MINNEAPOLIS.

SATURDAY MORNING'S GHOST.

The residents out on the Cedar lake road, in the Oak lake section, and at intervals all the way down Western and Hennepin avenues the people are excited over the appearance of a ghost. The story of this white-robed wraith came to the ears of a GLOBE reporter yesterday, and it was a story combining elements so different from those of the accepted and approved ghost stories that he investigated. This ghost, for instance, did not confine his peregrinations to the hours before cock-crow, but was seen gallivanting around in the gray of early dawn. And he was always seen going in one direction, down toward Bridge square, never deviating from his ghostly way. His ghostship evidently had something on his mind—some unfulfilled task to perform. A good many people told the GLOBE man yesterday that they had seen this wanderer from another sphere at various times. They were certain of but one date, however. That was last Saturday morning. On this clue the reporter worked and found this solution: The ghost was Ed Potter in his "nighty" flying down to the city hall Saturday morning to sign that transfer ordinance.

RANDOM REMARKS.

Women frown upon the writers for the comic papers for hinting that women are gifted with unusual tongue power, but they realize that they are so gifted, nevertheless. This afternoon the woman's council will be opened with prayer, music and roll call, and then will follow eight exhaustive papers on eight different and distinct subjects by eight women, not to speak of the discussions on the side, all inside of two or three hours. Can women use their tongues?

The business of the local skate dealers has been very good this season, but the undertakers are complaining a little. At a meeting to be held in a short time, the latter will discuss the subject, "What Can Be Done to Prevent the Ice From Becoming Too Thick?"

Under the present condition of affairs it is even dangerous to be safe in this community. Things have come to a pretty pass when a good man cannot go into a meeting house to pray without some degenerate follower of Trampus Arcadius stealing his horse.

The city hall reporters are indebted for the "spread" of Saturday night to the generosity of the city officials and employes, Mayor Winston, Assistant City Comptroller Rogers and Moss Bros., of Hennepin avenue.

Capt. Jim Hankinson is at work compiling a handbook of ready reference for detectives. The book will contain the names applied to the crooks of the city. The category is a long one. Among the more noticeable names are the following: "Dip, leather-snatcher, fanner, door mat, bed spring, big-mit man, grafter, porch-climber, hall-worker, birdie-birdie, sandwich grabber, con man, squeezer, Methodist, flim-flammer, strong-arm, lead-pipe man, graveyard-stew man, window worker, litt, stall, fried cake, short-change man, etc., etc." Capt. Hankinson also gives the names applied to the detectives. He says they are called "fly bobs, fly cops, detecs, bulls, rauns," and many other names equally artistic.

A milkman was brought into the central station last night charged with being drunk. In entering the man's name and occupation upon the station book, the facetious Jailer Bradley wrote, 'John Swanson, water vender."

The city hall employes are congratulating themselves on not being ordered to work in the streets during the coming winter. There was a strong fear at one time that the street railway company would decide to occupy the city hall for its own purposes, in which event the common people who work for the city would have to get out.

The following query was received yesterday from "Anxious Subscriber:" "Were any more lots transferred by Cal Goodrich of the street railway, to aldermen of this city, after the new transfer ordinance was passed Friday night?" Will the aldermen who voted for the ordinance please answer "Anxious Subscriber?"

Personal—E. G. Potter is threatened by pneumonia, the result of a severe cold contracted while waiting for the city hall to be opened Saturday morning so that he could sign certain ordinances as acting mayor.

CHRISTIAN DISCIPLESHIP.

Rev. G. L. Morrill to the Scoffers at Bible and God.

G. L. Morrill spoke yesterday morning at the Calvary Baptist church on "Christian Discipleship," saying, among other things:

"Christ was positive in his convictions, unselfish in his love, broad in his judgment and spiritual in his life. He formed a church whose principles were plainly defined and declared, and persistently defended in the New Testament. A Christian disciple confides in his Master, confesses him before the world and translates his Sunday creed into week-day character and conduct. Christian discipleship brings glory, and not gloom; life, and not death, composed of human beings. The church has often shown imperfection in its ministry and members, but the proportion of bad to good is no greater than in Christ's day, of one Judas to a John, and ten other disciples loyal and loving. The church rests upon the Bible, foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Himself being the chief corner stone. Not until scoffing Pilate is proved to be a model philosopher, or that truth and error are synonymous terms, may church members be pilloried as bigots and blasphemers by shallow skeptics and peripatetic Bible readers who seem to know little Greek, less Hebrew, and nothing of the church they condemn or the Christ they discrown.

THE BEST COUGH-CURE
and anodyne expectorant,
AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral
soothes the inflamed membrane and induces sleep.
Prompt to Act
sure to cure.

