MINNEAPOLIS.

Additional City News on Page 5

PINNACLE POINTS.

'Twas given out with mighty noise
That some misguided little boys,
Self-styled the P. O. S. of A.,
Would for some U. S. bunting pay,
And to the breeze these banners cast,
If some one would supply the mast.
But since that time some mighty brain
Possessed by some cold son of Maine
Has formed a plan, albeit thin,
To rake the nimble dollar in.
Instead of giving up their cash,
They, truly, are not quite so rash.
They'll give a mammoth jubilee
And charge you for the tickets—see?

The dear, good ladies of the W. C. T. U. met yesterday and worked themselves, needlessly, into a hysterical condition concerning the recent order of the health department concerning the reporting of infectious diseases.

Resolved, That we denounce the order as illegal, unrighteous and deceptive. Illegal because houses of prostitution are contrary to law, and therefore may not be practically licensed or cherished by our officers; unrighteous, because its aim is not reformatory, and because it is partial, since diseased men are not included in the quarantine; deceptive, because it is only a delusion and a snare.

As no quarantine has or is to be ordered, and as the health officer is only acting in accordance with a state law he is sworn to enforce, the resolutions fall rather flat. Really, ladies, wouldn't it be a good thing for you to emulate the example of the Congregational pastors and investigate before you fulminate, so you can be sure you know what you are talking about?

Harvey Rieker and Dr. George E. Rieker will probably breathe easier when the Rieker case is over. There's no telling what the evening paper may do when there is such a similarity of names.

H. C. Chapin, who for nine years has been the manager of the Minneapolis department of the Pioneer Press, has resigned his position to take the position of managing editor of the Duluth Tribune. We fear Harold is going away from home.—The Register.

Of course he is, as he is going to Duluth. When Harold comes back he will return.

Popular quotations:

"It is by no means a fact that death is the worst of all evils.—Dr. Fishblatt.

"There is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers."—D. H. Dorman.

"Poetry has been to me its swn exceeding great reward."—T. S. Varnum.

"We sacrifice to dress till household joys and comforts cease."—Victims at the Annual Easter Bonnet Raid.

"The way to fame is like the way to heaven—through much tribulation."—Doc Kilvington.

"Look! how he laughs and stretches out his arms and opens wide his blue eyes upon thine, to hail his father."—Coroner Towers.

"I take of worthy men whatever they give; their hearts I gladly take, if not their hands."—Frank Cotharin Playing the Game of Hearts.

The labor unions are to keep a watch on members who smoke other than union-made cigars. The public at large has been led to suppose that laboring men are in luck to get even a square meal without the cigars.

Apostle Whitney is in the roofing business, and works above the earth. Here is a possible reason for his assumption of sacredness.

The Journal should change its gossip head to "Saturday Slop." There is a pronounced taste to salad.

"A personal" in an evening paper advertises for a gentleman to assist a young widow in starting a boarding house. It is needless to say that none but an "unattached" gentleman is wanted.

A shocking case of destitution has been reported to the health office from right here in Minneapolis, and all this time the heathen lives on fat missionary and wears red woolen shirts.

During his lecture on "Pulpit Eccentricities," Rev. M. D. Shutter will exhibit stereoptic pictures of Golightly Morrill's boxing gloves.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards is authority for the statement that the ancient Egyptians used beer. This will be a shock to those fossils who have always firmly believed that beer is an abomination invented by the wicked Democrats.

What a fat time old man Osirls and his friend Lady Hothor must have had with all those cakes and drinkables. It must have been almost as good as being a preacher after a donation or a pound party.

The American idea of humor was rather strikingly exemplified yesterday. Ralph Ratz, a middle-aged German, was struck by a freight car while walking on the Milwaukee railroad near Sixth avenue south. He was seriously injured, and was removed to his home in the patrol wagon. Every once in a while some one would asked who was hurt. "Ratz," would answer the police, and a shout of laughter would go up every time the enquiry would be made. Every one seemed to enjoy the joke except the injured man, and if he had been of American descent instead of German he would have probably enjoyed it, too, and literally "died laughing." Now if some one named McGinty should be sentenced to be hung, what an amount of witticism about "Down went McGinty to the end of the rope" there would be.

