MINNEAPOLIS.

PHASES OF LIFE.

"It was a very bad thing for the barber business when this Sunday closing went into effect," said the proprietor of a prominent tonsorial establishment the other day. "It was a good thing for the barbers, as it gave them all day Sunday to themselves. I don't begrudge this, but the trouble is that it was the cause of learning too many men that they could shave themselves. You see the moment a man finds he can shave himself he quits patronizing a barber shop. It saves him lots of time and some money. When the shops closed Sunday lots of men who wanted a shave on that day especially bought shaving outfits and learned to be their own barbers. A good many get shaved Saturday night now, but lots of 'em who shaved with us regularly never come to a barber now except to get their hair cut."

* * *

The very attractive and readable publication, "The National Building and Loan Herald," issued by William Bickley, is loaded with information that will surprise most people. Few have an idea of the rapidity and extent of the growth of these associations which the paper represents, or the prominence of Minneapolis in connection with their organization. This plan of co-operative banking, for this is the name which more definitely describes them, had its origin in Minneapolis. Local building and loan societies have been in existence for fifty years past, but the first national organization was at Minneapolis in 1885. Now there are ten associations in Minneapolis doing a general business, four in St. Paul and thirty others located in large cities of the United States. The largest national company, as well as the oldest, is located in Minneapolis, and does a business of 1,000 shares a day, which means that its net receipts amount to $100,000 a month. There seems to be a sort of craze for investing in building and loan stock, and the evidence of the popularity of the association is shown by the fact that the first company established is still increasing in membership at the rate of 33⅓ per cent a month, and loaned more money in June than in the first eighteen months of its existence.

* * *

Prior to the law passed by the last legislature, which brought these associations under state supervision, the same as banks and insurance companies, numerous wild cat associations were springing up, and the plan was growing into disfavor, but now confidence in them seems to have taken firm root again, and they are all booming. One cause for their popularity is due to the fact that most of them offer to double the money invested in six or seven years and to receive payment on stock in installments. It is a common idea that a person must build a home in order to secure a loan from a building and loan association, but this is erroneous, as the money borrowed can be used for any purpose.

* * *

Talking about gas, the other day a well-known Hennepin avenue restaurant keeper remarked, "Well now I have always thought the comic papers were a little too hard on the "meter man," the "gas bill," etc., but I have come to the conclusion that the lead hasn't been half worked yet. Last month I began to light my place throughout by electricity on the 3d, and did not use any more gas all the month. At the end of the moon, however, the company sent in an average adult gas bill. That made me mad, and after hunting up the bill for the month before, which was $2 less, I went up to the office and let out a roar that must be still ringing in the ears of the suave manager. He said it must be some blunder; that the bill was made out for another man and sent to me by mistake. I said "Probably," and he made my bill $2, which I paid.

* * *

Another man whose house on Hennepin avenue was closed for two months, while he and his family were at the lake, got notice when he returned that unless his gas bill for the last two months was paid the supply would be cut off. He told the collector that if he could get into the house the bill would be paid. "The place has been locked up for sixty days," said he, "and not a gas jet has been lighted during that time." The same explanation was made in that case as in the one before, and it "went," as usual.

RATHER MIXED.

The appointment of S. L. Trussell as deputy collector of internal revenue seems to have stirred up a row among the earnest and thoughtful Republicans that cannot be smothered. The way in which the appointment came about was somewhat peculiar. Trussell, it seems, had been promised a $2,000 appointment by Washburn, and and was to be appraiser of customs at St. Paul. Secretary Windom, however, coveted this soft snap for Charles E. Mayo, of St. Paul, and in the absence of Senator Washburn, who was in Europe appointed him. Then it occurred to him that Trussell must be provided for so he was given the deputy collectorship that Washburn had promised to J. D. Muldoon. Now things are in a pretty mess. It is charged that Mayo is ineligible on account of age, and that Trussell in order to induce Luth Jaeger to resign that he might be appointed in his stead allows Mr. Joeger to draw a portion or the whole of the salary. Muldoon's friends are making a healthy kick over the way he has been treated, and say that Trussell's appointment, coming from Biermann, who is a Democrat, should not stand, while Gen. Ward. F. Gray is arrousing the G. A. R. comrades to rally in his behalf for the same appointment.

WHAT "WE" UNS SAY.

