SAINT PAUL.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

The Greatest and Grandest of All Spectacular Productions.

The stupendous and magnificent historical and dramatical spectacle bearing the above title, and which is this season so appropriately presented as an addition to the many other most meritorious, marvelous and instructive attractions of the Barnum & Bailey Greatest Show on Earth, is not in its scope and purpose a play, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but rather a most striking and realistic object lesson in that portion of ancient history connected with the wars of Granada and Columbus' voyage and discovery, and a masterly and thoroughly accurate reproduction of the thrilling scenes and incidents connected therewith. Months were spent studying the historical documents in the archives of Europe, and seeking old prints and paintings, and inspecting all objects and material in any way relating to the subject and era in which the scenes of the spectacle are laid, and in gathering a wealth of detail concerning the costumes, weapons and customs of that time. Every appliance of photographic art was employed, and elaborate plans and drawings made for the guidance of the most thoroughly competent architects, modelers, scenic artists and costumers, resulting in a wondrously impressive revelation of the early struggles, trials, voyages and final triumphs of the great discoverer, as well as accurate reproductions of some of the old cities of Spain, with their palaces, gates, drawbridges and battlements, and their arms, accoutrements and manner of warfare of the most glorious epochs in Spanish history. For the presentation of this grand series of living tableaux $75,000 worth of scenery is required, a stage 450 feet in length, 1,200 characters, together with wild beasts and horses and $250,000 worth of armor, weapons, trappings and devices of the most historically correct designs and expensive material, besides the world's best musical composers and terpsichorean and orchestral directors. Viewed merely as a scenic and living study, and entirely apart from its splendid pageants, impressive spectacles and displays, games, tournaments, contests and realistic combats, it offers a wealth of practical knowledge and permanent information far beyond the means of ordinary instruction, and calculated to grandly and forcibly impress upon the mind of every beholder the heroism of the first discoveries of the new world. This truly great and remarkable spectacular production is presented as an addition to all the multitude of marvelous wonders in the greatest show on earth, its two menageries, triple circus in three rings upon two elevated stages, and the wonderful feats in mid-air and in the hippodrome, and taken in its vast entirety renders it just exactly what the title suggests—the greatest show on earth. It will all be here in its undivided greatness on the 31st inst., with the tremendous new street parade in the morning at 9 o'clock.

AROUND ISLE ROYAL.

A Delightful Trip Along the Northern Shore of Lake Superior.

Dr. W. W. Mayo and Judge C. C. Wilson, two sterling Democrats from Rochester, were in the city yesterday. They are wearing highly illumined countenances. The cause of this was two-fold; namely, happiness and a reddish tinge that can be only acquired from exposure to the rays of an afternoon sun reflected from a sheet of water. This peculiar tinge was acquired in a trip along the northern shore of Lake Superior on the steamer, Hiram R. Dixon, owned by Booth & Son, fish and oyster dealers. The gentlemen boarded the steamer at Duluth, and went to Port Arthur, Canada thence to Isle Royal and return to the original port. They were very much pleased with the trip, and have no end of story in relating the sights along the coast of Minnesota and among the hundreds of islands seen on the trip made by the boat while visiting a chain of fishing camps, from which it gathers up part of its stock of trout and white fish. Dr. Mayo enjoyed the trip, more especially as he visited scenes which have been only a memory for forty years. In the fifties he was agent for a company that prospected for copper along the Minnesota shore bordering on the lake. Judge Wilson was so pleased with the hundreds of islands and the low temperature that he determined to locate on one of them next summer and seclude himself while carrying out an agreement to codify the laws of the state and do some other work as official reporter of the supreme court. He decided that he would not locate at any of the three small towns on the mainland, but was unnecided as to which of the several hendred islands would suit him best. A great many delightful locations were pointed out by Dr. Mayo and J. F. Hector, the gallant captain of the Dixon. After canvassing all the sites for his camp, it was not decided as to whether Cape Thunder, on a bay of the same name, Grace Washington harbor, or an island on one of the many other harbors in the Isle Royal series was the most desirable. The temperature for summer is all that could be desired. The lake water is about forty degrees in temperature, and as the land is covered with bushes and trees, the temperature of the air is not much higher. Dr. Mayo expressed the view that the main considerations in locating are to have available timbhr for building a hut, to be able to secure wood for fire that would be needed almost continuously for comfort, and to be in a position to receive supplies from the occasional steamer that may pass. The gentlemen have much to say in praise of the pleasant trip, and have a fund of fish stories gathered from Capt. Hector and fellow passengers. Dr. Mayo also added much to his legendary lore, and to his fund of stories and information on the beautiful bays and islands seen more fully than he did two decades ago.

