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A FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

How Some of the Minneapolis Boys Enjoyed Themselves on June 1.

Some of Them Caught Fish and Some of Them Got Something Else.

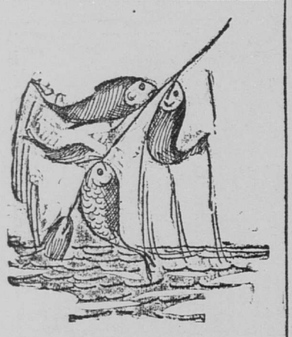
Everybody Has Adventures, and by Hook or Crook Brings Home Fish.

Calderwood, Allen, Weston and Hutchins Have Good Stories to Tell.

The fishing season in Hennepin county opened a week ago, and now the returns are beginning to come in. There are several kinds of fishermen—those who go fishing and those who do not being the most prominent—but there is very little difference in what each of them catch. As a rule, the man with the most powerful imagination gets the record for being the king pin of anglers. There are also many places in Minnesota where fish abound in different quantities, and the particular place will invariably carry off the palm as the regal fishing ground which has as its champions the most finished train of prevaricators. The stories that follow are most of them authentic, and only lack the notarial seal to make them pass before the public as the most perfect of truisms. It may be that some of the most noteworthy have been forgotten, but, if so, it is owing to the retiscence of the actors in the tragedies.

Edwin H. Pressey and Charles E. Wheeler went to Zumbria lake. After depopulating that water of black bass they adjourned to Halstead's bay, Lake Minnetonka, and hooked a pickerel that weighed something less than the new postoffice building, but not very much, as to prevent their being pulled overboard they had to cut the line.

Albert Lowery and George Eustis went to Lake Minnetonka. Of course they caught fish, and plenty of them, too. Mr. Eustice caught one bass that weighed twenty-seven pounds six ounces. He is sure that it weighed that much, anyhow, although there were no scales in the boat except fish scales, and the bass couldn't be weighed on them. Mr. Lowery also caught one of the largest pickerel afloat. He had gone out alone and trolled for him. He knew that fish was about somewhere, for last year it escaped from Dr. Kilvington's fish box. For a long time it was a question whether Mr. Lowery had the pickerel or whether the pickerel had Mr. Lowery, but a steamboat went to his rescue, and after the fish had towed two or three boats across the lake and was about to climb a tree near the Hotel Lafayette he was captured.



ON HUTCHIN'S LINE.

According to C. C. Hutchins, the well-known insurance man, Bush lake is the one bright particular spot in which to cast a line if you are looking for variety, quantity and quality. This well-known local angler tells a tale of piscatorial sport that would fire the average angler to supreme longing. Heretofore he had had but medium luck upon his numerous fishing excursions, but Bush lake broke the spell. He pushed out into the rippling water early in the morning and picked out a spot indicated by the guide who plied the oars. He was about to cast into the water with one hook, when with a look of disdain the Bush lake fisherman told him to put on more hooks, and he hung his line with a round half-dozen. Out went the line, and out spun the reel, and Hutchins nearly fainted with delight when he hauled in two bass, one pickerel, two croppies and a dog fish. The sport kept up until he was tired, and he had to hire a lumber wagon to bring in his catch.

C. Clark and a jolly party went out on the Duluth road for bass. They took plenty of bait with them and succeeded in securing some fish. The members of the party all said they had

WESTON'S BUFFALO.

caught them, and marvellous were the stories that they told of the size of the fish that got away. One was the size of a sturgeon and had on an accordeon skirt and a white and black tennis blaizer. As none of the female members of the tennis clubs have been reported missing, the gentleman who hooked that fish is unable to give its name and address.

