TEACHES MEN TO KILL

An Academy in Paris to Train Men in the Art of Dueling.

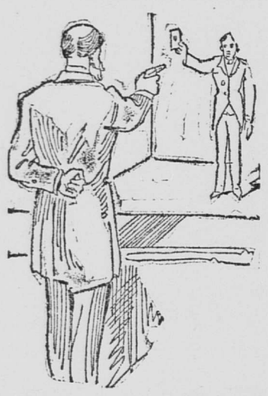
Gallery Where They Practice for the Usually Harmless Encounters.

Several Duels of Noted Frenchmen and Feats of Dead Shots.

The Great Difference Between Firing for Fun and in Earnest.

THE French duel of today as fought by such expert shots and swordsmen as Clemenceau, Paul de Cassagnac, the Marquis de Mores, Henri Rochefort, Aurelien Scholl, Paul Deroulede and scores of others, is a very serious matter. Within the last ten years Frenchmen have assimilated many Anglo-Saxon notions; they have worked up a fondness for horse racing, for cold water baths, for creased trousers imported from Bond street. They have also learned to shoot—thanks to fashion and M. Gastinne-Renette. M. Gastinne Renette is a maker of armes de precision and the proprietor of the most famous shooting gallery in Paris—probably in Europe. He inherited the business from his father, and the Philadelphia Inquirer thinks it is safe to say that he has instructed more eminent men in the deadly art than any one living. When a man of the world has made a reputation as a pistol shot in Vienna, St. Petersburg, Berlin or anywhere else on the continent, he is not satisfied until he has journeyed to Paris and pitted himself against some of the cracks at the Renette gallery. He usually discovers then that he has still much to learn.

Gastinne-Renette's place stands just off the Champs Ulysees, on the broad, and, in the summer, well-shaded Avenue d'Antin. There any afternoon about 4 o'clock one may see some of the most prominent people in Paris, stars in every walk in life, popping away in all



SHOOTING AT THE CARD (35 YARDS).

seriousness at discs of white pasteboard about six inches in diameter marked with concentric circles around the coveted bull's-eye.

Clemenceau's Sure Aim—At a Dummy.

The day before Clemenceau's recent duel with Paul Deroulede, the fiery poet of Le Revanche, the maker and breaker of ministries, scored twenty bull's-eyes in succession, and his hand was as steady as the Vendome column. The same afternoon, in shooting at the mannequin, or stuffed human figure, M. Clemenceau landed his bullets at will in heart or head, right arm or left arm, at a distance of thirty metres, and yet the next day when they came to fight he missed his man entirely three times in succession, so great is the difference in firing for fun or in earnest.

To look at M. Clemenceau when practicing before the targets, or rather, before he begins to practice, one would take him for an inoffensive counter-jumper rather than a fire-eating politician. He is short in stature, very bald, with shifting brown eyes, and a nervous way of pulling at his gray mustache. When he begins to run up his score of bull's-eyes, however, one's feeling of respect grows apace.

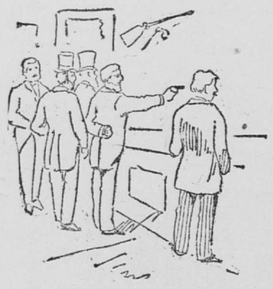
On the occasion of the duel between Camille Dreyfus, a prominent deputy, and the Marquis de Mores, who considered himself mortally insulted, Dreyfus was justly regarded as one of the best pistol shots in France, and had been practicing for weeks at Renette's gallery. His cartons were the admiration of every one and rarely showed a hole outside the inner circle. The day before the duel Gastinne-Renette, who had a sort of intuitive judgment in these things, watched M. Dreyfus shoot.

"He is sure to kill the marquis," said a clubman, who considered himself an expert.

"He will not touch the marquis," answered the veteran teacher—and he was right.

The duel took place the next morning on the Belgian frontier.

