MINNEAPOLIS.

WHERE'S HIS DAD?

A Young Boy Travels From Maine in Search of a Father.

Any one who has read "Japhet in Search of a Father" would have been doubly interested yesterday afternoon in listening to the tale unfolded by a young fellow to a police officer at the union depot. The young fellow gave his name as Arthur Pressley and his age as fourteen years. He arrived in the city in the morning from Chicago, and remained about the depot all day. He lives in Lewiston, Me., and has traveled all the way from there, stopping in nearly every large city on the way. He left home a month ago to look for his father, who deserted his mother and himself a few weeks before. The little fellow, according to his own story, left home with but 75 cents in his pocket.

"I was hungry a good many times," said the little fellow, "but I didn't care for that. I always managed to get something after a while. My pa left us without a cent and I'm going to find him or bust. Ma is sick and can't work so grandma takes care of her. I have been in Boston, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago, Milwaukee and this place. I had no trouble in traveling in the train, for the cons all passed me along. I'm going to stay here a little while because I think pa is here. He is a carriage-grainer and may be working in some of the carriage shops, you know.

The brave little fellow stated that he was very hungry and had no money, so a hat was passed around among the people who heard his story, and it was not long before he had a goodly pile of silver in his pocket and plenty of food in his stomach. An endeavor will be made to have the associated charities take up the lad's case and help him find his father.

AMUSEMENTS.

The "Spider and Fly" company opened a week's engagement to two crowded houses yesterday at the Bijou. The performance is equal to the high-class theatricals that has lately been presented to the Bijou patrons. Its ingredients are a comely, well-costumed ballet, musical selections and a speciality performance, all of them first-class. These are arranged most entertainingly. The ballet is well trained and free from the clumsiness that is noticeable in cheap performances, their foot movements and evolutions being almost perfect. The musical features alone would constitute a good entertainment. Operatic selections, ballads and comic songs literally rained from the stage. The specialists of the company are numerous and all good. Miss Lou Royce possesses a sweet soprano voice, and is a beautiful woman. Miss Caldwell and the Misses Thurgate are shapely, vivacious young ladies and artists. The Putnam sisters who are great favorites here, sang several ballads acceptably, and executed a novel dance. Mr. Chas. H. Kenny is a comedian, not an imitation. He can give pointers to many comedians whose talents have made them famous.

The sale of seats for "The Gathering of the Clans" at the Grand, will open at the box office this morning. This entertainment, the most novel and pleasing ever seen here, will be presented Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, and Saturday afternoon.

At the First Unitarian church next Friday evening Sol Smith Russell, now an actor of reputation, will give his entertainment of monologues that placed him on the road to fame. This department of Mr. Russell's comedy work has never been seen in Minneapolis.

The Ida Siddons Burlesque company, which opened at the Pence opera house yesterday afternoon, proved to be one of the best vaudeville and burlesque shows that has visited the house this season. The matinee was larger than expected, and at night the house was crowded. The performance programme opens with a bright little garden party entitled, "The Tally Ho Club," which is pleasing. The olio is strong and every one received applause. Miss Siddons is a pretty and charming burlesque artist who wins favor with the public wherever she and her company appear.

Effie Ellsler, C. W. Couldock and Frank Weston, in "Hazel Kirke," ought to, and probably will, be a sufficient attraction to draw to the Grand its fullest capacity for three nights and a Wednesday matinee, commencing tonight.

Miss Ellsler's wonderful acting is seen to better advantage in this play than any production she has ever given here, the character of Hazel and the artist seeming to be exactly fitted. Mr. Couldock will, of course, assume his most celebrated character of Dunstan Kirke, and Frank Weston, one of the most natural and intensely humorous of comedians, will assume his favorite character of Pitticus Greene.

Litt's List Complete.

Preparations for the summer stock season at the Bijou are being rapidly consummated and Mr. Litt announces the completion of his selection of players for the same. In addition to those already announced have been engaged Robert McNair, a character actor of the highest reputation: also W. S. Elwood, formerly of the Robson company. For the first play to be produced by his stock organization, Manager Litt has selected "A Nutmeg Match," written by William Haworth, the author of the successful "Ensign" and the piece in which Miss Annie Lewis is to star the coming season. Owing to the shortness of the cast, Mr. James and Miss Carpenter will not be seen in the first production, but Manager Litt wishes it particularly understood that Mr. James will be connected with the organization for the entire period of ten weeks.

The Officer Was Lenient.

Saturday night a young fellow named John Altman broke into Gates' leather and trunk store, on Nicollet avenue, and carried off a valuable silver traveling case. He sold it to the proprietor of the Brunswick confectionery store for 50 cents. Officer Bacon got hold of the young fellow shortly afterwards, while he was standing in front of the panorama building. The officer made him go and get the case back again, and, as Mr. Gates was loth to prosecute, allowed him to go.

