogus baby and stopped, uttering a curious note that immediately attracted the attention of the rest. The elephants stood facing him, presenting a noble spectacle; but Mr. Requart wished to get nearer to make a sure shot; so the baby moved on, pretending to feed, until it was within a hundred feet of one of the largest of the herd.

For some moments the animals had been watching the supposed elephant, perhaps deceived, when suddenly the hind legs stumbled and the bogus baby assumed so curious an appearance that the elephants dashed away—with one exception. This was an old tusker, and he seemed transfixed with amazement as the baby seemed to rise on its hind legs. Then came a puff of smoke from the baby's mouth.

What happened next was described by some lookers-on. The big tusker lowered his head, and with a shriek of rage or terror charged upon the baby. Another puff of smoke and another bullet sped at the huge form, but the hind legs, in frantic efforts to escape, disconcerted the aim of the fore legs, and the next moment the baby elephant was flying into the air. For a second two guns, two men and an empty elephant skin appeared suspended over a huge elephant. Then the latter disappeared in the bush, while the hunters found themselves sitting on the grass, where they had fallen, shaken up, yet uninjured.

It was some time before the hind legs could convince himself that he was unhurt, and suffice it to say of the young hunter that he has never heard the last, and never will, of the baby elephant method of hunting.

ORION IN THE STARS.

The History of the Most Beautiful Northern Constellation.

Nowhere in the United States is the atmosphere more favorable for the observation of the celestial regions and the study of astronomy than in St. Paul. The high latitude and rarified air combine to bring out stellar beauties, and the stars seem to shine down upon Minnesota with added lustre. No St. Paul boy or girl who delights in a study of the heavens has failed, during the past winter, to note the constellation of Orion, the most beautiful in the northern sky. It is on the zenith in midwinter, and at that time the heavens present their most gorgeous aspect. Orion is the great constellation formed of a parallelogram, with a star at each corner and three more crossing the center. To the west is the silvery Aldeboran and the Pleiades, and to the east and south the brilliant Sirius, the most gorgeous of the fixed stars.

Orion, according to mythology, was a hunter, and a man of great beauty and courage. So wonderful were his exploits that Diana, the goddess of the moon, fell in love with him. This greatly displeased her brother, the lordly Apollo, who determined to put an end to it. One day he observed Orion swimming in the sea, with only his head above water. Calling Diana's attention to it, he said she could not shoot that dark object. Diana, unaware what it was, unstrung her bow and sent a shaft crashing through Orion's head. Her grief was uncontrollable when she learned what she had done. At her request Orion was placed by Jupiter among the stars, where he stands with his huge club, facing Taurus, the bull.

A DETECTIVE'S EXPERIENCE.

One of the Pinkertons Has a Somewhat Humorous Experience in Ohio.

One of Pinkerton's men told a New York Star reporter of a little experience in Ohio which has a humorous side:

"I was called into the office about a month ago," he said, "and told to report to Akron, where I would receive instructions. No details were given. I arrived at Akron and was told my business, which was to be sent to the penitentiary, where I would be confirmed in the cell with a man who was doing ten years. I was to find out the name of the convict's accomplice. Though I didn't half like the job, my hair was cut and my mustache shaved off, and I was put in a cell with the legend 'Four Years and a Half' over the door.

"The second day a keeper came along and marched me out to the stone-breaking pile, and I was given a hammer to pound up rock. I was kept at work, too, and treated just the same as the others. This lasted two days, and then another keeper watched me for a time, and at last broke out to one of the guards: 'That man is too big and burly to work on that small rock. Take him up where some of the big ones are.' I wanted to refuse, but I couldn't. I had to go up and wield a ten-pound breaker, and that night I was almost fit for a hospital. I was at the big stones for five days, and was nearly dead.

"The man I was to pump was almost dumb about himself and I began to believe I would really have to serve the four years and a half or confess myself beaten: but on the tenth night he gave me my information. You can bet I was thankful, and left the penitentiary as joyful as if I had been a real convict pardoned out. Being annoyed because I hadn't been warned of the nature of the job, when I reached the office I laid down my report and my resignation. Was it accepted? Well, no. Everybody thought it was laughable, but I don't want another experience of that kind."

COOPING A HEN.

How a Woman Succeeds and How a Man Does Not.

Mobile Register.

Hens know when and whom they have to obey. When a woman has to drive one into the coop she takes hold of her skirts with both hands, shakes them quietly at the delinquent and says: "Shoo, there!" The hen takes one look at the object to assure herself that it is a woman, and then stalks majestically into the coop. A man doesn't do it in that way. He goes out doors saying: "It's singular nobody can drive a hen but me!"—and picking up a stick of wood hurls it at the offending biped, and yells: "Get in there, you thief!" The hen immediately loses her reason and dashes to the other end of the yard. The man plunges after her. She comes back with her head down, her wings out, and followed by a miscellaneous assortment of stovewood, fruit cans, clinkers and a very mad man in the rear. Then she skims under the barn and over a fence or two and around the house back to the coop again; all the while talking as only an excited hen can talk, and all the while followed by things convenient for throwing, and by a man whose coat is on the saw-buck, whose hat is on the ground and whose perspiration is limitless. By this time the other hens have come out to take a hand in the debate and help dodge missiles; the man vows that every hen on the place shall be sold at once, puts on his hat and coat and goes down town. The woman comes out, goes right to work and has every one of those hens housed and counted inside of two minutes.

