FLOUR CITY EVENTS.

Rev. Morrill Suspicious of the Parochial Annexes in Minnesota Cities.

He Insists That They Are as Much Catholic Schools as Ever.

Rev. H. M. Simmons Remembers Prison Sunday in His Sermon.

Preparations for the Funeral of Dr. Tiffany--General News.

Century hall with all its seating capacity was far too small to accommodate the vast crowd which flocked to the people's meeting yesterday afternoon. Long before the service began the hall was filled and many were turned away. Rev. G. L. Morrill occupied the pulpit, and as had been announced, devoted his discourse to what he terms the "parochial annexes" at Faribault and Stillwater, he having just returned from a rigid inspection of the school systems of these two cities.

The discourse was devoted largely to a narration of Mr. Morrill's experiences during his investigating trip, and he stated that the manner of conducting these schools was even less changed than was generally believed. His information he had gleaned from citizens, scholars, members of the school board and from personal observation in the schools themselves, and he had found that these schools were nothing more nor less than parochial annexes. There had been, he said, a few changes in the text books used, but nothing further. The teachers were all Catholic and the scholars also, as none of the Protestant families would send their children to schools conducted as these were. The teachers, he said, were all nuns, and dressed as such, with their beads and crucifixes, and the pictures and emblems of the Roman Catholic religion still remained in their former places.

At Stillwater he had found that religious exercises were held before school hours in a building adjoining the school, and after school closed right in the school room. The symbols of the Catholic religion were prominent in the school room, and, from conversation with scholars, he learned that religion was by no means excluded from the school.

At Faribault the condition of affairs was much the same. The teachers were all nuns, and the Catholic pictures and emblems were found in the school room, while over the teacher's desk hung a picture of the pope. He had talked with Supt. West, of Faribault, who did not appear to regard the state of affairs as serious. He said he had visited the school with members of the board, and had had the pope's picture removed, but it had been replaced.

He had also talked with Supt. Wilson, who admitted that he was not satisfied with the conduct of the school at that place.

Another point which the preacher dwelt upon, and which he said was significant, was that while in Stillwater he had met Father Conroy on his way to see the Stillwater priest. In conclusion, he demanded in the name of the American people and Jehovah that these schools which had been turned over to the state and had become public schools be removed from Roman Catholic influence, that the nun's dress, the pictures and images, and in fact all the paraphernalia of the Catholic church be excluded from them, and all influences tending in any way toward this religion be removed. He also advocated a redistricting of these schools.

PRISON SUNDAY.

It Is Fittingly Remembered in the Sermon of Rev. H. M. Simmons.

From the various forms of imprisonment for crime in our country, some 20,000 persons are liberated every year. If many of these were not so liberated, it would doubtless be much better both for the country and for them. But the fact remains and will, that all this mass of men who have been criminals are annually set free to go where they will among us. Hence the one important question is, what is the prison treatment that shall best fit them for this freedom. The old method was to leave them in idleness, and often in association with others worse than themselves, and this method is still seen in most of our jails. But idleness demoralizes much, and evil companions still more. Many of our jails are well called "colleges of crime," "compulsory schools of crime," where comparatively innocent youths quickly learn its worst lessons.

Another old method was to treat prisoners cruelly, so as to warn them and others against crime. But cruelty rather hardens and embitters them into enemies of society, and crimes have generally flourished most where criminals were most cruelly treated. Hence we are learning to abandon these old methods and to make imprisonment a period for kindly but most careful and severe training for the duties of life. Prisoners must be well fed and furnished physically, but kept at work in body and mind, and subjected to a discipline that trains them in self-control. They must be taught by experience in prison that great gain comes from well-doing and great loss without it, and they must be generously encouraged in every effort to reform.