M. Lockroy, a cabinet minister, was chief second on one side, and a viscount on the other. Every man was in full



DUELISTS AT PRACTICE.

afternoon dress, white gloves and so forth, and the affair was conducted with exquisite politeness.

De Mores Shot to Kill.

"I don't go in for fancy shooting, but I shall kill that fellow," said De Mores, as he left his seconds—and he meant it.

Finally all was arranged, after several tossings for choice, and the two principals and four seconds, with a doctor on either side, stood in their places like frozen chessmen. Everything was silent. Then came the command, given twice over:

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Feu—un, deux, trois," the words coming with the beat of the seconds.

M. Dreyfus fired almost instantly with the word "Feu." He missed, and the marquis swung his weapon up to the level with the steady, automatic movement he had learned from our Western cowboys. He pressed the trigger at the word "deux," and the bullet went straight to the mark. It would have entered M. Dreyfus' body on the right side at about the fifth rib had not the latter, after his own shot, dropped his arm to his side and intercepted the missile just above the elbow. That accident saved his life.

Both men left the field angry, and I remember hearing De Mores complain bitterly on the journey back to Paris that the regulation charge of powder was too small to kill at the prescribed distance, that is, twenty metres. He emphasized the fact that this ball had not even broken the bone of his adversary's arm. There is no question but that certain precautions of this kind have been approved by general usage in Paris with the idea of making a duel with pistols less murderous. But for these, and the fact already noticed, that experts in the gallery often cease to be such on the field, there would be a terrible percentage of deaths in these encounters.

One of the favorite exercises at Renette's gallery is the shooting at small plaster images made to move past at different rates of speed. The younger Dumas, who has had many dueling experiences, is a great adept at this, though of recent years he has not practiced as much as formerly. He has never forgotten the tragic duel in which his father was concerned when M. Dujarier, of La Presse, was killed.

Another feat, something of a trick, however, consists of throwing a coin into the air and hitting it with a pistol ball. Dozens of Renette's pupils can do this three times out of four.

Boulanger Was a Good Shot.

At the time of his great popularity, Gen. Boulanger used to visit this gallery frequently, and a number of his cartons are still on exhibition there, or were a few years ago. The "brave general" was a better shot than he was a swordsman. He used to practice in a buff-colored suit with short jacket and very tight-fitting trousers.

Boulanger's old adversary, the present president of the chamber of deputies, M. Charles Floquet, who is in a fair way to have a new series of duels on his hands, is too near-sighted to become a very accurate shot, although he has made some fair records. President Carnot himself used to practice at Renette's before he was elected to the Elysee, and his cartons are shown to visitors with pride.

Perhaps the most formidable pistol shot who visits Gastinne-Renette's gallery is the tempestuous orator, Paul de Cassagnac, editor of the imperialist organ, L'Autorite. M. de Cassagnac stands over six feet, and is broad and heavy in proportion. He looks like an Indian, talks like a flood tide and fights like a cyclone. He has probably taken part in more duels than any man in France, and is absolutely fearless. One peculiarity about M. de Cassagnac's method of firing is that he never takes aim, or at least not as other experts do. He gauges the line between his weapon and the mark in some such way as a base ball player aims the ball he is throwing—seeing only the mark. The consequence is that while not capable of such wonderful show feats as many other patrons of the gallery, such as hitting a bird on the wing, or shooting five-franc piece off his toe, M. de Cassagnac, when it come to the pinch, always lands his bullet near enough to mark to make it exceedingly unpleasant for the other fellow, and what is of greater moment still, he seems to shoot better in a duel than at any other time.

Rochefort Made De Cassagnac Weaken.

"I don't pretend to split hairs with a pistol ball," he told a vain-glorious marksman one day, "but I can split hearts all right when it is necessary." A cynical man is M. de Cassagnac.

One of the most celebrated pistol shots in France, and a man who was often seen at Renette's before his exile to London, was Henri Rochefort, the bitter pamphleteer who alone is able to dispute with M. de Cassagnac for the palm among living duelists. When I called M. Rochefort a celebrated pistol shot, I mean that he is celebrated rather for his daring than for his skill, which, as a matter of fact, is not of the highest order.

