MINNEAPOLIS.

YESTERDAY IN MINNEAPOLIS.

Yesterday Minneapolis was a smooth city, and every man who stepped beyond his own threshold became firmly convinced that he, too, was smooth, at least on the bottoms of his feet. All pedestrians had their skates on, or could have had. And not a boy could be seen hovering over any part of the municipality. The snow of Saturday night was responsible for it all. When the storm first began the falling snow was of the soft, wet variety, which became packed down hard on the walks and became solid ice before morning. That is why several eminent and highly respected gentlemen were seen giving exhibitions of ground and lofty tumbling which were equal to those of the best professional acrobats. Everybody swore, but the ice never moved. It lay around thick, and waited for its unwary victims, and there were many of them. Old men, young men, middle-aged men, women, girls and dudes succumbed to the inevitable. Druggists are anticipating a boom in the liniment trade.

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The liverymen wore smiles yesterday that would have won the heart of a pawnbroker. The weather was cold and the air was keen, but that seemed to cut no figure. Advantage had to be taken of the first real snow of the season. Every young man so fortunate as to possess a best girl and the necessary price for a horse and sleigh, took that same girl for a ride; and the young man who had no price but who had a girl, hocked his fall overcoat in the good cause. What if the mercury did fool around the zero mark a good part of the time? It but added zest to the pleasure of flying over the roads behind a fast horse, sleighs innumerable were out, and many sharp races served to break up the monotony for several of the drivers. The fast driving ordinance was violated scores of times.

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The reading rooms of the public library were well filled yesterday. Both the newspaper and book rooms were comparatively well filled throughout the hours during which the library is kept open. Strange to say, the persons who were there poring over books, newspapers and magazines seemed really to enjoy it. Outwardly, too, they looked very like ordinary men, good, honest, trustworthy men, although it is barely possible that Sunday observance advocates might have discovered that within a fair exterior each and every one concealed a heart full of longing to plunge into sin and crime, exemplified by their desire to desecrate the Sabbath by reading good literature. The degrading spectacle of intelligent, thinking men becoming so thoroughly lost to all sense of Christianity as to thus pass the Sabbath in intellectual occupations should not be tolerated in a civilized community. So, at least, say the advocates of Sunday closing.

CHURCH NOTES.

A telegram was received Saturday which seems to indicate that Rev. Dr. Kincaid will accept the offer made him by the Andrews Presbyterian church, but there was nothing definite. On leaving the Baptist church he decided to join either the Presbyterians or Congregationalists, but had no preference for either. The Andrew church offered him $2,500, a salary considerably above that which they had been paying, but a Congregational church in the East also desires the doctor, and has made him a good offer, so the outcome is a matter of conjecture.

Dr. Wayland Hoyt, who was to have taken the pastorate of the First Baptist church last Sunday, is confidently expected the latter part of the week, and he will take up his work permanently next Sunday.

Rev. Bartlett Foskett, who has been engaged in Baptist city missionary work the past year, has resigned his position and gone East to take a post-graduate course for two years at Yale. His work in Minneapolis has been most successful.

MINNEAPOLIS GLOBULES.

Work on the cable line will cease in a few days for the winter, as cold weather may set in at any time.

The ladies of the social circle meet this afternoon at 2 o'clock in the vestry of the church of the Redeemer.

A Christmas tree festival will be held tomorrow evening by the City Temple Sunday school at 1119 Third street south.

This morning the Presbyterian ministry will discuss the question of keeping the public library open Sundays.

A watch meeting will be held by several of the churches at the Hennepin Avenue M. E. church on New Year's eve from 9 to 12.

Edward S. Waters will deliver an illustrated lecture on "The Art of the Renaissance," at the First Unitarian church, Friday evening.

Great preparations have been made by the Apollo Musical society for their New Year's festival at Dania hall. The best local talent has been obtained.

The renowned preaching and singing evangelists, the Morrill twins, gave illustrated lectures both morning and evening at the Calvary Baptist church.

Ex-Gov. John P. St John, of Kansas, the famous temperance lecturer, will give a series of lectures throughout the state, commencing the early part of next month. He will speak at Armory hall, in this city, Jan. 10.

John Loftus, son of Stephen Loftus, aged thirty-two years, died of hasty consumption at his father's home, 2311 Washington avenue north, at 10 a. m. yesterday. The funeral will take place from Immaculate Conception church at 9 o'clock a. m., Tuesday.

John Wachuta, the young bartender who accidentally fell into an elevator shaft at Third avenue north and first street about a week ago and fractured his skull, is in a very critical condition, and is only conscious by spells. He has no remembrance of how the accident occurred.

