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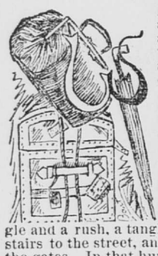
THE UNION STATION.

An Idle Reporter's Observation of Every-Day Scenes.

A Panorama of Human Life Passed in Review.

The Meetings and Partings--Gayety and Sorrow.

A Homely Little Romance Concerning "Pete" and "'Lize."



HAT a bustle and a hustle there is at the big railway union depot at Minneapolis all day long. There is somebody coming and somebody going all the time. Nobody has time to stop; everybody is in a hurry to catch a train, and the consequence is that there is a big jangle and a rush, a tangle and a push, up stairs to the street, and down stairs to the gates. In that hurrying crowd the philanthropist would find ample opportunities to practice his philanthropy; the philosopher plenty of food for philosophical reflection, and the physiognomist enough phizzes to study to last a lifetime.

The chances to study faces in a moving crowd, however, are not very good, as they pass by like a fleeting breath. They are like the pictures in a panorama, each one as the canvas turns giving way to another. There are happy faces, lighted up with the joy of meeting; sad, sorrowful faces, clouded with the pain of parting; faces full of rosy bloom, faces pinched with care and hunger, faces idiotic, coarse, brutal, and displaying, as in a mirror, every passion of the human soul.

A GLOBE reporter wandered through the waiting rooms the other day and noted the different incidents that occurred. Underneath the glass canopy that shelters the tracks, engines were puffing and blowing, bells were clanging, and conductors were yelling "All aboard." Trains bound for all directions were waiting for their passengers and crowds of people with their luggage were pushing through the great gates. The admonitions and entreaties of the guard to "not crowd so, as there's plenty of time," had no effect as each and every individual was afraid of getting left or not securing a good seat. Numbers of foreign emigrants were being pushed like so many cattle, through side gates towards the overland trains, which were to carry them, as they supposed, to their golden Western Meccas.

MEETING.

Through the gates were pouring the people who had arrived on incoming trains. What a strange contrast! Some were clasping hands at meeting, while some were clasping hands at parting. Two women would be standing side by side. One with a look of fond expectancy on her face, the other with tears in her eyes and a trembling prayer of "farewell" on her lips. One turns with a cry of joy as she sees the one she has been so fondly expecting. The other turns away with a sob in her throat and a dull pain in her heart. Two phases of life, and one which all must undergo, are this "meeting and parting."

PARTING.

Soon the trains move off with their living freight and others glide in and take their places. The same scenes are again enacted, the crowds push through anew, and thus it keeps up from "early morn 'til dewy eve"—a ceaseless living stream.

Many are the pathetic, sad and sometimes tragic scenes witnessed in the

PETE AND LIZE.

waiting rooms of the union depot, and many are the humorous and ludicrous ones. The average countryman waiting about for a train is, to any one in search of something to break the dreary monotony of humdrum life, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Every movement that he makes seems to bear with it a subtle breath of the humorous. When he yawns and when he laughs, and when he squints his eyes and blows upward at a fly that is roosting on the tip of his nose, one can imagine it is all funny and laugh in spite of himself. In one of the up-stairs waiting rooms, the GLOBE reporter in his rambling espied a loving couple seated near the center of the room. The couple consisted of a "he" and a "she," who, from all appearances, were from Podunk or some other watering resort situated within twelve miles of the railway in the "up kentry" region. They were waiting for one of the through Manitoba trains, and had evidently been to the city on their wedding trip from the way they talked. The reporter—not to play eavesdropper, but to better appreciate nature's own—seated himself directly back of the couple and listened and looked with both ears and both eyes. From the conversation he learned that the young man's name was Peter—Pete, she called him—and that his newly-made better half responded to Lize, which undoubtedly was a loving corruption of Lizzie. In the eyes of Pete Lize was one of those things that men admire and poets rave about. Her hair was red, and so were her eyelashes, and her sweet, girlish face was made more sweet and piquant by a freckle that spread over her rosy cheeks like a porous plaster. The reporter, as he looked at her, recognized where the poet who wrote the touching little ballad about "Pretty little Sally chasing freckles up an alley," got his muse from. He had evidently had hold of Lize before Pete had married her. Lize's dress corresponded in style and color with her complexion, and it was no wonder that Pete looked a proud and happy man as he gazed upon her freckles.