That consideration, however, has never held him back from meeting any one who gave or found cause upon the champs d'honneur. He and M. de Cassagnac have been bitter enemies for years, and more than one challenge has passed between them. Twenty years ago they fought for the first time, the weapons being pistols. Rochefort missed entirely, whereupon de Cassagnac coolly planted a bullet in his adversary's left side, where it struck an image of the virgin, giving Rochefort a lease of life and a chance to crack one of his inimitable jokes. A few years later Rochefort, maddened by the attacks of his rival, challenged him to a duel a la mort, in which he proposed to stand at ten paces with pistols, only one of which should be loaded. M. de Cassagnac, for the only time in his life, refused to fight under such conditions.

LOVE MAKING OF "CHIHUAHUA" BROWN.

Richard H. Linthicum in New York World.

Chihuahua Brown came to Pyrites when the camp was first started. That was six months before the time of which I write.

Pyrites was a typical mining town or "camp" far up in the Rocky mountains.

It had grown in six months from one log cabin to a town of a 1,000 inhabitants. It was a rough, unpretentious town, both as regards its buildings and a large number of its citizens; but under the duck suit of the miner there are more honest hearts, more noble and generous natures than will be found in almost any other calling in life.

With the rush of miners came a rush of gamblers. Four saloons sprang into existence in a night. Then began the erection of the most commodious and pretentious building in the camp—the Palace dance hall—which was hurried to completion. It looked more like a barn than a palace, but it proved as great an attraction for the feverish wealth and pleasure-seeking population of Pyrites as though its walls were of lincrusta and its floors of variegated marble.

It is a noticeable fact about a new mining camp that the most high-sounding titles are applied to the most common-looking structures: the cheapest place always has the grandest name. For instance, the Delmonico restaurant was the worst of all the eating establishments in Pyrites, and the Windsor hotel offered the poorest accommodations of any hostelry in the place. The St. James livery stable had nothing better in the shape of equines than some broken-down stage-horses, and the Crystal Grotto saloon was only a board shanty, where five-cent whisky was sold for two bits a drink.

The cleanest, most home-like eating house in the place was Mrs. McGuire's restaurant. Bridget McGuire was a lively, bustling Irish woman, with a red face and hair a shade lighter. She was popular with "the boys," as she called the miners who patronized her place. "We can always get plenty on our forks at Mrs. McGuire's," was the usual sentence of praise bestowed upon her establishment.

"Chihuahua" Brown boarded with Mrs. McGuire. He was a quiet, retiring sort of a man. No one knew much about him, except that he once had some mining property near Chihuahua, Mex. There was another Brown in Pyrites, so he was given the sobriquet of "Chihuahua," to distinguish him from the other Brown. He paid his board promptly, and was highly esteemed by Mrs. McGuire, who sometimes spoke of him as "the widow woman's friend," on account of his once having loaned Mrs. McGuire $200 without security, when the good-natured Irish woman first started in business. Now she was beyond the need of financial assistance, and was doing a flourishing business—such a large business, in fact, that she had been obliged to send to Denver for additional help to wait upon the table. The "help" duly arrived upon the stage and created a sensation in Pyrites. The first general description was given out by the stage-driver, "Fairplay Bill," to a deeply interested throng of listeners at the Silver Bear saloon.

"She cum up on the stage alongside of me," said "Bill." "There was three girls for the dance hall, besides. When we got to the first station, at Turkey Creek canyon, she asked if she could ride on the seat with me; she did so admire the scenery. I took her up beside me on the box, and you never heard a girl go on so about the color of the sky, and the trees and rocks, and the wild flowers bloomin' on the mountain side. She pointed out things to me about the scenery I never see before. I never see a girl so gone on scenery. She really did enjoy it. I got so durned interested, hearin' her talk, I cum purty near slidin' the whole outfit down the mountain as I cum 'round Dead Man's curve. She's different from any biscuit shooter ever I see."