INTO SIX FIGURES.

The Delinquent Taxes Reported by Auditor Kain.

County Auditor Kain has prepared a statement showing the amount of taxes to be $651,531. This may be an excuse, in a measure, for the shortage of funds at the present time in the city treasury. The taxes are delinquent for a series of years, and are in the hands of the sheriff for collection. The following table shows the condition of the lists at the close of the fiscal year, June 1, 1892:

	Total delinquent.
Amount of tax list of 1891, as returned	$2,619,757 63
Subsequent additions (exclusive of penalty and interest)	1,087 63
Total amount of list, as corrected	$2,620,845 31
Amount of tax of 1891, abated and deducted	$13,395 54
Amount of tax of 1890, abated and deducted	1,345 10
Amount of tax of 1889, abated and deducted	934 46
Amount of tax of 1888 and prior years	1,905 99
Total abatement since May 31, 1891	$17,581 09
Amount of tax of 1891 refunded	$57 67
Amount of tax of 1890 refunded	834 22
Amount of tax of 1889 refunded	237 07
Amount of tax of 1888 and prior years refunded	1,179 14
Total refunded since May 31, 1891	$2,308 10
Amount of tax of 1891 unpaid June 1, 1892	$377,796 37
Amount of tax of 1890 unpaid June 1, 1892	97,770 67
Amount of tax of 1889 unpaid June 1, 1892	52,117 09
Amount of tax of 1888 and prior years unpaid June 1, 1892	123,846 87
Total amount delinquent taxes June 1, 1892	$651,531 00

Rapid Transit in Dallas.

Dallas News.

No street car will wait for a woman to powder her face if she is over twenty-five years old.

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE!
†——L. N. SCOTT, Manager.——†
ONE ENTIRE WEEK.
Matinees Wednesday & Saturday

A DRAMATIC TRIUMPH UNEQUALED IN THE ANNALS OF THE STAGE.

JOSEPH ARTHUR'S DISTINGUISHED COMEDY DRAMA,

BLUE JEANS

ROSENQUEST & ARTHUR, Proprietors and Managers.

ITS RECORD:
TWO SEASONS IN NEW YORK AT 14TH STREET THEATER.
... ONE SEASON IN CHICAGO....

TONIGHT!
AND ALL THE WEEK.

A POPULAR AND LASTING SUCCESS!

A FEW OF ITS FEATURES:

The QUAINT COUNTRY BAND
RUSTIC QUARTETTE,
SHOWER OF APPLE BLOOM,
Thrilling SAW MILL SCENE
MAGNIFICENT SCENERY,
LIVE ANGUS BULL,
PRETTY MUSIC With SONGS
THE BARBECUE,

A. H. SIMON

Moves to 7th and Jackson Sept. 1.

In the meantime, every dollar's worth of stock in the present store will be sold at greatly reduced prices. You never saw finer Jewelry, Watches and Diamonds marked at so low a figure.

314 Jackson St., Under Merchants' Hotel.

Jeweler!

LYNCHED, YET ALIVE.

Henry T. Robinson Tells How It Feels to Be Hanged.

Frightful Experience of a Tenderfoot in Early Days of Deadwood.

Twice Swung Up For a Crime of Which He Was Innocent.

He Would Rather Be Killed Any Other Way Next Time.

Henry T. Robinson, now employed as clerk in a fruit house at Memphis, Tenn., but whose home is in Philadelphia, is probably the only man living who knows exactly how it feels to be hanged. He was lynched, and, as a reminder of the event, he has a large and very ugly scar on the left side of his neck. Mr. Robinson tells his story to a correspondent of the New York Recorder:

In 1877, when I was twenty-two years old, I caught the Western fever and started for the land where fortunes were said to be waiting for somebody to come along and pick them up. I was hearty and strong, had a good education, and was not afraid of work. I had $200 in my pocket, so was certain not to starve for awhile, at least. After wandering about a little and not picking up one of those loose fortunes, I drifted into Deadwood City.