Pete's head, which was covered with a long, sandy-colored hirsute growth, was a long one, and ended in a peak at the top. He, too, had freckles, but they were small ones, and only showed up in a determined way after being exposed to the sun several days. Ever since his marriage he had been in the house while "to hum," and his sojourn in the Paris of the Northwest had aided in giving his face an interesting pallor and intellectual look. He and Lize were having a great time, and so was the reporter. They didn't notice him, though, and, in fact, they didn't notice anybody, so deeply engrossed were they with each other.

"Haint we had a jolly time, Lize?" whispered Pete, as he moved about in his seat and hitched up his trouser leg. "'Taint everybody as can get marrid as you an' me, I can tell yer."

"That's so, Pete," replied Lize, slipping her hand into his in a confiding way.

"All the folks at hum said as how yew and me were fules tew git married so yung, but we've showed 'em what's what, now I'm a thinkin,'" continued Pete.

"Yew ain't sorry yew marrid me an' not Sal Jones, are yew, Pete?" asked Lize in a wistful way, turning up her freckle beseechingly.

"Naow," ejaculated Peter vigorously. 'I ain't sorry for nuthin', Lize, now I've got yew," and Pete's arm slid around her waist in a loving manner. A couple of pretty girls who sat opposite began to giggle at this demonstration on Pete's part, and a fat old bachelor in the corner began to move uneasily in his seat. The couple, wrapped in a daydream of love, did not notice this, however.

"Yew knaow pap told me onct," went on Pete, giving Lize a squeeze, "that he'd give me the brindle cow 'Slop,' and the calf when it came, if I'd marry Sal. But I wouldn't dew it; 'cause why?"

"Pete!"

"Lize!"

Pete had forgotten everything except Lize and bent over to give his darling a smack on her freckle. The two pretty girls began to laugh outright, and the fat old bachelor gave a horrified gasp and staggered from his seat to the window.

"Pete!"

"Lize!"

Again those monosyllables—Pete's face was drawing nearer the freckle, and in a moment all would be over. Just then the depot master strode into the room and yelled out: "All 'board for Pic's Eye, Peacham, Squash town and Podunk! All 'board."

The spell was broken. The two pretty girls stopped laughing; the fat old bachelor breathed a sigh of relief, and Pete and Lize began hastily to gather their boxes and bags together.

"That's our train, Lize."

"So it is, Pete."

And the reporter went out, and fell over the railing.

NOW LOWRY'S NAME.

That Attached, and the Council Resolution Will Be a Contract.

The mayor, after his conference with the attorneys on all sides on Friday night, went home and slept with the council resolutions unsigned, but it was practically decided that he would sign them, because his honor called on President Lowry, of the street railway company, at his residence at a late hour, and asked him this question:

"Will you hold these resolutions as binding upon you as an ordinance?" and in the language of the marriage service Mr. Lowry replied solemnly,

"I will."

The contract at that point was sealed between the city and the street railway company as the mayor then finally and irrevocably decided to sign the resolutions. This he did at 8 o'clock yesterday morning, and hurried them over to the city clerk indorsed "approved July 27, 1889, F. C. Babb, mayor.

The point on which Mayor Babb interrogated Mr. Lowry was one raised by Judge Shaw and, though the city attorney contended that the resolutions would hold in court, the mayor wanted to clinch matters by a pledge from the street railway president.

Anderson & Douglas, according to the junior partner in the firm, are now out of the field. They are satisfied that the whole campaign has been a good one for the city. He admits that if Mr. Lowry puts in the proposed lines there will be no room for another company for some time to come.

THAT LAKE AMELIA CAT.

Hanson, the Victim, to Go to Paris.

