THE BEAUTY CHARM.

A Story of Old Virginia.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

(Copyrighted.)

CHAPTER XXII.

"Why I come. Out there, I look I see your bird fly away. Oh, you no catch again," she sighed, sympathetically.

"There are plenty of birds," said Mrs. Marsh. "Bring me a pretty one and I'll give you a string of beads, Star Flower."

"Yes, good medicine lady. Star Flower set trap, catch plenty bird, tomorrow," the little woman said. "I go now. He be angry." "He" meant Lazy Legs, and she trotted away in haste as though she were in great alarm.

"She has been sent to watch us," said Mrs. March. "How much she has discovered, I cannot guess. She is very fond of her brother and will help him if she can. It will be a very great thing for Young Man With a Tongue to stand high in the favor of that charming chief, to say nothing of the payment he would receive at the present moment. Dear me, those blankets. You couldn't make up your mind to throw Capt. Atherton over and let me earn those blankets? Could you, my daughter?"

The arrival of the wagon put an end to her badinage.

The groceries and school supplies, medicines and other things, were carried in as usual. The jar of peppermint candy in long red and white sticks, which Mrs. March always ordered, was placed upon the table, and Mrs. March went out upon the porch and looked about her.

Despite her anxiety to be gone, Star Flower was seated on the grass watching the wagon.

"I shall get her out of sight," said Mrs. March, "and lead the children to her. Meanwhile have the trunks put into the wagon and hide there yourself." Then she called Star Flower, and, giving her a portion of the candy, asked her to divide it among the children. She often bestowed this confection upon the little ones, and now she said:

"I let you give it to them as a lesson. You must make each one say 'Please to give me some' in English before they have a share."

"So good white medicine lady," said Star Flower with a delighted smile, and Mrs. March seated her on the front porch and sent the children to her. Thus the kitchen way was clear. The master of the wagons and two men kept watch while Capt. Atherton placed us in the depths of the covered vehicle. Their report was that no one saw us enter. This done, Capt. Atherton locked the kitchen door, and the wagon drove away to join the others. The escort took the rear, and away we drove toward Fort Tulip.

For three hours the wagons rumbled onward without adventure. By this time we had arrived at a spot where arose a great rock, which the Indians called "The Good Mother." It was a sort of miniature mountain, shapped like an immense woman wrapped in a blanket, and there was a legend connected with it of a bad Indian who tried to kill the six little sons of his enemy, whom he had already slain. But as he approached with his young men, the good mother wrapped them all in her dead husband's blanket and called on the Great Spirit, and behold, when the wicked men reached the spot they were all six, with their mother and the blanket, turned into stone, which blunted the hatchets and the tomahawks of their enemies.

"It is a very curious rock," Arthur said. "There are folds, as if it were a petrified blanket, and those protuberances look like children's heads, and if you climb to the top and peep in under a sort of hood, you can bring yourself to believe that you see an Indian woman's head there."

"There she is to sit until the great chief, her husband, returns from the happy hunting grounds to collect his family when the spell of enchantment will be broken, and he will embrace them and bear them away."

"What a pretty legend," I said.

"And, oh, what a delightful thing if it were possible to turn one's self into stone, heart and all, at the climax of one's worst troubles," said Mrs. Marsh.

It was at this moment that the driver of one of the wagons reined in his horses, and one of the men came down to report that the animals were ill, and indeed they were. They staggered, uttered cries of pain and plunged feebly. Released from the harness they fell to the ground, and despite all that could be done for them, expired within a few moments.

Before the excitement caused by this event had subsided, agonies of pain had attacked the animals which drew the rest of the wagons, and one after the other they gave up their lives. Never shall I forget the cries they uttered, the terrible expression in their great eyes. The spectacle was heartrending; the soldiers, who had looked upon battlefields, were moved to tears. "They seemed to feel as if we could help them if we would," said one man; "it was terrible."

But this was not the end of the affair. As the men stood looking upon the stiff and ghastly forms of those dumb servants, who had served them so faithfully, the horses of the escort began to suffer, though less terribly. They grew restive and uttered long, sharp cries. All were soon rolling on the ground in agony, save Capt. Atherton's horse. He, apparently in perfect condition, regarded his companions with astonishment, uttering low whinnies, as if to comfort them.

It was evident to me that they held converse, in a certain fashion, and that he knew they suffered.

These suffering horses did not die, however, as the draught horses had done, but their sufferings were of long duration, and at last they lay on the ground, panting and helpless, utterly unable to proceed.

"It will be hours before we can even lead them away," said the master of the wagons, who was well skilled in veterinary matters; "and it is evident to me that this is the work of poison. The quantity given was sufficient to kill in the case of the draught horses. For some reason these poor creatures had a smaller dose; yours has had none, Captain."

"I fed him myself at the schoolhouse," said Captain Atherton. "You had assistance, no doubt, from some Indian?"

"No, Captain; not in feeding them," said one of the men. "But when, just before starting, we gave them a last watering, a pretty little boy was very busy. We amused ourselves with him; bright little fellow with an arrow tattooed on his arm."

"A little brother of Young Man With a Tongue and Star Flower," said Mrs. March. "That tells the whole story."

"And its climax has arrived," said said Capt. Atherton. "Here come the red devils," and seizing me by the waist lifted me into the wagon, while one of the soldiers did the same by Mrs. March. "Lie flat upon the floor," he said, and, forcing us to do so, covered as with cushions and clankets, then drew down the curtains and buttoned them."