A lecture will be given at Plummer Post hall this evening by W. A. Rutherford, the well-known scout. He will relate some blood-curdling adventures which he has met with among the Indians. According to his story, he was on the frontier twenty-two years, a prisoner two years, a government scout three years, and was once tied to a stake ready for torture.

The fifth musicale of the Ladies' and Gentlemen's club is to be given at H. E. Zoch's rooms to-morrow evening. The programme includes: Sonata No. 7, A minor, Mozart, by Miss Mary F. Reagan; Erotik, Op. 48, No. 3, Grieg, and Novelette, Op. 21, No. 1, Schuman, by Mrs. Arthur Blodgett; vocal solo, (a) Marie, (b) Farewell, Robert Franz, by G. W. Ferguson; Phantasie, Op. 78, Schubert, by Miss Margaret Drew; Mazurek, for the left hand alone, Rheinberger. Concert Etude, on black keys, Chopin, by Otto Keidel.

There will be a watch night service at the Hennepin Avenue Methodist church this evening, and an elaborate musical programme, under the direction of Thomas F. Drill. A. M. Shuey, H. S. Woodruff and R. W. Middleton will be the organists. There will be a very large choir and a number of soloists, among whom will be Mrs. L. J. Covey, Miss Susie McKay and Miss Maud Ulmer, sopranos; Miss Julia May and Mrs. M. A. Paulson, contraltos; J. E. Richardson and O. H. Jacques, tenors; A. W. Porter, C. E. Fisher and Thomas T. Drill, bassos. Miss Mabel Edinger will be the pianist, and will play a selection with the organ.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

At the Holmes: George I. MacManus, Crookston; Miss Maddern and aunt, S. A. Edwards, New York; William Faversham, New York; Katherine Florence, New York.

At the Windsor: John Schultz, Duluth; F. W. Lyon, Watertown, S. D.; C. D. Fairchilds, L. S. Strom, Stockholm; E. G. Black, Toronto; H. Freeland, Seattle; E. A. Farris, Hampton, Io.; Carl Weber, Cedar Rapids.

At the West: George Cloutie, London, Eng.; Miss Gertrude Miller, Washington; F. A. Irving, Victoria, B. C.; W. W. Bell, Fargo, N. D.; J. A. Smith, Eau Claire; F. B. Anderson, Cleveland, O.; The Robson company; Miss Hamilton, Hudson.

At the Brunswick: John Castello, Chicago; Otto Verner, La Crosse; R. S. Mentrum, Missoula; John Schmidt, Duluth; J. B. Sumgan, Grand Forks, N. D.; O. J. Young, La Crosse; O. B. Stipley, Baltimore; Edward F. Ratcliffe, London, Eng.

At the Nicollet: O. C. Klock, Grand Rapids, Mich.; W. B. Graham, Winnipeg; Thomas Nixon Jr., Winnipeg; John C. Frost, Stevens Point; J. R. Robertson, Fargo; J. F. Sauborn, Brainerd; J. D. Muldoon, Merriam Park; J. J. Hitchcock, O. C. Gilbert, Stevens Point.

THE PONTIFICAL MASS

Was Celebrated Yesterday for the First Time by Bishop McGolrick.

The Ministers Preach About the New Year's Golden Opportunities.

A $4,000 Robbery Dwindles Down to Almost Nothing.

The Story of a Day as Gathered by Vigilant Globe Scribes.

The ceremonies at the Church of the Immaculate Conception yesterday morning were most impressive, the newly consecrated Bishop James McGolrick being present, and pontifical high mass was celebrated. The church was ornamented as on Christmas day, and, with the bishop arrayed with miter and crosier, presented an impressive sight. Rev. Thomas O'Gorman delivered the sermon, and spoke of the twenty years which Bishop McGolrick had spent in this parish, coming here when there were but a few scattered houses, and when the wooden structure used as a church also served the purpose of a school house. He added that in connection with the Christmas festival which we are celebrating a great honor has been conferred upon us in the consecration of a bishop from our midst. He dwelt at some length upon the great educational work which has been done by the newly-made bishop, and how now that he is about to leave us he gives the last work of his pen in defense of the education of children. He then went on to speak of the great growth of the city, and the manner in which the church has kept pace with it; how the Immaculate Conception was the mother parish of the city, giving aid to the other parishes in their infancy, as became a mother. Those who were present, he said, at the consecration of the bishops last Friday beheld the manner in which the church sends forth those whom she has chosen to be successors of apostles. "As my father sent me, so do I send you," said our Savior, and thus have the powers and duties of the apostles descended in an unbroken line to those who were consecrated but a few days ago. The work of the church he declared to be the teaching of truth and the sending of grace, the two things which man has always needed, and will need till the end of time. After tracing back the manner in which the new bishops received their power from the apostles, he spoke of the cost of the new honor which has been conferred, and dwelt upon the parting which must soon come. In closing he asked the prayers of all to assist Bishop McGolrick in his new duties, and said that the kindness of the new friends would never blot out the memory of the kind treatment he had received in this city.

