THE GLOBE TREATS MINNEAPOLIS MEN AND MINNEAPOLIS MATTERS WITH FAIRNESS.

Daily Globe.

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THE GLOBE HAS THE HANDSOMEST NEWSPAPER BUILDING IN MINNEAPOLIS.

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SUNDAY SYMPOSIUM.

Bits of Personal Gossip About Men of Minneapolis.

The Blushing Bridegroom Who Kicks on His Wedding Presents.

The Demand for Minneapolis High Tariff Orators in Dakota.

Some Stories About Popular Actors Now in Minneapolis.

A certain young attorney who, some time ago, secured a good position, the son-in-law of a prominent and wealthy Minneapolis business man, was one of the guests who sat down at the banquet table at the Keene reception at the Pickwick club the other night. By some mischance he was seated directly opposite the great tragedian, and proceeded to mortify the club officials by referring in terms of highest praise to the "incomparable production of Richard III, which has made you famous Mr. Keene." It was very embarrassing to Mr. Keene to listen to such painfully-broad flattery, and when the young man finally asked: "Doesn't the presentation of such a character tire you very much?" the bored actor took advantage of the opportunity to shut off his persecutor by replying rather shortly: "No more so than it does those who see it!" But the man who wanted to talk with a live actor wasn't to be crushed like that, and kept up his babble, resisting several more severe retorts than the one above, and keeping everyone about him in a constant state of embarrassment until the announcement of the toasts cut him off.

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Stranger in Town—What denomination has the finest church in the city? Is it Catholic or Protestant?

Minneapolis Policeman—Get along with ye!; it's a sphy ye are, lookin' fer me place on the force. Bad luck to yez! Ye moight be in better business than tryin' to do a poor policemen out of his job by getting him to talk religion and then report him to the police commission.

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If Spokane Foster's attorneys in the recent suit brought by Dr. Murphy to recover $50 for setting Elmer's arm had have secured the hearing of the case before Judge Rea it is very doubtful if the prize center fielder would have been obliged to pay the amount, but his honor was probably trying the case of Minneapolis vs. Sioux City at the ball park when the other matter was being decided.

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President Bartram, of the Pickwick club, will probably be asked to resign in the near future. He not only appeared at the last reception in a black satin sash, but refused to apologize therefor when the board of directors took cognizance of the breach of discipline.

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After a continuous residence of nine years in the metropolis of the Northwest, Joseph T. Mannix, the veteran fire fiend, Clan-na-Gael specialist and all-round crimes editor of the Pioneer Press, is about to betake himself to his former home in Malone, N. Y., for a short visit. He leaves next week, and has already gone into systematic training for the event. He wants to get in good shape, he says, and remove as far as possible the signs of premature age which a life of earnest conscientious endeavor in the behalf of scoops and suffering humanity have brought upon him. Joe arises at break of day, takes a run around Lake Harriet, breakfasts lightly, plays twenty-three games of three-ball billiards and dines simply before attending the meeting of the Woman's exchange or the Northwestern hospital directors. This strict regimen is freshening his complexion, but will not remove the gray hairs, which he declares are the result of early piety.

J. B. McCormick, better known as "Macan," the popular New York newspaper writer and sporting authority, is in town in advance of Billy Crane, the former partner of Stuart Robson. McCormick says that Crane is becoming one of the most wretched men on earth all because he was foolish enough to write for the papers. Some time ago he wrote and published an article stating as his opinion that the dearth of good American plays was owing to the fact that managers and actors did nothing to develop or encourage the genius of American playwrights. That was all right, and had he stopped there W. H. Crane would still be a happy man, but he didn't, he went further and said that he intended to do all that was in his power to nurse the budding geniuses who should bring to him work of positive merit even if it wasn't exactly adapted to his purpose. Since then poor Crane has been pursued from one place to another by a myriad of playwrights having comedies, tragedies, burlesques, vaudevilles, grand operas, comic operas, sketches, skits and every other conceivable form of dramatic composition until "Old Nick on the street" can't remember his lines, his head is so full of the rot he has read.

