SAINT PAUL.

IN CHORAL STRAIN.

Harvest Festival Celebration at Christ Church.

The star that blazed high above the altar of Christ church last night streamed over 100 white choristers, and a church decorated with sheaves of yellow grain and ripened fruits of the harvest. The church was crowded to hear the harvest festival sung by the combined choirs of Christ church and St. Paul's. The music was very difficult, and was sung without noticeable errors. Ernest Nelson's solo in the offertory anthem, "Ye Shall Go Out With Joy," by Barnby, was exquisitely rendered. George Nichols' offertory solo, "Lord Remember David," by Handel, was especially enjoyable. The address of the evening was delivered by Rev. J. J. Faude, rector of Gethsemane church, in Minneapolis, and was interesting in the extreme. The other clergymen present were Rev. C. C. Andrews, rector of Christ church; Rev. John Wright, of St. Paul's; Rev. Howard Clapp, of St. Anthony Park; Rev. Edward Moyses, of Hastings, and Rev. Edwin Johnson, of Lake City.

The harvest festival musical programme will be repeated at St. Paul's church next Friday evening, and harvest home service held. The programme complete is as follows:

Processional Hymn—"Praise, Oh Praise Our God and King"
Versicles and Responses.....Tallis in G
Psalter—Tenth Selection.....Chants
"Magnificat" in E Flat.....A. H. Marchant
"Nunc Dimittis" in E Flat...A. H. Marchant
Anthem—Bass Solo—"Harken Unto Me Ye People".....A. S. Sullivan
W. H. Springer.
Hymn—"Oh Praise Ye the Lord".....Handel
George Nichols.
Offertory Solo—"Lord Remember David".....Handel
Offertory Anthem—Trebel Solo—"Ye Shall Go Out With Joy".....Barnby
Ernest Nelson.
Recessional—"Raise the Song of Harvest Home".....Elvey
Organ Voluntary—Hallelujah Chorus—"Mount of Olives".....Beethoven

Delighted by Richardson.

Locke Richardson read that most delightful of comedies, "The Rivals," at the People's church last night to an audience of flattering size. Sheridan has created so great a variety of characters in the play that it is especially difficult of interpretation to a single reader. Mr. Richardson's reading is most happy. His Mrs. Malaprop, with her absurd blunders in speech, is very funny, and far less a caricature than the average female part in the hands of a male actor. Sir Anthony, Capt. Absolute, Lydia Languish, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Lucy and Fighting Bob Acres are all distinct and individual creations. The evening's entertainment was a most delightful one.

Supreme Court Routine.

The following cases were considered by the supreme court yesterday:

Frederick Keil, appellant, vs. The City of St Paul, respondent, argued and submitted; Silas Overmire, respondent, vs. Julia A. Haworth, appellant, submitted; William Salisbury, appellant, vs. Patrick Keigher et al., respondents, to be submitted Oct. 28; Joseph Stewart, respondent, vs. Mary E. Duncan, appellant, submitted; Peter Peterson, respondent, vs. Frank Harrison, respondent, order to show cause; order entered, appeal dismissed.

James A. Paige, respondent, vs. H. McClanahan, appellant; order to show cause; order entered, appeal dismissed.

Louis H. Grieser, appellant, vs. City of Duluth et al., respondents; order to show cause argued and submitted; order to show cause discharged.

Frying Pan to Fire.

Peter White, colored, was up again in the municipal court yesterday charged with vagrancy, but was dismissed by the judge on a motion made by Attorney McGhee, who argued that the officer had no right to arrest a man simply because he suspected a person had no means of making a living. When White left the court room he was re-arrested on a charge of resisting an officer. The attorney for the defendant moved again that White be dismissed, as his arrest for vagrancy was not legal and he was justified in resisting the officer. The court held otherwise, and White was remanded until Monday.

Went Through a Caboose.

An interesting patient arrived at St. Joseph's hospital last night in care of Dr. Murphy. His name is John Donovan and he was thrown through the top of a caboose and miraculously escaped death at the wreck at Anoka Wednesday night. He was a passenger on the Great Northern and was riding in the caboose to St. Cloud. His collar bone is broken and he is bruised all over. Dr. Murphy found him in the third story of an Anoka hotel and concluded to bring him to more comfortable quarters in this city.

The Injured Engineer.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel May and Mrs. James Griffin, of the West side, visited Engineer John May at St. Joseph's hospital last evening. Two sons of the latter had also visited him during yesterday. John was not as delirious as on the night before, but his condition was very distressing. Mr. May, together with Messrs. Clancy and McGrail, are having the best attention possible, and seem to be turning toward recovery from their terrible scalding at South Park. The other sufferers from that accident are out of danger.

