KISSED BY A SNAKE.

A First-Rate Snake Story Freshly Imported From Brazil.

Thrilling Adventures of a Pair of Hunters With a Big Snake.

Their Faces Licked by the Tongue of the Boa Constrictor.

They Retired to a Cupboard and the Snake Took Possession.

"I always liked hunting, but I never will forget a queer hunt I had when I was after big game." The speaker was Maj. Archibald Wendell at one of the best known clubs in New Orleans, which was entertaining him. He was well known as a man of adventure, and his story was eagerly demanded. "It was in Rio Janeiro," he continued, "the first month after my arrival. I met an old acquaintance of mine, Jack Dorne, a harum-scarum sort of chap, who had seen nearly everything and been nearly everywhere from Boston to Singapore. We had not met in three years, and there was never anything more unlikely than our meeting in that out-of-the-way place; and yet I'll give you my word that as I sauntered up the shady side of the street and met him sauntering down the same side we looked up, recognized each other, and Jack cried, as coolly as though we had parted not an hour before, 'Hello, Arch! Want to go up into the mines? Lots of fun and good hunting.' That Jack was a funny fellow. He had got a 'pull' with some man who was making loads of money in the mines, and he was at that time busily engaged in laying up for a rainy day. He showed me his bank book, with some very handsome figures to his credit. Well, nothing suited me better than to see the interior of the country a little, and the end of it was that in ten minutes I had promised to go, and in less than three hours we were on the way, and were rapidly leaving the city behind us. We had fine horses, Jack knew every foot of the way, and was friends with a good many people along the road, and we could afford to take our time, and travel as slowly or rapidly as we felt inclined. Jack had stopping places staked out, as he said, and knew quite well every day where we were going to spend the night. Jack kept telling stories of the fun at the mines, and of the chances for good hunting of all kinds there, and we got along very cleverly. But on the fourth day, as we jogged along, an accident happened which upset Jack's calculations for that day. My horse put his foot into a hole and fell, laming himself so badly that I had to walk and lead him. For several hours we made but little headway, and dark came down, and found us ten good miles short of the place where Jack had expected to stop. 'This don't look very promising, said Jack dubiously, trying to peer ahead into the gathering shadows. 'There's a nasty creek bottom ahead, and I hate like smoke to go through it after dark. I caught a glimpse of a snake as long as the Atlantic cable in that bottom once, and I haven't got through running yet.' But the next moment he cried: 'Why, what was I thinking of? There's a little hut just in the edge of the bottom on this side; an old herb gatherer lives there. Why, of course! We'll spend the night right there.' And hurrying on we found the little hut, a miserable place enough, thatched with leaves and with a great hole broken in one corner of the roof, but a shelter at any rate. The old herb gatherer was away from home, but we took possession, lighted a candle, helped ourselves to some food we found in the great corner cupboard, and stretched ourselves on his bed to sleep. We left the candle burning for fear of the ghosts, Jack said, and I remember looking the room over sleepily by its dim light and seeing the tall, gaunt cupboard, whose door we had left open, and the dark hole in the corner of the roof. The last thing that occurred to me was that I could see two fiery eyes gleaming out of the darkness through that hole, and then I went to sleep. I had a dream that would have done credit to a candidate for a Keeley institute, it was so full of snakes and crawling things; and after I had worried over it until I couldn't stand it any more I woke up. I lay there for several minutes looking at the candle, which was burning low. After a while I raised my eyes and started off in a yawn which was frozen on my face, as it were, leaving my mouth wide open. For there, hanging from the hole in the roof and gracefully waving to and fro, was about eight feet of a snake. And such a snake! Boys, I don't believe I am exaggerating one particle when I tell you that it was as large around as my body. While I lay there and looked at him and saw those smooth, swaying motions, that enormous head and the darting tongue