"HOW OLD I LOOK, AND NOT YET THIRTY!"

Many women fade early, simply because they do not take proper care of themselves. Whirled along in the excitements of fashionable life, they overlook those minor ailments that, if not checked in time, will rob them of **Health and Beauty**. At the first symptom of vital weakness, use

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound

The roses will return to your cheeks, sallow looks depart, spirits brighten, your step become firm, and back and head aches will be known no more. Your appetite will gain, and the food nourish you. The Compound is sold by all Druggists as a **standard article**, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00.

For the cure of **Kidney Complaints**, either sex, the Compound has no rival.

Send two 2-cent stamps for Mrs. Pinkham's beautiful 88-page illustrated book, entitled "GUIDE TO HEALTH AND ETIQUETTE." It contains a volume of valuable information. It has saved lives, and may save yours.

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

NEW WESLEY CHURCH

The Cosy New Temple of Worship Dedicated Yesterday Morning.

Rev. Wilkinson Says That Spirits May Come Back To Earth.

Dr. Simmons Preaches On Floods and Their Effects On Humanity.

The Inhabitants of the Flats Are Having a Harvest.

Yesterday another was added to the long list of magnificent houses of worship in Minneapolis. Wesley Methodist Episcopal church was formally dedicated to take the place of Centenary church.

It was in 1855 that what is known as Centenary church was organized. Rev. William C. McDonald was its first pastor. The congregation was small, and it worshipped in a little church on Third avenue south, opposite the site where the court house is going up. In 1863-4 the Ladies' Aid society of the church purchased the lots at the corner of First avenue south and Seventh street, and in the same year the erection of Centenary church begun. It was finished in 1867, and was at that time the only Methodist church west of the river. The church grew and prospered. There has been but one division. In 1875 some seventy-five members of the church became dissatisfied and seceded. That was the foundation of the Hennepin Avenue Methodist church. Within the last couple of years there has been talk of the two congregations uniting again, but nothing ever came of the movement but talk.

In the winter of 1891 the congregation of Centenary became satisfied that a new church was needed. The old building bad outlived its usefulness for such a large congregation as Centenary, and it was too far down town. The necessary committees were appointed, lots at the corner of Grant street and First avenue south were purchased, and the erection of the new building begun as soon as the weather would allow. The corner stone was laid a little over a year ago in a snow storm. Work was pushed rapidly all last summer and the decoration of the interior was continued all winter, so that when the church was formally opened yesterday the people who attended were shown one of the handsomest church edifices in the Northwest. The building is a thing of architectural beauty from the outside and equally pleasing on the inside. It is also one of the largest churches in the city.

The auditorium is 75x75 feet, and 40 feet high in the center. On the lower floor the seating capacity is 800, and the gallery will accommodate 400. The auditorium is constructed on the most approved lines of church architecture, with sloping floor and seats semi-circularly arranged before the pulpit. The pulpit extends diagonally across the base of the tower. But the church is not given up wholly to the auditorium. It is most complete in its appointments for any object that may arise in connection with church work. It has, of course, the pastor's study, an ample parlor and assembly room. There are also dining rooms, and a kitchen that could be made to do as much as most hotel kitchens. There is also a space 23x64 feet that will be utilized as a gymnasium.

The ample seating facilities of the church were taxed yesterday, the first day it was opened. The congregation of the Hennepin avenue Methodist church so far forgot the differences of years gone by as to dispense with services in their own church and help out their brethren of Wesley. An elaborate musical programme had been prepared and was rendered by an augmented choir. Rev. H. French, the old pastor of Centenary church, and now pastor of Wesley church, read the ritual. Rev. F. O. Holman, of Boston, Rev. John Stafford, of Minneapolis, and Rev. Dr. John W. Hamilton, of Boston, assisted in the churchly ceremonies. The dedicatory sermon was preached by Bishop Cyrus D. Foss.

Bishop Foss' sermon was devoted to the exposition of the idea that the world gained more than it lost by the crucifixion of Christ. The argument was to show that faith is more powerful than observation. Some people say they would believe in Christ if they could see Him and thereby test His claim to divinity. Nothing indicates that these people would believe then. While Christ was on earth He had but a small fellowing of believers. He worked miracles, yet the people who saw His powers believed not in Him. And He was unable to reach but a few, comparatively speaking.

Through his death the whole world is rapidly being converted. He died and the Holy Ghost took his place and now abides in all parts of the world at one time. Christ converted but a very few while on earth; St. Peter, through the power of the Holy Ghost, was enabled to convert more than 3,000 in a single day. The bishop also spoke of the propriety of naming this new church Wesley church. It was a lasting tribute to the honor accorded by Methodists to John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, on whose anniversary the corner stone of this church was laid.