THE UNIVERSITY OF Commerce AND FINANCE.
619-21 NICOLLET AVE., MINNEAPOLIS.
Students are flocking in. It is becoming generally known that this Institution qualifies its students to merit and receive permanent and remunerative employment. Earnest, painstaking, efficient teachers in English, Business and Shorthand branches. Send for artistic prospectus. HOWARD L. RUCKER, PRES'T.

MINNEAPOLIS EVENTS

L. N. Tyler, of Butte, Disappears and His Blood-Stained Coat Found.

F. Chapman's Arrest for Forgery--Andrew Quvle's Broken Neck.

A Sermon by Rev. Wilkinson on a Very Interesting Subject.

News of Sunday Gathered by Vigilant Reporters of the Globe.

It seems to be the fashion now for men to disappear mysteriously. The latest disappearance is that of L. N. Tyler, formerly of this city, but recently of Butte, Mont., where he was employed as timekeeper in the big Anaconda mine. About a week ago Tyler came to St. Paul to visit a friend, Aleck Shearon, of 276 Charles street. Wednesday last he came to this city, ostensibly to visit North Town Junction with a view of purchasing a little property in the vicinity. It was Tyler's intention to get married within the month to a young lady of Mount Vernon, Ill. He wanted to purchase a lot near the junction and build a house on it in the spring.

Tyler has not been seen since the day he came over here from St. Paul, nor has any word been received from him by Mr. Shearon. Saturday the latter came to Minneapolis to make inquiries of his friends. He said he was sure some harm had befallen him, for he was not a drinking man, and he could have no object in remaining away so long. Mr. Shearon said Tyler had several hundred dollars with him when he came to the city.

Yesterday afternoon a number of boys who were playing in the vicinity of the junction found an overcoat lying behind a pile of railroad ties. The coat was covered with blood, and there were several long rents in it, apparently made with a knife or some other sharp instrument. Around each of these rents was clotted blood. The boys brought the coat to the police headquarters and turned it over to Inspector James Doyle. The coat tallies with the description of the coat worn by Tyler when he came to this city. The case is a mysterious one and will bear investigation. Tyler was at one time in the employ of the Washburn Milling company.

CHARGED WITH FORGERY.

F. Chapman Locked Up at the Instance of Lovejoy & Hinrichs.

Lovejoy & Hinrichs, of the Nicollet Island Rolling mill, have been victimized of late by some forger who has been signing their names to checks and orders. Yesterday the St. Paul police arrested a bookkeeper named F. Chapman, on instructions from the local department. Inspector Lawrence went to St. Paul and brought Chapman back and locked him in a cell in the central station. It is claimed Chapman is the man who has been passing the checks; also the man who has been forging the name of the Nicollet Island firm. He will be examined in the municipal court today.

MEANING OF ADVENT.

Rev. William Wilkinson's Sermon for the Season.

Yesterday morning at St. Andrew's church, Rev. William Wilkinson preached on "The Meaning of Advent." He said:

"It is not without a plan of wise import, that for more than fourteen hundred historic years men have, in reverent awe, and penitential fear, kept advent very much as we keep it now. Those who do not aright understand the exquisite beauty of the Christian year, or who do not prize the continuity of Christiad thought and practice, may set little store by times and seasons which have been sanctified by pious use and which have proved replete with many blessings; but to the sons and daughters of the church, whose very souls have learned to keep pace with the majestic march of events, it is a thing above price that we are not left to chance in the calls duty may have to make upon us. We hail, then, advent as one of the times in which we may learn anew what we all so much need to hear, and which God has ever been so anxious to teach.

"It is a self-evident truth to every man and woman who lives in the light and spirit of this new day, that God has been too often represented in a way which has not made His character attractive or His service desirable. The regal, the magisterial, and the penal, have had too large a part in men's representations of God. It is true, He is a kind of a magistrate, but He is infinitely more. He is at once father, mother, friend. He does love and He is love, and any portraya of Him which does not se in living light these relations to men are not perfect; nay, they are so faulty as to be perversions of fact. It is in advent we ought to realize th is for it is in this realization we shall find a solution of age-long vexing questions—questions which the wisest heathens have felt press as heavily as men feel their incidence today: yes, and questions which enter the minds and do trouble the hearts of persons who have better culture and less of good character, and to which no adaquate answer has ever yet been given by the world's most sagacious men. It is not because these questions are few or unimportant, for they are many and vital, and are present in every age; in the wigwam of the wild Indian, in the palace of the noble; with the Samarian woman and the woman at Jacob's well, with the scientific Huxley at the British association of learned men. They have to do with life, with duty, with death and destiny, with the origin of things, with God and with providence, with human brotherhood, with the past, hoary with age, and with the future, resplendent with hope or black with despair. Outside the things advent stands for, there never has been and, it is safe to say, this side the grave, there never will be an answer. Men of the most varied attainments have spent long weary years in fruitless search for some satisfactory solution o these problems, and in their hands confusion has become worse confounded. The great heart of the world longs for something philosophy, literature, art, science, arms, pomp, pageant, power, backed by hard law, can not give. The more we read of the plan of Christ, as He Himself unfolds it, and as in His own person and like displays it, the more we see the meaning of advent, for here we see the universe with a head, man with a mission. Advent stands forever, then, to express the love of God to the children of men."