that was kept in constant play, I felt perfectly conscious that this snake could have swallowed me without a particle of trouble. And however anxious I might have been for sport, you know I had no anxiety to explore the interior of a boa constrictor. With some faint idea of selling my life as dearly as possible, I slipped my hand softly under the pillow and got hold of my revolver. The motion, easy as it was, roused Jack, and he half turned. Instantly two or three feet of the huge shining body slipped down through the root and the horrible head came nearer. Jack saw it, then—that citizen of the world always so fertile in expedients—and with one wild shout of 'Great Scott! Jump for the cupboard, Arch!' he flung himself in that direction. With a glimpse of returning reason I scrambled after him, and in an instant we were crouched on the floor, under the lowest shelf, with the door shut behind us. We were safe, for the snake could not open the cupboard; and we sat there and laughed and cried in the most nonsensical fashion, with our self-control entirely gone. 'Well, if that snake ain't sold!' was Jack's version of it, but I think he felt pretty serious when he said it. After awhile we began to find that it was too close in our cramped quarters, and I opened the door a tiny little bit so that we could get a breath of air. We found then that the candle had gone out, and the room was as dark as Egypt. But we could hear something moving in that dark room—soft, gliding motions that made us thankful there were good, strong planks between us and the something on the other side. Time began to pass somewhat heavily in the cupboard. I pressed my face close to the crack in the door to get more fresh fair, and suddenly something lightly brushed over my face again and again. I didn't know what it was at first, but all at once it flashed upon me that it was the tongue of that snake. That was more than I could endure. With a murmured warning, 'Look out, Jack, I'm going to fire,' I put my revolver to the crack and fired at the horrible creature that was caressing me with its slimy tongue. Of course, shut up in that little closet it sounded like the very crack of doom, and we were deafened so that it was some time before we could hear anything. When we recovered a little, such sounds as did greet our ears! Half a dozen wild horses couldn't have made more noise than that snake was making. We could hear it leap away up against the walls and fall and twist and writhe, lashing about with its tail and knocking down everything in the room. At the same time the air became so heavy with the rank, poisonous odor the reptile emitted that both of us turned deathly sick and Jack began vomiting. At last, while the snake was beating against the walls on the other side of the room, I opened the door a little way, reached out in the dark and found the candle. I had one last match in my pocket. If it should go out I thought it was all up with us, for I was quite sure we couldn't live till morning in that closet. But fortunately the match was a good one and I made a light, thrust it out into the room a little and viewed the wreck. Coiling, twisting and throwing himself about in his mad agony, the huge snake had possession of the place. Walls, floor and everything else were covered with his blood, and the odor was simply horrible. Just as I looked out he had got himself coiled around a stout oak chair, and with a tightening of the coils the chair was splintered. I incautiously opened the door a little too far, and he hurled himself at me. I had barely time to pull the door shut when he struck it. And then I got Jack to hold the light while I watched the snake's motions, took careful aim and fired. That shot finished him. He struggled and wriggled blindly all over the room for a minute or two, but finally straightened himself and lay still. And then Jack and I crawled out of that closet more dead than alive, and Jack lit a fresh candle and asked me if his hair wasn't gray. And then there was the sequel; for the old herb gatherer never was seen again. When we found that he had really disappeared, Jack and I looked at one another and cold chills ran over us, for we felt as confident then as as I do now that the huge snake, on some previous visit, had killed and devoured the helpless old man, and was merely looking for another meal when he dropped himself down from that hole in the roof. No, we did not look for any more game on that trip. That one hunt in the night and in the dark was enough for one time."

