MINNEAPOLIS.

TALLY FOR JOB LOTS.

Job Lots is all right, if that is the specimen's handle who did a bit of original work in Minneapolis yesterday.

There are rackets and schemes, but the aforesaid individual certainly went them all one better in his little racket of the Sabbath day. He was dressed in unique and flowing garments, comprising an ulster of fashionable cut of '49, with one boot and a swell russet shoe, both of which were badly affected with the gaps. The rest of his apparel evades description by its wild and variegated character. His partner in distress was clad in airy clothes also. They found themselves suffering from a chronic complaint known as a grub hunger. Job Lots was not the man to see a human being hungry, and he immediately set about securing a remedy for his own complaint, but, sad to relate, he used his special friend for a cat's paw in the matter. A lady on Stevens avenue was called to the door about noon by a ring at the bell, and beheld the partner in distress with a pitiful expression on his face. "Please, mum," he began, wiping his eye with the lining of a coat sleeve, "can ye give a poor man with a starvin' fam—" but he got no further. Just at this minute a gentleman named Job Lots rushed up the steps of the house with a horrified expression on his face exclaiming, "Hol' on there! hol' on there!" at which the worker on the steps glanced around and then fled with a wild cry of horror. When he had recovered his breath, the honorable Job Lots said to the surprised lady of the house, in a voice trembling with emotion: "I got here just in time. Why, misses, that fellar is a bad lot. The perlice is lookin' for him everywhere. He has robbed lots of houses lately and nearly killed sevral people. Oh, he's a bad lot, and, no doubt, he was snookin' round to git the lay of the ground so he could rob ye tonight. Well," and here the noble fellow spoke as a man who felt that he had done his duty, "I must be goin' now and try to git a little work to buy medicine for my sick brother." The lady of the house would not permit this, however, until she had thanked Mr. Lots for his kind and generous (?) act in saving the house from the spoiler, and when, after a full meal, the foxy Job Lots went out again into the wide, wide world, tucking a bright silver dollar into the recesses of his jeans, and murmuring as he went, "Well, honesty is the best policy, after all. I'll jest give pard a nickel of this and he'll think he's struck a gol' mine."

DAY OF ACCIDENTS.

Several People Receive Injuries During the Sabbath.

Several accidents, none of which resulted seriously, occurred yesterday. At Sixth avenue and Fourth street south a street car crashed into one of C. B. Dicken's livery rigs driven by John Cassidy. The horse was considerably injured, the buggy was smashed and the driver's right shoulder hurt.

A horse driven by two ladies became frightened and ran away at Twenty-fourth street and Eleventh avenue south. The occupants of the carriage were thrown out and bruised, but not seriously injured.

A horse hitched to a sulky started to run away on the other side of Washington avenue bridge, which was crossed at a smart gallop. On this side a cowboy on a broncho started in pursuit, and captured the fleeing animal on Fifteenth avenue. No one was hurt. The rig belongs to H. Barry.

The horses of P. Johnsons milk wagon set out on their own hook on Cedar avenue and Washington yesterday afternoon. Several milk cans were upset before the horses were stopped, but no other damage was done.

MINNEAPOLIS GLOBULES.

The Calhoun Opera company will begin its third week at the Grand this evening, presenting "Pinafore." "Pinafore" is on for the week, with the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

Trees' Body Found.

The body of Clayton Trees, the boy who was drowned near the Tenth avenue bridge last Friday, was yesterday recovered near the soldiers' home. It was taken to Gill & Parry's morgue.

PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is a positive cure for all those painful

Ailments of Women.

It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the *Change of Life*. Every time it will cure

Backache.

It has cured more cases of Leucorrhœa than any remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. That

Bearing-down Feeling

causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water. It removes

Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility. Also

Dizziness, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus, or

Womb Troubles.

The whole story, however, is told in an illustrated book entitled "Guide to Health," by Mrs. Pinkham. It contains over 90 pages of most important information, which every woman, married or single, should know about herself. Send 2 two-cent stamps for it. For

Kidney Complaints

and Backache of *either sex* the Vegetable Compound is unequaled.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25c., cure Biliousness, Constipation, and Torpid Liver. By mail, or of druggists.

All druggists sell the Vegetable Compound, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. *Correspondence freely answered.*

You can address in strictest confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

THE CENT-A-MILE RATE.