J. P. Hardum, the South town jay, who was one of the victims in the double wedding at the Exposition, has already begun to think marriage is a failure. And if regarded in the purely business light in which he seems to look upon it, was, perhaps, partially so in his case. Hardum, with the immaculate gall which necessarily characterizes a man who wanted to make a farce of the solemn ceremony of marriage, by making his wedding, especially his first, a part of a public exhibition, has written a long letter to the directors of the Exposition complaining that the presents given the newly married pairs this season were far less valuable than on former occasions. He sets forth that the Expo management failed to ante up the usual $50 check, and that the total cash valuation of the personal property turned over to him by exhibitors was about $18, a large amount of it not being worth drayage. In fact, a careful perusal of the communication would lead the reader to believe that J. P. would never have ventured matrimonially had it not been for the magnificent aggregation of gifts he expected to receive. It is possible that he had expected to be able to set up housekeeping on what would be given him, and when he failed to get a silver service complete, a house and lot, horse and carriage, and bank account, he is entirely disgusted with the whole proceeding, and would like to withdraw his name. He admits, with a candor that is amusing, that his sole object in being married at the exposition was to get the presents, and claims that he helped draw a good crowd and didn't get value received. The only ready remedy for the complaint is the divorce court, and there J. P. should go. He might bring forward the facts in the case, and could possibly establish that he was enticed into the matrimonial net by false pretenses.

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The last time Nat Goodwin, the comedian, was here some of the gay boys, knowing his weakness for pugilistic events, arranged for a fight between a couple of local scrappers to come off at an early hour in the morning near Lake Calhoun. Sure enough Goodwin sat up all night to be certain of getting there on time, and rode horseback about four miles to the place of meeting. The fight didn't come off because of a failure to raise a sufficient purse, and Goodwin, who had made a side bet with a man he didn't know, lost the amount of his wager because he didn't want to fight the stakeholder. But Nat wanted some fun anyhow and he had it. He rode his horse into the Calhoun club house and after galloping through the sitting and dining rooms, scared a mild-mannered Englishman nearly to death by discharging his revolver close at the Briton's heels. The Englishman went about four feet into the air, and could hardly be convinced that he was not killed outright, which confirmed the playful Nat in the belief that "he didn't know he was alive, anyhow."

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The Irish Standard comes gallantly to the rescue of Reddy Hanrahan, the ball player, and says he has been abused by newspapers while doing "the most brilliant work of any shortstop in the Western association." As it is currently reported that the editor of the Standard doesn't know where second base is located in a game of ball, this praise is not of much value, but at the same time it is interesting to see the nationality question transferred from the police force to base ball.

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Sammie Morton goes about his work now singing:

Third place is good enough for us;
We care not style to fling,
And now that we have got it fast,
We'll tie it with a string.

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The Journal's budding dramatic genius, in speaking of the production of "Othello" by the Keene company, mentions in terms of the warmest praise George Learock's appearance in the part of Sago, one of the characters of the play, whom the critic is evidently convinced had a regular pudding with Othello.

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Harold Hartsell, the dialect comedian with the "Dot" company at the Bijou, was a member of the Harrigan & Hart company that was rotten-egged at the old Academy of Music some seven years ago. The play was "Squatter Sovereignty," and the Irish did not take kindly to what they considered an insulting burlesque on their nationality. "And I have never liked eggs since," said Mr. Harstell, reflectively, yesterday as he recalled the incident.

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First Ex-postoffice Employe—Selover didn't make much of a showing against Ankeny, did he?"

Second Ex-postoffice Employe—Naw. He's a chump.

"If I wanted to make trouble, I think I could bring some charges that would stick"—

"So do I"—

"There's those two girls that worked a whole year without being examined at all"—

"Yes, and there's"—

"Never mind, I know what you mean."

"But I ain't sayin' a word, am I?"

"Do you notice that I am preserving a discreet silence?"

What did they mean?

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Would it be much of a "coup d' etat" for the new morning paper to hire the trained journalists who work on the Minneapolis end of the Pioneer Press, or wasn't it a "coup de grace" that the Journal means?

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The report that a number of Minneapolis statesmen had been invited to take part in the campaign in North Dakota turns out to have been only half true. Certain of Minneapolis' trained backers of the tariff have agreed to go to Dakota and talk against time, but it is understood they will go not so much in the interest of the whole ticket as to work up sympathy for a candidate for United States senator. Prominent among these distinguished individuals who have been called to the front, or, rather, to the frontier, is Hon. Eugene Hay, whose success as a manipulator of the Washburn force last winter in the legislature all but gave him a sinch on the United States district attorneyship. But, in the words of the hymn-writer

Almost cannot avail;
Almost is but fail.