These principles have been tried in many places with excellent results. In England, prisoners for a short term are allowed to gain various privileges for industry and good behavior, and those for a longer term are allowed, besides, to shorten it by nearly one-fourth, and then to be released conditionally on a ticket-of-leave. This and connected reformatory work have succeeded so well that commitments for crime in the whole United Kingdom are less than half as many as fifty years ago, and in proportion to population only about one-third as many. In our country, such experiments seem to succeed well where tried. At the Elmira reformatory, criminals whom Dr. Wey pictures as apparently hopeless—with abnormal body and brain, with vicious instincts and ungovernable temper, without will power or conscience—are yet, by a curriculum of strict diet, baths, dumb-bells, steady work, hard discipline and careful training of habits, almost transformed. Under a system of mingled severity and incentives, they greatly shorten their imprisonment, and still leave so improved that 80 per cent of them become safe citizens. Encouraging results attend the new methods where tried in other states. The new census reports show that crime has not been increasing in our country the last decade to any such extent as in previous ones, and Mr. Wines tells us that a closer study of the returns may show that serious crimes have been decreasing. No wise man doubts that a proper prison treatment will much aid their further decrease.

THE LAST SAD RITES.

Preparations for the Funeral of the Late Dr. Tiffany.

The funeral of the late Dr. O. H. Tiffany will take place to-morrow at 2 p. m. from the Hennepin Avenue church. Bishop Foss has telegraphed from Sioux Falls, S. D., that he will be present, and it is possible that he will preach the funeral sermon, although that point has not yet been definitely decided. A large attendance of Masons is expected, as Dr. Tiffany was prominent in Masonic circles, but the funeral will not be conducted by that order. Minnesota Commandery of the Loyal Legion will also be largely represented. Unfortunately the family of Dr. Tiffany is widely separated at the present time, and but few of its members will be able to attend the funeral services. Miss Louise Tiffany is now on her way home from Japan, and it will be impossible for the news of her father's death to reach her for some days. Otis Tiffany is still in Japan and the other son is engaged in a coast survey off the coast of Maine. The remains will be placed in the receiving vault at Lakewood cemetery until the family shall decide upon the time of interment.

The First Woman.

Rev. Charles A. Reed preached a fresh and interesting sermon in the Central Baptist church upon "The First Woman," pointing to her creation, her name, home, intelligence and punishment. She was created the equal of man, not his inferior. She was originally candid, straight-minded, single-eyed, clear-headed, pure-hearted. She saw the truth and reality of things until her eyes were caught by a pleasing object. She was made to be a helpmeet in the home. The home is where she started from. If she had begun outside of it to do her work, she never would have gotten back to it. It is well that her progress has been from the home outwards. Like all women, she bore her own troubles and her family's, but she was not without hope for a Redeemer, who finally came and opened Paradise again. The first woman was a great woman. She has been sinned against by the jester, and by theologians who read into the Biblical descriptions of woman the low estimates of woman's position which prevailed in the dark ages.

They Were Pleased.

Henry M. Whitney, president of the Boston, Mass., street railway system, accompanied by F. J. Pearson, chief engineer of the system, spent Saturday and Sunday in Minneapolis. The chief object of their visit was to inspect the electric street railway system of the Twin Cities. Both gentlemen were much surprised and highly pleased with the workings and equipment of the system, and Mr. Whitney is quoted as saying that they are by far the best in the country. The metropolitan aspect of the Flour City was somewhat of a surprise to the gentlemen and they expressed unbounded admiration for the fine buildings about the city. They returned to the Hub last evening.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew's.

Rev. William Wilkinson, who has been attending the convention at St. Louis of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew's, returned yesterday, and the other Minneapolis delegates are expected to-day. Mr. Wilkinson reports that during the convention, which was in session for four days, there were 600 delegates present, representing 636 chapters, and that the meetings were enthusiastic and largely attended. The brotherhood has over 8,000 members, and is one of the most efficient orders in the church.

AMUSEMENTS.

William H. Crane, one of the leading American comedians, will commence a three-nights engagement at the Grand opera house to-night, when he will be seen for the first time in this city in his celebrated comedy called "The Senator." This play succeeded in entertaining the patrons of the Star theater, New York city, during all of last season.