Ald. Parry denies the statement that the inmates of Bethany home do not get enough to eat, but he had no trouble in getting another appropriation of $500 for that institution through the council.

The Second ward sidewalk funds have been overdrawn something like $3,000. Ald. Smith does not think this is right, and he will probably present a resolution prohibiting in future the transfer of this money for any purpose.

Several base ball reporters are well pleased over the prospect for a gymnasium at the ball park. They intend to train down and be ready for any pugilistically-inclined ball tossers who object to adverse criticism.

Now that Judge Emery has decided that a man's house is his castle, perhaps the stepladder sergeant will hesitate before he breaks down another door or climbs in through a transom.

The chief of police complained that some of the chattel mortgage men were engaged in, to say the least, a questionable business. The council gave him full power to keep them under surveillance.

It is said that a certain alderman only received 3,500 pounds of coal, when his bill called for two tons. Perhaps that accounts for the ordinance providing for a deputy weighmaster at every coal yard.

MINNEAPOLIS GLOBULES.

The survivors of the Second Minnesota cavalry will meet at the Merchants' hotel, St. Paul, Saturday at 2 o'clock, at which time United States Marshal Campbell and G. R. Howard will report of their conference with the state commission in regard to the preparation of the regimental history.

The Ladies Sewing society of the St. Peters A. M. E. church is to hold a fair on Nicollet avenue, beginning March 24. The church will also give a concert at Labor Temple, Feb. 26, in which many local celebrities will participate. On March 5, Mrs. Prof. Raymond and her jubilee quartette will give a concert at the church. Mrs. Fannie Hall, a talented young elocutionist, of Chicago, will take part in both the entertainments.

Calhoun Lodge No. 92, A. O. U. W., gave a dance at Dahl's hall Friday evening. The reception committee were T. W. Fitzgerald and R. A. Plummer, and the floor managers C. W. Hartwig and F. R. McDonald.

A FLOUR CITY CHRIST.

Eva Gay Attends Services Conducted by "Apostle" Whitney.

An Interesting Description of the Queer Religious Sect.

Installation of Gethsemane's New Rector--Notable Pulpit Discourses.

The Bar Association's Meeting To-Day--The Ninth Danz Concert.

The account of the community of people who have found a new Christ in South Minneapolis was quite fully detailed in the SUNDAY GLOBE, with the exception that there was no account of the services or the surroundings of the queer sect. Most new religions are content with a new interpretation of the Bible; but here is one that manufactures a second Christ, who is still upon earth, and is addressed in the same forms of reverence that are usually held sacred to the Redeemer, who died on the cross nearly 1900 years ago. Coming down town on a Bloomington avenue car yesterday afternoon I met a young lady who is often a fellow passenger. We drifted into conversation about the weather and similar live topics. She spoke of the GLOBE article entitled "Christ Is Here," saying that a relative of hers was a member of the community.

"Have you ever been inside the house at 3245 Sixteenth avenue?" I asked.

"No," she replied, "I have often been invited to attend the services, but did not care to go."

Like the majority of women, I am curious. In about fifteen minutes I had persuaded her to take me with her to the afternoon service, as a friend seeking knowledge. The services began at 1 p. m. That meant missing a Sunday dinner, and we have good dinners at my boarding house on Sunday. But there was no help for it. By hurrying we would just be on time. As we neared the gate my companion suddenly stopped and said with a puzzled smile: "Why, I don't even know your name."

To tell her my name and object would probably spoil our plan. So I promptly replied: "Call me Miss Smith. Say I'm a casual acquaintance."

In a moment we were at the door, which was opened by a pleasant-faced, elderly lady, named Morgan. We were cordially invited to come in. Mrs. Morgan took our wraps and seated us in cosy rockers. The house is a large frame building, having four rooms on the ground floor. I was struck by the exquisite neatness of the surroundings. The room in which we sat seemed to be the common sitting room. A rag carpet covered the floor. The walls were neatly papered. A canary chirped merrily in a gilded cage hung in the window. A cabinet organ, table and chairs completed the furniture. The large window was filled with potted plants, many of which were in bloom. The whole aspect of the room was cheerful and cosy. Several of the members sat about the room reading their Bibles or hymn books. Visitors seemed a decided novelty, and they all shook hands with us quite cordially.