EDUCATION BY MAIL.

Here Is a Way in Which You May Help or Be Helped.

Some women are always decrying their own sex. They say that Bobbie Burns's familiar phrase ought to be amended so that it would read, "Woman's inhumanity to woman."

There are cases, unfortunately, to which they point for proof, but these cases are only the exceptions which prove the rule of sisterly, womanly kindness.

The work of the King's Daughters, says the New York Recorder, has shown an unbroken record of growing helpfulness. They have ministered unto others in a hundred different ways, and a few months ago they struck out a new path in their scheme of study by correspondence.

A New Branch of Work.

Miss Kate Bond, of 230 West Fifty-ninth street, is the organizer of this branch of work, and she says that it seems to have filled one of the innumerable multitude of long-felt wants. The plan, as she explains it, is this:

Any girl who feels that her education has been imperfect, or that she would like to pursue some particular branch of study, writes to Miss Bond telling what branches she wishes to take up. On the other hand, any one who is willing to direct the studies of a pupil also writes to Miss Bond, giving the branches which she can teach. The letters are carefully compared, and, after deciding what assignment to make, Miss Bond writes to the girl, inclosing a letter of introduction to the teacher selected, and also writes to the teacher, telling her about her prospective pupil.

All the work is done by correspondence, with the exception of one case in this city, where the teacher gives a music lesson in person to her pupil. The scholars furnish their own text books, if practicable.

A Pupil in Arizona.

The first letter received in response to this request was from a young girl in Arizona. She wrote that her parents had been able to give her one year at school in the East, but that they could not afford to her remain any longer. She was entirely without any advantages where she was, and she really longed to complete her education. As a sort of providential coincidence, a letter came to Miss Bond just then from a lady who has a large school in the Middle states; a lady who was prepared to teach almost anything necessary to the completion of a college course, and to her was assigned the oversight of the Arizonr pupil. The immediate result was a letter to Miss Bond containing a burst of fresh enthusiasm from the young girl, who could not sufficiently express her delight in her new instructress.

Soon after that a letter came from a girl who had recently graduated from Smith's college. She was rich in material things, as well as having a well stored brain. She was a King's Daughter, and she wanted to do something "in His name," but she said there were no poor in the town where she lived, and she did not know what work she could find.

Preparing for College by Letter.

Well, this time a letter came from a girl in Dakota. A girl who loved study, who really hungered and thirsted after knowledge, but who, alas! had more brains than dollars. She wanted to go to college, and she knew that with help she could enter a year in advance of the time she had planned for. And so the Eastern college girl with her culture is helping the Western would-be college girl, and they are both learning a good many lessons from the experience.

Another pupil is an invalid girl, who has a talent for painting. Her teacher is a prominent art critic, who examines her work and gives her the benefit of her criticism and advice.

Teachers and pupils are enrolled in music, Greek, Latin, French, German, Hebrew, stenography, bookkeeping, history and English, even in the very lowest branches. Three girls wrote that they had no powers of conversation. Their early education had been neglected, and they felt at such a disadvantage on account of their ignorance that they could not talk when in company. They are now taking a course of reading under the direction of a cultivated lady, to whom they send written synopses of the work they go over, thus familiarizing themselves with the art of expression.

This opportunity of study is open to the King's Sons, as well as the Daughters, and several gentlemen have offered their services. Many of those who are so generously willing to give instruction are women who are engaged constantly in teaching, to whom it is a means of livelihood, and in which they often grow very tired. This makes their self-sacrifice doubly hard, but also doubly kind and sweet.

Notwithstanding the response of many who are willing to aid as teachers, the number of pupils applying is in excess of those who can instruct them, and more teachers are urgently needed. Almost every one can help in some direction, and here is an unusual opportunity for personal influence for good, as well as the gratification of some mentally hungry sister.

SENDING THE MESSAGE.

Is It Possible That There Is a Language Among Dogs?

New York Herald.

Probably the most convincing and remarkable evidence that animals can talk to each other was witnessed near Lawrence, Kan., a few days ago on the farm of William Seymour. Seymour has two dogs which are accustomed to remain in the barns and have become fast friends with the horses. To such an extent had this friendship progressed that when any of the horses or either of the dogs had been away from home for any time, immediately on their return they rush together and rub noses and give other evidences of delight at meeting. The dogs and horses go to the pasture together and return home at evening in company.

This remarkable and close friendship has been noted by many and much commented upon. But the climax was reached when one of the dogs came rushing from a small piece of timber about half a mile from the barn. He ran hurriedly up to the other dog and whined and barked in a queer manner and then ran to the house. The second dog at once jumped to his feet and started off on a run to the woods as fast as he could go. The first dog hunted around the place until he found Mr. Seymore, and then by barks and strange antics attracted his attention and started back toward the timber.