Eight priests assisted in the mass, namely: Father Le Roy, of Duluth, assistant priest; Fathers Win and Henry McGolrick, assistant deacons; deacon and sub-deacon, Fathers Dewitt and Timothy; masters of ceremonies, Fathers Corbett and Corcoran. Father Byrne was present in the sanctuary.

PREPARE FOR DEATH.

Dr. Tiffany Preaches on the Solemnity of This Season.

At the Hennepin Avenue Methodist Episcopal church yesterday morning, the pastor, Rev. Dr. Tiffany, spoke of the solemnity of the occasion—the last Sunday of the calendar year, from Psalm xc., 12: "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom," and said: The season naturally awakens solemn thought. Our days are few, and rapidly passing, yet they are the only days in which we are assured of opportunity to prepare for an unending future. The ending of their number we call death. It comes to all alike. It is the law of nature—the appointment of God. Its coming is no accident nor happening, but determined by Him who gave life, and who ends it. The analogies between His kingdoms suggest the laws of each, and the universal law of death finds the interpretation of its methods in Isaiah lxiv., 6: "We all do fade as a leaf."

We look abroad and see desolation of the winter all about us. The leaves have fallen from the trees, the rich foliage which shadowed the gardens, decked the landscape and robed the forests, has everywhere decayed. "The wind has passed over it, and it has gone—the grass withereth and the flower fadeth." And this is emblematic of our life in every stage and sphere and clime. We all do fade as does the leaf. The mighty population of the globe is at this moment fading and falling, as the forest leaves have faded and fallen. There is no power that can keep the foliage on the tree. The leaf must fall. And so all flesh is as grass. Death is a great fact. He may delay his work, but does not forget his mission. His arrow may be slow, but his aim is true and his shaft will hit the mark and strike the fatal blow.

Death is sure. "What man is there that liveth and shall not see death?" "It is appointed unto all men once to die."

No money can bribe Death: no power can avert his blow. "There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit, neither hath he power in the day of death." But the forests are not stripped by one blast, the foliage does not descend in one shower, the flowers are not withered by one breath, leaving nature, which was full of life and beauty one moment, a miserable wreck and a vast grave the next. So human life fades by degrees—except in famine, pestilence and war, when men are cut down suddenly in great numbers—the processes are slow. The leaf of life gradually withers until it falls. The fading graduates into obliteration, allowing time for reflection and preparation; but all at last returns to primitive elements. The leaf, however symmetrical, the flower, however beautiful, growing in rich or poorer soil, breathed on by salubrious or miasmatic winds, all at length are indiscriminately commingled in one common dust.

And so there are infinite varieties of lives. Some enjoyed in wealth, and some endured in poverty; some clad in velvet, some in rags; some in loveliness, some in deformity; some in gladness, some in misery; some in pomp, and some in shame. But in a few fleeting years princes and paupers, sovereigns and subjects, despots and serfs, masters and servants, will be indistinguishable dust. "Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return," is the unalterable decree for all the living.

But, in the processes of nature, the fading leaf is but the preparation for a new life. The leaf falls, in fact, because the new life rising from the root has pushed it off the stem. In a few months the trees, now all bare, will appear as lovely as any that have preceded them. The forest will not miss the fallen leaves, but will be enriched by them. And so with human life. Men die, but others step into their places; new leaves spring out from the branches of society which death has stripped. Humanity will carry on its arts, its literature, its commerce, its governments, its religions, without our help.

"The gay will laugh
When we are gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom."

And thus the continuity of lives is manifested, showing that progression which indicates its ultimate destiny.

A HELPING WORD.

Beginning the New Year With Christian Cheer for One Another.

Rev. W. J. Lhamon, pastor of the Church of Christ, last evening preached from the text:

"They helped every man his neighbor; and every one said to his brother, be of good cheer. So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smiteth the anvil, saying of the soldering, it is good." Isaiah, xli., 6 and 7.