If Commissioner Guile is really anxious to have his case investigated, why does he not prepare the proper document and secure the signatures himself instead of asking Mr. Jamison to do it? It is not the duty of the county attorney to go round manufacturing charges, even if Mr. Guile does propose to assist him. It is his duty, however, to immediately take cognizance of properly presented charges, and if Mr. Guile is free from guile in this matter he can secure the instrument that will secure an investigation in one day. Let him secure the signatures of ten men, as the law directs, and his investigation will come quickly. Not that we care whether his acts are ever investigated, but he seems to feel so anxious about it, we are constrained to suggest this solution to the trouble.—The Register.

It is reported that the Knights of Labor, who strenuously object to granting franchises to any corporation favor the Lowry company to that of Anderson & Douglass after a committee had waited upon A. & D. and learned that in case they were successful they would transact their own business without reference to any demands made by the K. of L. They would not settle differences by arbitration, so the Knights prefer the Lowry company, believing their herdic line would suffer less in competing with one line.—South Minneapolis News.

The GLOBE thinks the same parties who circulated the poem on Ald. Grimes and Thompson last winter were the ones who issued the burlesque on the Tribune this week. We hardly think so, as the Grimes-Thompson burlesque was the veriest rot in the way of burlesque. A copy was sent to the Herald by some person, we presume the author, who looked for some mention of it. It was either written by a school boy or by some person whose talent for burlesque writing would not do credit to the efforts of a seven-year-old kid.—West End Herald.

The Journal and the Tribune still continue to cough and spit at one another until the public have become disgusted. The average citizen likes to see a nice newspaper criticism occasionally, but this everlasting faultfinding on so flimsy pretenses disgusts the average reader. If the big building in which these two papers are is too small for both, let one of them vacate and let the public rest.—Irish Standard.

SOME OBSERVATIONS.

The two evening papers, now that the campaign is over, may gather to themselves, if they have any sense of the realization that their idiotic course contributed largely to the defeat of the Anderson & Douglas franchise, which they pretended to favor, than any other agency. The Journal did good service for Anderson & Douglas in its news columns, but its editor came to the rescue in the crisis of the contest, and in a double-leaded screecher dared the aldermen to vote against the Journal's side. A lot of the young fellows in the council were just brash enough to take up the dare, and the ordinance was lost. The Lowry resolutions went to the mayor, and while he was pondering a veto the Star came to Lowry's rescue by a contemptible squib, insinuating that the mayor could win back the popularity he lost in the strike by vetoing the resolutions. "I may not be a great man," said Mayor Babb, "but I am not a demagogue," and signed the resolutions. Two great strokes of journalism!

The spectacle of the mayor of the city seeking out Thomas Lowry at midnight to make sure that the magnate will accept in good faith the provisions of a contract of whose legality he had doubts, is not an inspiring example of dignity on the part of the executive of a great city. If the mayor's doubts were real, he should have summoned Thomas Lowry before him instead of going to Thomas Lowry. They have returned the whole thing to the council for them to patch up the holes in their work. Mr. Lowry's verbal assurance to Mayor Babb is a poor thing for the city to go on. Suppose Mayor Babb and Mr. Lowry were to die within a year and the city and company disagreed as to the meaning of the terms of the contract, there might be as much litigation as was threatened if Anderson & Douglas got their franchise.

ALL SORTS.

The companion piece to Milton Pickett's essay on watermelons, a brochure on muskmelons was unfortunately omitted from yesterday's Pioneer.

The Tribune's course has been endorsed by Col. W. S. King. This is neither new nor important, and perhaps that was why the Tribune published it.

Maj. William Bickley has undertaken the task of educating the building and loan men by issuing for them a monthly draught of literature. The major knows all about both branches of the subject, and will make a success of the paper.

The fact that Hansen, the cat bitten man survived a consultation of twelve physicians, shows that he will stand the voyage to France all right.

The people who swore off on base ball on Saturday evening, are requested to come early this afternoon and reserve boxes on the shady side.

The kid Republicans propose to form a trust to get control of all the offices coming to the old soldiers and put their own candidates in.

E. A. Stevens, J. C. Williams and one or two other antiquarians are talking of a scheme to issue their information in pamphlet form for special circulation. The corporation will be limited.

The railroads running into Minneapolis have canvassed as to the feasibility of a pool to accommodate the public as much as possible, and decided not to go into it.

Miss May Waldron, who set the dudes crazy when the Henrietta company was here has entered on a forty-five days' fast to reduce her weight. She has come down from 195 to 164 pounds. She will get another ovation on her return.

The letter carriers are living in expectation of receiving extra pay for all work over eight hours a day. Wanamaker will issue a ukase making every hour seventy minutes long.

Police Commissioner Gjertsen has changed the spelling of his name by substituting an i for a j, and now it reads G-i-e-r-t-s-e-n. He's not quite so Scandinavian as formerly.