Mr. Seymore paid little attention to him until he was told what had occurred at the barn, where the two dogs apparently held conversation, and then he followed to the woods, and there Mr. Seymore found that one of his horses had fallen down in a small water course which was so narrow and steep that it was impossible for the animal to rise. The horse was lying perfectly still, while the second dog was sitting by its head licking its face and showing by its attentions that it intended to comfort the horse all that was in its power. The fact that the horse was lying in an out-of-the-way place, with the additional fact that the second dog did not hesitate, but went directly to where it had fallen, was plain evidence of the fact that the first dog had told the story and given directions for finding the horse that was in trouble.

SURE OF SUPPORT.

The Man Was Proud of His Strong Neighbors.

Chicago Tribune.

There were numerous protests while he was putting up the building, and when he began renting the flats the owners of the buildings on either side of his structure called on him to protest again.

"It's an outrage, sir!" said one.

"You'll force the rents down!" exclaimed the other.

"But, gentlemen—" began the new landlord.

"I protested against the slipshod way the building was being put up," interrupted the first, "but I never thought you'd try to lower the rental values."

"You're renting your flats for half what we charge for ours," added the second.

"Purely a business—"

"Business be hanged!" broke in he first. "You can't make 3 per cent on your investment at the rent you charge!"

The new landlord was evidently hurt.

"Sir!" he said, haughtily. "I make between 8 and 9 per cent. Apparently you are not a business man with an eye to the main chance. Your building cost $30,000, did it not?"

"All of that."

"I figured that it did. It is well constructed and strong?"

"A cyclone would't disturb it."

"Exactly. And yours?" to the second man.

"It cost $35,000, and it is as solid as a rock."

"I took that into consideration," said the new landlord, proudly. "Mine cost less than half of the lowest figure, and it is safe, gentlemen, as safe as any in the city, so long as there is a $35,000 building plump against it on one side and a $30,000 one on the other. I am sorry for you, gentlemen, if it lowers rents in the neighborhood, but business is business. I am obliged to you for building to the edge of your lots. Good day."

Two men in Chicago would move their flat building if they could afford it.

The Lobster Industry.

At Placentia Bay, Newfoundland, alone 1,200 men and women are employed in the lobster industry. Five million is the annual catch, which represents $180,000 in value.

Plowing by Electricity.

The electric current on the 30th of March turned its first furrow in American soil at the Kansas sorghum experimental station.

LOOK in our large window and notice the handsome line of goods displayed. No price tickets on them. They are Suitings that we have sold at $20.00, $25.00, $28.00 and $30.00. To clear them out before stock-taking we offer them at

$20.00

Don't let the opportunity slip. They are worth more than the price we ask, but it's our way of getting ready for the fall season.

A nice assortment of Blue and Gray Serges.

A nobby line of Scotch Cheviots, and some stylish, substantial domestic Cassimeres, at

$20 A SUIT.

Come and see them, whether you want to buy or not.

Samples free on application.

Open Saturdays until 10 p. m.

Nicoll THE TAILOR

S. W. Corner Seventh and Robert Sts., St. Paul.

CLAY WORSTED SUITS,

$15, $18, $20 AND $25

In Tailor-Made Three-Button Cutaway and Sack styles. The most popular fabric for dress wear ever known to the clothing trade. We've sold so many that we have experienced some difficulty in keeping sizes in stock.

150 SUITS, in all grades, $15, $18, $20 and $25, just received via express for Fourth of July trade. We guarantee every suit perfect. Nothing else so good for the money. They'll give excellent wear; will never gloss. Every Suit is warranted a perfect fit. The $15 grade we call particular attention to. 'Tis a regular $18.00 quality. Clay Prince Albert Coats and Vests, $15 to $25.

Men's $15. $16, $18 and $20 Suits for

$11.50!