When Tom Moore and Billy Weston go out upon an excursion with fell intent against the finny tribe, somebody has got to stand from under. This pair are adepts in the art and were never known to fail of a prodigous catch whenever they tell the tale afterwards. The last trip was a hummer, and will always be handed down in the fishing annals of the state, not so much from the number of the little animals captured as from the tremendous experience upon that day. Tom tells the story, and Weston is obliged to swear to it. They had been fishing, it seems, with indifferent luck, when Weston got a nibble. "What is it?" asked Moore. "I should judge that it is a buffalo," answered Weston, giving his undivided attention to the line. Suddenly there was a tremendous jerk, Weston braced himself for a tussle, the line spun out, the boat wheeled round, and Weston went into the water. When he was rescued he still held hold of the pole. "Get him, get him," he yelled, "he's a monster." He was got, and proved to be a two-inch sunfish. The line had caught on a snag, and the whirl of the boat had upset the expectant angler.

TEAL GETS A BIG ONE.

C. B. Teal, of the New England Furniture company, took in Anderson's lake. If there is anything Mr. Teal likes it is fishing and smoking cigarettes. With him, the two are inseperable. Charlie settled himself on a grassy bank and cast his line into the water. Then he lit a cigarette. There was a sudden yank on his line, and over went the rod. Charlie was game and plunged into the water, he got the rod all right, but the fish got away. Then he settled down to hard work, and besides getting sunburned succeeded in landing a dozen or more fine bass.

AT CRSTAL LAKE

Police Captain Jake Heim did not have time to go very far from home, so he and two friends walked out to Crystal lake. Here they fished among the sign boards, and besides securing several good (?) bargains in town lots and platting a portion of the lake they caught several good-sized sunfish and perch. Jake says the perch have driven all the black bass and mucalonge out of Crystal lake.

Everybody in Minneapolis knows Dr. S. S. Kilvington, the genial health officer, and everybody knows that when he tells a fish story he tells the truth. "Doc" has a pretty little place at Spring Park, and if the fishing ain't good right off that point it is not the doctor's fault. Bright and early in the morning he was out with his party. They caught a few fish, when the doctor discovered that the box containing the frogs had been left on shore, so they had to row back to get them; but as soon as they reached the landing the doctor found them under the forward locker. How they got there, of course he didn't know. As there were three in the boat he suggested that his two friends take the boat and he would take another one. That was done. In a little while they were on the grounds again, and Kilvington hooked a bass. It would probably weigh something over three pounds, but a three-pound bass was not what he wanted. It is a cold day when Kilvington gets left, and the 1st day of June was pretty warm. Before the doctor had left home he placed a small package in his coat pocket. That package contained five pounds of No. 4 shot, and was to be used only in case of emergency. The emergency had arisen when he pulled that three-pound bass into his boat. Open came the fish's mouth, and down went the shot, and the fish was dropped into

CALDERWOOD'S CATCH.

the bottom of the boat. After hooking a few more, the doctor rowed ashore and was soon followed by his friends. One of them had a big pickerel and was highly elated. "Why, I've got a seven-pound bass," exclaimed Kilvington. "Nonsense," exclaimed his friends in a chorus, as they eyed the fish lying on the ground. The scales were brought out, and the bass weighed a trifle over eight pounds, and his friends never "tumbled." It is very likely that the shot will be used for geese next fall, as the doctor posted the cook and she very carefully laid that fish aside until she had a chance to open it when alone and dump the shot into a tin can. When his friends learn of the deception, it is probable that Kilvington will be called upon to "set 'em up."

City Comptroller John F. Calderwood went to Long lake. He and a friend

ALLEN IN TOW.

pulled out in a boat, and John remarked, "Now, if there's a fish in this lake just watch me hook him." Hardly had the hook struck the water when there was a vicious tug at the line and Calderwood's $20-screwed multipliers, oil cup, sliding click and bal-handled reel commenced to revolve at an alarming rate. "Wonder if I've caught a whale or an alderman!" exclaimed John as he commenced to put the pressure on the reel. After ten minutes' work the "thing" was hauled into the boat. No one could tell what it was, but it was a fish all right. It was exhibited to several citizens of Long Lake and Squire Bailey

Of all the local fishermen, Dell Allen takes the cake, with no rebate. His last experience was at Jumbo Heights. Here the finny beauties were said to attain a prodigous size, and Allen was out for heavyweights. He toiled for hours without a nibble, an dbut for the case of beer on ice, the day would have been indeed lonesome. Finally there was a fearful yank at the line, and Dell arose in his excitement and grasped his line in a firm hand. He braced his feet, and the boat began to move slowly, the fish towing him toward the shore. Just how he finally captured the fish will forever remain a mystery. Dell says he shot him through the heart when in shallow water. According to his story it was a muscalonge weighing fifty-three pounds, but a neighboring farmer avers that he saw a mammoth mud turtle crawl out on the bank, fast hold of a line, with a man at the other end, on that same day.