DISTRICT COURT ITEMS.

In the case of Milton A. Clow et al. against James Forrestal and others, the jury returned a verdict of $800 against Forrestal, but found in a second verdict that the sureties on the Forrestal bond are not liable.

The mechanic's lien case of Corlies, Chapman & Drake against John W. Jackson, Anna E. Jackson and others was partly heard by Judge Egan yesterday. The hearing will proceed Monday.

Judge Cornish was engaged yesterday in hearing the mechanic's lien case of Bjornstad & Omdahl against Charles R. Bloomquist and a score of others. The hearing will proceed on Monday.

Did You Ever Notice

How easily people will find what is best for their interest? We are offering this week extra inducements in Fine Shoes, and wish to close out certain lines that are being offered at about half-price. The Chicago Shoe House, 31 East Seventh street, is the Greatest Bargain Shoe House in the Northwest, and, to prove the assertion, is offering bargains:

Ladies' Hand-Sewed Dongola Button, $2, worth $3.50.
Ladies' Dongola Button, $1.47, worth $2.50.
Ladies' Kid Button, 90 cents, worth $1.50.
Ladies' French Kid Hand-Sewed Button, $3, worth $5.
Ladies' Cloth Top Fine Dongola Button, only $2, worth $3.50.
Ladies' Kid Opera Slippers, 50 cents.
Ladies' Dongola Oxford Ties, 65 cents.
Ladies' Vesting Tops Oxford Ties, $1.45.
A full line of Misses' and Children's Shoes awful cheap.
Men's Shoes way down.
Men's Hand-Sewed Fine Calf Congress or Lace, only $3.50, worth $6.
Men's Calf Congress and Lace, only $2, worth $3.50.
Men's Embroidered Slippers, 75 cents.
Men's Working Shoes, 90 cents.
Men's Dress Shoes, $1.50, worth $2.50.
And many more Genuine Bargains at THE CHICAGO SHOE COMPANY'S, The Greatest Bargain Shoe House in the Northwest, 31 East Seventh Street.

THEY REFUSE TO GO.

Mille Lacs Indians Insist on the Government Doing as It Agreed,

Otherwise They Propose in Turn to Go Back on the Treaty.

The Grand Jury Gets a Surfeit and Adjourns for a Month.

Wine Rooms Are Roasted and Places of Detention Visited.

Ex-Congressman D. S. Hall, who is a member of the Chippewa Indian commission, arrived in the city last evening after a week spent in arguing with the Mille Lacs Indians and trying to persuade them to pack up and move over to the White Earth agency. The Mille Lacs band, especially the older members of it, are decidedly averse to moving, and, indeed, have great reason to be if the facts in the case are as Mr. Hall states them to be. When the commissioners who negotiated the treaties with the Chippewa bands under virtue of an appointment from President Cleveland, they supposed the Mille Lacs lived on a reservation, and so they told the Indians when they signed that they could take their allotments where they were. These commissioners were: Bishop Marty, of South Dakota; Hon. Henry M. Rice, of this city, and Mr. Whiting, of Wisconsin. Ex-Senator Rice has always been highly respected and relied upon by the Chippewas, and, had it not been for him it is altogether unlikely that the negotiations would have ended successfully. After the signatures had been secured the interior department made a number of decisions which amounted to a declaration that there was no Indian reservation at Mille Lacs, and what Commissioners Rice, Marty and Whiting and the Indians and everybody else had considered as Indian land was declared government land, and open to entry and settlement.

Settlers flocked in after this decision in droves, and men who had been squatting on lands for years secured patents. The Indians found themselved with no land to cultivate. Their gardens were part of some white man's homestead. In speaking of this last evening, Mr. Hall said that the Indians had cultivated little land this year, because they seemed to be discouraged.

"I cannot say they are moved yet," he said, in answer to a question, "although about 150 have gone over to White Earth. There are still 750 at Mille Lacs. I am inclined to think that they will have to go in the end, although I shall not try to force them. Now that there is no reservation at Mille Lacs, I think that they will have to go to White Earth for their annuities. We have been trying to persuade them to move. They say they are willing to do what Mr. Rice said they could do—take their allotments at Mille Lacs; but this they cannot do, because there is no land there."

"Will the government force the Indians to move if they cannot be persuaded to go?"