There was not a soul in the town that I knew or that knew me. In the free-and-easy style on the place that evening I spent my money pretty freely, treating the men I met in the saloons. As I was returning to my hotel that night a stranger accosted me and asked me to help him to a bit to eat and a night's lodging. The man was a giant. He was about 6 feet 6 inches tall. His request was not strange in that country so I took him to the hotel with me and gave him a good supper. Rooms were scarce and high there, so the stranger, whose name I never learned, by the way, slept with me. I remember joking with him about his great length, for his feet stuck out over the foot of the bed, and the clothing would not cover them. But his great length, which made him a marked man wherever he went, subsequently proved my salvation. He told me he was going to look for work in the morning at a mine a few miles distant. I slept soundly that night, for I was tired, even though it was my first night in a strange bed in a strange town, and among men who, as history shows, were almost lawless, and who were certainly rough and crude.

A Robbery.

That night a saloon was robbed, and the burglars got away without leaving any clew to their identity. The next morning before anybody was astir the tall miner left town, and I never saw him again. All that day I looked about for something to do, but I was a stranger and nobody wanted me. Not on that account, however—strangers were common enough in Deadwood in those days—but for another reason. I noticed that many men looked at me rather curiously, but I thought it was because I was a "tenderfoot." That night in the hotel barroom I foolishly allowed my "roll," in which were four $20 bills, to be seen. I went to my room about 10 o'clock, but had not got to bed before I heard the sound of half a dozen heavy pairs of boots tramping along the hall toward my room. I did not think much of it until six men opened my door and walked in, without even the ceremony of knocking. A big, red-shirted fellow, who seemed to be the leader, pointed two revolvers at me and said: "We want you, young fellow."

I hadn't the faintest idea what they wanted me for, but I was not going to argue with a dozen revolvers in Deadwood City, so I threw on my coat, which was the only article of clothing I had taken off, and walked out of my room in front of them. None of my captors said a word, and I, frightened almost to death, did not dare to speak. We marched thus in silence to the barroom, and I was told to throw up my hands. I had no pistol on me, and they took nothing from me except my roll of bills.

"There they are, boys," one of them said, displaying the twenties. I didn't know yet what was the matter, and ventured to ask.

"You're mighty innocent, d—— you, but you'll know soon enough," one of them answered, with threatening look.

The marched me out of the room and along the road to a place about a quarter of a mile away from the main street. We stopped under a tree, and one of the men threw a rope, which had been made into a noose at one end, over a limb. Then they tied my hands, and placed the noose around my neck. I knew then that I was going to be hanged. I make no pretentions to bravery of a sort that would let me die without a murmur, so I asked them what was the matter.

Strung Up.

"Boys," I said, "you're going to hang an innocent man. I have done nothing wrong that I know of, and if I have insulted one of you I'm willing to have my fight with him. At any rate, if I'm going to be hanged tell me what it's for."

"D——n you, you know well enough what it's for," one of them said. "You robbed Red Jim's shebang last night. There's no use saying you didn't, for we found the money on you. If you've got any prayers to say, or friends East that you want to send any message to, you'd better hurry up about it, for we're going to string you up in just two minutes."

I'm not going to tell you how I pleaded for my life, for it might not sound well; but I was a badly scared man, and I think I was excusable for being scared. Almost any man would be moved if he were standing under a tree on a dark night with a noose around his neck and a dozen angry men with six-shooters standing round waiting to hoist him into eternity and fill his body full of lead afterward. When I fully understood that a robbery had been committed and that four $20 bills had been taken from Red Jim's money drawer, and that they had found four $20 bills in my possession when they searched me, I was nonplussed. This to them was conclusive evidence that I was the burglar, and they were going to lose no time in administering hasty border justice. I told them that I had gone to bed early and knew nothing about the burglary, but they only jeered at me and prepared to pull the rope. And pull it they did with a vengeance. I left the ground with a jerk that almost took my head off, and in a second I was hanging between heaven and earth.