THEY GENTLY REMARKED.

George B. Bowers, Stenographer—De Witt Talmage's voice is certainly failing him. I noticed that his articulation is not nearly as distinct as formerly, and his voice seems to be harsher and rougher, an indication that he is straining it.

Rev. W. J. Lhamon—The announcement that a Disciples' college is to be established at Minneapolis is premature. Certainly we would like to have one here, but it will not be immediately, as has been announced.

W. H. Eustis—I don't believe Mr. Lowry's franchise covers cables, but I consider the outcome of the struggle in the council very fortunate for the city.

F. N. Stacy, editor of the Howard Lake Herald—Around Howard Lake the farmers will realize the best crop in twenty years. The yield will be from twenty to thirty-five bushels to the acre.

WILL BE EXCITING.

The Minnesota and Winnipeg Rowing Association Regatta.

The Lurline crews entered for the annual regatta of the Minnesota and Winnipeg Rowing association, which takes at Minnetonka on Friday and Saturday of this week, are now at the lake taking morning and evening pulls, and, under the care of Trainer Breen, are keeping in excellent trim for the contests. The Lurlines have only one crew entered for the first day's races—Alias Libby and J. E. Muchmore in the senior double.

The great event of the regatta will be the senior fours on the second day. This is for the Sir Donald L. Smith cup, which was won by the Lurlines last year and is now held by them. The entries for this event are:

Lurline—Charles Libby, bow; A. G. Daniels, 2; G. K. Taylor, 3; W. B. Groskopf, stroke.

Winnipeg—H. R. Garwood, bow; J. H. Turnbull, 2; A. C. L. Fox, 3; G. F. Gait, stroke.

Duluth—L. J. Hopkins, bow; D. Mahoney, 2; F. A. Lewis, 3; E. H. Smith, stroke.

J. E. Muchmore, champion amateur oarsman of the Northwest, will represent the local club in the senior single.

Last year the Lurlines had crews in five races and won four of them. Chauncey Wheeler, of the Lurlines, and Gaunt, of Winnipeg, being tied for the fifth, the junior single. People who ought to know say that the crews this year are as fast, if not faster, than last and the boys promise to keep the big cup here if such a thing is possible.

The cup was donated last year by Sir Donald A. Smith, of Winnipeg, and the Winnipeggers felt very sore over leaving it here when they went home, and they are now at Minnetonka training with the fixed intention of going home with the mug this year.

"Governor" Calderwood.

Comptroller Calderwood, Saturday, refused to countersign the contract of M. Tobin for grading certain streets in the Eighth ward. The Eighth ward street fund has but $2,341.14 to its credit, of which sum $1,700 will be required to meet this month's pay-roll. Mr. Tobin's contract will amount to $2,000, it is not apparent from what source he can be paid. Hence the comptroller's action.

A Rowing Exhibition,

Given every afternoon at Minnetonka Beach by the crews in training for the coming races, Aug. 2 and 3, and a concert by Thiele's orchestra on the Lafayette piazza. The "Manitoba" runs six trains daily to and from the Beach.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Eloquent Brooklyn Divine Roasts Modern Skepticism.

An Immense Audience Listens to His Preaching.

Rev. W. J. Lhamon on the Personality of Religion.

Hansen, the Mad Cat Victim, Will Go to Paris.

Never before in the history of the Westminster church has such a crowd of people congregated within its walls as on yesterday morning. Rev. Dr. De Witt Talmage, the eminent Brooklyn Presbyterian divine, preached a sermon there, and he surely must have felt flattered at the reception accorded him. The church was filled from auditorium to gallery long before the appointed time—10:30—for the services to begin. At 10 o'clock there was a jam outside, and the people were pouring into the three entrances as fast as it was possible. The sidewalks were crowded, and many people stood in the streets, patiently waiting for their turn. The church has a seating capacity of 1,500 people, and there were men, women and children crushed and packed into all the aisles and side rooms. At 11 o'clock Dr. Talmage began his sermon. He is a remarkable preacher, and held his audience spell-bound for over an hour and a half. Every word he uttered, every motion and gesture he made carried weight with it, and many a handkerchief was vigorously applied to the eyes before he had finished. A great actor, too, is Dr. Talmage. Each movement of his arms, the expression on his face and in his eyes, and the inflection of his voice, all carried with them a dramatic tinge—all, however, unstudied and unconscious. He took his text from David, xix Psalm 8th verse. "The statutes of the land are right." During his discourse he said:

THE SERMON.