"I do not know what the Indian office will decide to do, but I know we shall not try to force the Indians to go. We shall reason with them and try to persuade them to go, although I confess it is pretty tough work camping out there these cold nights for a week at a time. The head chief of the Mille Lacs bands is a young man, Wa-we-com-ig by name. He is very intelligent, and, like many others of the young men, would like to go. The older men, however, are not easily won over."

Commissioner Hall said that ex-Senator Rice and his colleagues are in no wise to blame for the trouble, as it was considered at that time that the land in the Mille Lacs country was a reservation. The Indians still have the greatest confidence in Mr. Rice, and know that he is not to blame for their troubles. Mr. Hall and his colleagues are now working under the directions of the interior department and have no power to do anything. That a great injustice is being done the Mille Lacs Indians seems evident and the government can hardly do less than carry out its part of the treaty.

GRAND JURY FINALE.

The Roomers and Wine Rooms Scorched—Reports of the Departments.

The grand jury made its final report at noon yesterday, and, at its request, was dismissed by Judge Otis until Nov. 16, when it will again convene to make further investigations concerning the good order and well-being of the people within the bailiwick of Ramsey county. Additional indictments to the number of seventeen were returned in connection with a series of reports made by committees relative to city and county institutions and offices. After inspection of the report, Judge Otis thanked the grand jurors on behalf of the court and the general public for able and energetic services rendered, at a sacrifice of their personal businesses and conveniences. He stated that no present action would be taken relative to the recommendations in the general report, and said it gave him pleasure to adjourn them over until the time mentioned.

The indictments returned yesterday were not made public for prudential reasons, as the parties indicted were at liberty. It is asserted by some, however, that assignation houses and wine-room annexes to saloons where women congregate for immoral purposes have received the attention of the grand jury. Several arrests of persons so implicated were made last night. One indictment s against a prominent personage for making a false return of schedules after making an assignment.

Stations and Hospitals.

In its report the grand jury stated that it desires to express its appreciation of the service rendered by the officers and members of the police force in assisting the grand jury in expediting the business brought before it.

The committee on jail reported it in a highly satisfactory condition; the heating and ventilating is well provided for and proper food furnished. There are twenty-five prisoners now confined there, of whom six are United States prisoners. Provision for better carrying off refuse water from the kitchen is recommended. The sub police stations are in a good condition generally, but subjects for improvements. The Margaret street station is held up as a model in that it has a separate apartment for female prisoners. The Rondo, Prior avenue and Ducas street stations have vacant rooms that are recommended to be fitted up for the accommodation of females and children. As to the central station the prospective removal to Third street obviated a criticism on that place further than to recommend that the police force should have daily practice in the use of 100 repeating rifles stored there. A new cement floor is recommended at Rondo station, as well as improvements in the closet. Improvements in the closets at Prior avenue and Ducas street are also recommended.

It is reported that at all stations the patrolmen have orders to close up all saloons at midnight, and to see that the front doors thereof are closed, and the blinds drawn down on Sunday. The police force is reported to be unusually efficient considering the extensive territory to be covered by the present force. An increase in the number of policemen at an early day is recommended.

The sanitary condition of the hospital is reported good, but a new range is needed for the kitchen, besides grenades or chemicals to be used for extinguishing fires. It is also recommended that a night watchman be employed for the hospital building. Owing to the fact that most of the patients are confined to bed and the difficulty of quick removal in case of fire warrants better protection by means of house extinguishers. The building being crowded the need for pushing the completion of the new buildings is urged.

Among Officials.

The report upon the investigation into accounts of officers states that an examination was made of the books of the city comptroller, register of deeds, clerk of courts, county auditor, abstract office, sheriff's office, and of the custodian of the court house and city hall. The systems employed are entirely satisfactory and no irregularities exist. No excessive fees are charged in the offices where fees are charged. The comptroller has adopted a system of accounts in conformity to the new charter. A new system of indexing has been adopted in the office of register of deeds, which facilitates the reaching of records. The clerk of the district court has adopted a satisfactory system of checking the issuing of jury certificates and witness fees. It is recommended that a plan be adopted to notify the county auditor in cases where titles to real estate have been alienated by decrees of court.

The court house and city building is in good condition, except that the ventilation in the vaults of the register of deeds needs improvement for the benefit of persons who have recourse there to search books and papers.

The committee on poor farm speaks of the good condition thereof, and recommends the building of a laundry and enlarging the dining room.

The workhouse is reported to be properly conducted, and the inmates furnished with wholesome food.

ROYAL SEND-OFF.

Complimentary Banquet by Newspaper Men to F. S. Verbeck.