How did I feel? Stars! I guess I saw a few million of them, besides comets, and moons, and suns, and red lights, and blue lights, and green lights, and lights of more colors than I ever knew existed before. My head seemed to go round like a top, and I could hear a buzzing, and roaring, and rumbling as though a locomotive and train of freight cars were running a race with a cannon-ball passenger train on the inside of my scalp. The time seemed an eternity to me, although it could have been not more than a few seconds that I was suspended thus.

Frightful Experience.

Then they let me down. That seems the worst part of it. I felt myself falling, falling, falling; it seemed about a thousand miles. And then I struck the earth with a crash, as though the two trains I felt in my head had come together in collision. And then came the pain in my neck. I was choking and gasping for breath, and felt as though an iron band not more than six inches in circumference had been rivited around my throat. I could feel the throb, throb of the blood as my heart strove to force it up into my head. Then I suppose they loosened the noose. I think I now know something about what a man must feel in a stroke of appoplexy. The blood rushed and surged into my brain with a noise as though my head was a rocky coast and the mountain billows of the stormy sea were beating upon it. Then I heard voices.

"Give him another chance, boys, and maybe he'll tell us who helped him," I heard some one say.

They gave me a drink of whiskey. It burned my throat like fire and brought me back to consciousness. Accomplice, I thought. Why I do not know, but it made me think of the tall stranger with whom I slept the night before. Huskily and blindly, for I could not see a thing, and my eyeballs seemed starting from my head, I told them about the tall stranger who had slept with me the night before.

"Give me a chance to find him," I said, "and I can prove that I never left my room all night."

That was all I could say, and I said it over and over again. But they only laughed at me, and the command was given to "String him up again if he won't confess; we've spent enough time over him," mingled with oaths. I gave up then and knew I must die. It was strange, but I did not think of the injustice of the act then nor of the death I was to die away from home and friends. Indeed, I do not remember that I thought of anything.

Then the noose tightened and up I went again. You have heard how, when men are dying, a vision of their life flashes over their brains—childhood, youth, manhood, all the acts they have committed, the good and the wrong they have done—in short, their whole life passes in a panorama. Well, this was not my experience. I felt the tightening of the band again around my throat, the rush of the railroad trains as they tore madly around inside my skull, and then again a shock as though of a terrific collision. My next sensation I can hardly describe to you. It was as though I were floating, not evenly through the air, but as though I were on soft billows, which were moving me up and down and along with a soft, easy, graceful, slumbering movement, and I felt a sensation of quiet and soothing as though I were being rocked gently to sleep. That is all there was to it. I don't remember anything more—that is, not for several days afterward. What else occurred on that night I can only tell you from what I heard when I got well.

Found the Tall Man.

It seems that when the men had drawn their revolvers to fire at me as I swung at the other end of the rope some one of them remembered having seen the tall stranger of whom I had spoken, and whose height made him remarkable. He had suggested that they let me down again and endeavor to verify my statement. If I had lied to them he said they would have another hanging bee. They did this and took me back to the hotel, still insensible. Then they went off to the mine I had mentioned without waiting for daylight to find the tall stranger. Somebody at the camp told them that he was there and showed them where he slept. They walked in as unceremoniously as they had walked in upon me, and interrogated him at the points of their pistols. He told them he had met me on the street and asked me for a supper and a night's lodging, and that I had given them to him. He said that he had not slept well, because the bed was not long enough for him to rest comfortably upon, and so he had awakened off and on through the night. He swore that I had not left the room while he was in it, and that he had not left until about daybreak. This proved my alibi, and I was safe.

Those men who had taken me out in the dark night and hanged me to the limb of a tree came back to the hotel where I was lying and treated me like a brother. It was several days before I regained consciousness and when I did I had the old apoplectic feeling in my head and the iron collar about my throat. My neck was badly cut, as you may see from the scar which remains. The pain was so intense that I wanted to die, and would have killed myself if I could. But the hands which were strong and willing to pull at the rope were just as strong and willing and far more tender to hold me in bed in my ravings and to care for the man whom they had brought so near to the gates of eternity.