In the afternoon special services were held for the Sunday school. Short addresses were made to the members of the school by Rev. H. H. French and Rev. Dr. Hamilton. A pleasing feature of the Sunday school services was the presentation of a life sized portrait of himself to Dr. Jabez Brooks, the retiring superintendent of the Sunday school. Dr. Brooks will be succeeded next Sunday by Charles B. Hibbard.

The chairman of the board of trustees presented the financial report of the board on the church. As it stands, Wesley church, with the lots, has cost, approximately, $148,000. The details of the deal by which the Centenary property passed from the control of the congregation have been published before. Out of that deal the church realized, in round numbers, $124,000. Then the trustees gave a note for $6,000, in order that the construction of the church might not be delayed, making the amount paid on the church $130,000, and leaving a debt of $18,000. Added to this is the amount of the note given by the trustees, and the total of the debt approximates $24,000.

As soon as the report of the trustees was finished it was suggested that the present would be the proper time for raising the balance necessary to free the church from debt. The receiving of subscriptions was taken up immediately, Rev. Dr. Hamilton acting as the persuader. In an incredibly short time enough pledges had been made to insure the payment of the whole debt immediately, so that Wesley church will enjoy the novel experience of starting out on its career debt-free.

In the services last evening Rev. J. F. Stout and Rev. R. N. McKaig participated. Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of Boston, preached the sermon. Then Bishop Foss read the formal dedication of Wesley Methodist Episcopal church from the church ritual and the dedication Sunday was closed with the singing of the doxology and the benediction.

WILKINSON ON SPIRITS.

He Sees No Reason Why They Should Appear Now.

Yesterday the pulpit of St. Paul's was filled by Rev. William Wilkinson who in the morning talked about spiritual appearances. He said: We may, if we so will it, dismiss much that is said and more that is done by the persons who are known to the world by the name 'spiritualists,' and along with that much that has been said by our friends of the Roman Catholic church in regard to supernatural appearances and events. But it must be our care, as Christian men, not to cast away evidence which will be of great value to us in our endeavor to make men undstand with power the meaning of the life which is not bounded by death or ruled by time.

If there is not a true spiritual life, which can exist independent of the body, and if that life is not more intensely real than the one we now have, by the evidence of sight, then the Bible is of no value as a teacher of anything known to man; because, in all its books, in its profoundest philosophy, it bears the vivid impress of such a life, and in the clearest words it again and again says that such a life exists.

Is it not a little singular that the wisest men whose religion is not that of superstition, and who by preference have no special love for the old Hebrew rubrics, and dogmas, are brought up, sharp and sure, in the presence of facts and principles which can only have their explanation in a life such as the Christian faith declares to be? Today men of the most restless minds, in the desire to know the secrets of the past and the state of the future, the issues of life and of death, say that all the evidence points to life after death. The man who believes this, and he who avers that with him it has passed out of faith into knowledge, is in harmony with the noblest minds of the best ages of the world; nay, of all the ages. From the plains of Shinar, from the wild east in its earliest times, we have testimony to this foundation article in the creed of Christian people. There is no making sense of half the Bible, and much of the other half is of little use, if men pass into the universe and become an unconscious part of it, no matter how useful, at death. Seeing, then, this is the case, was it not a reasonable thing to look for proof of it in all times, and why limit it to past days? If the need arises, God can—nay, it is honoring Him to say He will—bring back from the dead those or any of them who have left us. Every Bible student knows that it is distinctly said the Prophet Samuel stood before Saul, at the beck or by the desire he had made known, at Endor. There is not in all the wonderful story of the gospel one scene more graphic than that which tells of the coming back from the hoary past of two of the best known, as they are two of the most interesting of men—the mighty Jewish lawgiven Moses, and the rugged prophet of Carmel, Elijah. The peculiar thing about this is the way they had each left the world. Moses on Nebo died, no one knows where or how; Elijah was taken in a whirlwind. No man knew his place of resting, but at the opportune time God brought him back. These two men appeared with Christ at the transfiguration, and we are sure, if we can be sure of any word spoken by the four Evangelists, that they are the very men who did appear with Christ.

In these days of question, doubt, unrest, it is an imperative duty all men who love the Bible owe to themselves, to the church and the world, to proclaim in simple words, full of force and of fire, that in religion the supernatural is the natural; that the spiritual life is the true one, and that God can, and that He may, from time to time, show it, if the interests of men or of truth demand it. It is not by clipping out of the faiths of Christendom all which infidels reject or skeptics question that the work of the church will be advanced. It is not by trying to trim our sails to catch every gale that we shall bless men or honor God. It is by a full, fearless, honest avowal that the life of man is immortal; that the dead are not lost; that they are in the hands of God; that Christ is the hope of the life over the river, and that in Him are the destinies of man being worked out. Faith, as well as fever, is contagious, and it is the man who knows what and why he believes who is strong for conflict or for service. The world today stands in need of such a truth as this. The Master has told you and me to proclaim it. It has inspired the noblest songs, and loftiest lives ever lived on earth. It is the fit faith for men who hope to gain heaven.

