MINNEAPOLIS.

J. L. SULLIVAN, ACTOR.

He Bows to a Minneapolis Audience and Says He Can Whip Any Man in the World.

John L. Sullivan and Duncan B. Harrison began their much-heralded engagement at the Bijou yesterday. As a matter of course, the theater was crowded at both the afternoon and evening performances. The people were anxious to demonstrate to the prize pugilist that the sentiment of the elevation of the stage was nearest their hearts. The performance witnessed exemplified the aphorism, or rather adage, that actors as well as poets are born and not made. Moliere little dreamed, when he delighted the French populace with his plays, that he would have so large and muscular an exponent of his art in the distant future as John L. Sullivan. The play, "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands," as performed by the company at the Bijou, is scarcely worth a criticism. However, there is no telling what might be developed by competent artists could they be induced to take the lines. Harrison, of course, is a fairly good actor.

There are amphibious creatures who live as well on land as in water. The fish is not one of these. Sullivan on the stage is like a fish on dry land—out of his element. He appeared on the stage with one of his arms bound in cloth and plasters, as a result of his running amuck of a plate glass window in St. Paul. There is no need to dwell upon his impersonation of James Daly; rather draw the veil on his acting as a whole.

He was called before the curtain at the close of the first act, and his mentor, Mr. Harrison, made an explanation to the gallery gods of the challenge which appeared in the papers yesterday morning. Although no one, after reading the challenge, doubted for a moment that Sullivan wrote it, Mr. Harrison explained to the aforesaid gods. He reiterated the statements that Sullivan was champion of the world and was lying awake nights thinking how he could get an opportunity to fight, and, of course, whip Charlie Mitchell. Sullivan followed with one of his characteristic speeches, in which he corroborated what Harrison had said, i. e., that he was only too anxious to meet the so-called English champion, whom he dubbed a sprint runner. It was one of his "aspersions," he said, to defend the title of champion in this "Land of the free and the home of the brave."

"I want to show 'em," said he, "that there ain't no one in it with me. See?"

He offered to put up any amount of money that he can whip any man on earth, and then bowed himself off the the stage amidst a perfect tumult of applause. It was fully five minutes before the orchestra could make itself heard, and a look of disappointment crept over every one's face and remained there until the curtain rolled up on the second act, and Sullivan made his appearance again.

A representative of the GLOBE saw Sullivan in his dressing room after the afternoon show, where he was consigning to perdition the inventor of matinees. He was asked if he had anything to say concerning the reply made to his challenge by Charles Mitchell. Get Sullivan on the subject of Mitchell, and he is always ready and willing to talk.

"It's just this way," said John L., as he has said many times before, "I have been under contract for the last two years, and that has been the chance for all these fellows to take a rap at me. They all keep at me because they know my hands are tied. When I was free I barred no man except a nigger. I never did fight a nigger and I never will. Any white man that'll fight a nigger 'll—well, I won't say what he'll do. If God intended a nigger to be as good a man as you or I he would have made him the same color. But I never barred these other chaps when I was free. Now Mitchell talks about my wanting concessions. I don't want any concessions from any man, least of all from Mitchell. All I want is a chance to fight him for money before a fair club and with a fair referee. I don't ask to choose the referee. All I want is to have a good man referee the match and a chance to make Mitchell fight. I won't chase Mitchell around a ten-acre lot. I want to get him where he will have to fight, and not lie down like a cur."

"The morning papers say that the president of the Olympic club in New Orleans has sent on articles for you to sign."

"I don't know anything about it. I don't know Mr. Noel. He may be a very nice man, but I don't know him, and he is not making any matches for me. There is but one man on earth who can make a match for me, and that is Charley Johnson, of Brooklyn. When he makes a match and puts up the money I know the money is good."

"Who will be the winner of the match between Slavin and Jackson?"

"I'd like to see Slavin win it because he is a white man, and I always want to see a white man win against a nigger—I don't care if he is a Chinaman, so long as he is something near white. But they tell me over in Australia that the colored man will whip Slavin."

"Who ought to win in the fight between Needham and Ryan?"

"Needham is a clever little man and a gentleman. They tell me the other fellow is a good little man, too. But I have a little fellow that can whip any man of his weight if he has me behind him to make him work, and that is Patsy Kerrigan. But he has to have me behind him to do it."