"Purty? She's purtier than that nigh leader o' mine, but she don't put on as much style as Kitty does, 'specially when she's just been hitched up an' anxious to go. Purty? Ever see 'em picturs 'bout a woman raisin' up out of the sea? Ever see that picture of 'Rumyo and Julia?' She's a durned sight purtier than either one of 'em. I've carried many a hash slinger in my time, but I never see one like her. Most of 'em's got their hair cut short and curly, an' act fresh. She's different; long hair, blacker'n a dark night in the canyon; big eyes; roses in her cheeks; she's a lady, that's what she is. I could tell that first time I see her. Guess she was glad to get up on the box with me, 'way from them dance hall girls. They tried to get fresh with her while she was on the inside; asked her if she thought she could do better in Pyrites than she could in Denver. She said she thought she could, 'cause the wages was better."

"'Wages!' says one girl, with a little cackley laugh, like a graveyard. 'That's good; you don't mean to tell me you're goin' to work for wages?' says she. 'What are you going to do?'

"'I'm goin' to work in Mrs. McGuire's restaurong—just like that; restaurong—waitin' on the table.'

"'You'll soon git over that,' says the dance-house girl, laughing.

"'I hope so,' says the little lady, 'but I ain't ashamed of any work that's honest,' says she. 'No true woman is above earnin' her own livin', by manuwell labor, if necessary,' says the little lady. And then them three dance-house girls had a chill, and the little lady got up on the box with me at the next station, and durin' the drive up the canyon she wanted to know if them three ladies were goin' to work at Mrs. McGuire's restaurong, too, an' I durn near fell off the box. I had to throw the silk into the leaders an' kind o' git my attention 'tracted to the hosses before I could git my face straight enuff to tell her 'I guess not.' I'm durned if she ever got on to the fact that them girls inside was dance-hall girls; she's a lady, she is."

This was how Doris Ware came to Pyrites to be the "help" at Mrs. McGuire's restaurant. It was not strange that the business of the restaurant increased. Mrs. McGuire's new waiter girl was very, very pretty, and a pretty face is an attraction anywhere, but especially so in a new mining camp, where women constitute a very small minority of the population.

It is not strange, either, that many of Mrs. McGire's boarders fell in love with Mrs. McGuire's waitress. There was quite a noticeable sprucing up in the way of general appearance among the boarders. Two or three of "the boys" affected bright-colored ties, and when they came to their meals they were particular about washing their faces very clean. They seemed to put more than the usual amount of water on their hair and combed it back slicker than they had been in the habit of doing. All this seemed to have no effect upon Mrs. McGire's help. She was as demure, retiring and modest as when she first arrived. There was one boarder who loved the pretty waiter girl with the consuming passion of a secret affection. He scarcely dare raise his eyes to her, he was so diffident. The flutter of her dress was sufficient to cause every nerve in the body to tremble. If she spoke to him he was sure to put a lump of butter in his coffee or sprinkle sugar all over his plate during the ensuing momena of confusion. This boarder was a "Chihuahua" Brown. He was reserved in his manner, so quiet and gentlemanly that Doris was naturally attracted to him. They became friends, and gradually "Chihuahua" Brown learned of the past life of Doris Ware. Her father had been a man of wealth; he was speculator. A bad investment had left him almost penniless. He lacked the moral courage to face adversity, and in a moment of desperation and despondency he blew out his brains. The shock almost killed his wife, a woman of a delicate, nervous temperament. His daughter Doris rose superior to the occasion. She supported her mother from the rather small wages she earned in a store. One day she read an advertisement in a Western paper: "Ten girls wanted for light, easy occupations in the mountains; wages $25 per week." With such large wages she could comfortably support her mother. The amount was more than twice as much as she had been receiving. She had used her meager savings to come West, only to find that "the light, easy occupation" for which the ten young girls were wanted was to serve beer in a dance-hall in Leadville. Being almost without money, she took the first place she could get; it was her present one—waitress in Mrs. McGuire's restaurant.