A helping word is as good as a helping hand. "Soldiers, remember that from these pyramids forty centuries contemplate your deeds." That was the speech with which Napoleon helped his men to win the battle of the pyramids. "Charge in the name of the Most High," cried Cromwell, and then his Ironsides swept everything before them. Braver and more brotherly words cannot be found than those of Moses' farewell address: "Be strong and of good courage; fear not, nor be affrighted at them; for the Lord thy God, He it is that doth go with thee; He will not fail thee nor forsake thee." The Bible heroes never count on defeat—they are heroic to the heart, and their language is always in the style of victory. Paul's whole life is a pæan, and his last words are a shout. The Bible is a book of hope and inspiration, and, therefore, of happiness. Christ is the world's best optimist. If you would be thoroughly miserable go and learn from the books of the infidels. Instead of your clear sky of faith they will give a philosophic fog of agnosticism, and instead of victory they will promise you only the moss that grows on dead men's bones.

Our text suggests how we may help one another: "The carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, . . . and they said of the welding, 'it is good.'" There was no professional faultfinder in all that company. Nobody had a wet blanket to throw over their little fire of enthusiasm; there was nobody to say, "You can't do it—you can't do it." They had good words for each other. Are there none to say of repentance, "It is good?" Of halting efforts at righteousness, "It is good?" Are there none to overlook the faults and praise the prattle of babes? If the heart is loyal the hands may be excused for accidental misslicks, and the feet for occasional slips. Church treasurers are human, and the soprano singer may pitch the piece a half a step too high, and the organist may strike a false note once a year, and even the preacher may occasionally get his nominative case caught onto a preposition. What then? Are we not all worshiping, and does not God hear the praise of the hearts of His people rising in richest music to His throne spite of all our human discords? While you are censuring the work or the worship it may be that the recording angels are whispering to one another, It is good. O, you carpenters in Christ's workshop, will you not encourage the goldsmiths who are there beside you? And you goldsmiths, you will not despise the blacksmiths, but you will say of the welding, It is good. Robert Browning has a thoroughly Christian sentiment in these words:

"It's wiser being good than bad,
It's safer being meek than fierce,
It's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That after last returns the first;
That which began best can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once prove accursed."

GET A PAIR OF SANDALS.

"Preparation for the New Year," the Subject of Dr. Burrell's Discourse.

Dr. Burrell's subject for last evening's sermon was "A Pair of Sandals for the New Year," taking his text from Ephesians, vi.: "And having your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of Christ." He spoke as follows:

Saint Paul was fond of representing life under the figure of a campaign. "Fight the good fight of faith," is his injunction; and another, "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. He himself was a soldier of good mettle, who gallantly faced foes without and fears within until on the borders of eternity he could say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept my faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown which the righteous Judge shall give me at that day." It is quite in line with his own experience that this man exhorts us to put on the whole armor of God; "having your loins girt with truth and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel," taking the breastplate of righteousness and the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fury darts of the adversary, and the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." No part of this equipment is more necessary than the sandals. A Roman soldier fought at close range, oftentimes hand to hand; much therefore, depended on his being well shod "that he might be able to withstand in the evil day and having done all to stand." At the beginning of the new year we want a due preparation for its tasks and responsibilities. We are to set forth "shod with preparation," the preparation of the gospel of Christ.

We are moved at this transitional period to look backward over the old year. It is not altogether a pleasing retrospect. Sins meet our view, sins without number, but over against them we observe the infinite grace; as it is written, "Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound." Sorrows also meet our view, but over against them were divine consolations and special providences and unspeakable tokens of a Father's love. And wasted opportunities come to our remembrance, hopes unfulfilled, privileges unimproved, possibilities unfulfilled; but this sad record is overarched with a bow of promise, an assurance of better hopes and brighter days. Therefore, forgetting the things which are behind let us reach forth unto those which are before, and press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

This is a time also for looking inward. Self-examination is oftentimes morbid and unwholesome, but we should scarcely be just to ourselves at this season were we to omit it. While merchants are looking over their books and taking an inventory of stock to see "how they stand with the world," we also may profitably look over our moral gains and losses to see how we stand with the other world, the endless hereafter. It is a time to be asking ourselves such questions as these: "Have I any master passions? Do I believe in that Christ of whom it is written 'He that believeth in Him shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned?' Have I made such open confession of Him as shall insure me recognition when He comes again in His glory?"

This is a time, moreover, to be looking upward. "I look unto the hills from whence cometh my help." It does little good to merely make resolutions or "turn over a new leaf." As well try to mend a watch by adjusting its hands to the time of day. The thing needed is a thorough overhauling. There is no real reformation without a renovation of heart. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." That being done on acceptidg Christ, the next important matter is to put away sin, and the next is to take up the cross, as it is written: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross, and follow Me."