C. C. WHITNEY, THE DISCIPLE,

is a tall, well-proportioned man with piercing gray eyes, a heavy mustache, strongly marked features and black hair, thickly streaked with gray. He wore a dress suit and an irreproachable tie. His voice is well modulated and rather agreeable. Mrs. Whitney, "the angel," is a short, dark, sallow-complexioned woman with rather a forbidding countenance. Mr. Barnes, the cough-drop peddler, is rather a commonplace, but harmless-appearing person. Mrs. Bushnell, the wealthy widow, is tall, slender, fair complexioned, and seems a most guileless sort of lady; Mr. and Mrs. Thrall look like honest working people, with a soft spot in their craniums. Mrs. Bushnell sat beside me, and chatted while we waited for services to begin. The talk drifted on religious matters.

"Did you know that Christ really lives now?" she asked.

I replied in the negative. She said:

"Oh, yes; he lives near Rockford, Ill. I have met him, talked to him and eaten at the same table with him for weeks. But he is no more appreciated than the first Christ. The Bible shows us how Jesus was persecuted."

"Why does he come again?" I inquired, resolutely suppressing my mental doubts on the subject.

"He comes to initiate the new era of perfection. The old Christian dispensation has passed away, and the church triumphant will now be established."

"What does Christ look like?" I asked in my most innocent tone.

"I've got his picture. Would you like to see it?"

I promptly said "Yes." She opened the folding doors, showing a parlor richly furnished. Over the fireplace hung an enlarged photograph of George Jacob Schweinfurth—otherwise Christ. The picture was richly framed and draped with handsome curtains. "Disciple" Whitney and the "angel" sat at a desk preparing

THE PROGRAMME FOR THE SERVICE,

Schwemfurth looks like a man whose head is level and has rather a pleasant countenance, though I failed to observe the supernatural expression so plain to his devotees. The service was conducted by "Disciple" Whitney. He sat at a small table facing the brethren, who were ranged in accordance with their merits.

A gospel hymn was sung first, led by Mr. Thrall, who brandished a tuning fork. Then Whitney read long quotations from the Bible, mostly selected from the Epistles to the Romans and Galatians. He explained each passage according to Schweinfurth's interpretation. Then followed a half hour of prayer, during which Whitney knelt and imparti ally offered adoration to the regulation deity and J. J. Schweinfurth. That prayer would have horrified an orthodox Christian worse than a sulphur and brimstone sermon, not that it differed from ordinary affairs except in the appeals to the new Christ. It was followed by a long sermon from Schweinfurth called "The End of the New Law." This and other sermons are intended as an appendix to the existing Bible, and will be placed there when Christ (Schweinfurth) sees fit.

That sermon lasted an hour and a quarter. I got sleepy. Whitney has a fashion of raising his eyes about twice a minute to see if the congregation are paying proper attention. For a while I amused myself seeing how often I could yawn and not let the "disciple" catch me at it. He saw me at last, but didn't shorten the sermon on that account. Then I got fidgety, my foot went to sleep. I was moralsure a spider was crawling over my ear, my hands wouldn't be still. Just then I discovered a six-year-old child of the Thralls. He was a handsome little fellow, and with his two brothers was sitting erect on a straight-backed chair. The little fellow and I had a quiet game of "peek-a-boo" over his mother's shoulder. That helped to pass the time.

THE NEW CHRIST'S SERMON

dealt in glittering generalities and was occasionally ungrammatical. Think of Christ quoting conversation with a Colorado lawyer and using our republican government as a symbol of heaven—that's what the sermon did. The points specially enforced on the faithful were absolute self-negation, unquestioning obedience, love intense (platonic or otherwise not stated), and the considering of all offenses, whether great or small, of equal magnitude. If any of them were unhappy or dissatisfied it was because they failed to obey the Christ or disciple to the last jot or tittle. During the sermon the members took notes in their scratch books. Then they all testified something after this fashion:

Mrs. Whitney—I am glad that George Jacob Schweinfurth has chosen me to spread the teachings of the church Triumphant.