By this time Sullivan had got out of his stage clothes and made his way to a carriage that was waiting for him. Washington avenue was lined with anxious waiters for the appearance of the "big 'un," but Sullivan doesn't walk any more. The carriage slipped out of the alley to First avenue north and the only waiters who saw the pugilist were the newsboys and bootblacks who stood around the stage entrance and cheered the champion as he appeared.

Mrs. Ryan, wife of Park Commissioner Ryan, is dangerously ill, and it is feared she may not recover. Mrs. Ryan is one of the oldest East side residents, and her many friends are anxious for her recovery.

"A woman best understands a woman's ills."

Thousands of women have been benefited by Mrs. Pinkham's advice, and cured by her remedies after all other treatment had failed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

has been more successful in curing Female Complaints than any remedy the world has ever known.

All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

"DROP YOUR COAT."

That Was the Salutation Two Highwaymen Made to Mark Levy.

But He and His Brother Scared Them Away With a Blunderbuss.

Brutality of a Husband Drives a Woman to a Life of Shame.

Press Club Annual Meeting--Rev. Wilkinson Over a Fallen Woman.

Yesterday was rather an eventful day for Mark Levy, the gentleman of Hebrew extraction who runs a second-hand store at 101 First avenue south. At about 10:30 o'clock yesterday morning he opened his shop and proceeded to dust off some of the treasures that fill the shelves. While thus employed two rough-looking men entered, and one of them demanded that Levy take off his overcoat. This, however, Levy refused to do, inasmuch as he preferred to wear his coat and sell some of the second-hand ones he had in stock. A wrangle ensued, the two men endeavoring to force the second-hand dealer to take off his coat. He wore a handsome diamond, valued at $150, in his neck scarf, and one of the men caught him by the throat, attempting at the same time to snatch the jewel. The other miscreant came to his partner's assistance, and things would have faired badly with Levy had not his brother opportunely appeared on the scene. The brother had a revolver concealed in a drawer behind the counter and he tried to secure it, but the ruffians anticipated his design and frustrated it. Accordingly he snatched up an old flint lock blunderbuss, that had not known a charge of gunpowder for half a score of years. Pointing it at the men who were still struggling with his brother, he yelled:

"Git out mit dis, or I vill school you!"

The roughs, of course, stood not upon the order of their going, but levanted in a manner that would have done credit to a greased pig. Mark, in the meantime, had secured a huge stave, and as one of the roughs ran through the door he belabored him over the head with it. The rough who was struck upon the head ran down the street towards the union depot, and Officer Conroy after him. Conroy fired his revolver several times to frighten the man, and finally, with the aid of a hackman, captured him. Officer Butler captured the other one, and the two were taken to the central station and locked up. Mr. Levy has a number of cuts and bruises on his hands and arms as a result of his struggle. He will prefer charges against his assailants this morning.

A WORTHLESS FELLOW.

He Forces His Wife to Lead a Criminal Life.

A young and pretty woman, with a wealth of blonde hair, rang the bell of Madame Smith's house of ill fame at 113 Second avenue south, late Saturday night, and requested permission to become an inmate. She had run away from her husband, she said, who abused her in every conceivable way. To substantiate this she displayed several bruises on her head and a black spot on her cheek, the result af several brutal blows he had administered to her that same night. The landlady took the unfortunate girl in and gave her a room for the night. Yesterday morning her husband, whose name is Thomas Cummings, appeared at the house and demanded to see his wife. When he saw her he struck her full in the face and ordered her to leave the place at once. She refused to do so, and Cummings left, but returned later in the day, accompanied by his wife's father, a Mr. Parmeter, living on Twenty-eighth avenue north.

The old man was heart-broken at seeing his daughter in such a place, and the scene that followed was affecting. She told him that her husband had driven her to what she was by refusing to work and forcing her to accept the criminal attentions of other men to support him. Mr. Parmeter had seen nothing of his daughter for over a year, and when he learned from her lips the terrible life she had been forced to lead he was horror-stricken. He told her that all would be forgiven if she would only come home again, and to this proposition she joyfully consented. While the two were leaving the place Cummings interfered, claiming that as his wife she must do what he said. Officer Jim Ryan was called in, and it did not take him long to persuade Cummings to go about his business, while the father and daughter proceeded on their way home.

Mrs. Cummings has for the past year been an habitue of the Jumbo, where she is known as Jennie. Those who know her say that she was forced to attend the place by her husband, who is a worthless fellow at the best.

