FINGERING THE FORK.

Even in the Fashionable Restaurants It Is Done Very Queerly.

A Critic Who Keeps His Eye Open and Approves Very Few of Them.

The Majority Who Should Know the Proper Way Do Not Practice It.

Some Illustrations of the Awkwardness Among the Well Bred.

It's a profound secret, or ought to be; but Recorder readers may be trusted, under solemn pledges, with the uncomfortable information that knives and forks, more particularly forks, are handled very curiously at some fashionable restaurants on Broadway and Fifth avenue, says the New York Recorder.

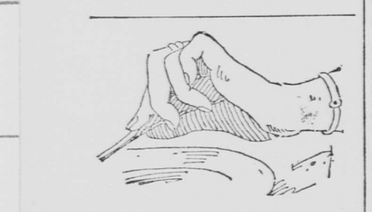
Observe the young man in the corner. He is attired faultlessly. His young

ITS OWNER IS UNMARRIED.

budding mustache is undergoing a careful training. His feet are encased in patent leathers, and his hands are of a calla-like whiteness, betokening more than usual attention. But his mother taught him wrong or else did not teach him at all.

"Waitah," he says, "bwing me a glaws of watah." Then he leans back in his chair, leaving the hand holding the fork on the table. The fork itself is raised point upward, as if it were a bayonet and he was waiting the attack of an enemy.

"Bah Jove!" he says, "that waitah is



HER LITTLE FINGER THE ATTRACTION.

dooced slow," and he looks over at his companion across the table, who goes on eating as if he never meant to stop.

They are father and son. The elder man is stout, gray-headed, slightly bald, with a firm, full face and a rotund appearance that betokens good living. He made his money in business; he knows a good dish and takes pleasure in it, but he does not care how he gets the food from the plate to his mouth so long as

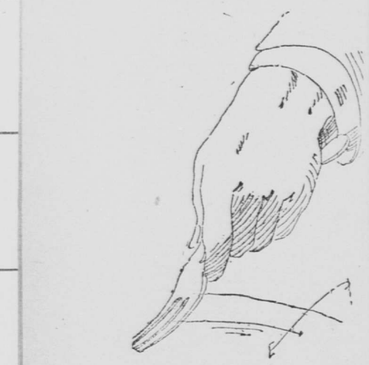
READY FOR THE ENEMY.

he accomplishes his object. His fork, being more of a shovel shape, is used in preference to his knife, and one instinctively knows that if the reverse were the case he would use the knife. And the right hand, being the stronger, has all the labor.

Ah! there is an elderly maiden. This is evident, though nothing is visible over the heads of our guests but her hand. That tells the whole story. She is a disappointed old maid. Her lover wouldn't have her even if she did have money. She has a firm disposition. Nothing would change her mind once it was made up. She was a country dressmaker, or so any fork expert would guess, suddenly lifted to affluence after the heyday of youth had passed.

That neatly dressed dark gentleman, just sitting down after removing his ulster, will know what to do. His tall, slim form settles back easily in the chair. He scans the menu card, orders carefully and gazes around, twirling his black mustache. His slender hand, adorned with a seal ring, fascinates the observer. Will he use it as gracefully when he holds the pronged instrument?

No; he is too nice, or he wishes to be. He catches the fork on the end of his



HE THINKS IT A SHOVEL.

thumb and sends it into a potato, his little finger acting as a guard. One glance at him is sufficient. He aims to impress observers with his perfect grace, but his ignorance is as black as his cuffs are immaculately white. The way he holds his fork spoils everything.

This one has been around some, you say; hobnobbed with blue bloods, dined at the Cafe Royal, Rue de St. Martine, Paris, with counts, barons and princes. He certainly has learned how to use his fork. He sits across the way from you and you have every opportunity of observing him.

Another disappointment! He imagines that the lower down his fingers go the better he can impale his food. Occasionally he has to drop the implement and use his napkin to remove the gravy from his fingers. It was deeper than he expected.

His companion, a New York girl, passes her imperfections by. Possibly she has some of her own. She has. They are not quite so glaring as his, but they are imperfections.

She sends out her little finger with an idea, probably, that it is the proper thing and that it will look so nice that the rest will be unobserved. She holds her fork so tenderly and with so much daintiness that one would imagine it a feather. Between her thumb, forefinger and second finger, it rests with the last end out of sight in the soft white palm. She thinks her style strictly proper.

Old Sobersides, the professor, is back of you. He has enough learning to fill a hundred volumes, but it is not in his fingers. It is evident that he does not care for style, and he fishes up the food from his plate in an absent-minded way that keeps the observer in a state of nervous chills.