"Old books go out of date. They are laid away and oftimes forgotton. When they were written they dealt with things that have long since ceased to be of interest, or advocated things that are now no more. No matter what kind of books they were—poetry, ethics or history—they are in time laid away on the forgotten shelf. What do the masses of the people now care for the gracefulness of Phillman, or the pathos of some one else? Most of the big libraries of the world are seas of dead books. Books are human; they have a time to be born; a time to grow and gain strength, and then old age and death. Once in a while an old book, with, a time and weather beaten cover comes to us by an unknown author, and seems to say in his pathetic way: "Would that I could die." Statues are built to authors; would that one could be built to books that are dead. In the tens of thousands of churches in the world stand tens of thousand ministers, with their hand placed on this grand old English Bible. That is the book that never grows old and never dies. But its mission has not yet been accomplished until it has been sent across the walls of China and the desert plains of Africa. There are hundreds of people who, in a court of justice, will kiss the Bible in an irreverent manner, and there are hundreds in this audience who will kiss it with everlasting love. When my parents died my only legacy was the 'family Bible.' By it was consecrated their marriage, age, their whole life. I love that book, and may my name be forevermore accursed if I ever forget to revere and love my mother's Bible. I want to show that the Bible is right; right in authenticity; right in style; and right in everything. If there is proof that Waiter Scott wrote "Marmion," Tennyson "The Charge of the Six Hundred," Milton "Paradise Lost," so sure is there proof that the Bible was written by God, through the instrumentality of the evangelists and apostles. That dear old book came very near being destroyed during the crusade against it, there remaining but 200 copies. Now there are millions and millions of copies.

"Supposing a medicine was found that cured everybody and everything. Would you take the evidence of those who were cured, or that of others? Here comes this divine medicine in the form of the Bible, which has cured and given joy to millions of Christians. Would you not take such evidence as true, or would you take the evidence of skeptics?"

The speaker then described many of the stories told in the Bible, that appear improbable, and showed that they were true despite the refutation of unbelievers.

"I am glad," continued he, "that when God made the Bible He also made the commentary. The statutes of the Lord are right. Show me the men who are skeptics and in their all-wise way refute the Bible, and I will show you just such great men in revelation and science who will or have stood up for the truth of it. There are George Washington, Joseph Henry, Daniel Webster and William Armstrong. Daniel Webster, who, after a post mortem examination, was shown to have been possessed of the greatest brain in the world, said on his dying bed, 'My only hope is in Christ.' The time will come when all the brain of the universe will be on the side of Christianity. The young sprigs of science who walk about with a book on Darwinism under one arm and a box of transfixed grasshoppers under the other, and talk about 'cultuah,' make me sick. They wonder how the world would get along without them and how God would get along without them if they were dead."

"The meanest thing a man can do in the world is to try and destroy the Bible, the light-house of the soul. Walk down a street 4,000 miles long until you come to a stairway leading down 4,000 miles. Walk down that and you will come to a precipice 10,000 feet deep. Jump off and you will come to the bottom of all this meanness. To learn to appreciate the Bible it must be studied systematically. It is like everything else. There is a door to come in and a door to go out. Read the first novel in the world, by digging in here and there, and what sense is there to it. If you were to read the finest line on the first page one day, and the last line on the last page the next day, how much good would you get out of it? That is the way a great many people read the Bible."

"All the fine literature in the world is only the Bible diluted. Shakespeare's Macbeth is Jezebel, and Thomas Carlyle is only a magnificent distortion of Ezekial. But you can take the whole Bible and sum it up in the one little word 'mercy.' What a word is that. How sweet, how tender, and what a world of meaning it conveys. Educate only a man's head and you have an infidel. Educate only a man's heart and you have a fanatic, but educate both together and you have something grand and sublime."

PERSONALITY IN RELIGION.

To Discard It Would Be to Destroy Religion.

Rev. W. J. Lhamon preached yesterday morning at the Church of Christ upon "Personality in Religion." Text, The Lord's Prayer. Where there is not personality there may be vegetation, but there can not be religion. Cabbages might grow wit hout anybody to love or anybody to love them, but religion is a personal devotion to a person. In Hi earliest teaching Jesus said, "Our Father;" in all His life He continued to act and talk as though God was really His Father; as though He cared for men, and could hear and answer their prayers.

