MINNEAPOLIS.

THE WEEKLY PRESS.

A few years ago a novel feature was introduced in the celebrations with which all classes in Norway commemorate their declaration of national independence on the 17th of May, 1814. The innovation consisted simply in making the children turn out and form a procession of their own. A speech adapted to the range of the little ones always is an accompaniment to the exercises, which, interspersed by music and singing, generally wind up with some light amusement of a kind to be appreciated by children. Now, is not this custom worth adopting here? There is a danger that the outward display of patriotism may be carried too far. But certainly no such objection can be made against the present mode of celebrating Independence day. To the children in particular, it has no deeper meaning at all. If the people consider this unnecessary, then, of course, the more fire-crackers and the like are turned loose upon a suffering community, the better. But if, besides the noise and brilliancy of fireworks, it is found desirable that the children's thoughts should be turned, if but for a few fleeting moments, into other and more patriotic channels, then help them to gather under the stars and stripes; march with them to the tunes of our national anthems; sing with them; speak to them of the glorious deeds clustering around the day we celebrate. In one word, make them feel that they have a share in the Fourth, as future citizens of the republic.—The North.

The claims of the Northwest to the attention of the men seeking new locations for their furniture factories are pretty thoroughly set forth in the advertising columns of the News. Both St. Paul and Minneapolis, supplemented by the board of trade of the Midway district, have set upon foot an organized effort to secure the location of new factories in the Northwest. They are encouraged to do this because the existing factories are almost without exception prosperous, and because there is no more inviting field offered to manufacturers than that in the region about St. Paul and Minneapolis. There are now thirty-six factories in the two cities, or within a radius of 100 miles of the common center, and the product of these factories is marketed in a common territory, and practically distributed from the common center which the two cities make up. The growth of furniture making in the Northwest has been phenomenal, and the industry is only in the infancy of its development. —The Furniture News.

Rev. Dr. Shutter, assistant pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, preached on the Bennett law last Sunday, and denounced the Catholics and Lutherans of Wisconsin for opposing it. Dr. Shutter has evidently not read the Bennett law, and if he has, he has misunderstood the objections that Catholics have to it. The Wisconsin Catholics are not opposed to the teaching of the English language in the parochial schools, and if Dr. Shutter had read the manifesto issued by the Catholic bishops of the state, in which they outlined their objections to the law, he would not have been guilty of misinforming his hearers last Sunday. The Catholics of Wisconsin concede the state the right to regulate state schools as it sees fit, but they hold that any attempt on the part of the state to regulate private schools is unconstitutional. We can bring the matter home to those people better who send their children to Bennett seminary in this city. If such a law as the Wisconsin Bennett law existed in Minnesota, the parents who now send their children to Bennett seminary, and who do not live in the district in which that school is, would be obliged to take their children from Bennett seminary and send them to the public school in their own district. This no doubt would not please these parents. They evidently think that Bennett seminary is better than the public schools, and consequently they send their children there. We are sure that any attempt on the part of Minnesota to interfere with private schools would be met with the strongest opposition by the friends of Bennett seminary.—Irish Standard.

Present indications are that the United States census now being taken in this city is one of the most inefficient and imperfect pieces of work that ever disgraced an American city. No good reason exists for such failure. The imperfections can be almost wholly charged to incompetent management, lack of energy and executive ability in the supervisor, Mr. Davenport, and consequently inefficiency of the force selected by him, and working under his direction. The appointment of Mr. Davenport was evidently a fatal mistake of a power controlled by the spoils system, which places political preferment before business qualifications. Put into the hands of any live real estate man, newspaper worker, directory publisher, or other live business man accustomed to "hustling," and familiar with the city, the census could easily be a success as it has heretofore been in Minneapolis, and as it now is in other cities. If the deficiences of the census as already taken cannot be made good, action should at once be taken to secure at the city's expense a complete census, putting the work in charge of some live business man. Let a recount be made, even if it be not possible to make it a matter of government record.—The Spectator.

AMUSEMENTS.

The London Novelty and Specialty company presented "Me and Jack" at the Bijou last night. Despite the warm weather, they drew a crowded house. The company consists almost entirely of the better class of variety performers, and their show was appreciated by the audience in a great degree. Almost every member responded to an encore. In addition to this, the stage is profusely ornamented, at times, with shapely women in tights, who are fully up to the advertisements posted about the city. Polly McDonald sings well, and dances most artistically. Englehart and Castroni, in a sword fencing bout, are superb. Harrigan, in his feats of balancing, ranks among the best artists. Gallagher and West, comedians, are immense, and their act is entirely too good to be spoiled by the side talk to the audience by Mr. Gallagher. The Washburn sisters are not great, but pleasing. Same bill all week.

A small house witnessed the revival of "Olivette" at Harris' theater last night. The principal interest centered in Miss Earl, who succeeds Miss Marcellus as the soubrette of the company. Miss Earl is a vivacious young lady who acts and dances well and sings acceptably. She is a decided acquisition and made quite a hit in the title role. Hamilton Tetley, who sings the part formerly essayed by Mr. Lyding, was not the latter gentleman's equal in either acting or sing. Mr. Deshon as Cocquelot was as funny as ever, and Miss Dressler acted the countess in her usual charming manner. "Olivette" will be succeeded on Thursday night by the "Chimes of Normandy," which will run the remainder of the week.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL.

