What a boy reads is a very important matter, so we present the following from the New York Times on that matter:

Following a late reply to a request for suggestions for girls' reading comes a similar question concerning the boys of the family. An article taken some months ago from a Chicago weekly, and kept in a mother's scrapbook, is so pertinent that extracts are freely made from it.

"It is a saying of Bulwer," begins the writer, "that if boys are fond of reading, the less any particular books are forced upon them, the better." Perhaps this is true, in regard to advice; but there is one way in which good books may be pleasantly forced upon the attention of boys. This is by reading them aloud in the family circle. It is surprising to find how little reading of this sort is done among even cultivated people.

In one family the father happens to "dislike" it. He wants to "look at the paper," and he can't have "a noise;" so the children are hushed up, the mother sits and sews meekly, and nobody dares to speak. In another there is nobody who excels in elocution. The father's voice is not adapted to it, and the mother is made "nervous" by "poor reading." In another it is impossible to agree on a book.

These are only specimens of the numberless excuses which are presented in different families when they are asked why they do not have reading aloud. Yet all households who have tried it testify to its charm and its benefit, for it is not only a pleasant way of passing the time and of acquiring information and culture, but it brings in a new common interest and affords a topic for elevated conversation in the family, often too apt to be lacking.

Even if the father or mother objects to reading aloud, still, if one of them, or an older brother or sister desires it, and has force enough to plan for it, a room can usually be provided where it can be done. Then be sure that all the children in the family are trained in reading; not in a head or throat tone, but in the full, deep chest tone. By using the voice properly a person of ordinary strength can read aloud for hours at a time without fatigue.

Do not neglect the poets in your selection of books. There are few long poems which will keep the interest of the young night after night, but Scott's ringing verses always please them. From a good anthology selections should be read aloud several times each week.

Save from the books that you read by yourself the best passages to share with your boys. They will doubly appreciate a choice literary morsel if prefaced by some such remark as, "I knew that you would like this, so I saved it on purpose for you."

Discussion upon the books read quickens the critical faculty and whets the literary appetite of all.

A boy brought up to enjoy good reading every day will not be tempted by the "penny-dreadful" and other pernicious literature of the day, which lie in wait for our youth, as the iceberg for the helpless vessel—

"Swimming full upon the ship it founders,
Hungry, with huge teeth of splintered crystal"—

but he will loathe such reading, as a child accustomed to good food loathes that which is ill-cooked and unsavory.

There's no surer way of making boys love their home, and of giving them right impulses and ideals, than to read with them the works of the great masters of thought. If you never tried it, and have boys of your own, make your plans to begin a course of reading with them at once. Get an interesting book and read it in an interesting way, and you will be surprised at the results.

BETHEL WORKERS

Consult on What Shall Be Done—Resolutions of Sympathy.

The Bethel board met at the residence of Mrs. R. M. Newport, on Summit avenue, yesterday at 10 o'clock. Rev. H. Franklin, of Chicago, superintendent of Bethel work, was present, and opened with prayer. Mr. R. A. Kirk presided over the meeting. Nothing definite could be done, except to determine to secure as soon as possible a room in which to continue the lunch counter, and to hold the Sunday school services. On account of the death of his daughter Lulu, Rev. David Morgan could not be present, and as his aid was desired, it was decided to postpone any further action for the time.

On motion it was decided to hold a service on Sunday afternoon at the Auditorium instead of the usual Sunday school that had been held at the Bethel boat. This service will be in the form of a memorial, and whatever collections may be given will be for the benefit of those injured by the fire. Mr. Kirk was named as a committee of one to secure the Auditorium. A committee on arrangements was appointed, consisting of Mesdames Newport, Nichols and Willis and Messrs. Morse and Clark. Interesting speakers will be provided, and it is hoped that all who are in sympathy with the Bethel work will be on hand to aid by their presence those who are employed in it, as well as to testify to their respect for those who died in the fire at the boat.

Mrs. Higbee, who has had charge of the mothers' meeting for the last year, spoke in commendation of Mrs. Jennie Peak, the late matron of the Bethel boat. Her place will be hard to fill, as she seemed peculiarly fitted for the work. Mesdames Stone, Gilbert and Nichols were appointed a committee to procure flowers to be placed on Mrs. Peak's coffin as a token of the love and regret of these, her fellow workers. The board has taken part in her burial, the large majority attending the funeral in person.

Sympathy for Rev. and Mrs. David Morgan in the sad loss of their daughter Lulu were expressed. The hour of her burial was announced as 10 o'clock this morning from the home at Hamline to Oakwood cemetery.

An appeal was also made for clothes for the family of Rev. William A. Alleyn. The little girl is six years old, and all are destitute. Clothing sent to Rev. Dawley, 158 Arundel street, will reach them.

The following, presented by Mrs. Elizabeth L. Willis, secretary of the board, expresses the feelings of the women who worked with Mrs. Peak.

"The tragic death of Mrs. Jennie Peak, missionary of the Bethel, is a loss deeply to be deplored. Mrs. Peak has been connected with this beneficent institution for the last eighteen months, and has so identified herself with the work as to seem indispensable. She possessed a kind and cheerful disposition, and had a kind word for all, devoting herself to the duties of her position with that entire consecration and Christian self-denial that won all hearts. The loss of such a brave and noble woman is felt by the board of managers to be particularly sad, if not irreparable. She leaves a bright, attractive child, just entering upon womanhood, who receives the deepest sympathy of the whole community."