Among the fifteen physicians who met at the city hall yesterday to consider the case of Louis Hanson, supposed to be suffering from rabies, produced by the bite of a cat at Lake Amelia, were Drs. Dunn, Hunter, Smith, Cockburn, Brazie, Bracken, Leonard and Simpson. It was decided that interests of science, as well as the life of the sufferer, depended on his being treated according to Pastuer's method, and Dr. Kilvington was authorized to telegraph the eminent French physician regarding the cost of treatment. Some money is still needed for Hanson's transportation and other expenses, and subscriptions will be received by the health department.

THE PARK POLICEMAN

He Is Faithful and True and Attentive to His Duty.

A Brilliant Conversationalist and Able to Botanize a Little.

He Has Only One Weakness, One for the Girl of His Heart.

Arrayed in Her Best She Goes to Meet Him in the Gloaming.

THE bitterest political fight over a small matter ever made in Minneapolis came off when the Democrats, during a brief ascendency in the park board, established police force for the parks and installed Charles R. Hill as chief thereof. The Democrats were cussed and cusssed plenty by their more virtuous and learned brethren, the Republicans, who claimed that the regular police force should do the work of keeping the parks in a state of peace, But the independent force was retained, and is still, by a Republican commission and apparently it is the right thing in the right place. As in other cities where a park system has been built up, a park police has been found advantageous, because it requires a different line of talents from that developed by routine patrol duty. The park policeman should be a man of some artistic taste. He should have something of a good housewife's passion for order and neatness. He ought to be obliging and gallant, as well as brave. The routine of a park police's daily existence is about this: He comes on duty in the morning and makes his round to see that the signs are all up and read plainly "Keep Off the Grass." Otherwise he might not know he was in a park. Then he picks up a few copies of newspapers left by visitors the night before, or possibly some article of value, or may be only a handkerchief or cuff button with a prize box trade mark. He looks over the sporting notes in the papers and remarks to the gentleman who is trimming up the grasss along the walk that Minneapolis is playing great ball. By this a few small boys have come along with the evident intention of throwing rocks at the duck, and with a Sullivan rush he drives them off. It ought to be dinner time now, but if it is not, the park police patiently waits until it is. That is part of his business. He is a good waiter. After dinner a few nurse girls come in rolling baby carriages before them. Then the park policeman spruces up a bit. He grows cheerful, and carries himself more erect. His intellectual powers begin to disport themselves in such remarks: "A beautiful child, miss. Good enough looking to be your own." Unless the nurse has had the park run for several seasons she will feel flattered at this and reply in a consecutive manner: "Oh, I do hope it won't rain this afternoon." This has not much to do with that remark the policeman made, but has served an excellent purpose in attracting both their minds to the necessity and propriety of saying something else, and that is the great art in conversation. She will sit down on a bench now if she is an experienced girl with park policemen, and the children will wander off toward the forbidden turf. Perhaps they will fall into the lake and be drowned or get lost, but that is no fault of the park policeman or the nurse. It simply shows that children are perverse and rebellious.

HIS AFTERNOON MASH.

It is in the evening, however, that the park police puts on his dress suit and goes into polite society in swell style. His visitors then range all the way from the servant girl out for a walk to the millionaire lumberman's wife and pampered children dressed in silks and satins. Before roaming you will see the proud Miss McBride strolling up Hennepin avenue. She is going to meet him when the sun goes down. The sun sees her and skips behind a cloud for very envy of her brilliant appearance. There is a dash and sangfroid about her costume which, as they would say in Boston, is very fetching. It is a question whether her hose or her gloves are the longest, a question which cannot be settled here. Her hat is tipped at an angle a la sally in our alley, revealing a

AH, THERE.

web of gross-grained bangs, obscuring an elaborate brow studded with robin red breast freckles. Deftly with thumb and forefinger she detains a la Toscalette parasol saved from the wreck of the Hesperus or Danmark. Her feet are encased in waukenslow caskets that creak and teter down the gravel path as she advances on the park policeman. He sees her and surrenders on the spot. The law is conquered by the might of her red right arm and necktie.