C. C. Winslow left for Boston Saturday evening.

Frank Buy, secretary of the Millers' association, is at the West.

C. F. Baxter has returned from an extended trip through Southern Texas.

Dr. L. Hall left last evening to attend the national medical meeting at Wabasha, Wis.

T. A. Whitmore, general agent of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railway at St. Louis, is visiting in the city.

R. L. Stillman has gone to Michigan to attend the commencement exercises and trustees' meeting of Hillsdale college.

H. W. Malcolm has gone to Milwaukee to attend the annual convention of the American Society of Professors of Dancing, which meets in that city the 19th inst., by invitation of Prof. L. W. Vizay.

It has been announced that the marriage of Miss Amanda E. Seibert and Edgar L. Bryer will take place at Olivette Methodist church, Bloomington avenue and Twenty-seventh street, June 25, at 7:45 p. m. Mr. and Mrs. Bryer will be at home after July 5 at 3022 Bloomington avenue.

CAUGHT BY A CRAMP.

Peter Peterson Carried to Death in the Mississippi's Swift Current.

Lurline Crews Will Attend Both of the Northwestern Rowing Regattas.

Census Enumerators Sore Over the Way They Have Been Criticised.

What To-Morrow's Convention of Millers Will Be--In the Local Pulpits.

There was another case of drowning in Minneapolis yesterday. Peter Peterson was the victim of the liquid element, and he met his death in the Mississippi at the head of Nicollet island.

With three companions, Peterson was in swimming on the upper end of the island. But the shallow water and slowly circling eddies near the shore were not enough for him. He craved more exciting pastime. He struck out toward the deeper water, wholly unconscious that, as soon as he should get away from the land, the current would become stronger. He swam perhaps twenty-five yards from the shore when he struck the main current of the river and much colder water. The swiftness of the current startled him and the coldness of the water gave him a cramp. Frightened, he called to his companions and struggled his utmost with the current. His friends swam to his rescue, and did their best to save him, but his struggles became more frantic, and they, being but unskillful swimmers, were compelled to loose their hold on him in order to save themselves. The swift current bore him rapidly away and he was drowned before the eyes of his friends. The current along Nicollet island above the falls is so swift that Peterson had been carried over a block before he came to the surface a second time, hence it was deemed useless to look for his body, as it was undoubtedly carried over the falls and down the river. The deceased was a laborer, and lived at 423 Fourth avenue northeast. He was about twenty-three-years old and unmarried.

AFTER SOME TROPHIES.

The Lurlines Will Have Crews Both at Duluth and Winnipeg.

The Lurline boat club is doing all in its power to get ready for the summer boating season and the approaching regattas. A meeting of the executive committee was held at the boathouse on Monday night, and five new members were admitted to membership. The new members are Alfred Buffington, W. A. Kerr, W. K. Barton, Dr. Fred Baldwin, and Will E. Steele. The committee then took up the question of sending crews to the regattas. This year the annual regatta of the Mississippi Valley Rowing association will be held at Duluth from July 22 to 26 inclusive, and the Minnesota and Winnipeg association regatta will be held at Winnipeg, the date not yet having been set. The committee decided to try their persuasive powers upon the Winnipeg people and endeavor to persuade them to combine the Winnipeg regatta with the one at Duluth, and thereby some expense and trouble. Should their attempt be unsuccessful, the committee decided that an effort should be made to send crews to both regattas.

Next Saturday afternoon there will be a series of club races on Lake Calhoun, which, it is hoped, will stimulate interest in rowing. The junior double crew, consisting of A. G. Daniels and Dan Fitzgerald, will row two miles against the Chauncey E. Wheeler and George K. Taylor senior doubles. The seniors will give the juniors a time allowance of fifteen seconds. Al Hamm, the new trainer, will pull a half-mile race against the senior four-oared crew, consisting of C. E. Wheeler, A. G. Daniels, Dan Fitzgerald and W. B. Groskopf.

SORE ENUMERATORS.

They Feel That Their Work Has Been Unjustly Condemned.

The poor census enumerators are sore. They feel that they have been outraged by press, public, and everybody else. They do not like this roasting to which the census enumeration has been subjected on all sides for the past few days. They say: "Here we have been working ourselves to death and doing the very best we could do and as well as anybody could do, and see what we are getting on all sides. It's unjust." However, despite the plaints of enumerators over the way they have been handled, the public goes right on believing that, had not the city become aroused to the fact that there was a good deal of bungling going on, the census return would have given Miss Minneapolis a bad name for truth and veracity, in the face of the claims made for the past three years that there are over 200,000 persons within the city limits. Even E. J. Davenport, official census supervisor—he who but a few days ago declared that there would be a big shortage unless the citizens could be prevailed upon to assist the enumerators—even he now cunningly bats his left eye, looks wisely out of the corner of his right optic, and smiles knowingly, as much as to say, "Pretty clever trick that I worked on the public. There never was much danger of a shortage, but I wanted to make sure of the thing." As in the case of the enumerators, the public declines to look at the matter in that light at all. Enough has been learned and enough has been published to prove conclusively that there would have been a great shortage unless public aid had been enlisted. As it is, there is a more confident feeling prevailing. The enumeration has not yet, by any means, been completed, but if the efforts of the past few days are continued, the city will doubtless show up all right.