PERSONAL MENTION.

E. S. Kelly, of Portland, Or., is at the Ryan.

O. C. Comstock, of Detroit, is a guest at the Sherman.

J. C. McCormack, of Rutledge, is a guest at the Sherman.

J. W. Mason, of Fergus Falls, is a guest at the Merchants'.

F. S. Verbeck, of Chicago, formerly of St. Paul, is in the city.

Jud La Moure, of Pembina, N. D., was at the Merchants' yesterday.

C. J. Montague, of Royalton, was among the guests at the Sherman yesterday.

At the Clarendon—E. L. Warren, Detroit; R. Morrison, White Earth; H. Harland, Saux Rapids; W. J. Mooney, Langdon, N. D.; George Howe, Helena.

At the Ryan—H. W. Kent, Milwaukee; J. B. Carnoday, Madison; F. S. Kelly, C. G. Huntley, Portland; M. L. White, Sioux City; George Newell, Seattle; A. M. Sedgwick, Des Moines.

At the Windsor—G. O. Welch, Fergus Falls; Harry Silver, Crookston; Edward Searing, Mankato; G. F. Carpenter, Lake City; Frank E. Putnam, Blue Earth City; T. S. Campbell, West Superior; Joseph Carhart, St. Cloud.

At the Merchants'—J. Smith, Duluth; Judson La Moure, Pembina, N. D.; Dr. H. A. Tomlington, St. Peter; L. B. Nash, Spokane; E. H. Loyhed, Seattle; A. B. Cole, Fergus Falls; G. W. Tubbs, Pine City; R. J. Drake, Northfield; M. F. Hurt, Cottage Grove.

At the Metropolitan—William M. Brown and family, Philadelphia, Pa.; Charles E. Niles, Philadelphia, Pa.; Luther S. Cushing, Boston, Mass.; R. D. Taylor, Lowell, Mass.; S. H. Manley, Normal, Ill.; Mrs. J. B. Cable and daughter, Kansas City; Mrs. D. Marsh and daughter, Chicago; W. E. Plant, Cleveland; J. W. Esler, New York.

FOR TWO BOYS' LIVES.

A Federal Jury Considering Two Suits for $5,000 a Piece.

The cases of Isaac Katz, as administrator, against The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway Company went to the jury in the United States circuit court about 4 o'clock last evening. There were two actions of $5,000 each to recover damages for the killing of Morris Katz and Isaac Krinsky, by being run over by an engine at the Fairfield street crossing on the West side. One of the boys had his foot fast between the track rail and a plank, and the other was assisting to remove the foot when they were run over. The jury had not agreed on a verdict at the hour court adjourned, but there is a probability that a sealed verdict will be handed Judge Williams this morning.

Drowned While Bathing.

Annie Anderson, twenty-one years old, was drowned at White Bear lake last evening, shortly after 9 o'clock. The girl, accompanied by a female acquaintance, was in bathing near Ramaley's pavilion. The Anderson girl ventured out beyond her depth, and, as she could not swim, was drowned before assistance could reach her. Coroner Xanteen was notified, and will view the body this morning. The girl lived on Margaret street, in this city.

INCREASED THEIR POWERS.

Strategic Movement on the Part of Archbishop Corrigan.

NEW YORK, July 7.—Archbishop Corrigan a few days ago increased the powers of the three rural deans connected with the archbishoprics of New York so that they can make the annual visitations to the churches in their respective districts, heretofore imposed upon the ordinary of the diocese by the decrees of the third plenary council of Baltimore. Ever since the arrival of Mgr. Satolli the priests and laity, who disagreed more or less with the policy of Archbishop Corrigan, have been active in trying to secure a division of the diocese of New York on account of its great area and large population. Their principal argument was that it was impossible for one ordinary to attend to all the ecclesiastical functions imposed upon him. This new move of Archbishop Corrigan is considered as strategic in view of the silence which he has maintained on the decisions of Mgr. Satolli.

Laidlaw May Lose His Foot.

NEW YORK, July 7.—It is said that William R. Laidlaw, who failed to recover damages from Russell Sage for the injuries received by the explosion of Norcross' bomb, is once more confined to his house as a result of his injuries, and his physicians say that his case is very critical. Ten days ago an abscess formed on his right foot, and an operation was performed yesterday. Several pieces of foreign matter, supposed to be brass pegs from his shoes, were taken out. The doctors think Laidlaw's foot will have to be amputated, and they fear that blood-poisoning will follow.

Smuggled Tobacco Seized.

PHILADELPHIA, July 7.—A special agent of the treasury department yesterday seized nearly 1,800 pounds of tobacco, which had been fraudulently passed by the custom house at Ogdensburg, N. Y., as fillers, when it was the finest Sumatra leaf, used only as wrappers. It is said that the losses of revenue to the government by these importations covering a number of years will amount to over $1,000,000.

The Viking Leaves Detroit.

DETROIT, Mich., July 7.—This afternoon the viking ship left this city for Chicago in tow of the steamer Albany, of the Western Transit line. In spite of the inclement weather yesterday, a large number of spectators visited the staunch little craft. Capt. Anderson remained aboard and received all visitors cordially. Better weather today brought out a large crowd of visitors.