The Minneapolis parks are a favorite resort of people who imagine they have beautiful voices, and if they only laugh and talk boisterously they will become general favorites. These people are making the mistake of their lives. The

A CORNER OF CENTRAL PARK.

park is a place for nature to assert itself except where the signs say "keep off the grass," but such abnormal lumps of joy have a distressing effect. If the boisterous young woman and the sad young man who lies under the trees and reads the funny papers without cracking a smile, should get together and make an equitable division of their sadness and mirth, they should go together then and converse earnestly with the old guy who imagines that every girl that every girl who passes him in the park is stuck on his bald, moth-eaten pate and horny visage. Then the park policeman would have more time to devote to his duties.

TO-DAY'S SERVICES.

Central Baptist—Rev. H. C. Mabie, morning. In the evening Rev. Steve Holcomb will give his experience.

Calvary Baptist, G. L. Morrill—Morning, "Jesus as a Preacher;" evening, "Having a Good Time."

Bethlehem Presbyterian — Morning, Rev. D. E. Wells; evening, Rev. R. S. Feagles, "Blessing of Saving."

Chicago Avenue Mission—3 p. m., Rev. Messrs. J. D. Smith, H. C. Mabie, G. L. Morrill and B. Foskett.

Lake Street Methodist—Morning, "Jonah." In the evening Rev. W. W. Saterlee, "The Southern Problem."

St. Paul's Episcopal—Rev. Charles Gardner, of Omaha. 10 a. m.; holy communion, 9 a. m.; evening prayer, 7 p. m.

Fourth Baptist—Morning, Rev. Lemuel Moss, D. D.; evening, memorial service for Mrs. Hayes by the W. C. T. U.

North Minneapolis Advent—Rev. H. Pollard, 10:30 a. m., "The Sheep Fold;" 7:30 p. m., "The Foregiveness of Sins."

Pilgrim Congregational—Rev. S. I. B. Speare: morning, "Christians and Politics;" evening, "Jesus Healing Multitudes."

Centenary Meshodist Episcopal—Rev. W. W. McGuire; morning, "The Christian Race for Glory;" evening, "The Worth of the Soul."

Park Avenue Congregational Church—Dr. Woodbury, morning and evening; evening topic, "Practical Infidelity, or Creed vs. Conduct."

Gethsamane Episcopal—Rev. A. R. Graves. Holy Communion, 8 a. m.; morning service, 10 a. m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; evening service, 8 p. m.

Free Baptist—Stevens avenue., Rev. J. B. Palmer. Y. M. C. A. secretary from Galveston, Tex., morning; evening, Miss Hattie Phillips, from India.

Christian Workers' Mission — Jail meeting, 9:30 a. m.; open air meeting, 2:30, 3:45, and 7 p. m.; Bible study, 2:30: workers' conference, 5; Gospel meeting, 8, all in Mission hall.

St. John's English Lutheran—10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Swedish Baptist—8 p. m., Dr. Emery, "Walking on the Water."

Messiah Advent—10:36 a. m., Rev. A. Armour, "Christ Our Life."

Fifth Presbyterian—Rev. John B. Donaldson, morning, "God Knows."

First Presbyterian—Rev. R. F. Sample, of New York, in the morning.

Plymouth Congregational—Rev. S. P. Fay, D. D., 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.

Church of the Redeemer—Rev. J. H. Tuttle, morning, "Overcoming the World."

Third Universalist—Rev. L. G. Powers, morning, "Boodle in Public Office."

Trinity Episcopal Chapel, Excelsior—3:30 p. m., Rev. E. R. Grayes, of Minneapolis.

Lake Harriet Pavilion—4 p. m., Rev. J. S. David; "Lot's Deliverance from Sodom."

All Souls Universalist—Rev. S. W. Sample, 10:30 a. m., "Faith That Is Not Folly."

Olivet Baptist—Rev. W. P. McKee. Morning, "The Candle Sermon," for boys and girls.

Highland Park Presbyterian—Rev. Dr. Horsha, of Tecumseh, Neb., morning and evening.

Hennepin Avenue M. E.—10:30 a. m.; pastor, "Walking in Wisdom;" evening, sacred concert.

New Jerusalem—Rev. J. S. David; 11 a. m., "Regeneration: Its Progress and Development."