It has Been Secured by the Indianapolis Committee.

The rate for which the present commander-in-chief, when he was Wisconsin's department commander, together with our own Past Department Commander Barto, contended has been secured upon all roads entering Indianapolis for the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic and the national convention of the Woman's Relief Corps. This will be good news for the old boys who have been hoping to meet their old comrades once more, but have been fearing they could not afford it. This concession of the railroads, the central situation of the encampment city, and the proximity of the world's fair will unquestionably assure to Indianapolis the high-tide encampment of the Grand Army. When Past Commander Barto was making the fight for the one-cent-a-mile rate in 1889, he remarked to his assistant adjutant general that the efforts then being made might not be crowned with present success, but it would serve to blaze the way for the cent-a-mile rate for some future encampment. He doesn't claim to be a prophet or the son of a prophet, but the cent-a-mile rate has come, and it may be hoped—if not expected—that that will be the prevailing rate hereafter to national G. A. R. encampments.

NO TROUBLE.

Every One Continues to Use the Transfer Depot.

So far as it affected the throngs of well-dressed people that flocked in and out of the central transfer depot on Hennepin avenue yesterday, the resolution offered by Ald. Long at the council meeting Friday night might as well have been intended for regulation of affairs in Patagonia. Aside from the extra rush that always comes with Sunday, matters at the transfer depot were as quiet as could be imagined. During the afternoon great crowds of pleasure-seekers rushed from the cars to the transfer station, where a gray-coated official handed out admission checks, and a constant stream of humanity flowed into one door and out of the other. Meantime a fat and good-natured policeman paced his beat, as usual, with no thought of council resolutions, aside from those providing for the payment of his monthly allowance, and the people in their Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes were in blissful apathy to all else but the resonant tinkle of the starter's gong as it announced their respective cars. And so the world moved tranquilly along the same old rut, and the street car company and the dear liberty-loving people were evidenty on the best of terms imaginable.

THE WORST OF EVILS.

REV. H. H. FRENCH DEVOTES A SERMON TO DIVORCE.

ITS ASTOUNDING PREVALENCE.

Demoralization of Children Causes the Evil to Increase With Each Generation—He Takes a Passing Shot at Dakota Divorces.

Dr. H. H. French, of the Wesley Methodist church, is up in arms these days against the more flagrant evils of society. His sermon last evening was, "Scenes and Follies of the Divorce Court." It had been advertised on the plan of the theater, and all day long there had leaned up against the church bulletin board, on which was posted a flaring bill with "Divorce" in big red letters at the top, followed by the announcement that it would be the topic for the evening sermon. Said he:

"The state is made up of families, and the family depends upon the marriage tie. Consequently, for the permanence and highest welfare of the state, marriage ought to be permanent. The prevalence of the divorce in this country is becoming simply astounding."

Statistics were then given, covering a period of 20 years in this country, which showed that the evil is far more widespread than was ever suspected by most of his hearers. The number applying for divorce was stated as only a third greater than the number actually obtained. Dr. French continued:

"The danger resulting from this condition of affairs is too apparent. It is augmented by the fact that three-fourths of the divorces granted are to couples having children, and the demoralization of the children follows. Thus the evil increases with each generation. Dissoluteness is the direct result of divorces, and history shows the results of loose living. In Rome, at the zenith of her power, the institution of divorce was practically unknown. As divorce became common in the time of the empire, the morals of the nation began to wane, and the overthrow of the nation rapidly followed. Take France. The year preceding the 'Reign of Terror' there were 20,000 divorces. These may be taken as an index of what is bound to happen in other countries where similar conditions prevail. And as to a remedy, I shall suggest what seems to me best. First of all we need a national law regulating divorces, which shall establish a universal system, and which will bring it about that the marriages of New York and Massachusetts shall not be annulled in South Dakota. Next, a thorough system of education is needed by pulpit, press and other organizations, which shall direct attention to the magnitude of the evil and help remove it. In this, as in other matters, prevention is better than cure. The country is still suffering from the effects of a free lovism campaign which was at its height about twenty-five years ago. Polygamy has also added to the evil. The national divorce league, of which Dr. Dike is president, is going to prove a great work in the line of reform. After education must come personal purity, and in time the evil, which is now greatly on the increase, will be effectually checked.

Dr. French will consider the "Power of the Press" next week, when he will take occasion to give his views on the Sunday paper.