The sporting man grips his knife and fork like the reins of a 2:20. His style is unique and interesting.

And so it goes; and yet it is not hard to hold the fork properly.

EATING MECHANICALLY.

The Waiter Does Everything but Swallow the Food and Drink.

On a recent evening a big man with a heavy walk entered a well-known cafe on upper Broadway and sank wearily into a chair at a table, says the New York Sun. He was about fifty years old, and had the appearance of a high liver. His face had the peculiar purplish-red color which is sometimes ascribed to burgundy and sometimes to champagne, but is always due to indulgence of the appetite for good things. His movements indicated that he felt sluggish, and it would have created no surprise in the observer to have been told that he was liable to apoplexy. He seemed preoccupied, and glanced listlessly about the room. Presently a waiter came up to him. He was about the same age as the man at the table, but was quick and active.

"Good morning, Mr. Jones," he said, briskly. "We have some nice turtle soup and some excellent roast grouse."

"All right, James," said the other absent-mindedly.

"Some potatoes chateau and a lettuce salad?"

"Yes."

The waiter went away and returned presently with some illustrated papers, which the man took from him without so much as looking up. The soup was brought on and ladled out by the waiter, who then took the napkin and spread it carefully over the man's lap. He brought on a glass of sherry, although the man had said nothing about it, and set it down beside his plate. The man did not notice it, but began to eat his soup greedily.

"You are forgetting your sherry, sir," said the waiter, respectfully.

Mechanically the diner reached out and carried the glass to his lips. The waiter watched him as carefully as a mother does her child, filled the glass of water when it was empty, replaced the napkin when it slipped down, and in other ways saw to it that the diner was comfortable. The soup was followed by the roast, potatoes and some celery. The latter had not been ordered, either. The grouse was carved by the waiter, who also served the potatoes and picked out the tender pieces of celery.

"Do you want your champagne, sir?" he asked.

"What champagne?" demanded the diner, querulously.

"You have half a bottle left from last night, sir."

"Bring it on, then."

The waiter returned with a half-empty bottle. A rubber cork tightly pressed into the mouth had preserved the sparkle. Through the remainder of the meal the waiter never relaxed his watchfulness, although he had to wait on two other tables. When the diner had finished his coffee he started to rise. The waiter, who happened to be at another table, rushed to his side.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Jones," he said; "you must take your pepsin."

"Then why the devil don't you bring it?"

"Right away, sir."

In a moment he had rushed out of the room and returned speedily with a bottle and a spoon. He mixed up a dose in a glass and handed it to the man, who drank it with a wry face. Then the waiter brought a finger bowl and a cigar, of which he cut off the end. He waited until the man had slowly put it between his lips and then he struck a match and applied the light. The man puffed so slowly that the match had burned down to the waiter's fingers and scorched them before the cigar was thoroughly lighted. The waiter now helped the man on with his overcoat, adjusted his silk muffler, buttoned up the coat and handed him his cane.

"Good night, Mr. Jones," said the waiter, as the man toddled away. An indistinct mumbling was the only reply.

The head waiter explained. "That man Jones," said he, "has been coming here for fifteen years and always has the same waiter. He's a grouty man, but not bad-hearted. He's a chronic dyspeptic, but you see he won't deny himself much. You noticed he did't tip the waiter? That's because he pays him once a week and generously. He pays his meal checks the same way. The waiter knows his habits absolutely, and, as you saw, does not require any orders. He knows that he wants certain things always, and understands his tastes well enough to be able to suggest a satisfactory menu every time. I have an idea the old fellow will remember his waiter in his will. He gives him lots of presents, as well he might, for the waiter does about everything except eat and drink for him."

A CAT'S TRIP.

A good cat story comes from Bombay. In August a Liverpool resident proceeding to Bombay took out with him a cat, which he intended to present to a friend in India.

Some days after the arrival of the steamer in Bombay pussy was missed, and, though she was searched for high and low, she was nowhere to be found. Her owner had quite given her up for lost, when he received intelligence from England that the cat had made her appearance at her old Liverpool home on Oct. 26, as calm and collected as though a trip to India and back was quite in the ordinary course of her life. The facts are vouched for by a Bombay paper, and there is no reason to doubt their substantial accuracy; but it is not made clear whether the cat was not stowed away in the steamer in which she went out to India and carried back in the ordinary course. Under any circumstances her adventures are, however, sufficiently remarkable to deserve recording.

APRIL'S AFIELD.

April's afield, April's in the air!
Almost you may see each hour
Willows that at dawn were bare,
Meadows that were brown,
On which the lengthening mellow day has burned,
Creep into green before the sun goes down,
And some black bough, while mortal backs were turned,
Swift stolen into flower.