Frank S. Verbeck, manager of the Minnesota Type Fou dry, will, at the end of the month, leave St. Paul for Chicago, where he has been given a very responsible position in the world-wide type foundry of Messrs. Barnhart Bros. & Spindler. It is five years since Mr. Verbeck located in St. Paul, and during that time has made himself very popular in the newspaper and printing professions, as well as the society of Elks. His popularity is not confined to St. Paul, as to-day Mr. Verbeck, or "Old Ver," as his friends love to speak of him, has made friends in every city, town and village of the broad commonwealth of Minnesota. Mr. Verbeck has been very prominent in the Minnesota Editors and Publishers association, the St. Paul Press club, the St. Paul Typothetæ and the St. Paul Lodge of Elks. On his departure for another sphere of labor, his many friends, desiring to enforce their appreciation of his many good and manly qualities, decided to give him a complimentary banquet, which took place last evening at the Windsor hotel. H. P. Hall, of the Daily News, presided, Mr. Verbeck being seated at his right hand and Capt. H. A. Castle, ex-president of the Minnesota Editors' association, being on his left. The others present were H. D. Brown, F. L. Bixby, S. A. Bailey, E. B. Benson, J. D. Davis, E. H. Dearth, J. J. Dobson, G. W. Dodds, H. G. Dunn, B. B. Herbert, Chicago; C. J. Jones, J. A. Johnson, St. Peter; S. A. Langevin, Preston; H. C. Lewis, Chicago; Soren Listoe, F. W. Lee, C. R. McKenny, North St. Paul; C. J. Montfort, E. A. Paradis, G. S. Pease, Anoka; S. J. Price, D. Ramaley, J. H. Ramaley, D. B. R. Strong, East Grand Forks; C. P. Stine, G. M. Stanchfield, D. S. Sperry, J. A. Schmahl, Ed A. Whitaker and Irving Todd, Hastings. Letters and telegrams were received from a large number of editors of the state expressing regret at their inability to be present. After discussing a most excellent repast, a very pleasant evening was spent. Mr. Verbeck was the recipient of the highest encomiums from the gentlemen present, one and all, regretting his departure from the city. Few men could have better or warmer-hearted friends than surrounded Mr. Verbeck last evening, and they have all been won to his side by the zealous and disinterested work he has done for the welfare of the newspaper profession and friendly societies in this city and state.

The menu card for the dinner was most elaborate, as well as unique, and bore the title, "Good-by dinner, in nine languages, tendered F. S. Verbeck, manager Minnesota Type foundry, on his transplantation to Chicago." The menu was printed in nine languages.

ABERDEEN MANAGEMENT.

No Change That Will Affect the Present High Standard.

Respecting recent publications concerning the financial affairs of J. J. Watson and the Aberdeen hotel, it may be stated that no actual settlement between Mr. Watson and his principal creditors, the Endicotts, of Boston, has been reached. Negotiations are pending which will probably result in relieving Mr. Watson of the heavy indebtedness under which he has been laboring during the past two years. The statement attributing Mr. Watson's financial difficulties to a losing business at the Aberdeen is incorrect. For the past year the hotel has shown satisfactory earnings of the operating expenses, but not sufficient to cover the heavy fixed charges, though it is now beyond question that in the future the earnings will cover even these charges. Until the settlement above referred to is consummicated it will not be possible to state who will be in charge of the Aberdeen after Nov. 1, though, in any event, the public may rest assured that the house will be kept open and its present high standard of excellence maintained.

MERELY TEMPORARY.

The Decrease of Insanity Was But Short-Lived.

Secretary Hart has compiled some very interesting statistics on insanity in Minnesota. It is shown that since 1870, the first year considered in the table, the proportion of insane patients to the million inhabitants has been steadily increasing at an alarming rate. The year 1889 shows a lessening of the increase of insane patients in the state hospitals, but the decrease was only temporary. The table follows:

Insane hospital patients on hand Sept. 30—

	1888.	1889.	1890.	1891.
St. Peter hospital.....	960	939	714	950
Rochester hospital.....	820	866	967	1,069
Fergus Falls hospital...	...	...	90	116
Totals.....	1,780	1,835	1,971	2,135
Recent increase, per cent.....	11.2	3.1	7.4	8.3

Patients per 1,000,000 inhabitants—

1870.	1875.	1880.	1885.	1890.	1891.
468	727	930	1,183	1,500	1,547

Blaze After Midnight.

Fire this morning at 12:50 destroyed the building at 406 South Wabasha street. It was one and a half stories high, and occupied by Taubert & Co. as a harness shop. The loss is estimated at $2,500.

Death of a Superintendent.

Special to the Globe.