Mrs. Osborne—I am so happy that I have found the true Christ in Mr. Schweinfurth. I will endeavor to correct all my faults and attain to glory.

Mr. Thrall—I am proud that Christ has chosen my house as a resting place for his disciple and flock. I never felt so happy before to-day.

Mr. Barnes—I have seen J. J. S. I know he is Christ. I was a vile sinner, etc., etc.

Mrs. Bushnell—I have heard this sermon often before but now love and understand our Christ (J. J. S.) more than ever. I will be more obedient, etc., etc.

Then there was another prayer, more singing and symptoms of a genuine Methodist revival fervor. The whole service lasted three hours and a half. With the exception of many allusions to the new Christ, it resembled an ordinary prayer meeting. I wanted to know the conditions of joining the new religion, but Whitney was cautious. He said the church Triumphant was only in embryo. Nothing was certain, only that God's people were now going be prosperous and let the wicked people try a turn at being poor. He disclaimed any idea of living in a community, saying: "We are only a family. We live with Mr. Thrall because we feel 'drawn' to him. We make no provision for to-morrow."

He urged my friend and myself to join them, but we declined. As we sauntered down the street a neighbor's boy told us that people about there didn't believe in the disciple at all. In fact they held an indignation meeting last fall because Whitney, among his other pranks, beat a horse nearly to death. If the brethren give all their property to Whitney he seems to allow them to retain good clothing, jewelry and such bric-a-brac. They were all well dressed and seemed not like people who did no harder work than praying.

EVA GAY.

THEIR NEW RECTOR.

Rev. J. J. Faude Formally Installed at Gethsemane—His Sermon.

Long before the services began at Gethsemane church yesterday morning every seat in the auditorium was filled, and chairs in the aisles were brought into requisition. A new rector was to be inducted into his pastorate. All of the congregation, besides many not of that parish, were there to take part in the ceremonies and to listen to the pastor's first sermon as spiritual head of Gethsemane parish.

A little after 10:30 the surpliced choir filed in from the vestry. The regular Sunday morning service was conducted by Bishop A. R. Graves. This being finished Bishop Gilbert took his place on the altar, with Rev. J. J. Faude, the new rector, kneeling before him, and asked if there were any reasons why this man should not be instituted as pastor of Gethsemane parish. He next read the formal letter of institution. Mr. Faude arose then and received the keys of the church from John I. Black, senior warden. After prayer by Mr. Faude, Bishop Gilbert presented him with the Bible, the book of common prayer and the books of canons of the general and state conventions. This was followed by the singing of the anthem, prayer and benediction by Bishop Gilbert, prayer by Mr. Faude, and the sermon.

Mr. Faude took his text from St. Paul to the Corinthians: "And now by Faith, Hope and Love, these three; but the greatest of these is love," and spoke, in part, as follows:

"The greatest of the apostles to the Gentiles was Paul. He was always, even before conversion, thinking on the problems of religion. He continued to be interested in the same subjects which occupied his mind before he came to the true Christ, but under different conditions. He was of a nation which faith had elevated from a tribe of slaves until it commanded the attention of the world. All about him were the fruits of that faith. He had an abiding trust in the power of faith. To the mind of the believer in the religion of Abraham and of Moses there was also a hope. Hope for the promises made by God had much to do, likewise, with their elevation. Paul saw what his people had become through the power of faith and hope, but he saw that something more was necessary to lift up the minds of men toward heaven. Faith produced the spirit of persecution. Hope never caused men to think of their fellow-creatures. The power of the fullness and the infinity of love was needed.

"It may be asked what authority we have for changing the name of the third of the three great powers from Charity to Love. The meaning of charity has become perverted. A man may be benevolent and yet not love. We may give our gold to satisfy the wants of the needy, and then pull aside our garments from the recipient of our dole for fear of contamination. We then have not Love. We are commanded to love our fellow men, and it is right that we have been so commanded. Civilization depends upon it.

