A CHAPTER ON MAGIC,

Based on Herrmann's Wonderful Dexterity With His Hands.

Manipulation Mixed With Some Clever Mechanical Devices.

How Some of the Very Clever Deceptions Are Carried Out,

The Child of the Air and Other Puzzling Feats Performed.

The past week has witnessed our society and the general public flock in crowds to the entertainment given at the Newmarket theater by that marvel of human wonders, Herrmann, the world-renowned magician. Each night has charmed his audience with incomprehensibilities. He practiced that form of deception which allows of no solution through a reasoning analysis. All was accomplished through material agencies, and in a manner and after a studied movement, which, by dexterous execution, left an effect, mysteriously delusive, for the relish and astonishment of the spectator. That the power of creating such effect, and that in the most polished and artistic manner, defying the detection of the average faculty of sight or theory, is possessed by Herrmann no one will venture to gainsay. And for the wonderful ability and skill acquired through years of practice and invention, Herrmann is very justly acknowledged the most developed executor of the mystic art. He is not only a man who can smoothly and with confidence exercise his own profession, but it has been a matter of frequent failure to those who would baffle him, that he is such a perfect master over every emergency arising from the designed scrutiny or watch of those attempting to detect his trick, that a history of his professional career exhibits no incident in which he was flurried or became the subject of inability. He can rise to any and all occasions, and the versatility of his genius is so elastic as to carry him over every crisis. He knows the philosophy of the senses with which he plays, and, so armed, becomes a master of the situation and the subject he would deceive. Many of the inexplicable conclusions which are in physical effect before the dumfounded spectator, after certain movements by the magician, are merely optical delusions. Many again are actual and real, while the modus operandi by which they are attained constitutes the delusion. So to the subject who, relying upon the sense of sight alone for an understanding of the subterfuge, the trick has the greatest charm and seems to it a pleasant shock of wonder. The active mind, which will bear down upon that impression as obtained through the optical lens, finds itself on no positive ground, for a solution of the problem. In all, the trickster who can best appeal to the eye and rattle that sense into quick though unaccountable conceptions, is a real master of the art.

If the movement required to accomplish some of these startling results which Herrmann displayed during the past week were necessarily complicated and tedious, human hands and activity could

HARDLY COMPREHEND THE FORCE.

Herrmann himself, merely as a skilled tactician, executor of the manual of his art, and as an inventor of its features, some of which are indeed startling, is probably the ablest living exponent of prestidigitation and its possibilities.

By a varied exercise of these abilities, and by catering to the public delight and without any preteuse at profundity or the possession of sealed and hidden theories, he has become one of the wealthiest actors on the American stage. He is a typical Parisian, and his wife, who was once a leader in the society of the French capital, was an actress of much celebrity. He is the proprietor of a variety troupe, which is noted as one of startling spectacularity. He is of shrewd commercial traits, and has long since learned to bring fame and fortune to his feet.

In embarking upon a new tour of the country he always exhibits some new thing which he holds as his own invention. At this visit he brought out "The Cremation," a weird and ghastly thing to most beholders. "Florine, the Child of Air," is another, and this he exhibits with a confidence defying criticism or detection. "The Cremation" is a theatrical success, but as a spectacle it is a horrible presentation. The St. Paul public marveled at Florine, and one concerted expression of wonder and amazement went up from the crowded floor. A young girl, poured into a pair of tights, with a loose bodice hanging in great puffs and tucks over the hips, is revealed standing in the air, unsupported and buoyant. The spectator comments upon the black screen which seems to rise up directly behind the tripping, posing figure. Some say she must be suspended on a wire, or that she is a tight-rope walker and that she stands on a wire, which, in the subdued light, is not discernible by the naked eye, and theory upon theory is vented and given out all over the house, until Mme. Herrmann hands the ethereal goddess a tassellated hoop. All eyes are set upon the hoop, and when the girl undertakes to jump through it, turning it over her head and beneath her feet, all declare in one accord that she actually retains her elevated perch unsupported! Because the hoop goes around the figure, the idea that she is hung on a steel rod, which projects through the black and impenetrable background or screen, is dissipated. If this were so, most people think the hoop could not go round. Nevertheless here is the contrivance. The young lady—as much at home in the air as a crow or fairy—is rigged out in a steel corset which fits her as perfectly as her breath. Over this there is another corset, also made of steel, which turns around the inner one, and which is fixed upon a strong steel rod fastened to