AN OLD SETTLER GONE.

Sudden Death, from Apoplexy, of Sidney Smith.

Sidney Smith, an old and highly respected citizen of Minneapolis, died at his home, corner Third street south and Ninth avenue, at 7 o'clock yesterday afternoon, of apoplexy. Deceased was seventy-three years of age and has enjoyed unusually good health up to the time of his death. The stroke came upon him about noon, and two hours later he passed into unconsciousness, from which he never rallied. The funeral will be held Wednesday afternoon from the family residence.

Sidney Smith was born in the Provinces the son of Capt. Isaac Smith, but early moved with his parents to the States and located at Holton, Me. It was upon land belonging to his estate that the Hancock Barrows were erected. Mr. Smith moved to Illinois in 1853, and one year later to Minneapolis, where he has since resided. During this time he was engaged in the grocery business up on Bridge square, until eight years ago, when he retired from business life, and he enjoyed the reputation of being absolutely square in all his dealings. Anything purchased from "Honest Sidney Smith" needed no guarantee.

TO DOWN FAKIRS.

Newspaper Men Will Adopt a Special Badge of Office.

A movement is on foot among the various papers of the city to secure a uniform and official system for the issuance of reporters' badges in order that the faking and swindling carried on by irresponsible parties, who claim to be representatives of the press, may be stopped. This faking is being carried on to a measure surprising to even the police and the management of the papers. There are instances reported almost daily in which some person who has never been connected with a city paper has secured admission to places of amusement or been teudered the courtesies of the hotels and the lake resorts simply upon verbally claiming to be a reporter. These cases are many times of an exceedingly aggravating nature. The proprietors of the different places who are thus asked by the fakirs for favors, are placed in embarrassing positions. They do not know every reporter in the city, and ofttimes can not refuse to extend the courtesies for fear the alleged reporter has full authority. Many of the swindlers have had cards printed with their names in one corner and the title of one or another of the city dailies in the other.

In nearly all of the larger cities the reporters' badge is issued under the authority of the police department, and a reporter is protected from these fakirs in this way. The badge is numbered, and, as all are of the same design, they can not be counterfeited without betraying the fact, as no two of the genuine have the same number. When the police officials issue the badge they vest the reporter with the privilege of riding on fire apparatus, in patrol wagons, and give them the power of special policemen. In the pursuance of their vocations the reporters are often placed in positions where this authority and the privileges it brings greatly aid in the search for fresh and reliable news, and at the same time prevents the faker from claiming courtesies which do not belong to him. The introduction of such a system, it is thought, would not only be a help to the reporter, but it would aid the public and the police in recognizing the genuine from the alleged reporter.

DIED FROM INJURIES.

William Weiss Dies at the Hospital Under Mysterious Circumstances.

William Weiss, the hack driver who was discovered in an unconscious condition at the foot of the stairs of the lodging house at 205 Nicollet, July 5, and taken to the city hospital, died at that institution yesterday morning. When found he was unconscious, and has since remained so. A companion who was with him at the time said he had fallen down stairs. No one was found who could give a definite account of how the accident happened.

An autopsy was held on the remains and the cause of death was found to be the rupture of an artery in the brain, caused by an injury to the head. The matter will be investigated. The remains were removed to Gill & Parry's undertaking rooms.

TRIED TO ESCAPE,

And Was Almost Drowned Before Captured.

George Ray, a vag sentenced to the workhouse for sixty days, Saturday evening made a desperate attempt to escape. He had been working with a gang on Second street, and at 6 o'clock made a break for liberty. He ran toward the river, hotly pursued by a guard. After hiding for a time behind lumber piles and logs, where he had taken of his clothes, he was discovered by his pursuer. Ray leaped into the river and tried to swim across, but the undertaking was more than he could carry out. He became exhausted and sank. The guard, who had procured a boat, now came to his aid, reaching the spot where he had disappeared as the drowning man came to the surface. The guard seized him by the hair and dragged him into safety and durance vile. He was thrown into the workhouse dungeon, where he spent the Sabbath in meditation.

EPIGRAMS

Taken From Oscar Wilde's New Play, "A Woman of No Importance."

"Men know life too early and women too late."

"A bad man is a man who admires innocence."

"Nothing survives being thought of."

"A bad woman is a woman of whom men never tire."