BUILDERS OF CHARACTER.

Rev. H. M. Simmons on Floods and Their Effects.

At the First Unitarian church yesterday morning Rev. H. M. Simmons' topic was "Floods and Their Effects on Humanity." The following is an abstract of his sermon:

"Floods, such as those of the last week, seem fatal to any optimistic philosophy or theology. Yet we must not blame them too much. They are a necessary part of the same system that blesses the fields with rain and the country with streams which drain the lands and give drink to cattle, drive manufactories, provide cheap channels for commerce and foster great cities along their banks.

"But would it not be better if the laws which secure these blessings were suspended in time of flood by a kind Providence? St. Gregory the Great tells how a flood of the Adige piled itself about a church without entering to harm a person therein; and such stories are very common in sacred history. Would not that be a better system? No; the best thing about the laws of water is that they never fail, but can always be trusted. If men thought streams would stop, as they are said to have done for Joshua, and Elijah and St. Angelus and St. Seronicus and many others, very few mills would be built upon them. If men thought water would seek its level, navigation would end: for the same pressure that makes it flood a city, makes it support ships, and if that pressure were withdrawn every steamer would sink. It would be a poor providence that would suspend the laws, either for us or the Israelites. The weather system is a good one, and wise men will not complain of its occasional floods, but try to guard against them.

"And how much success have they had in guarding against them? What is more to our purpose today, how this fight with floods has proved the material and the moral power of man and developed that power! Those 2,500 miles of great dikes along our lower Mississippi and its tributaries have not only saved such a vast amount of property and life from floods, but have shown and strengthened the patience and pluck and many moral qualities of the builders. Or take an illustration from Holland! No place in Europe seemed more hopless. A swamp, often flooded by its rivers and swept by the sea, what could its wretched inhabitants come to—except drowning? And they did drown by thousands and sometimes by the hundred thousand. Yet their very dangers and difficulties developed their strength. They so advanced that in the middle of the sixteenth century, in Motley's words, 'In the place of a horde of savages, living among swamps, swarm 3,000,000 of people, the most industrious, the most prosperous, perhaps the most intelligent under the sun.' They even resisted that Spanish oppression, crueler than the sea, and emerge, still keeping their liberty for a further growth. Today Holland supports a denser population than any other country in Europe, according to the latest reports. The wealth and energy with which they have, as Goldsmith says, 'scooped an empire from the ocean,' surpass all the fairy tales. Think of these two little islands of 6,000 acres, increased to 60,000 by 'sixty successive advances of the dikes.' Read of that Haarlem lake, fifteen miles long and averaging five miles wide, yet fenced off from the ocean and pumped dry, so that in 1888, 14,000 people were living where the fishes swam thirty years before. At that date Holland had 1,500 miles of costly seadike, and yet was less than one-sixth the size of Minnesota. It had added more than a million acres to its land, and nearly one-fifth of all its territory lay lower than the Amsterdam zero, or high tide. Yet those brave people do not propose to stop, but plan to drain the great Zuyder Zee, which has drowned so many thousands of them.

"So has one country defied and defeated its floods and made them bear fruit in meadows and mental vigor and moral virtues. The proverb says, 'God made the earth, but the Dutch made Holland;' and they have made a great deal besides. Thorold Rogers, telling of their many achievements, says, 'The debt which civilization and liberty owe to this people, is greater than that which is due to any other race." How much religious liberty owes to them, too! Our own pilgrim fathers drew a new love of it from their long sojourn in Holland; and these late years it has been Kuenen, a scholar of Holland, who has been leading Christendom in the liberal interpretation of the Bible, and inspiring Dr. Briggs and all his followers. So much has been done in spite of floods, and partly because of them. Doubtless Holland owes much of its energy to this fight with them. Its province of Zealand, nearly all won from the ocean, has for its motto, "Luctor et emergo," and that motto not only sums up the history of the nation, but states a law of civilization. It is not ease and safety, but difficulties and dangers that educate nations and men; and, seeing how inundations have educated, perhaps a wise man may even thank them, and still say with the psalmist: "The Lord sitteth upon the flood!"

ON THE FLATS.

The Inhabitants Feel Safe and Reap a Harvest of Driftwood.

Although the Mississippi appears to the naked eye as high as ever, the chief engineer of the water works states that it is gradually receding. Great crowds visited both the East side and Bohemian flats yesterday afternoon, and listened to the swash of the water as it rolled upon the shores. The residents of the flats are feeling at ease again, and several of the families who deserted their cottages during the rising of the river are moving in again. Driftwood is driving down the stream in large quantities, and the inhabitants are having a rich harvest. The wood found thus floating down the river is common property, and the people of the flats are not slow in taking advautage of it. Hundreds of them could be seen along the shore of the East side flats yesterday, spearing the wood with their long hooks. Others busied themselves in piling it on the banks above.