A SUPPORT IN THE REAR

of the stage and behind the screen, through which the rod projects. To raise or lower the figure the adjusted support behind the stage is raised or lowered. Thus it can be seen upon how simple a mechanism the figure can turn any and all ways, turn somersaults and get funny in general. But that hoop! When Mme. Herrmann handed Florine the hoop, an observant eye would have noted that the fair Florine grasped it in a certain place and held it there—immovable—during the whole time she played her antics therewith. The hoop was covered with small, but confused tassels, and on that side of the hoop which was toward the screen, there was an opening of four inches. Through this opening the supporting rod passed. In that ingenious niche in the hoop lay the whole mystery of this puzzling trick.

The egg trick, where a seemingly disinterested person leaves the audience and mounts the stage, and there, at the command of the magician, spits three or four eggs, is the simplest thing in the world. To begin with, the young man who so promptly assisted M. Herrmann when a call was made for "anybody" is a confederate, who has traveled with the magician for a long time. The young man holds in his mouth,—expressly for the occasion—a loose piece of bleached skin which he breathes to form the egg-shape bulge which is seen by the spectators, as Herrmann taps him on the head, as if to knock an egg out of his mouth. Herrmann himself has the eggs concealed in his vest, and as he fumbles around the young man's head, he secures the egg, and by a clever movement makes it appear to fall from the mouth of his dummy.

Herrman aways wears a theatrical waistcoat while exhibiting. This waistcoat has a rubber cloth back and admits the stowing away of any number of things. The rabbits, ducks and young elephants so often found in the hats borrowed of those in the audience are all hidden in that vest. Herrmann regretfully acknowledges that he cannot now do some of the tricks he could five years ago, and this is because of a slight corpulency. Five years ago he could hang a towel over his left arm and carry nine large glass aquariums filled with water and goldfish, and no one ever learned how he managed such a feat. The waistcoat and its capacity play an essential part in all performances.

When Herrmann drew from the inside of Mr. Pease's silk hat six large square lanterns, people were astonished. How under the sun he succeeded in secreting six square lanterns, each 4x5 inches, in the hat no one seemed to have the faintest idea. Again we find that simplicity makes this trick a consummate success. Instead of having four sides, and a bottom and top, as the audience of course presumed, the lanterns had but one side, behind which was attached a small candle. An ordinary silk hat would hide two dozen of these "glass frames."

The "mystic table," without which many of Herrmann's tricks could never be accomplished, is an indispensable part of his paraphernalia. Into this table, which always stands in the center of the stage so that the audience cannot see the top, sink many of the articles which Herrmann makes disappear. The rabbit pressed into its mate as the two were side by side on the table was nothing more than shoving the further one

INTO THE HOLLOW TABLE.

If, instead of watching the cannon, the audience had watched a string in the ceiling of the house, they would have discovered that the high hat was swung out on this cord, and not blown out from the mouth of that murderous-looking cannon. The throwing of cards across the audience is genuine, and acquired after a long practice of flinging state sandwiches out of French restaurants.

It is conceded by those who are personally acquainted with Herrmann and his craft that the money-counting trick is one of his best. Coming up to a stranger in the audience he counts into his hands ten silver dollars. He tells him to close his hand and hold it tight. The auditor then counts back and finds fifteen silver dollars. Considering that Herrmann only employs fifteen dollars in all, and that five of these he lays out on the platform on which he stands, this seems to be a most unaccountable accomplishment. In fact, the extra five pieces are concealed in the hollow tray and are slid out with the rest.

When he takes a handkerchief from a lady in the audience and affects to tear and burn it, he creates another sense of wonder. He burns and tears his own handkerchiefs, while that of his fair auditor is snugly tucked in his waistcoat. Again, when he borrows a white and yellow handkerchief from two members of the audience he secures the former from a stranger to his schemes, but the yellow one is promptly offered by a colleague. These are again shoved into that capacious vest, while Herrmann proceeds to cut and burn his own.