COL. CHARLIE JOHNSON.

Why and How Johnson Sought the City Clerkship.

It is known to but comparatively few people that the brilliant and dashing Col. Charlie W. Johnson, now the occupant of a national office of profit and prominence, has been turned down for a purely local appointive office. Such, however, is the fact.

Col. Charlie had an eye on the city clerkship so ably filled by Charles F. Haney. His desires were so completely crushed out of him, and so soon after they arose, that few even learned what was in Charlie's mind.

Within a very few days after Nov. 8 it was evident to Col. Charlie that he wold not succeed himself as clerk of the United States senate. He immediately bethought him that the clerkship of Minneapolis is not a bad thing financially. Col. Charlie is pre-eminently a man of action. No sooner did he think of the city clerkship being about his size than he proceeded to lay wires for it. He interviewed some of the hold over aldermen. They would have none of him. He saw some of the newly elected. They would have little of him. A few days and a few inquiries sufficed to demonstrate to Col. Charlie that he would not be the next city clerk, so his efforts in that direction ceased.

Some of the Minneapolis Republicans who are unkindly disposed to Charlie ascribe a variety of reasons for his wistful glances toward the city clerkship. First and foremost comes the reason already mentioned—the certainty that Col. Charlie will not be his own successor as clerk of the United States senate. He will cease to be a federal officeholder on the 4th of March, 1893. Col. Charlie is no idler. He must work and prefers serving the people in a public capacity, and at public expense, to serving sordid, baser interests, in a private capacity. Col. Charlie would have to swallow a good deal of pride and dignity to descend from clerk of the United States senate to clerk of the Minneapolis city council, but he would have done it in the interest of the people. Then, the salary of the city clerk is not to be sneezed at by a man out of a job. Col. Charlie was very active in the local campaign. He was, in fact, one of John Goodnow's ablest aides-de-camp. He saw an opportunity to be of further assistance to his party from an office in the city hall. His political acumen would, he thought, be invaluable to the incoming administration. He could also put the business of the city on a more dignified plane, a la United States senator.

It is uncharitably hinted further that personal pique toward Haney influenced Col. Charlie—pique resulting from the Republican national convention. Col. Charlie was secretary of that gathering, and Haney was one of the assistants. Col. Charlie's wonderful voice had been written about and talked about all over the Northwest. When the time came for him to distinguish himself in the convention his voice jilted him and he was extinguished. Haney had to be called upon to do most of the reading.

Some of these reasons, possibly all of them, influenced Col. Charlie to make a canvass for the city clerkship. It is too bad that his canvass produced nothing but mortification for Col. Charlie.

THE EVILDOERS.

They Are Rounded Up by the Vigilant Coppers.

The police are gradually pulling in the thieves and thugs. The so-called "big mitten" gang were crippled severely last week by the arrest and conviction of their most efficient members, and Saturday night the leader of the "Boo" gang was brought into the fold. This was the notorious "Greeny." He was arrested by Sergeant Mealy for picking the pocket of a poor washerwoman on a Fourth avenue car. Mrs. Hanson got on the car at the corner of Third street and Second avenue south, and Greeny picked her pocket, taking all her earthly cash belongings. He was caught a short time afterwards while coming out of Hamilton's saloon, on Third street.

Yesterday morning Patrolmen Butler and Revere corralled Morris Splan and locked him up at the central station. Splan has been sought after diligently for a long time, but until yesterday morning the officers could not lay their hands on him. He is supposed to be one of the leaders of the gang of footpads who have terrorized the Flour City citizens for so long. He was caught while coming out of McGuire's saloon on Washington avenue, near Sixth avenue south.

Sergeant Mealy and Patrolman Butler also arrested the well known "Tug" Wilson and placed him in a cell to contemplate his fate in court this morning. Wilson is a well known thief, and it is thought best to land him in the workhouse for a few months.

Patrolman Heferin looked up Joe Langlan yesterday afternoon for stealing an overcoat. The overcoat is a good one and hangs in the central station for identification.

E. C. Smith, who resides on Nicollet Island, went to the Church of the Redeemer last night and tied his horse to the curbing. Whilst he was in listening to the sermon a thief came up and drove his horse away. Mr. Smith reported his loss at police headquarters and stated that the horse belonged to Frank Griswold.