ALL SORTS.

The progress and liberalism of the world was never better illustrated than on Friday night at the Grand, when a young high school miss embellished her essay with quotations from Boccaccio.

Several picnics have already been postponed on account of the weather, but the atmospheric conditions don't seem to have much effect on the pleasant little outing which the Minneapolis ball team is having.

"Yes, the girl must be a Bohemian in every sense of the word, if she can put up with that crowd," was a remark overheard at the Harris the other night during the performance of the "Bohemian Girl."

"I will never again, while away from home, admit that I am from Arkansas," said one of the editors from that state yesterday. "We are spoken of, on an average, about six times per day in the newspapers as the Arkansas Travelers."

It is not a strictly original remark, but the force of it holds good when it is stated that the associated charities' money saving device will not amount to much until the poor people get the money to save.

William Lowry was arrested for drunkenness, and in mentioning it, a morning paper called him a typical Bohemian. Here is chance for Manager Egan to make another protest against attempts to ruin his business.

Miss Helen Clare Pratt, of the High school, read an elaborate essay on "Sleep," and never once mentioned the board of trade or the city council. When will these students learn to be thorough and exhaustive?

Several Minneapolitans who have a desire to serve Uncle Sam in the postoffice, are also anxious to be looked upon as "Hale fellows well met."

Minneapolis sends a large delegation to the Y. P. S. C. E. convention in St. Louis next week, and the brewers of that city are preparing for increased orders. Beer has a deadening effect upon users of it, and the St. Louis people will drink it, not the Minneapolis delegation.

Minneapolis boarding house cooks did not attend Miss Barnes' lecture on cooking "dainty dishes." She devoted no attention to the preparation of garlic, tripe and onions, sauer kraut or Irish stew.

There are still about twenty-three attorneys in Minneapolis who have not been mentioned for district judge. The delinquents should get a hustle on to themselves and come to the front.

Theorist—I tell you a man gets but little honor and preferment in this country unless he works for it.

Practicality—Nonsense. You talk like a child. Look at Prof. O. V. Tousley, for example.

When Judge Rea announced his approaching resignation it was given out that he would form a law copartnership with Ell Torrence and John M. Miller. Minneapolis lawyers are now speculating on what member of the new firm will do the work.

PARK MATTERS.

The Election to Fill the Vacancy in the Board Is Postponed.

At the meeting of the board of park commissioners yesterday the election of a commissioner to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. E. M. Wilson was postponed, and it is probable tl at the commission will allow the vacancy to be filled by the people at the coming election. At least that is what Mayor Babb says, and it is understood that a majority of the board favor such a plan. In the absence of President Loring, Vice President Haugen occupied the chair and the routine business was quickly dispatched. A communication was received from E. A. Perkins and others, asking that Lyndale avenue, from Twenty-ninth avenue north to its intersection with Second street north, be made a boulevard, and widened to 100 feet. They offer to give the board seventeen feet on each side of the street. The matter was referred to the committee on designation of grounds. J. H. Bradish notified the board that people were carrying off trees from the Moulton tract, and asked that a park policeman be stationed there to prevent further depredations. The request was referred to the superintendent and the committee on improvements, with power to act. A communication was received from a man in Stephen, Minn., offering to the board three black bears, "two shes and one he," five weeks old, at $30 each. It was moved to refer the communication to the committee on menagerie, but it was buried on the file. The motion formerly adopted to authorize Prof. Cleveland to make plans for Powderhorn park was reconsidered, and it was decided to refer the matter to the committee on improvements. It was stated that Prof. Cleveland would charge about $600 to do the work, and it was considered altogether too much. Commissioner Northrop called attention to the need of lavatories in the different parks, especially at Minnehaha and Central parks, and the superintendent and the committee on improvements were directed to erect as many as were necessary for the accommodation of the public.