TILLIE'S SAD TALE.

She Is Ruined by a Villain and Then Deserted.

Several months ago the officers of the municipal court were called upon to witness the marriage of a fellow named Andrew Bjornson to a young girl named Tillie Anderson. Bjornson was forced to become a benedict or take the consequences following seduction and go to jail. Tillie told a somewhat harrowing tale, and Bjornson admitted the truth of it all. She said that he had taken her to Lake Harriet and practically forced her to comply with his desires. After the marriage Bjornson went to the woods to work, leaving forlorn Tillie to brood over her misfortunes.

Tillie has a brother who is employed as coachman for T. K. Gray, the Hennepin avenue druggist. This brother, finding that his sister was soon to become a mother, sent Bjornson a ticket to return to Minneapolis, stipulating that he was to live with and care for his wife. Bjornson is in the city, but refuses to have anything to do with the unfortunate girl he ruined. Anderson applied to the police yesterday for means to force Bjornson to do the right thing. Superintendent of Police Henderson will assist the young man as best he can.

PRESS CLUB ANNUAL.

Regular Nominees for the Election Occurring Today.

The Minneapolis Press club held its annual meeting yesterday, and there were no scraps. The meeting was very harmonious, the rivalry for the various offices to be filled by election today showing only in a few spots. One of the most important matters before the club was that of entering into some sort of reciprocal arrangement with the St. Paul Press club. The conference committee appointed some time ago reported that the St. Paul Press club was willing to join hands with the Minneapolis club. The report was accepted and Messrs. Frisbie and Stacy, of the Morning Tribune, were appointed a committee to act with a committee from the St. Paul club in the arrangement for a sort of interurban club social. It is expected that the social will be the starting point of the reciprocal arrangement. The members of each club will enjoy all the privileges of the other. The Minneapolis Press club will shortly begin giving a series of entertainments for members of the club—informal socials, to get the members of the club together oftener.

The officers of the club will be voted for today. Yesterday's meeting was a nominating convention after the regular business had been disposed of. The polls will open at 2 o'clock this afternoon and close at 9 this evening. In conjunction with Secretary F. J. Clark, George Caven and C. R. Francis will serve as inspectors of election from 2 until 5:30, and A. McI. Beveridge and Ed A. Bromley from 5:30 until 9. The following are the candidates regularly nominated:

President, Abbott Blunt, of the Evening Tribune, and W. B. Chamberlain, of the Journal; vice president, Luth Jaeger, of The North, and B. J. Mullaney, of the GLOBE; recording secretary, F. J. Clark, of the Northwestern Miller, and W. W. Jermane, of the Journal; corresponding secretary, Fred H. Gilman, of the Times, and Miss Kate Miller, of the Morning Tribune; treasurer, J. Newton Nind, of the Lumberman; directors, S. B. Hall, of the Times; Carl Wallace, of the Pioneer Press; E. B. Barnes, of the Journal; H. S. Harris, of the Northwest Trade, and C. R. Francis, of the Times.

Members who are in arrears will not be allowed to vote.

James Gray, the retiring president, addressed the club briefly before adjournment, commenting upon what the club had done, and how it had, in many ways, given an excuse for its existence. The club is in excellent condition, and seems to have a prosperous future before it.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

Rev. William Wilkinson at the Funeral of Lottie Mitchell.

The funeral of Lottie Mitchell, who was killed in the runaway last Friday, took place yesterday afternoon from Gleason & McAllister's undertaking parlors. The service was that of the Episcopal church, and was read by Rev. William Wilkinson. There was a large attendance, and the flowers sent were elaborate and exceedingly beautiful. The casket was covered with black broadcloth, with silver mountings. In the chapel at Lakewood cemetery, Mr. Wilkinson said:

The circumstances under which we meet are peculiarly sad, and as it is probable we shall never all meet again in religious service, I take this opportunity of speaking to you in the clearest words at my command. Every one of you knows well that as a true minister of Christ it is my duty to preach a standard of life and duty, I did not make and have no authority to alter, change or abrogate in the law. It is said in Holy Scripture that if the watchman see the sword come upon the land and warn not the people, and they be taken away in their sins, their blood shall be required at his hand. I, today, tell you that God shall be judge of all men, and unrepented sin shall not go unpunished. It is not, it never could be my pleasure to sit in judgment upon any child of man who had changed worlds, least of all upon one who did so under conditions such as call us here today. Mine is a different duty. It is to point the moral of what we call death, and to incite you to nobler life. Whatever you remember, do not forget this: That in the New Testament it is told our Savior said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." So I decline to let

My weak, unknowing hand
Presume God's bolts to throw
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge my foe.
I rather ask for grace, which shall
Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show
The Lord may show to me.