Seats can be secured at the Grand box-office this morning for the engagement of Miss Rose Coghlan, who will be seen here Thursday night in "Dorothy's Dilemma."

The wealth and culture of the city promise to be present at the monster benefit that is being arranged for Charles A. Parker, to occur at the Grand opera house Monday evening, Nov. 9. The attraction to be offered upon that occasion will be the Carleton Opera company, who will then present for the first time here the latest New York Casino success, called "Indigo." This is the most important event underlined in theatricals for the coming month.

Several hundred people were turned away from the opening of "The Stowaway" last night at the Bijou. The scenic effects and the artistic merit of the players have been considerably improved since the play was last seen here. The realism and climax of the production stand out strongly. A real safe is blown and several murders are committed, with a thoroughness to merit the vociferous applause of the patrons. The same bill all the week.

A large audience saw "Michael Strogoff" at the Peace last night and heartily enjoyed the performance. The specialties introduced helped greatly in keeping the audience in a constant roar of laughter. There is also a bevy of very pretty girls who go through two very clever marches, "The March of the Fire Laddies" and "The Parade of the Housemaids." The cast is in the hands of very clever people, the scenery appropriate and the wardrobe elegant. Altogether "Michael Strogoff" is well worth seeing, and judging from last night's pleased audience it will do a fine week's business. It will continue every night this week with usual matinees Wednesday, Friday and Sunday.

MINNEAPOLIS GLOBULES.

Chief Henderson captured the diamond pin given at the Ascension parish fair to the most popular chief.

C. H. Mero, commander of Bryant Post, of this city, has just received a commission as aide-de-camp on the staff of Gen. Palmer, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R.

Rev. George H. Wells will arrive from Montreal Wednesday, and Friday evening will be formally installed as pastor of Plymouth Congregational church. Sunday next he will preach his first sermon to his new flock.

Charles A. Robinson, formerly assistant treasurer of the Bijou opera house, and brother of the Robinson girls, has received a very flattering offer to go as treasurer of the Shenandoah company. Mr. Robinson leaves to join the company at Williamsburg, N. Y., next week.

Mrs. Abigail Thomas, an aged and esteemed resident of this city, died Saturday at her residence, 208 East Grant street. She was one of the pioneers of the state, having taken up her residence in 1848, coming to Minneapolis in 1878. A large circle of friends and relatives mourn her loss. Interment will be made at Red Wing at a time yet to be decided upon.

Thomas E. Davis and Miss Sarah E. Ennis, daughter of William Ennis, of Rosemount, Minn., were married yesterday afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents in the presence of a few intimate friends and relatives, Rev. William Barkalo officiating. The young couple left last night for North Dakota to take up their residence upon the groom's farm at Ypsilanti.

Prof. J. W. Mauck, who was recently elected president of the South Dakota university, Saturday night, on the eve of his departure to his new field of duty, was presented with a handsome solid silver tea service by the officers of the Minnesota Title Insurance and Trust company, as a token of their esteem. Prof. Mauck having been connected with the institution since its organization.

James A. Lewis, county superintendent of schools, has issued circulars announcing a teachers' association to take place at the rooms of the Curtiss & Chapman Commercial college on Oct. 31. The meeting will convene at 10 a. m., and the order of exercises is as follows: "Habit vs. Principle," Miss Nellie M. Little, Bloomington Ferry; "Books Which Have Helped Me," E. R. Lynch, District No. 31; "The Place of Concert Exercise in School," Miss Callie Johnson, Richfield.

JOY AND PAIN.

If there was never any storm or rain,
Fair days would cease to be so fair and sweet:
It is when fainting on the dusty street
We mind us of the woods; ah! then we fain
Would rest among the shadows once again.
We long for Winter; when the wild storms beat
Upon our heads we pine for Summer's heat;
There is no joy without some loss or pain.
To take life as we find it is the art
Of living well. Ah! let us not forget,
Though life be dark to-day, there may be yet,
When Summer comes, much joy for each sad heart.
Perhaps God sends us trouble as a test,
To see if it will prove us at our best.