The chief feature of Herrmann's entertainment on his present tour is the "Cremation." In this the deception is so complete, and the effect partakes so nearly of the reality, as to baffle all immediate theory as to the possible sham of the spectacle. The enactment of the ghastly scene occurs in the dingy crematory vault. In the center of the vault, which is a dark and weird compartment, stands an iron casket about twice the size of an ordinary coffin. With an unusually odd ceremony the subject for cremation is ushered into the vault by attendants robed in the conventional garb of hades. In this scene Mme. Herrmann appears at her best, and her beautiful form, draped in a shroud of purest white, moving, as in a trance, about the stone floor of the vault, chills the heart of every observer. She is led to the casket, into which she is bidden by the executioner. She sits down into the casket and submits to a chloroform sleep. Just as she sinks into unconsciousness the casket is closed and allowed to remain so for a moment, while the devils glide about the floor and secure every exit. The lid is then raised, alcohol is poured on the folds of the still form and the torch applied. In a second all is ablaze and crackling before the appalled gaze of the audience.

A SHUDDER GOES UP

from the house and women turn their heads from the ghastly sight. There the body blazes, and with a sickening burst the flames eat their way through it. The casket is closed and the bulk is allowed to smoulder. One and all are aghast at the reality of Mme. Herrman's anatomy undergoing the ordeal. While the tallow body burns away in the casket, Mme. Herrman is preparing her toilet for the next scene and is nowhere near the iron roast bin! As the box is closed just before the alcohol is poured on and the torch applied, Mme. Herrman sinks through the bottom of the casket and her form is replaced from beneath the stage with a tallow bundle much resembling her shape, which is draped apparently as she appeared to be. This is burned, not the madame!

The next scene is where her spirit lingers about the grave, and this is seen through a large mirror which covers the entire rear of the stage. How that scene is enacted, with no one on the stage, has been the wonder of nearly all who have seen it. Behind the casket, the stage floor is sunk seven feet. The mirror is placed at an angle of about fifty-five degrees over the pit thus made, and about twelve feet toward the rear of the stage. Into this pit the actors assemble and enact their scenes, and when the light from the side of the stage is shed upon it the reflection in the mirror is what the audience sees—though not a soul be on the stage. A mere mechanical contrivance, but a very ingenious one, and one which satisfies the public and brings gold to its proprietor. HAROLD WITHRAE.

JUVENILE THIEVES,

Who Ravaged Cigar Shops and Found a Fagin Fence.

H. Shapiro's cigar stand, at 112 State street, West side, was recently burglarized of about $35 worth of cigars and tobacco. Capt. Walsh and Sergeant Hanft, of the Ducas street police station, yesterday arrested four boys, who are suspected of the crime, recovering nearly all of the property. They gave their names as Ed Mason, John Larkin, Charles McBane and Michael Lavalle. A quantity of the stolen goods was found to have been sold to one Frank Buddwein, who runs a cigar store near the corner of Fillmore avenue and State street, and the police believe they have located another "Fagin," one of the boys having admitted that Buddwein agreed to take the goods and pay for them before the burglary was committed. Buddwein was arrested late last night and is charged with receiving stolen property.

Counterfeit Coin Afloat.

Early yesterday morning Policeman McGuire appeared at the central station with a rather verdant-looking young man and a hackdriver. The driver accused the young fellow of passing a counterfeit $5 gold piece to him, and receiving $4 in silver in change. On investigation of the case it appeared that the culprit fell in with a stranger and two women at a Sixth street dance; that they invited him to ride with them to another hall and gave him the spurious coin to pay the hackman, receiving the silver given back in change. When the hall was reached his companions disappeared and the young man was left to face the music. He appeared to be innocent and was released. Several other complaints of similar transactions have been made to the police, and it is believed that the same swindler is the responsible party in every instance. The counterfeit is a rough one.

IN CATHOLIC CIRCLES.

Archbishop Ireland's Letter on the Merriam Park Diocesan Seminary.

Father Cosgrove Will Succeed Father Danahy at Faribault.

Colored Catholics of St. Peter's Regret Father Shanley's Departure.

The Coming Consecration of Bishops Set for the Feast of St. Thomas.