I would have you all take a view of the Savior of Men as He is made known to us in the Gospels. He had ample opportunity to show that He despised fallen womanhood had such been the fact; He could have spoken in keen and blighting scorn of her in her fall, but He knew too well how that would degrade her further. So He appealed to all which was most womanly in her heart. The result is known. When the woman of Samaria came to Jacob's well she was not a weeping penitent: she was a glib, clever, artful woman of the world, who lived in sin and who probably loved it. Jesus called her attention to holy things, and with such success as we may well desire. Wicked as she was, she yet thought when the Messiah should come He would tell her all things. The true want of sinners is the Savior.

If you turn to the woman in Simon's house, it is a like treatment of a woman who was known for her open sin. The Pharisee did not like Jesus to even speak to her; he was quite sure, indeed, that if He knew her character He would not. All this he thought, and had the grace not to say it. In this, at least, he was unlike modern Simons, for they do say it, and worse. But the searcher of motives knew what His host was turning over in his mind, so He quickly called to his mind the position of this woman who all the city knew was a sinner. Here for us is a lesson. While we do not extenuate the bad, we behold the good, acknowledge it, commend it, and thus strengthen and extend it.

It is exactly the same with the woman taken in sin in the very act, when the self-righteous brought her to Him and said Moses said she should die. "What sayest thou?" He said. "Let him who is without sin first cast a stone at her." When they all went away and the woman was left alone He told her to go and sin no more.

You, see from this what Jesus Christ is to those who will be blessed; not so much a quick and keen reprover as a warm sympathizer, a Savior who saves by love, who cares for us more than we care for each other, or even for ourselves. I tell you now that there is no man can wander so far, no woman who can fall so low as to be away from the love and power of God? We all may be saved, if we will it; we all may begin anew, if we desire earnestly to do it, and we may find the sweetness of the love of which Christ is the very embodiment. Never any one of you, for an instant, lose sight of this great truth. It is the pole star of salvation. Now, we go each our separate ways, to travel on divergent lines. We cannot know each other's hearts. No one can know all the motives which prompt to any series of deeds. We do not know the temptations of the girl we leave, or what led to her fall and shame. We will not "make deep scrutiny into her mutiny," but,

"Owning to her weakness, her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness her sins to her Savior."

We go to our homes in sadness and hope. Let us resolve on a new life of purity and love.

The appropriateness of this address will be understood when it is stated that there were a large number of women of the town present. There was a large procession of carriages, and the funeral had all the elegance money could give.

HALLE AND THE JIM-JAMS.

The Combination Raises a Disturbance at a Boarding House.

T. H. Halle is a florid-complexioned, light-haired Swede, who has an inordinate appetite for intoxicating liquors. He was overtaken by the Nemesis commonly called "jim-jams" yesterday, and as a result made things anything but pleasant at his boarding house, 326 Second avenue south. F. Rooney is proprietor of the house, and against him and his family Halle seems to have taken a great dislike. He attempted to disfigure their anatomies by methods practiced by prize fighters, and upon being kicked out of the house rushed down street in search of a carpenter. He wanted a carpenter to nail up the doors and board over the windows of Rooney's house, and in the course of half an hour came back with one, carrying a kit of tools. Halle first kicked a door down and then ordered the carpenter to nail it up again. By this time Officer Malchow put in an appearance and yanked Halle down to the central station.

PRINTERS' CANDIDATES.

Members of the Typographical Union Preparing for Election.