To discard personality destroys religion. How can one pray, saying, "Oh, Thou great Unknowable, Thy kingdom come?" or "Thou ever adorable Cosmos, Thy will be done?" or "Thou Eternal Somewhat that makest for righteousness, give us our daily bread?" Or how can we say with Renan, "Our Father, the abyss," and then continue our prayer? Can there come a kingdom of "the abyss?" or can "the abyss" give us our daily bread, or forgive our sins, or care for our trials? Modern ingenuity has been as busy inventing gods as steam engines, but with vastly less success. There is the god Cosmos of the physicists, and the god Unknowable of the agnostics, and god Humanity of the positives, and the god Reason of the infidels, and the "Sweetness-and-Light" goddess, and that "Everlasting-Somewhat," nobody knows what, of the evolutionists. So many doll-deities; but who can think of praying to them? All these are crippled gods, with feet of clay. If they lacked nothing else they do lack personality, and nobody can love them.

These crippled deities can explain nothing of the spiritual world and its phenomena. Of course, there is nothing about them of what we call the supernatural, for they were invented expressly to be "natural." These deities are dumb in the presence of creation, and regeneration and positively attested miracles of history. They have no explanation to offer for the resurrection of the dead, though their adorers cannot deny that Jesus arose.

The being who can say "I am" will be satisfied with none short of the god who can say "I am." The being who knows right from wrong will forever necessarily despise the god who cannot say: "I am holy, be also holy." The soul that loves and longs forever to be loved must be forever lonesome, except in the presence of Him who draws near to it as a father; whose will can be known and done; whose kingdom is worthy to be supreme; who can feel and answer the needs of the needy; forgive the sins of the sinful; raise the fallen, cheer the faint, make the universe a home complete for souls righteous and redeemed. Righteousness, prayer, miracles, conscience, love, all have their explanation and their warrant in the Person Supreme whom Israel called God; whom Jesus called Father; whom we in Christ call both God and Father

We sympathize with Wordsworth in spurning these gods of modern manufacture:

"Good God,
I'd rather be a pagan, suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I stand on this pleasing lea;
Have sights to make me less forlorn,
See Proteaus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Jupiter is better than the "Unknowable," for he is something of a father, and Venus is more lovely, and perhaps not less holy than "Cosmos."

WILL GO TO PARIS.

Hanson Is to Be Sent to Pastuer for Treatment.

Health Commissioner Kilvington received a cablegram from Pastuer, the eminent Paris specialist, last night, answering his inquiries regarding the cost of treatment and the length of time required for treating rabies patients. The money necessary for sending Hanson, the victim of the Lake Amelia mad cat, has been advanced and he will leave tonight for France. The case has excited a great deal of interest, and physicians will watch the progress of the case with great interest. Hanson is said to be growing worse, and the board of health desires to have him reach Paris as soon as possible.

HOW THEY WORK.

A Minneapolis Gentleman's Notion of English Syndicates.

A gentleman well known in Minneapolis business circles, who has had a little to do with one of the English syndicates that tried to buy up Minneapolis manufacturing concerns, offers an explanation of what he called the craze for investing in foreign securities which affects England and London just now. "It is," he said, "a scheme, a plan of operation on a wide but not very solid basis: for, in fact, it has no bottom or stability. I was asked by the agents of one syndicate to get an option on the Orth brewery. I received letters first in which I was offered $10,000 to get an option on certain terms, but paid little attention to them. Then an agent came on recommended and intraduced by Eastern friends of mine, and I did a little work to aid him, and thus I came to learn the plan of operations. It is just this: There are combinations of Englishmen in London, with brains and influence, who want to make money rapidly and who have adopted this syndicate scheme to accomplish it. They send over agents and get an option on American properties like the Detroit breweries or the Minneapolis mills. They get access to the books and learn the profits of the business for years back. These are tabulated by their experts and a brilliant statement laid before the London people, who have a craze for this kind of investment. The statement shows a profit of so many per cent a year; a stock company is formed and the London public is invited up to invest in shares of the stock. They rush up just as the French people went down into their stockings and bought Panama canal shares. If the thing takes the option is closed, and it is never closed unless public interest in the investment is promising. Now the long-headed men in the combination bond the property for about what it is worth. At least they get all they can at as low a rate of interest as possible. A liberal slice goes to the syndicate, their attorneys and agents. And what remains for the stockholders? Simply an equity in the property which will soon be wiped out. It doesn't seem to me a natural or permanent kind of investment, because after the debentures are floated there is nobody left to take a personal interest in the property. It is a craze that will soon be made apparent when a few hundred good people of moderate means, who have their five or ten pounds in stock, find that their five or ten pounds is gone.

"The Pillsburys, I think, went into the thing reluctantly and after they went in would willingly have drawn out. Charles A. Pillsbury might have been caught by the idea of being the general manager of such an immense concern, but the governor was opposed to it and would never have consented but for that priest's Decoration day speech, which was a communistic attack on employers. That settled him, and he thought for a while that if that were all the credit or honor there was in being an employer he would get out. But it would have been a mistake. The Pillsburys all have sons. What better thing could they do, then, to hand down to them the Pillsbury system of mills and the Pillsbury name? It is an honorable business and a profitable one, and should be perpetuated in the coming generations of Pillsburys."