And Hon. Eugene does not propose to fail. If he does perchance slip up on the district attorneyship he will have two advocates in the senate for the next best thing in sight. It is thought Brig. Gen. Huffcutt goes to Dakota with Hon. Eugene to represent the military army of the service, unless the adjutant general refuses him permission to leave the state.

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Col. Chawley Johnson is home from Washington, and has rushed forward to square himself for his remarks about Judge Rea in connection with the pension commissionership. He does not this time, as he did when the roast on Tim Byrnes came out, say it was a joke, but he says it was "a critical situation." He did not oppose Judge Rea, but he favored Mr. Warner, and acting in his capacity, not of clerk of the senate, but as an old soldier, he shouldered a musket, metaphorically speaking, and went up to the White house to knock Judge Rea out of the job. Since the colonel began to cut out an independent political career for himself he has been unfortunate in his utterances several times, and the situation seems to grow more critical the more independent he endeavors to be.

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R. L. Penny, the popular young attorney, made the best speech of the evening at the Pickwick club reception to Thomas W. Keene, but how near he come to not making it is known to only a few. After revolving the subject in his mind, he had fully decided that he could not make a speech that would convince the party, so he decided to flunk. He arranged to have a note sent up stairs calling him away at the time speeches began, and this scheme worked to a charm. One of the waiters brought him the note. He went down. He felt so good that he handed the colored lad a quarter for the service. A few minutes later he missed a ten dollar gold piece from his pocket, and strange to say, the colored boy had disappeared also. Mr. Penny was so disgusted that he went back to the dining room and made a witty and eloquent speech through sheer spite.

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C. P. Braslan intends to send Mr. Keene a sample package of hoopenheimer beans to plant on his Long Island farm. Mr. Keene has had very little success with the hoopenheimers, and asserted in Braslan's presence that the limpenpools were superior. Braslan took up the gloves for the defense of the hoopenheimers, and an animated discussion ensued, which was terminated only when Mr. Keene promised to accept Mr. Braslan's sample beans and plant in a warm, soft loam with their feet toward Philadelphia.

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The forces of the "anti"-gang
Are keeping very still,
Since Capt. Harvey's noble frame
Passed slowly through the mill.

They're saying very little, now,
And thinking all the while,
How 'tis best to get a "pull"
On Mayor Babb and Guile.

Religious thoughts they do not think,
Since Robert R. cut sticks,
At least so far as they're concerned,
In local politics.

For while a man's belief is naught
Unto the great P. C.,
The raiser of a present row
Is like to fired be.

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The idea that the country owes the veterans of the war a debt of gratitude it can never pay, seems to be about as thoroughly appreciated by some of the veterans themselves as by any class of people. This was well illustrated by a spirited incident on a train running into Minneapolis the other day. The car was crowded, and a man who seemed to be little the worse for booze came in and took up his roost on the arm of a seat occupied by a couple of ladies. He sat partly leaning on her, and she didn't like it. After firing blank cartridges at him with her eyes, she finally said: "I wish you'd look for another seat." The veteran answered: "I'm an old soldier, and I guess I've some rights in this country I helped to save, and one of 'em is to have a place to sit in a car." "Well, go and sit somewhere else; don't sit on me." "Some women would get up and give an old soldier a seat." "I don't believe you made much of a soldier. No one but a coward would annoy a lady." "Me a coward? I was at the battle of——" But just then the conductor came in, and was appealed to. He told the battle-scarred veteran to get off his perch and go into the next car, where there were plenty of seats, and this the savior of our country finally did, muttering as he went, "People is the ungratefulest set of beings on the face of the earth. An old soldier ain't got no rights any more."

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Health Commissioner Kilvington has long displayed a penchant for soft-felt hats of the abbreviated sombrero style, and wears his with the air of a Custer, or some other valiant military hero; but now he goes a step further, and sends out knock-kneed, round-shouldered health inspectors concealed under G. A. R. chapeaus, which is just a bit too much of the Boulanger for a quiet, orthodox town like Minneapolis.

A NEW OPERA

Of Minneapolis Authorship Soon to Be Produced.