HIGH-PRICED ERRORS.

What a Misplaced Comma Cost the Government.

A trifling error sometimes has a pretty serious result. Edmund Alton, in telling the readers of St. Nicholas about the way that things are done at Washington, says:

Some of the rolls received at the state department are disfigured by erasures, interlineations and blots, by errors in orthography, capitalization and punctuation, and by hieroglyphic mangling, that suggest the "masterpieces" of schoolboy art. These and more serious imperfections, once placed upon the parchment roll, are law. However glaring the blunder, however mischievous the distortion or omission, the department is powerless to add a correction dot or stroke.

Mistakes made by congressional enrolling clerks have undone legislation accomplished by congress after hours of debate. An item of $500,000 for public purposes was bodily left out in the enrollment of a recent appropriation act, and the substitution of a comma for a hyphen in transcribing a tariff measure some years ago caused a loss to the government of thousands of dollars before the error was detected and further loss arrested by the passage of another act.

These are but specimen cases. It is humiliating to think that a sleepy or incompetent clerk should be able to frustrate the legislative will of a nation, and startling to reflect on the opportunities for fraud by deliberate tampering with the public rolls.

THE THREE RIDERS.

Three riders set out for the temple of Fame,
Each booted and spurred and equipped the same,
The first rode forth at a rattling pace,
Like the jockey who wins an exciting race.
The second set out with caution, slow,
So that, when need was, he might faster go.
The third rode steadily, quietly on,
At a quiet jog trot he could reckon upon.

And which do you think will the winner be;
The hare, the tortoise or number three?

The first one soon broke down, of course,
He saved the saddle, but lost the horse;
The second met the regular fate,
Dallied too long and was just too late.
The third, I grieve and regret to say,
Did not get there, for he lost his way.
He thought so much of his regular trot
That to look at the signs he quite forgot.

See how strangely things befall,
Another, not thinking of Fame at all.
Who was on his way to the breadfruit tree,
To provide for his wife and children three,
Went straightway into the temple of Fame,
And innocently asked its name!
They answered him. With a quizzical face
He remarked. "It's a most uncomfortable place."
Then he went on to the breadfruit tree,
And home to his wife and children three.

The moral? Well, if you can find it,
Write it out, for I shan't mind it!

—Tudor Jenks, in the Christian Union.

THE COAST STORM,

Or, a Life Companion Well Worth Having.

BY SYLVANUS COBB.

The old ship Vincent seemed to be one of those craft that, according to the theory of sailors, are doomed to ill fate. James Marshall, a young man from Newport, R. I., had been her captain for five years, and during that time she had been twice "knocked down;" once had she carried away her foremast, and, at the time of which we write the old ship was docked at Liverpool, undergoing repairs from a serious damage she had received during a heavy gale in St. George's channel. But in all these mishaps the owners had been forced to acknowledge that the young captain was entirely free from blame, while, on the other hand, he had made better "time" in his trips than any other master had been able to get out of her.

The last damage which the Vincent received proved to be the occasion of the dawning of a new era in the life of Capt. Marshall, for while waiting in Liverpool for the ship to be prepared he fell in with a blooming New England girl named Emma Ramsay, the eldest daughter of the agent who did the business for the Vincent's owners, and ere long they discoverd that between them there existed a peculiar feeling of mutual love. Captain Marshall popped the delicate question. Emma consulted with her papa, and at length she consented to become Mrs. Marshall. It was a happy day for all parties when the wedding took place, for from the known characters of the bridegroom and his lovely bride all felt sure that the match would prove one of peace and content.

The Vincent was once more ready for sea. Her cargo was all on board and shipped for Boston, and Emma had resolved to accompany her husband to the United States. For a number of days the weather was pleasant and the wind was fair, while Capt. Marshall felt himself supremely happy in the delightful company of his wife. The old sailors shook their heads as they saw the gentle Emma pacing the deck, and they very mysteriously asserted that "such pleasures couldn't always last," and so indeed it proved, for at the close of a pleasant day, when they were within three or four days' sail of their destined ports things began to look anything but agreeable. Away to the southard and eastern horizon began to assume a sort of inky blackness, with here and there a ghostlike livid spot, while on all hands the heavens had changed their ethereal blue for a cast of deeper and more fearful import.

Captain Marshall felt as he had never felt before on the approach of a storm. For himself—for his ship—he had no thought then. There was one on board who engrossed his every sympathy—for his young wife he felt a degree of intense anxiety that was painful, but he forgot not his duty, and with comparative calmness he set about it. The courses were hauled up and snugly furled, the lighter sails taken in and the lofty yards and topgallant masts sent on deck and the three topsails close reefed.