Sirloin Steak 12½c Per Lb.
St. Paul Provision Company, 421 Wabasha street.

A Million Friends.
A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. If you have never used this Great Cough Meicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at J. P. Allen Drug Store, corner Seventh and Jackson. Large bottles 50c and $1.

THEY WON'T HAVE IT.

Sixth Ward Property Owners Hostile to Crown Hill Park.

Three Hundred Protestants on a Petition Against the Scheme.

Dr. Snyder Asserts That a Disreputable Deal Has Been Made.

Joint Meeting of Council to Be Held on the School Budget.

The matter of completing the assessment for Crown Hill park was taken up by the board of public works yesterday afternoon. The attendance of property owners who are opposed to the location or purchase of the proposed park was so large as to crowd the rooms of the board almost to suffocation. A petition signed by 300 names, protesting against the assessment for the park, was read. The petition stated that it was an injustice to the taxpayers in the ward to make an assessment for the park at this time, when it was hard work to obtain bread. Speeches were made by Judge Macdonald, Ansel Oppenheim, John L. Townley and others, the tenor of the remarks being that the times were such that it would be impossible for those assessed to pay, should the board proceed to complete the assessment.

One of the speakers, Dr. Snyder, in the course of his remarks stated that he had been told on good authority that the only reason for the location of the proposed park was a bargain made by the Fifth Ward Transfer Railway company with certain members of the park board, the terms of which were, for influence used in securing the company the right of way in the ward the park was to be purchased. If this were so, he thought the assessment district should be enlarged so as to take in the property of the railway company. He was advised by the president of the board to make his charges in writing, and informed they would see that the council and park board would be acquainted with the same. This, however, the speaker refused to do.

The board adjourned the matter for one month in order to give the owners a chance to appear before the park board and protest against the purchase of the park. A meeting of the park board is scheduled for this afternoon at 3 o'clock, when it is probable the West side owners will make their objections known.

WHAT WILL WRIGHT DO?

School Board Budget to Be Sent to Council Monday.

A joint meeting of the board of aldermen and the assembly has been called for Monday afternoon. The meeting is for the purpose of allowing the mayor to transmit to the council the report of the board of education, together with his approval or disapproval, and such other recommendations as he may make relative to the same. The law provides that the mayor shall call a meeting of the council within ten days after receiving the report, and as Monday is the last day within the limit, the session was called.

Last year Mayor Wright, in submitting the report of the board of education to the council, advocated a reduction of a considerable sum in the estimate of the expenditures. As to what recommendations the mayor will make this year he has not announced.

WORK OF THE COURTS.

Judge Olivier Renders a Decision in the Terry Will Case.

In the action of H. H. George against Henry Rochat, who were formerly in partnership in drilling wells, Judge Otis has decided to name a receiver for the partnership.

Judge Olivier, of the probate court, yesterday heard the application of Mrs. Anderson to revoke the appointment of E. P. Savage as guardian of her two children.

The Dorothy Otto will case was taken up again yesterday in the district court and further testimony was heard.

The Dayton's Bluff Building association has begun an action against Olina Elgen for the restitution of lot 3, in block 12 of Oakdale Park addition to St. Paul, and for $50 damages for detention of the premises.

Ellen Terry, sometimes called Ellen Balderston, has appealed to the district court from a final decree of the probate court in assigning to Harriet W. Terry and others the estate of Frederick Terry, deceased. Ellen Terry claimed a widow's share of the estate, but Judge Olivier, of the probate court, decided against her claim of a common law marriage.

Susie Reddington asks for a decree of divorce from Andrew Joseph Reddington, permission to resume her maiden name, Susie Fetterby, and the custody of her ten-year-old child, Alice. They were married in 1881, and the husband wilfully deserted his wife and child in April, 1888.

Judge Kerr has filed an order in the case of Adele S. Morrison et al. vs. Bridsay W. Smith and Curtis G. Lewis, in which judgment is ordered in favor of the plaintiffs for $1,277.12. A stay of forty days in the proceedings is ordered until the defendant can remove buildings from the premises mentioned in case the plaintiff does not purchase them.

Sirloin Steak 12½c Per Lb.
St. Paul Provision Company, 421 Wabasha street.

A STAY GRANTED

In the Minneapolis Court House Case by Supreme Court.

A stay of ten days was yesterday granted by the supreme court in the case of The Court House and City Hall Commissioners of Minneapolis and County of Hennepin against C. R. Cooley, the county auditor. The purpose is to give the commission an opportunity to prepare briefs on the application that has been made for a rearrangement.

J. G. Forbes, of Marshall, was yesterday admitted to practice law in all the courts of the state by the supreme court.

The court considered the following cases yesterday:

Charles A. Pillsbury, respondent, against Mary C. Morris, appellant; argued and submitted.

James A. Smith et al., appellant, against John E. Glover, respondent; argued and submitted.

Patrick Morgan et al., respondent, against Josephine A. Carter et al., defendants, Michael Hannon, appellant; argued and submitted.

Hart, Murphy & Whaley, appellants, against Julius Kessler & Co., respondent; application for reargument denied.