Foss Methodist—Rev. S. B. Warner, morning and evening. Evening, "Jerusalem Mountains."

BORN ALIVE.

Bertha Lindock Charged With Murdering Her Child.

The child of Bertha Lindock, who is now in the city hospital, was found by members of the health board in the privy vault at 517 Third avenue south, yesterday, and a post-mortem examination showed that it was born alive, after hearing several witnesses a coroner's jury decided that the mother killed her child, and Coroner Towers will prosecute her for infanticide.

War Imminent.

Sidewalk Inspector F. De Harven, he of the eagle glance and overshot tongue, and Building Inspector Hazen are likely to have a serious misunderstanding about the enforcement of the building ordinances. The trouble is that both want to enforce them. Hazen claims he is the man to enforce them nd so does De Harven.

Decidedly Untrustworthy.

W. M. Birmingham, a teamster employed by J. A. Shea & Co., was discovered yesterday to have been engaged in the practice of dropping off small quantities at the stand of a fruit selling confederate, who keeps a small place on Tenth avenue south. He discovered that he was being shadowed and managed to escape arrest.

Waconia---Special Train Sunday, July 28, 1889,

Will leave Minneapolis at 9:35 a. m. via the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway. Take your family and friends and enjoy a pleasant day at the "Coney Island of the West."

CHAPTER OF DIVORCES

Two Cases That Out-Enoch-Arden Arden Himself.

A Man Wants to Re-Marry His Second Wife.

A Son's Discovery of His Father Leads to a Divorce.

Two of the Most Remarkable Stories in the Annals of the District Court.

Seneca F. Breure, a tall, spare individual, apparently forty years old, told a peculiar story to Judge Hooker in the district court yesterday. Nineteen years ago he married a woman whose parents resided in Denver. He was a railroad man, and not being able to get employment at Denver went to Iowa, leaving his wife, as she was determined to remain with her folks. He afterward tried to persuade her to come to him, but in vain, and she finally refused to even answer his letters. She was an accomplished musician, and he next heard that she had joined some traveling concert company, and finally that she was dead. He married again, but it was not long before wife No. 2 began proceedings for divorce. For the first time then Mr. Browne learned from the attorney of wife No. 2 that wife No. 1 was still living. Under threats of being prosecuted for bigamy he allowed wife No. 2 to get a divorce by default, and he deeded to her all the property he had. After they were separated, however, they found that they really loved each other, and, notwithstanding the fact that she took a rather unfair advantaze of him, he wanted a divorce from wife No. 1 so he could remarry wife No. 2. He therefore set up the claim of desertion on the part of No. 1, and Judge Hooker granted the divorce. Now he will again wed No. 2 within a few days.

STILL ANOTHER ROMANCE.

Another divorce case which reveals an equally strange story was yesterday begun in the district court. The plaintiff is Jeannette Smith, and the defendent, a well known real estate dealer and railroad contractor, who resides at 2800 Fifth street northeast. Mrs. Smith states in her complaint that the marriage occurred in 1859, in Aroostook county, Me. They lived together until 1867, during which time three children were born, one of whom, George Smith, survives, and is now twenty-six years of age. In 1867, it is claimed by Mrs. Smith, that her husband disappeared, and she was able to obtain no trace of him until a year ago. In 1870 Mr. Smith married a woman in Bangor, without having secured a divorce from his former wife, and came to Minneapolis to live. In 1881 he obtained a divorce from the second wife, and in 1885 married again. During all this time the first Mrs. Smith claims she was living in Maine, and her husband was discovered by her son, who went to his office and made himself known. When young Mr. Smith returned home he told his mother of his discovery, and the two came to this city to begin divorce proceedings. Mr. Smith says his first wife had six children when he married her. He says he lived with his wife happily until 1867, when he went into the woods, and when he returned in the spring his wife was gone, and he could find no trace of her. He went to New Brunswick, and later to Holden, Me., where Dr. Buzzie told him that his wife was dead, and presented him with a bill for $153 for services. Mr. Smith says he never heard of her again until the son appeared a year ago. An order has been issued forbidding Mr. Smith from selling real estate while the action is pending. If Mrs. Smith wins her suit, the deeds given by Smith will be invalidated.