—Henry Coyle, in Boston Transcript.

SOLVING A PROBLEM.

Suggestions Which Will Be Welcome to Many Hostesses.

Clever Ideas for the Entertainment of an Evening Party.

Novel Contests Between Neckties and Bonnets--A Pi Party.

Peanut Parties to Be an Attraction During the Coming Season.

Even the most experienced hostesses are sometimes at a loss to entertain the friends whom they like to gather about them. The bright hints for making home evenings pleasant that a number of women have contributed to the October number of the Ladies' Home Journal will doubtless be warmly welcomed. Here are some of them:

For utter whimsicality and absence of all stiffness in an evening party the "bonnet" party cannot be excelled. Invite from ten to twenty of the nicest girls you know, and ask each to bring with her a pair of scissors, a thimble and an old bonnet frame of any age, size or shape; if some of them come from grandma's trunks in the garret instead of from last year's hat box, so much the better. The frames must be absolutely bare, but each young lady will be asked to contribute enough material—old ribbon, silk, velvet, artificial flowers or feathers—to trim an average bonnet, allowing generous measure.

Send invitations to as many young men as girls, and ask each to bring any stuff whatever, enough to make a necktie, whether "four-in-hand," "puff," "claudent" or plain straight bow. And tell each one to come provided with a thimble.

When your guests have assembled the first step is to divide the company into pairs. The "partner cards" having all been drawn, the lady and gentleman holding No. 1 go together to the tables where the frames, ribbons, etc., have been arranged; and while he chooses a bonnet and the materials which he thinks most appropriate, she picks out from another pile the piece of goods which she thinks will make him the most becoming necktie. Then they procure a supply of the needles and thread provided by the hostess, and sit down to sew; while Pair No. 2 come forward and, and so on until each lady is busily engaged with a gentleman and a necktie; and each gentleman is giving his attention to a lady and a bonnet. As neither is supposed to give the other any help ar advice, the fun is endless.

At the expiration of the time set the hostess rings a bell, and each pair of contestants present themselves with bonnet in place, and necktie arranged with all the art its fair maker can muster. As he comes before the committee every gentleman must, if requested, make a little speech, pointing out the chief merits of his production, and the difficulties which attend its manufacture. When the review is over the committee—consisting of the hostess and, if possible, several other contestants—retires to compare notes, and soon the award of prizes is announced. Two of these will be sufficient; one to the gentleman who, all difficulties considered, has produced the most artistic and becoming bonnet, and the other to the lady whose necktie is pronounced most satisfactory. The prizes may be necktie or handkerchief cases, courtplaster cases (for the needle wounds), scarfpins, hatpins, bonbon boxes in the shape of hats, etc.

An original evening was that given by a bright girl whose invitations bore, in an upper corner, a cleverly drawn pie, and, in a lower corner, "Pi—December 27, 1890." Some though her spelling was bad; others consulted the dictionary and waited.

When all the guests were seated, for convenience, in groups of four, each was presented with a pretty souvenir bearing a number. Then the fun began. Little slips were distributed, typewritten, apparently in a foreign tongue, for the first line read: "Howtuit eth rodo elt wosror eli." But when, in ten minutes, time was called, there several who had made out four lines of an ancient Christtide song. The next task was to find out the real names of twenty cities in a list which began with "Thinanswog," "Selimsaler" and "Bunghider," and a little longer time was allowed. The third slip contained fifteen startling statements, such as: "Eli Whitney wrote 'The Excursion.'" "Napoleon invented the cotton gin," "Wordsworth was called 'The Little Corporal,'" etc., the problem being to put the proper subjects and predicates together. After several more rounds of original pi came the final test. Each guest was given a paper arranged like this:

No. 24, Mr. Brown, six words.
4. Early. 23. Preserve 6. Love.
12. Maiden. 2. If 19. Fortune.