Long before the sun went down, the undulating ocean had assumed almost the blackness of night, and not many moments elapsed after the spars had been secured upon the deck, ere the storm burst upon the ship. It was a regular southeaster, and those who have encountered one of these storms in the gulf, know something of their power. Higher and higher rose the mighty tempest, until at length it was found necessary to take in the topsails and trust to the fore and main storm-staysails and a balance reefed spanker, and in this way the ship lay-to till morning, the gale increasing every hour.

Capt. Marshall trusted that when the sun rose on the next day the storm would abate, but in this he was disappointed, for a part of the forenoon he was actually obliged to scud before it.

It was not until two staysails had been torn from their bolt-ropes that he fully explained his anticipations and the extent of his fears to his wife. "Emma," said he, "I wish I had not taken you with me."

"Why so?" she asked, as she gazed up into her husband's face with apparent astonishment.

"Why so? Do you not comprehend our danger?"

"But the ship does not leak, does it?" returned Emma, with remarkable coolness.

"No."

"Then let us not fear the storm. I was born upon the Atlantic, and I feel that I can yet trust to my native element."

The captain was astonished at this trait in his wife's character, and clasping her in his arms he felt his own soul swelling with a new life.

"Emma," he said, as he gazed more affectionately than ever into her face, "my heaviest fears are passed. For you alone have I feared the most; but now I can calmly tell you wherein lies our danger. This storm has driven us far out of our course, and twice have we been scudding before it. I fear that the coast of Maine cannot be far to the leeward and of that coast I know nothing, save what I may gather from my chart. For us to lay-to is next to impossible. The rising sea has rendered our staysails useless, and I have been obliged to set the close reefed maintopsail, but she cannot hold it long."

"My husband," returned Emma, "though you may know nothing of the coast of Maine, yet there are but few spots along her rugged shores that are not as playgrounds to me. My father was for years a surveyor of her islands and harbors, and I was his constant companion. To me her cliffs and inlets present nothing that can alarm me."

Hardly had she ceased speaking when a sharp crack like the report of a pistol, sounded from aloft, followed by a tearing and crashing that started the captain to his feet.

"The main-topsail has gone!" he exclaimed, and immediately he sprang upon the deck.

Again the ship was put before the gale, and for several moments Capt. Marshall was undecided what to do. While in this quandary, he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and, on turning, he beheld his wife. She had a "sou'-wester" upon her head and a pea-jacket buttoned closely about her.

"What is the matter, James?" she asked.

Her husband explained his perplexity.

A strange look of fearlessness and confidence rested upon that fair woman's face, and looking for a moment at the compass, she said:

"We lead due northwest. Station a trusty lookout in the foretop, and let the ship stand on!"

Capt. Marshall felt at that moment as though an angel had been sent to pilot him to a haven of rest. Whence arose the feeling he knew not, but instinctively he obeyed. Fearful and loud roared the mighty storm, and on dashed the riven ship, but all fearless and composed stood the heroic woman upon the quarter deck, and the hardy seamen, as they gazed upon her, felt that what daunted not a woman should not daunt them.

"Land ho!" came from the foretop.

In three minutes more, as the ship rose upon the bosom of a gigantic sea, the land was made out upon the deck, bearing about two points on the larboard bow. Emma caught sight of it, and seizing a glass at the next swell she discovered a lighthouse upon its summit. Then she turned her glass over the starboard beam, and in a moment she exclaimed:

"There are the Bantam ledges. That land on the larboard bow is Seguin, and beyond I can see Cape Small point, James," she continued, as she gazed into her husband's face with a look all made up of conscious power, "if you will drop your foretopsail, I will take you into the Kennebec!"

For a moment Capt. Marshall hardly credited the evidence of his own senses, but one look into the calm, radiant features of his wife determined him, and in five minutes the foretopsail was sheeted home.

Emma Marshall seized the spanker out haul, and sprang upon the wheelhouse, and calm as the falling of the summer's dew fell her orders to the men at the wheel. The island of Seguin was cleared in safety, and the ship bowled fearlessly by the foam-dashed rocks, and ere long her bows cleft the smoother waters of the noble Kennebec. All danger was passed. Though the storm still raged yet the old Vincent rode at anchor, and the howling tempest could harm her no more. Confidence was restored to the hardy crew.

Emma Marshall descended from her station and sought her cabin. Her rough habiliments were thrown aside, and ere long she reappeared in all the modesty and beauty of her native grace. Capt. Marshall pressed her to his bosom, and at that moment the hardy seamen waved their hats high above their uncovered heads, while a prolonged shout of joy and gratitude went forth from their relieved souls. They had been saved from the terrible coast storm, and from the bottom of their hearts they confessed that Emma Marshall was a wife worth having.

THREE KINDS OF LIARS.

Their Classification—A Specimen Story by One of Them.

Peck's Sun.