It was four weeks before I recovered sufficiently to be able to get about. During that time no sick man ever received more careful nursing then I did from those rough fellows. They seemed to try by kindness to make amends for the evil they had wrought me. In two weeks more I was able to travel, and you may be sure I did travel. My roll of money had been given back to me; but when I asked for my bill the landlord said I did not owe a cent, that everything had been paid. And, as he was one of the vigilantes, I suppose he had stood a portion of the expense.

Well, I came East and have never since had any desire to see anything of the wild life of the West. It may be that, as they say, when a man is hanged he does not suffer pain. Perhaps in a legal execution the fall of the drop jerks his senses away from him. But I assure you that I had pain, and such severe pain that I would rather die by almost any other death than to be hanged again.

A MEANS OF GRACE.

There's Nothing Like a Shadow Dance to Test Curves and Poses.

New York Recorder.

Don't waste your sympathies on the girl whom you may see wriggling her fingers and hands and generally contorting herself in public. She hasn't any saint's dance, and isn't going to have. She is simply going through her Delsartean movements, unconscious, perhaps, that people are looking and wondering and pitying.

But she is all right. She is training herself into future gracefulness of pose and action, for the wise girl knows that one of the most admired of feminine charms is grace and ease of manner, and she is doing her level best to acquire it.

There is something irresistible in a gesture supremely graceful and expressive. It adds wonderfully to beauty of form and feature, and changes on otherwise plain woman into an interesting and captivating one.

Exercising in public is not quite a tactful thing for the girls to do, however, for, you see, these pretty airs and graces will be more effective if they have the appearance of being "dyed in the wool."

Exercising before a mirror is not so good a method, either, for you have a background of whatever is on the walls or in the room behind you, and your gestures are all fumbled up with pictures, bric-a-brac, furniture, etc.

You ought to have a clear-cut outline of yourself and your movements, and this can be best obtained by a strong light casting your shadow on a bare white or light-colored wall. A sheet placed taut and smooth against something in the room will do as well.

Electric lights are the best, but, not being always practicable to have them, a bright gaslight will answer, the object being to have silhouettes as sharply outlined as possible. You have a greater variety of points of view, and your curves and lines are not obscured and broken up in a promiscuous lot of articles reflected in the mirror.

If you want to find what kind of a gait you have, step on to a smoothly paved sidewalk some evening and walk with an electric light casting your shadow before.

You will then see whether you have a wobbly, a jerky or a swaying gait, or a smooth, even, swan-like motion. You can also see if one shoulder or one hip is higher than the other.

"The Girl Preacher."

Indianapolis Journal.

Louisville has a "girl preacher," aged fourteen, whose professional card bears the legend: "Sunday meetings for men only. Weekly meetings open to both sexes. (Plenty of fans and ice water.)" This parenthetic bit of information leads to the inference that she makes it warm for her hearers, and supports the assertion of her admiress that her evangelistic power is truly wonderful. The phenomenon's mother travels with her, but it does not appear whether or not that lady's sense of propriety permits her to be present at the meetings for men only.

How It May Be Put.

Dayton Times.

You may now put it: Tariff, trust, tramp. The alliteration may seem a little incongruous, but it is trite, nevertheless.

A GIANT ANACONDA.

It Bridged a Twenty-Foot Stream and Lapped Over on Each Side.

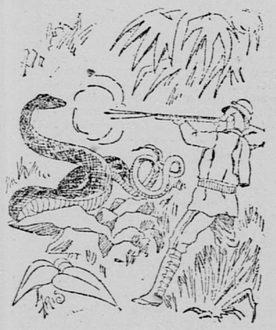
Two Charges of Buckshot Couldn't Spoil Its Appetite for Antelope.

It Would, However, Have Preferred a Meal of White Man.

The Snake Hunter Found What He Was Looking for But Left It.