READ THE RULES.

How to Prevent and Suppress the Dread Typhoid.

So many cases of typhoid fever have come under the notice of the health department that Commissioner Kelly has deemed it advisable to issue a pamphlet containing a set of rules and regulations for the prevention and suppression of the dread disease. The rules set forth that when a case of typhoid fever is known to exist in a neighborhood it must be at once reported to the health department. If the case exists in a sewered neighborhood, every householder whose premises connect with the sewer in common with the infected house should have a thorough inspection made of the drainage of his own premises.

Scrupulous cleanliness in every portion of the house must be enforced, and all surface drains, outhouses, etc., must be thoroughly disinfected. The rules give explicit directions for the disinfecting of everything pertaining to the house, also in detail the manner in which the patient should be treated and the sick room conducted. Recipes for disinfecting fluids are given, and directions for their proper use follow. For general use the pamphlet says the best disinfectants are: "Sunshine, fresh air, soap and water, and thorough cleanliness."

BROKE HIS NECK.

Andrew Quvle's Fatal Fall Down a Stairway.

Andrew Quvle, a bachelor, fifty-four years of age, met with a sudden death early yesterday morning. He lived at 632 Fillmore street. He arose from bed while it was still dark, and started to go down the back stairway from his room. Just as he stepped off the landing to the first step he lost his balance, and fell all the way down the stairs to the frozen ground. The patrolman doing duty in the vicinity notified Deputy Coroner Cary. The coroner found Quvle's neck had been broken in the fall. He had been ill for a week previous to the terrible mishap, and was no doubt overcome by dizziness when he tried to go down the stairs.

AMUSEMENTS.

John T. Kelly, in "McFee, of Dublin," packed the Bijou twice yesterday, and sent the people home with aching sides. "McFee, of Dublin," Kelly's new farce comedy, is built around himself. It is, therefore, not remarkable for symmetry, but it is funny. The stage has Irish comedians and—Irish comedians. Some follow one line of Irish camedy, others another. Kelly's line is peculiarly his own. He is an Irish comedian with a good deal of John T. Kelly thrown in. He has funny legs, funny hands and a funny face. His brogue is that of the variety of Irishmen technically known as the "flannel mouth." In "McFee, of Dublin," Kelly has unlimited opportunities for the display of his comic ability, and he makes full use of them. He is surrounded by a strong company of comedians, singers and remarkably pretty girls. Miss Florrie West and Harry Kelly, a worthy son of John T., are in the cast. One regrets, after seeing this performance, that John T. Kelly, Harry Kelly and Miss West do not give the public more of the dancing which all three of them do so well. A pleasing part of the performance yesterday was a new parlor set, a recent and beautiful addition to the Bijou stage scenery.

"The Grey Mare," the new comedy which has been such a distinct success, will be played at the Grand the first three nights of this week.

Charles Matthew's company will present "By Proxy" the latter part of the week.

PLACING THE ORCHESTRA.

Wind Instruments of Wood and Brass Directly in Front of the Leader.

The orchestra is now arranged so that the wind instruments of wood and brass, with pulsatile instruments, form a solid body directly in front of the leader. The strings stretch to the left and the right, and the double basses divided fringe the back of the stage and its further sides. The grouping is commended by the Boston Journal. It was thought in the eighteenth century that the double basses, 'cellos and bassoons should be dispersed throughout the orchestra. As Rosseau quaintly expressed it, "It is the bass that should regulate and sustain all the other parts, and all the players should hear it equally." We know how the celebrated orchestra of the Dresden opera, under Hesse, was arranged. The conductor was in the middle of the railed space, seated before a clavier. Behind him was a violoncello, as well as a double bass. The first violins were at his right hand in a line. The second violins were on the same side, but nearer the stage. The other 'cellos and double basses were at the extreme ends. The violas were between the first and second violins. All of the wind instruments, with the exception of the trumpets, were on the left of the conductor. The oboes were nearest the stage, and the bassoons were close to the conductor. The drums and the trumpets were on the raised platforms at the sides.

The famous chorus and orchestra of the Paris conservatory are arranged as follows: Sixteen first sopranos and sixteen second sopranos are at the left of the conductor. At his right are ten first tenors and ten second tenors. Directly in front of him are ten first basses and ten second basses. To the left of the basses, as the hearer faces the stage, are fifteen first violins; to the right fourteen second violins. The first and the second violins face each other. Behind the basses is the harp. Then come ten violas facing the conductor. The next line is made up of two clarionets, two oboes, two flutes, piccolo, two 'cellos and two double basses. Behind this line are four horns, four bassoons and four 'cellos. Behind them are two trumpets, three double basses, four 'cellos and two double basses. Three trombones and two double basses are next in order, and the tuba and pulsatile instruments bring up the rear.