But to return to the enumerators. They complain that they have been harshly treated solely because there chanced to be a few incompetents among the persons selected for the work. This, however, can scarcely be a logical explanation of the matter. Even granting that but few of the enumerators are incompetent, that would hardly account for the reports which come from every part of the city and from every ward of the slipshod way in which the enumerating has been done. Many instances of neglectfulness upon the part of the canvassers have been related, but one more will do no harm. An East side police officer has mentioned the Mechanics' hotel as an illustration. The enumerator called there, and the landlady gave him the particulars concerning all of the boarders of whom she could think at that moment. As the official counter was leaving, she said to him: "Wait a moment. There is a servant girl and a sick man up stairs whom you have not taken." But Commissioner Porter's emissary responded: "I can't help it. I can't bother with them now." He left, and never returned. A policeman finished the count there.

There seems to be a fear in the minds of some Minneapolitans that the census returns for Minneapolis will not be honest because, through the work which has been done recently by citizens, business men and police officers, there will be many duplications. Scrupulously honest persons may put their minds at rest on that point. The returns handed in by all persons other than enumerators will be carefully compared with the returns from those regularly employed by the census office. All duplicates are thrown out. The danger is not from duplications but from the failure to get all who should be counted.

WHO WILL BE HERE.

Something About the Millers' Convention of To-Morrow.

The Millers' National association convention will begin in Minneapolis tomorrow morning. The sessions will be held in Harmonia hall, and present indications point to the conclusion that this will be one of the most successful conventions of representatives of the flour trade ever held in this country. There are but very few enrolled memberi of the Millers' association who have not signified their intention to be present, while the friends of the organization will not be represented by a small number by any means. About 400 acceptances of the invitations to the convention have already been received, and, on this basis, it is estimated that the number present will fall but little short of 700. It is certain that large delegations of millers will come from New York, St. Louis, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Rochester, N. Y. Besides being millers, nearly all of these visitors will be representatives of the leading business organizations in the country, many of them well known in the trade circles of the country as among the most enterprising and energetic to be found anywhere. Moreover, among the visitors will be found representatives of such bodies as the Boston chamber of commerce, the New York produce exchange, the Milwaukee chamber of commerce, the Duluth board of trade, and the Chicago, Philadelphia, Toledo, St. Louis, and other trade organizations. Besides flour and grain men, the city will be called upon to entertain any number of mill furnishers. The Old country, too, will be represented. Flour dealers from England will join with their American brethren in discussing business affairs. The Northwestern Miller has received this letter from the editor of La Meunerie Francaise, a leading French trade paper:

> We have the honor of acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 6th ult., in which you invite us, in the name of your association, to the convention of millers which will be held in your city the 17th, 18th and 19th prox. Please express to your colleagues our regret at not being able to take part in this admirable reunion, in which we would not lack manifesting one whit less the sentiments of good fraternity than animates all the representatives of your association.

Here is another letter from an ex-Minneapolitan responding to an invitation to the convention which will bear reproduction:

> SPOKANE FALLS, Wash., June 2, 1890.—Nika tumtum chahco kopa "Mamooktumtum" pee nika tikeh hyin mitlike mucka muck pee mamook halo tikeh ithelcom hyin ocoke nika tumtum klatawa lopea nika hause wake patlash ithelcom tenas. Me sika.
>
> GEORGE S. PALMER.

Here is the key Mr. Palmer sent with it:

> SPOKANE FALLS, Wash., June 2, 1890.—I instructed my Suivash secretary to write and tell you that I would be at the convention (Mamooktumtum), and that I wanted plenty to eat (mucka muck), but that I wanted the games kept small as I did not want to walk home (nika hause); but he got mixed up in some way and gave it to you in "Suivash." It is skookum (good) and I send it as written.

The local entertainment committee has been working strenuously to make this convention a success, and has done well. Hotel accommodations have been secured for all who have wired for them. Credentials have been made out for all who have sent in acceptances to invitations. Those who may have failed to receive either invitations or credentials can secure the same by calling at the headquarters of the committee, at the West, where a bureau of information has been established, and making themselves known. The entertainment plans include a special performance at the Harris to-morrow evening, when the whole house will be reserved for the millers, and a trip to Minnetonka.

A delegation of Minneapolis millers, among whom were F. C. Pillsbury, H. B. Whitmore, F. E. Holmes and Charles Espenscheid, left last night for Chicago to meet all who are coming to the convention via Chicago and to furnish all necessary information. They will arrive, returning, at Minneapolis, on Tuesday morning, and will be met, as well as those arriving from St. Louis, by another delegation.

During the convention the Northwestern Miller will issue a daily edition.

CONVINCE, CONVICT, CONVERT

Substance of Rev. W. J. Lhamon's Sermon Yesterday Morning.