When Baby was sick, We gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, She cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, She Clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, She gave them Castoria

TWO HYPOCRITES.

I.

She sat in her cosy chamber,
With the curtains all drawn tight,
Curled up in a great, big rocker,
Fair and sweet in the soft lamplight,
A bonbon box on the table,
With the choicest of sweets was filled,
Which she daintily nibbled while writing
The words that her lover thrilled:
"Oh, I long for you now, my darling!
Without you my life seems drear.
There is never a bit of comfort
For me unless you are near!"

II.

And her lover read the letter,
As he sat in his bachelor's den,
With his feet cocked up on the mantel,
In the usual way of men,
With a box of cigars at his elbow,
And a pipe and a glass near by,
And the smoke-clouds wreathed above him
As he echoed her lonely cry:
"Oh, I long for you now, my darling!
Without you my life seems drear.
There is not a bit of comfort
For me unless you are near."

—Somerville Journal.

CAMERON'S LOVE STORY.

From All the Year Round.

While looking through some old papers of mine the other evening I came across the following note, scribbled hastily on a half-sheet of paper. It was dated nearly fifteen years back; the ink was faded and turned brown. Why I had kept the thing at all I cannot imagine:

"Dear Courtney" (the note ran)—"I guess I've won, old boy. Awfully sorry for you and the others, of course; but I'm in such good spirits I can't think of that. Blanche spoke to me tonight in such a way that there can be no mistake about it. She's a thousand times too good for a poor wretch like me, but I can try and be worthy of her. I will try, by Jove! I'm going to read up and improve my mind. Couldn't help sending you a line. I'm a lucky dog. Eh? Yours, "HAROLD CAMERON."

It is strange how an old letter, even such a scrap as the above, will revive the past. As I looked at the boyish handwriting the face of Harold Cameron rose up before my mind's eye. I fancied I could hear his language and fresh, young voice. He was only twenty at the time this letter was written. We were all—ahem!—much younger than we are now. Ugh! Confound the letter! Why had I turned it up in this way? * * * Burn all your letters my friends. burn all your letters. Don't run the risk of recalling memories which, ten to one, are sad ones.

All the young fellows in our particular set were more or less in love with Blanche Whitworth. Some were particularly in love. I think I may, without fear of contradiction, assert that Cameron, George Coverley and I myself belonged to this latter class. Which of that old circle, I wonder, would care now to dispute the point? Has not Alf Turner, that roaring young blade, sobered down and gone into the church, kept in subjection by a wife who rules the parish? Has not Grantley emigrated and made a fortune in sheep in Australia? Carstone, poor fellow, the jovial, the kindly, lies buried on an African battlefield. The rest of them—are they not respectable married men with families—men in the city, lawyers, stock brokers, what not?

I remember quite well the night when we first saw Blanche Whitworth. It was at a dance at the Simpsons' when that bright luminary appeared on our horizon. At this moment, looking calmly back upon events, I cannot for the life of me say what it was in the girl that made the attraction. She was pretty, I admit, but not at all surpassingly beautiful; her conversation was far from brilliant; indeed, I never heard her say anything worth remembering; and yet there was always a little court round her, and all the men were dying to dance with her—ay, ready to die for a smile.

The other girls disliked her, as was natural. "Whatever people can see in Miss Whitworth I cannot imagine," was their usual remark.

Both Coverly and I danced with Miss Blanche on that first night—Cameron had not yet appeared upon the scene. After that we followed her about seduiously. Whenever we found she was to be anywhere within a radius of some miles, we always determined to be there, too, or perish in the attempt. If we did not obtain invitations in the usual way, we bothered people for them in the most shameless manner.

It was quite a friendly rivalry between us, for George and I were far too good friends to quarrel. We used to talk to one another quite openly about our chances of success, and agreed that whichever the lady should choose was to bear his triumph humbly and his friend his own hard lot with meekness. That one of us two must eventually secure the prize we do not seem to have doubted. I think I may assert without vanity that we were preferred above the crowd.

There is nothing like telling the truth, and I had better say at once that I am afraid the girl was a flirt: that is putting the case mildly. She had a charming way of making her partner for the time being believe that he was the one selected mortal from all the world with whom alone she liked to dance. That may sound trivial, put thus boldly; but it is true.

At that time I was a briefless barrister, and occupied chambers in Blank court along with my friend Coverley, who had the rooms adjoining. Many a pipe did we smoke together in those brave days of old on our return from some of the festivities I have alluded to, while the chimes of the church clock outside struck far into the morning.

It was not a great while after we had first known Miss Witworth when young Harold Cameron came up to town, like myself, with an ultimate view to the woolsack. Mr. Cameron was to read for the bar; and he was committed, in a sense, to my charge as one who could give him advice on his studies. He was often in at our chambers, and both George and I grew to like the young fellow as we got to know him. We regarded him, I know, as immeasurably our junior both in years and experience. He was nearly of age—some five years younger than the present narrator: George, in turn, being a year or two older than I was.

Our new visitor was a light-haired, blue-eyed youth, with the most infectious laugh in the world. His good humor was always quite irresiitable to me: indeed, there were few people he met with whom the young fellow did not make friends. We speedily introduced him to our circle, where he became very popular.