And, finally, this is a time for looking forward. How far? Not merely through the coming twelvemonth, with its tasks and pleasures and responsibilities, but further; through all the years till death" and beyond death to the judgment; and beyond judgment to the endless life. "Eternity, eternity, how long art thou?; The part of a true man is to adjust his manner of living and thinking and working and playing to the importance of that eternal life.

KNOCKED OUT OF TIME.

A Sensational $4,000 Robbery Dwindles to a Small Larceny.

The gore reporter of the Times "had 'em" again Saturday night. He thought he had a "scoop," and proceeded to work it for a good deal more than there was in it. The word-painting department of his brain was oiled up, and he proceeded to concoct a thrilling tale about "a very beautiful and stylishly dressed young lady," a late young man wearing a cape overcoat," "a tray full of first-water diamonds," etc. The value of the diamonds was placed at $4,000—it might as well have been $24,000, and the date of the robbery was said to have been Friday morning. As a matter of fact the jewelry was missed the night before Christmas, and the value of it, as reported to the police, was placed at $100 by the losers.

AMUSEMENTS.

Judging from the sale of seats, a large and fashionable audience will welcome the appearance of Stuart Robson at the Grand opera to-night in the character of Chique, in his new comedy written especially for him by Steele Mackeye, entitled "An Arrant Knave." To-night will be the first presentation of this play in some four months, owing to the great expense in carrying the immense amount of scenery, all of which will be placed on the Grand's stage this evening.

Miss Minnie Maddern begins her engagement at the Harris theater to-night with "In Spite of All." A warm welcome is assured her.

"The Little Nugget" company closed its engagement at the Bijou Opera house last evening, and to-night "Lost in New York," the great tank show, opens for the week.

"Col. Blizzard, of Texas" opened to a good audience at the Pence opera house last evening, with Frederick Bock, as Jessaline Rodgers, in the cast.

Music lovers will look forward with special delight, to the coming engagement at the Grand opera of the Rudolph Arnson Opera company, which will present all of Mr. Arnson's successes of the Casino theater, New York city. The repertoire will include "Nadja," "The Brigands," "Erminie," and, probably, "The Drum Major's Daughter." This is the same brilliant organization that first produced "Erminie" in Minneapolis.

Manager Conklin has changed the style of suits of the colored water boys employed at the Grand. Instead of the white flannel suit with red sash, they are now dressed in Pinafore costumes.

MONASCH'S METHODS.

They Are Being Looked Into to Some Extent.

Isadore Monasch and his financial troubles in connection with the Turner Building and Loan association, whose funds he is said to have misappropriated, are occasioning considerable talk, especially among the German element. The amount of the alleged shortage, as at first stated, is about $25,000. Monasch has already made overtures for a settlement, and it is probable that the difficulty will be adjusted this afternoon without the interference of the courts. Monasch has offered to turn over his lithographing plant, valued at $20,000 at the very least, to the association as security for the refunding of the money. Many are of opinion that Monasch cannot be prosecuted for embezzlement, as he did not use any deception in his method of keeping the books, but had everything in good shape for the investigators when he was suspected of having not done just exactly what was right. Anyhow, the examiners had no trouble in finding out the amount of the shortage.

"Where did the money go?" is a question frequently asked in connection with this matter, and not yet satisfactorily answered. There was a rumor afloat in certain circles last night to the effect that Monasch was in debt for a considerable amount to the employes of his lithographing establishment. It is alleged that salaries have not been paid promptly nor in full for some time past. This report could not be verified last night. If it be true, it leaves the question as to what became of the money still more in the dark. Monasch's establishment was burned a few year's ago, but he received the full amount of his insurance, so that it cannot be to cover losses from that fire that the money was misappropriated. He is not an extravagant man in any way. He makes no pretenses of keeping up a social establishment, is a plain dresser, and not given to dissipation. In fact, he is just a matter-of-fact man of business. In view of all these facts, the question again arises, what became of the money? It is likely to remain unanswered for some time yet.

DANZ CONCERT.

A Musical Treat That Was Thoroughly Enjoyed Yesterday.