HAD HER FOLLOWED.

Warren H. Lambert, a bridge builder, asked a divorce from Rosa N. Lambert, and Judge Hicks took the case under advisement. Adultery with William Beckwood at 1418 Twenty-third street south at various times, is the cause of action. Mrs. Lambert is a stylish-looking lady, about thirty-five years of age, and the evidence against her was obtained by a couple of men, who, acting as detectives, followed her and her alleged paramour and kept tab on their actions.

ARRESTED DIVORCES.

Judge Hicks also heard and took under advisement the suit for divorce of Josephine Farney vs. James Farney on the ground of desertion. Six other divorce cases set for hearing were continued.

George W. Ray, the dentist, was granted a divorce from Mary J. Ray, whom, he testified, was leading the life of a prostitute.

Berrie Benker was divorced from Darious Benker on the grounds of desertion.

DISTRICT COURT BRIEFS.

Verdine Truesdell was yesterday discharged as the receiver of Sackett & Wiggins.

C. A. Smith & Co. sue Jennie C. Read for $898 for building material furnished.

The State Sash and Door company sues C. C. Phillips for $900 for building material.

The detectives who were denied a share of the Barrett reward have moved for a new trial.

Judge Lochren yesterday filed a decision for the defendant in the suit of Charles K. Sherburne vs. David Eaton, involving title to lots 11 and 12, block 33, Sherburne & Beebe's addition.

Judge Smith yesterday granted an injunction asked for by Ald. Bradish restraining the action of the council in holding $1,300 from the Ninth ward fund. In 1886 $2,600 was transferred from the general fund of Minneapolis to the old First ward street fund. The Ninth ward was formed a year later frym the territory included in the First. A short time ago the council voted to withhold $1,300 from each of the Ninth and First wards to pay the loan.

WILL GO TO PARIS.

A Regiment of Doctors Consult Over Hansen.

Fifteen doctors sat on Jacob Hansen's case yesterday and decided he must go to Paris to be treated by Pasteur. Hansen was present and was thoroughly examined, and while it was not definitely determined by the physicians whether he had hydrophobia he has some of the symptoms. About $250 has been raised toward the expense of sending the patient to Paris and about as much more is needed.

H. O. PETERSON!

1225, 1227, 1229 Washington Avenue South, Minneapolis.

The coming week will witness still greater bargains than last. Space will not permit me to quote but a small portion of the innumerable variety of goods to be sacrificed. NOTHING MISREPRESENTED.
You are all invited to take advantage of this great sale.

SILKS!

16 pieces Failles and Moires in as many colors.
Reduced from $1 and $1.19 to 47c per yard.

Colored and Black Gros Grain Silks, formerly sold at $1,18 and $1.38.
Reduced to 69c.

Dress Goods.

Combination all-wool fine goods. Formerly sold at $1, $1.25 and $1.45.
Reduced to close to 67 1-2c.

Black Goods!

40-inch Black Cashmere, good, valued at 65c.
Reduced for this sale to 47c.

Black Nun's Veiling, 44-in. wide; formerly sold at 88c.
Reduced to 62 1-2c.

Black Sebastopol, 42-inch wide.
Reduced from 75c to 49c.

Colored Dress Goods, 40-Wales Serge, in good line of colors.
Reduced from $1.15 to 68c.

HANDKERCHIEFS!

Colored Border, Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, reduced from 19c,
As a Special Leader to 12 1-2c.

White Linen. Hemstitched, 25c quality,
Reduced to 12 1-2c.

LINEN THREAD!

Black, Bleached and Unbleached Linen Thread, best 10c quality,
Reduced to 6 1-2c Each.

PERFUMERY!

In 50 different odors; drug-store prices, 50c per ounce,
Peterson's Price, 25c.

GLOVES

Fine Lisle Berlin Gloves, black and colored, best 25c goods,
Reduced to 15c.

Silk Gloves, black and colored, 4-button length, worth 38c,
Reduced to 25c.

Silk Gloves, 6-button length, formerly sold at 88c,
Reduced to 60c.