This meant that Mr. B. was to go about till he found six papers bearing his number (24). From each he would get one word, and these six words he was to arrange in a quotation (with a personal application) to be immediately written down and handed in. As every one was moving about at the same time the search in each case was a long and merry one.

After this the prizes were awarded to those who had presented the best and poorest sets of answers during the evening; they consisted of pretty china "pie plates," a "pie knife," paper cutter, a real mince pie, and a copy of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin." At supper the cakes, meringues, and even the ices were served in pie shapes, and a huge paper-crusted Christmas pie held favors.

The "auction" party was surely invented for the hostess who wants to abandon her guests to delicious fun. The auctioneer, who stands at the head of the table, has two decks of cards; the bidders, who sit around the table, have ten beans each. Six cards drawn from one of the decks are placed at intervals on the table, face down, and covered with the packages on sale, the deck being left in front of the auctioneer. Holding the other deck behind him, the auctioneer proceeds to sell its cards in twos, threes, fours or fives, deciding before offering them what bid will buy them. There is a deafening chorus when the auction opens. "One bean!" "Three beans!" "Five beans!" Only the most profligate offers ten beans in the first round. If the cards are knocked down to him he is out of the auction. If he buys with seven or eight beans he can bid two or three beans for the next cards, or combine with his neighbor and divide the cards, if their combination buy any. When the deck has been bought up, the auctioneer calls out the cards in the impoverished deck on the table in front of him. The persons holding the cards answer and discard them as they are called. But six of the cards will not be called for. The cards on the table are then turned up and the persons who hold the corresponding cards buy the packages that have covered them. The auction continues till the last article has been sold, the fun growing more and more intoxicating as it progresses.

"Assembly will sound on April 14, 1890, at No. 67 Blank street. Please report to Miss Dash." In response to this dainty, hand-decorated invitation some twenty-five young people gathered on the specified evening at Miss Dash's home. In the dressing-rooms the guests found streamers of red, white and blue ribbons for their adornment, and they were then ushered into the parlors by two small boys clad in army uniform. The rooms were tastefully decorated with flags and bunting; guns and swords were stacked about, and the hostess wore a red, white and blue toilet. After "Assembly" had been sounded on the piano, the guests were detailed in companies of four, each in charge of a corporal of the guard. They were told that they must make a charge upon ennui, the blues, and kindred enemies. This was to be done thus: Each company in turn was to etertain the assembly with some performance—tableaux, charades, pantomines and the like.

Half an hour was given the companies for arrangements and rehearsals, the resources of the house being put at their disposal, after which the entertainment was given. At the conclusion of the performance the enemy was declared vanquished, little banners were presented to the members of the company which, by common consent, had done the best fighting, and the "supper" call sounded. On the tables in the supper room were stacked flags, and the place of each guest was designated by a tiny flag bearing his or her name.

A peanut party will be another of this season's novelties. If written invitations are issued have two peanut shells painted in water colors on one corner of the paper. The hostess provides herself with a quantity of peanuts and conceals them in every imaginable spot in the rooms where she is to entertain her guests—behind pictures, under mats, among the flowers, everywhere there are peanuts. After the guests have all arrived a small bag is handed to each one, and the company are told that whoever first fills his or her bag with peanuts wins the prize of the evening. Then begins the merry hunting—here, there, and everywhere—for peanuts. A pretty way is to have the bags made of silk, with a ribbon or cord and tassel at the top and a fanciful design of peanuts on one side; they are then preserved as dainty souvenirs.

CRIES OF MURDER

Startle the Guests, Who Rush to the Scene of Slaughter.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

The startling cry of "murder" rang out from a room on the third floor of a Fourteenth-street hotel the other evening, catching the ears of a several chambermaids, created instant consternation. "Oh, Heavens! Let up on me! Don't kill me by inches!" were the agonized cries that followed each other at short intervals.