April's afield, April's in the air!
Fleeting over Earth's slow dust,
Leaving us behind here, where
Pass and pass the years.
Soulless as Echo, she can never know
Our kisses that she hastens, nor our tears,
Not for us watchers do her blossoms blow;
Their day is come: they must.

April's afield, April's in the air!
Heavy winter turns his feet
Northward with his load of care;
And on April's wings
Unreasoning our human hearts upsoar,
As hearts have done since they were human things,
As human hearts shall do for evermore
When ours forget to beat.
—Owen Wister, in April Lippincott's.

THE ABALONE HUNTER

The Strange Method by Which the Chinaman Was Trapped.

He Was Caught by the Giant Mollusk as the Tide Came In.

He had Tried to Detach the Abalone With His Bare Hands.

Thrilling and Fatal Encounter With a Strange Sea Monster.

If you ever come to the South country do not fail to visit the islands of the channel of Santa Barbara. Sail out from the golden shores of the mainland as I did years ago in a little cockle-shell of a boat with the smell of dried fish about, and lie down upon the deck and listen to the water gliding away under you, and giving to the silence that has steeped you but a deeper tone. Sail alone across the channel of Santa Barbara, to where the island of Anacapa breaks purpling through a purple sea, and float in water so clear that, looking down, you seem to be in another world, and the bright fishes, darting in and out through the darkening branches of the kelp, are as birds that fly about from tree to tree in a silent forest, says the San Francisco Call.

From above, far on the rocks, comes the barking of seals, and through the caves that pierce the island is echoed the booming of the breakers striking with steady pulsations the further side, but these sounds, too, deepen the hush that is upon the place, the hush that comes from man's absence—and all tell tales of the sea. Aye, that is the place, Anacapa, to hear those tales, though they are never told by human lips.

The only men in Anacapa are the Chinese, a half-dozen perhaps, living in a tumble-down hut built upon a jutting ledge, the single level spot upon the island, just under the shadow of its loftiest cliff. They make but a scant living catching dog sharks for their fins and tails, which are dried in the sun upon frames and shipped to China as a great delicacy. In former years it was much better.

The abalone, a great univalve mollusk, clung to every rock then, as large sometimes as a half-bushel measure, and one had but to go about with a bag and a bit of iron to loosen the fish from rock to rock to pick up a good day's wages when the tide was low. A perilous calling? Oh, yes; but the coolies climb and cling like cats, and a little wetting now and again made no difference. Besides, what did it matter? If a man fell from the rocks into the deep pools you could always fish up his sack of abalone again—and there were plenty of men.

In the spring the abalone harvest was best, in those days, and in the spring the tide was strong, for the earth is awakened from hibernation, and her pulses beat high and fierce, as a man's do. It is a perilous calling. The peril is in getting at the mollusk generally. Just above low water mark, and when the tide goes down the shell is raised and the creatures seem to peek, in some sort, to peer out upon the exposed world from beneath its covering of nacre—coated on the outside with plumes of seaweed and with colonies of barnacles.

Then the hunter comes along, peering here and there under overhanging ledges or reaching far above his head to where the highest tide line touches and inserts his steel bar, sharpened at the point, under the edge of the raised shell with a quick movement, loosens the fish from its hold on the rock and tumbles it down into his bag. But he must be quick, very quick, and his eye must be sure. Once let him fail, or let an awkward movement discover the intrusion of the steel into the mollusk, and the shell is shut down upon the rock with a snap, and the prize is lost.

Even a strong man cannot pull an ordinary sized abalone from its bed, so great is its power of suction. He can break the shell, it is true, and so get out the meat, but it is no part of the hunter's plan to do that, for the shell is of pure mother-of-pearl, and is itself a rich prize. Then, too, if the shell be broken the hunter runs the chance of losing the beautiful pearl which the mollusk sometimes carries in its stomach.

It was on a spring day that the abalone hunters—four of them—went out from the little hut when the tide was low, picking their way to the other side of the island through a cave that carried a great stream when it was at flood. Three of them turned to the west. The fourth went east, and wandered along the rocky shore, finding rich stores of abalones. On and still on he went, and the sun went down into a curtain of white mist, and his bag of fish grew heavy. He had found luck all that day. Presently, in making a more daring leap than usual from one half submerged rock to another, his steel bar fell from his hand and, striking the ledge upon which he had alighted, rattled down into the sea and sank quickly down, down.