There seems to be reason for classification of liars. The ornamental liar is not an unmitigated evil. He is medicine to the melancholic and moonstruck. If taken with moderation he is an inspiration to the imagination; he causes the eye to roll in a fine frenzy, and, withal, he is good for the digestion.

There is no record of a fit place, terrestrial or celestial, for the coward liar—the man who lies because he is afraid to tell the truth, or because—and this is more often the case—he would rather please than be right. His right home must be in that region where the supply of natural gas is unlimited, and where it is not consumed by meter measurement.

Then there is the honest liar. He is the outgrowth of one of the other species. He tells fairy stories until they become to him as truth. One of this kind was encountered by an Indianapolis News reporter.

"I came near losing my life the first time I drove to Indianapolis," he remarked. "I was a boy of twelve years, and father had sent me to the city with a load of wood. In those primitive days we used rawhide for traces, instead of leather or chains. On the journey a heavy rain began and I stopped at a country store for shelter, leaving my team in the road. Happening to look out, I saw the wagon, but no horses. Their tracks showed me that they had gone rapidly down the road. I started in pursuit, supposing some one had played a practical joke on me by turning my horses loose. I tracked them until I came to the brink of a creek. The bridge had been washed away and the banks were steep. I gave a run and tried to jump over, but, finding when in air that I could not make the further shore, I reconsidered, deftly turned myself—reversed my energy, as it were—and landed on the bank from which I had jumped.

"I retraced myself to the store, and by-and-by the sun came out strong and hot. Happening to glance at my wagon, I saw at once how I had been deceived. The rain had softened my raw-hide traces until they had stretched indefinitely. The horses had gone on stretching out the traces so fine that I could not see them. Presently I saw the horses backing down the road toward the wagon."

"How did it happen?"

"When the sun came out the green raw-hide began to dry and contract, and by-and-by the horses were thus drawn into their true positions in the wagon."

THE QUEER JAPANESE.

Some of the Curious Customs of the Almond-Eyed Nation.

Philadelphia Times.

In Japan almost every one carries a lantern. By day and night it is dangling at his belt. It resembles a thin, flat box. Each end of the box is fastened to a sort of paper, which, lying in folds, forms, when drawn out, a lantern. The Japanese usually carries also a tiny wooden box, shaped like a cylinder, to hold his candle. A small medicine chest, with half a dozen little boxes, each containing a small portion of medicine, a fan, a pipe and a short sword, all form a part of the outfit. The belt of a Japanese is, therefore, a very important part of his dress.

His slippers consist of a sole with a worsted thread at the upper end, through which the great toe is thrust to keep it on the foot. His pillow is a framework of whalebone or some such substance, into which the back of the neck near the head fits. This is to keep his knot of hair in order, for he does not have his hair dressed every day, and therefore is obliged to take care of the piece, which is greased and bound into a queue, the rest of the head being closely shaven.

The rich Japanese send their children to school in inferior garments, in order that the children of the poor may not be ashamed to wear their shabby clothes.

When Leo XIII. Dies.

London Figaro.

It has long been the unwritten law of the pontifical court that when a pope dies the cost of erecting a suitable monument over his remains shall be defrayed in equal portions by those of the cardinals he created during his pontificate who may survive him, and Leo XIII. decided long ago that he shall be buried in that famous sacred edifice outside the walls of Rome known as the Church of St. John Lateran. He has even approved the design for his sepulchral monument which the official Vatican architect drew up at his order, so that the cardinals will not have any trouble in settling the details. Meanwhile, his holiness is himself spending money lavishly on the church in question, especially in connection with the erection of a superb monument over the tomb which now contains the ashes of Pope Innocent III., that masterful pontiff, who, besides placing France under an interdict when Philip Augustus dared to divorce his wife in spite of the Pope's caution, excommunicated our own King John.

Indorsed Sawyer's Check.

Senator Sawyer tells a very good story on himself. There was a man up in the Oshkosh country named Ben Hutchinson, who was a great boaster. If he cut one log he would be sure to report a hundred. One season he did some logging for Mr. Sawyer, and for his pay received a check on the National bank of Oshkosh for $120, payable to his order. Mr. Hutchinson had never had such an experience before, and he showed the check to his friends with a great deal of unction before he took it to the bank to get it cashed. When he did so the teller, of course, made him write his name on the back of the paper, and that was an incident of still greater importance in Mr. Hutchinson's life. When he went to his home up in the woods, he said to everybody that he met on the way:

"Old Sawyer can brag as much as he's a mind to about his money, but the bank made me indorse his check before they would cash it."

EASTER AT STILLWATER.

Some of the Programmes Prepared for To-Morrow.

JACOB FISHER'S REMAINS.

Interest in the Disaster to the Steamer Everett---Small Items of News.