In Fine All-Wool Serges, Cheviots, Flannels and Cassimeres, the latest colorings in the most popular fabrics. Tailor-made Cutaways and Sacks, such as you'll pay from $15 to $18 for elsewhere, go all this week with us for $11.50.

MOTHERS,

We are giving the choice of more than four hundred regular *$8, $10 and $12 Knee Pant Suits for $6.00.* If you've a boy to clothe, bring him to us. *Star Waists, 63 cents.* The choice of a thousand dozen fancy Star Waists, regular prices $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50, for 63 cents.

Summer Coats or Coats and Vests, White or Fancy Wash Vests, Summer Neckwear, Straw Hats. The largest assortment at the lowest prices.

Open evenings till 4th of July.

J. L. HUDSON

CLOTHIER,

Seventh and Robert Streets, St. Paul, Minn.

L. G. HOFFMANN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND RETAILERS OF FINE CLOTHING.

A GOOD STORY

BEARS REPEATING.

WE advertised it—our opening week under new management; what we would do to bring old and make new friends. Many people read of it. Few believed and many perhaps didn't. Some came to see us about it and did see; they selected, they paid deposits, they bought, they began to talk about it; people will talk; and, like a reverberating echo, it sounded in everybody's ears and others came, and 'twas confirmed that we were selling Finest Suits at prices that bordered on the

SENSATIONAL,

At almost half of competition prices. Our sales last week were the greatest we've ever had—larger than we had reason to hope they would be. To beat our record, give all a chance, "we repeat the story" of

——MORE OF THOSE PRICES WHICH HURT,
——WHICH KEEP RATTLING OUR NEIGHBORS,
——WHICH KEEP THIS THE LOWEST-PRICED HOUSE,
——WHICH KEEP OLD AND MAKE NEW FRIENDS.

CAUSES OF BUSINESS HILARITY:

ANY SUIT IN OUR STORES,

$14.

	Former Price.
Homespuns---Made the "go" by Fashion	$18 to $20
Camel's Hair---Patterns sought for by fashion folks	$18 to $22
Bannockburns---Worthiest of Best makers	$16 to $20
Irish Tweeds---Swell garments for the fastidious	$18 to $20
Imported Serges---The glory of nobby dressers	$15 to $20
Black Cheviots---Finest grades, no trash	$16 to $20
Imported Clays---By far the best in town for money	$15 to $20
Cassimeres---Immense variety of styles	$18 to $25

CHOICE, $14.

Single and Double-Breasted Sacks and Cutaways in Regulars and Stouts. (We except only our Finest Imported Clay Worsteds.)

You can't get a notion of them by language. Nothing but sight can fully sense their cheapness at the prices named. We'll have followers, but never leaders.

A CHAPTER FOR MOTHERS

Vacation has commenced. Boys want Shirt Waists. We don't. We're going to close them out. We have only the Celebrated Star Waist in French Percales, Outing Flannels, that sold at 90c, $1.00, $1.25.

YOUR CHOICE, 50 CENTS.

COME IN THE MORNING.

L. G. HOFFMANN & CO

142 and 144 East Seventh St., Ryan Block, St. Paul.

ASTOR'S BIG MONEY.

The Family Has $205,000,000, If Not More, Safely Salted Away.

A Million Dollars in Cash Always on Hand to Pay Every-Day Bills.

William W. Astor Is Undoubtedly the Richest Man in the World.

A Family Peculiarity Is Their Fancy for Owning Hotel Property.

William Waldorf Astor	$150,000,000
John Jacob Astor	47,000,000
Mrs. William Astor	2,000,000
Mrs. Roosevelt Roosevelt	2,000,000
Mrs. Orme Wilson	2,000,000
Mrs. J. Coleman Drayton	2,000,000
	$205,000,000

A careful computation of the combined wealth of the Astor family gives the total as set forth. Enormous as the amount is, the fortune is yearly increasing at a rapid rate, and in a quarter of a century will doubtless be twice as large, says the New York Morning Journal.