With each rehearsal of "La Fianza," the new opera to be produced at the Grand the coming week by Burt Bull and Prof. Willard Patten, enthusiasm increases by those who have watched the forming into completion of this musical production of Cuban flavor. The company includes what might be called the cream of the city's musicians and vocalists, and numbers sixty. The complete plot of the production is given this morning for the first time, as follows: An old tobacconist and telephone manager has given to one Duke Cameo his daughter Penelope in fianza, or in other words, mortgaged her in payment for the old man's debts. The daughter in turn is loved by a poor artist named Kremnitz White. After all appeals have failed in behalf of the lovers, a scheme is concocted whereby they shall elope. A popcorff man, who is disguised as an Indian cigar sign, and takes the place of the real sign and is wheeled into the presence of Penelope by the old man himself, where, when the opportunity presents itself, delivers the note from White to his love. White takes the first prize for his painting at the academy, sells it for a big sum and obtains the old man's pardon and the hand of his daughter. The young ladies of the company are telephone operators and the male chorus art students. The climax is reached by the girls finding out the whereabouts of the prize lottery ticket, with the proceeds of which they enrich their lovers of art and feminine beauty. The popcorn man turns out to be a royal emissary with extradition papers for the arrest of the bogus duke. The "Hello" girls are happily mated, love surmounts all barriers and the counterfeit duke receives his reward at the hands of the ex-popcorn man.

Deaf Mute Service.

A service for deaf mutes only will be held by Rev. A. W. Mann in the chapel of Gethsemane church at 3 o'clock. In the evening at 7:30 a combined service will be held at St. Paul's Episcopal church by the rector, Rev. Frank R. Millspaugh, and Rev. Mr. Mann. The sermon will be on the "Intellectual and Religious Advancement of the Deaf Mutes." Mr. Mann will interpret the service in the sign language as it proceeds. It will be a service particularly interesting, because so unusual.

DISTRICT COURT BRIEFS.

A note of issue, which from the title, Lillie H. Osborne vs. Arthur G. Osborne, smacks of divorce, was filed yesterday in the district court.

Rube Bros. have filed an affidavit applying for a writ of attachment against the property of Robert Burton for $364.60. Judge Hooker has approved the bond.

A divorce was granted to Marion Berlin yesterday from her husband, Dr. T. Berlin, on the ground of cruelty.

Judge Rea yesterday divorced John Olson from Johanna, his wife. They were married in Sweden, and on coming to this country the wife was dissatisfied and deserted her husband and went back to her old home.

Messrs. Pratt and Morse were appointed commissioners in the matter of straightening Bassett's creek and opening of Eleventh avenue north. The question came up in court yesterday morning.

Mrs. Delia Helm, the mother of Edward M. Helm, was arraigned in the district court on the redictment of subordination of witnesses. She pleaded not guilty and was placed under $300 bonds to await trial.

The final account of the assignment of George H. Johnson was yesterday allowed by Judge Rea.

Henry Hone, charged with selling liquor without a license, was arraigned before Judge Hooker yesterday morning. He pleaded not guilty, and his trial was set for Oct. 4.

An action in trover ws heard by Judge Hicks yesterday morning in the case of Louis Stein vs. P. P. Sheriff and D. W. Knowlton. The question involves about $900, and is one of usury.

The divorce case of Phœbe and William McDonald was tried and taken under advisement by Judge Hooker. They were married ten years ago at Morris, Minn., but for the past five years, as the wife claims, he has been a drunkard and ill-treated her.

Louis and Mary Johnson, found in a room together, were charged with fornication. They pleaded guilty and were sentenced to pay a fine of $25 each with a thirty-days' workhouse alternative. Louis managed to rake up $25 and paid his own fine, allowing his paramour to "go up."

LET'S GO SWIMMING

The Hickory Limb Adage Disregarded by Minneapolis Maidens.

The Mystery of a Natatorium Disclosed by a Female Novice.

Eva Gay's Experience in Trying to Learn by Book.

The Result of Following "Swimming Made Easy" Instructions.

WIMMING is an accomplishment which is almost comparatively unknown to the fair sex of an inland city like Minneapolis; and this summer, for the first time, the dear girls have had an opportunity to learn the art of keeping afloat under the guidance of an instructor without visiting the lakes, where there is more or less publicity, which, out here in the wild, untutored West is considered really an objection instead of desirable.