Nearly Fatal Curiosity.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"My curiosity once came near being the death of me," said F. C. Martin. "I was at Halifax, N. S., in the spring of 1873, and one day a gigantic iceberg was sighted. It was only about nine miles out, but I determined to have a closer view. A dare-devil young Irish doctor and myself hired a schooner and set out. There was little wind, and the sea was exceptionally calm for that latitude. We approached within half a mile of the monster, the captain wisely declining to go closer.

"Then I was seized with an insane desire to get on the iceberg and examine it. Of course the Irishman wanted to go too. Trust an Irishman to run his head into danger.

"The berg slanted down on one side at an easy angle, and we bribed a couple of the crew to row us to it. We climbed all over it with the exception of a monster ice hill in the center that was like a perpendicular wall of glass and gleamed in the sun like a floating Aladdin's palace. While we were prowling about the wind increased, our boatmen became frightened and put back to the ship. The great mass of ice was surrounded by an atmosphere of intense cold, and we were already chilled to the bone. We tried to persuade the boatmen to come back, but they positively refused to do so. The schooner put back to port, and we were apparently left to our fate. We looked at each other.

"'This is Hades,' I exclaimed. 'No, I'll be hanged if it is,' said Pat, trying to crawl into his fur collar. And it wasn't—at least not that of the orthodox variety. On the way in the schooner met a steam launch bringing a party of sightseers out and informed them of our situation. After much difficulty the captain succeeded in getting us off. Another hour on that floating Siberia and we would have been frozen to death."

An Abuse of Books.

Harvard Advocate.

Learning is a very valuable thing, and its display on some occasions may be ornamental and suitable, but on most it is neither called for nor desired. Especially obnoxious is that conceited spirit which vents itself upon the unfortunate pages of library books. Empty-pated upstarts in the world of learning find the greatest satisfaction in scrawling their impudent comments where every reader who follows cannot fail to notice them. The injustice which they do to the author of the book is really atrocious.

Suppose on a page one sees no more than a line drawn along a paragraph which has excited this impudent's attention; whether you will or no, and worse, whether the author wills or no, your attention is perforce likewise called to that place, and you must give it more than ordinary notice. But the evil excites the height of one's indignation when our literary numskull thinks fit to state his opinion upon or add his commentary to the words of the writer: then truly one would be justified in rising in one's wrath and scattering the flimsy matter of his brains to the four winds of heaven.

Come, brother students, let us take this matter in hand. It has really become serious, for hardly a book does one take up that the scribbling fool has not attacked! If we wish to comment, we courteous ones, we buy our own books, and give the rest of the world its right to the authors, and the authors a right to the rest of the world: we do not deface property which is not our own. So, let us demand of the impudents the right which we respect; let us first rub away their wretched work, and afterwards so condemn its creation that they shall not dare to face our storm. A little blast of public opinion will uproot them—these mushrooms have no very deep root.

30,000 Bags of Roasted Peanuts.

A large fire occurred in the peanut warehouse section of Norfolk last night. Besides two large warehouses, with machinery and upward of 30,000 bags of peanuts, several smaller stores were burned. Estimated loss, $150,000. All of the telegraph wires were uninterrupted for a couple of hours in the busiest part of the night, and communication was not restored until after 1 o'clock.

For Her Health Alone.

Chicago News.

Ellen—Grace is very persistent in taking her morning constitutional down the boulevard. Does it do her any good?

Marie—No, but she meets any number of men going down to their offices

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
Cure BILIOUS and Nervous ILLS.
25cts. a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

VERY LIKE A YANKEE.

Except for His Unpronounceable Name and Foreign Title.

Yet Count Mitkiewicz Is a Genuine "Hustler" From Wayback.

The Story of His Brief but Remarkable Sojourn in China,

And of the Vastness of His Schemes Is Intensely Interesting.

COUNT Eugene Mitkiewicz is, whatever else may be said about him, a most interesting personage, says the New York Advertiser. His manners suggest the happy commingling of those of a Chesterfield and a Depew. The count has, during the week just passed, figured in a New York court. Readers of the Morning Advertiser know that on Thursday last he was acquitted on the charge of "obtaining money under false pretenses," and honorably discharged by the justice. Nobody who knows this energetic species of the genus "Hustler" ever believed that the case would turn out differently. If Count Mitkiewicz would shave his flowing auburn whiskers, drop his title, take out his naturalization papers and assume a Yankee appellation, he might, with complete success, pose today as the highest type of what is known the world over as "American push."

He ought to have been born in Connecticut parents who emigrated during his infancy beyond the Alleghanies. The story of his persistent attempts to wring from the "Heathen Chinee" the most valuable conceivable franchises, reaus like the experience of a native Yankee, and native Yankees do not call themselves "counts."