PRESS CLUB MEETING.

Arrangements for Caring for Northwestern Editors.

The Minneapolis Press club met yesterday afternoon and approved the plans of the auxiliary convention press committee. This committee is entrusted with the work of preparing for the entertainment of the Northwestern and Minnesota newspaper men who will come to the convention. The committee has arranged for additional room on the third floor of the Rochester block and for throwing open a couple of rooms on the second floor adjoining the regular Press club rooms. These rooms will be decorated and supplied with files of all Northwestern papers. Everything will be done that can be done to arrange a place where the newspaper men of the Northwest can take refuge from the dust and crowd in the street and enjoy a few minutes of quiet. Desks and writing materials will also be provided. The Press club will hold another meeting next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. At that meeting this auxiliary committee will have another report to make, and there will also be other business before the club that is of the utmost importance to the club. Every member of the club should attend. The composite photograph of the members of the Press club that F. E. Haynes was taking has been spoiled. The members who have sat for the composite are requested to call at Mr. Haynes' studio again.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

He Will Soon Be Seen in His Native Glory.

Minneapolis will not only be able to show the tenderfoot visitors from the East how lumbermen cook beans during the convention, but will regale them with scenes from the wild West, the Bogardus Wild West show, including the famous shot and scout and four sons, also a number of American Indians fresh from the plains. The majority of these Indians were members of Buffalo Bill's famous organization, and showed before the crowned heads of Europe. Capt. Bogardus was Buffalo Bill's partner, and now that this famous Indian fighter has retired, the captain has decided to branch out for himself. The Wild West Show will be quartered in the open air theater at Lake Harriet, and will give its first performance on the evening of June 3. Aside from the Indians there will be a herd of wild bronchos, and a band of Wyoming cowboys. The oldest Indian woman in the world is also with the show. She is none other than the mother of Kanewanyaza, the Pawnee, who murdered no less than two score whites in his day.

ONE PLEASANT SUNDAY

Brought Thousands of People to Lake Harriet and the Falls.

The street car company did a land office business yesterday, and from early morning until late in the evening the electric cars were crowded almost to suffocation. It is estimated that nearly 8,000 people took advantage of the pleasant weather, and went to Lake Harriet and Minnehaha Falls. Both of these resorts are looking their best now, and are one mass of green foliage and many hued spring flowers. The steps leading down to the historic Minnehaha falls were crowded with people all day, some climbing up and others going down. The majority of the people, however, went to Lake Harriet, and it is apparent that when all the summer attractions are in full blast this resort will be more popular than ever before. The street car company found some difficulty in hauling the big crowds that went to Lake Hrrriet, but such will not be the case this season. A great many more cars are in use, and the huge double-motored cars will seat once again as many as the others.

Had Her Leg Broken.

Lizzie McIntyre, a young girl li ing with her parents on Fourth street North, was run over by a hack, shortly before 6 o'clock last evening. She was crossing Second avenue when her boot slipped and the wheels of the carriage which was being driven rapidly down the street, ran over her right leg, breaking it below the knee. She was taken to her home in the patrol wagon and a physician called to tend her.

A Stick of Timber.

There passed over the Burlington road on the 14th inst., to Chicago, a stick of timber 104 feet long, 18x18 inches square. It was cut in the forests of Washington, that state's contribution to the world's fair. Four flat cars were required for its transportation. It was necessary to transport this piece of timber over the Burlington on its straight line, as other roads would swing it off the cars turning sharp curves. — La Crosse (Wis.) Chronicle.

Won by the Alaska.

NEW YORK, May 22.—The steamers Alaska and Aurania arrived this afternoon from Liverpool. They had a very exciting race across the ocean. Both ships were very near each other and plainly in sight each day. The Alaska, however, kept the lead all the way and came in about an hour in advance of the Aurania.

THE EDITORS' JUNKET

Interesting Story of Their Long Journey Across the Continent.

Some of the Strange Sights Witnessed by the Pencil Pushers.

Talk of a Great Wool Market in New Mexico Territory.

How Moquis "Work" Travelers for Their Loose Change.

Special to the Globe.

NEW MEXICO, May 14.—The editorial junket is just now en route south of the Navajo Indian reservation in Arizona, moving over the Atlantic & Pacific railroad, as it leads a rugged, tortious way among the San Francisco mountains. All is sand and sunshine in this country, and yet man and beast, existing on equal terms, seem to thrive with the merest sanction of a god. After a stinted entertainment at Colorado Springs, that wonderously weird and attractive region—the three special trains bearing the junketing party returned south to Pueblo. Here the editors were welcomed in a spirit truly characteristic of Western prosperity. Public and private vehicles of every description were in waiting as the three great specials steamed into the prettiest depot in the West. Pueblo was driven over from center to suburb, from its gigantic steel works, around

Beautiful Lake Minnekwau

to the high plateaus from which the visitors sighted the glistening snow-capped peaks of the Spanish mountains—erect, austere, sublime. From any of the broad streets of Pueblo may be seen, on a clear day, Pike's Peak, Old Cheyenne, Cheyenne gorge and the Spanish and Colorado peaks.