It is not unlikely that the majority of the inhabitants of Minneapolis are unaware that there is, as has been during the summer, such an institution as a "natatorium" for ladies within its corporate limits; and, possibly, if they did know of the place, would prefer to visit the Exposition, state fair, tournament or other amusements, which flourish like a green bay tree at this season of the year.

Still it is a fact that a natatorium, or swimming school, is a favorite place of amusement with a certain class of young ladies. From observation of the fair visitors at the school, I judge that, in order to become properly enamored of the swimming fad, it is necessary to be in "society," and thus assuring one's self of select associates, also to possess a mental and moral constitution which shall combine symmetry, strength and fearlessness unalloyed by any lingering trace of prudery. The girl who swims well may be seen early in the morning riding horseback, a little later playing lawn tennis; at the ball game late in the afternoon, and rowing on the lake in the twilight. Please do not confound her with the girl who does fancy work, eats chocolate creams and reads erratic novels. The two belong to totally different classes, and indulge in a cordial dislike for each other, even when exchanging hisses and other little affectionate conventionalities common to modern society.

One day recently I met several Minneapolis young ladies who were taking some fair cousins to initiate them into the joys and terrors of swimming school. I gladly accepted an invitation to join the party, for I had long wanted to learn to swim, but couldn't muster courage enough to go alone.

The Natatorium is a three-story frame building on the corner of Sixth street and Third avenue south. To the right of the main entrance is a tank about 20x40 feet, where ladies receive their first lessons before venturing among the perils of the larger tank, where anybody who can swim is free to go.

We entered a row of little apartments, and donned our bathing suits. Nearly all the girls owned their own costumes; but two of the cousins and myself had to content ourselves with hired suits, which twisted and flapped about with all the limpness and largeness of a Jenness-Miller costume. Perhaps it's needless to remark that the girl in the picture which heads this column is not myself. Her costume is made of navy blue jersey flannel, edged with narrow silver braid; and the rubber cap is to keep her fluffy bangs from getting damp and straight. An obliging lady attendant helped us into our suits, and then disappeared. One of the cousins looked shyly at the other, and said:

"I-I'm afraid these costumes are real naughty, Annie; w-what do you think?"

Annie looked at her shapely ankle and concluded that the bathing costume wasn't any naughtier than a decollete party dress. The surface area exposed seemed to be about the same in both. On the whole she rather liked it.

The leader of the party, Miss Lilian, came back from a consultation with the teacher.

"Oh, girls, he says we can all go out into the big tank and practice, if we'll be real careful and not venture into the deep water alone. Come along, it's lots more fun than in this little stuffy tank."

She was right. The larger tank is about three times the size of the first. Overhead the rafters are covered with

red, white and blue bunting. A toboggan slide, which drops its freight into ten feet of water, is very amusing—that is while you watch other people try it. One trip satisfied our curiosity. We agreed with Lilian that it was just lovely, but none of us could be induced to try the slide again.

When I saw Lilian spring into the tank and swim away as easily and gracefully as a mermaid, I thought, "How easy." After a half hour of hard work and several involuntary trips to the bottom of the tank, I concluded that swimming is one of those things which are not what they seem.

"How long would it take to learn?" I asked.

"Why you could learn to swim well with four or five lessons, that is if you are not afraid of the water," said the teacher with an encouraging smile.

After some questioning he admitted that although he had thought swimming in Australia, California and several other states before coming to Minnesota, he had yet to meet a woman who dared trust herself in five feet of water without some member of the masculine persuasion close at hand to rescue her in case she should take a notion to remember her perilous position.

There were several of us wanting instruction, so we had to wait our turn. The teacher said we could splash about in the shallow water and amuse ourselves. We did. The water was quite warm, and some iron rings suspended from the roof gave us a chance to practice in a new element, the exercises learned at the gymnasium. The building fairly rang with our shouts and laughter, as we splashed and tumbled about.

While resting a few moments and waiting my turn, as a pupil, I remembered some hints culled from one of those invaluable manuals of General Information, which nobody ever uses, but which book agents always sell. Among the hints about avoiding drowning in case of accident, was the statement, that: "by exercising a little presence of mind, nobody need drown, even if unable to swim, by keeping the head just above the water, and the arms parallel with the hips, one could float for any length of time."