It was the voice of a man. Besides the chambermaids, the blood-curdling words alarmed all the guests on the floor, and in less time than it takes to tell, a knot of intensely excited people had collected in the corridor, all talking, all gesticulating and all afraid to go near the room whence the cries had come.

"Who occupies the room?" asked half a dozen women in chorus.

One of the chambermaids recollected having seen a small man, pale and emaciated in appearance, accompanied by a tall, closely-veiled woman, enter in the afternoon.

The woman was surely killing her male companion. She seemed to be submitting him to some sort of cruel torture, for muffled moans were distinctly heard now by one or two in the crowd.

Finally, a clerk came rushing up from the office. The intelligence of "the murder" had been carried down in breathless haste. He knocked at the door violently, excitedly.

"In the name of the law open the door," he demanded.

After some little delay the door was opened. A woman smiling, but with a look of astonishment, peeped out and asked what was wanted.

"What's going on here? Who's being hurt?"

For a moment the woman looked embarrassed. Then she broke out into a peal of laughter, which was echoed by the voice of a man within.

"What's all this about?" again asked the clerk, angrily.

"Why, sir," she stammered demurely, "I—I was pulling a porous plaster off my husband's back."

HE WASN'T GREEN.

Wanted a Corkscrew for the Grenades and Gas-Snuffers.

Newark Standard.

He was a Farmers' Alliance advocate right out of the first furrow from the fence corner, and it showed on him badly, but he did not think so at all.

He had come to the hotel late in the evening, and had repaired to his room at once. Half an hour later his bell rang and a boy answered it and he called for the clerk. When that accommodating necessity of hotel life appeared the guest inquired with great pomposity of manner:

"What kind of a hotel do you call this, anyhow?"

"We call it a good one, sir," answered the clerk, showing off a bit.

"Well, I don't."

"Why not? What's the matter with it?"

"I'll show you in a minute. "Look there," pointing to the hand granades in the rack on the wall. "Why ain't there a corkscrew with them bottles? Do you s'pose a gentleman opens a bottle with his penknife or a nail when he wants a drink?"

"You're quite right," assented the clerk, meekly. "It was an oversight, and I'll go right down and send one up. I hope you'll excuse us for putting you to so much trouble."

"That's all right, young man," he said, patronizingly, as the clerk started to go out; "us people from the country may be green about some things, but we do know just a little about how a hotel ought to be run. By the way," he went on, as the clelk was trying to get away, "I guess you'd better send up a pair of snuffers for this gas, too. I notice you've got a sign up not to blow it out, and I ain't been able to find a pair of snuffers high or low."

Then the clerk, promising many things, went down stairs, sent up the corkscrew and the snuffers and left the office in charge of a large, muscular night watchman, with maps and diagrams of the situation up in No. 13.

PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

The addition of a small amount of oil to the water in fire pails will prevent evaporation.

A new mode of furnishing power to motor engines by mixing steam with hot gases is creating a great deal of interest in English circles.

Phosphorus is now being made by electricity. The principal manufactory is in England, where it is estimated that fully 1,000 tons will be made annually.

The new tunnel of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, under the city of Baltimore, will cost upwares of $6,000,000. It is being pushed night and day, fully 1,000 men being at work upon it.

The European demand for Americrn-made carts and light vehicles has greatly increased. It has also been found cheaper to send them across without painting, leaving that to be done abroad.

The great railroads running from the northwestern part of our country to the Gulf of Mexico have determined to establish steamship lines to Central and South American ports from New Orleans.

An electric insect-killer is the latest novelty in that line. It is formed by a cover of wire gauze, which is placed over a lighted candle. The gauze is in an electric circuit, and when insects touch it they are killed.

Western farmers are now urging the trial of a modification of the rain-producing system to see if mists cannot be formed at times which will reduce the rediation of heat from the earth and thus save the crops from frosts.