"Chihuahua" determined that the girl should not longer work in the restaurant. But what could he do? There was no other occupation in which she could engage and remain in Pyrites, and he could not bear the thought of sending her away. If she remained in Pyrites without working it would subject her to foul suspicion and make her a general subject for scandal.

Well, there was one thing which ought to be done, if it could be done.

One September morning "Chihuahua" Brown bade adieu to Pyrites for a short time and went up to his mines on Snowshoe Mountain. Before going he laid in a large supply of writing paper, some big, thick pointed pens, a bottle of ink and some blank mining deeds.

The miners working adjoining claims noticed that "Chihuahua" Brown was paler than usual. His manner was less reserved. He was nervous and excited at times. He sat up late at night writing and always concluded by tearing up what he had written. One night when he was thus engaged, one of the men working on the night shift came to the door and yelled:

"Chihuahua! Chihuahua! come into the mine and look at the stuff we've got in there—we've struck it big."

"Chihuahua" hurried into the mine.

* * * * *

It was a beautiful September afternoon in Pyrites. The mountains were covered with wild flowers, and here and there the sides of the monster hills had been touched by the frost, transforming verdant hues into purple, crimson and gold. Doris went for a stroll early in the afternoon. She gathered the flowers as she went along, and almost every step revealed some new beauty of the floral kingdom. Her mind was not so much upon the flowers as it was upon him—big, bearded, honest, manly "Chihuahua" Brown. She had received a letter from her mother that morning, in which a remittance of $100 was acknowledged. The letter to her mother had been sent by "Chihuahua" Brown, and he had stated therein that the $100 was part of the proceeds from a mine in which Doris had an interest with him. The money was badly needed by the mother, and her gratitude was almost extravagantly expressed.

Doris strolled on, thinking of the generosity of "Chihuahua," and the secret, delicate method he had taken of showing it.

It was time to return. The shadows began to gather on the mountains, and darkness would soon be upon her.

She started back to the trail; but, alas! there was no trail where she thought it should be. Again she located in her mind's eye the place where she had left the trail in her search for flowers, but there was no trail when she arrived there. It was almost dark. She realized that she was lost. Lost in the mountains; lost in a little basin, with the town of Pyrites just over a small ridge. But this latter fact she did not know.

Higher up in the basin she saw a light. It came from a miner's cabin. She started there. It was very much further than she thought it was. It seemed at least an hour before she arrived at the little cabin, from the windows of which the light streamed out upon the dark mountain. The door was slightly open. Doris knocked. No answer. She entered the cabin.

There was a fire in the stove, for the night was chill. A neat-looking bunk with clean blankets and coverlid stood in one corner. There was a mining map upon the wall. A bucket of water and a washbasin were near the door. Candles and miner's candle sticks were stuck in the log crevices. In the center of the room was a table covered with writing paper. On the table was a light that had guided her to the place—a candle stuck in the mouth of an empty bottle.

What was this? A mining deed. Maxwell H. Brown to Doris Ware, a half interest in the "Goodness Gracious" lode.

A letter—she must not read it. Her name? Why, what could this mean?

"Dear Miss Doris"—so the letter began. Then she read:

"All my life I have been going it alone, and I'm getting tired of it. I want a pard—a pardner, I mean—and that's you. I took you into pardnership on the 'Goodness Gracious' lode last month. Will you be my pard for life, and have a regular warranty deed made out by Parson Wilson? I never was in love till I met you. I don't know how this affair will pan out, but I don't think I'll be able to winter through without you. I know my love ain't worth as much to you as yours is to me, and if you say you will be my wife, I'll try and make the bargain even by throwing in the whole 'Goodness Gracious' mine and the 'Small Potatoes,' which is an adjoining claim. Answer me quick. If I don't get an answer, I afraid I'll hurt some of the boys, because I don't know what I'm doing half the time. Please marry me—will you? And oblige, yours respectfully,

"MAXWELL H. BROWN."