Despite the real heavy snow of the season, the Danz orchestra concert yesterday attracted a large and cultured audience at Harmonia hall; in fact, the audience was, with one exception, the largest that has attended any concert of the series thus far, and there were not a dozen vacant chairs in the hall. The programme, while it possibly did not give such general satisfaction as that of the request concert of two weeks ago, was a most excellent one, and was thoroughly enjoyed, as attested by the hearty applause that greeted each number. The overture, 'Le Roi La Dit," by Delibes, was heard for the first time, and created a most favorable impression, although its length precluded an encore. Emil Straka's violin solo, Wieniawski's fantaisie of airs, from "Faust" was the gem of the programme. The difficult music was rendered with both ease and beauty of execution, while the expression was both strong and subtle, as required. Mr. Straka has certainly never before appeared to better advantage, and confirmed the favorable impression already formed of his ability. He was warmly encored. The serenade for the flute and oboe, rendered by Messrs. Freeman and Wertz, was a delicious melody. H. E. Zoch, the pianist, played an adagio and rondo from Beethoven's fifth concerto, with orchestra accompaniment, with consumate skill. "The Flirtation," rendered by a strong orchestra, captured the audience completely, and was encored. The last number was the Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 2 by Liszt, which brought out the strength of the full orchestra to full advantage, and was superbly rendered. Altogether the concert was a delightful one, fully up to the high standard established by its predecessors.

DEDICATORY SERVICES.

Formal Opening of the Prospect Park Presbyterian Mission Chapel.

The Prospect Park Presbyterian Mission church was dedicated yesterday afternoon, the services beginning at 3 o'clock. There was singing by the Sunday school, reading of the Scriptures by John S. Handyside, prayer by Rev. C. C. Christianson, an address by A. H. Blanen, singing by Mr. and Mrs. Blossom and Mrs. Williams, an address by Dr. Burrell, the report of the building committee, dedicatory prayer by Rev. Mr. McCaslin, singing by the Sunday school and congregation, and benediction.

The chapel is the old Hope Mission church, formerly located at Ninth street north and since removed to Twenty-sixth avenue north. It has been almost entirely rebuilt, and so remodeled that it is indeed a beautiful building. It faces Prospect park, and seems destined to become one of the most successful missions of the city. There is already a fair membership.

"La Grippe" Still Here.

"La Grippe" still has its grip tightly fastened upon the police force. Sixteen men are still on the sick list and unable to report for duty. None of the cases are particularly serious.

M'GINTY IS IN TOWN.

After Leaving New York He Came on to Chicago.

Driven From There, He Arrives in Minneapolis Destitute.

He Finds Himself an Outcast Because of a Song,

And Asks The Globe to Request the Public to Let Up.

The city editor had gone home. All the reporters except one had departed to secure their midnight lunch and one solitary item pursuer was left in the office to grind out something for the Monday paper. Soundly he was cudgeling his brain for new ideas, with a poor prospect of success, when a cold blast of air caused him to look up. Just entering the door was one of the sorriest specimens of humanity that his eyes had ever rested upon. A straggling, unkempt beard of several weeks' growth covered his face. He had no hat and his hair, which was long and matted and full of weeds and water grass, gave him a ferocious appearance, especially as his eyes glowed with the fire of some grievance which was slowly but surely undermining his reason. His form was gaunt and his clothes hung upon his emaciated limbs in curious folds. He had the appearance of being half starved and of having, at some recent date, been in the water.

The defenseless reporter was somewhat startled by this scarcely human looking apparition, and involuntarily his hand reached for a club. Then the strange visitor spoke.

"See here, young man, don't be impetuous. Give me a chance. I've had trouble enough already. Now just do a favor for a much abused piece of humanity."

The reporter was touched by the plaintive air of his visitor, and resolved to hear the wreck's story.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked.

"I want you to write a little piece for the paper, giving me a fair show and squaring me with the world."

"What's your name?"

"McGinty."

The aforementioned club was grasped by the reporter and waved wildly over the head of the intruder. But the man did not run, and a look of appealing earnestness in the man's face caused the reporter to restrain his murderous hand.

"That's just the way they all act. I never do get a show. I approach a man with story, he asks me my name and then I get a kick, a smash in the neck or the man flies as from a pestilence."

"Well, go ahead with your tale of woe."

"It's a fact that I went down to the bottom of the sea, but it is a mistake to say that I have never been found. Just after my little mishap, a concert hall singer fixed up a little rhyme on my troubles and from that moment I was gone. 'McGinty' caught on and became a favorite joke.

"When I got out of the water I went to a hotel, looking a little tough from my soujourn at the bottom of the sea. I wrote my name on the register and called for a room. The hotel clerk twirled the book around, saw the name. I was summarily fired into the street.