At the Church of Christ yesterday Rev. W. J. Lhamon spoke on how conversion may be brought about and how science and ethical truth may be employed in the work of conversion. He spoke in substance thus:

"There are truths that convince but that do not convict, for they make no demands on the moral nature. Such in general are the mathematical and scientific truths. It is not the province of geometry and geology to teach ethical truth; such sciences do not touch the conscience. To know that Jupiter has so many moons can have no manner of effect on a man's character, except as it may add to what is called culture.

"Ethical truth, on the other hand, lays claim to the man. It not only tells him what is right, but demands that he do the right. When Paul reasoned of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come Felix trembled. Such truth convinces, but also convicts. For this reason some people find it harder to believe than mathematical or scientific or historic truth. Those who are not willing to yield to the demands of ethical truth naturally resent it, minimize it, reason against it, or by some means evade it. For the reason that Christ is the world's greatest ethical teacher he is the most bitterly opposed of any; for this reason, also, he is the most warmly embraced. The truth makes fast friends and bitter foes—that is, ethical truth does. It convicts of sin, if the man is a sinner; of righteousness and of responsibility, of the claims of man and God.

"But conviction is not conversion. Aaron Burr came under religious conviction when he was a young man. He deliberately put God from him. That is the darkest page in his history. The poet Burns came once under conviction. His spiritual adviser told him not to worry; to work it off; to dance it off; to pay no attention and be happy. We know the sequel. We laugh and cry over 'Bobby Burns'' poems; we can only cry for 'Bobby.' Felix trembled, but said, 'Go thy way for this time.' Conviction is not conversion.

"Conversion is when the man turns and says 'I will.' Obedience, the yielding to ethical truth, submission to divine commandment, is the turning point from conviction to conversion. When the 3,000 were pierced to the heart they were convicted; when they said, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' and being told what to do did it, they were converted.

"It is the province of scientific truth to convince; it is the province of ethical and divine truth to convict; it is the province of the man convicted to act. There is no greater change than that of conversion. 'If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new.'"

FATHER McKENNA'S SERMON.

Creeds and the Bible Discussed by the Great Missionary.

The Church of the Immaculate Conception was filled to the street steps last evening with a congregation gathered to listen to the great missionary priest, Father McKenna. The reverend man is possessed of a fine physique, and dramatic power, and his penetrating voice fills every corner of an edifice. His discourse was free and spontaneous, and the points given with impressive effect. His discourse was upon the infallibility of the Catholic church as against what he termed the dissenting churches, and his long lecture was filled with historical data of the middle ages.

He dwelt largely upon the statement that the various Protestant churches were divided in their beliefs and ever-changing in their creeds, and that no dependence was to be placed upon them. Latterly ministers in many cases had refused to take the oaths prescribed by the churches in which they intended to officiate. He stated that the men who preached and taught the Gospel in Protestant churches, when asked if they were sure of what they were teaching, answered, "No. We think we are right, but we are not infallible. We think we are right, but we may be wrong." "How different," said he, "is it with the great Catholic church. It stands united and mighty, and its priests and teachers go out with the cry, "We teach you the truth. We teach you the voice of the church, and the church is infallible."

He said that the Protestants all asked their youth to read the Bible, form their own impressions from it and adopt their own religion. This, he said, was wrong, for a truth should be taught by those who had made a study of the matter and could translate their difficulties.

From this he went into a history of the Bible, from its writing to its translation, and stated that the different Protestant translations were perversions of facts and wholly unreliable. From a Catholic standpoint the sermon was one that was deeply interesting, and proved the great missionary's claim to the fame he has attained in his work.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORK.

A Sermon Upon Its History and Results.

At the Westminster church last evening Rev. D. J. Burrell preached from the text: "The Love of Christ Constraineth Us," 2 Cor., 5-14. The speaker introduced his discourse with a rapid sketch of the growth of the Endeavor movement. It originated less than ten years ago. To-day at the convention in St. Louis there are more than 5,000 delegates, representing 10,000 societies and almost a million of members. In search ing for the motive of this great uprising among the young men and women of the church, we find it in Paul's words: "The Love of Christ constraineth us.. The purpose of the society is two-fold

First—Its members are, by the love of Christ, constrained to come; to come to Him for conversion, in confession, communion, conformity and consecration. The speaker dwelt at length upon these various points, illustrating them by the pledge which all members of the Society of Christian Endeavor are required to take.

Second—They are constrained to go; to go ever doing the Master's will. To the end that they may successfully serve Him, five things are necessary, to wit: A realizing sense of the world's need, a sound conviction that nothing but the Gospel can meet it, a correct view of personal responsibility in the premises, a resolution to put forth the utmost individual endeavor, and suitable preparation or training for it. The speaker eulogized the society as a training school for young Christians, and closed with the words of St. Francis of Assisi:

> "The love of Christ hath brought
> Such strength I cannot tire;
> He dwells in every thought;
> Love sets my heart on fire."

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Twelve I. O. O. F. Lodges Honor Their Dead Brethren.