William Waldorf Astor is the chief possessor of this wealth, and is by all odds the richest man in the world.

The great bulk of the Astor wealth is invested in lands and houses. It is a fair estimate to say that the returns in interest on the entire property is at the rate of 6 per cent.

At this rate the income of William Waldorf Astor would be $9,135,000 a year. Each month he would receive $761,250. At the end of each week he could draw for $175,673.

The income would amount to $25,027 per day, $1,042.81 every hour, $17.38 each minute and 29 cents a second.

If Mr. Astor's fortune were in one-dollar bills it would cover a space of 5,604 acres in extent. If the bills were stretched out, end to end, they would reach 17,755 miles.

That William Waldorf Astor will be a billionaire, and the only one in the country, if he lives the allotted span of life, is not improbable.

The Astors have always clung to real estate as being the safest and most profitable form of investment.

When the original John Jacob Astor, who came from Waldorf, in the Duchy of Baden, Germany, had made considerable money in dealing in furs in the Hudson Bay region, he settled in New York and married Sarah Todd, who brought him a dowry of $300. He saw that there was only one way for the town to grow, and he began to put all the money he could raise into land on the outskirts.

In 1811 he sold a lot in Wall street for $8,000, and with the money purchased eighty lots above Canal street, which at that time was considered as being far out in the country. He bought the lots on which the Astor House stands at a price that was considered to be far above its value. John Jacob Astor lived to be 84 years old, adding to his holdings of land all the time, and his example has been followed by his descendants.

A peculiarity of the Astors is their fancy for owning hotel property. The elder John Jacob built the Astor house. William Waldorf Astor is erecting a great hotel on the site of his old residence on Fifth avenue and Thirty-third street, and the third mammoth Astor house is nearly completed at Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street.

John Jacob Astor left an estate valued at $20,000,000 to his sons, John Jacob and William Backhouse Astor.

The bulk of the property was inherited by William B. Astor, who largely increased it, and left the bulk to the third John Jacob, the father of William Waldorf.

The Astors are believed to own 6,000 buildings in this city. Almost half a century ago they owned 1,500 buildings, and it was the common remark that the Astors owned the town.

A departure from exclusive real estate investment was made about 1861 by John Jacob Astor. It was caused by patriotism. He was a strong supporter of the Union cause from the very outbreak of the war, and he took a prominent part in the local meetings which were held in its support.

Besides contributing large sums of money to forwarding troops to the front, Mr. Astor became a large purchaser of United States government bonds, which were not at that time considered the gilt-edged investment that they have since become. It is said by bankers that the Astors are the largest individual holders of government bonds in this country.

Like everything else touched by them, the bonds have meanwhile greatly increased in value. William Waldorf Astor is well pleased with the investment, and has no desire to change it. Their holdings are estimated at $9,000,000.

The Astors are, next to the Vanderbilts, probably the most important holders of railroad securities in the United States.

Twenty million dollars is considered a moderate estimate of the value of that portion of the estate.

All the men of the Astor family have been opposed to stock speculation. It is known that many attempts were made to induce John Jacob Astor the third, and William Astor to try their luck on Wall street, but the most oily-tongued ringer-in was unable to lure them into stock speculation.

They were not averse to the purchase of good bonds, however, and they are large holders of the 7 and 8 per cent issues of the principal roads in the country. As the bonds paying this unusual rate of interest become due and are redeemed by the railroad companies the money is almost immediately turned into real estate.

About $1,000,000 in cash and negotiable paper is constantly at the use of the Astors. The yearly expenses of all the members combined foot up that amount easily. A summary of their investments is as follows, as near as can be learned from authoritative sources:

Real estate	$173,000,000
Stocks and bonds	20,000,000
Diamonds, jewelry, etc	1,000,000
Cash on hand	1,000,000
Total	$205,000,000

The diamonds and jewelry owned by Mrs. William Astor and other ladies of the Astor family are well known the world over. Combined their cost is believed to have been $1,000,000. The largest collection of diamonds in the United States is that of Mrs. William Astor.