Several years ago the count conceived the idea of going into that comparatively unknown country of the "Heathen Chinee" and of obtaining certain valuable concessions for American capitalists.

It never appears to have struck any other progressive and aggressive American that this was the greatest field probably in the world for investment. Here was a country with 400,000,000 inhabitants, and an area so great that even the United States would be comparatively lost if placed in one corner. With all this population and with all this territory there was but one telegraph and one railroad, not a single telephone, no letter-carrier system, no government mint, and, what was still more surprising, no system of governmental revenue.

The count determined to penetrate the barriers which had been raised about the Chinese empire principally by British capital and British enterprise.

The greatest difficulty encountered by the count in pushing his scheme was really in America. He first had to overcome the natural prejudice in this country against foreigners. His scheme also was so far away, and at the same time so gigantic in its conception and the results it promised, that many American capitalists who were approached were startled by its very magnitude.

So far the count has been unable to produce these Chinese concessions and deliver them over to his associates in the enterprise. But he has by no means despaired of accomplishing this result. In fact, he said yesterday that he regarded this as the work of his life, and would certainly succeed before he died. The count claims that it is simply a battle between English and American enterprise and capital, and that, as a naturalized American, he is determined to see the thing brought to a successful conclusion. After many months of work the count finally sailed for China, backed not only by American capital, but with the letters of introduction which guaranteed to him an introduction and an audience with Li Hung Chang, the prime minister of the Chinese empire and the seventh prince, the uncle of the emperor. The count's remarkable experience in China reads like a fairy tale, and is best told in his own words. In describing it he said:

"On my arrival at Shanghai I was informed that shortly a steamer sent by the viceroy, Li Hung Chang, would be placed at my disposal. The vessel was such as is used only by the royalty, and from this I was convinced that my letters of introduction to the Chinese officials were of the very best. I went unattended, and was compelled to rely altogether upon an interpreter, whose services I secured in Shanghai. But it seems that the viceroy had issued an order that my person was sacred, and this doubtlessly accounts for the universal courtesy and attention I met with on every hand.

"I do not doubt but what this attention was very largely due to the lavish expenditure of money. It is a universal custom in China to pay tribute to everything and everybody, and in that country no official considers it a crime to accept a bribe. In fact, they do not consider it as a bribe, but rather as one of their legitimate perquisites. I started in with the Chinamen who handled my luggage and worked my way up to the prime minister of the Chinese empire, and what with presents of costly silks and diamonds at the end of a two months' trip I found that my expenses had reached the enormous sum of twenty-five thousand odd dollars.

"A small fortune you might say, and, in truth it was, but in reality it was but the beginning. There has already been spent on these Chinese concessions certainly not less than $200,000, and it will take as much more to secure them. What will they be worth? No man can tell. Millions certainly, but how many? It takes one's breath away in very truth when he thinks of the possibility. Just think of the value today of the entire railroad system of the United States, the telegraph reaching into every hole and corner of the land, and the telephone system now in nearly every city of any size. Their value is billions of dollars—not millions. Such must ultimately be the value of the same kind of property in China, where there are 400,000,000 people, and where there is an area four times the size of the United States.

"Every Chinaman is on the make. I don't care how small he is officially, or how young he is in years, each and every one of them is after the mighty dollar. It matters not whether it is an American dollar or a British sovereign or a Chinese tael, it is all the same to the pigtail gentry of the empire. It is a very rare thing, indeed, for a foreigner to secure an audience with the prime minister of China; in fact, it was even more difficult than securing an audience with James G. Blaine when he was secretary of state, and that, you know, was regarded as one of the most difficult things in Washington.

"I had a very indefinite idea of Chinese customs, and had assumed, with my American ideas, that being presented to the prime minister coupled with it a presentation to his immediate family. But I was doomed to disappointment. On my way from Shanghai to Peking I had heard a great deal about the wonderful beauty of the wives of Li Hung Chang, and had looked forward to the pleasure of meeting them. But during my entire interview with the minister, I never set eyes on anything in the shape of Chinese womanhood, notwithstanding the fact that he has some twenty odd wives, each and every one of them with as much curiosity as any American woman that ever lived.

"I mentioned they had but one railroad in all China, and that, too, but twelve miles in length. There is nothing, therefore, in the way of rapid transit there. You have either to go by boat or ride in a wagon train. Both are extremely slow, and an ordinary journey occupies two or three days. The aristocracy of China and all visitors who come with proper credentials are carried about the streets in litters. When I reached Peking they took me to a hotel and gave me a sumptuous apartment, in which the predominating colors were red and yellow. The house was built of bamboo, the ceilings were low, but I must confess that everything about it was well built, and the effect on the whole could not help but be pleasing. I have heard it said that Chinamen know nothing of the harmony of color, but my experience is that they usually get an effect which is pleasing even to the artistic eye.