It did not matter. He had a good catch and he would return to the hut. Then, just as he turned to leap back across the gulf, his eye caught a glimpse of an abalone larger than any he had seen in all his searching. It was so large that its weight would have doubled his load, and its shell was a mountain of mother-of-pearl. There it lay under the rock on which he stood bare-footed and in water that already reached to his knees, just within reach. The shell was raised from the rock an inch, perhaps, and the water flowed in and out under it. How the hunter wished now for the steel bar that had rattled down into the sea but a few minutes before. He looked long at the prize, kneeling and peering into the water.

He reached down and could just touch the edge of the shell—lightly, so not to alarm the monster. He knew that men had sometimes loosened these fish from the rocks with bare hands. It was a great risk, but it was also a great temptation. With a quick movement he reached under the shell to tear it from its bed, and then, with a force cold and cruel and relentless as death, the monster shut down its armor, and the man's hand was caught. His steel bar was gone. His bag of abalones, just beyond his reach, lay upon the rock on which he knelt at a point where the water was a little shallower. There was no loose stone with which he might have crushed the shell, liberating himself. He was held down there kneeling, with the waves rippling about his waist—and the tide was rising.

A man, even a Chinaman, dies hard. It is the instinct to cling to life. The hunter struggled agonizingly to get free. He strained and tugged and writhed, twisting his body, now in the water and now out—and a yellow pallor, ghastly, terrible, spread over his face, and on his brow there were drops colder than the sea. He cried aloud, screaming as Asiatics scream in terror, and from the hollow caves his screams came back mingled with the echoes of the breakers—and the seabirds caught up the cry, mocking him. The hunter struggled again, seeking to get the fingers of his free hand under the shell that he might break the grip, if it were only a little.

The mollusk held firm. Then he ceased to struggle, lying back in silent agony. The tide came on. It covered his shoulders and neck. Once more he struggled, crying aloud in his agony, and the sea water filled his mouth. Then again he was silent, growing weaker. The tide came on and on. There was a last despairing fight of the animal for life and a cry that was drowned in a choking gurgle. And the gulls, circling about the cliffs high above, saw a prey of larger sort caught and delivered at their hand.

So they found him, still pinioned, when the tide went out again, and his bones were sent to lie at the shrine of his ancestors.

MOTORS FOR BALLOONS.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Hamburg gardener named Carl Theodor Geissler has, it is reported, solved the balloon problem with an invention reported upon favorably by more than one expert.

In form it resembles a torpedo. The car is as long as the balloon itself, and has a screw in front and a rudder behind. The screw is driven by a Daimler's petroleum motor of aluminum, weighing only 120 kilos, and making 1,000 revolutions in a minute. The rise and fall can be regulated by a sliding weight, and by a ring which encircles the case. Experiments are to be made in the early spring with a large dirigible balloon works at Chalain-Mendon, under the direction of Commandant Renard.

It will measure about 230 feet by 42 feet. It is expected to be able to make headway against air currents not exceeding twenty-eight miles an hour. The motor is not fully described, but it will act either with gasoline or the gas of the balloon, giving an effective force of forty-five horse-power on the shaft. The total weight of machinery, with supply of gasoline, etc., will be about sixty-six pounds per horse-power.

Previously it has not been possible to make petroleum motors with a less weight than 50 to 200 kilos per horse-power. The screw will be in front, and a large rudder behind; the former will make about 200 turns per minute.

WHEN EATING

becomes troublesome, digestion defective, sleeping an impossibility, appetite ceases, take **Johann Hoff's Malt Extract.** It acts like a charm and tastes splendid. Be sure to buy the "genuine," which must have the signature of "Johann Hoff" on the neck of every bottle, and take no substitute. One dozen bottles are worth a cask of ale in nutritive and tonic properties without being intoxicating. EISNER & MENDELSON Co., Sole Agents, 152 and 154 Franklin Street, New York.

ST. PAUL'S WEEKLY RECORD

Monday.

BIRTHS REPORTED.

Mr. and Mrs. Otis N. Dunham.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Lynch.....Boy and girl
Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Burlingame.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Fisaback.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Israel Fyne.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. E. Nystrom.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Knaff.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. John Alquist.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Mealey.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Bjorkland.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. John Widing.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Gust Ekerson.....Boy

DEATHS REPORTED.