Just as Doris finished reading she heard a step, a heavy step, at the door. She grabbed the pen and wrote in large letters at the bottom of the sheet:

"My answer is yes. DORIS."

Some one was bending over her. Some one had seen her write; some one saw that plain, big "Yes," and she was gathered tight in a pair of strong arms, and felt a fervent kiss upon her lips.

Another step at the door. It was "Galena" Mike, a miner.

"Chihuahua," he said, "there's an eight-foot vein of that stuff, and it will run at least $1,000 to the ton."

"Chihuahua" did not answer Mike, but Doris heard him say:

"I wouldn't give one minute like this for 8,000,000 tons of it."

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Does the best and cheapest moving, packing and storing business. 5 West Seventh street.

When in Need of a Piano,

Buy a Piano; not an alleged instrument with a high-sounding royalty-paid name, or one that a sole agent says "is the only piano on earth." Some instruments have perfect tone, another volubility, a third perfect mechanism, and a fourth beautiful appearance, but the New Scale Kimball is an improvement over them all, and contains every redeeming feature to be found in the dozens of makes before the people today.

Write, call or wire,
For information you desire.
Whitney's Music Store, 97 East Third street.

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Large variety of late design in Cloths; fit guaranteed; moderate price. McGrath & Co., 370 Robert street.

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Are the finest Pianos in the world. Don't fail to see and hear them before purchasing any make. Sole agents. S. W. Raudenbush, 19 and 21 West Fourth street.

Vose's Millinery House.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Our store, 522 Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis, will be re-opened and ready for business Monday, March 6. Emergency orders may be left on and after the 1st.

Round Trip Rates East.

The Soo Line will sell special excursion tickets to Washington, New York and Boston Feb. 27th to March 2d, inclusive. For full information, rates, etc., call on W. S. Thorn, Ticket Agent, 185 East Third street, St. Paul, Minn.

DIED.

LUX—At family residence, No 192 Carroll street, William J., oldest son of Michael Lux, age twenty-five years. Funeral Monday, Feb. 27, from family residence, at 9 a. m. Services at Assumption church, 10 a. m. Friends invited.

For Funeral Carriages, $2.50. Nos. 26 and 22 West Fourth St. Fred Schroeder. Telephone 524.

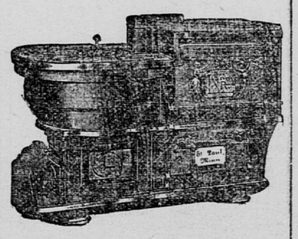
IN NEW QUARTERS!

"Laura Nevins Range"

Is now on exhibition in the Webber Building,

Corner Sixth and St. Peter Sts.

Opposite Nathan Ford Music Store.



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Call and see a new stove on a new principle. In use in some of the best homes in St. Paul.

Saves Fuel, Burns Hard and Soft Coal, Wood and Lignite.

Pears' Soap has no free alkali in it. It neither reddens nor roughens the skin. It responds to water instantly; washes and rinses off in a twinkling; is as gentle as strong; and the after-effect is every way good.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

AMUSEMENTS.

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—AT THE—

GRAND

HOYT'S A TRIP TO CHINATOWN

As Played Over 500 Nights in New York.

☞NOTE—Every particle of scenery, furniture, draperies, in fact everything used in the production is from Hoyt's Madison Square Theater, New York.

READ what the San Francisco Chinatown Gazette says of this great success:

Have You Secured Seats?

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SPECIAL

SUNDAY, MARCH 5th.

HANLON BROS.'

GORGEOUS

FANTASMA

BIGGER, BRIGHTER, BETTER THAN EVER.
NEW TRICKS AND EFFECTS.
NEW TRANSFORMATIONS.
A MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION.

Health Is Wealth.

DR. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a guaranteed specific for Hysteric Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhoea, caused by overexertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1 a box, or six boxes for $5, sent by mail prepaid. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order for six boxes, accompanied with $5, we send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if it does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by W. K. Collier, successor to Hippler & Collier, druggists, Seventh and Sibley sts., St. Paul, Minn.