"American dry goods—American novels."

"My husband is a kind of promissory note; I am tired of meeting him."

"The Book of Life begins with a man and a woman in a garden and ends with revelation."

"Women have a better time than men—there are far more things forbidden them."

"Women are sphinxes without secrets."

"If I lived in the country I would become so unsophisticated that nobody would notice me."

"There are two kinds of women—plain and colored."

"Men marry because they are tired; women because they are curious."

"The happiness of a married man depends on the woman he has not married."

"All the married men nowadays live like bachelors, and all the bachelors live like married men."

"To get society it is necessary to feed people, amuse people, or shock people."

"If I have no temptation in the course of a week it makes me quite nervous regarding the future."

"A girl who will tell her real age will tell anything."

"Life is an unhappy experience with exquisite moments."

"The difference between a saint and a sinner is that the first has a past, the second a future."

"How can a woman be happy with a man who treats her as if she were a rational being?"

"When I was young I had everything I wanted, now I have everything that other people want."

"If I weren't in debt I should have nothing to think about."

"Nothing spoils a romance so much as a sense of humor in the woman or a lack of it in the man."

"All men are married women's property; in fact, that is the true meaning of married women's property."

"Ernest talks all the time, but he has no conversation."

"A well-tied necktie is the first step in life."

Mrs. Teatalk—I hear that Mrs. Hussiff owes nearly $5,000 for dry goods.

Mrs. Nocream—Good gracious! How did she manage to run up such a bill?

Mrs. Teatalk—She makes all her own dresses, you know.—New York Herald.

THE SPRING OF TEARS.

[Written for the Globe.]

Falling tears are not unmanly
When from sorrow's spring they flow,
When a mother's heart is stricken,
When her aged head bends low;
Bitter is the moan of anguish
For that sacred soul in grief;
The reckless spirit contrite, broken,
Can in tears but find relief.

Man of the world no longer,
Servant to its stern decree,
But back in courts so long a stranger,
Suppliant at his mother's knee;
Gone are thoughts of worldly triumph,
Buried in the grave of woe,
Where no rays of lingering sunlight
Can a last day gleam mid its somber shadows throw.

Often when we think her failing,
That her step has feeble grown,
Mother's heart is only breaking
From neglect which is our own;
When too late we see the danger,
Bitter are those sudden tears,
Passionate are those acts repentant
To bind her wound and calm her fears.

—Wm. G. Lockwood Tucker.

PICNIC OF PRINTERS.

THE MINNEAPOLIS TYPOS TAKE A SUNDAY OFF.

THEIR DAY AT SPRING PARK.

A Large Crowd and the Day Passed in Games and Contests—The Winners of the Prizes—A Ball-Throwing Match and a Waltzing Contest.

The printers and their friends, to the number of about 800, spent yesterday at Spring Park. The day was an ideal one for an outing, and the typos made the most of it. No beer or intoxicating liquors were sold. The early trains brought out those who came with the babies and the lunch basket to enjoy a quiet day under the green trees and among cool breezes. President Hammond and family were among the first arrivals; E. E. Stevens, secretary of the trades assembly, also came on the first train, and did yeoman service all day as judge of the sporting contests. The sports were started about 10 in the morning by a base ball game between a picked nine from the news and job printers. The respective teams had apparently been training some for the event, for they put up a very interesting game, and the spectators became so interested that they forgot all about their lunches until after noon.

The following were the printers picked for each team:

News Printers—	Job Printers—
Daly, cf.	Taylor, cf.
Gregg, 3b.	Schmidt, 3b.
Hoffman, 2b.	Palmer, 2b.
Humphy, c.	Minor, c.
Abbott, ss.	Crawley, ss.
Clark, 1b.	Ballinton, 1b.
Schmidt, rf.	Conroy, rf.
Clifford, lf.	George, lf.
Ralston, p.	McLelland, p.

The score stood:

News Printers	3	3	3	0	*	9
Job Printers	0	0	3	0	1	4

The newspaper printers, of course, took the result as an evidence of their superiority to their craft in the job offices, though some of the other contests seemed to prove the job printers not all behind in athletic ability. The winning ball team received an order for three cases of beer.

The committee on sports were M. K. Cody, E. E. Stevens and Gene Palmiter. They received many compliments for their promptitude in carrying out the long programme of sports which had been arranged.