Pueblo, aside from its great and growing industries, its pretty brick cottages and its enterprising city council, maintains what is probably the most costly and interesting mineral exhibit in the United States—the mineral palace. The palace is a structure of artistic design. Within it the precious metals of the Colorado mines are exposed to view in nugget, crude and finished form. It was here where the independence of a successful miner was recently expressed by the act of a seedy-looking jack-in-quartz who refused the pittance of $75,000 cash for a "lump" which he has placed in the exhibit. Pueblo is an interesting city, but it smells bad. The sulphur from the steel smelters was loudly obnoxious to the sensitive olfactory nerves of the visiting scribes. Breathing becomes a task when the barometer is low. While such is the difficulty with persons whose stay in the city is only temporary, the "fixed people" of the place declare that nothing, not even whisky, is so exhilarating as Pueblo ozone. A potent substantiation of this assertion is observed in the robustness of the average Puebloan. Truly, of these people, it may be said, they are socially and politically les pueblo.

When the editors shook the dust of Pueblo it was night, and when they fell out of their shuffle-box berths on the morning of the 13th, the homely, greasy little city of

Las Vegas

greeted us smiling. During the night we had stormed over the barren wastes of South Eastern Colorado, where no man liveth and dogs do bark at strangers. We were glad that night shut out from view the desolation of this district. But New Mexico! Ye gods, what a land. The domain of the lamented Montezuma is certainly the most interesting part of greaser land.

Brushing the foot of the Rockies from Trinidad southwest to Las Vegas, which thrives just south of Hot Springs—a healing cup in nature's generous hand—one is carried in fact and fancy over the most pictured part of the land of suns and drouth, of adobe huts and religio-dementia, of flat, bushy, scrub pine and evergreens, the roaming realm of the bleeding pententee, the stamping ground of a newer, nobler civilization, where tomales and chilli-con-carnie stuff the Mexican belly, while a maddened religious fervor and native idolatry feeds the spiritual nature of the dusky greaser. Here lies, almost hidden in the dust of ages, the ancient city of Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico. Burned and brown, with its primitive features, it still stands in the shrunken forms of crumbled homes and missions—the oldest city in the United States. Its settlement antedates that of St. Augustine, Fla., by twelve years.

From Las Vegas, where we searched and talked in a manner becoming the purposes of an observation tour, we began the ascent of the Glorieta mountains. Las Vegas (in Spanish, The Meadows) is composed of two distinct parts—the old and the new Las Vegas. It was to the ancient quarter of the city to which your servant and a small party of friends directed their attention. To the fraternal grasp of the Elks we owe a comprehensive view of old Las Vegas; for just as we greeted the Mexican city our party was approached by a sunny-faced young man, who, recognizing on the coat lapel of one of our party the emblem of the order of the Elks, extended to us a kindness as unusual as it was welcome. His kindly nature, beaming with a bonded regard of his brother Elks, fairly poured itself upon us. We were posthaste bundled into his wagon and conveyed through every narrow sun-baked street of the

Old and Ruined,

thickly people city, where the burro and the Mexican boy are chums, where pretty, dark evil-eyed senoritas curse and threaten, and where the men lounge around the pulques hops looking for beer and encounter. In this ancient site of Spanish pre-emption the people are picturesque, ignorant—bad.

They do not know that New Mexico has become a possession of Uncle Sam. They practice their old Spanish customs, disregarding with contempt the newer habits induced by modern civilization. As the men are bad and lazy, so are the women lewd and faithless. These conditions, however, only apply to the old portion of the city—that section lying to the north and west of the plot, and reared in mud and cacti; where these swarthy individuals live in low flat-roofed huts built of adobe, a composition of mud and water baked in the sun.

The home of the Mexican is peculiar. It is always square or of oblong form and seldom over ten feet high. When in a fit of luxurious extravagance he builds more than a single door in his house, it is an exception warranted only by some sudden streak of good luck. The bricks vary in size from a foot square down to 5x4 inches. These are placed against a frame made of natural timber trunks. Where a side of the hut is planked and dry edges of the adobe bricks are cemented with fresh mud, until the bricks are securely imbedded in a wall whose inner and outer surface is perfectly smooth. The roof, floor and partitions are built in the same manner of the same material. In the new gravel huts the walls are whitewashed. Frequently it is observed that the walls are profusely

Hung With Chromos

of the Savior, of Mary Magdalen and the saints. Where there is religion the faith is that of the Church of Rome. And right here in the crabbed little mud huts, we have the paradoxical parallel of vice thriving beside the intensest religious fervor. The women absolve their foul practices of the night by reverend invocation and penance during the day. The men cling to the hardier traditions descended from the Spanish race, while superstition still thrills the mind of the Mexican women. The streets of these Mexican villages are shockingly narrow. A $4 burro (weight 200, burden capacity 350 pounds) laden with a rack of wood, which peddlers sell for "two bits," accompanied by its master, generally has a monopoly of the lane, and a bold, swift-stepping American reporter, swinging a cudgel in one hand and a kodak in the other, is embarrassed to come within smelling distance of the twain in order to effect a passage on his way.