Easter will be observed by special services at all the churches to-morrow, the more elaborate musical programmes prepared being as follows:

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

Regina Cœli .... Lambillotte
Duet and Chorus—
Miss Agnes Walsh and Mr. Mackey.
Offertory—"Cantate Domino" Ad Libium .... Groffa
Closing march .... Taennhauser

The soloists taking part in rendering the mass are Miss Celia Mattman, Miss Agnes Walsh, Mrs. J. S. O'Brien, soprano; Mrs. Mackey, contralto; Mr. Weir, of St. Paul, tenor; Mr. Werrick, of St. Paul, basso. The orchestral accompaniment will be by Dr. F. Van Waters, first violin; W. H. Graham, second violin; Alfred Lindbloom, viola; George Graham, cello; Joseph Miller, bass; John Young, cornet; William Myers, trombone. Farther McCarren will celebrate high mass, and the sermon will be delivered by Father Murphy.

Presbyterian Church, Rev. W. H. Allbright, pastor. Easter Sunday musical programme:

Response after Decalogue.
"Gloria in Excelsis" .... Anon
Hymn—"This Is the Day" .... Hymnal
Anthem—"Christ Our Passover" .... Wheat
Response—"Hear My Prayer" .... Sudds
Offertory—"And God Shall Wipe Away All Tears" .... Sullivan
Anthem—"The Resurrection" .... Shelley
Hymn—"Rise, Glorious Conqueror" .. Hymnal
Choir—Mrs. R. S. Davis, George O. Haskell, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Masterman; H. W. Davis, organist.

CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

"Vidi Agnum" .... W. C. Peters
"Kyrie" .... Ed Spoth
"Gloria," soprano solo ... Miss Josephine Jess
"Credo," soprano solo ... Miss Josephine Jess
First bass, John Fatzendin; second bass, John Miller.
"Lactentui Cœli" .... Wigand
"Sanctus" .... Ed Spoth
"Benedictus" .... Ed Spoth
Soprano solo .... Miss Rosa Miller
Bass solo .... Ign. Fatzendin
"Agnus Dei" .... Ed Spoth
Solo .... Miss Lena Wolf
"Regina Cœli" .... Chorus by H. Werner

AFTERNOON.

"Psalms" .... Peters
"Hymn" .... Wiegand
"Magnificat" .... Peters
"Salutaris" .... Heilebush
"Tantum Ergo" .... Adolph Lenk

ASCENSION CHURCH.

MORNING.

Processional Hymn .... Tours
Easter Anthem—"Christ, Our Passover" .... Danks
Gloria Patri—(1) .... Louis Berge
(2) .... Danks
(3) .... Sudds
Te Deum—Festival in E Flat .... Dudley Buck
Jubilate .... Sudds
Hymn—"Christ the Lord is Risen To-day" .... Danks
Kyrie .... Elvey
Gloria Tibi.
Hymn—"Lift Your Glad Voices" .... Danks
Offertory—"The Resurrection"—Harry R. Shelly
Miss Robertson.
Sanctus .... Taylor
Hymn .... Hodges
Gloria in Excelsis .... Old Chant

EVENING.

Anthem—"Praise Ye the Lord" .. Lambillotte
Gloria Patri.
Cantate .... Samuel P. Warren
Deus .... Bruche
Hymn—(1) "Victory," .... From Palestina
Hymn—(2) .... H. L. Gauntlett
Confirmation Hymn—"Olivet" .... L. Mason

Early communion at 6 a. m.; morning service and holy communion, 10:30; Sunday school children's service at 4, when Bishop Gilbert will address the school. The bishop will also preach at 7:30.

JACOB FISHER'S REMAINS.

It is probable that some of the old settlers and veteran soldiers will see that the remains of the late Jacob Fisher are removed from Rochester to Fairview cemetery. The deceased made the first land claim in what is now Stillwater, and framed the first building ever erected there, the old McKusick saw [illegible]; and it is desired that, instead of re[illegible] among strangers, his body should lie within the city which he founded. He was a soldier of the late war, and suffered long imprisonment; and, though a member of no Grand Army organization, Miller post will gladly give the remains burial in the post's lot at Fairview.

GENERAL NEWS.

THE GLOBE's account of the steamer Everett disaster created much interest here, where she was well known; first as the White, of which Capt. Meeds, of Stillwater, was part owner. About three years ago she was rebuilt at the South Stillwater yards, by Capt. Meeds, and rechristened the Everett, after the captain's son.

Frederick Myers, substitute letter carrier, while delivering mail at the residence of David Robinson yesterday, was savagely bitten by the latter's bulldog, the most severe laceration being on the left arm, where the wounds were cauterized by a surgeon. Mr. Robinson has since killed the dog.

The Oonze log drive was under way three days during the week and is now lying to, waiting for a head on the dam. The gates will be raised Monday.

Attorney George H. Sullivan started yesterday for Madison, Wis., with the reported intention of returning with his bride.

The Young People's Society of the Universalist Church will give an egg social in the church vestry this evening.

Capt. George Hays, supervising inspector of steam vessels, inspected the Graves, Leroy and Alice D. yesterday.

Good Friday was observed by the banks, the court house officials, at the prison, and by the Catholic churches.