Yesterday was the day appointed by his grace, the most reverend archbishop, for the annual collection in aid of the diocesan seminary at Merriam Park. In all the churches throughout the city the archbishop's letter on this subject was read, and a sermon appropriate to the occasion delivered. A portion of this letter, which is in the archbishops's most vigorous style, is reproduced here:

THE ARCHBISHOP'S LETTER.

As matters are at the present time, we are, to our deep regret, compelled to leave important districts without pastors; and we do not, on account of the fewness of priests, begin to put our hand to several special works which we have in mind, and which will be most conducive to the honor of religion and the good of souls. The future of religion in the diocese depends, under God's providence, entirely upon the priesthood. Hence, as your chief pastor, more than any other responsible to God for the care of souls, we are resolved to make the preparation of candidates for the priesthood the first and most important work of our episcopate, and we say to our Catholics in very plain words—give us the temporal means, and we will, within a few years, give you a clergy who will serve you well and will do honor to holy church. There is plainly no work or religion so deserving of your zeal and charity as that of educating the Levites of the sanctuary.

The prospects are most encouraging. There are at present in our own Seminary of St. Thomas forty-seven theological students belonging to the archdiocese, and twelve in different European seminaries. Notwithstanding our great need of laborers, we are sending two of our priests to the new University of Washington, persuaded as we are that the greater the opportunities for fullest preparation we can allow the clergy, the more abundant shall be in later years the fruits of their ministry. We thank God vocations to the priesthood are constantly increasing among the children of the people, and pious fathers and mothers are most pleased to encourage the holy resolutions of their sons.

The present year is a blessed one in the history of the diocese of St. Paul. Our faithful Catholics will rejoice with us in the great things that have been accomplished, and will take thence new motives for greater zeal in future well-doing. Three of our priests have been raised by the Holy Father to the exalted dignity of the episcopate, and five new episcopal sees have been created within the lines of the ecclesiastical province of St. Paul. Where fifteen years ago there was no bishop, there are to-day six, and we can foresee at no very distant time the need of the yet further widening of the stakes of Christ's tabernacle, and of the erection of other episcopal sees. The development of the church in the Northwest has been truly marvelous; in no other part of the country has the like been seen within the same short term of years. The richer the blessings poured upon us by Almighty God, the more marked must be in heart and deed our gratitude to Him.

Our own beloved diocese of St. Paul has been divided into two jurisdictions, over one of which will preside, as bishop of Winona, one of our worthy priests, long tried in the exercise of the ministry, and well fitted by his piety and his zeal for the great work of the government of souls. It is not without a pang of grief, let us be permitted to say, that we separate from our immediate jurisdiction priests and people, the companions of our labor of years, whom we have so well known, and so warmly loved. The consolation is that henceforth closer attention than our extensive work allowed shall be given to their spiritual interests. For all our faithful dioceseans of to-day, whether they remain to us in the older diocese of St. Paul, or they be gathered into the newer diocese of Winona, our prayers and affections shall be the self-same.

This letter will be read at all the masses in the several churches of the archdiocese Sunday, Nov. 17, and Sunday, Nov. 24. The day marked for the taking up of the collection, the sermons in the several churches will relate to the duty of Catholics to aid in the extension and perpetuation of the church's priesthood.

ACTIVE IN THE CHURCHES.

The collection in all the churches of the diocese in 1887 amounted to $7,312.95, in 1888, $12,766.52. Of the latter amount the cathedral congregation furnished over $8,600, which was above half of all collected throughout the city. At the high mass yesterday Father Shanley made a stirring appeal to the congregation to do even better than was done in former years. He said that, notwithstanding the rapid strides made by the church during the past century, as so strikingly brought out in the late Catholic congress assembled at Baltimore, nevertheless the church had not kept pace with the growth of the country. thousands of those who should have been Catholics had dritted away into other sects. There were several reasons for this. Mixed marriages and the bad example set by Catholics themselves accounted in some measure for the falling off, but the most prolific source was the scarcity of priests. If the archbishop had not been hampered in this way a large number now occupying Protestant pews would be in Catholic pews listening to the faith preached to their fathers centuries ago in other lands. There were sufficient vocations for the priesthood, and these vocations could not be fostered as they should be without temporal aid from the faithful.

A broad smile passed over the faces of those in attendance when the speaker, in alluding to the impecuniousness of certain of the parishioners, said: "It does make me real angry when I see a man wearing a $300 diamond ring drop a nickel into the contribution box on occasions like these."