THE COLD WATER PEOPLE.

Scrap-Iron Bill Talks of a Temperance Town.

About 150 people were present at the meeting of the Gospel Temperance club at their new rooms, 104 Hennepin avenue, last evening, and listened to addresses by Scrap-Iron Bill and L. D. Laurreiu. Scrap-Iron Bill told of his experience in Soudan, a temperance town in the mining region of Northern Minnesota. He said that no one could get land or buildings there for saloon purposes, and told of the happiness and prosperity of the working people there.

"The Princess of Trebizonde."

Offenbach's most successful of comic operas, "The Princess of Trebizonde," will be given to-night for the first time by the Wilbur Opera company at Harris' theater, and an immense crowd is expected to attend. Miss Kirwin enacts for the first time in her life a male part, and for which she has had several magnificent new costumes made here. Mr. Kohnle will appear in one of his inimitable roles, and Miss Verona as the tight-rope walker.

MINNEAPOLIS GLOBULES.

The police commission will meet this morning at 8:30 o'clock.

The journeymen coopers and their friends will picnic at Minnetonka Saturday.

Harmonia society gave its annual picnic and excursion to Coney island yesterday.

S. B. Alexander read a paper on "The Lesson of Paulsites" before the Secular society last evening.

Circulars have been issued to janitors of school buildings instructing them to keep all school grounds free from weeds aud rubbish.

Thursday evening the Lake Street Methodist church will be entertained by the pastor, Rev. Allen, who, with Mrs. Allen, will then celebrate their silver wedding.

Mrs. John Meagher, mother of John Meagher, of this city, died yesterday at her old home, at Carcorantown, at the age of sixty-seven years. The funeral will occur to-morrow.

The annual gymnastic exhibition of the West Minneapolis Turverein will occur Aug. 10, at Athletic park. The Norwegian Turners and Minneapolis Athletic club will take part in the exhibition.

Because of the laying of a sewer the Riverside and Sixth avenue north cars will run only to Fifth street north this week. Large open cars will be run on Western avenue, however, to accommodate the extra travel.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ida May Wilcox, of Minneapolis, to Henry J. Mylins, of Milan, Italy. The wedding is arranged for October.

Mrs. Carlos Wilcox and daughter sailed on Saturday last from Havre by French steamer La Bretaque for New York. Mr. Wilcox will go East Wednesday evening to meet them on arrival. They propose visiting friends in New England a few days before returning to Minneapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. George McGregor, Miss Abbie Lawrence, and Misses Josie Bradley, Bertha Smith, Kittie Crawford, Inez Kemp, Harry G. Bradley and Dr. D. H. Carpenter are "at home" at Camp Bow-Wow, Lake Marriet, and intend to spend a month there.

Lake Minnetonka Trains Not Taken Off

By the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, which continues to serve the people of the South shore by six trains each way daily.

Travel via the old reliable, quick time and steel rails, to Hotel St. Louis, Excelsior and Lake Park.

ARTESIAN WELLS.

Their Need and Feasibility in Dakota Discussed by the Bowdle Pioneer.

The subject of artesian wells is receiving attention all over the Union. Even in New York the farmers are agitating the question of sinking artesian wells, in order to provide against an occasional dry spell, the same as they are in the Western states. The question is assuming a national importance, and a committee of the United States senate will leave St. Paul on Aug. 1 on a tour of inquiry and observation as to the need of irrigation in our Western states with a view to providing national aid for the prosecution of the work. If possible they should be induced to visit this section, and an invitation from the alliance might be an inducement. It will do no harm to advocate a measure that will give us a flowing stream of water down some, if not all, of our dry creek beds. It is a fact that this is practically a waterless country on the surface. We have a few lakes that have water in them, fed by springs, but most of them are mere hay bottoms. There are no running streams, and the cultivated area as yet is a mere speck of the country. All the essentials for inducing a reliable rainfall are lacking. The question is how to remedy the evil. It has been demonstrated in Colorado and lower California, and even in the Sahara desert, that the sinking of artesian wells cause a dry arid plain to become the prosperous home of thousands, and what has been done there can be done in Dakota. It has been demonstrated that there is water in abundance beneath the surface in Dakota, and that artesian wells here are a success. It is also known that Dakota possesses a soil unequaled for productiveness, and a minimum of moisture is sufficient to produce crops that are the marvel of the entire world. The only trouble is that for the last three years it has been uncertain when rains would come, to overcome the hot, dry winds that some time come from the South, For that reason the people of all sections are agitating the sinking of artesian wells. Many have been sunk, mostly in towns, for fire purposes. There is one at Ipswich, in this county. All of them yield a flow of water per day amounting to from one to four million gallons. But the main question to be considered is the advisability of putting down artesian wells for purposes of irrigation and inducing a greater rainfall. There has been some discussion as to the feasibility of filling up some of our lake beds with artesian water, and it is estimated by those who have given the matter attention that two wells sunk so as to cause their flow to run into Spring lake would fill it up with water; and that two wells placed on the north fork of Swan creek, and two also on the south fork, would fill up Swan lake. If these were filled with water it is believed that the consequent evaporation would induce an unfailing rainfall that would be sufficient for the needs of this section. The scheme is worthy of consideration. While this locality this year has been blessed with a fair rainfall, it would be the safer plan to provide against drouth, and the saving thus effected in one year by increased crops would provide for the sinking of one or more artesian wells in each township. It is something worthy of the most serious consideration by our farmers. The legislature last winter enacted a law which will enable these wells to be sunk at public expense.