CROOKSTON, Oct. 16.—E. J. Grefthen, superintendent of schools, died this morning of typhoid fever.

THE MOST EMINENT AUTHORITIES

highly recommend the Soden Mineral Pastilles (troches made from the Mineral Springs of Soden, Germany). They may be safely administered to infants of tender age and women of the most delicate constitution, as they contain neither drugs nor anodynes. Children in particular like them on account of the pleasant taste; they are irresistible in the cure of all chronic and temporary catarrhal diseases.

The genuine imported must have the signature of "Eisher & Mendelson Co.," Sole Agents, New York, around each box. Beware of imitations.

CAPTURED BY REDS.

The Whole Sioux Nation After the Scalp of a Pale Face.

Surprised in the Fog by a Band of Mounted Red Warriors.

Reserved for the Stake, But Rescued by Fortunate Arrival of Troops.

M. Quad's Experiences During the Indian Wars in the West.

During the Indian troubles which followed the close of the civil war I was attached to various Western forts and camps as scout and dispatch rider, and in that capacity had my full share of adventures, says M. Quad in the Chicago Tribune. It was my fortune or misfortune almost at the outset of my career to strike the Sioux a blow which made them forever after hungry for my life. This was in 1866, while they were pretending to be at peace, but actually killing every white man who was found outside the forts. I was then at Fort McPherson, and while carrying a dispatch to a small body of troops stationed on the Saline Fork of the Kansas river I encountered a small band of Indians. This was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon. I saw them emerge from a dry ravine and head to cut me off, and at once halted and dismounted. I was then on the crest of a ridge, and close to a natural sink which would make a good rifle-pit. It was big enough to shelter my horse as well, and I was all ready for the redskins before they knew I had taken the alarm.

While not in war paint, they showed every other sign of hostility, and I knew that if I fell into their hands my scalp would change owners within five minutes. There wasn't a Winchester rifle among the Indians at that time and not one in ten had seen one. I had one, while the nine redskins before me had old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifles, and I believed I could surprise them. They were led by a sub-chief named Little Feather and among the nine were two others named White Water and Running Bear. These three sub-chiefs were warriors of renown and were then on their way to attend a council and a war-dance.

It was Little Feather who summoned me to surrender on pain of being burned at the stake, and he was the one who directed affairs when I shouted my refusal. The nine spread out, mounted on their ponies, until they encircled my refuge, then, at a signal, they came charging up the slope, each one yelling enough to split his throat. Lying on my face, with a dead rest for my rifle, I tumbled Little Feather and White Water out of their saddles, and that stopped the charge. As they checked up I killed Running Bear, and before they got out of range I wounded one of the warriors. The living galloped off, and I carried two ponies and all the accoutrements of the dead chiefs into the fort. In a work entitled "The Pioneers of Nebraska," pages 355-6, is an account of this fight, but not a very accurate one. The number of killed is there put down at five and the name of Running Bear is given as Yellow Bear.

It soon became known among the Sioux what had happened, and every branch of the great tribe swore to have my life. A reward of ten ponies was offered to any one who should kill me, and twenty if I were taken alive. I was advised by every body to clear out of that locality, but I refused to go until the long-expected war finally broke out and I was attached to a moving column. The threats of the Indians had not greatly disturbed me, as I knew they would always be trying their best to capture a scout, no matter if they had never heard of him. Those were days when every white man on the plains lived a year in every week and never forgot for a moment that his life was in continual jeopardy. Several plans, as I afterward learned, were formed to capture me, but I slipped through.

I was finally made prisoner under singular circumstances. I was returning from the flying column to Fort Wallace with dispatches. I had set out soon after dusk and made a good twenty-five miles when a heavy fog settled down on the plains. It wouldn't have bothered an Indian to keep the points of the compass, but after I had turned and twisted among some dry ravines I had to own up that I was lost. My horse was just as bad off. When I gave him his head he came to a stop. The only thing to do was to dismount and wait for daylight. I was sitting on the ground, not feeling a bit sleepy, and my horse was lying down, when a band of thirty-seven Indians, all mounted, walked right on to me through the fog. I heard the footsteps of their horses, but could not locate them in the fog until too late. When I leaped up it was with the thought that I might make a break for it on foot, but before I could turn they were all about me, and in another minute I was made prisoner.

The Indians were as much surprised as I was, and it was broad daylight before they identified me. Up to that time they had treated me fairly well. When it was known that I was the scout whose life they had so long thirsted after half a dozen bucks tried their best tomahawk me on the spot. When their angry excitement had cooled down there was as much rejoicing as if they had captued a fort. Six warriors were called out as a guard, and soon after sunrise I was put in their charge and started for a big Sioux village on Deer creek, between the two forks of the Republican river. I was, of course, disarmed. Then my elbows were tied together, my feet were tied under the horse, and, for fear the horse would run off with me, he was led by a lariat.