"As I went out of the door I bumped against a policeman, and, of course, he collared me without a word, as policemen have a habit of doing, and marched to the station. The sergeant asked my name and my reply brought more abuse. I was locked up without anything to eat. Before the judge next morning I told my name and got sixty days on the island for contempt of court. I escaped on the way across the East river, swam ashore and fell in with some wharf rats. They got onto my name and again I had to sneak.

"My troubles were having a bad effect upon my mind, but I was sane enough to be determined to obain legal redress. I obtained it. On the sixth floor of a big block I found the lawyer for whom I was looking. I told him my name, and it raised such a cyclone in that room that I was kicked down six flights of stairs."

"Where did all this happen?"

"In New York. You may be sure that after so many trials in the great metropolis I concluded that it was no place for me. So I started for the West. I had no money and had to walk. What I had gone through had almost wholly destroyed my reason. I gave no attention to my personal appearance, and had never brightened up my exterior after my disastrous trip to the bottom of the sea. Small wonder that farmers chased me with guns in some of the districts through which I passed. I did find a few kind-hearted persons, however, who had never heard of McGinty, so that I managed to live.

"Well, I reached Chicago, and my experiences there were a good deal like those of New York. No one would believe that I was McGinty. I had been a tramp, and what little reason was left in me urged me to seek the Northwest, where, I had been told, the people were hospitable. Again I walked, and my recollection of the journey stretches away, a dim vista of miles, marked by hot water, guns, clubs, pitchforks, bull dogs, short rations and trouble.

"Well, to shorten my story, I struck Minneapolis three days ago and found, to my sorrow, the disposition to make light of my career of mishaps had preceded me. As I was coming into the city I met one of your 'fly bobs,' who stopped me and told me to give an account of myself. As soon as I began he snatched me almost off my feet and bade me 'come along.' I broke away and was pursued. To save myself I jumped off one of your high bridges, as I disappeared under the water the officer shooting me through the ear. Here is the hole.

"My cold plunge into the Mississippi did me good. It brought back some of my scatt red senses, and I determined to stay right here and fight it out. I have had as much trouble in Minneapolis as elsewhere, but I thought that the GLOBE would give me a show to set myself right with the public.

"Now, young fellow, I want you to state first of all that I am not dead. I have been found. I was awful wet, but am pretty well dried out. It was not my best Sunday clothes that I was dressed in when I went to the bottom of the sea, but a suit I had left over from last winter. These are facts, and I want them so stated.

"Numberless gags have been sprung on the strength of my disappearance, but they are all way off. I am not going to be buried at all, not just yet anyhow. I don't want any flowers bought for my funeral. I don't want to talk to anybody through the telephone. I don't want to do any of those things which have been attributed to me by heartless jokers. It is my firm conviction that the public is heartily tired of hearing of me, and I am sure that all I ask is to be let alone. Will you fix that up for me?"

Being assured that it would be done, McGinty left the office as noiselessly as he had entered, and the reporter, looking at his silent watch of the night, saw that it was time to go home. Slowly he sought his room, musing on the multiplicity of trouble which beset McGinty, and pretty well satisfied that Mc's opinion regarding the weariness of the public was just about correct.

A New Snow Scraper.

A new snow plow has arrived in the city to be used on the Fourth avenue line, and the gentlemen interested are ardently looking for a six-inch fall of snow to give it a trial. The plow or brush weighs something like eight tons and is equipped with two 40-horse power motors, so it is in all respects a powerful machine. One motor furnishes the motive power while the other runs the brushes which clean the track. Three loads of sand which were dumped on the track were scattered in a moment and there is great faith in its proving a success. Six electric lights will be attached to the car, which will be sufficient to light the street for two blocks.

ROUNDING THEM UP.

Frequenters of Houses of Ill-Fame Locked Up.

Officer Czaia interrupted a little pleasure party last night, and four men were brought in and consigned to the care of Jailer Needham. They were "doing the row," as it is called, and incidentally got into a little fight in the house of ill-fame at 117 Second avenue south. They were all feeling the effects of the bracing weather of yesterday and were not only having a little fun with each other but abusing the inmates of the house. Two of them claim to be employes of Lally Bros.

A man and woman were arrested yesterday afternoon at the corner of Third avenue and First street north, and locked up.

Christmas Yet.