"Some say, is not this talk of love sentimental? Call it what you will, it is the Christiy principle. The church has never advanced by abandonment of this principle. All divisions between churches have been and are caused by desertion from it. Crime is caused by lack of love alone, because it prevents the getting together of the different grades of society for mutual well-being. How do I know that crime exists? Because it is the natural order of things. And yet there are men in this very church to-day who have never thought that there is anything for them to do. I cannot say to the business man, 'It will be to your interest to go forth and labor for the setting right of these people.' But I can remind you that the Lord Jesus Christ came down to earth, with all his heavenly attributes, to do this very thing.

"The only reason for our existence is to do the will of God. The preaching of terrors may frighten us into doing right, but nothing ever makes a lasting impression but this same love of God. When we make some sacrifice, then do we do some good. During this approaching holy season of Lent, let this be a consolation to you, that if you have love for your fellow men, you have love for God. You then have no need of love for yourself. Come to God, because he will comfort you and love you. Look upon the cross, the symbol of his love. Man's energy is powerless without his embracing love."

Mr. Faude's sermon was supplemented by a few words from Bishop Gilbert—an exhortation to remember the preacher's words, and the new pastor served holy communion to the congregation.

ABOUT LOTTERIES.

Rev. H. M. Simmons Gives an Interesting Talk on the Subject.

At the First Unitarian church yesterday Rev. H. M. Simmons preached on the question: "What is the real evil in lotteries and how far has it been suppressed?" He said there had been great improvement in public sentiment since last century, when gambling was so common, and even Dr. Johnson, the great moralist and champion of the church, spoke of the evil with more defense than censure; when Addison drew a lottery prize, and Westminster bridge was built by lotteries, and even the British museum originated from one; when France had a "lottery of piety," and Christ church in Philadelphia finished its steeple by another, of which Benjamin Franklin was a director. There has been a great improvement in this century since its early years when our national congress authorized lotteries; and it is amusing to-day to find so noted a writer as Frederick Bastiat lamenting their suppression in France, and praising them as "the poetry of the poor." In view of all this, we hail the recent indignation against them as a cheering sign of moral progress.

But while so grateful for the growing sentiment against lotteries, we ought to ask whether the evil that was in them does not still lurk in other forms. What is that evil? Is it public disorder, as in gambling dens? No, for they are conducted more peaceably. Is it fraud? Hardly, for that is not a necessary feature of them. Doubtless they are often attended with misrepresentation and dishonesty, as other business often is. Doubtless lottery advertisements greatly exaggerate, as many mercantile advertisements have been known to; doubtless lottery agents lie, like lightning-rod agents, and doubtless many men are beguiled to buy lottery tickets of but very little value, as they are beguiled to buy patent medicine of no value at all. Such dishonesty is not peculiar to the lottery system—and in many cases there is no fraud at all—but men take their chances with clear understanding. Is the evil then in this appeal to chance, as so many suppose? No, for this element of chance enters more or less into most business and life. Appeals to chance are even sanctioned by Biblical use; and the Holy Land was all assigned by lot, and even one of the sacred apostles chosen by lot. Even so high an authority as President Porter, of Yale college, denies that appeals to chance are immoral, and defends what he calls "the use of lotteries or raffling in benevolent or religious fairs" against those who censure it.

The real evil in lotteries is not in their mere appeal to chance, but in their use of it to seek fortunes without earning them, and at the expense of others. Lotteries are in this way a great evil, leading people to neglect honest industry, and to live on each other instead of by their own labor. But this evil should be censured when seen outside of lotteries. It is just as bad to live on each other by cunning as by chance. It is worse to win from each other by business trickery than by tickets. All gain by the loss of others and by no desert of our own, is the same evil that underlies gambling; and is the same whether it be censured in Louisiana under the name of lottery or honored elsewhere under the name of law.

And another evil of lotteries is that they harm especially the poor. Most wise men know enough to keep out of them, but the ignorant are deluded and made poorer. In this respect, they are even worse than gambling; for it is better that rich gamblers should win each other's wealth than that the poor should loose their little. But this evil, too, is not confined to lotteries, and is just as bad in whatever way it comes. It is no worse to win gain from the laboring class by the lottery wheel than by factory or car wheels. Any business system or custom which oppresses the poor is an evil, and just as bad an evil, whether it be done by a bribed legislature in Dakota or by men anywhere. We will denounce lotteries, but not forget their evils elsewhere, and work for the full justice and charity which all classes owe to each other.