In the press feeders' race D. Crowley took the first prize, a steel knife and press folder. Barney Malone came in second and was rewarded with a $1 bath ticket.

All the races but one were barred to any except those holding a union card. The half-mile race was open to all, and it proved one of the most interesting on the programme. The entries were: J. Raine, D. Crowley, Charles Brown, R. Malone, E. W. McClelland, R. F. Bader and Otto Bachus. Most of them wore as little clothing as possible and that of the lightest weight, so their appearance provoked considerable amusement. The course was once and a half around the grounds. By the time they had gone once around all had dropped out but two. Charles Brown was easily the winner, being nearly 100 yards ahead of J. Raine at the finish. The first prize was $10 cash and the second a meal ticket.

For the 100-yard dash, Balts, Ballantine, Gilchrist, Duncan and Crowley entered. Ballantine got a good start, and had no difficulty in capturing the first prize, a pair of trousers valued at $10. Gilchrist and Crowley were such close seconds that they ran the course again. Gilchrist came in ahead, and a $3 grocery coupon book was his prize.

The ladies were rather shy of entering for the 100-yard race set apart for them, but Gertie Palmer, Mrs. M. D. Brown, Ila Smith and Gracie Jenkins finally started. Ila Smith was a little miss in short skirts and easily came in first. A hammock was her prize. Miss Gertie Palmer took the pair of shoes given as the second prize.

The afternoon train brought several hundred additional, and dancing divided the attention with the sports for the remainder of the day.

E. E. Stevens, Joe Murphy and J. F. Houck amused the crowd immensely by entering for the fat men's race. Stevens came under the line first and will hereafter smoke a meerschaum pipe. Joe Murphy was consoled with a new hat.

The ladies' ballthrowing contest aroused some apprehension in the minds of the spectators as to where would be the safest place to stand during the contest. A good many thought it would be well to stand directly in front of of the ladies and, thus avoid all danger of being hit. The number of ladies entered showed their confidence in their own ability. They were: Gertie Palmer, Mrs. M. B. Brown, Mrs. S. E. Smith, Mrs. E. Smith, Mrs. Maxwell, Gracie Jenkins and Mrs. F. Maxwell. Gracie Jenkins astonished the crowd by throwing the ball outside the line of the grounds, and received considerable applause and the first prize, an ornamented cake; Gertie Palmer was next best and took a large bottle of perfume.

W. J. Moran, Reuben Blue, E. L. Holmes, Carl Nelson, Dr. Bemish, A. Moore, Jack Frost, B. Malone and O. Christianson wore gunny sacks and tried to run a hundred yards. Most of them lay on the ground along the course at the end of the race. A. Moore was first and carried off a $5 laundry ticket; Reuben Blue was second and will wear a fancy vest as a reward.

In the 75-yard compositors' race, C. C. Stewart, of St. Paul, was first and A. Gilchrist second. The prizes were a compositor's outfit—rule case, stick, bodkin and tweezers. The second prize was twelve composing rules and one make-up.

For the tug of war the newspaper compositors were represented by Westman, Whitney, Hoffman, Dumphy, Horger and Gahn; the job men by Murphy, Palmer, Holmes, Ballantine and Beaupre. The job men proved the stronger in this case, and will severally wear the six hats given as a prize.

In the three-legged race Clark and Raine were first and took the box of cigars. Balentine and Smith second, prize a cane.

Joe Murphy won the lamp promised to the man who could throw the heavy hammer the farthest.

For the running hop, step and jump J. F. Kelley, Ballantine, Beaupre and Holmes entered. Beaupre and Ballantine won the first and second prizes respectively. They were a lamp and silver-headed cane.

C. W. Thompson won the first prize for the longest standing jump; a silk umbrella. Ballantine was second; prize, a box of cigars.

Walter Casey, E. L. Holmes, C. W. Thompson and A. S. Ballantine contested in the running high jump. Walter Casey easily won the first prize; one year's subscription to the Daily and Sunday Tribune. Ballantine was second, and will have one dozen photographs.

Putting the 16-pound shot proved a very amusing sport. The entries were: Carl Nelson, F. B. Beaupre, F. Jelinek, A. Duncan, E. L. Holmes, Joe Murphy, Ballantine, A. Palmer and P. Whelan. Joe Murphy took the first prize, daily and Sunday Times one year. Ballantine won a pair of tennis shoes as the second prize.