Facing these alleys the houses stand flush to each other in rows a hundred and 200 feet long. In a square of these houses facing on four alleys the yards are one open common, where mutual vice and abuse prevail. Old Los Vegas is not incorporated. The new Los Vegas, however, is of modern caste and construction. The entire city, comprising the old and new district, has a population of about 13,000 persons. One thousand of these are white, 10,000 Mexican, and 2,000 Pueblo and Navajo Indians. New Los Vegas is the most important wool market of New Mexico, and, I believe, the entire Rocky Mountain region. Three hundred thousand sheep graze in the territory, and over one-half of these feed in and about San Miquel, the county wherein Los Vegas prospers in the traffic of 4,500,000 pounds of wool annually. The new Los Vegas is a leader in all matters which pertain to education and culture, and, with the interpropagation of white and Spanish blood, the peoples of this region of mount and mesa will expand to a higher state of person and of morals.

We "Nosed" About

Los Vegas about three hours. Our cicerone, J. T. Duffin, proved a most capital entertainer. For his many pains to please and instruct, and for the gallantry to our ladies, the Minnesota contingent shall reckon distant the day when the memory of this service shall pale in interest.

At Albuquerque we were also driven to the old part o' town. This is a quaint and dirty relict of Mexican life and manners. Mud! Mud! Mud! Dark-skinned, lynx-eyed women, adorned with beads and tinsel, eyes aglow with spices and dry garlic. What a happy hit it would be to convene an army of evangelists in this city of the Rio Grande, where the vilest forms of vice and gambling are countenanced by all and practised by about two-thirds of the population. Prostitution was rampant in the streets; and yet Albuquerque is gleaning its harvest of this world's goods and gold. Where the farms demand irrigation, the cities need expurgation. Let the dose be—salts. We supped in this bustling town of 7,500 mixed people, and, let me add, we paid for the supping.

Arizona.

During the night of the 13th we left the verdant hills of New Mexico, between the Navajo and Zuin Indian reservations, and pushed into a country where all nature is paralyzed—Arizona! Vegetation is foreign to this great dry table-land of sand, doones and mountains. It is here the Moqui Indian alone finds it possible to exist, and his way of subsisting is unique, indeed. For instance, when the party arrived at Peach Springs, the coaches were besieged by a band of Apaches and Moquis, each queary varmit grotesquely attired in silk underwear, which may have been dropped by the way by some itinerant Easterner. Red and yellow girdles, beads, dilapidated derby hats, mouldy pants, sans buttons and presentability, Thurman bandanas, shellalahs and odd shoes or sandels are but a few mentionables of the incongruous man which makes up the paraphernalia of the gala-day outfit of the Moqui or Apache Indian. At the first distant toot of the engine whistle the Indians sound the alarm through their camp. Then they smear themselves in regal splendor, applying grease and house paint to the face. The bucks bring skins and all sorts of trinkets, some of horn, some of pottery, others made of the skins, bones and teeth of goats, wild cat, lynx, defunct horses and cows. The women bring their papooses, snugly tucked away in the Indian swaddle-crib, which they carry in their arms, that they may the more readily display to the ogling tourist the dirty, squalling little imps—black-eyed, flat-nosed, diabolical of caste. To attract the

Curious and Unwary

traveler, the bands bound upon the depot platform, whooping an accompaniment to the most maniacal antics imaginable.

"Two bit! Look, ugh! ugh! Wow, squick, chuck ee-ee-sh-e-e," and they scramble upon the coach step, one arm extended, clutching watch, chain or wallet in an effort to induce one to disgorge the sum of 25 cents for a peep at the papoose. Squaws under the age of fifteen all have a papoose, and if, from the youthful appearance of the pretended mother, one expresses doubt as to the contents of the dirty bundle fondled by the bantering mamma, the suggestion is promptly met with a cruel pinch at the hand of the mother, which usually sets the papoose a squealin'. This assurance is invariably effective, for it brings out the nickels and dimes for a peep at the papoose.

The peep is short and very sour, when the matron of the Arizona plains tucks her suckling out of sight; for exposure only on payment of another fee. These live music boxes—done up and wound up in willow cribs, wrapped in rags—are the most profitable stock in trade for the Indian.