The remarks of the prelate had their effect, for nearly a thousand dollars was collected.

Father Danahy's Successor.

It has been announced in several of the local papers that Father Danahy's place at Faribault, as pastor of the Immaculate Conception church, was to be filled by Father Christie, of Waseca. This is now contradicted on good authority. The honor, it is said, will fall on Father Cosgrove, the well-known pastor of St. Vincent's church, this city. This will be pleasing news to the Catholics of this city, who have come to revere Father Cosgrove for his many talents and ardent piety. This pleasure will in a measure be saddened, however, by the knowledge that he is to bid adieu to St. Paul, where he has done so much good.

He has been but fourteen months in the ministry. He received his education at All Hallows college, Cork, Ireland, where he was ordained. Afterwards he came to St. Paul, and was connected for some time with the cathedral, from whence he was transferred to St. Vincent's.

St. Peter of Claver's Church.

The colored Catholics of St. Peter of Claver's church are regreting exceedingly the departure of Father Shanley to new fields of usefulness, which event will take place about Jan. 1. It was under the guiding hand of this zealous pastor that this mission was inaugurated, and to his indefatigable labors that the church is in such splendid condition, both financially and in point of numbers. His place will be filled by Father Harrison, of the cathedral, who has already taken charge as pastor, and is almost as much beloved as Father Shanley himself.

A concert of recitation, under the auspices of the St. Peter Claver's sodality, will be given at Cretin hall this evening, and it is expected a large audience will be present. Among those who will assist are: Miss Lula Griswold, pianist; Mrs. K. M. Smith, soprano; Mrs. B. H. Wilson, contralto; Charles Bush, tenor; Prof. Z. Coleman, basso.

The Coming Consecration.

Considerable speculation has been indulged in throughout Catholic circles as to the date on which the three new bishops recently named—Shanley, Cotter and McGolrick—will be duly consecrated. It will be remembered that the day originally set for this event has been changed and nothing definite has been learned as to when the ceremony would take place. From the best information that can be had, the consecration will occur Dec. 21, the feast of St. Thomas. Of course the old cathedral, historic because it has been the theater of so many great Catholic events in the Northwest, will be the place of consecration.

Archbishop Ireland's Return.

Archbishop Ireland returned home Saturday evening from Baltimore where he had been in attendance at the Catholic congress. Apropos of the great event, it is said that the archbishop suffered nothing in comparison as a speaker with the noted prelates who delivered sermons on the occasion. Indeed, there are many who where more impressed with the archbishop's vigorous style of oratory than the polished diction of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, the Bossuet of the Catholic pulpit.

A FURIOUS RUNAWAY.

One Buggy Occupant Hurt and Another Narrowly Escapes.

A rattling runaway occurred yesterday afternoon on Pleasant avenue—a couple of fiery bays attached to a buggy in which were seated A. G. Thorpe and Miss Ada Strahern. The horses first became alarmed at the noise made by the cars, and dashed down Kent street at a terrific speed, and totally beyond the driver's control. Turning at the corner of Pleasant, several blocks were traversed down that thoroughfare, when a wheel of the vehicle came into contact with a tree box, and capsized, throwing both occupants some disance. Miss Strahern was thrown out and came within an ace of having her brains dashed out against the curbing at the roadside, but escaped by the quick intervention of a young man named Peter Ward, who was passing at the time, and who probably saved the lady's life by arresting her fall in a great measure. She escaped without serious injury. Mr. Thorpe was badly cut about the face and head, but his injuries are not considered dangerous. The team came to a full stop against a telephone post a block from the scene of the accident, after having totally wrecked the buggy. Miss Strahern was able to take the cable for home, while Mr. Thorpe was removed to his residence on Rice street in a hack.

BOYS WITH THE HORNS

Arranging for the Annual Elks' Benefit Next Month.