CABIN TICKETS

To Europe by American, Cunard White Star, North German Lloyd, Hamburg-American Packet Co., French Line, and all leading Steamship Lines, sold by A. E. JOHNSON & CO., General Steamship Agents, Cor. Third and Sibley Streets, St. Paul, Minn.

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN!

TONIGHT AND ALL THIS WEEK

THE FAMOUS

BROTHERS BYRNE

—PRESENTING—

8 BELLS

A Nautical Pantomimic Comedy.

Under the management of PRIMROSE & WEST.

NEXT WEEK,

Commencing Sunday, March 5th to 8th Inclusive,

MR. MACLEAN & MARIE D. PRESCOTT

In a Grand Production of a Great Modern Play, Entitled

L'ABSINTHEUR

(The Absinthe Drinker.)

Complete Novelty. Entirely New.

March 9—German Co.

METROPOLITAN

OPERA HOUSE.

Friday Evening, - March 10.
Saturday Matinee, - March 11.

NORDICA

Operatic Concert Co.,

Under the Direction of C. A. Ellis.

Mme. Lillian Nordica.
Mme. Sofia Scalchi.
Miss Louise Engel, Mezzo Soprano.
Italo Campanini, Primo Tenor.
Guiseppe del Puente, Primo Baritone.
Emil Fischer, Basso.
ISIDORE LUCKSTONE, Pianist and Musical Director.

Friday evening, March 10, a miscellaneous programme of operatic numbers, including the great finale from second act of

"Lucia di Lammermoor,"

And concluding with Mascagni's

"Cavalleria Rusticana,"

With the following remarkable cast:

Santuzza.....Mme. Nordica
Lola.....Mme. Scalchi
Lucia.....Miss Engel
Turiddu.....Sig. Campanini
Alfio.....Sig. Del Puente

Saturday Matinee, March 11.

Operatic numbers, including the Great

"Rigoletto"

Quartette, and the complete third act (garden scene) of Gounod's

"FAUST,"

With scenery, costumes, paraphernalia, etc., and with a great cast, as follows:

Marguerite.....Mme. Nordica
Siebel.....Mme. Scalchi
Martha.....Miss Engel
Faust.....Mr. Campanini
Mephistopheles.....Mr. Fischer

Sale of seats begins Monday, March 6, at box office.

Prices—$1, $1.50 and $2, according to location.

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PEOPLE'S CHURCH.

THURSDAY, MARCH 2d.

Handel's "Judas Maccabæus" (Selections).
Mendelssohn's "Saint Paul." (First Part.)

Mrs. Agnes Thomson, - - Soprano
Mr. William H. Rieger, - - - Tenor
Mr. Geo. Ellsworth Holmes, - Basso

SAMUEL A. BALDWIN, Conductor.

Reserved seats, $1.50, $1, 75c or 50c. Sale opens at Dyer's tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE—PREACHING at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Nathan Johnson, speaker; Bible class at 11:30; inquiry meeting Thursday evening at 7:30, corner Smith av. and Ninth st.

HAVE YOU SORE THROAT OR mouth? If so, get a bottle of Dr. Halliday's Blood Purifier and a bottle of Dr. Halliday's Throat Gargle, and if it does not benefit you more than anything you ever tried, return the empty bottles and your money will be refunded. Sold by all druggists. Office and Laboratory, 274 East Seventh st., St. Paul.

NOTICE OF THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders of the Walter A. Wood Harvester Company—Notice is hereby given to each and all of the stockholders of the Walter A. Wood Harvester company that the annual meeting of said corporation will take place and be held at the offices of said company, rooms 24, 25 and 26, Merchants' National Bank Building, on the corner of Jackson and Fifth streets, in the city of St. Paul, Ramsey county, Minnesota, on Wednesday, the 8th day of March, A. D. 1893, at half-past 1 o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of electing nine directors, as provided in the articles of incorporation of said company, and also to transact such other business as may come before such meeting.