The ladies were much interested in the waltzing contest. About twenty entered and waltzed to the strains of "After the Ball." Five were chosen to compete for the prize. They were Misses Cora Meyers, Lora Ellsworth, Lizzie Donnelly, A. Yeoman and Addie Nelson. Miss Cora Meyers was adjudged the most graceful, and received a $10 hat as a prize.

The dancing continued through the evening. The committee in charge were: J. H. Nagel, J. Myers, E. W. McClelland, G. R. Crowl and C. W. Brandon.

In the evening many amused themselves fishing, and several claim to have caught immense strings of fish.

The train service was good, and the management of the various details of the picnic seemed to make the affair a very pleasant one for the printers and their friends.

This jollity is illustrative of the happiness of hundreds of thousands of people whose Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, etc., have been cured by Ath-lo-pho-ros. The company has on file, in classified form, at its office in New Haven, more than 50,000 letters, from all over the world, testifying to relief or cure of those who have used Ath-lo-pho-ros, and to the standard sale of the preparation by druggists. These letters tell of suffering, apparently incurable by other means, cured by this one great remedy, and they express the experiences and convictions of the great multitude who have sent their tribute to its virtues and powers.

At all druggists. $1 per bottle.

The Athlophoros Co., New Haven, Conn.

SUNDAY'S OUTING.

Largest Crowd of the Year, Except July 4, at Lake Harriet.

Lake Harriet was yesterday the most popular place in Hennepin county. To say it was a delightful spot only half expresses it. The day was perfect. It was cool enough for comfort, and the breezes freighted with the evaporation of the lake were most refreshing. The enchanting music of Gilmore's band gave the place much the likeness of fairyland.

The crowd that congregated there from the cities was perhaps the largest of the year, excluding the Fourth. Probably five thousand people were together during the afternoon, and others constantly coming and going. After the concert they proceeded to amuse themselves in various ways. Some engaged boats, and were soon seen pulling lustily against the waves; in fact, the boats were in good demand. Others more venturesome spent the afternoon in sailing, though with a stiff breeze it took a skilled sailor to handle the rudder. The merry-go-round came in for its full share of patronage. Many people are always moving in a circle and others are often pleased to do so, especially when straddling a giraffe or a river horse. The quieter sort of people sat about the pavilion talking, or wandered off along the shores of the lake. At lunch time few people left for home, but patronized in large measure the restaurants and cafes. Many small parties were also found seated under the trees and enjoying basket suppers, while the ice cream girl had her hands full in attending to the wants of the crowd. At 7 o'clock the crowds began to increase, despite the threatening clouds hanging overhead, and the evening was spent in pure enjoyment. The only thing lacking at Harriet lake yesterday was a couple of first-class sermonis.

The interest in the Gilmore band seems to be on the increase, for every number was encoured, and the encores encored again in some cases. The crack number was the descriptive fantasie, "The Discovery of America," written for Gilmore a year ago when he was getting ready for his Chicago engagement this summer.

RUSSIAN STUDENTS.

Some Rules That Govern School Life in St. Petersburg and Moscow.

New York World.

Nowhere in the world is the student subject to such a strict, searching and rigorous discipline as is the student in a Russian university.

From his entrance into school the boy of ten or eleven years of age has to go through a long and tedious process of training, the nature of which tends more to fit him for army service than to fill the professor's chair. In the preparatory class the boy is taught the names of the royal family in order, and the names of the entire dynasty in their rank and order. These he must know by heart.

Next comes the way to render honor and to salute all military officers should he meet them or speak about them. Here also he must learn by heart the Russian national anthem, "God Save the Czar." Next come marching and the various military commands. An account is kept of the physical developments of each boy, so that when he is sixteen years old it can be seen by his physical progress if he is fit for the army service.

At this time the scholar receives a passport of "identification" and a book containing the rules and regulations which are to govern his life in the institution. The discipline the Russian student has to undergo may produce one of two results. The student may be made obedient or abjectly slavish, or the rules and laws by which he is governed may give him food for reflection and create a natural aversion to the authorities.

Here are some of the requirements: Each student must wear a military uniform with brass and nickel-plated buttons, which have to be polished every day; each student must also clean his own shoes; mustache and beard are not allowed; hair must be clipped close; smoking and carrying a cane are forbidden, as well as the use of any intoxicants whatever.