I have wondered since then that, when Cameron one day informed us that he had, in common with George and me, received an invitation to an evening at the Whitworths', no suspicion of what must inevitably follow crossed our minds.

We went. Cameron was led captive.

Mrs. Whitworth was a very nice old lady, but dreadfully deaf. Her deafness was the one topic upon which she ever talked. To every fresh acquaintance she imparted information on this head in a series of stereotyped remarks which never varied. In the course of my experience I heard the conversation so frequently that I can distinctly remember it after all this lapse of time. To call it a conversation is, indeed, misleading. The old lady was far too deaf to hear any word that was spoken to her; the remarks were consequently all on her side, delivered with such a strident tone and distinctness of enunciation that they were always audible across a large room. The performance was known among irreverent youth as "Mrs. Whitworth's Recitation."

The reason I recall it at this moment is that it was on the first night of Cameron's introduction to Miss Blanche that I was suddenly reserved by her mother as audience. I was going up to speak to the younger lady, with whom I was now on such good terms as to feel pretty confident of my success. In passing Mrs. Whitworth I foolishly let fall some slight remark.

"I didn't hear you," said the lady, detaining me and speaking with an aggravating slowness; "my deafness is increasing. It is, you know, a purely nervous deafness."

I bowed assent.

"Our own doctor has told me, Mrs. Whitworth, yours is a purely nervous deafness." I determined to have further advice; I went to Sir James Cope. You know Sir James Cope?"

I didn't; but I nodded in the affirmati . At this moment I saw Harold, who had been introduced earlier in the evening, leading Miss Blanche off for the waltz.

"I went to Sir James Cope; I saw all his instruments; he examined my ears; and what did he say? He said: 'Madam, never have your ears tampered with: yours is a purely nervous deafness.' When I was down in the country Mr. Crimple, a most excellent and clever man, saw me, and said: 'You must never have your ears tampered with; yours is a purely nervous deafness.' A remarkable consensus of opinion—which coincides entirely with my own views on the matter——Oh, Mrs. Streatham! how is your poor husband? Quite worn out?"——and I was free to escape.

I mention the foregoing little conversation because, although it may appear absurdly unimportant and out of place in a narrative of this kind, it was while I was listening to Mrs. Whitworh'sy remarks, and seeing Harold walkt by with Miss Blanche, that it suddenle flashed upon me that any reign of mine was over. When I saw the young fellow's radiant face, and the girl with her eyes looking straight into his with a peculiar thrilling air which was all her own, I seemed to have a kind of premonition of what Cameron would feel for her, and she, if she were human, for him. It was rather a tragic moment for me; I hope I listened to the mother without undue impatience.

I don't remember very much more that happened that evening.

When Cameron, George and I were walking home together through the summer night, it was the first-named who talked all the way; the two elder men were singularly silent. And the talk was all on one subject, too; and I need not say what that was.

When we had said good night to our young friend at the door of our chambers, and had gone up to our room and lighted the pipe of peace, George turned and said to me:

"Well, old fellow?"

"Well?" said I.

"Our ingenuous youth has done it you see. We might have known he would fall head over ears in love with the girl; but you only think of these things afterward. The serious thing for you and me, my boy," continued George, as though we had a joint partnership interest in the affair, "is that Miss Blanche is, if I mistake not, also 'touchee au cœur' "—the speaker smote his waistcoat with a dramatic air—"or else she's the most consummate flirt that ever lived. The two were having a high old time down in the supper room. Methinks that a friend of mine—one Courtney—did not enjoy with his usual zest the pleasures of the mazy dance."

"Oh, confound it, George," I said, "you know how I feel. I had an idea I was getting on well with the girl, and tonight she would scarcely look at me."

"I have long since," said George solemnly, "given up any hope in the direction we know of, and I should advise you, my friend, from this moment to do the same. Our young friend will win in the race, you will see. Is the prize worth having, do you think? I shall take up the sensible position of the fox in the fable; my taste for grapes of any kind has quite departed."

"I hope," said I, with a groan—"I hope the girl is worthy of him, and won't play with him—as—as—but never mind that. Let us hope Cameron will be more successful than—than some others of our acquaintance."

And we got our candles and went to bed.

Cameron was successful—to all outward appearance. From that first evening he followed Miss Whitworth with a pertinacity and a devotion which, as George said, entirely put any of our performances in the shade. He would come into our chambers I know not how often in the course of a week, and talk of the beloved one—or rather rave like the most impassioned lover who ever trod the stage.

I think that both of us seniors soon ceased to feel any jealousy, because of the marked favor with which young Harold was received. We took to giving him good advice; we urged him to make sure of his ground before he gave his heart away—as though he had not already done that past recalling. George was particularly solemn in his warnings, but I don't think they had the slightest effect.

I remember, indeed, on one occasion, that when Coverley had mentioned the word "flirt" in connection with Miss Whitworth, Harold rose up in arms against him.

"Look here, you miserable old cynic!" he cried, half seriously, half in joke, "I won't listen to a word you've got to say against Blanche. You may call her a flirt if you like, but I know she isn't. She's been kinder to me than any one else in London. Do you think I don't know whether a girl's in earnest or not? And—and she's my friend, and—and I'll thank you not to speak of her again in that way in my presence."