The annual election of the Minneapolis Typographical union will be held the last Wednesday in March. At the meeting of the union yesterday candidates were put in nomination. There was an unusually large attendance. The following were placed in nomination:

President, Frank Hoover, W. F. Houk; vice president, G. C. Sykes, W. H. Hatcher, E. E. Stevens; auditor, John Hayes; recording secretary, E. J. Souther, A. C. Stevens; financial secretary, John Uglow, H. S. Woodward; treasurer, E. C. Andrews, H. E. Guernsey; executive board, A. X. Grant, S. A. Thomas, F. F. Stone, A. A. Daly, J. M. Odor, S. Dunphy, Henry Hahn, Thomas Drake; delegates to International Typographical union, Henry Hahn, Harry Holcomb, Andrew Henderson, C. A. Gressing, Joseph Martinson; delegates to trades assembly, G. C. Sykes, E. E. Stevens, J. E. Murphy, Julius Nagel, William McWhinney, Harry Gann, W. Z. Klein, John Uglow, J. E. Holmes, H. I. Wombacher; sergeant-at-arms, John Blackwell; doorkeeper, J. A. Wheelan, R. W. McKeon, Oliver Skone.

It was reported to the union that there is a scheme on to put typesetting machines into the office where the religious papers of the city are printed. A committee was appointed to fix up a scale for the operation of the machines. The members of the union did not evince any alarm over the possible appearance of the mechanical typesetter in Minneapolis.

MORE FOR ALARMISTS.

Dr. Shutter Again on Relations Between Capital and Labor.

Rev. M. D. Shutter presented "More Facts for Alarmists" at the Church of the Redeemer last night. The general trend of his argument was that the condition of the laboring man is better today in this country than it has ever been before, and that it is constantly improving. The gulf between Dives and Lazarus—between capital and labor—is not so broad as it used to be, and it grows narrower with each succeeding year. He had figures to show that the workingmen are not thinking of themselves alone so much as they have been accustomed to. They are not so given to coercing capital through the medium of strikes. He says that the labor unions of the present are working to avoid the strikes instead of to encourage them, as formerly, and he quoted statistics showing that they have been successful in many thousands of cases. Then Dr. Shutter went into the progress upward of the workingman. The purchasing power of the dollar is 25 per cent greater now than it was thirty years ago, and in that time the wages of the workingman have increased fully 50 per cent. Even in Minneapolis, he said, wages increased between the years 1875 and 1886 over 10 per cent. He took this increase of wages and the increase in the purchasing power of dollar to be evidence that the condition of the workingman is improving. He held that the fact that labor unions are using their influence to avert strikes and settle disputes by arbitration was evidence that capital and labor were getting closer together than formerly.

Tomorrow Dr. Shutter will go to Galesburg, Ill., to deliver nine lectures before the students in the seminary. He requested the prayers of his congregation for the students.

AMUSEMENTS.

A large audience attended the third symphony concert given by Danz's orchestra yesterday afternoon at Harmonia hall. The programme consisted of eight well selected numbers, all of which were rendered in an artistic manner. Lange's "Little Grandfather" was enthusiastically encored, also the overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor." Frank Danz rendered the symphonic poem by Svendsen, "Romeo and Juliet," on the violin very effectively, and received a round of generous applause. Altogether the concert was an excellent one.

W. J. Gilmore's burlesquers open a week's engagement at the Grand tonight in the new "Devil's Auction," which has not been seen in this city in four years. Since its last production here the spectacle has been thoroughly revised, and with entire new scenery, costumes and mechanical effects, is said to be more pleasing than ever. The company is a large one, and contains many names which seem to warrant a good production.

Caught a Deserter.

Police Captain Houston and Inspector James Hankinson arrested a man named Harry Hansen yesterday, and locked him up at the central station on the charge of being a deserter from the United States army. It seems that two years ago Hansen, under the name of Hazleton, deserted from Company A, Twenty-second infantry, Fort Buford, Mont. Until recently he has been working in Crookston, coming to this city a few days ago. The adjutant general in St. Paul will be asked today to identify Hansen.

Naked in the Streets.

The police were notified last night that a demented woman had wandered away from the Deaconess home, at Fifteenth avenue south and Twenty-third street, where she had been placed as a patient. The unfortunate woman was clad in nothing but a blanket, which she had taken off her bed. It is feared that she will meet with her death unless found, and the patrolmen were ordered to do everything they could to find her.

HELP YOURSELF TO GET RID of that Cough or Cold, or any Asthmatic or Throat Trouble by using Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant.

THE SEA FOR SALE.

A Curious Souvenir of the French Revolution.