The St. Paul Lodge of Elks is now actively engaged in arranging for the annual benefit Dec. 6. Recently the lodge room was handsomely refitted at no small cost, making it one of the most attractive in the city, and as the order is essentially a social one, money is needed for current expenses aside from routine disbursements. That the present indebtedness will be lifted by the coming benefit is beyond question, as the sale of tickets is already very large. The event in itself will be one sterling merit and histrionic importance. Several well-known and popular attractions which will be in St. Paul at the time have signified their willingness to participate, and the programme to be given at the Harris theater will be varied and entertaining. Al Lipman will appear in one act of "The Burglar," Frank Daniels in one scene of "Little Puck," Conreid's opera company in a favorite opera, while local artists of vocal and declamatory tendencies will fill in.

Entertained by Seibert.

The third Sunday concert of the semi-monthly series being given by Prof. Seibert in the Turner hall occurred yesterday afternoon. The auditorium was well filled with a representative audience of St. Paul music lovers, and each number on the extensive and carefully prepared programme was greeted with well-bred plaudits. Prof. Seibert deserves a good deal of credit for having placed before the public for its Sunday edification such an aggregation of first-class musicians in high-class musical performance. The trombone solo by J. Danz and clarionet solo by August Freibel were wonderfully fine performances and brought down the house. The attendance at the concerts increases largely as the season advances, and it seems that if the concerts are kept at their present standard of excellence the seating capacity of the hall will scarcely be found sufficient.

From the Robert Street Bridge.

Charles Crump, of 310 East Seventh street, a colored barber who recently came to St. Paul from Sioux City, fell from the Robert street bridge late last night and was found by Policeman McCart in an unconscious condition, lying on the Second street roadway below. His face was badly bruised, but no bones were broken. He was taken to the city hospital where the physicians ascertained that he was suffering more from the effects of liquor than from his fall. When he revived he objected to staying in the hospital and was released. He is supposed to have fallen while attempting to climb on to the railing.

NEWS BOILED IN BREVITY.

The board of fire commissioners will meet at department headquarters to-night.

It was the Irish-American club that held its annual election of officers Saturday evening and not the Young Irish-American club, as stated in yesterday's GLOBE. T. D. O'Brien was elected vice president, not C. D. O'Brien.

W. G. Perdey, of East Seventh street, has a Maltese cat which is probably the most prolific feline in the city, having had forty-two kittens during the present year, thirty-eight of them being still alive and addicted to weird midnight vocalism.

Three young men named Allen, Sherer and Stephens, who were skating on the river below the bridge yesterday, broke through the ice and narrowly escaped drowning. They were rescued by means of long planks wielded by others of the skating contingent.

Arthur Benington, the railroad editor of the GLOBE, has been transferred to the Washington bureau, and left last night for the scene of his new duties. Before his departure his staff confreres arranged a neat little dinner at the Hotel Metropolitan, over which two hours were pleasantly spent.

A. Bertram, the St. Peter intelligence officeman, is alarmed lest some one should imagine he is conducting one of the objectionable employment bureaus alluded to in the GLOBE. There has nothing damaging ever been charged against the Bertram establishment, which gives employment only to women.

A man whose religious methods are fashioned somewhat after the style of the Salvation army has held forth on St. Peter street, near Ninth, for several evenings, preaching and singing to an interested crowd of street gamins and idlers. He disclaims any connection with the red badge, though he is said to have been formerly a member of the Salvation Army.

The festival given at Cretin hall last Thursday evening, under the auspices of the young ladies of the Cathedral parish, was a decided success in every way. The object, as every one knows, was to raise a purse for Father Shanley as a slight appreciation of his noble services in the cause of religion and humanity. The hall was packed from 8 o'clock until 10, and the young ladies did themselves proud in their efforts to please everybody. It is estimated that the festival netted about $500.

Additional City News on Page 5.

IN A VEIN OF GOSSIP.

City Church Matters Handled in Conversational Style.

An Aggregation of Don'ts That Will Benefit Church-Goers.

Why Christians of St. Paul May Give Thanks on Thursday.

The Hold the Church Choir Takes of the Boy Members.