At noon we made a halt of half an hour and I was given about half a pound of jerked buffalo meat as my share of the noonday meal. My arms were unbound that I might eat, but the whole six constantly kept their eyes on me. When we set off again I was bound as before, and we rode at a gallop until ten o'clock at night before the village was reached. I understood the Sioux lingo very well, though I did not let on to, and the talk as we rode was anything but pleasant to me. It was agreed that I would be put to the torture, and that it would be made to last as long as possible.

When we reached the village I was placed in a tepee and my arms unbound. They refused to cast the lashing off my legs, though three of the bucks stood guard outside. I was so stiff and sore with the ride that I could not have taken five steps had they turned me losse and told me to go. I got not a wink of sleep that night, and it was not until about 8 o'clock next morning that my legs were freed. It was a village of eighty lodges, and the one I occupied was almost in the center of the collection. I couldn't have escaped had they left the tent unguarded, but they took no risks. There were always two and sometimes four of the bucks squatted outside of the lodge, and outside of these a circle of squaws and children.

It was the third day after my capture before I was disturbed. Then, most of the warriors having returned to the village on purpose to witness my death, I was led out at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to undergo the preliminary to actual torture. This is running the gauntlet. There were, as near as I could judge, sixty men and boys in each line and the lines were four feet apart. Had each one been armed with a switch to strike me it would have been punishment enough, but they were allowed to use clubs and sticks and tomahawk handles. When I looked down the line I felt that there was no show for me to make the run, and yet I must make the attempt. You may ask why I did not obstinately refuse, and let them do their worst then and there. Because I was hoping for them to show me a little mercy. They would torture me, but not so cruelly as if I refused to run.

I got as good a ready as I could, and when the signal came I sprang away at the top of my speed. Blow after blow fell upon me while the savages shouted their pleasure, and to my great surprise I at lenth reach the end of the lines. There I fell in a heap and they gave me about ten minutes in which to brace up for the run back. I made only half the distance this time, being struck such a blow over the head with a club that I sank down unconscions. When I had recovered my senses they returned me to the lodge, where I lay for many hours expecting to be taken out any moment for torture. They would have finished me but for the fact that the wife of Little Feather, who was in another village fifty miles away, had not yet arrived. She wanted to be in at the death, and so further proceedings were declared off for the day.

The squaw arrived soon after midnight. My ankles were tightly lashed and I could not sleep. She was for having me out at once, and came and looked into the lodge to see if I was safe; but she was told that I was to be put to the torture after breakfast in the morning, and long after she had turned away I heard my guards gloating over the prospects. It was agreed among them that I was a game man and would hold out for several hours and give them lots of amusement.

Half an hour after daylight the village was astir, and at sunrise a squaw brought me some breakfast, and the lashings around my ankles were cast off. I learned several years after that it was intended to oblige me to run the gauntlet again. I was eating the meal the squaw had brought when a sudden excitement arose outside. There was a great shooting, followed by cheers and the report of firearms, and the next minute the 200 frontiersmen who had been raised in Kansas and Nebraska as an independent force charged into the village. It was a complete surprise to the Indians, but not for long. It wasn't five minutes before the fleeing warriors rallied for defense, but before that time I was safe.

At the first alarm I leaped up and sprang out of the lodge full against one of the guards, and as I ran I was fired at two or three times. I was among the horsemen in a minute or two, and after a bit I got a rifle and took an active part in the hot fight going on. We were driven off after a couple of hours, but we got every pony in the herd and burned all the lodges, and they had many a dead warrior to mourn over.

It was a singular thing that in after years I should meet the squaw of Little Feather on the reservation and have a long talk with her. So it happened, and she calmly told me that she had been promised my scalp as a keepsake, and that it would have been her hand which would have ended my agonies after I had amused the warriors to their fill as a prisoner at the stake.

IN GAY PARIS.

Here Is the Refuge of All Grades of Rascals.

Murray's Magazine.

Paris is the chic receptacle of the verriest scum of the whole earth. All the villains who can no longer remain in their own countries, for they would have to pay the penalty of their misdeeds, come here, destitute and desperate, ready for any uproar, hoping for some profit by fishing in troubled waters. With these, less dangerous at the outset, but finally corrupted to any degree, are the discontented provincials—men who, through want of brains or want of energy or want of steadiness, have failed in all they have undertaken; who consider themselves persecuted geniuses, only to be appreciated in Paris, where they come with a large stock of delusions.