At said meeting the board of directors will present a plan to be adopted for the sale and disposition of the land donated to said corporation, and which is not being used by said corporation in connection with its plant. Frank V. Bartlett, Secretary.

Galenic Medical Institute

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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.

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Rubber Newmarkets and Raglans that were $1.50 to $2.75 at	75c
Rubber Newmarkets and Raglans that were $1.25 to $3.50, Slightly Shop-worn, at	50c
Children's Circulars & Kate Greenaways that were $1.25 to $1.50 at	68c
Silk Traveling Coats that were $12.00 to $15.00 at	$6.75
Brilliantine Traveling Coats that were $6.00 to $8.00 at	$3.95
Alpaca Traveling Coats that were $4.00 to $5.00 at	$1.95
White Lawn Wrappers that were $1.50 to $2.50 at	75c
White Lawn Wrappers that were $3.00 to $5.00 at	$1.50
Tailor-Made Jackets, 34 in. long that were $20.00 at	$10.00
Tailor-Made Jackets, 34 in. long, Fur-Trimmed, that were $25.00 at	$12.75

Silk Wraps at Half-Price, Cheviot Wraps at Half-Price, Broadcloth Wraps at Half-Price, Black Cashmere Dresses at Half-Price, Brilliantine Dresses at Half-price, Black Henrietta Dresses at Half-Price, Colored Dresses at Half-Price.

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Specially cures all private, nervous, chronic and blood and skin diseases of both sexes without the use of mercury or hindrance from business. NO CURE, NO PAY. Private diseases and allied lingering cases where the blood has become poisoned, causing ulcers, blotches, sore throat and mouth, pains in the head and bones, and all diseases of the kidneys and bladder, are cured for life. Men of all ages who are suffering from the result of youthful indiscretion or excesses of mature years, producing nervousness, indigestion, constipation, loss of memory, etc., are thoroughly and permanently cured.

Dr. Feller, who has had many years of experience in this specialty, is a graduate from one of the leading medical colleges of the country. He has never failed in curing any cases that he has undertaken. Cases and correspondence sacredly confidential. Call or write for list of questions. Medicines sent by mail and express everywhere free from risk and exposure.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—"Civil Service Gazette."

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ST. PAUL MINN.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF Morrison—ss. In District Court.

In the Matter of the Assignment for the benefit of its creditors of the Falls City Manufacturing Co., Insolvent.

Notice is hereby given that on Wednesday, the 15th day of March, A. D. 1893, at 2 o'clock p. m., at my place of business, No. 411 Broadway, Little Falls, Minn., I will sell to the highest bidder for cash the Sash, Door, Blind and Furniture Manufacturing Plant of said Falls City Manufacturing Co., consisting of buildings, engine, machinery and the following described real estate situate in Morrison county, Minn., to wit:

Lots four (4), twelve (12) and thirteen (13), in block number sixty-four (64), in Thayer's addition to the village (now city) of Little Falls, Minn., according to the recorded plat thereof. The said company's deed requires said premises to be used for such manufacturing purposes, etc., and is recorded in the office of the register of deeds of said county, in book Y of Deeds, on page 216.

The conditions of the sale will be as follows: Sealed bids will be received at any time prior to or at the time mentioned above; each bid must be accompanied by a certified check for at least $100, payable to the assignee, to be returned in case bid is not accepted; and if bid is accepted, and buyer fails to pay remainder of the sum bid by him within five days after approval of sale by the court, said check to be forfeited and sale declared off.

At the time and place heretofore mentioned all bids will be opened and the sale made. The assignee reserves the right to call for oral bids then and there, if he sees fit.

Any sale made is subject to the approval of the court. P. F. HOSCH, Assignee, Little Falls, Minn.

A. P. BLANCHARD, Attorney for Assignee.

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Or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. 48-page Book free. To be had of L. & W. A. MUSSETTER, 3rd & Wabasha St. Trade supplied by KOYES BROS. & CUTLER, and RYAN DRUG CO., STP. PAUL.

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