GENTS' Furnishings

$8,000 worth of Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods to be closed out in thirty days, and store No. 1225 with fixtures for rent after Sept. 1st.
I will quote only a few items, to give you an idea of how the goods are sold, and you must judge for yourself, that to close out $8,000 worth of this class of goods in only thirty days prices must be fearfully low.

DRESS SHIRTS

With collar and cuffs, special leader. From 50c
Reduced to 25c.

Dress Shirts, special leader at $1.50.
Reduced to 75c.

Underwear.

Fine quality Summer Underwear, worth 50c.
Reduced to 25c.

Fine quality imported goods, worth 75c.
Reduced to 42 1-2c.

Everything in gents' goods at about 50c on the dollar.

H. O. PETERSON.

CALUMET CLUB 1880

PURE RYE WHISKY!

The finest, purest and most palatable Whisky in the market. Sold by all first-class liquor dealers throughout the East and West.

TRY IT. ASK FOR IT. INSIST on HAVING IT

ROSENFIELD BROS. & CO.,

Distillers and Wholesale Liquor Dealers,
200 & 202 Washington Av. N., Minneapolis, Minn.
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE NORTHWEST.

THE FINEST CABINET PHOTO — Miller — ONLY $2.00 Per Doz.

The Nicollet Av. Photographer

Makes the finest finished Cabinet Photo, any style or position, for only

$2 PER DOZEN.

Copying of old pictures a specialty. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

Branch Galleries—St. Cloud, Minn.; Ashland, Wis.; Fergus Falls, Minn.

ESTABLISHED 1877.

JAMES McMILLAN & CO.,
—PROPRIETORS OF THE—
Minneapolis Sheepskin Tannery
—AND DEALERS IN—
HIDES, SHEEP PELTS, FUR, WOOL, TALLOW,
GINSENG AND SENECA ROOT.
SHEEP PELTS AND FURS A SPECIALTY
101, 103 and 105 Second St. North, Minneapolis, Minn.
Shipments Solicited. Write for Circular

The Farmers and Mechanics' Savings Bank,

MINNEAPOLIS MINN.

The Largest and Strongest Savings Bank in the Northwest.
PRESENT DEPOSIT, - - $2,800,000 | SURPLUS, - - - $150,000
5 per cent interest paid on all deposits left three or more months.
ALL CLASSES OF BONDS BOUGHT.

CLINTON MORRISON, President. THOMAS LOWRY, Vice President. E. H. MOULTON, Treasurer.

Dr. BRINLEY,

DEVANRBURGH BLOCK, Hennepin Avenue, Corner Fourth Street,
MINNEAPOLIS MINN.,

Regularly graduated and legally qualified; long engaged in Chronic, Nervous, and Skin Diseases. A friendly talk costs nothing. If inconvenient to visit the city for treatment, medicines sent by mail or express, free from observation. Curable cases guaranteed. If doubt exists we say so. Hours—10 to 12 a. m., 1 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.; Sundays, 2 to 3 p. m. If you cannot come, state case by mail.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, Organic Weakness, Failing Memory, Lack of Energy, Physical Decay, arising from Indiscretion, Excess or Exposure, producing some of the following effects: Nervousness, Debility, Dimness of Sight, Self-Distrust, Defective Memory, Pimples on the Face, Aversion to Society, Loss of Ambition, Unfitness to Marry, Melancholy, Dyspepsia, Stunted Development, Loss of Power, Pains in the Back, etc., are treated with unparalleled success. Safely, privately, peedily.

BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES, All Forms, Affecting Body, Nose, Throat, Skin and Bones, Blotches, Eruptions, Acne, Eczema, Old Sores, Ulcers, Painful Swellings, from whatever cause, positively and forever driven from the system, by means of safe, time-tested remedies. Stiff and swollen joints and rheumatism, the result of blood poison, positively cured.

KIDNEY AND URINARY COMPLAINTS, Painful, Difficult, too Frequent or Bloody Urine, Unnatural Discharges Promptly Cured. Catarrh, Throat, Nose, Lung Diseases, Constitutional and Acquired Weaknesses of both Sexes treated successfully.

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