Active Prohibitionists.

The Prohibition party will hold county conventions as follows: Nicollet, St. Peter, June 17; Clay, Hawley, 21; Anoka, Anoka, 20; Benton, Sauk Rapids, 17; Rice, Faribault, 14; McLeod, Hutchinson, 9; Lyon, Tracy, 17; Sherburne, Elk River, 16; Washington, St. Paul Park, 16. Congressional district conventions: First District, Rochester, June 19; Second, St. Peter, June 23; Third, Hutchinson, July 1; Fourth, St. Paul, June 24; Fifth, Fergus Falls, July 9.

The syndicate which has been making overtures for the purchase of the Westminster church corner, is said to be negotiating for the purchase of the Langham hotel on Nicollet avenue and Ninth street, with the prospect of a favorable termination.

POLITICAL PABULUM.

Postmaster Hale Is Not Likely to Regard Civil Service Reform.

The Reason Why the District Judgeships Are Not Non-Partisan Offices.

Ward Politics Are Beginning to Liven Up in Some Degree.

Ald. Bradish Casts a Longing Eye Upon the Probate Judgeship.

Now that Maj. Hale has been appointed postmaster the public may expect to see some vigorous protests from the business men because the plum did not go to the gardener—Deputy Hughes. But to heal the sores laid bare by his appointment Maj. Hale has lost no time in announcing that there would be no change in the deputy's office. This may be balm for the feelings of the disappointed, but it is a question to what extent it will go. It is also noticeable that Postmaster-elect Hale tries to show how he respects civil service rules by announcing that there will be but few changes in the office after he takes possession. Maj. Hale is a Republican of long standing and that party's record is one of a division-of-the spoils type, and if Mr. Hale does not make any changes in some quarters after he assumes the duties of his office, it will be because he cannot. He will make all the changes he can legally, and the few Democrats that are there now will find themselves looking for jobs before the middle of August. Hale's appointment fills the list of federal offices of any importance in Minneapolis. Maj. Hale will now experience a little of what it is to have the giving away of a few choice offices. He may expect to be hounded night and day by the friends and admirers of young, true and tried Republicans, who want to preside over this or the other department. It will be a great struggle. For the time being the mayoralty question will be forced to take a rest until the new postmaster has turned out all the Democrats he can.

* * *

A little over a year ago President Harrison was inaugurated, and almost less than six months after, two-thirds of the presidential offices in Minnesota were filled by Republicans. Congressman Snider seems to have done nothing since he went to Washington but get his friends appointed to office. To a man up a tree it would appear as if he regarded his mission to the national capital for the purpose of turning Democrats out of office, and he certainly did a great deal of work in this particular line. As for Senator Washburn, he evidently figured harder to distribute local offices among the Republicans than has any senator from Minnesota for many years. Both the Minneapolis men at Washington have done their duty from this point of view, and if any one can find fault with them on this score he must either be a sorehead or something worse. It looks as if Minneapolis senator and congressman considered the filling of offices their first and all-important duty. Every office in the state from district attorney to janitor of the public building has been taken care of, and that in almost less than one year. If the Democrats, when ex-President Cleveland was in the White house, had acted so promptly in turning Republicans out of office the Minneapolis Republican newspapers would have howled themselves hoarse, but this is a Republican administration and of course whatever the bosses do is necessarily all right.