Papoose growing has become an inordinate industry with these savages, when the Apache race is being perpetuated by the tourists' demand for a display of its progeny. H. W. W.

Delegates at Monterey.

MONTEREY, Cal., May 22.—The train carrying the members of the National Editorial association arrived here at daylight this morning, having left the town of Santa Rosa at 9 o'clock last night. A reception was held in the theater building at Santa Rosa, and a splendid banquet was spread for the visitors. The excursionists, on reaching here, were taken to the Hotel del Monte. The day has been spent quietly. Early tomorrow morning the entire party starts for San Francisco, stopping on the way at San Jose and Palo Alto.

LOCAL MENTION.

E. B. Patten & Co., Auctioneers, 615 Guaranty Loan Building, Minneapolis, buy Bankrupt Stocks for Cash.

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MINNEAPOLIS GLOBULES.

The Ancient Order of Aztecs will present a programme of musical numbers and dramatic reading at the Lyceum next Wednesday evening. Among the musical contributors are Prof. J. Lewis Browne, pianist; Miss Susie McKay, soprano; Miss Alma Norton Johnson, contralto; L. P. De Salle, tenor; George W. Fergusson, baritone; P. H. Mullen, basso; Heinrich Hoevel, violinist; George F. Ransom, 'cellist. Arthur S. Anderson will appear in scenes from "Richard III." and other works, assisted by George L. Boynton.

Marriage licenses were issued Saturday to Andrew Ryberg and Annie Nelson, Ole Hanson and Annie L. Christensen, Sam Larson and Mary Erickson, Olof Norbeck and Mathilda J. Olson, George F. Maddans and Augusta W. Mix, Frank T. Bush and Ida M. Hamlin, Charles Johnson and Lena Anderson, Charles Jordan and Nina Westbrook, James Williams and Sarah Barnett.

WEAR AND TEAR.

Effect of This Wide-Awake Way of Living.

Overtaxed, Overworked, and Overworried Young and Old.

Class of 40 Girls in Boston School Answer Questions.

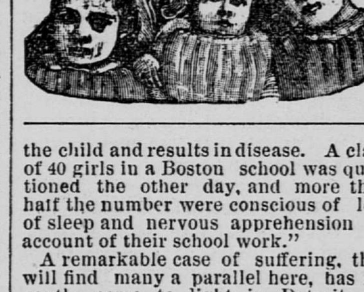
Maladies of the nervous system are increasing rapidly, especially in the more crowded portions of the country Chicago, is, to say the least, one of the keenest and most wide-awake business cities in America. In Chicago one-fifth of all deaths, and almost a third of all sickness, is due, in one way and another, to nervous diseases.

Back in the fifties only one-twentieth of the deaths and one-twelfth of the sickness were credited to diseases of the nervous system.

In explaining the great demand for Paine's celery compound, a member of the health board in an adjoining city, said:

"The nervous systems of thousands of people in this city are sorely overtaxed.

"And the danger of overwork exists as much among children, almost, as among adults. But it is not so much over work as over-worry that affects the health of



the child and results in disease. A class of 40 girls in a Boston school was questioned the other day, and more than half the number were conscious of loss of sleep and nervous apprehension on account of their school work."

A remarkable case of suffering, that will find many a parallel here, has recently come to light in Detroit. It illustrates the necessity of attending in the right way to any of those ills among children, as well as adults, that result from impaired nerves and impure blood.

Mrs. M. V. Gouin is a devoted mother, whose four beautiful children (a likeness of whom appears above) are watched over with the most maternal affection. When the youngest was six weeks old a terrible eruption broke out all over her. Several physicians were consulted, and while opinions varied, the disease was generally regarded as salt rheum. Yet the usual remedies failed, and the child grew worse instead of better.

About that time the papers gave an account of a case that had been cured by the use of the famous remedy discovered by Prof. Phelps, of Dartmouth college. Mrs. Gouin obtained some and commenced giving it to the baby. The result was wonderful, for in two weeks the sores were entirely healed, and the little one is now entirely well. This was solely due to the learned professor's discovery, Paine's celery compound.

This was not all, and Mrs. Gouin, in a letter to the physician of that city who reported the case, tells additional proofs of the marvelous curative power of this compound. She wrote:

"My children had the grippe last fall, and were weak and ailing all winter. I tried physicians' prescriptions and everything my friends recommended, but without effect. I was fairly discouraged, for they were so weak and feeble.

"But Paine's Celery Compound gave them strength, a good appetite and made them strong and well, so that they are now the picture of health."

Such an experience naturally created some comment in Detroit, and the Western medical journals have again taken to discussing the value of Dr. Phelps' services in giving the compound to the world.

A medicine which is used so successfully for babes and children, it goes without saying, can do no harm even to the most delicate. It never fails to do good, restoring and strengthening the nerves and blood, and curing disease.

East and West, and North and South, thousands owe their health to it.

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