Any real and striking talent will make its way in Paris, but mediocrity has less chance than elsewhere. The standard is high; those who rise above it are quickly noticed and pushed on, those who remain below (of course the vast majority) cannot even get an opportunity of showing what they might do—they are swallowed up in the vortex of the struggle for life.

Consciousness of mediocrity is a rare virtue; people always imagine that they excel in all that they undertake, and ascribe their defeat to any cause but the real one; the more so as they have probably possessed some superiority over their local surroundings. Hence bitterness, fury against all who have succeeded and who enjoy the fruits of their efforts. Then, the example, still more peniciously exciting, of the dishonest prosperity attained by so many, the luxury of swindlers, great gains by bad means.

The last restraints of home principles—early education, perhaps the religious teaching of childhood—are broken through one by one, and we find men, not bad originally, but now frenzied with the desire of holding a prominent position and enjoying the good things of this world. These are the men who become the gilded generals of the commune, wearing smart uniforms and imagining themselves heroes; who eat, drink and are merry, living in palaces and dreaming they are princes, till, when suddenly awakened to the stern reality, they turn into wild beasts, with the one surviving instinct of general destruction, that others may not have what they have not.

A Lonely Postoffice.

Hunt up on your map of South America, find the Straits of Magellan, look at the mountains hanging over, imagine the point of rock that leans the farthest out, and think of a barrel hung by a heavy chain swinging there. That is a postoffice. No postmaster stands there to deliver the mails, and no postman unlocks it; in fact it has no key. Yet it is a grand old postoffice.

Ships coming along that way stop, and their captains take out packages of letters that have been dropped therein, see if they can find any that want to travel their way, and if so, they take them on; in their place they leave a package which is to go in another direction, and some day the officer on a ship passing that way will take that on. So the barrel swings, doing its duty day by day without being watched, sending joy to many hearts.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A New Use for a Watch.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

If you are to sleep in a strange bed and there is a suspicion of damp about the sheets lay your watch in the room, and either smoke a cigar or read awhile. Then take out the watch, and if there is any film or mist on the glass, don't go to bed, or if you do, sleep between the blankets, which are never damp. Hundreds of drummers, and especially men past youth or middle age, take this precaution and profit considerably thereby.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

The Twins and Lake Superior.

Business men visiting between the Twin Cities and West Superior and Duluth, who desire to travel at night and reach their destination all fresh for the following day, should take the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railway. It is the only line running Pullman Vestibule Sleepers with buffet service on night trains. Leaving Minneapolis at 9:45 p. m., St. Paul 10:25, p. m., returning leave Duluth 10:30 p. m., West Superior 10:50 p. m. Day trains with reclining chair cars leave Minneapolis 8:55 and St. Paul 9:35 a. m.; returning leave Duluth 10 and West Superior 10:20 a. m.

Nice Turkeys.

Pheasants, Geese, Red-Headed Ducks, and Game of every kind. Choice Beef and Pork Tenderloin. Oysters received daily. Henry Lamb & Sons, 138 East Fourth street.

Try Luley's Home-Made

Pork Sausage. It is the finest Sausage made and costs 10 cents a pound. F. W. Luley & Son, 382 Jackson street.

Milwaukee Short Line Rates

Are now but 15 cents between St. Paul and Minneapolis, and 7½ cents between Macalester, Merriam Park, Desnoyer Park and St. Paul or Minneapolis, on ten-ride bearer tickets, good three months. Quick transit; always on time, steam-heated cars and a seat for every one. Twenty-four trains daily between the two cities. Call on the agents for time tables.

Canvas-Back Ducks.

Roelman, City Market, facing Wabasha street.

Go to Luley's for Fine

Poultry, Choice Meats, Fresh Sausage, A No. 1 Hams, Bacon and Pure Lard. F. W. Luley & Son, 382 Jackson street.

USE ORANGE BLOSSOM FLOUR!

ALWAYS THE SAME.

ST. PAUL ROLLER MILL CO. KINGSLAND SMITH MANAGER. ORANGE BLOSSOM Minnesota Hard Wheat Family Flour

UNIFORM, RELIABLE.

This is the trademark on the genuine Orange Blossom Flour, every sack of which is **EXTRA REFINED** by electric power, by Kingsland Smith & Co., in their own establishment at 41 West Third Street.

Orange Blossom Flour is **SUI GENERIS**. There is no other brand made by exactly the same process, and herein lies the secret of its wide-spread popularity. Ask your grocer for Orange Blossom Flour if you want the best.