* * *

The Minneapolis Democrats who went to St. Paul Friday to urge Gov. Merriam to appoint Thomas Canty to the vacancy caused by Judge Rea's retirement admit that the governor is a very shrewd man from a political standpoint. His ambition was to create as little opposition to him in the ranks of the Democratic party as possible, while at the same time leaving the whole matter in the hands of the Republicans. He favored the selection of judge for the district court on the non-partisan basis—at least so he said—and for that reason believed it better to make no appointment, as that matter could be better settled when the county convention came around. The Democrats will not gain anything by this delay, inasmuch as whatever they get, if anything, from a non-partison body will be their own; and if the Republicans in convention see a good chance to elect their man to the vacancy created by Rea's retirement they will not listen to any committee from a Democratic convention. This has been their custom in Hennepin county for many years, and the party is made up to-day of the same class of avaricious politicians that it has always been. It is certainly unfortunate that the judiciary cannot be kept out of politics; but the fault lies with the Republicans. For many years past they controlled Hennepin county, and though repeatedly asked to meet the Democracy half-way in selecting judicial timber, they always refused to meet the party of the people on this basis. No doubt the very same hoggish spirit that pervaded the Republican system for years will come to the surface again this year; unless, perhaps, it be that Republican laurels will be harder to get this year. Gov. Merriam, in leaving the matter where he did, acted wisely for himself—and the McGill men do not like it.

* * *

If ex-Gov. McGill pushes his candidacy for the gubernatorial nomination as he started out to do some time ago, he will find some bitter enemies in his own party to fight. It is a well known fact that the rank and file of the party do not want to see him back at the capitol again, and Fletcher is as much to blame for the drop in the ex-governor's stock as the ex-governor himself. There are a good many young and energetic lawyers in the Republican ranks in Minneapolis, and they consider that they know as much about the qualifications of a man for judge of the district court, as either ex-Gov. McGill or any other man. When McGill had a chance of showing some common sense by appointing the choice of the Hennepin bar, he did not do it, and he thereby incurred their everlasting enmity. He appointed Hicks, and thus an old political debt was paid. Fletcher did not kick; on the contrary, he was pleased at the appointment, and no one need be surprised if Fletcher never fills any office in the gift of the people again.

* * *

D. A. McArthur, who was a candidate four years ago for alderman in the Fourth ward, and whose aldermanic bee was smothered by Ay Jay Blethen, is now working up a strong and promising boom to lay out Sam Loye, the harnessmaker. When McArthur was a candidate before for this office he was working on the Evening Jay, and Ay Jay Blethen, having then the controlling interest in the paper, was pressed hard by friends of Ald. Cole to force McArthur off the track, which he did. Mac was either obliged to give up a job that paid him some $2,000, or take his chances of defeating Cole and live on $60 a month. He gave way gracefully, but, having lots of friends, decided to groom himself when the time came. It is now come, and Mac and his friends are busy sticking pins with points upward in Ald. Loye's chair. Sam thinks he would have no trouble in beating Mac for the nomination if he had not opposed the locating of the base ball park in the Fourth ward, and had used less whitewash in making his report on the late aldermanic investigations. Sam is getting very nervous, but braces himself up from time to time with the thought of being able to use enough money to balance Mac's popularity.

* * *

Ald. Parry has given up the idea of running for the legislature. He believes in the old saying, that "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and so will content himself with his present office for two years more. He says he has several reform plans in view which he proposes submitting to the new council when it is installed in office, providing the board of public works does not materialize. The apparent reason for not submitting these plans for public benefit now is that the present council could not pass a reform measure if they tried. Parry's friends say he was the father of the lighting scheme which Ald. Potter sprang on the public a short time ago; that Potter got an inkling of the Seventh ward alderman's plans, and jumped the claim, so to speak. Parry, like the other Republican aldermen, is of the opinion that this will not be a good year for Republicans.

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Ald. Bradish, though a four-year-man, is fixing up his fences for the judge of probate nomination. He figures that he has nothing to lose and everything to gain by entering the contest. The county convention will be held in advance of the city convention, and if defeated for the nomination of judge of probate, he can remain where he is and poke fun at Ald. Parry for two years more. His friends think he will be able to show a strong following in the convention, but he will have a hard man to defeat in the present incumbent—Judge Bailey. Bailey's friends maintain that their man will be nominated in spite of all opposition, and that the more candidates he has against him the better will be his chances. But this theory might not work if they pooled their issues.

* * *

Maj. W. E. Haskell, if reports are true, will try for a state senatorship in his district. This is rather a small plum for a man who thought himself good enough to represent Uncle Sam at some foreign capital, but then some people feel that it is a duty they owe their country to keep themselves before the public if they must turn themselves into cigar signs. The major could do the honors at the capitol in good shape, but as for his usefulness as a legislator, no one would accuse him of going to St. Paul for that.