Twelve Minneapolis lodges of Odd Fellows united yesterday in holding memorial services for those brethren who have died within the year. About 400 members of the I. O. O. F. met with Fraternity Lodge No. 62, at 252 Third avenue south. W. G. Nye arose as soon as all were seated and in a few well chosen words outlined what was to be done and the meaning of what the assembled brethern were about to do. He was followed by Rev. M. D. Shutter, who delivered the memorial address, and the eloquent assistant of the Church of the Redeemer never spoke more feelingly. He dwelt upon the comfort which falls upon the heart of the good Odd Fellow when he thinks that, even though they have gone beyond the sound of his voice, he will again meet those brothers whom he was wont to meet within the lodge room, and discoursed upon the thought that if the watchwords of Odd Fellowship are carefully observed, a Christian life in the fullest sense of the word is the result. Responses were then made by representatives of each lodge that has been visited by death within the past year. The following spoke: For Robert Blum lodge, No. 21, John F. Muller; Fraternity lodge, No. 62, Dr. Samuel Friedlander; Anchor lodge, No. 88, Dr. J. W. Kanberthy; Nicollet lodge, No. 119, F. M. Loy; Mistletoe lodge, No. 24, Daughters of Rebekah, Mrs. L. M. Austin; Iolo lodge, No. 35, Daughters of Rebekah, Mrs. F. L. Lent. Within the past year only eight persons out of a membership of fully 2,000 have died. During the services several vocal selections were exceptionally well rendered by a quartette from Anchor lodge, No. 88. The lodge room of Fraternity lodge was beautifully and tastefully decorated for the occasion.

STILL THE SHOW GOES ON.

No Orders Yet Given for the Closing of the Comique.

The Comique continues to do business at the old stand. The band tooted as merrily as of yore there last night, the serio-comics sung, the comedians comdiated, the funny Dutchman talked with an Irish brogue, the "black-face" performer wore the same little hat, and had his face smeared with floor, and the audience smoked bad tobacco and chewed worse, just as if the theater had a license. Despite John Calderwood's assertion that the license expired May 1, Capt. W. W. Brown seems determined to run his show until he is ordered to desist.

Just what will become of the old Comique is, as yet, unknown. It has been suggested that Brown may turn it into a regular concert saloon, a la Jumbo, and, dropping out the admission fee, make up the deficit by slightly increasing the price of drinks. That would, it is held, place it outside the provisions of the license law and allow it to run unmolested. That may be done and it may not be. At any rate, the theater has not yet been ordered closed.

IN LUTHERAN TEMPLES.

Rev. Mr. Aas on Missionary Work at Trinity Church.

Yesterday the Norwegiain Lutheran churches of the city were filled to overflowing. All the delegates from out of the city in attendance at the United Lutheran convention were scattered about among the different churches and the size of the regular congregations out at the Lutheran temples of worship was increasee largely by the interest excited by the work of consolidation and by the curiosity of the worshipers to hear some of the visiting divines. Communion services were held in all the Lutheran churches. At the Trinity church last evening, the vast auditorium would not hold all who were anxious to get within. Grand missionary services were in progress there. Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Aas, who is prominent in the Lutheran church as a missionary to Madagascar, and by several others well nigh as well known through their connection with the work of winning disciples of the church.

Albert Knittle Gone.

Albert Knittle, the attorney who was indicted some time ago for forgery connected with his libel suit against the Pioneer Press, was not out of the city, as had been supposed. When Carmen N. Smith stated that he had seen Knittle in Chicago he was living safe with a friend in Minneapolis. It is said that while he was in hiding his wife disposed of what real estate they possessed, while his friends secured for him a position outside the city. Shortly after the family left for their new home in the far Southwest. Mr. Knittle said that he left for new fields because his trade had been ruined, and he preferred to seek new fields, not because he was afraid to meet the charge.

Hennepin Song Service.

The service af song at the Hdnnepin Avenue Methodist church drew a congregation that completely filled the vast edifice. The full choir was in attendance and the programme given was a long one that had been ably arranged by Mr. Drill. Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was the feature of the occasion, and the various solos were given with sweet effect.

Escaped from Rochester.

Barney Hanson, a lunatic, is now at the central station awaiting re-commitment to the Rochester asylum. Hanson, who is a harmless sort of a lunatic, escaped from Rochester a few days ago but was apprehended yesterday.

Resigned the Management.

W. E. Gooding has tendered his resignation as manager of the Twin City Athletic club. Mr. Gooding's successor has not yet been selected, but will be at the next meeting of the executive committee of the club.

MINNEAPOLIS GLOBULES.

The Knights of Labor Building association is negotiating the sale of bonds.

The Presbyterians are figuring on establishing a German mission in North Minneapolis.

The Swedish Unitarians are arranging for a basket picnic at Lake Calhoun two weeks from yesterday.

The ladies of St. Matthew's have arranged for a reception on Friday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. G. H. Motley.

The local jobbing trade is in a prosperous condition, but it is feared that large stocks of straw hats will be carried over.

Isidor Kzellberg, the Swedish journalist and politician, is expected to address the Swedish Unitarians here about the 1st of July.

The Minneapolis club has decided to give tha building committee additional time in which to decide upon a site for the proposed new club house.

The North Minneapolis Scandinavian Temperance society held a mass meeting at G. A. R. hall, Washington and Twentieth avenues north, yesterday afternoon.

Children's day was celebrated yesterday at All Souls' church, the Church of the Redeemer, the Fifth Avenue Congregational and the Forest Heights Methodist.

The thirteenth annual excursion and picnic of the Sunday school of Gethsemane church will be given at Lake Park hotel, Lake Minnetonka, Tuesday, June 17.