While walking to and from school the student must carry on his back his knapsack filled with books, weighing in all about twenty-five or thirty pounds. This he must do in all kinds of weather. The student cannot attend any social or public gathering or entertainment; neither can he go to the theater or concert hall. He must not be on the street after 7 p. m.

He must not read any newspaper whatsoever or any books but those written by Russian authors and approved by the censor.

Anyone observing the violation of any of these rules may demand the student's passport and return the same to the authorities, for which the informer receives a reward, while the student is punished by being locked up for twelve hours in a dark room.

Secret societies or organizations among the students are not to be dreamed of; neither are students permitted to gather in groups. Two may converse or speak with one another, but three together are not allowed. A young Russian who says he attended one of these institutions is authority for the statement that there is always among the students one spy in ten.

The same person declares that when a spy makes an unfavorable report, the student reported against suddenly disappears. In the year of 1885, he affirms, there were twenty-one disappearances in the St. Petersburg university, and double that number in Moscow.

If inquiry is made for the missing student the inquirer will be told that the young man was considered a dangerous subject to the community, and was therefore removed out of harm's reach.

The teachers, professors and directors of universities are appointed by a body selected for that special purpose by the czar himself.

Many parents, knowing the risks and the dangers their boys are subject to while in a Russian university, educate them abroad. The young man sent abroad for education is looked upon by the authorities as a dangerous subject, full of liberal ideas and opinions concerning public problems.

TWO NICE JOKES.

A Man Who Shot His Own Hens and Took a Note Payable After Death.

Buffalo Courier.

Ex-Congressman Loren B. Sessions has seldom been accused of being gullible, but he admits with becoming magnanimity that he was bested on two occasions.

Living next door to him in the little village of Panama is a man named John Baker. Baker glories in the title of counselor-at-law, but when the legal business is dull he is never averse to taking a painting or whitewashing contract. Both Sessions and Baker kept hens, and it was their custom to let the hens run at large during the early spring months and late in the fall.

Sessions had finished planting his garden at the rear of the house, and shut his poultry up in the hennery. One morning he discovered, much to his disgust, that Baker's hens had paid him an early visit and scratched up a large quantity of seed. He went to Baker with his trouble, and told him in his usual good-natured way that unless he kept his hens confined they would be shot and thrown into his yard. Baker chuckled to himself, and promised that his hens would cause no more trouble in the newly planted garden. Early the next morning he arose and liberated the congressman's hens, which were soon enjoying themselves on forbidden ground.

Suddenly he heard several reports from a gun, and, peeping from a window, saw Sessions approaching the house bearing a number of the unfortunate victims. "John! John!" yelled the elated legislator, "I've kept my promise, and there are your hens. You'd better catch the rest of them, or I'll bag them, too."

"Why, Lo," said Baker, "my hens are all shut up in the roost. Those must belong to some other person."

"Go on!" returned Sessions. "Your hens and mine are the only ones that ever come into my yard, and mine haven't been out of the house since I made my garden."

"Well, you'd better look and make sure of it, anyway," said Baker. So the pair jumped the fence and went to Sessions' roost, where the chagrined congressman discovered how he had been sold. Sessions gathered up the dead hens and took them to his own house, where they were nicely prepared, and the entire Baker family was invited over to dinner.

Sessions decided he would get even, and made several futile attempts to do so, but only played into his neighbor' hands again. Baker went to his friend one day and said: "Lo, I want a load of hay, but I haven't the ready money for it. Will you take my note?"

"I don't suppose you'd ever pay for it, but I'll take your note for thirty days," said Sessions, jokingly.

The hay was transferred and the note given in payment. At the expiration of the thirty days and the courteous three days extra, Sessions asked Baker if he would pay the note.

"Certainly, when it becomes due."

"It's due now; the thirty days are up," says Sessions.

"I say it isn's true," retorted Baker. "Read it and see."

The congressman read the note, examining the date line closely, and, detecting no flaw in it, said: "This note has run the stipulated time and I want my money."

"Read it again," said Baker.

"What's this? 'Thirty days after death'—confound you, what do you mean by that? Don't you mean to pay this?"

"I will surely keep my contract," said Baker. "Call around thirty days after I am dead and get your money."

A WILD BOY.

He Eats Grass and in Other Ways Lives Like an Animal.