POPULAR POLICEMEN.

SERGT. J. H. LEONARD.

Sergt. John H. Leonard, of the central station squad, is one of the most popular men on the force. John was born in New Brunswick on April 9, 1853, but when only two years of age he removed with his parents to Boston and was educated in the public schools. After getting through school he learned the business of wood turning, but did not follow it for any length of time, as he was seized with the Western fever. He worked for some time in the Superior mines, and in 1877 came to Minneapolis. He was appointed on the police force by Mayor Ames on June 14, 1882, and was promoted sergeant when the police commission was organized. Sergeant Leonard is a strict disciplinarian, but at the same time he is kind and considerate to the men under him. On several occasions he has shown himself to be a cool-headed and painstaking officer, and his record compares favorably with that of any officer on the force. He is married, and has a family.

THEIR NATIVITY.

Where the Minneapolis Policemen Originally Came From.

The Minneapolis police force consists of 199 men all told. In a cosmopolitan city like Minneapolis the nativity of the men will be interesting to most citizens. Naturally the United States heads the list with 93, Norway and Sweden have 31 representatives, Ireland 29, Canada 16, Germany 13, New Brunswick 4, Denmark 3, Nova Scotia 2, and Austria, Switzerland, Scotland, France and Poland each one. Of the officers, consisting of the superintendent, captains, lieutenants and sergeants, the United States has 9, Norway and Sweden 5, Ireland 5, Germany 2, and Canada and New Brunswick each one. Of the 7 detectives, 4 were born in the United States, 2 in Ireland and 1 in Canada.

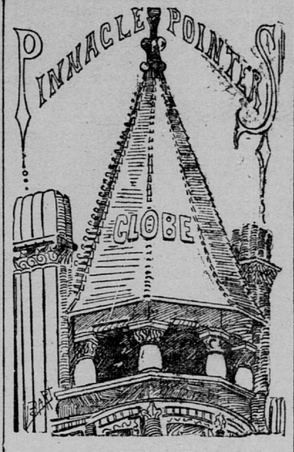
THE LUMBER EXCHANGE.

A Retail Price List Presented For Adoption.

The lumbermen's exchange held a meeting yesterday morning, and received the retail price list which had been prepared by the committee appointed a week ago. The list was read to the members item by item, and changes made by vote whenever they were thought necessary. The list as adopted, provides for an average advance of $2 per thousand over the present rate, and it is proposed to draw up an agreement for each retail lumberman to sign, agree to the rates. A penalty will be provided and a forfeit put up to cover it, in case the rule is broken. These minor matters will be arranged at the meeting to be held Tuesday morning.

The committee appointed to canvass the matter of entertaining the visiting lumbermen, who are to meet in the city July 9, reported that the matter had been thoroughly discussed, and it had been agreed that an effort should be made to entertain them. The proposed programme is as follows. July 9, at Hotel Lafayette through the day, the business meeting. In the evening, a banquet, the cost to be decided later. On the morning of July 10 the party to take a cruise about the lake by steamer, returning to Minneapolis in the afternoon, where carriages are to take them about the city.

J. B. Bassett handed in his resignation, just before adjournment, which the exchange refused to accept, and he was finally induced to serve until the next election. The next meeting will be held Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock.



It is a remarkable fact, emphasized every summer, the topics upon which commencement orations and essays are built are, in nine cases out of ten, the most obstruse that could be selected from the whole range of human thought. The reason for this is somewhat obscure. These students are not expected, when holding forth on the "Philosophy of Doubt," or the "Intellectual Development of the Nineteenth Century," to be voicing their own ideas or opinions. They are simply rehashing what several great men have said, and it is usually a rehash which does credit neither to the subject nor to the person who performs the working-over process. Why do they do it? What is to be gained by giving voice to a lot of ideas, not an original one among them, the meaning of many of which the college orator has not even grasped? Moreover, is not the whole commencement programme, so far as orations and essays, publicly delivered, are concerned, the outgrowth of the American fondness for display and parade?