Sliding off the edge of the tank, I carefully and conscientiously followed directions. Instead of floating gently and gracefully, I sank to the bottom like a piece of lead. After a seeming lapse of ages, I emerged with my faith in book wisdom sadly impaired, and an uneasy consciousness of having swallowed several quarts of water that wasn't Inglewood, and tasted bad enough to even undermine a Christian's prohibition principles.

Not easily discouraged, I then tried to "tread water," as per instructions. I don't remember exactly how it happened, but the girls say that for a few moments only my feet were visible above the troubled surface. When fished out there was a bump on my forehead and a strip of skin off my nose, as a result of a too intimate acquaintance with the floor of the tank.

The teacher thought my experience ample for one day and advised me to postpone the swimming lesson for another time. It needed all the encouragement and the assistance of the party to induce me to venture into the tank again, but several succeeding lessons have taught me that swimming is a pleasant exercise, and a tank of water not at all dangerous when you know how to handle it.

EVA GAY.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Only One Week of the Exposition Now---Some Wonderful Music.

"When shall we two meet again?" was the appropriate inscription on the canvas which bore the image of the tailless donkey, which delighted the children so much yesterday afternoon at the Exposition, as one by one, with blindfolded eyes, they groped around on the land stage endeavoring to attach the displaced appendage at the proper point on the animal's anatomy. As the tail was pinned by some juvenile on the ears or nose or legs of the unfortunate beast, a shout would go out from the merry group of children, and another boy or girl would take the flannel tail in hand and make the attempt. Generous prizes had been offered for the most successful player, and this gave zest to the game. This was only one of the many attractions at the big show for the children, and there were hundreds and hundreds of them present. It was worth going to the Exposition to see them as they scampered about the big building among the exhibits, up stairs, down stairs, everywhere, having no end of fun in what is on Saturdays an enormous playhouse for Minneapolis children. Superior as are the exhibits and the various representatives of Minneapolis art and industry, they all fall in the rear when juvenile Minneapolis is turned out to be shown. Indeed, it was an exhibition yesterday that the town could well be proud of, and that would speak as well for her prosperity and thriving condition as all the machinery and pictures and arts and industry that could be brought together. There was hardly a child in the building but what was bright-looking, if not handsome, sprightly, if not graceful.

So the building was crowded all afternoon with the children, and in the evening it was crowded mainly with young people. There is no time in the week for them like Saturday night, and there is no place like the Exposition for them. For this reason Saturday is always a big day, and yesterday was no exception.

The three exhibitions of Paul Boyton and his seals at 10:30, 2 p. m. and 7:30 p. m., were witnessed by thousands of people. The captain is a clever fellow, and gives an interesting exhibition; then too, his history and the wonderful voyages he has made, add interest. The seals are wonderful creatures, and carry out their parts with an animation almost human. It is interesting to see them watch the crowd from the pool before the performance. To all appearances they enjoy the show of humanity quite as much as they are enjoyed.

The musical programme last night contained two wonderful productions. The two-part trombone solo, given by Mr. Innes, including the "Sea Shells' Waltz," in which he introduced a cadenza of two minutes' duration, and "America" in four octaves, a feat performed by no other musician in this country, fairly captivated the audience. "The Rose, Shamrock and Thistle," a grand medley of English, Irish and Scottish songs, was another brilliant piece of music. La Pere la Victoire was the concluding piece and sent the audience home on light feet and full of music.

LOOKS BAD.

Judge Lochren Sets Aside a Judgment Gained by Alleged Questionable Practice.

Judge Lochren yesterday morning set aside a judgment secured in a suit brought by Goebel & Duby, attorneys, vs. C. Aultman & Co., dealers in farm implements, brought for attorneys' fees advanced, amounting to $700. It seems that there has been some underhand practice in the case. The reply in the case should have been served by Aug. 5; but, as is claimed by a stipulation between the attorneys, the time for the filing of an answer was extended to the 20th. As appeared from the pleadings in the case, on the day following the time for the filing of the answer, that is on Aug. 6, the plaintiffs made affidavit that no answer had been filed, and asked judgment for the amount, which was granted. Subsequently, on the 14th of August the answer was filed, according to stipulation; but it was not until recently that it was discovered that judgment had been entered. The statement of the facts seemed to surprise the court, and the order to set aside was made in a manner that indicated considerable indignation.

A MONUMENT OF BARGAINS
For This Week at the
BIG BRIGHTON.