CREED REVISION.

The Actual Belief of the People Should be Expressed.

Rev. Marion D. Shutter spoke upon "Creed Revision" at the Church of the Redeemer last night. After speaking in the highest terms of its ancient and honorable history, he said: "This church has long regarded her theology as unassailable as her history—the symbol, the Westminister confession, an impregnable fortress. But while saying "peace and safety," "sudden destruction" is threatened. The fortress is assailed. Biblical criticism, science, the growth of the republican spirit among nations, and the spirit of humanity, have all been at work. These forces have all invaded the stronghold, and now the question is: What and how much modification is necessary? How great the demand for change was unknown before the matter was referred to the presbyteries by the general assembly. A few days ago forty-five presbyteries out of the total of 211 had voted upon the proposition, and out of the forty-five thirty-three favored revision! What changes are asked? They are stated in the report of the committee on revision, and put into compact form by Prof. Briggs in his speech before the New York presbytery. They desire to blot out first, reprobation; second, the damnation of infants; third, the damnation of the entire heathen world; fourth, that Roman Catholics are idolators; and fifth, that the pope is anti-Christ. And they desire to put in a full and frank statement of God's love for all mankind! These are the changes asked upon the one hand and denied upon the other. It may surprise many people to know that such things exist in any confession of to-day. Why should the changes not be made? (1) Creeds are human, not divine. (2) They mark epochs in religious thoughts. As old Dr. Alexander used to say, "They are reports of progress." (3.) The thought of to-day has the same right to express itself as had the thought of yesterday. (4.) If it does not express itself it will inevitably foster insincerity. (5.) The changes are all in the line of progress. If the church, so cumbered, had accomplished so much in the past, what will it not do free from the burden? So long as creeds are necessary we have a right to ask: First, That they be such as express the actual belief of the great mass of the people and ministers of the churches. No reasonable man objects to a harness, but he cannot submit to handcuffs. David could not fight in Saul's armor. Second, That it be such as can be preached from the pulpit. Third, It should leave out those things that cause people needlessly to stumble. Fourth, That its central doctrine will be that to which preachers and people attach the most importance. In this case they ask to have the love of God made prominent. It is now cast in the shadow, or, to speak more exactly, entirely obliterated by doctrines more stern and gloomy. This doctrine—the love of God—so sadly neglected by the creed, is written across the face of the New Testament and woven into its very texture. Can it ever be made too prominent?

WHAT IS ORTHODOXY?

It Should Be Love for Mankind, Not an Excuse for Bigotry.

Rev. W. J. Lhamon, at the Church of Christ, yesterday spoke upon "Orthodoxy of the Head and Heart." Text: "This is his commandment, that we should believe in the name of His Son Jesus Christ and love one another."—John I., iii., 23.

Formerly orthodoxy, he said, was an excuse for bigotry. It is hard to guess what it is now. Among the Catholics orthodoxy means allegiance to a succession of infallible old sinners. In this camp of Protestants Arminianism is orthodox, and in that one Socinianism, and in still another Calvanism—at least so it was supposed till recently. It seems that we must now wait for a majority vote in a Pan-Presbyterian council to know whether Calvin was orthodox or heterodox. We may fairly raise the question whether the growth of intelligence and charity is not making this term ridiculous. Surely it will do so if we do not presently reach Christ's own basis of faith and life. Christ is orthodox, and he alone can save orthodoxy from contempt among Christians themselves.

There is an orthodoxy of the head, which degenerates into devotion to dogma, and gives the right to hate heretics. It is cruel, and breeds persecution. The Jews had that kind of orthodoxy when they crucified Christ for a heretic. The Catholics had it when they invented the Inquisition, when they murdered the Huguenots of France, and when they sent the Duke of Alva to hold his "council of blood" in the Netherlands. Rome would to-day burn Bruno and his admirers if she could, but the world has grown too human to tolerate such papal bonfires. Protestants are not free from the

Continued on Fifth Page.

ANTIQUE IN BOOKS.

Old Volumes That Lie Forgotten on Their Musty Shelves.

The Book Fiend and His Reverence for the Ancient Lore.

The Petty Thief and How He Plies His Paltry Pilferings.