"I shall never forget my first supper in China. Of course I had to eat with chopsticks, and I do not doubt that my efforts to impress the attendants who were constantly about with me an idea that I was thoroughly accustomed to everything Chinese accounted largely for the many subdued smiles I noted on the stolid countenances of those who served me. I cannot say that this supper, or in fact any other meal of which I partook while in China, had that self satisfying result that good old-fashioned beefsteake and potatoes have for me in America. To be perfectly frank, I went hungry most of the time, and that was my condition on the night I was presented to Li Hung Chang, the prime minister of China.

"Shortly after dark a high official of the government called upon me, and through my interpreter informed me that my presence was demanded at the imperial mansion. I had on my dress coat, which made me all the more out of keeping with the elaborate costumes of the richly clad Chinamen about me. Flanked on either side by one of these gayly dressed Chinamen, I marched out and found a litter carried by four sturdy natives. The litter was covered with a canopy upholstered in the richest of Chinese silk. On either side stood a swarthy Celestial, flaming torch in hand. As I approached the men bearing the litter sank to their knees, so that I might step aboard. When I was comfortably seated the curtains were drawn, the men rose, and the procession wended its way slowly to the house of Li Hung Chang. There was no crowding about by the common people, as there is in America, for the common people of China are subdued and disciplined like an army of soldiers. There is no gaping mob there.

"I had heard that the palace was a very beautiful building, but I was not prepared for the sight that met my gaze. It was ablaze with light, and there certainly must have been several thousand lanterns, for candle-power is the only light used in China. It may seem incredible that a nation of 400,000,000, so much older than ours, and with such vast natural resources, should, in the nineteenth century, be practically without railroads, without telegraph, without a telephone, without any postal service, and without any governmental mint. But it is still more incredible that they should be without anything in the way of light at night other than candle power. But the effect of this is certainly as pleasing as anything I have seen, either in America or in Europe. The light of every candle shone through some gayly colored lantern, and over the whole scene there was that soft radiance which neither gas nor electricity can produce.

"However we of America may attempt to belittle the Chinaman, there is little justification for it. True it is, he is far behind us in many ways; but he has abilities peculiarly his own, and whatever he does attempt he succeeds in. There is a great deal of what we call red tape in this country in everything official in China. You can get some idea of the formality of things when I tell you that before I reached the august presence of Li Hung Chang I was presented in turn to seven different officials, each higher than the one who presented me. Finally I reached the prime minister. By that time I was very much worked up and scarcely able to make a good presentation of my case through the interpreter. But any nervousness that I may have felt was doubtless overcome by the rich presents I brought, and which were placed at Li Hung Chang's feet with great ceremony.

"My instructions had been to walk up to the foot of the throne, bend my knee and bow low. I did this, and remained there until commanded to rise. Standing before the prime minister, I stated my case with all the eloquence of which I was capable, and the fact that I was finally successful justifies me in part in saying that eloquence won the day. Before I left Li Hung Chang had promised me all I asked for and more. Returning from China, I brought with me official grants of concessions, more valuable, perhaps, than any one had ever obtained. That they are not now being put to practical use is due only to the fact that English capital, through its American agents, has interfered and temporarily prostrated my plans. In the end, however, I am confident that American genius and enterprise and capital will win the day, even against British gold and British cunning."

Mexican Telegraphs and Railroad

In the republic of Mexico there are now about 22,000 miles of telegraph lines in operation, including the new lines constructed since last April. There are now over 6,600 miles of railroad in Mexico, about 124 miles having been constructed since last April.

Women Must Sleep.

If they only *could* sleep eight hours every night and one hour every day years would be added to their lives, and:—

Their freshness and beauty would continue to the end.

All derangement of the *Uterus or Womb*, Ovarian or Kidney troubles, uterus tumors, irregularity, indigestion, exhaustion, or "displacement" drives the nerves wild with excitement.

Sleep is impossible.

Lydia E. Pinkham's "*Vegetable Compound*" is the one sure remedy. It has saved thousands, and will save you. It strengthens the womb, removes all pain, and *you sleep like a child* to awake with the brightness of youth. Try it.

All druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICAL CO., LYNN, MASS. Liver Pills, 25c.

Yours for Health. Lydia E. Pinkham

PILES.—Dr. H. Waite, Specialist, sixteen years in Minneapolis. Why suffer when cure is mild and certain? Ask hundreds of leading citizens of St. Paul Minneapolis and the Northwest as to treatment and cure. Pamplet free. 125 Haw horne Avenue, Minneapolis.