He looked so wounded that George had to make his peace with him by a shambling sort of apology. In point of fact, we could not but admit, looking on as we did now quite as outsiders, that Miss Blanche was exercising a surprising constancy. By the time that she and Harold had known one another three months they were regarded as tacitly engaged, although no open announcement of the fact had been made.

I fear that during this period Cameron made but small progress with his legal studies, and I used gravely to point out to him some of the dangers of his present course; but he would only laugh at me for an old fogy, declare he had plenty of time—as was indeed the case—and begin to talk about much more interesting business.

It was about this time that a garden party was given by Hermann Seyfried, at which the present narrator was priviliged to "assist," along with some of the other actors in this little drama. This Mr. Seyfried was a German of great wealth, who lived in a fine mansion and dispensed magnificent hospitality to his friends and acquaintances. The halo of his gold shone round about him, showing him to most people in a very favorable light.

Judged apart from the halo, there was, I fancy, nothing very much to admire; a snuffy, dark-looking little man, with enormous mustaches and a deep, gutteral voice—not a "man of parts," judged by English eyes.

Howbeit, most people were very glad to receive his invitations, myself—let me be honest—among the number. He was a bachelor, and had a number of free and easy bachelor ways, which "took" with a great number of men; and then, too, it must be owned that his dinners were remarkably good.

The garden party in question was, I remember, a most brilliant affair. A great crowd of people were there. I fancy I can see at this moment the squat little figure of the host standing to welcome his guests, and that I hear his "How you do, Mees Vitvorth?"—How you do, Meester Camerone?" spoken through the nose with great politeness. Mr. Seyfried was greatly charmed by the fair Blanche, to whom he was paying compliments, most of which were not understood, all day. I confess that, knowing the state of his finances, and knowing also—as I thought—somewhat of the nature of Miss Whitworth, when I saw his evident admiration, I felt a slight uneasiness as regarded Cameron's position.

That gentleman, however, did not betray, and, I believe, did not experience, any such feeling. He was paying his court more assiduously than ever. It did one good to look on his bright, youthful face. Whenever he was not actually by the side of his beloved one his eyes followed her everywhere. Miss Blanche, I remember, was particularly gracious to her old friends—to George and me and to others of her court—and I have to confess with shame and sorrow that—such is the weakness of man—we were all of us pleased to be so noticed, and showed no resentment whatever. The lady would smile upon and summon you one moment and cut you dead the next, and the victims of this caprice were so sunk in degrading slavery that they cheerfully bore with this treatment, and were always ready to come back to the careless beckoning of the haughty damsel.

What amused and a great deal gratified me was to notice the scant consideration shown by Miss Whitworth to Mr. Seyfried. She received his polite speeches with a demure gravity, and made open fun of him behind his back, mimicking his voice and gestures, his compliments, his taking of snuff, and who knows what other peculiarities the foreigner possessed. I believe even Harold was a trifle shocked, and remonstrated with the girl about her behavior; but he was too ardent a lover to see any faults in her, and had, besides, his own affairs to discuss. This, I presume, was the subject in hand when I suddenly came upon the two in a peaceful corner in the conservatory, looking particularly confidential.

To show that they were confidential to some purpose I must refer the indulgent reader back to the letter appearing at the opening of this story, which I received from Mr. Cameron on the day after the garden party, and which document I consider to be alone responsible for sending me off upon these rambling recollections.

"That looks like a settled thing, at least," said I, as I tossed the paper over to George.

"That, as you say, looks like a settled thing," replied that sardonic individual oracularly, after a perusal; and not another word could I get out of him upon the subject.

We were expecting all that day to have Harold tearing in with his good news. He did not come, and we found that morning that he had been hastily summoned to the other end of England to his father, who lay dangerously ill—at the point of death, it was said. I had to leave town myself on the next day, for a fortnight as I supposed, but it was three or four weeks before I saw my own chambers again, and got a greeting from my dear old George.

After a while it struck me he was a trifle constrained in manner, and at last I asked him, "Is there anything the matter?"

"Ah," he said slowly, "you've not heard the news, then?"

"No," I said impatiently, "news about whom? What news?"

"Only about Blanche Whitworth and old Seyfried," very dryly.

"What about them?"

"Engaged to be married: that's all."

"Never!" I cried incredulously.

George nodded.

"It's perfectly true," he said.

"But—Harold!" I exclaimed; "does he know? Great heaven! what will he say?"

"Ah, poor fellow. I don't suppose he does know yet; the news is only just out."

Then suddenly the phlegmatic George burst out in fury:

"Confound it! It's too bad! What are these women made of? To make a fool of a fine young fellow like that. And he trusted her, poor wretch—"

"Where is he now?" I interrupted.

"I don't know. He's not been home yet—here. I mean—since his father's death. He's alone in the world now, you know. I've heard no word from him since he went away."

"Suppose we walk around to his lodgings," said I, "and see if we can have news of him. If we can get him away with us before he hears anything so much the better."

We got up and went out, a vague sense of uneasiness troubling us.

A slight rain was falling as we came into the open air, very cool and pleasant after the hot day. I remember it was about 5 or 6 in the evening. Cameron's lodgings were but two or three streets off—only a few minutes' walk.

We could not make any one hear by ringing the bell, and as the front door was unlatched we walked in.