San Francisco Examiner.

The town of Livermore has a wild boy who eats grass and lives on roots and herbs and does all sorts of strange things.

For years the wild boy has lived on his father's pastures, and has been as contented as any ordinary mortal would be in a well-furnished and comfortable home. The unfortunate lad has a name and a home, but he does not regard either as much as any rational being would. He prefers to frisk around in his father's grain field and chase the frightened children of the neighborhood down the country roads.

John Worth is the wild boy's name, and he is about 15 years old. His father is Harrison Worth, who lives on a little track of ground a few miles out of Livermore. The boy has been a terror to the neighbors for a long time. Ever since his birth he has been an imbecile and all attempts to teach him even the rudiments of understanding have been but dismal failures.

The wild boy knows absolutely nothing, and is as much at home out in the open fields as he is at his father's hearthside. Recently he has been terrorizing the neighbors of the Worth ranch to such an extent that he was arrested today on the complaint of Farmer Clark, who considers him dangerous to be at large. His sanity was investigated by the lunacy commission the other day, but the doctors decided that the green fields and the hills that surrounded Livermore valley were better places for him than an insane asylum would be, so he was sent home on the afternoon train in custody of his father, who has promised to take better care of him in the future.

The boy's father had been in the habit of keeping his son at home by tying him to a stake, just as the cattle are treated, and he never makes any attempt to escape. The rope around his ankle has always been sufficient to keep him within bounds, and while the wild boy would tug at his rope just as any dumb brute would do he has never had the intelligence to untie his fastening.

When untied and turned out in the pasture with the cattle the boy affects all of their traits. He jumps about in the field like a frisky lamb, drinks water out of the creek and eats grass. He developed his liking for grass and roots several years ago, and seems to prefer such food to a carefully prepared meal in his father's dining room.

The boy's parents are very poor and have been unable to do anything to assist the unfortunate lad, so they have allowed him to grow up in the green fields with the live stock. By reason of his peculiarities the boy has been called the Wild Boy of Livermore for the past ten years, and the little children have the most abject fear of him. When loose he will climb fences and chase them down the road, but he has never been known to harm any of them. When he catches them he looks them over curiously and seems to regard them with simple interest.

Have you tried the new baking powder?

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Admiral English Dead.

WASHINGTON, July 16.—Rear Admiral Earle English, retired, died here today, aged sixty-nine years. He was made rear admiral in 1884, at which time he resigned the position of chief of the bureau of equipment and recruiting, which he had held for six years, and took command of the European station.

JENNY AND I.

Jenny and I were lovers,
Many and many a year;
Poor as I be—but Jenny gave me
The gold of her moonlight hair;
And I said: "Too ragged a lover
To wed with the winsome witch!"
But she bent her head, with her lips o' red,
And kissed me and made me rich.

Jenny and I were lovers,
Yonder—in storm and fair;
But her blue-bright eyes made the summer skies,
And her smile the spring o' the year.
Poor as a wayside beggar,
With her tresses around me curled,
Like veins o' gold in the rugged mold,
I was richer than all the world!

Jenny and I were lovers,
With only the sky above;
And we cared not for a painted cot,
For heaven was over our love.
The brooks were our mirrors—the water wine,
That sparkled by hill and glen;
Her face beamed pink where I stooped to drink,
And the water was sweeter then!

Jenny and I were lovers,
Many and many a year;
But the rose was red to her lips o' red
And the moonlight envied her hair;
And the red rose creeps where her true heart sleeps,
And the moonlight falleth drear
Where Jenny and I were lovers—
Many and many a year!

—Frank L. Stanton.

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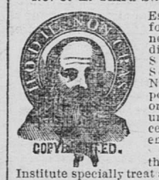

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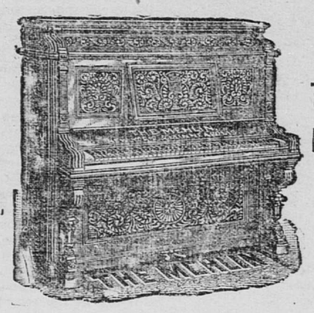

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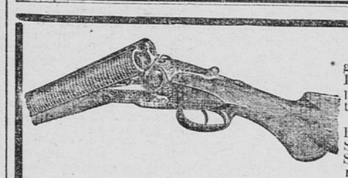

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