A committee of French officers is said to have decided to recommend the adoption of a breastplate for the infantry, made of nine parts of copper and one of aluminum, equal to a steel plate of three times the thickness. It will only be worn in time of action.

A patent has recently been taken out for the manufacture of a good substitute for ivory. The ingredients are mostly those of which natural ivory is composed, and the addition of different coloring matters enables objects of any desirable shade to be produced.

The most powerful telescope yet made has just been finished in Munich. The ordinary power is 11,000, which can be increased to 16,000. An electric light of minute type is used in it, and a special device which sprays minute particles of liquid carbonic acid is used to keep it cool.

Maj. von Wissmann has arrived at Zanzibar with the materials for the field railway on which his steamer is to be conveyed to Lake Victoria. His railway is to be taken up from behind and laid in front of the steamer as it advances. By using rails he expects that 1,000 carriers will suffice to take the vessel to the lake. Without the railway he would need about 7,000 porters.

An ingenious application of electricity for ventilation has been brought out in France. An electric fan furnishes the current of air, which can be cooled by means of ice or other cooling agents. If hot air is required, electricity is sent through a series of meshes of wire, whose high resistance causes it to become hot, and the air passing through these is given the heat required.

A novel cure for nervous diseases is being practiced in Worishofen, Bavaria. The treatment is the outcome of the study of an old priest, and consists chiefly in spraying water over the body in various places, dressing at once without drying, and brisk walking immediately afterward. The diet is carefully attended to, and thousands have been cured of nervous troubles which had defied all previous physicians.

Canada gives to its geological survey only $60,000 a year, while the various geological surveys in our country absorb nearly $1,000,000 annually. Yet Canada makes a fine showing with this modest sum. The annual geological reports are in part records of original discovery and research, and with their fine maps and photogravures are as interesting as many books of travel. Canada contains the largest unknown areas of the American continent.

Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London Times, sends all his dispatches in French and they are translated in the Times office. Some English newspapers have recently been complaining that the Times' translator is of home manufacture, and that while he puts Blowitz's long letter into English words he does not put them into the English language. They are of the opinion that a translator is born, not made, and that the Times has got hold of a manufactured article.

EMPRESS AND MOTHER.

In Spite of Royal Pageants She Found Time to Play With Her Children.

The recent visit of the German empress and her boys to Felixtowe was evidently an extremely pleasant one. A correspondent writes to a London paper:

The five little princes of Felibtowe won all hearts by their unaffected boyish manners, but, now that they are gone, no one speaks of them with great er affection than the donkey boy "Joe," who, every afternoon, proudly ran behind his three fleetest donkeys—each mounted by a little lad in a sailor suit. The crown prince particularly begged that his donkey should be a "kicker," and it was a pretty sight to see the dear little fellows galloping along the sands and taking the wooden breakwaters at full speed. As an instance of their kindness of heart I may tell you that, on the occasion of the birthday to which you referred in your paragraph, seeing "Joe" pass their windows they rushed out with a plateful of birthday cake, which they insisted on his taking away. "Too rich for me," said Joe afterwards. "I could only eat a little bit of it." Another day when riding the crown prince, trying to urge his donkey to a faster gallop, caught "Joe" a good hit across his forehead. He was so distressed at having hurt him that he was reduced to tears, and it was some time before he could be comforted, repeatedly begging Joe to forgive him. They wanted him to go back to Germany with them, but this Joe refused to do, and if you ask him the reason he says he does not like "going so far from home."

The little fellows bathed whenever it was fine, and swam well. One could not help a feeling of astonishment to see the way they were allowed to bathe—without any ropes and no one in the water with them. One day, as the donkey boy was leaning against their gate, the policeman tried to push him away. At that moment the empress happened to come up, and, noticing this, she held up her hand and said to the policeman in her pretty English: "You leave the poor boy alone!" At another time Joe was on the beach, and, to his surprise, the empress went up and shook hands with him. He says: "I never felt so ashamed in my life. Why, before everyone, and there must have been over 200 people there. I didn't know which way to look!" It was pretty to see the empress sitting on the beach, surrounded by her five boys. They seemed devoted to their mother and were constantly running up to her, putting their arms round her neck.