"A year ago last Christmas," said a former employe of Jamrach, the noted dealer in wild animals, to a Detroit Free Press reporter, "I shipped to London a large cargo of South American reptiles. Among them were two twenty-five-foot anacondas—fair-sized specimens as such snakes go. They were neatly packed in separate barrels, but one was hardly in shape for traveling, as he was just shedding his skin. Being such a well-matched pair, I hoped the would pull through all right, but on arrival our friend was dead. The result was that I had hardly got a taste of home comforts when there came a cable calling for another anaconda. I hated like anything to go back to the swamps at that time of the year, but I had no choice. Guiana is the nearest port for big snakes, and there I went, determined to hurry matters. Now, I could have got a dozen fair-sized crawlers in a week, but hearing of some monster snakes up country I got the fever and started off to interview them. I hired a boat manned by half a dozen Indians, and went seventy odd miles up the Essequebo.

"We tracked several big serpents every day, but none of them came up to my expectations, and, after two weeks of fruitless search I began to think I



SHOOTING THE SNAKE.

was wasting time on what seemed a fool's errand. Still, knowing the reputation of the country, I hated to give up, and so I decided to stay yet another week. Three days went by, and still nothing extraordinary turned up. Then on the evening of the fourth I took my gun and went out after game, as I was tired of eating the fish the Indians supplied with unvarying monotony. Before I had gone a mile I brought down a small antelope, and, as there was plenty of time to get back to camp before supper, I hunted up a shady spot by the side of a little stream, and lay down for a quiet smoke. The tramp and the heat had made me sleepy, and I dozed away with half-closed eyes.

"About sundown something made me start up, and I saw a sight that made my heart jump to my throat. Coming slowly out of the stream, waving its head to and fro, I espied an enormous anaconda. The stream was more than twenty feet across, but may I never speak again if his head and five feet or more of his neck weren't clear out of water on my side and a yard or so of his tail on the other. For a moment I sat perfectly still—paralyzed—partly with the delight of having at last got on the trail of such a monster and partly with fright at the sight. There was nothing to do but watch, so I sat there and saw him come out of the water.

"He was about fifty yards away, and I noted his colors were different from the usual run of anacondas. Black on top, he had gray sides with brown spots, and only his belly was yellow. He must just have cast his skin, for it shone dazzingly. For awhile he lay motionless on the grass, then he raised head and wagged it up and down. How he spotted me I can't even guess, but when I noticed that he was looking straight at me I felt decidedly queer. My gun, a double barrel, was loaded with buckshot, but I had no notion of courting an encounter. Yet it would not do to run, for no man can outfoot a snake. So I sat there, perfectly still, not daring to move, and waited. In a few moments the anaconda dropped his head and lay seemingly motionless, still looking toward me. Watching him closely, I discovered he was moving, yet I couldn't detect the quiver of a scale. Then I saw he was coming closer—coming for me—actually stalking me! As the thought flashed through my mind my hair stood on end.

"On he crept—gliding so slowly, so insidiously, I couldn't tell how he moved; but he was getting closer all the time. I don't know if I prayed, but with all my might I tried to shake off the frightful torpor that had seized me. The sweat poured out all over me, but I couldn't move a finger. Thirty feet—twenty feet away. Nearer yet—ten feet—then he raised his head. That movement saved me. Before that awful, monotonous, gliding approach of death I was powerless; but the sudden break gave me back my powers. To seize my gun, spring to my feet, yell, let fly both my barrels and take to my heels didn't take a second. As I fled I heard the brute hissing like a barrel full of mad cats, but I didn't stop to size up the damage. Reaching camp more dead than alive, I hustled the Indians into the boat and we spent the night five miles down stream.

"My tale scared the Indians, and we sat up all night, guns in hand. With morning our courage revived and we went back to investigate. The snake had gone; so had the antelope, so I guess I didn't hurt him badly. We tracked him to a dense swamp, but neither money nor threats could induce those Indians to follow him in; to tell the truth, I didn't press them very hard. We left the neighborhood that same day, and I contented myself with shipping Jamrach a couple of twenty-footers I picked up on my way down the stream. They arrived at London in good shape, and, as he never knew what a specimen he had lost, he was perfectly satisfied."

The Indian Maid Scorns the Buck.

New York Tribune.

White husbands are fashionable just at present among the Indian maidens in Washington state, and the noble red man is the worst kind of a wallflower, much to his disgust. In one camp on the Grand Ronde river there are seventeen marriageable Indian girls, and they all want white men for husbands and shun their would-be lovers in the camp. The father of one of the girls makes an open offer of 200 head of good horses to the young white man who will marry his daughter. The old Indian says, however, that he will not accept any kind of a "hoodlum" for a son-in-law; the man must be of good character and address, and able to give his Indian bride a good home.