The BIG BRIGHTON excels them all for good, honest value. Last week the rush for the bargains was remarkable. This week we will endeavor to surpass it by offering still greater inducements.

Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention.

DRESS GOODS

25c—Piles of double-fold Dress Flannel, all-wool, in all new shades, Nicollet price 35c. Will it pay you to buy there?

39c Only for the best 50c Flannel in the city. The finest collection of shades ever produced.

49c Only is our price for the 69c broadcloth, in an endless variety of shades.

69c—We will offer the finest and newest styles of imported Dress Fabrics ever landed in the city. You cannot buy a yard of them in any other store in the city for less than 75c.

15c—Only 15c for the best 40-inch English Cashmere. They all ask 25c for these goods. Will you pay it?

27c—Don't forget that the best FF 40-inch Cashmere, an extra fine twill, worth 35c.

41c—Only 49c for the letest shades in the 46-inch Henrietta, regular retail price 69c.

50c—For a choice line of Mourning Suitings in neat checks and stripes.

BLACK GOODS.

No lady should buy Black Dress Goods before looking at our stock. We only ask you before seeing ours to look through every dress department in the city, then you will be able to judge correctly. We call your attention to our Silver Shield Cashmere, in blue and black, for 27c, 49c, 55c; and our Black Henriettas, Gold Seal, at 50c, 59c, 69c, 75c, 79c and 95c. You can save from 10c to 20c per yard in these brands. They are well known throughout the land, but not at these prices.

TRIMMINGS.

Our stock of Trimmings surpass anything ever opened for inspection in Minneapolis.

PLUSHES.

A great bargain, 69c Plush for 45c, and the best $1.25 Plush for 99c.

Can any of our competitors match these prices?

Red and white mixed Flannel only 14c.
1 case of the best 20c Flannel for 16c.
35c scarlet twill Flannel for 25c.
6-4 $1 Flannel, the best ever offered $1, only 75c.

BLANKETS.

$1 White Blankets only 75c; $1.50 Grey Blankets for $1; $2 Grey Blankets only $1. Hundreds of Blankets now for wholesale prices.

MILLINERY.

Our glory shall never fade, our name shall live forever in the memory of those who have a taste for choice Millinery at reasonable prices.

ALL NEW.

Our Fall stock all complete. Ladies delighted on paying a visit to our Millinery Department. See our fine, stylish Hats and Bonnets for

$1.50, $1.75, $2, $2.50, $2.75, $3, $3.25, $3.50, $3.75, $4 to $10.

MUSLIN.

7c Unbleached Muslin still for 5c; 9c Bleached still sold for 7c.

TOWELS.

See our All-Linen 15c Towels, only 10c; our 20c Towels only 15c.

NAPKINS.

All-Linen for 50c per dozen.
Fine Damask Doilies worth $1.25 for $1.
35c Turkey Damask this week for 25c, and the 50c oil-boiled just 35c.
Our imported Bleached and Unbleached Damasks and Napkins will be offered at wholesale.

LADIES' HOSE.

We shall offer this week the best all-wool 25c Hose for 20c; our leader is a 30c Hose for 25c.

CHILDREN'S.

The wear-resisting Hose, very heavy and strong; your choice of all colors for 25c.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR.

The extra fine English Merino, worth 75c, this week for 50c. Our Natural Wool for $1 will surpass any offered by any store for $1.25. One case of first quoted for the fast-colored 4-thread scarlet, worth $1.25, this week for $1.

CHILDREN'S

Merino from 10c up; best natural wool and scarlet, with extra long ribbed legs, suitable for children wearing long hose, only 25c up; all 4-ply.

YARNS.

The largest stock and best makes to be had, at low prices.

The Big Brighton, 519 & 521 Washington Avenue South, Minneapolis

FOLDS, GRIFFITH & COLVER,

505 and 507 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis.

The system of selling our wares at a SMALL PROFIT, but of thoroughly RELIABLE QUALITY, is a ruling principle of this firm.

THE FINEST STOCK IN THE NORTHWEST!

ELEGANT DISPLAY OF
NEW GOODS!
Choice Carpetings, Elegant Lace Curtains,
RICH DRAPERIES,
Artistic Upholstery Stuffs,

In great variety of design, color and fabric. Our large stock of choice ORIENTAL AND DOMESTIC RUGS will merit your attention. It will pay you to see these new goods before placing your orders.