HOW TRAMPS LIVE.

The Ups and Downs of a Professional Vagrant's Existence.

Butte City Miner.

Probably in no city of the same proportions in America can be noticed as many different phases and traits of character among its residents as in Leadville. One may see persons in all positions in life, from the highest to the most degraded. A reporter, walking down Harrison avenue early Friday morning, saw a curious specimen of the human race resting on an iron railing, protecting a saloon window, and staring vacantly at the persons passing along the street as if he had no other ambition in life than to hang around the bar-rooms and eke out a precarious existence at the numerous free lunch counters. When accosted by the reporter, he turned quickly, like a hunted criminal, and asked in a gruff voice what was wanted. When asked to answer a few questions he stated that he was in better business than talking to everybody who came along, and it was only after a great deal of pressing that he finally consented to afford the reporter an interview, such as it was.

"'I have not always been a beggar,' he said, "and did not become one through any fault of mine. You see, circumstances often alter cases. My father was a New England farmer, in comfortable circumstances, but, like many another young man, I became dissatisfied with the quiet life of a farmer's son, and late one night I arose from my bed and silently stole away from the old homestead. My worldly possessions consisted of the suit of clothes which I was then wearing and $2 in money. I was determined to see the world, and started at once for New York, where, after many hardships, I arrived three weeks later. You can imagine the rest better than I can describe it. Looking for work, my capital exhausted, I led a weary existence.

"Becoming accustomed to my lot, I wandered among the saloons and picked up a few scanty morsels of food whenever opportunity offered. Stealing rides in empty box cars, and 'hoboing' my way, as you may call it, seemed to come natural after awhile, and for the past several years I have not done an honest day's work. Why don't I reform? Well, you can't straighten a crooked old tree, can you? Sir, ain't you got the price of a 'bowl' about you? The old man was given a silver quarter, returned a 'thankee," and shambled off to the nearest saloon to slake his thirst with a schooner of the foaming beverage.

Big Salt Mine.

The most extensive salt mine is in Wieliczka, near Cracow, in the Austrian empire. For 600 years it has been constantly worked, and from it 55,000 tons of salt are annually taken. The mass of salt in it is estimated to be 500 miles long, 20 miles broad, and 1,200 feet in depth. Its collective galleries are fully 30 miles in length, and its lower levels contain streets and houses, making it a complete underground village.

Still Unreconciled.

Chicago Times.

The exchange editor was reading a hair-lifting account of a midnight robbery.

"'Weeping Skies!'" he snorted, running his shears savagely through the flaming headlines. "They wept, of course, because they mist something."

"That doesn't follow," roared the real estate editor, taking off his coat. "They might have been weeping for the dead of night!"

WHAT IS A COLD?
IT IS CONGESTION
(Filling with blood) of the skin or vital organs, caused by exposure to wet weather, to imprudence in dressing, to overheating, to constitutional weakness, which makes one very sensitive to changes of the weather.
This congestion closes the 2,500,000 pores of the skin, and the perspiration is driven in, and settles upon the weakest organ or part of the system. If the pores are not at once reopened, and the affected organ is not restored promptly, the end, sooner or later, will be fatal. First relax the system by using
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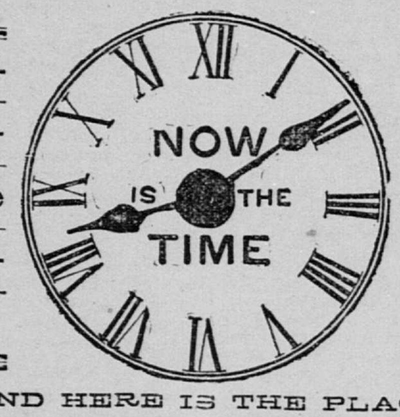

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