Mary Mayer, 1109 Payne av.....4 years
Ida M. Volska, 708 Hall av.....4 months
Baby Kimball, 228 West Sixth st...13 months
Margaret Malser, 410 Blair st.....23 years
Hans Amandson, 249 East Ninth.....48 years
Lyman B. Holbrook, St. Joseph's hos...39 yrs

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

John Barnes.....Winnie A. Brannan
Stephen Reddy.....Mary Barrett
Frank Hall.....Catherine Blochl
Martin Marsh.....Mary Kasal
Cornelius Lakefield.....Clara Belle Jones
Peter Hanson.....Annie Nvhus
Charles H. Senombe.....Georgie M. Linley
Herges Nuholus.....Susie Hahn
Herman Miska.....Bertha Kleise

Tuesday.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Daniel D. McLeod.....Augusta L. Grube
Ferdinand L. Mieux.....Flora Chevalier
William H. Ritherby.....Johanna Clement
Charles Lautz.....Emma Martha Ford
James McMullen.....Susie Umphrey
William Hamilton Jr.....Inez Jones
Lawrence Williamson.....Gracie J. Johnston

BIRTHS REPORTED.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morrisey.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Booth.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. William Main.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. James Tyner.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Wilke.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dahlgren.....Boy and Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Knapp.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan G. Cobb.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Currie.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Peterson.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Cates.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Peilzer.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lick.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Polla.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. August Erickson.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kerrigan.....Girl

DEATHS REPORTED.

Charles Bentley, 697 Martin st.....67 years

Wednesday.

BIRTHS REPORTED.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Mottelson.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Otto Zerrahn.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Snell.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Haliam.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Goerrey.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Eric N. Pears.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. John Bavne.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Horace Bennett.....Girl

DEATHS REPORTED.

P. Reardon, St. Joseph's hospital....77 years
Therese Bouden, 90 Wilkin st.....104 years
Ann Kremer, upper flats.....5 months
Rose Fountaine, 230 East Fairfield...51 years
Baby Cole, 901 Armstrong.....14 months
Blanche L. Howe, 299 East 14th st...20 months

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

John Mulcore.....Mary E. Hoban
Andrew R. Peterson.....Emelia C. Peterson
Andrew Nerlin.....Mary Nelson
Charles J. Hundt.....Rosa K. Altmen
Matt Kirchmaier.....Mrs. Maria Sangl
Claus Umland.....Martha Koerner

Thursday.

BIRTHS REPORTED.

Mr. and Mrs. Asia Basley.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Maloney.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Martin Maloney.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. John Godkind.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Keney.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Emanual H. Povolling.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller.....Boy

DEATHS REPORTED.

Meyer Grienberg, 651 Case st.....46 yrs
Baby Stella, 891 Martin.....2 mos
Otto Kalzmeier, 939 Beech.....13 mos
Jennie Tofstey, 113 Belvidere st.....34 yrs

Friday.

BIRTHS REPORTED.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hurley.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Demuth.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. William C. Birmingham.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Herman Reisen.....Girl

DEATHS REPORTED.

Mrs. Francis Samuels, 897 Iglehart.....59 yrs
Harry L. Hansen, 644 Broadway.....3½ mos
Charles Becker, 231 Concord.....1 mo

Saturday.

BIRTHS REPORTED

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Fountan.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Martin Foranan.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Sandin.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. John Muller.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hayden.....Boy

DEATHS REPORTED.

Martin Hester, 293 Charles st.....52 years
John Kountze, Franklin st.....40 years
Mrs. Katharina Berborish, 445 University.35yrs
Ray A. Dapron, 514 Selby av.....2 months

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Theodore H. Kaeruer.....Louisa M. Hendris
Frank Vanhall.....Susie Klema
Joseph Salvas.....Julia Donovan
Charles Cramer.....Caroline Papineau
Orney J. Knutson.....Ida M. Price
Ignotz Schulmeier.....Barbara Wiedner
Luther J. Jamison.....Minnie Jacobs
Andrew Kendohl.....Christina Frish
Joseph Mischack.....Marie Willetisck

ST. PAUL REAL ESTATE.

The following real estate transfers were recorded yesterday:

Almira F Charlton to A McLaren, east 35 ft lt 17, blk 20, Woodland Park	$3,600
Alexander Grant to W Baumeister et al., lt 5, blk 2, E M Mackubin's add	1,300
T Loring to W G Hendrickson, lt 11, blk 23, Merriam Park; lt 5, blk 15, Second add Merriam Park	3,000
W G Hendrickson to T Loring, part lts 12 and 13, blk 10, Ewing & Chute's add	6,000
Samuel W Tarbell to G A Campbell, lt 8, blk 7, Anna E Raysey's add	1,000
James D Pearce to John Eagan, lts 21 and 22, Hoxie's rear blk 4, Anna E Ramsey's	1,500
John Eagan to W L Weber, lts 21 and 22, Hoxie's rear blk 4, Anna E. Ramsey's	1,500
National German-American bank to G W Freeman, east 100 ft of south 185 ft blk 22, Woodland Park	23,500
Northwestern Realty Co to A F La Belle, lt 23 and 24, blk 40, Summit Park	8,000
same to same, part lt 10, blk 2, Rice & Irvine's	12,000
G W Hitchcock to Cora M Countryman, lt 14, blk 2, Palace add	4,500
One unpublished	2,400
Total (12 deeds)	$68,300