Among many curious souvenirs of the French revolution, M. Welschinger quotes in Les Almanachs de la Revolution a notice of the sale of "properties" of the Theatre des Troubadours, says the Youth's Companion. M. Leger, the proprietor, was evidently a man who could lose money cheerfully, and make a joke for his own consolation. His announcement read thus:

The citizen Leger, director, actor and dramatist of the Theatre des Troubadours, having perceived for a long time that his receipts did not equal expenses, notifies the public that he will sell immediately and at a bargain:

A sea, consisting of twelve waves, the twelfth of which is larger than the others, and a little damaged.

Item, A dozen and a half clouds edged with black, and in good repair.

Item, A rainbow, somewhat faded.

Item, A beautiful snowstorm of flakes of Auvergne paper.

Item, Three bottles of lightning.

Item, A setting sun, worth little, and a new moon, rather old.

Item, A plume which has been worn only by Œdipus and the Duke of Essex.

Item, Othello's handkerchief and a pasha's mustache.

Item, Cleopatra's asp.

Item, A complete repast, consisting of four card-board entrees, a card-board pie, and fowl of the same material, several oak bottles and a wax desert.

Item, Five yards of tin chain, the clanking of which is beautiful, and causes torrents of tears to flow.

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not affected with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a costive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

LONDON'S ELECTION.

The Reactionists Completely Snowed Under by the Progressives.

Landlords' Revenues to Be Taxed More Extensively in Future.

Another Distribution of Bread Is Made to the Poor of Vienna.

An Attempt to Kill the Czarina and Czarewitch With a Bomb.

LONDON, March 6.—In the triennial elections for members of the London county council, which came off Saturday, out of twenty-seven Moderates elected ten were unopposed. The Chronicle, commenting on the results of election, says: "The reactionists are snowed under. They have made their exit as the party came in—as a squalid rump. They cannot complain, as they did in 1889, that they were caught napping." The Daily News says: "It is difficult to exaggerate the consequences of the Progressives' victory. It cannot be doubted that a Liberal ministry and parliament will confer the increased powers which the Progressives ask, and will subject the landlords' revenues to their proper share of municipal taxation."

FEEDING THE POOR.

Another Distribution of Bread at Vienna.

VIENNA, March 6.—On Saturday another extensive distribution of food to the destitute was made here. Twelve thousand loaves of bread were distributed from four different stations, along with meat, sausages and milk. It was touching to see the procession of applicants, in which there were hundreds of children, from the age of three upwards, many clothed only so far as they have a handkerchief about the loins and about the neck. With bony fingers they seized on the food, and showed their gratitude in their eyes. After a weary wait in the snow twenty-seven women fainted in the crowd. Twenty young men carried out the work of distribution. They kept order by kind words and looks. They depend solely upon money sent from the papers, mainly the Neue Freie Presse.

Attacked Salvationists.

LONDON, March 7.—Eastbourne yesterday was once more the scene of disorder arising out of the hostility for the Salvation Army frequently shown there. During the day a mob attacked the Salvationists in the street, and the police, though making strong efforts to keep order, were overpowered. As the result of reported scrimmages many persons were injured, including a number of Salvation "lassies," several of whom fainted. One of these women was so badly hurt that it was necessary to remove her to a hospital.

After the Foreigners.

BRUSSELS, March 6.—Yesterday one of the papers of this city announced that an unsuccessful attempt had been made to blow up one of the foreign embassies here with an infernal machine containing two pounds of explosives. The scene of the attempt was the Spanish legation, not the British embassy, as at first reported. The infernal machine was discovered by some workmen, who promptly extinguished the fuse.

The Seal Doomed.

LONDON, March 7.—The Standard, commenting on the Behring sea matter, says: "We fail to understand why Lord Salisbury's demand is regarded as arrogant and insulting. It is gross exaggeration to say that all the seals will be killed, but it is undeniable that any will be captured. However the case may be settled, we see no chance of the seal surviving unless a close time and a restriction of pelagic sealing early in the summer be enforced."

Royalists in Danger.

LONDON, March 7.—The Chronicle's Moscow correspondent says that while the czarina and the czarewitch were driving in the Nevsky prospect in St. Petersburg, a day or two ago, a parcel, supposed to have been an infernal machine, was thrown at them, but missed them and fell harmless in the snow. The culprit who threw the parcel escaped.

To Reduce Expenses.

MADRID, March 6.—In an interview granted as he was about leaving the place of meeting of a protracted cabinet council held today, Premier Canovas del Castillo said that the government had determined upon a policy of retrenchment. The plan is to reduce expenses $11,000,000.

The Deacon Trial.