When she attended the wedding of her son, John Jacob, to Miss Ava Willing, at Philadelphia, a year and a half ago, Mrs. Astor wore diamonds the value of which was estimated at $350,000.

William Astor's fortune goes to John Jacob. The amount is about $47,000,000.

Mrs. William Astor has an income of $500,000 a year, and also a fortune in her own right. Her possessions are about $2,000,000. At her death her income goes to her son.

John Jacob Astor, now the head of this branch of the family, is not yet thirty years of age. He is good-natured and democratic and is of a sport-loving disposition. He is a good rider, an excellent shot and fond of all sorts of outdoor sport. He has not yet shown any decided talent for business, and seems rather to care for spending money than for gathering it.

As his vast estate will practically be managed by his agents, however, it is not probable that young Astor can waste much of it, even if he feels so inclined. Among his intimate friends Mr. Astor is alluded to as "Jack." He has a lovely young wife and a baby boy now six months old, who has been christened William Vincent Astor. This young man is the presumptive heir to the bulk of the great wealth which will be handed down at his father's death.

William Waldorf Astor is the recognized head of the family, and is one of the brainiest and cleverest men it has produced. He was the American minister to Italy during one administration, and has literary tastes and aspirations. He is not much of a club man, and prefers a quiet, home life.

He is a linguist of ability, speaking French, German and Italian fluently. He once had a political bee in his bonnet, and was talked of as a Republican candidate for mayor of the city. He ran for congress against Roswell P. Flower and was defeated.

Mr. Astor is tell, and has a face indicating much determination. At Rome his entertainments were very fine, and he lives in a liberal fashion.

Mr. Astor wrote two novels, and is said to be collecting material for another. He lives abroad much of the time, but generally goes to his elegant cottage at Newport in the summer. He married Miss Paul, of Philadelphia, and has several children. One of them is a boy, who stands first in the line of succession to the Astor millions.

The Astors are men of good habits. They go to church regularly, and are known to give away large sums in charity. It is said that they never use tobacco, and are sparing drinkers of wine.

Gettysburg in Miniature.

A topographical map of the Gettysburg battlefield and models of the Centennial exposition and of Independence hall will appear in the Pennsylvania exhibit. A public spirited citizen will contribute the first named, and the city of Philadelphia furnishes the last two. The schedule of exhibits adopted by the state world's fair board indicates that Pennsylvania will make a very extensive, complete and interesting showing.

For a Disordered Liver Try BEECHAM'S PILLS. 25cts. a Box. OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

IN THE LINE OF KODAK

We have a new style to show in the shape of a KODAK that can actually be loaded in the daytime, and at prices ranging from $8.50 upward. Call and see our "DAYLIGHT" Cameras.

E. B. MEYROWITZ, Optician!

75 East Third Street.

CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send two BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer who will send me their Express and Post Office address.

T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF HORSES, CARRIAGES, HARNESS, SLEIGHS, ROBES, ETC.

If you are interested in buying LIVERY STOCK, please remember that we sell the

CONTENTS OF THE RYAN LIVERY BARN

ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29,

At 10 A. M., at the place, Nos. 445 and 445 Robert Street, between Seventh and Eighth Streets—the Stock consisting of

24 Head of Horses,
5 Hacks,
4 Ex.-Top Carriages,
12 Buggies,
Cutters, Sleighs,
Robes, Whips,
Office Furniture, Etc. Etc.

If you want a BARGAIN in a Horse, Harness or Buggy,

ATTEND THIS SALE.

KAVANAGH & JOHNSON

AUCTIONEERS.

186, 188 and 190 E. 6th St.

W. A. & A. J. MARSHALL, Administrators.

N. LEHNEN Ph.D., Analytical and Technical Chemist, Office and Lab., No. 133 East Fifth street. St Paul, Minn. Personal attention given to all kinds of Assaying, Analyzing and Testing. Chemists applied for all arts and manufactures.