"Hello!" said George, as we stood a moment in the passage, "Harold's at home; here are his hat and gloves."

He went to the foot of the stairs and called.

Hi! Cameron, where are you, old boy?"

There was no answer.

At this moment the landlady came bustling in. Mr. Cameron had asked her to post a letter, she said. He was up stairs in his room now.

We wondered why he had not answered our call, and said we would go up. To our surprise his door was locked; nor could we get any reply to our knocking. I think we both became thoroughly frightened now for the first time.

"Let us get in," said I, "somehow or other."

George made no more ado, but simply put his shoulder against the door and burst it open. We came into the room with a bit of a rush. Then we saw a sight, and stopped dead.

Our friend was stretched upon the floor, his face drawn and ghastly—the face of a corpse. On the table was the wretched phial which told us only too well what had happened. It had held prussic acid; the room was full of the odor. We did what we could, but—poor Harold!—he was quite dead.

Heaven forgive him! We should never hear his friendly voice or cheerful laughter again.

We learned afterwards that, on hearing the news of her engagement, Cameron had written to Miss Whitworth asking if it was true. He received a curt reply—I saw the letter—saying that it was so, and Miss Whitworth must decline any correspondence with Mr. Cameron on the point. Mad with his disappointment, he had hurried to see the girl—had demanded an interview. It was denied him; Miss Blanche spared herself that unpleasantness. He was quite alone, and saw no way out of his trouble, poor fellow, save one.

Even now, knowing how he loved the girl, I wonder whether we, or any one, could have kept him from his dreadful fate, even had we had the chance.

The Seyfried-Whitworth wedding was the most magnificent in London that year.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

DEATH OF A JURIST.

Justice Blatchford Obeys the Summons of the Grim Destroyer.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 7.—Associate Justice Samuel Blatchford passed quietly and peacefully from earth at 7:20 this evening. He retained consciousness until one hour or two before death. There was no sudden change in his condition, simply the gradual slipping away which has been taking place for the last week. The arrangements for the funeral are not yet completed, but the body will probably be taken to Washington for interment. For many seasons he has been a quiet visitor in the city during the summer season, residing in his own cottage on Frenough Place, and while not greatly given to society followings, he was frequently entertained in the first families.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

KANSAS WHEAT CROP.

It Will Be 50,000,000 Bushels Short of That of 1892.

TOPEKA, Kan., July 7.—Secretary Mohler, of the state board of agriculture, issued his monthly crop report today. It says there has been no improvement in the prospects for the winter wheat crop, and that the total yield will be only about 22,304,000 bushels, being a decrease of about 50,000,000 bushels as compared with last year's crop. But little more than half of the spring wheat sown will be worth harvesting. The total product of rye is estimated at 2,418,000 bushels. The corn crop promises well, with a present condition of 85 per cent. Conditions of the other crops are placed as follows: Oats, 67 per cent; barley, 54; broom corn, 75; hay, 77.

VERDICT AGAINST A PRIEST.

Father McDonald Must Pay Mrs. O'Callahan $2,929.70.

CHICAGO, July 7.—By the verdict of a jury Mrs. Calvin O'Callahan was awarded $2,929.70. The defendant to the suit is Father Martin McDonald, the founder of an orphan home for boys in Iona, Minn. It was shown during the trial of the case that the defendant met Mrs. O'Callahan in Rochelle, Ill., shortly after the death of her husband, who left her property valued at $20,000. Father McDonald induced the plaintiff to accompany him to his home. It is alleged that he caused her to release mortgages on property in Will county to the extent of $2,500, which, it was claimed, he afterward sold and appropriated the money. The suit was brought to recover on this amount.

Banks Go Down.

PINE BLUFF, Ark., July 7.—The Arkansas State bank, of Stuttgaat, and the Arkansas Farmers' and Traders' bank, of Dewitt, near this city, have closed their doors. Neither institution had large assets, and depositors will not suffer to any considerable degree. Both banks were under the same management, and the recent failure of the Stuttgart & Arkansas River railway, of which T. H. Leslie, the father of T. K. Leslie, the cashier of the banks, was president, precipitated the collapse.

SECTION "1," NO. 10.

United States Postoffice Exhibit.

Government Building, World's Fair—Visitors should not fail to examine the exhibit of oil paintings depicting the beautiful scenery of the Mississippi river. Make a note of it. There is so much to see that you'll forget it if you don't. The collection is loaned to the government at the special request of the officers in charge, by the passenger department of the Chicago, Burlington & Northern railroad.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Adam Fetsch Removed.

Smokers of Fine Cigars will find Adam Fetsch corner Fifth and Robert.

Sirloin Steak 12 1-2c Per Lb.
St. Paul Provision Company, 421 Wabasha street.

Mothers, "Be sure and use Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for your children."

For Sale.

A fine team of horses, also carriages and harness; cheap. Address T 12, Globe.

MARRIAGES, BIRTHS DEATHS,

DEATHS REPORTED.