The board of health elected Joseph R. Carli inspector of cattle, swine and sheep under the Scheffer law.

Anderson & O'Briens sold yesterday, to S. & J. C. Attel, of Fort Madison, a raft of logs at $12 per thousand.

Prison Hall Guard Taylor was visited yesterday by his cousin, Lee M. Fitzhugh, of Cincinnati, O.

The vestry and officials of Ascension parish will be elected at the annual meeting Monday.

Robert Mantell appears at the opera house in "Monbars" Monday, April 29.

Capt. James Stewart left yesterday for Helena, Mont.

TOWER TOPICS.

Items of Interest From the Iron Region.

Special to the Globe.

TOWER, April 19.—Large numbers are passing through town, en route to the various parts of the county north, on prospecting tours. Ex-Mayor W. H. Bassett was among those of Wednesday, and many more are expected. Business is picking up wonderfully, and it is quite safe to say that a new "lay" will be struck ere long, as everybody seems bent on one locality, and large numbers are prospecting for well-known capitalists. The Minnesota Iron company has commenced shipments of ore, and intends to eclipse the records of all the mines this season. Matt Hannon has accepted the contract for turning ore into vessels at Two Harbors. B. Horavitz will soon erect a brick building for Hop Lee and Ah Sing Wah, Chinese laundrymen here. This branch of business seems to be flourishing. Mrs. E. A. Lorraine has opened a branch millinery store in Ely. Sam Owens was reappointed chief of police at the first meeting of the new council last night.

PREPARED TO FIGHT.

The Whisky Trust Will Try to Kill All Opposition.

PEORIA, Ill., April 19.—The whisky trust evidently intends to wage bitter war against the opposition. They have issued a manifesto to the effect that they will buy no more distilleries, and will cut prices as much as they deem to be necessary. Just before adjourning the trustees decided to follow the course mapped out by President Greenhut, and cut prices a cent per gallon all around, to take effect to-day. This makes highwines at Cincinnati, which is the basis, $1.02 per gallon.

MILLIONS DISPOSED OF.

How John D. Jennings, of Chicago, Distributed His Wealth.

CHICAGO, April 19.—The will of the late John D. Jennings, the pioneer real estate dealer, was probated to-day, and letters of administration were granted to his widow, Hannah W. Jennings. The will, which disposes of an estate of nearly $3,000,000, the bulk of which is in real estate, was drawn on Jan. 15, 1887. The household goods, pictures, etc., are left to the widow, along with one-third of the income of the whole estate, in lieu of dower. Annuities of $5,000 each are given to four nephews of the deceased, Samuel H., Charles F., William C. and John A. Jennings, and Charles N. Brizsee, a nephew of the wife. The will provides that the estate be kept intact, and that its management be entrusted to the Mutual Trust society. The trustees are directed to pay an annuity of $2,000 to Eliza Brizsee, a sister of the deceased, and $3,000 to John Henry Jennings, a grandson, until he is twenty-five years old. This will occur in June, 1900, and at the same time the whole income of the estate, after the payment of all debts and annuities, is to be divided into three equal parts for the two sons and the grandson.

THE FIRST RELIABLE NEWS

From the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Agencies Favorable to the Bill.

THEY HAVE HAD POWWOWS

And Decided to Sign, and the Other Agencies Will All Follow.

Special to the Globe.

CHAMBERLAIN, S. D., April 19.—The news received by courier from Lower Brule this week is very encouraging. A Lower Brule Indian, who has been visiting among his brethren at Rosebud and Pine Ridge agencies for several months, has returned, and brings the welcome intelligence from those agencies that the Indians there will sign when the commission visits them. This is the first reliable news that has arrived from the lower agencies, and it is very gratifying. No trouble had been anticipated at Pine Ridge, but Rosebud had been considered a trifle doubtful, as the Indians there are composed of the wildest and most uncivilized element on the whole reservation. The large number of Indians at this agency, there being in the neighborhood of 7,200, would make it necessary to secure some signatures there, even if every Indian at the other agencies would sign, which, of course, cannot be expected. The Lower Brule Indian who brought the news took part in several of

THE GRAND POWWOWS

at Rosebud to fully discuss the Sioux bill, and his statement that the Rosebuds will sign can be relied upon. No doubt whatever has been expressed as to the acceptance of the Sioux bill by the Pine Ridge Indians, as under section 27 of this bill these Indians are given $28,000 in cash as payment for horses owned by them and confiscated by United States cavalry during the little Indian unpleasantness in 1876. Red Cloud, head chief at Pine Ridge, has been trying for years to have the government pay this claim, but without success. The Indian defense people, however, had the claim embodied in the present Sioux bill, and should the bill be ratified by the Indians, Red Cloud and his followers will

GET THEIR FINGERS

on this neat little sum, but in case the bill is not ratified the money will not be paid to them; so it will be seen that Red Cloud and his braves will work their hardest to have the Sioux bill ratified by their people. The favorable attitude of the Indians at Standing Rock agency can be traced to the influence of Red Cloud, who has many relatives among the Standing Rock Sioux. Councils are being held at other agencies to talk about the bill, and there is no reasonable doubt but that Red Cloud has his chiefs distributed over the entire reservation for the purpose of getting the Indians into line for the acceptance of the act. For many years the fight for the opening of the reservation has been waged, but it is now drawing to a close, and the many years' labor will terminate successfully.