The Presbyterians are figuring on establishing a German mission in North Minneapolis. Services were held at Hope mission last Sunday. The field is considered a good one.

The semi-annual meeting of the trades and labor assembly will occur next Friday. Five delegates will also be elected to represent the assembly in the prelimary meeting of the state Federation of Labor.

The Minneapolis musicians are figuring on capturing the next biennial meeting of the National Music Teachers' association for Minneapolis in 1892. The matter will be decided at the coming meeting in Detroit.

Rev. William Wilkinson, of St. Andrew's Episcopal church, has received a call to West Duluth, where a new church is to be established. He has not yet signified his acceptance.

At the request of many citizens the central high school exhibit which has elicited so much favorable comment during the past two weeks will be open this afternoon and evening for the accommodation of those who have been unable to inspect it heretofore.

The New York Dry Goods Economist says that a linen manufacturing plant will shortly be established in Minneapolis, and that the enterprise is in the hands of responsible and energetic men. The paper claims that it will be an interesting experiment to note whether domestic linen is possible or not in this country.

Saturday a German girl called at Supt. Snyder's office and related a pitiful story about having just arrived from the old country to meet her future husband. The superintendent said he would appeal to the German consul. That frightened the girl and she confessed that she came from Stearns county with the hope of being sent to Bethany home free of charge. She was sent back home.

The First regiment, Minnesota volunteers, will hold its annual reunion at Red Wing Wednesday. Prominent speakers will be present, ex-Congressman Morton S. Wilkinson being scheduled for an address, and the social feature of the occasion will not be neglected. The railroads have made a rate of one and one-third fares for the round trip, and old soldiers are requested to get receipts when they buy their tickets.

The Church of the Ascension is the name of the new Catholic church in North Minneapolis, in which is included about three hundred families in the territory north of Twelfth avenue north. A house of worship is being built at the corner of Eighteenth and Bryant avenues, which will be a temporary frame structure, to seat about six hundred people. A. C. Christie will have charge of the parish and live at 1725 Bryant avenue.

It Was Instinct.

Lawrence American.

"Love," he said, after she had promised to be his, and he had slipped the little band upon her pretty finger, "love, tell me true, tell me honestly, have you—is this the first time you have ever gone through such a scene?"

"The first time I have ever become engaged, Tom? Is that you what you mean?" asked the sweet one.

"Yes, pet."

"Why, yes, really. But why do you ask?"

"Because when I was fumbling around your hand, hunting for some finger to put the ring on, you slipped that third figer into it as naturally as though your were proficient in the practice."

Alarmed at the Result.

New Orleans Picayune.

While there is no doubt but that local issues helped the Democrats to achieve some of their victories and made them more pronounced, it is equally certain that the tariff agitation was the prime cause of the change of sentiment which swept the Republican party out of some of its principal and hitherto unassailable strongholds, and it is believed that the McKinley measure, which, instead of diminishing, actually increases tariff burdens, will still further turn the tide in favor of the Democracy and result in the gain of a very large number of congressmen at the coming elections.

A Phenomenon and a Miracle.

Elmira Gazette.

Young Experiment—Say, uncle, is there any difference between something that is phenomenal and something that is marvelous?

Old Experience—Yes, my boy, there is. A phenomenon is something which has no apparent cause, and a miracle has a special cause. For instance, if you should be a messenger boy running when there was no cause for it, that would be a phenomenon; but if you should see him running when there was cause for it, that would be a miracle.

Floater Fund Edicts.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

When Dudley and Quay, the ruling spirits of the Republican national committee, issue an edict that the party whip shall be vigorously applied in forcing a federal election law through congress, everybody knows what sort of an election law they want and what they want it for. It is not election law they want, but better facilities for boodle operations, blocks-of-five voting, claiming everything and seating their candidates when they cannot elect them by force, fraud or corruption.

Sympathy Becomes a Sham.

Baltimore Sun.

If the negro really needed such legislation, and if sympathy for the negro were the animating reason for the framing of the Lodge bill, many would tolerate it, however unwise they might deem it to be; but with the general feeling that it is simply an attempt to gain congressional and electoral votes at the South by gathering negroes at the polls with the expectation that they will vote only the Republican ticket, sympathy becomes a sham.

LOCAL MENTION.

Removal Notice.

Vail & Johnson, undertakers, have removed to 614 Nicollet avenue. Open day and night. Telephone 1024-2.

A SOCIAL SHOCK.

London World.

Dinner was announced immediately after Mrs. Washington Mostyn entered the drawing room, and indeed it appeared that the party were only waiting her arrival to put an end to the classic bad quarter of an hour.

"My dear," whispered Lady Kendal, "I am going to send you down with a most charming young man, Algie Upham, a cousin of the duchess of Liverpool; I think he's quite one of the nicest men in London, and so artistic, don't you know."

Mrs. Mostyn raised her tortoise-shell lorgnette in the direction of the gentleman indicated, and was pleased to make an inspection and give an opinion in not more than two seconds:

"Charmed, I am sure. What a good-looking young man! Ah, I see—race and intelligence."

"Yes, both. But allow me to introduce you," said Lady Kendal. In another minute or so the women were trailing their silken and velvet skirts down stairs to the dining room.