The taking of the census is progressing, in fact, it has progressed for a week, and but little has been heard in Minneapolis of objections to answering some of the questions which originated in the teeming brain of Robert Porter, the superintendent of the census. That there has not been some "kicking" on the last four questions, at least, argues well for the amiability of the Minneapolis householder. In the Eastern cities there are those who utterly refuse to answer some of the questions, and so great has been the opposition in some quarters that the point of answering or undergoing criminal prosecution has not been pressed. In New York particularly the enumerators have been told to use their own judgment in asking certain questions. Down in that section of the world it is considered an impertinence for Uncle Sam to inquire "Is your house mortgaged?" "Are you suffering from some acute or chronic disease?" Possibly this difference between the East and the West is attributable to the poverty and "effeteness" of the East, where the people are poor, but proud, and averse to letting any one know that they are physical wrecks.

It would seem that the expounders of the gospel should be able to find work enough to do in converting the world and teaching to men the right way of living, without picking up for discussion, and afterwards condemning, matters which are in no way connected with religion, and which exercise not even the most remote influence upon morals. One of the most amusing "breaks" witnessed for some time was that of the Norwegian Lutherans on Friday, in relation to life insurance. The reverend gentleman who started the discussion held that the insuring of lives shows the world is coming to depend more upon money than upon the Lord. The reverend speaker may be right as to what the tendency toward life insurance proves, but the fact holds good that many persons who have placed their whole dependence in the Lord have often gone supperless to bed, while judicious investment in life insurance has been known to provide the comforts of life to persons who, otherwise, would have been in actual want. But, as regards the insuring of a life proving lack of faith in Providence, the reasoning of Rev. Mr. Strand seems faulty. Payments for life insurance are the same as if deposited in a savings bank against a rainy day.

It is proposed that a statue of E. M. Wilson be erected in one of the public parks. Here is an idea worthy of confirmation. It would also be highly proper to locate the statue in Hawthorn park, facing the late Mr. Wilson's residence. Surely if a resident of any city ever deserved a statue from the municipality, E. M. Wilson deserves one from Minneapolis. He was always a credit and an honor to the city in which he lived, and he did as much as any other individual toward building up and beautifying the same. If his memory can be kept green by means of a statue let one by all means be erected.

This is just the season of the year when the aspiring politician begins to swarm. This year he possesses all the artfulness which has heretofore characterized him. He is a cute fellow, this politician, He keeps out of sight and says nothing for a long time. Then, some fine day, one of his friends bobs up serenely and "wants to know, you know," why So-and-So would not make a good such-and-such, an officer elected by the people. That starts the ball rolling, and, ere long, the name of the politician, who has all this while been sitting in his corner chuckling to himself, gets into the papers. Mr. Office-seeker watches what the papers say about him, and he looks upon that as a reflex of public opinion, according to which he shapes his plans. He is a clever rascal, but his tricks this year, so far as seen, bear the same old trade mark.

The diocesan council of the Episcopal church in Minnesota, which was in session in Minneapolis last week, established one fact: the Episcopalians do a vast amount of work and say nothing about it. The Episcopal ministers seem to be hard headed, hard-working conscientious men, who are in love with what they find to do and who do it to their own satisfaction, without exhibiting an insane desire that the world know what they have done. The Episcopal ministers probably do as much for humanity as those of any denomination in the world; they are probably as weighty men in the community as those of any other denomination; yet one never hears of them constantly through the newspapers, of their great achievements, of their enormous salaries and of their tempting offers—"calls" is the generic term—from other cities. There is none of the auction room clap-trap about them or their work. Religion and its teachers would be more highly esteemed should a few ministers of rival churches learn a lesson from the Episcopal clergymen.

Police Clerk Fred George has in his possession a ring that was picked up on the street on Friday evening. The owner can have it by calling at police headquarters.

F. H. PETERSON & CO., 73 and 75 South Sixth St. MINNEAPOLIS.

We Are Offering Special Reductions in Furniture and Carpets

Our Special Sale of Best Ingrains at 60c. STILL CONTINUES.

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