A Profane Undertaking.

Omaha World-Herald.

There are lots of things a heap sight easier to do than to skin off a tight undershirt at 11:50 p. m. in August.

What They Really Need.

New York Press.

The Paris anarchists are calling for blood, thus showing how little they understand things. It is soap they really need.

LOCAL MENTION.

Today's Favorite.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, to Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. The famous electric lighted, vestibuled limited train leaves Minneapolis at 7:20 and St. Paul at 8 o'clock every evening in the week for Milwaukee and Chicago. "Old reliable," always the favorite. Offices 176 East Third street and Union depot, St. Paul. Guaranty Loan building and "Milwaukee" depot, Minneapolis.

Bicycles.

It will pay you to buy your Bicycle now. If you doubt it, call at the St. Paul Hardware Company's, 78 and 80 East Seventh street, and get their discount prices to close out balance of stock.

Bicycle Riders' Opportunity.

We are closing out our entire stock of Bicycles, which includes some of the finest wheels made. You can take your choice at lowest prices. Come and see.
NORTHWESTERN HARDWARE CO.,
417 and 419 Wabasha.

SCHROEDER & DICKINSON, Upholsterers and Renovators, kindly solicit your patronage, and by prompt, reliable and reasonable work hope to merit it. A trial always makes a permanent customer. 16 East Sixth.

A Man's Wardrobe

Is never complete unless he has a goodly assortment of Shirts. They should be nice-fitting, for, if that garment is ill-proportioned, all his clothes will hang badly. The Shirt is the foundation upon which to build a nice appearance. Briggs & Merrill, headquarters for Fine Furnishings, corner Fourth and Robert streets, make a specialty of Fine-Fitting Shirts to Measure. Order of them, and you will get the best in Quality, Style, Fit and Finish. They also carry a perfect line of Novelties in Gents' Furnishing Goods.

A Free Crayon

With every dozen cabinets (groups excepted) commencing Sunday, Aug. 14.
SHEPHERD PHOTO CO.,
420 Wabasha Street.

3-Pound Jars Table Butter 75c

At Furlong's.

The Hunting Season

Is here. We can sell you Guns, Ammunition and Sporting Goods cheap as the cheapest.
NORTHWESTERN HARDWARE CO.,
417 and 419 Wabasha.

When you feel a general lassitude and breaking down of the system, Angostura Bitters will work a wonderful change. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, Manufacturers.

Have Your Pictures Made

At Leask's, Tintyper, 195 East Seventh.

SCHROEDER & DICKINSON, Upholsterers and Renovators, kindly solicit your patronage, and by mpt, reliable and reasonable work hope to merit it. A trial always makes a permanent customer. 16 East Sixth street.

Apples, Gallon Can, 25c

At Furlong's.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup reduces inflammation while Children are Teething. 25c.

Wheelmen, Take Notice.

Having decided to close out our entire stock of Bicycles, we can give you a wheel at bed-rock price.
NORTHWESTERN HARDWARE CO.,
417 and 419 Wabasha.

Harvest Hands Wanted

At all stations on the line of "The Milwaukee" in the Dakotas. Fare $5. Call at the company's offices in St. Paul or Minneapolis.

America's Greatest Piano.

The Matchless "Shaw" absolutely the finest Piano in the world. S. W. Raudenbush & Co., Sole Agents, 19 and 21 West Fourth street.

Best Bread in the City.

Loaf, 3 cents, at Furlong's.

For a First-Class Tintype

Go to R. A. Leask's, 195 East Seventh.

SCHROEDER & DICKINSON are the people to do your Upholstering. We kindly solicit your valued favors.

Chicken Shooting.

Are you going? Then it is time you were looking up your gun and supplies at the St. Paul Hardware Company's, 78 and 80 East Seventh street, headquarters for all Hunting Supplies.

Edam Cheese, in Foil, 80c

At Furlong's.

DIED.