Mrs. Washington Mostyn belonged to the "Four Hundred" of New York, if not by birth, at any rate by wealth. Her husband, who was content to pursue operations in Wall street most of the year round, was wont to leave the cultivation of society to his handsome wife. Their brown stone mansion on Fifth avenue was as gorgeous as many of their richer neighbors' and no one understood better the art of "booming" an entertainment and getting herself talked about than Mrs. Washington Mostyn, of New York. And then her "cottage" at Newport, was it not celebrated in every paper throughout the length and breadth of the continent? It was there that she entertained lavishly migratory members of the English aristocracy in quest of amusement, wives or sport, thereby forming connections which she meant to push vigorously, now that she had actually arrived in London. Had not Lord Birkenhead, the Duchess of Liverpool's oldest boy, been one of those feted and flattered youngsters? And was not the dear duchess proportionately grateful and inclined to open the ducal arms in a manner that she was not wont to do with certain dear friends and rivals from New York and Washington? And as to the society of which this fastidious lady was so distinguished an ornament was it not the most select and "high-toned"—as the transatlantic scribe would put it—to be found on the same continent? But Mrs. Washington Mostyn had still one unsatisfied ambition, and that was to become as much a Londoner as her fair friends and neighbors had contrived to make themselves. To London, of course, like every other self-respecting American, she had been, but it wa swith the London of hotels, parks and theaters only that she was familiar. Into its society she had never penetrated. And so it came to pass that Mrs. Mostyn, leaving her husband to perform his avocation of bear in Wall street, caused several enormous trunks to be packed, and, arming herself with introductions to some of the best people in London, betook herself, her maid and her courier by the next steamer to Liverpool, landing on these shores by the beginning of May. Lady Kendal, who loved above all things a new face, had been one of the first hostesses to make much of her.

It was rather an amusing table, though it somewhat shocked Mrs. Mostyn's fastidious sense of the social proprieties. Looking round, she was struck with the familiar look of the faces, and, as a matter of fact, she could have seen most of the persons present by taking a walk down Bond street and glancing in the photographers' windows as she went along.

Lady Kendal's parties were celebrated in their way, for she was what an irreverent modern journalist has not inaptly called a "mixer." She would send down a famous poet with an ambassadress, a cabinet minister with a pretty actress, or consign a great lady to a fashionable singer. It was a social salad, and people were pleased, once in a way, to meet celebrities of whom they had heard a great deal. Now Mrs. Mostyn, like others of the "four hundred," knew little, and approved less, of "mixing." She would as soon have asked Li Sing, her Chinese laundryman, to dinner, as some of the actors, journalists and painters whom Lady Kendal liked to see occasionally at her table. To-night, for instance, across the banks of mauve and white orchids, Mrs. Mostyn could catch the profile of her grace of Liverpool smiling on a handsome Polish tenor who had turned the women's heads in half the opera houses in Europe; while opposite her sat the celebrated biologist, Prof. Lyndall, who was apparently delighted with his neighbor, a little Virginian beauty, who had written some rather erotic novels.

"Why couldn't Lady Kendal have told me what his line is?" thought Mrs. Mostyn, glancing at her partner as she seated herself in her place. "I hate talking to a man I know nothing about! Sport—art—the Gaiety? What shall it be? I know—polo! All Englishmen play polo, or if they don't they like you to think they do."

But it was not, after all, of polo that Algernon Upham conversed. He had a hundred amusing stories to tell—stories of the theatrical world in London, of great people in Vienna, of the ateliers in Paris.

"You paint, then?" asked Mrs. Mostyn, when the talk turned on the last subject.

"I used to," said Upham, modestly. "I have almost given it up now; in fact, I think it gave me up. I spent five delightful years working in the Paris studios, and at the end of that time I came to the conclusion that I knew almost nothing about it."

"Ah, that is your modesty. I am sure you do know all about it," replied the lady sweetly; and then there was a little pause, during which the young man smiled and hesitated, as if he were about to say more. Mrs. Mostyn, feeling that she had unwittingly touched on personal matters, adroitly turned the talk into another channel. The American was charmed with her neighbor. He was not only young, handsome and amusing, but he seemed (no slight virtue in the eyes of Mrs. Mostyn) to be connected with various smart and imposing English families. With the enterprise of her sex and nation, she determined to annex Algie. "What a charming young man," she thought, "to take to the play, to squire one in the park and to hand cups of tea on one's 'at home' day!" He had such perfect taste and such an eye for color, for when the talk, as it sometimes will, turned on chiffons, Mrs. Mostyn was astonished to hear her neighbor give an almost subtly feminine opinion on some point in dispute.

"Why, I believe you know more about it than I do," declared the lady, laughing.

"Well, I ought to, I suppose."

Mrs. Mostyn was so mystified that for a perceptible instant she found absolutely nothing to say. He evidently imagined that she knew all about him. With the tact of her sex, Mrs. Mostyn promptly turned the talk into generalities again, determining to ask her hostess all about her fascinating neighbor as soon as the ladies reached the drawing room.