The Christmas music of two of the leading churches did not take place until yesterday. Special Christmas music was not allowed during the pastorate of Dr. Chase at the First Baptist church, but they made amends for it this time. The programme read as follows:

Organ—Christmas Pastorale..... .....Merkel
H. S. Woodruff.
Chorus—"Shout the Glad Tidings"..Gilchrist
"There Were Shepherds"..... Sydenham
Baritone Solo and Chorus.
"Nazareth"..... .....Gounod
Ladies' Trio—"Elijah"—
Soprano Solo and Chorus.
"Christmas"..... .....Shelley
Organ—"Silver Trumpets".....Reinbault

There was special music at the First Congregational church both morning and evening. The choir consisted of the usual quartette, Miss Eva Connor, Miss Jennette Lyall, Arthur Stuart and E. P. Loye. The following programme was rendered:

Organ Voluntary—"Nazareth".....Gounod
Gloria..... .....Mozart
Offertory..... .....Johnson
Anthem—"Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices?"..... .....Schwecker
Organ Postlude—"Marche Pontificale"..... .....Lemmens

In the evening an antiphonal service was given. The vocal numbers were all selected from Sophis' "Last Judgment," as follows:

Organ—Third offertoire..... .....Hewlett
Chorus—"Praise His Awful Name." "Holy, Holy, Holy."
Solo and Chorus—"Behold the Lamb That Was Slain."
Recitative—"And Lo, a Mighty Host."
Quartette and Chorus—"Lord, God of Heaven and Earth."
Offertory, Tenor Solo and Chorus—"Blessing, Honor, Glory and Power."
Organ—"Triumphal March"..... ..... Buck

In this service the usual quartette were assisted by the following singers: Miss Alice Dyer, Miss Alice West, Miss Eva Lane, Miss Birdie Cogger, sopranos; Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Huntoon, Mrs. Jennie Connor, altos; L. E. Wait, Charles Parmlee, tenors; Mr. Van Duzee, Mr. Huntoon, bassos; S. C. Gilbert, organist and director.

The Baptist Union.

A meeting of the Baptist Union of Minneapolis was held at the First Baptist church Saturday evening, to consider the report of a committee appointed to amend the articles of incorporation. The principal amendment suggested was that providing for two directors from each church, one from each mission and twenty-five at large. The object of the change is to interest a larger number of business men in the work of the union.

A proposition to amend the report so as to avoid the establishment of new missions or the creation of more church debts caused discussion, during which it was stated that the indebtedness on the Immanuel church was $23,000. Several of the new missions were similarly though not so heavily embarrassed. The report was finally adopted without material change, and the president was authorized to appoint a committee of five on nominations, who shall submit a list of officers for the coming year at the next meeting.

RANDOM REMARKS.

Hunt up your old last year's diary, copy off those resolutions into a clean, new book and promise to stick by them. Of course, you won't, but try it.

The day after to-morrow will resemble the road to sheol in one particular: it will be paved with several car loads of good intentions.

Krumweide says he made that affidavit to put himself on record. Odds of double eagles to popcorn are offered, with no takers, that he has succeeded in his purpose. The police commission keeps a little record of its own.

The saloonkeepers are prepared for a large increase in trade on New Year's day. Society will not "keep open house."

Just before going to press this morning it was announced that McGinty is dead, and has been decently buried. "Requiescat in pace." Curses on the man who again mentions his name.

A Washington dispatch says that fur coats have doubled in price down there since it became known that "Old Hoss" Van Antwerp would pool issues with Iceburg Harrison and snowball Edmunds.

LOCAL MENTION.

P. M. Dahl, County Surveyor, removed to 602 Oneida block.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND THE NEW OPERA.
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and New Year's Matinee.
STUART ROBSON
In "AN ARRANT KNAVE."
Last three nights and Saturday matinee.
Stuart Robson in "THE HENRIETTA."
Coming week Jan. 6, Kiralfy Bros.' "Antiope."

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Next Week—Florence Bindley.

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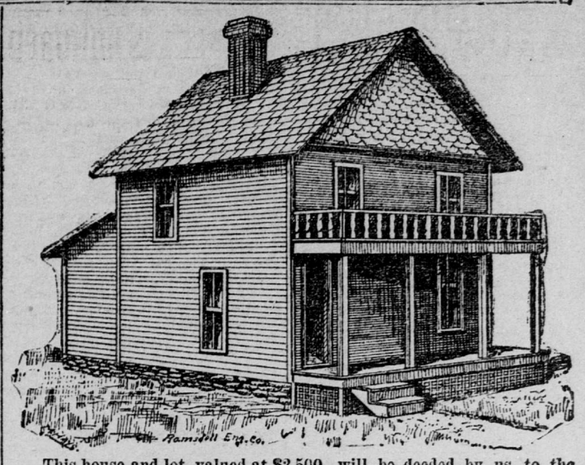

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