PARIS, March 6.—The trial of Edward Parker Deacon for the murder at Cannes, on the night of Feb. 17, of M. Abeille, the alleged paramour of Mrs. Deacon, will probably open on May 2 in the assizes court of the department of the Alpes-Maritimes.

Mr. Deacon will be liberated on Tuesday.

Aided by a Poet.

PARIS, March 6.—The Eclair states that the mysterious blonde lady who assisted in bring about the escape of Padlewski, the murderer of the Russian general, Soliverstoff, was the Russian poet, Procopius Bazilisk.

Melbourne's Bank Failure.

MELBOURNE, March 6.—The suspension of the Mercantile Bank of Australia, announced yesterday, created a profound sensation. A new bank was formed to acquire the business after the liquidation of the bank's affairs.

Etienne Arago Dead.

PARIS, March 6.—Etienne Arago, the French writer, dramatist and statesman, is dead. He was born in 1802, and was the last surviving brother of the illustrious astronomer, Francois Arago.

A Zambesi Revolt.

LISBON, March 6.—The mail from South Africa brings news of a revolt in the Zambesi Baru district against Capt. Gouveia, who it is rumored, has been killed.

To Salute Queen Vic.

PARIS, March 6.—Admiral Rieunir has been ordered to proceed to Hyeres to salute Queen Victoria on her arrival there.

Storms on the Coast.

LONDON, March 6.—Dispatches from Portugal report another severe storm on the Portuguese coast.

A Grand Stock Horse.

Mr. McGrath, better known by horsemen and his many friends as "Mac," has decided to offer for sale his blooded horse "Seltz." The following is his pedigree: Gray horse, foaled June 6, 1889, bred by owner, by Theseus 2328, sire of Doughty 2:33, Tipperary 2:51¼ at three years. First dam, Belle Von Arnim, by Von Arnim 1647 [2:19½], and son of Sentinel, 2:29¾, sire of Annette, 2:25½, T A, 2:26, Young Sentinel, 2:26, Vivandiere, 2:21½, and three others in 2:30 list; grandsire of twenty-one in 2:30 list. Second dam, Belle, Blackwood, by Blackwood Jr. 980 [2:22½], sire of Gracie B, 2:22¾, Miss Woodford, 2:23½, Hardwood, 2:24¾, and Little Tommy, 2:27¼, and of the dam of Miss McCurdy, 2:28¾. Third dam, Brown Jug, by Bulletin, son of Lexington, sire of Annette, 2:20, Lady Wallenstein, 2:30, and of Bland Temple, dam of Nora Temple, 2:27¼, and Temple, 2:30. Fourth dam by Naugatuck, son of Black Hawk 24, who sired Prince, 2:24¼, and Jake Oakley (to wagon), 2:32¼; grandsire of fifteen in 2:30 or better. For further information call at 146 East Third st.

COULDN'T BE BLUFFED.

Actor Holland's Experience at a Clover Club Banquet.

Few visitors to the Clover club dinners, when called upon to speak, have the nerve to stand up against the fusilade of wit and side remarks without losing their composure, says the Philadelphia Record.

But at a dinner the cleverest met their match in George Holland, the actor. Mr. Holland was called upon by the chair to say something.

No sooner had he risen to his feet than the fun began. All sorts of funny remarks were hurled at him, but without having the slightest effect.

The members were amazed at his evident indifference, but they determined not to be baffled, and redoubled their efforts to break in upon the speaker. Again they were unsuccessful.

The speaker continued the even tenor of his way until through with his remarks, when he took his seat with not even a hair ruffled.

The next day a man who had been an interested witness approached Mr. Holland and asked him how he managed to keep his nerve.

"They didn't appear to rattle you very much last night," he said. "How did you work it?"

The old actor bent forward with his hand to his ear. "You'll have to talk louder," he said. "I'm as deaf as a post."

JUST IN WHAT IS LEAST.

Italy's King Acknowledges His Mistake in a Dispute With a Peasant.

The good nature of Italy's king is well illustrated by an anecdote from the days of the last royal hunt at Monza, says the New York Sun. King Humbert is accustomed to take his sport with the gun in pretty much the same clothes as other persons, and without attendants, thereby distinguishing himself from his imperial German ally, who has insignia of his high office all over his hunting costume, and is accompanied usually on the chase by noblemen and flunkeys.