ON HISTORIC GROUND.

Celebration of the Anniversary of the Battle of Lexington.

LEXINGTON, Mass., April 19.—The 114th anniversary of the battle of Lexington was celebrated to-day. Salutes were fired and the church bells rung at sunrise. About 200 persons partook of an old-fashioned breakfast served in Massachusetts hall. Latter the Massachusetts Sixth Regiment association celebrated the anniversary of its march through Baltimore in 1861 by a reunion. The old battle ground and places of historic interest were visited. Services were held in the town hall, where addresses were made by Rev. Edward E. Hale and others.

ITCHING AGONIES.

Every Night I Scratched Until the Skin Was Raw.

Body covered with scales like spots of mortar. An Awful Spectacle. Doctors useless. Cure hopeless. Entirely cured by the Cuticura Remedies in five weeks.

I am going to tell you of the extraordinary change your CUTICURA REMEDIES performed on me. About the 1st of April last I noticed some red pimples like coming out all over my body, but thought nothing of it until some time later on, when it began to look like spots of mortar spotted on, and which came off in layers, accompanied with itching. I would sctatch every night until I was raw; then the next night the scales, being formed meanwhile, were scratched off again. In vain did I consult all the doctors in the country, but without aid. After giving up all hopes of recovery, I happened to see an advertisement in the newspaper about your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and purchased them from my druggist, and obtained almost immediate relief. I began to notice that the scaly eruptions gradually dropped off and disappeared one by one, and have been fully cured. I had the disease thirteen months before I began taking the CUTICURA REMEDIES, and in four or five weeks was entirely cured. My disease was eczema and psoriasis. I recommended the CUTICURA REMEDIES to all in my vicinity, and I know of a great many who have taken them, and thank me for the knowledge of them, especially mothers who have babes with scaly eruptions on their heads and bodies. I cannot express in words the thanks to you for what the CUTICURA REMEDIES have been to me. My body was covered with scales, and I was an awful spectacle to behold. Now my skin is as nice and clear as a baby's.

GEO. COTEY, Merrill, Wis.

Sept. 21, 1887.

Feb. 7, 1888.—No trace of the disease from which I suffered has shown itself since my cure. G. C.

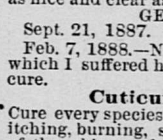
Cuticura Remedies

Cure every species of torturing, humiliating, itching, burning, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, and all humors, blotches, eruptions, sores, scales and crusts, whether simple, scrofulous or contagious, when physicians and all other remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.



I CAN'T BREATHE.

Chest Pains, Soreness, Weakness, Hacking Cough, Asthma, Pleurisy and inflammation relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. Nothing like it for Weak Lungs.

"Here is my favorite Spring Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla."

"I want some, too, Mamma. It does me good."

"Yes, dear, we will take it, for Hood's Sarsaparilla makes us healthy and strong."

The popularity of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a general Spring Medicine increases daily. In some homes every member of the family takes it with benefit. To make pure blood and create an appetite nothing equals Hood's Sarsaparilla.

That Tired Feeling

Is experienced by nearly every one at this season, and it should be driven off, or in the weak condition of the body serious disease may gain a foothold. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed. It purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, makes the head clear, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling, tones the nerves and imparts new vigor to the whole body.

"I take Hood's Sarsaparilla and find it the best medicine for the blood I ever tried. Large quantities of it are sold in this vicinity. As a blood medicine and spring tonic it stands ahead of all others." H. N. PHILLIPS, Editor Sentinel-Advertiser, Hope Valley, R. I.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the ideal spring medicine. It rouses the kidneys and liver, tones the digestive organs, creates an appetite, purifies and vitalizes the impure and sluggish blood, cures the headache and overcomes all the prostrating effects of that tired feeling. Mr. G. W. Sloan, of Milton, Mass., writes: "For five years I was sick every spring, but last year began in February to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have not seen a sick day since."

Blood Poison

"For years at irregular intervals in all seasons I suffered the intolerable burning and itching of blood poisoning by ivy. It would break out on my legs, in my throat and eyes. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, as a blood purifier, with no thought of it as a special remedy for ivy poisoning, but it has effected a permanent and thorough cure." CALVIN T. SHUTE, Wentworth, N. H.

N. B. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"When in the spring I felt all run down and debilitated, I found Hood's Sarsaparilla just the medicine to build me up. My wife also, after much physical prostration, found in its use new life and lasting benefit. Upon our little girl, who had been sick with scarlet fever, its effect was marvelous, entirely removing the poison from her blood and restoring her to good health." E. G. STRATTON, Swampscott, Mass.