POPULAR WANTS.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

A. A.—A KIND, sound, gentle five-year-old driving or general purpose horse for sale cheap. Room 10, Globe Building.

A WILKES STALLION FOR SALE—"Master McGrath," bay colt, foaled April, 1889, bred by owner; by Woodford Wilkes, 2528 (see Woodford Wilkes). First dam, Hebe Von Arnim, by Von Arnim, 1847 (2:19½); 2d dam, Hebe, by Belmont, 64; 3d dam, Haidee, by Magbrino Chief II.; 4th dam, running-bred, by Zenith; 5th dam, by Alexander; 6th dam, by Moses; 7th dam, by Duke of Bedford; 8th dam, by Union; 9th dam, by Imp. Dabster. Four years old, 15.3 hands high, registered No. 19522, light bay, black points, weighs 1,150 lbs.: is for sale for one-sixth of his value. Apply to James King, Horse Exchange, Fourth and Minnesota sts.

A FINE two-seat open surrey in excellent shape; pole and shafts; very cheap, $100. C. M., Globe.

A COUPLE of wagons and harnesses for sale at your own price. 343 North Exchange st.

COUSIN JEAMS, by Ten Broeck, out of Allen Harper, by Longfellow, will serve a limited number at Meintzer Farm, West side flats.

FINEST-GAITED SADDLE HORSE in the city for sale at the Albion Stable.

FOR SALE—A fine six-year-old horse, about 1,030 pounds; kind and stylish. Can be seen at Kinny's Livery Monday and Tuesday.

FOR SALE CHEAP—Pair horses, 1,100 each; double harness and light truck. G. W. Womack, 605 Manhattan block.

FOR SALE—Black horse, eight years old; weighs about 1,200 pounds; pleasant driver; good traveler; gentle; kind; afraid of nothing. A. A. Rene, 110½ East Fourth st.

FOR SALE—Fine two-seat extension-top (full leather) carriage for $125; nearly new; pole and shafts. C. M., Globe.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Horse, buggy and harness for rent of house or cottage centrally located. Address A 81, Globe.

FOR SALE—Two-seat carriage, nearly new, also good three-spring delivery wagon. Inquire Andrew Nippolt, 418 Manhattan Building.

FOR SALE—Cheap—Four horses and a pair of 1,200-lb mares, at No. 20 West Fourth st.

FOR SALE—Platform spring extension top carriage; handsome; nearly new; made by E. M. Hallowell; cost $550; will sell for $275; also light carriage harness; full rubber trim; made by Charles Friend, St. Paul; nearly new; cost $90; sell for $50. One single harness, cost $40, for $15; one phaeton, made by E. M. Hallowell, in first-class condition, cost $190, sell for $80; one light canopy top buggy, the top is adjustable, cost $100, for $40; one set of double harness, can use for light carriage or buggy, it's combination, breast collars for buggy use, patent leather collars and hames for carriage, almost entirely new made, to order for me by Charles Friend & Son, of St. Paul, cost $145, sell for $57.50. Inquire at stable, 227 Virginia av., corner of Nelson.

FOR SALE — Canopy-top surrey; first-class rig; cheap. 504 Edmund st.

FOR SALE, cheap, one second-hand top buggy; call Sunday. 519 Carroll st.

FOR SALE—One black horse seven years old; sound, weighs 1,150, nice driver; buggy, light spring wagon, one set of harness; will sell cheap; owner has no further use for it. Call at 268 Belmont st., West side, corner Ohio.

FOR SALE—A large-sized pony, good for cart or saddle. Apply at once, 124 Summit av.

FOR SALE AT ABOUT HALF PRICE—Extension front Rockaway, nearly new, goatskin trimmings, French plate glass; latest style; light coupe Rockaway, in perfect condition, used very little; light Duquisita Victoria (movable front seat), nearly new; cabriolet, Victoria, in good condition; a few second-hand carriages, phaetons, buggies, etc. E. M. Hallowell & Co., 503 Minnesota st., St. Paul.

FOR SALE—Jump-seat buggy, cheap; good order, at Brennan's Livery Stable, 775 Ashland av.

FOR SALE—Seven-year-old sound horse and wagon, with harness, at C. Podlasky's, 129 Front st.

FOR SALE FOR $400—An imported Clyde stallion six years old, weight 1,700. Apply to H. Schmidt, Owatonna, Minn.

GOOD TEAM HORSES and harness for sale. 257 Front st.