Shortly before the end of the last season the king's hound started a hare about two miles from Monza, and the king fired. At the same instant another shot was heard, and an Italian peasant with an old-fashioned gun and a mongrel dog hurried up from the opposite direction. The peasant mistook the simply yet elegantly clad sportsman who disputed his posession of the hare for a Roman dude, and caught up the royal arm stretched toward the dead game. There was a hot discussion, which ended in the triumph of the king's superior logic and his taking off the hare.

At the royal castle the king gave the hare to the servants that they might prepare it for his supper, and stood by as they dressed it for the pan. When the entrails were removed the bullet that caused the animal's death was found. It was of the old style for a gun of the pattern of fifty years ago. The king looked at it, and at once sent out a messenger to summon to the castle the peasant who had disputed the possession of the hare. When the old man was led into the king's presence the latter stretched to him both hands, and said:

"My dear man, I have just discovered my mistake. The hare belongs to you. As it is already roasting, however, I can do no more than to ask you to help me eat it."

The peasant sat at the king's right hand at dinner that evening, and although high society spoiled his appetite, he jingled his wine glass against that of his sovereign, and rode home, considerably exhilarated, in the royal carriage.

Smart Pelican, That.

A California paper relates the following fish story:

Sunday there was a great crowd of fishermen on the wharf hauling in yellow-tails and mackerel. During the height of the sport an immense pelican, measuring fully six feet from tip to tip of wings, flew down so low over the wharf that one of the boys seized him by the wing.

In the other hand the boy held a string of eight mackerel, and it was the work of but a moment for the pelican to grab the fish and gobble up the lot at one gulp.

Others then seized the bird, but the fish were safe so far as the pelican was concerned, and he was finally allowed to depart. This is not a fish story, but a pelican story, and entirely truthful.

A Big Profit

$200 Realized on an Investment of $2

Mr. W. F. Eltzroth, an esteemed school teacher in the town of Morrow, Ohio, states his case so clearly that no comment is necessary, further than to say to those run down and out of health,

Go and Do Likewise

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has been worth $100 a bottle to me in the following manner: I have been teaching school for 3 years. Last fall I became worn out, had no appetite, **couldn't sleep at nights** and became so debilitated it was impossible to perform my duty as a teacher. I

Wrote My Resignation

to take effect in two weeks, but I was persuaded to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Within a week I was so much better that I continued my school, and am still teaching. I took 2 bottles, feel **like a new man,** and have over $200 clear from $2 spent for

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HAVE YOU THE GRIPPE?

Many People Have It and Do Not Know It. How to Recognize the Symptoms and How to Treat Them.

Hundreds of people have the Grippe who do not know it. Not necessarily the final stages, but the first stages. They feel pains in the head and a bad taste in the mouth, get tired and despondent, have chilly sensations, limbs and muscles ache. In some cases these things are overlooked. In most cases perhaps they are considered simply a slight cold. In nearly every case they indicate the coming of Grippe.

There is but one thing to do when these symptoms appear, and that is to take prompt and vigorous measures, to fortify nature to repel the enemy. A little well directed effort at just the right time will accomplish very much more than labored efforts afterwards. There is but one thing to be done, and that is to use a pure stimulant, something that will promptly arrest, and in no way injure, something endorsed by scientists, recommended by physicians, and popular because so efficient—Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. Two years ago, and last year when the Grippe was raging, this was the standard remedy used, and recommended by the profession. It did more to prevent the grippe than all other known or recommended remedies. It preserved many people in health who would otherwise have been grievously sick, perhaps even worse. It is as efficient today as ever. It should be borne in mind that other so-called whiskies may not be so efficient, and if any dealer asserts that such whiskies are the same, distrust him at once. There is but one medicinal whiskey, and that is Duffy's Pure Malt.

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DR. SIDNEY RINGER, Professor of Medicine at University College, London, and Physician to the College Hospital, perhaps the greatest English authority on the action of drugs, states in his "Handbook of Therapeutics" that "the sustained administration of alkalies and their carbonates renders the blood it is said, poorer in solids and in red corpuscles, and impairs the nutrition of the body." Of ammonia, carbonate of ammonia, and spirits of ammonia, he says: "These preparations have many properties in common with the alkaline, potash, and soda group. They possess a strong alkaline reaction, are freely soluble in water, have a high diffusion-power, and dissolve the animal textures. . . . If administered too long, they excite catarrh of the stomach and intestines."

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