MARRIAGES, BIRTHS, DEATHS.

DEATHS REPORTED.

Wilhelm Trapp, 603 Blair street.....8 years
Paul Damrose, 507 Hall avenue.....2 months
Mabel Davis, 837 Prior avenue.....4 months

BIRTHS REPORTED.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Anderson.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brestman.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Schwenkler.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schweiger.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Michael McGraw.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Harmon.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Wilder.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. John Spaniol.....Boy

Wedding Rings and Wedding Gifts at J. E. Ingham's, 327 Jackson street.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.

BARBER wanted at 432 St. Peter st. for Saturday. G. Meisel.

Rev. Plink Plunk on Luck.

New York Herald.

De numerousness ob de men who are always full ob de idea dat dey'll "strike a streak ob luck," deah breddern, is wot makes it possible for so many faro banks, an' race tracks, an' lotteries to do biz-ness, an' also accounts for de elegant diamonds dat de owners ob dese places kin afford to wear.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

HOUSE OF HOPE PRESBYTERIAN Church, Corner of Fifth and Exchange Sts.—Rev. Robert Christie, D. D., pastor. Preaching by the Pastor to-morrow at 10:30 o'clock, a. m., and 7:30 o'clock p. m., Sabbath school and Bible classes at 12:15 o'clock p. m.; Society of Christian Endeavor will meet in the parlors at 6:30 o'clock p.m.; midweek prayer meeting, Wednesday at 8 o'clock p. m.

GEORGE H. WATSON & CO., FIRE INSURANCE Agency, removed to Merchants' National Bank Building.

DIED.

TIMME—In St. Paul, at his residence, 453 Rice, corner of Aurora, Friday, Oct. 16, 1891, at 10:40 p. m., H. A. Timme, aged fifty-five years. Notice of funeral hereafter.

For Funerals—Finest Carriages and Hearse in the state; Carriages, $2; Hearse, $1. E. W. Shirks' Livery Stable, No. 284 East Ninth st. Telephone, 455-2.

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE. L N SCOTT MANAGER.

To Day at 2. To-Night at 8. LAST TIMES.

CARMENCITA

Assisted by the renowned

SPANISH -:- STUDENTS!

And a competent cast, presenting Von Suppe's one-act operetta,

"THE LOVELY GALATEA"

And Offenbach's comic opera, "LOVE BY LANTERN LIGHT."

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ONE WEEK. Commencing SUNDAY, October 18. Seats now on sale. PRICES: 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00.

Mr. Frank W. Sanger's Co. from the Broadway, New York,

MR. POTTER OF TEXAS!

The Original Cast! Elaborate Scenery!

GRAND!

MATINEE TO-DAY, 10, 20, 25, 35 CENTS.

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

LAST TIME TO-NIGHT AT 8:15.

To-Morrow Night—"The Stowaway."

PEOPLE'S -:- CHURCH.

—TO-NIGHT—

Beethoven Club Concert!

Locke Richardson's farewell, Tuesday next. New York Philharmonics, Thursday next. Reserved seats for sale at Dyer's.

The Mozzara Dancing Academy

CENTRAL HALL!

34 EAST SEVENTH STREET.

Special inducements offered for the next 10 days. Office hours, 4 to 5 daily. Children's and beginners' class, Saturday, 3 p. m.

DE GARMO'S CLASSES IN DANCING.

LITT'S HALL,

Grand Opera House Building, Sixth and St. Peter. Afternoons—Tuesdays at 4; Saturdays, 3 o'clock. Evenings—Tuesdays and Fridays, 8 o'clock. Private Lessons by special appointment. P. O. address and residence, 748 Dayton avenue, near Grotto. Write for Circular.

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New Windsor Ties at 20c.
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New Reefer Scarfs!

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New Assortments of Infants' Fall and Winter

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NATURAL FRUIT FLAVORS.

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A hat that is not stylish is as worthless as a crooked gun barrel, and is fit for nothing but the ash barrel. There are a thousand reasons why you should not wear it, and not one reason why you should. It reflects credit on neither the maker, the dealer who disposes of it nor the head that carries it. It usually costs as much as a stylish hat and is not worth a fraction of the money. When you buy a hat, buy a good one, and if you really want a good one try our $3.50 Derby. It will fill the bill exactly. It is a perfect model of what a good hat ought to be, both as to durability, shapeliness and cost.

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We carry everything usually sold at drug stores, except prescription medicines. Read list of a few articles below and get an idea as to our prices.

2-qt. Rubber Water Bottle	$1.00
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