Bishop Gilbert preached one of his thoroughgoing, incisive sermons in St. John's church the other evening. The subject was "The Duty of Giving Liberally to Missions," and the good bishop scored several particularly keen points. He told his hearers, among other things, that many of them would think nothing of paying $500 for a fast horse, or even for a poodle dog, when it would be difficult to scare a five-dollar bill out of their pockets in aid of needy missions. When Bishop Gilbert was rector of Christ church in this city, he used often to give his hearers a "good shaking up." It is said that on one memorable occasion he electrified his congregation by paying his respects, in language both forcible and eloquent, to those who were accustomed to act inhospitably in the matter of sharing their pews with strangers. The indignant gleam in the bishop's eye and the sturdy vigor of his gestures are recalled to this day. The effects of that sermon have been endearing, as any one visiting Christ church at the present time can pleasantly experience for himself. It is said that Bishop Gilbert is one of the few preachers who can cut into, lay bare and ruthlessly cauterize the follies, foibles and vices of his hearers without wounding their amour propre. Fearless and outspoken to a degree, it is not known that his sharpest thrusts have ever made him a personal enemy. This is doubtless due to his unmistakable earnestness, and the entire self-forgetfulness with which he seeks to advance the spiritual interests of his listeners, while at the same time striving to bring about the highest welfare of his church and diocese.

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One of the oldest ministers of the state supplies the following pointers to his brother workers in the Lord's vineyard:

Don't fail to take a warm interest in all that concerns the welfare of your flock, temporal as well as spiritual. It is probable that quite as many souls are added to the church by faithful house-to-house visitation as by the most eloquent pulpit efforts.

Don't, when people stay away from church, say coldly, "They know where the church is; if they do not care to come, it is not my place to run after them."

Don't forget that your true mission, first, last and all the time, is to save immortal souls. Pet schemes, personal feelings, even whae may be called "proper pride," should all be subordinated to this one tremendous responsibility.

Don't be too ready to insist upon a full recognition of your official authority at all times and in all places. Rather aim at winning the personal love and esteem of your people, and respect for your office will not be wanting.

Don't flatter yourself that you can successfully manage your church by encouraging one set of members to live in a state of chronic opposition to the others.

Don't allow one person to remain under a wrong impression concerning another when you have it in your power to remove it.

Don't sit down on a parishioner who offers a good suggestion, just because you did not happen to think of it yourself first.

Don't listen to tittle-tattle from anybody concerning anybody.

Don't imagine that ordination, whether conferred by a bishop or a presbytery, will of itself supply the lack of good temper or good judgment.

Don't fail to cultivate a friendly—not to say affectionate—disposition towards all your brother ministers. There can scarcely be a greater stumbling block in the path of Christian progress to-day than an absence of esprit du corps among the clergy.

Don't stoop to bestow a kick upon a brother clergymen, just because by doing so you may gain a little momentary popularity among certain "wealthy and influential" members of the laity.

Don't, for heaven's sake, ever do or say anything which, in the slightest degree, savors of double dealing. The laity are very quick to detect the least departure from strict veracity.

Don't speak disparagingly of woman or woman's work. Without their unceasing and self-denying labors you would probably cut rather a sorry figure in the church to-day.

Don't—in any of the varied relations of life—be anything less than a Christian gentleman.

Finally, my reverend brethren, whatever else you may be deficient in,

Don't be wanting in tact—

* * *

"Give me the boys," said a popular clergyman the other evening, "and I shall have no anxiety as to the future of our church. The girls, God bless them! will be always loyal and true; but the boys—ah! I must confess I often worry about the boys." The bright and able speaker went on to advance the claim that the modern Sunday school does not succeed in retaining its hold upon the boys and young men of our churches, and that some other instrumentality is a pressing necessity of the times. That instrumentality, he said, is to be found in the church choir, which has proved a grand agency for keeping alive the interest of the boys after they have grown up to man's estate. Old choir boys seldom or never become wholly indifferent to the church of their early days. There are several young and middle-aged men in this city who, when mere lads, sang in the vested choirs of English and Canadian churches, and there are no more active or enthusiastic members of the church than these same men. There are statistics which show that quite a large percentage of young men pass by a perfectly natural transition from the choir to the ministry. All this is a strong argument in favor of boy choirs; but at the same time we trust the Sunday school is not failing in its mission to the extent suggested by the reverend gentleman. If such be really the case, is it not due to the failure in administering the system rather than to any vital inadequacy in the system itself? The trouble with the boy choir is that, excellent as it doubtless is as a religious and devotional educator, it is necessarily limited in its scope, and cannot reach more than a comparatively small proportion of the boys and young men connected with any one church.