KEARNEY—In St. Paul, Thursday, Aug. 11, at 5 a. m., Patrick T. Kearney, aged forty-seven years; funeral from late residence, No. 552 Como avenue, Sunday, Aug. 14, at 2 p. m.; services at St. Vincent's church at 2:30 p. m.; friends invited.

SCOBELL—In St. Paul, Aug. 13, Jessie Letitia, daughter of Jessie and the late Henry H. Scobell. Funeral services today at 3:30 p. m. from family residence, No. 691 St. Peter st. Interment at Kingston, Ont.

For Funeral Carriages, $2.50. Nos. 20 and 22 West Fourth St. Fred Schroeder. Telephone 524.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ARE YOU AFFLICTED WITH RHEUMATISM, salt rheum, catarrh, kidney complaints, or any chronic disease of the blood? If so, get a week's treatment of Dr. Halliday's Blood Remedies. If not found as represented it will cost you nothing. Office and Laboratory, 274 East Seventh st., St. Paul.

THE MISSES PIERCE WILL OPEN dressmaking parlors on the 18th, and would like to see customers, both old and new.

AMUSEMENTS.

GRAND
Tomorrow Night at 8:15.
MANAGER BIXBY'S BENEFIT.
Aug. 21. "The Stowaway."

Do You Want a Business Education?
THE J. D. HESS PRACTICAL BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND SCHOOL,
PIONEER PRESS BUILDING,
Is the LARGEST and ONLY Exclusively Shorthand and Typewriting School in the Northwest.
The Only School in the NORTHWEST employing Certificated Teachers of KNOWN ability and reputation.
The ONLY School that interests themselves in securing situations for their graduates.
ATTEND THE BEST.

DR. HURD,
24 E. THIRD STREET.
EXTRACTS TEETH POSITIVELY WITHOUT PAIN WITH HIS PATENT PROCESS.

FINE CUSTOM SHOE MAKING IN OUR CUSTOM DEPT.

OUR Discount and Clearance Sale keeps our store full. One-fifth off everything. Broken lots at nearly one-half price.

UNSURPASSED Bargains. A lot of Boys' and Youths' $2.50 and $3 Fine Calf Shoes going at $1.50 and $1.75. Children's $1.25 Shoes at 75c; sizes 4 to 10.

RELIABLE goods. Every pair we sell. Our name a guarantee. A lot of Ladies' $7 patent leather Dress Boots, $3.00 to close small sizes.

All our Fine Dress Boots and Fancy Slippers, Men's Patent Leather Shoes. Calfskin, French Calf, etc., One-Fifth Off at this

SALE!

(DISCOUNT ON CASH SALES ONLY.)
Mail orders get same discount when price comes with order.

IMPORTER, MAKER, AND RETAILER
LOVERING
THE SHOEMAN, ST. PAUL, MINN.

DR. T. J. PEARCE.
PRIVATE DISPENSARY.
371 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minn
239 Hennepin Av., Minneapolis Minn. Chronic, Nervous and Private Diseases. Young Men, Middle-Aged Men and all who are suffering from the effects of INDISCRETION or EXPOSURE, causing Nervous Debility, URINARY TROUBLES, Sores in the Mouth or Throat, Weak Back, Ulcers, Pimples, Falling of the Hair, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Loss of Energy, Constipation, or Piles, are treated by New Methods with never-failing success. 5,000 cases treated annually. Remember!
WE GUARANTEE TO FORFEIT $500
For any case of NERVOUS WEAKNESS or BLOOD POSONING which we undertake and fail to cure. Thousands have been cured by us where others have failed. 19 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. LADIES who suffer from any form of Female Weakness, Painful or Irregular Sickness, are speedily and permanently cured. Offices and Parlors private. No EXPOSURE. Consultation free. Call or write for List of Questions. Medicines sent by mail and express everywhere. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 9 p m. Sundays 10 to 2.

He Generally Knows It All.

Atchison Globe.

A woman's first meeting with her son's wife is a good deal like her first meeting with his school teacher. She gave the teacher as many directions with her boy as accompany a bottle of medicine, and she does the same with the wife. She is to be tender with his peculiarities and patient with his stubbornness. All the directions are given to the wife. There is nothing said to the son.