But the fates were against her. Lady Kendal was monopolized by an elderly matron, who never let go her hostess till the men appeared from the dining room, and when they did so it was Algie Upham who slipped into the vacant chair by Mrs. Mostyn's side. This was a maneuver that is not in the nature of woman to withstand.

"Come and dine with me on Friday night," she said, when she at last rose to go; "100 Lowndes square, 8 o'clock. Don't say you can't; one or two nice people are coming."

"I shall be more than charmed," replied the young man, bending, in his pretty, half-foreign way, over the lady's hand; "but you'll come to my place one day, won't you? Lady Kendall is coming to-morrow."

"Why, yes, I think I could go to-morrow," said Mrs. Mostyn; and so the thing is settled.

On the following day, Mrs. Washington Mostyn, who had put on her most gorgeous attire—not having been long enough in London to know that here women do not bedeck themselves in the afternoon—tripped down to her little coupe, and directed the man to drive to Lady Kendall's, thoroughly pleased with herself and the world in general. She was going to see the charming young man of the night before, and the charming young man was going to dine with her on Friday. Moreover, she had on her most becoming bonnet.

The two ladies chatted cosily as the carriage bowled along.

"I'm so glad you could come," said Lady Kendal; "I'm sure you'll think his taste perfect. He has such lovely things."

"Lovely things?" inquired Mrs. Mostyn with rising enthusiasm. She was one of those women who like their heroes of the moment to be set, as it were, in a framework of luxury.

"Yes; brocades such as you can't get for love or money. He has them specially manufactured from his own designs."

"He must be very rich," said the American. "That's the sort of thing our millionaires do at home."

"Well, Algie must make $3,000 or $4,000 a year, I should think," rejoined Lady Kendall. "You see, he's so well connected. All the smartest women in London go to Algie."

If Mrs. Mostyn wondered for an instant how the society of smart women justified such reckless extravagance, she said nothing, having a horror of appearing ignorant of London or the ways of London.

"You got on capitally," continued Lady Kendall; "Algie is so fond of Americans. You see, they don't mind what they spend."

"No?" said Mrs. Mostyn, who was now thoroughly mystified; and just then the carriage drew up at a smart looking house in a Mayfair street—the house all painted white, with yellow silk curtains and blinds, and daisies and spiræa in the window boxes.

The door was opened by a man servant in livery, and the ladies were shown up stairs into a large room like a studio. The walls were of golden leather, with draperies and curtains of dull gold silk, and here and there a touch of turquoise blue or faint pink, inwrought with gold, added another note to the harmonious picture in which the white wood mantelpiece, the soft Persian carpet, and the exquisite old mezzotints on the walls each played their part. One or two Chippendale cabinets displayed specimens of rare Nankin, the easy chairs and lounges invited you to chat, and on every table and in every nook stood flowers and palms.

His master was engaged for the moment, the man announced, but would be with the ladies in a few minutes.

"What a perfectly charming studio," cried Mrs. Mostyn, in her pretty, short-sighted way; "only I don't see any canvases or the usual artistic mess."

"Canvases—Why should there be, my dear?"

"Well, but isn't Mr. Upham an artist?"

"Artist!" cried Lady Kendal, "what an idea? Why, don't you know—I thought everybody knew—Mr. Upham is the fashionable dressmaker. His professional name is Eugene, but we all call him Algie. Why, I'm going to try on my new court bodice directly, and the dear boy will tell me exactly what's the matter with it."

For a moment Mrs. Mostyn's head almost reeled. She hardly knew if she gave a scream, or if she moved instinctively to the bell. Where was the door; where was her carriage?

Whether her murmured excuses conveyed any notion to Lady Kendal it is difficult to say, for in another moment she had slipped down stairs.

A dressmaker! Her charming young man—a man with whom she had already had almost a flirtation—was a dressmaker! It was preposterous—it was impossible. Why there were a dozen odious journalists who were capable of telling the whole story in the American papers; and, as Mrs. Mostyn threw herself into her coupe, she fairly groaned as she remembered that she had her self insisted on the presence of this impostor at her first smart dinner in London.

Absence of Mind.

Terre Haute Express.

Briggs—Mighty pretty bonnet your wife had on last Sunday. At least my wife said it was.

"Yes; and it all came from my absent-mindedness that she got it."

Briggs—How's that?

Braggs—When I went home the other evening, thinking very intently about business, as I often do, I found my wife in the kitchen. Now, what should I do but hand the steak I was carrying to my wife and kiss the cook! Of course, she knew it was all a mistake, but—oh, well, you know how women are.

Briggs—Yep.

Wean the Infant.

Des Moines Leader.

A weaning time comes for infants, and it ought to come for "infant industries." For Carnegie's iron mills to be still drawing at the tariff is like a ten-year-old ox sucking at its mother.

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OFFICE WORK—A law student wants a position in law office; good references. Address A B 500, Globe.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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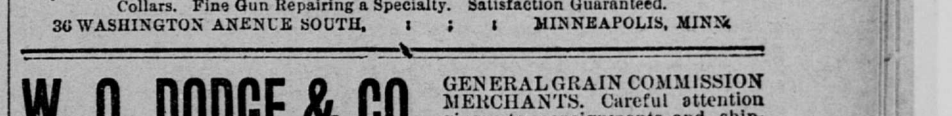
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