GOOD TEAM OF HORSES, harness and wagon; weight, 3,200. Address Charles Nardin, near Youngman's Stone Quarry, south of West Seventh st.; take Fort Snelling car.

GOOD PONY for sale cheap; broken to harness and saddle; good traveler. Can be seen at 302 Sherman st.

GOOD FOUR-YEAR-OLD HORSE buggy and harness for sale. Address 682 Armstrong st., City.

HORSE, ten years old, weight about 1,100; two spring wagons, and a platform spring. Call 595 Jenks st.

HORSES, harness and double wagon for sale; weight, 1,300; must be sold at once, and will sell cheap. 982 Cromwell av., St. Anthony Park, city.

HORSES AND CARRIAGE—A pair of handsome black horses, a set of silver-mounted harness, and one of the finest carriages in the city will be sold for $700; the horses recently sold for $1,000; will be sacrificed for $300; the carriage cost $800 and will be sold for $350; the $100 harness can be had for $50; the owner must leave the city at once, hence the bargain. Address Mr. Frank, care Globe.

LIVERY for sale; some first-class saddle and drivers; will trade for city property. 254 East Eighth st.

ONE HORSE, pacer; fast, sound and gentle. Inquire 143 North Franklin st.

ONE GOOD delivery team, 1,150 lbs.; delivery horse, five years old, 1,250 lbs.; 1,100 lbs. driver, gentle, for lady, can pull a buggy in three minutes; one three-year-old black, well bred; one fine bred stallion, weight 1,300 lbs.; four double-seated carriages, five buggies, double and single harness. 111½ Washington av. south, Minneapolis.

PONY for sale, 136 Jessamine st., St. Paul.

PONY—For sale, a fine bay pony, black mane and tail; good for riding and driving; very gentle; cheap. Inquire at 817 Marshall av. between 6 and 8 a. m. and p. m.

TWO FINE SADDLE HORSES for sale, one a combination. Knickerbocker Land and Loan Co., 118 South Robert st.

TWO GOOD five-glass Landaus; in good shape. Seven Corners Livery.

THE FOLLOWING LIST of second-hand vehicles for sale cheap: A light platform wagon, with three seats; also one with long bed and high front seat; one top delivery wagon, one single truck, one road cart, one phaeton cart with top; also new vehicles of every description. Call at Twin City Carriage Works, 166 University av. A. Barth, Proprietor.

WANTED—A young family horse, sound and gentle, for lady to drive. Call 180 Charles st.

WANTED—Jump seat surrey; must be in good order and cheap. Address K 72, Globe.

WANTED—To buy a good horse, about 1,000 or 1,100 pounds for delivery purposes. Apply H. Sachwitz, 492 Mississippi st.

WE WANT to buy about a 1,200 horse fair traveler. Jennings Implement Company, 334 Starkey st., West side.

45 HEAD OF HORSES, weighing from 1,100 to 1,700, all young and sound, from Northern Iowa, for sale at Mulvehill's sale stable, West side.

100 HEAD OF FARM MARES and business horses; also one Hambletonian stallion and one Spanish jack; the above must be sold soon to make room for more coming in. J. D. Barrett, 20 Second st. north, Minneapolis.

$75—DO YOU WANT A PIANO? A Hardman, in fine condition. Whitney's Music Store, 97 East Third st.

STORES AND FIXTURES.

BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES AND BILLIARD SUPPLIES; Warerooms, 405 and 407; Office and Factory 411 and 417 Fifth avenue south, Minneapolis, Minn.

POPULAR WANTS.

FINANCIAL.

R. M. NEWPORT & SON, INVESTment Bankers, loan money on improved property in St. Paul and Minneapolis at 6 per cent "on or before." Offices, New Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul, and Reeve Building, Minneapolis.

A. A. A.—THE STANDARD LOAN Co., 328 Robert, corner Fourth, room 5, will loan you money on furniture, pianos, diamonds, watches, etc., at less rates and better terms than can be had elsewhere.

A. A.—LOANS on furniture, pianos, horses, diamonds, watches, all good collateral and commercial paper; partial payments, lowest rates. Minnesota Mortgage Loan Company, Rooms 15-14, First National Bank Building, corner Fourth and Jackson sts. Mackey, Manager.

A—DO YOU WANT TO BORROW money at a lower rate than you can borrow through any other agency? The American Mortgage Loan Company, Room 7, First National bank building, corner Fourth and Jackson sts., will let you have any amount, $10, $20, $25, $40, $75, $100 or $200—in fact, any sum you wish—on your gold watch, diamonds, household furniture, horse, buggy, piano, carriage, etc., at a lower rate than you can possibly get it elsewhere. Goods can remain in your possession, and you can pay a part any time you want and stop interest. Business private and confidential. You can have your own time in paying up principal.