A Business That Has Many Charms for Ancient Bookworms.

If one should inadvertently drop in at the second-hand book store on Fourth avenue, near the chamber of commerce, it would not take a powerful stretch of the imagination for him to feel that he had dropped into one of those scenes that Charles Dickens loved so well to describe. Tier upon tier of books, in various stages of dilapidation, arise before the eye, and the smell of must, peculiar to ancient volumes, hangs upon the air. It is a place for dreams, and the most matter-of-fact man must feel the impression of awe that is given by that vast conglemeration of the learning, the wit and the research of centuries.

Mr. Raymer, the proprietor, is a pleasant gentleman with a sharp, dark eye and a scent for a specially antique volume that years of association with that class of works have rendered doubly keen. He admits that he is a worse crank on the book subject than most of his customers, and his eye kindled with a keen sense of enjoyment as he led the reporter to his favorite shelf and handed down, one after another, large, bulky volumes bound in rough sheepskin and printed in bold black type in every conceivable language.

One of the choicest volumes is one bound in vellum with wood covers, printed in 1533. It is the first four chapters of the Bible, printed in church Latin, entitled "Annotation by Philippe Belmchthorus." It bears a splendidly engraved title page, and is a gem of the first water as ancient volumes go. There are ponderous Greek histories printed in 1679, an Isocrates of 1570 in Latin with a handsomely colored title page, a Romvili Amasæ of 1696, and a splendid Plutarch published in 1624.

The antique book store gives an ample chance for the study of human nature, and scarcely a day passes that some amusing or sad incident does not occur to break the monotony. Some of the rarest volumes are purchased from a poorer class of people, who have kept them for their association with loved ones who have passed from the cares of this life.

Not long since a poor old lady came in with a hesitating step and held out an old dog-eared volume for inspection.

"IT'S A FAMILY HEIRLOOM, SIR."

"It's a family heirloom, sir," she said, "but we need the money." She evidently expected to realize little from the sale of the dog-eared volume, but it chanced to be a rare work and she departed more than pleased with the price realized from its sale and wondering how she could have kept such a mine of wealth in the house.

While the reporter was looking over the gems in ancient print a slim gentleman with a thoughtful cast of countenance came in. He was evidently no stranger to the place, for he went directly to the rarest shelf, and, as he approached it, he reverently removed his hat and uncovered the bald head as if in reverence to the gods at whose shrine he worshiped.

THE TRUE LOVER OF BOOKS REMOVES HIS HAT IN THEIR PRESENCE.

He spent some time in running over the books, and finally his eye brightened, he ran over the leaves of a volume eagerly, glanced at the date, and, closing it reverently stroked the cover with a caressing hand, while his whole frame trembled with eagerness. He stepped to the desk and paid the price asked without a murmur; then left with a light step and the satisfied air of a conqueror. Upon inquiry it was found that the volume was one long coveted, to complete a series of ancient works that the old gentleman had been some years in gathering together.

There are many cares in connection with the business that make it anything but a bed of roses, even for one whose heart is in his work. Many of the volumes contain rare engravings and copperplates, which are often stolen from the books, even though the most scrupulous care is taken. A clever device is resorted to in order to extract a page without making the usual noise connected with the tearing of paper. A thread is wet, and slipped at the inside margin of the coveted page. The book is then closed upon it, and after a minute it will slip out with the least bit of exertion on the part of the thief.

The place is often made use of by different classes of that part of humanity who are ever striving to obtain something for nothing, and they will pore over the books of reference, the historical works and old paper files, taking copious notes for future reference.

Often an affecting scene is witnessed, as some book is found bearing the name of some dead friend or relative. The book may have been purchased at a sale years before, and after being forgotten on the crowded shelves, be thus rescued by a living hand, and placed in state upon the mantel of some aristocratic dwelling.

The antique book store was long subjected to a rather unsocial status, but latterly it is assuming its rightful station as a business above that of the antique, or more properly speaking, second-hand, clothing store. The different proprietors all over the United States now carry on a regular correspondence, a magazine is published in their interest, and exchanges made of books of which a dealer may have duplicates. As a rule the proprietors take a deep interest in the work aside from the profits arising therefrom.