Unknown man, Bethel boat........Unknown
George Grabner, 1221 G ultier.........1 week
John Singleton, Bethel boat.......40 years
Mrs. Jennie M. Peak, Bethel boat.....35 years
Michael O'Brien, 444 John.........11 months
Louise Morgan, St. Luke's hospital....13 years

BIRTHS REPORTED.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Brown............Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Barney Newgard...........Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Aussant............Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Swan Munson..............Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wolf.............Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McIntosh.........Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson..........Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Padelford...........Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Jenson............Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Eix..............Boy
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Lynch..............Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Edward [illegible]alter..........Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Herman Steger............Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hedeen...........Boy
Mr. and Mrs. August Kaldunski.........Girl

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ALL DISEASES ARISE FROM IMPURE blood, which is the direct cause of fevers, constipation, rheumatic pains, heart, liver and kidney complaints. Dr. Halliday's Blood Purifier is the best and most effective remedy in the known world today for cleansing the blood of all impurities. Sold by druggists. Office 274 East Seventh st., St. Paul.

HOUSE OF HOPE PRESBYTERIAN Church, Corner Fifth and Exchange Sts.; Rev. John Paul Egbert, Pastor—Services every Sunday at 10:30 o'clock a. m. and 8 o'clock p. m.; the Rev. John Pringle will preach tomorrow morning and evening; Sabbath school and Bible classes at 12:15 o'clock p. m.; Society of Christian Endeavor meets in the lecture room at 7 o'clock p. m.; mid-week lecture and prayer meeting, Wednesdays, at 8 o'clock p. m. All are welcome.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH, PLEASANT AV. —Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m.; in the morning Dr. Smith will speak of "The Moral Danger of an Iron Creed;" Sunday school at 12 m.; young people's meeting at 7 p. m.: evening topic, "The Confessions of Solomon;" church meeting Wednesday, 8 p. m.

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN!
Matinee Today, 25 Cents Best Seat.
TONIGHT! WILBUR OPERA CO. In the great opera, INDIANA. Everything new. Special scenery.
Sunday Night—"Grand Du chess."

GRAND
JACOB LITT'S PLAYERS.
—IN—
Matinee.. Today. | The Edge of Society. | Last Time Tonight.
Tomorrow Night—"My Partner."

"LIEBIG COMPANY'S"
These two words are known in every well ordered household throughout the world as designating the oldest, purest, best and always-to-be-depended-upon
EXTRACT OF BEEF.

MANNHEIMER BROTHERS.

We close today and on all Saturdays of July and August at 1 o'clock. Be kind enough to note this and arrange to make your purchases in the forenoon.

50c PERCALE WAISTS FOR 25 CENTS.

Only the rain yesterday made it possible for us to renew today this offer of fast color

STYLISH PERCALE WAISTS AT 25 CENTS.

The styles are all good. Many of them sell readily for 75c. Clear blue stripes that are absolutely fast. Polka dots of all sizes in the most popular colors, and while they last the price is only

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Remember, we close at 1 o'clock.

Our stock of Waists and Summer Suits in the Eton, Blazer and Bolero styles is unrivaled in this market.

We are selling Figured Cambric and Mull Waists at

FIFTY-NINE CENTS

that are identical in style and quality with Waists sold elsewhere at $1 and $1.25.

Have you seen the Eton Suits we are selling at $5? They are made of pure wool cloth, and the styles are the latest and best.

Our specials in GLOVES and MITTS for today are very attractive.

White Chamois Gloves with colored welts, embroidery to match, and four large pearl buttons, at

NINETY-FVE CENTS.

These Chamois Gloves are the very best imported, perfect in fit and finish. You cannot buy better fitting or more stylish Gloves of this kind at any price.

White Mousquetaire Suedes of the best quality and perfect fitting, at 95c. There are none better made.

Heavy Black Silk Milanese Mitts for 21 cents.

We close at 1 o'clock today.

Here are some very unusual leaders

HOSIERY FOR THIS FORENOON.

Extra wide or outsize Hosiery for stout women. Those who require extra wide Hosiery will do well to take note of these prices:

Our 75c quality outsize Hosiery for 50c.
Our 50c quality outsize Hosiery for 35c.
Our 35c quality outsize Hosiery for 25c.
Outsize Combination Suits reduced to $1.25.

Sterling Silver Souvenir Spoons, our regular $1.50 Souvenir Spoon for 98 CENTS.

Florida Water, 8-ounce bottles for 21 CENTS.

The quality is equal to the best you can buy in these cities for 75c. Try it. You can buy an 8-ounce bottle here today for 21c.

Bargains in slightly imperfect Handkerchiefs at 25c.

Remnant sale of LINENS and Midsummer Sale of WHITE SHIRTS and NIGHT SHIRTS in the Men's Furnishing Department, advertised for yesterday, will be continued this forenoon.

Remember, we close today at 1 o'clock.

Sixth and Robert Sts.
ST. PAUL, MINN.

WHY SHOULD YOU PAY 25c
As you have heretofore done, for a
LIGHT WEIGHT, ROLL COLLAR.
We are now making one, with Deep Points, equal to any in the market,
FOR 20C.
ASK ONLY FOR THE ALDMERE.
Sold by all the Leading Men's Furnishers.
The Monarch is the best warm weather Shirt. Solid comfort and complete satisfaction guaranteed.
CLUETT, COON & CO.

DR. FELLER,
180 East Seventh St., St. Paul, Minn.

Speedily curesall 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 all old, 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 nervousnes, indigestion, constipation, loss of memory, etc., are thoroughly and permanently pured.

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.

POPULAR WANTS.