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Thanksgiving is once more upon us, and it may not be out of place to state a few things why we should give thanks. Let us give thanks because—

We have the largest and most beautiful church edifices.

The grandest organ.

The most highly cultivated quartette choirs.

The most talented organists.

The finest vested choirs.

The most orthodox divines.

The most progressive preachers.

The most devoted Sunday school superintendents and teachers.

The most earnest, hard-working laymen.

The most gentle, industrious laywomen.

The most open-hearted and open-handed congregations.

And because we are going to have—

The most magnificent cathedral and the noblest Y. M. C. A. building in all this great, glorious, golden Northwest.

Let us further be thankful—

That there are no serious church rows in progress at present.

That the pulpit still holds its own against the choir.

That our obstreperous lay members are being gradually taught to know their place.

That we all love and esteem one another, and realize the blessedness of brethren dwelling together in unity.

* * *

A harvest festival was held yesterday at the Universalist church. There were recitations by the young people, appropriate music by the choir and a suitable address by the pastor, Rev. W. S. Vail. Members of the congregation brought baskets of fruit and flowers, which were afterwards distributed among the poor people, the hospitals and the jails of the city.

* * *

A pleasing feature was introduced last evening at the services of the People's church when a sermon-lecture by Dr. Smith was illustrated with a series of stereopticon views of "Israel in the Wilderness." Other ministers would do well to copy this innovation and thus relieve the dryness of their long discourses.

* * *

A week's mission will be commenced at Clinton Avenue M. E. church Dec. 1.

Catarrh

Is a complaint which affects nearly everbody more or less. It originates in a cold, or success on of colds, combined with impure blood. Disagreeable flow from the nose, tickling in the throat, offensive breath, pain over and between the eyes, ringing and bursting noises in the ears, are the more common symptoms. Catarrh is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strikes directly at its cause by removing all impurities from the blood, building up the diseased tissues and giving healthy tone to the whole system.

"For several years I have been troubled with that terribly disagreeable disease, catarrh. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the very best results. It cured me of that continual dropping in my throat and stuffed-up feeling. It has also helped my mother, who has taken it for run-down state of health and kidney trouble. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all as a good medicine." MRS. S. D. HEATH, Putnam, Conn.

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

100 Doses One Dollar

A Thanksgiving ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have exerted ourselves to secure the choicest goods possible for our patrons for Thanksgiving, and have no hesitancy in saying that our stock is complete in the full sense of the term---the largest in the Northwest.

MENU.

SOUP---Fine canned soups of every kind.

MEATS---Oysters, standard, select and New York counts, direct from Baltimore, the best the market affords. Turkey, chicken, geese and ducks, the freshest and nicest produced.

FRESH AND CANNED VEGETABLES---French peas, tomatoes, asparagus, corn, mushrooms, French stringless beans, crisp celery, lettuce, radishes, spinach and parsley.

TABLE DELICACIES---Mammoth Queen olives, olive oil--absolutely pure---imported jams and marmalade; preserved fruits in all sizes, German, French and American, all the best known brands Brandy fruits of the finest quality. Home-made jellies in glasses, Guava jelly, preserved and crystallized ginger, fine layer figs, Dehesa, Cluster and London layer table raisins, fresh mixed nuts of all kinds, a fine line of cream candies at 25c per pound, fresh home-made caramels, taffies and buttercups. Also nice mixture of candies from 12½c to 20c per lb. Florida oranges, grapes--Concord and Malaga--bananas.

Remember our choice line of brandy minced meat, put up in 2, 3, 5 and 6-lb. glass. We guarantee it to be the finest made in the world. Watkins' relishes, Watkins' pickled walnuts, Crosse & Blackwell's vinegars of all kinds. Also their fine line of pickles, sauces and paste. Fancy crackers of every description.

To please the gentlemen we have a selection of imported, Key West and domestic cigars that will suit the most fastidious.

A visit to our store will convince you that we are the leaders in St. Paul in everything pertaining to a first-class grocery house.

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Uncle Tom's Cabin	75 cts
Little Lord Fauntleroy	$1.20
Mrs. Mary J. Holmes	85 cts
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A. S. Roe	85 cts
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Gentlemen's Best Quality Patent Leather Dress Shoes, $5.00.

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Large assortment in Fancy Slippers.

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