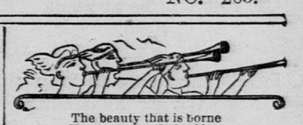
CALUMET CLUB
1880
PURE RYE WHISKY!

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 FRANKLIN BENNER CO.
GAS FIXTURES & GLOBES! MANTELS & GRATES
517 NICOLLET AVENUE, MINNEAPOLIS.



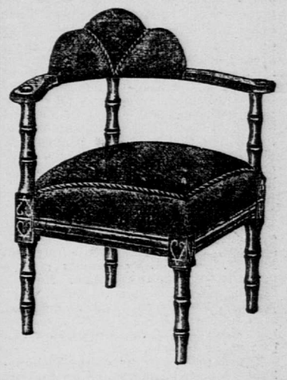
The beauty that is borne
Here commends itself
To all eyes.—Shakespeare.

Bradstreet, Thurber & Co.

Syndicate Block, Minneapolis,

Have just received another great invoice of these

BEAUTIFUL
Corner Chairs!



Our first invoice sold so rapidly, and gave such satisfaction that we concluded to purchase a still larger number. They come in solid Antique Oak, Natural Cherry and Mahogany finished frames, upholstered in all the new shades of fine Marbleized Silk Plush, with spring edges, and are well worth $12, but we keep them at the low price of

$7.35.

All the latest designs and novelties in
FURNITURE,
Draperies and Interior Decorations
Are now in, and our prices we will guarantee.

REMEMBER,
We are sole agents for the WELCH FOLDING BED.

SEE IT!

Dr. Nelson,
Cor. Washington Av. and 3d Av. S.
LOCK HOSPITAL
ESTABLISHED 1857.

REGULAR GRADUATE From 20 years' experience in Hospital and Private practice is enabled to guarantee RADICAL cure in Chronic or Poisonous diseases of the Blood, Throat, Nose, Skin, Kidneys, Bladder and kindred organs. Gravel and Stricture cured without Pain or Cutting.

Those who contemplate going to Hot Springs for the treatment of any Private or Blood disease can be cured for one-third the cost.

LADIES By this treatment a pure, Lovely Complexion, free from sallowness, freckles, blackheads, eruptions, etc., brilliant eyes and perfect health can be had. That "tired feeling" and all female weaknesses promptly cured. Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion, Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, Spinal Weaknesses, Kidney Complaint and Change of Life. Consult the old Doctor.

NERVOUS, Physical and Organic Weakness, Premature Decay, Evil Forebodings, Self-Distrust, Impaired Memory, Palpitation of the Heart, Pimples on the Face, Specks before the EYE, Ringing in the EAR, Catarrh, Threatened Consumption and Every Disqualification that renders Marriage improper and unhappy, SPEEDILY and PERMANENTLY Cured.

BLOOD AND SKIN Disease Syphilis—a disease most horrible in its result—completely eradicated without the use of mercury. Scrofula, Erysipelas, Fever Sores, Blotches, Pimples, Ulcers, Pain in the Head and Bones, Syphilitic Sore Throat, Mouth and Tongue, Glandular Enlargement of the Neck, Rheumatism, Catarrh, etc., Permanently Cured, when Others Have Failed.

URINARY Recently contracted or chronic Diseases POSITIVELY Cured in 3 to 8 days by a local remedy. No nauseous drugs used. Many cases pronounced incurable promptly yield to Dr. Nelson's Approved Remedies. Medicines Mailed or Expressed to any address Free from observation. Charges fair. Terms Cash. Book and question list, 15c. A friendly talk costs nothing. Hours, 10 a. m. to 12 m., 2 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m.; Sunday, 2 to 3 p. m. 226 Wash. av. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

THE HOLMES,
A NEW HOTEL.
Nicollet Av. and Eighth St.,
MINNEAPOLIS.
ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF.
Elegantly Furnished, 175 Rooms.
American and European Plan.
$2.50 Per Day And Upward. | $1.00 Per Day And Upward.
The Holmes combines all modern improvements. Street cars to depots. Two passenger elevators, electric lights, call and return-call bells; everything new and first-class. We shall be pleased to entertain you on your next visit to Minneapolis.
F. H. HOLMES, Prop. | D. C. MILLER Mgr.

More answers received from an ad in Sunday's Globe than from all other Sunday papers.