"We have a Man on the Bridge"

Scanning the Mercantile horizon For good things, We recently spied And secured three Carloads of Special High-Grade Parlor Suits, Hardly two alike. The very handsomest Rug, Tapestry and Mohair Covering, And the Latest and Most Stylish Frames. It was another case of "Manufacturers'-Had-To." We have cleared our First Floor and Spread them around For your inspection. If you want a Palatial $150 Suit for a Great Deal Less than $100, Come in and Make a Selection.

"Herd with The Wolves And you Will Howl."

We leave you to Make your own Application. We Have One Price. We don't want To eat you whole, Or swallow your Pocketbook at one Gulp. We don't Have to.

Two Sums.

1st—
Sales, $200,000;
Profits, 50 per cent;
Equals $100,000.
2d—
Sales, $1,000,000;
Profits, 10 per cent;
Equals $100,000.
Which establishment Will you patronize?

Globe, Nov. 28.

NEW ENGLAND
Furniture & Carpet Co.,
Sixth St., First Av. S. and Fifth St.,
MINNEAPOLIS.
The Liberal House Furnishers.

"Imitation Is the Sincerest Form of Flattery."

If our business was Not on a Sound Mercantile Basis, Folks would not copy Us, would they? They would not copy Our advertisements; They would not, for Instance, copy our Scheme for making "Misfits" of all short Lengths of Carpets, Benefiting Ourselves and Customers at the Same time. But We like it. So let the good Work go on.

CATALOGUE COUPON.
Send for our Mammoth Portfolio, 100 sheets, 12x18 in., showing best things in each Department.
TWO CONDITIONS:
1st, Name some one who is building, has built or will build; 2nd, Cut out and send us this Coupon. Goods on our Partial Payment Plan anywhere this side the Pacific. Samples Carpets sent; state kind and price. We pay 100 miles Freight, except on goods advertised at Special Prices. One price to all. 231

Largest assortment of Barney & Berry, Peck & Snyder, SKATES in the Northwest, including Raymond, etc. Racing Skates of all kinds
—GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS, ETC.—
GUN REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
SPALDING'S ATHLETIC AND SPORTING GOODS.
Northwestern Agents for Dupont's Celebrated Gunpowder. Hercules Dynamite.
KENNEDY BROS., - Minneapolis, Minn

AMUSEMENTS.

BIJOU

The Comedy Event of the Season. JNO. T. KELLY, —IN— McFee of Dublin.

Next Sunday Matinee, Gus Williams.

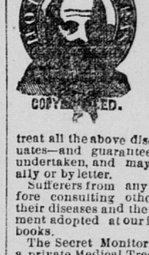
NO PAY DOWN
FURNITURE, CARPETS, STOVES, CROCKERY.
F. H. PETERSON & CO.
73 & 75 6th St. S., Minneapolis.
MENTION THIS AD.

PATENTS.

JAS. F. WILLIAMSON
COUNSELOR AND SOLICITOR.
Two years as an examiner in the U. S Patent Office. Five years' practice. 329 331 Guaranty Loan Building, Minneapolis 424 Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul

PAUL & MERWIN, patent lawyers and solicitors, 656-660 Temple Court, Minneapolis; 911-912 Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul; and 22-23 Norris Building, Washington D. C. Established seven years in Minneapolis and four in St. Paul.

Galenic Medical Institute
67 E. THIRD St., ST. PAUL, MINN.



Established in 1831 for the cure of private, nervous and chronic diseases, including Spermatorrhoea, or Seminal Weakness, Nervous Debility, Impotency, Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Diseases of Women, etc.

The physicians of the old and Reliable Institute specially treat all the above diseases—are regular graduates—and guarantee a cure in every case undertaken, and may be consulted personally or by letter.

Sufferers from any of these ailments, before consulting others, should understand their diseases and the latest improved treatment adopted at our Institute by reading our books.

The Secret Monitor and Guide to Health, a private Medical Treatise on the above diseases, with the Anatomy and Physiology of the Sexual System in Health and Disease, containing nearly 300 pages, and numerous illustrations, sent to any address on receipt of reduced price, only Twenty Cents, or value in one or two-cent stamps.

Pamphlet and chart of questions for stating case sent free.

All business strictly confidential. Office hours, 8 a. m. to 5:30 p. m. Sundays excepted.

Address letters thus:
GALENIC INSTITUTE,
St. Paul, Minn

CONTRACT WORK — FILLING AND DRAINING IN BLOCK 23, OAKVILLE PARK—Office of the Board of Public Works, City of St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 22, 1892.—Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, at their office in said city, until 12 m. on the 5th day of December, A. D. 1892, for filling and draining lots 2 and 29, and that portion of the alley adjoining said lots in block 23, Oakville Park, in said city, so as to abate nuisance of swamps, marshes and stagnant ponds thereon according to