DON'T KILL THEM.

A Plea for the Protection of the Harmless and Singing Birds.

Special to the Globe.

FOUNTAIN, Minn., July 22.—Is there no law in this state to prevent the small boy from killing the birds that are now with us? The sturdy young oaks that promise delightful and cool retreats in hot weather have been full of birds this season, and the boy with his gun is just as abundant, as well as the smaller boy with his little, wicked hands to rob the birds of their eggs and totally destroy every nest they find. The birds have been few in this section since I came here, at least so it seemed to me and this season they seem to be very abundant all around, and the air vocal with their twitter and song and it seemed so homelike to me, that I have felt like fighting their battles, for their little helpless bodies have no weapon to defend themselves with. I asked a boy of some fifteen years of age, why he was pelting some birds with missiles of limestone rock, and this was his reply: "Why, they pick the berries off from our mountain ash tree, and kill the tree."

I might have talked a week to him about such an absurd assertion as that and do no good, for his parents had seen him at this work many times, and all seemed as ignorant about the matter as the boy was. I knew there was ignorance all around that family, with a deal of pretention and finery of dress combined; but it never occurred to me so forcibly as it did when the boy told me why the birds were driven away from their grounds. The ignorance and self-conceit, in fact the whole entire sham was displayed without one redeeming quality in the family to cover up the very nakedness of pretention and ignorance combined together, and these are the people who never learn how much there is in this world to cause us to wish to live and enjoy it while this world exists.

It does not matter how the old body grows weary and the spirits flag on the long circle of years allotted to us, we want to add year after year to those already past, for there is so much to add to our stores of knowledge.

Ah, me! How shall we make such people see their error in the belief that "fine feathers" do not always make fine birds. Ignorance may be blissful, but it is said that there comes a time to every person when they will see how much there is to learn and just how ignorant they are of just what they ought to be well acquainted with.

In common with many others that have shams and all pretense, I hope the time will come when a father will teach his young boy not to be a robber of birds' nests or a murderer of the birds of the wild woods, or of those birds that will come close to our homes and build their nests in the trees and bushes that surround the building that shelters his family altar and all that he holds dear.

The man who puts a gun in the hands of his young son to kill innocent and harmless creatures may live to see the day when the hand of his boy is red with the blood of some one of the companions of his boy. If there's a tender spot in the heart of your children teach them to be tender of all things that have life which is not hurtful to humanity in any way. Teach him to be kind to all dumb animals as well as kind to humanity, and teach him to shun the way that leads down to the death that never dies. Do not keep always "pecking" at him, and remember that a child forgets, and will repeat, perhaps, time and again the same offense, but do not forget yourself and become impatient with your child. Let your child distinctly understand it is for his or her own happiness in life that you are so anxious to have him or her do the right deed and the right thing always. Do not clothe your children in finest garb and teach them to think such dressing makes them respectable and better than other children, for fools may wear fine clothes and usually remain silly fools to the end of their days, and die a fool's death in the almshouse, the penitentiary, or on the scaffold, and you may live to see it all and then query "What a fool I have been?" Fathers, mothers, do your duty earnestly, faithfully, and with love for the little ones entrusted to your love, and guiding hands, keep them in the path of righteousness as far as lies in your power while you have them with you in their early youth, "for the night cometh wherein no man can work," and crime is rampant in this beautiful land in which we live.