THE GLOBE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Whether Public Librarian Putnam works for the P. P. on a salary or on space.

Whether Sergeant Kirkham has broken his step-ladder, put it away for repairs or been called down.

Why "Majah" Steele and "Leftenant" C. A. Heffelfinger no not settle their differences on the "field of honah."

When Exposition Manager Regan will get a hustle on himself.

How much gum is consumed each day by the combined force of postoffice clerks.

How much Henry Hoch will weigh in 1891 at the present rate of increase.

Why the police force does not organize a fat man's club.

If it is true that James H. Chestnut wears a corset.

Why C. D. Moyer doesn't start a P. O. S. A. of his own that will admit lady members.

If C. J. Buell
Learned at school
His scheme for single tax,
And if his schemes
Will end in dreams
And melt away like wax.

How Amelia B. Edwards happened to realize the affinity between the Egyptian mummies at the library and the Pioneer Press.

Why R. B. Gelatt does not go into the ice business, and use his smile as a chief ingredient in the manufacture of artificial ice.

What has become of Gil Farley's new silk handkerchief, that had been presented to him by a fair admirer.

How the health board could be so rude as to outrage the feelings of the W. C. T. U. ladies.

Why the Patriotic Order of Sons of America do not ask the council to appropriate money for those flags.

What those Egyptian mummies would say of nineteenth century charity could they but speak.

When Frank Anson intends putting on the mitts with Sullivan, and if he doesn't think he can do him.

What Tom Lowry would rather have than an electric railroad, and if the council would give it to him if he wanted it.

Why Herbert Putnam has not been appointed city editor to fill the vacancy on the Pioneer Press.

What makes the young men hang about the counter presided over by the coterie of pretty misses at the library.

If Mayor Babb is studying crocodile morals in Florida.

If the Minneapolis heirs and heiresses to great fortunes will buy the state or a corner lot with their shares.

Why the Tribune does not sue the Times for libel for calling its proprietor a "boodler."

Why the Times does not sue the Tribune for calling it a blackmailing sheet.

Why Charles Alf Williams does not publish a book, with colored plates, about his wonderful glass eye.

If "the big fat man" of the Leppla house was posing as Mars Hill, according to Ella Joyce's Greek art story.

How many of Miss Amelia B. Edwards' audience of Friday night knew the difference between a mummy and a hieroglyphic.

What C. H. Benton said when he heard of the opposition to his Southside market scheme.

How long it would take Chief Stetson to use up the national surplus if given a chance.

What he would have to show for it in the end.

Why Frank Larrabee doesn't grow a beard and join a grand opera company, a la Chevalier Scovel.

What Health Inspector Briggs gets for the use of his barn.

What operatic manager is rich enough to employ F. A. Catharin, provided that Frank could sing.

What could induce R. H. K. X. Y. Z. (and several diphthongs) Whitely to pass a whole day without kicking.

Which of the contestants will fall over a chair in the next Paulsen-McCormick race.

Why Andrew Rinker has not ere this been assassinated for "belittling Minneapolis."

Why Tim Byrnes' name has not appeared in the papers recently.

If Agnes Herndon will weep when she arrives on the former stamping ground of Hal Reid.

If the poor business done by the Harris theater is tributable to Treasurer Godwin's "Old Hoss" beard.

How long before P. J. E. Clementson and Attorney Arctander meet with axes.

Why T. S. Varnum has it in for J. M. Rees.

When John Gannon and his female bicyclists will return.

When Judge Shaw is going to stop expectorating.

Why Dr. Martha Ripley does not furnish that list to the health board.

If the Iowa journalist was in another trance when he went to North Minneapolis Friday.

Episcopal Missions.

Yesterday afternoon there was a general meeting of the mission societies from all the parishes, at St. Paul's Episcopal church. The vested choir rendered the music. Addresses of ten minutes' duration were made by Rev. William Wilkinson, Rev. J. J. Faude, Gethsemane's new rector, Rt. Rev. Bishop Graves and Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilbert. The meeting was held for the purpose of increasing the interest in church and mission work in the city.

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"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me, but advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."—James Birchard, Darien, Conn.

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."—J. B. Chandler, Junction, Va.

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