"Feeling languid and dizzy, having no appetite and no ambition to work, I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, with the best results. As a health invigorator and for general debility I think it superior to anything else." A. A. RIKER, Utica, N. Y.

Makes the Weak Strong

"Every spring for years I have made it a practice to take from three to five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, because I know it purifies the blood and thoroughly cleanses the system of all impurities. That languid feeling, sometimes called 'spring fever,' will never visit the system that has been properly cared for by this never-failing remedy." W. H. LAWRENCE, Editor Agricultural Epitomist, Indianapolis, Ind.

Scrofula Humor

"My little boy was so badly afflicted with scrofula that the whole top of his head was one complete mass of matter. For two years I found no relief. Then I gave him one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and there was a wonderful improvement. I then got one bottle more and that cured him completely. I give it to my children for a spring medicine." MRS. H. D. LEROY, 1641 Hogan St., St. Louis, Mo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Cleanse the System

DO IT NOW

With that most reliable medicine—Paine's Celery Compound. It purifies the blood, cures Constipation, and regulates the liver and kidneys, effectually cleansing the system of all waste and dead matter.

Paine's Celery Compound

combines true nerve tonic and strengthening qualities, reviving the energies and spirits.

"I have been troubled for some years with a complication of difficulties. After trying various remedies, and not finding relief, I tried Paine's Celery Compound. Before taking one full bottle the long troublesome symptoms began to subside, and I can truly say now, that I feel like a new man. Digestion has improved, and I have gained ten pounds in weight since I have commenced taking the Compound."

HONESTUS STEARNS, Felchville, Vt.

$1.00. Six for $5.00. At Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

ANY ONE CAN DYE

DIAMOND DYES

A Dress, or a Coat, Ribbons, Feathers, Yarns, Rags, etc. Any Color FOR 10 CENTS

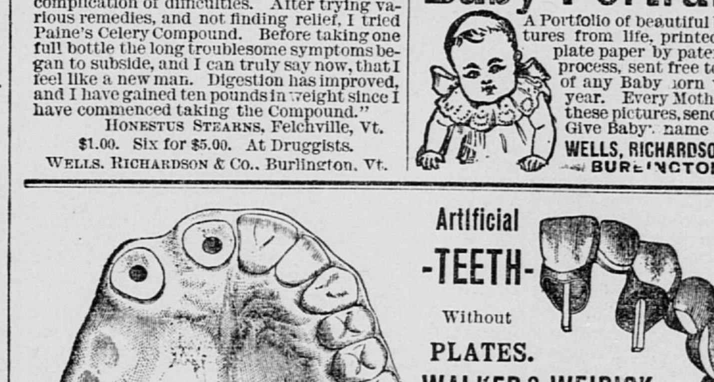
and in many other ways SAVE Money, and make things look like NEW, by using DIAMOND DYES. The work is easy, simple, quick; the colors the BEST and FASTEST known. Ask for DIAMOND DYES and take no other.

For Gilding or Bronzing Fancy Articles USE DIAMOND PAINTS. Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.

Baby Portraits.

A Portfolio of beautiful baby pictures from life, printed on fine plate paper by patent photo process, sent free to Mother of any Baby born within a year. Every Mother wants these pictures, send at once. Give Baby's name and age.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., BURLINGTON, VT.



Artificial -TEETH- Without PLATES.

WALKER & WEIRICK Dentists, No. 71 E. Seventh St., Over Golden Rule.

IS CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK (NOT MARRIAGE) A FAILURE?

We believe our experience in inserting a very large number of these Crowns and Bridges, and the delight and satisfaction expressed by patients, warrant us in saying it is NOT, and claiming for the work the following advantages:

First—IT IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IMITATION OF NATURAL TEETH EVER INVENTED.
Second—IT IS THE MOST COMFORTABLE.
Third—IT IS THE MOST CLEANLY.
Fourth—IT IS THE MOST SERVICEABLE.

Have you any badly decayed or broken-down teeth? Do not have them extracted, but come and see what we can do with them. Best of references in the city.

SPRING STYLES

CLOTHING,
HATS,
NECKWEAR.

THE PLYMOUTH CLOTHING HOUSE.

Corner Seventh and Robert Streets, St. Paul
Corner Nicollet and Third Street, Minneapolis

SCHLIEK & CO.,

85 and 89 E. Third St., St. Paul.

Fine Footwear!

Our Gents' $5.00 and $3.00 Shoes are Without an Equal for Style, Fit and Durability.

These Goods Have Distanced All Competitors

Ladies' Front Lace Shoes, New and Stylish. Our Ladies' French Kid Hand-Turn Shoes for $4.00 and $4.50, Best for the Money in the City. Ladies' Patent Leather Street Boots. New Styles in Ladies' Low Shoes. Over-Gaiters in all colors. Agents for Burt's Shoes. Write for our New Illustrated Catalogue and Price List. Mail orders will receive prompt and careful attention.