It is a time now that should arouse every parent into the most earnest efforts as to the future of every child now growing up to maturity. It is a time when every parent should arise in his or her mental strength and earnestly look to their own children's ways, and with thoughtful care lead them into the better, with loving voice and hand very clearly show their children to live a life of right and usefulness. Do not say your children are all right, but such and such a person may take these words home to themselves, for their children are bad children. That is no excuse for you.

MRS. MARTHA CRANDALL.

Lake Minnetonka Trains No Taken Off

By the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, which continues to serve the people of the South shore by six trains each way daily.

Travel via the old reliable, quick time and steel rails, to Hotel St. Louis, Excelsior and Lake Park.

News From School.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The young aunty was in the country, the kid was at school in town. "Dear Helene," wrote the kid, "Carl cort six mice in one night. How is mama's arm? Tell rose that I chained seet and got put up. I am righting letters all time. No botty helped me and I think it is good. And if some are rong you had some rong to, and if you don't want to believe it then ast mamma Youroving boy, Walter."

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Overwork.

Polite Doctor (cautiously)—Your husband is suffering from overwork or excessive indulgenc in alcoholic stimulants, it is, ahem, a little difficult to tell which.

Anxious Wife—Oh, it's overwork. Why, he can't even go to a theater without rushing out half a dozen times to see his business partners.

A Useful Work.

Somerville Journal.

"Mamma," said four-year-old, reflectively, "did God make me?"

"Yes, Harvey," answered mamma, soberly. "God made you, for mamma's little boy."

"Humph!" said Harvey, after a little. "God did a pretty good job that time, did'nt he!"

LOCAL MENTION.

HOLMES HOTEL,

Minneapolis---Equal in Every Respect to Any in the Northwest.

This house is located in the most pleasant part of the city and is convenient to all the depots, theaters and esorts. It is most elegantly furnished from office to top floor. Conducted on both the American and European plans.

Evidently in Earnest.

New York Weekly.

Gotham Dame—Do you think Mr. Nicefellow is in earnest?

Daughter—I guess. He asked me last evening which one of your daughters was your pet. I told him that I thought if all three were married you would rather live with Clara or Dora than with me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

Is Your Blood Pure? If not, if you have boils, pimples, "humors," or indications of scrofula or salt rheum, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is the best blood purifier known. It effects wonderful cures where other preparations utterly fail. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. Give it a trial.

DIED.

STULTS—In Battle Creek, Mich., July 27th, Mrs. Belle G. Stults. Funeral services Tuesday at 10 o'clock a. m., from the residence of William S. Best, 2004 Park avenue.

PILES. Dr. H. Waite, Specialis Graduate; 11 years resident of Minneapolis. Why suffer when cure is mild, simple, certain. Ask hundreds of leading citizens of St Paul, Minneapolis and the Northwest as to the satisfactory treatment and cure? Pamphlet free. 1127 Henepin Avenue, Minneapolis.

Sick Headache

IS a complaint from which many suffer and few are entirely free. Its cause is indigestion and a sluggish liver, the cure for which is readily found in the use of **Ayer's Pills.**

"I have found that for sick headache, caused by a disordered condition of the stomach, Ayer's Pills are the most reliable remedy."—Samuel C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass.

"After the use of Ayer's Pills for many years, in my practice and family, I am justified in saying that they are an excellent cathartic and liver medicine—sustaining all the claims made for them."—W. A. Westfall, M. D., V. P. Austin & N. W. Railway Co., Burnet, Texas.

"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered stomach and liver. I suffered for over three years from headache, indigestion, and constipation. I had no appetite and was weak and nervous most of the time. By using three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured."—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kansas.

"I was troubled for years with indigestion, constipation, and headache. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, used in small daily doses, restored me to health. They are prompt and effective."—W. H. Strout, Meadville, Pa.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

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Table and general attendance unsurpassed. Rates as low as any strictly first-class hotel.

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AMUSEMENTS.

HARRIS' -:- THEATER!

Every night except Sunday. Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Matinees.

WILBUR OPERA COMPANY

AND SUSIE KIRWIN

In "The Princess of Trebizonde."

Best Reserved Seats 25c.

GEORGE N. MORGAN W. R. C. No. 4

Will give an entertainment at

HARMONIA -:-:- HALL!

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ASSISTED BY

JENNIE O'NEIL POTTER.

Musical selection by MISS SUSIE M'KAY

—AND—

MRS. BELLE ANDREWS

BASE BALL!

TO-DAY!

Minneapolis vs. Sioux City!

AT MORTON'S ATHLETIC PARK.

Game called at 4 o'clock.