ANY amount of money loaned on horses, carriages, furniture, pianos, watches, diamonds, etc., at one-half the usual rates; can be paid back by installments, and at any time to suit your convenience, thereby reducing cost of carrying loan; all business private and honorably transacted. J. L. Strauch, Room 10, Globe Building.

BANK STOCKS a specialty; bonds, commercial paper, mortgages, securities bought and sold. George W. Jenks, Investment Banker, Minnesota Loan and Trust Building, Minneapolis.

FOR CHEAP MONEY on real estate (vacant or improved) see H. Caldwell, 84 Germania Life Building.

LARGE AMOUNTS of money to loan on improved property at 5 and 6 per cent. Smith, Parker & Gilman, N. Y. Life Building.

MONEY LOANED ON ALL GOOD SECURITY—Diamonds a specialty; rates lowest and honest; strictly private. Room 641, Endicott Building.

MONEY ON HAND to loan on city property and farms; lowest rates; no delay. W. F. Moritz, 1013 Pioneer Press.

MONEY LOANED on all goods of value; very low rates; at 163 East Seventh st., two doors from corner of Jackson.

MONEY LOANED on life insurance policies; or bought. L. P. Van Norman (1 Guaranty Loan Building, Minneapolis.

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC—Our fine display of gas ranges, steel ranges and coal and wood cooks, showing unequaled advantages. Pruden Stove Company, 409 Sibley st.

-P-R-I-V-A-T-E-

Money loaned on diamonds, watches, pianos, furniture or goods in storage at lowest rates, and small monthly return payments; notes and mortgages bought; most private loan rooms in the city. Ohio Investment Company, 332 Globe Building; take elevator.

THE SAVINGS BANK OF ST. PAUL, corner Fifth and Jackson sts., always has money to loan at 6, 7 and 8 per cent, and charges no commission.

$75—DO YOU WANT A PIANO? A Hardman, in fine condition. Whitney's Music Store, 97 East Third st.

$500 REWARD to the person who will procure me a purchaser for lot one (1), block thirty-five (35), Summit Park addition, for twenty-five hundred dollars ($2,500). This lot is the southwest corner of Grand av. and Chalsworth st., and its size is 69x150. Richard Leffmann, 244 East Fourth st., second floor front.

6 PER CENT, 7 PER CENT, 8 PER Cent—
If you want money cheap!
If you want money quick!
If you want money at low rates!
We loan in sums of $150 up.
No commission on loans under $400.
Rothschild & Thurston, 319 Pioneer Press Building.

$500,000 TO LOAN at 5 per cent and upwards, in amounts and for time to suit; also large business plants bought for cash. Apply to C. Ernst & Co., investment bankers; offices, Germania Bank building, St. Paul; Temple Court, Minneapolis.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALL KINDS of second-hand sewing machines from $5 up. 438 Wabasha st.

ALL KINDS OF FURS stored and money advanced on them by the Capitol City Loan Company, 163 East Seventh, two doors from Jackson st.

DR. SOLOMON'S BITTERS should be taken as a spring medicine; tongue coated, dull spirits, sick headache, poor appetite indicate that this great family medicine should be used.

NOTICE—Bakers' Union No. 21 has removed its office from Mitsch's block so the Germania Hotel, corner Eighth and Robert sts.

DR. W. D. GREEN, Dentist, is now located in elegant quarters in the new Mannheimer Bldg., opp. Metropolitan opera house.

$75—DO YOU WANT A PIANO? A Hardman, in fine condition. Whitney's Music Store, 97 East Third st.

TYPEWRITERS AND SUPPLIES.

THE REMINGTON TYPEWRITER—Constantly improved; desks for all machines; paper, ribbons, carbon; send for catalogue. Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, 154 East Fourth st.

STENOGRAPHERS furnished with positions and business houses supplied without charge to either party. Apply to Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict, 154 East Fourth St.

$75—DO YOU WANT A PIANO? A Hardman, in fine condition. Whitney's Music Store, 95 East Third st.

Money for Sale!

World's Fair Coins

At the Globe Office.

RELIGIOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS

NEW JERUSALEM (OR SWEDENborgian) Church — Southeast Corner Virginia and Selby Avs—Rev. Edward C. Mitchell, pastor; services at 10:30 a. m.; subject of sermon, "Guarding Our Thoughts." Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.

GOSPEL UNION MISSION, MARKET House, Wabasha and Seventh Sts.—Services Sunday, 3:30 p. m., praise meeting; 5:30 p.