"Do not lift your heads," he shouted. "Help us by keeping quiet." The next instant the war-whoop burst upon our ears.

"Let me go to him! Let me fight beside him!" I shrieked. "I cannot stay here while those fiends may be murdering him! Arthur! Arthur! Let me come to you——"

"Little idiot," said Mrs. March, grasping me fast. "Listen. You can help your soldier best by doing exactly as he tells you. Many a time that is so. A man could often master a restive horse if the woman beside him would obey his command and sit still, or save a drowning woman if she would only do what he implores her to do, and refrain from choking him into helplessness. Obey, obey; it is a great deal the best and bravest thing to do, when he who gives the order does not blunder," and the good woman crushed me down, laid herself across me and nearly smothered me with a blanket.

Meanwhile horrible sounds filled our ears. It was plain to us that the Indians were trying to get to the wagon, and that the soldiers were defending it at the risk of their lives, and all that I could do was to pray, and the only words that I could think of were these:

"Help them, oh my Father in heaven, help them, help them."

Oh, the terror of that hour. Oh, the well I remember how, as I clutched my throat in an ecstacy of hysterical horror which made me feel as though I were choking. I felt the cold, smooth surface of the beauty charm and bethought me that my pretty face had brought this about.

"Alas, alas," I moaned. "Can it be that it is devil's beauty after all. I thought it blessed when it won my soldier's love, but now it may have caused his death, and my lifelong despair and desolation. Oh, Father in heaven, pity us and save us." But even as I uttered this cry, the curtains of the wagon were torn away and I saw the horrible face Scream of the Eagle thrust in at the aperture as he bent forward from his horse.

The next moment he had flung Mrs. March aside and seized me in his arms, lifting me to the saddle before him, as though I were a baby.

"He could not do this if my soldier were alive," I moaned. But as the thought flashed through me, I saw Arthur, still mounted, in hand-to-hand conflict with two mounted Indians.

The vision was gone in a moment. Our horse dashed forward with the speed of the wind and soon left the scene of conflict behind him. Away, away, faster and faster still. Vainly I lifted my voice. There was no one to hear or aid me. At last I lay silent on the hideous brute's left arm. Suddenly I heard the sound of hoofs behind us, and a bullet whizzed past the ear of the Indian. With a fiendish laugh, he lifted my head on a level with his own, and I saw that the solitary officer who followed us was Arthur. Now that Scream had made a shield of me, he dared not fire again lest I should be his victim.

On he came, on, and now I saw a band of Indians on his track. Fast as my soldier rode, they gained upon him. Unless heaven vouchsafed a miracle, all hope was over. I uttered a terrible cry of despair. Scream laughed hideously. Turning in his saddle he uttered a shout that seemed to awaken the echoes of the plains, and in a moment his young men had surrounded Arthur, and I knew no more.

A little after Scream rode down into a deep and wooded dell, and we were, as if by magic, in the heart of a curious Indian village.

All Indians do not live in wigwams. A very few make queer little houses for themselves. A sort of a gigantic basket of cane or willow and vegetable fiber, impervious to water and shaped like a bee hive. This village was composed of such houses, which were set in groups about a central group.

On the outskirts of the village Scream alighted and set me down.

The long, terrible cramping of my limbs had benumbed them so that I could not stand upon them, and I sunk to the ground. He laughed and called aloud. On this two men advanced, and, making a sort of chair with their arms, seated me upon it and carried me into the village, driving back the gaping crowd of women and girls who strove to follow us, until at last they entered the largest hut of the central group, and placed me upon a pile of beautiful furs, heaped up at one end of the room, which was hung with parti-colored blankets. Big plaited baskets of fruits and flowers of delicate perfume stood about. The ground had been smoothed until it resembled brown pottery, and the whole effect was beautiful in the extreme.

I saw all this as in a dream as I lay panting on my couch of furs, slowly regaining my physical strength, though horror had robbed me of all hope. But fear was gone, since no doubt my promised husband was already dead. I asked nothing better than to die also, for in heaven I felt sure that we must be reunited. But meanwhile I swore solemnly that this hideous savage should never have me for his wife. The weapon that Arthur had given me should save me from that horrible degradation. "Last gift of my lost love. Only friend that remains to me," I sighed. "You shall set my soul free. Nor can I believe that at such a pass heaven will account the deed a crime too great for pardon."

One of the men who had brought me into the hut now advanced and stood before me, and I saw that it was Young Man With a Tongue. Once more he began to sing the praises of the hideous creature by whom he was employed, but I interrupted him.

"Tell me first," I said, "if Capt. Atherton has been murdered."

"He lives," said Young Man, "and is unharmed."

"Thank God," I sighed. "Young Man, you know something of the customs of the white people. I am the promised wife of Capt. Atherton. Do you suppose that he can be robbed of me with impunity? Does not Scream of the Eagle know that the white soldiers will avenge this deed?"

"Scream of the Eagle fears no one," said Young Man. "He bears a charmed life. Listen to the legend which is sung at the campfires of his tribe:

"When Scream of the Eagle was born his father, the great chief, Elk in a Fury, and his mother, Beautiful Echo of the Forest, gave great gifts to the prophet, Mystery of the Clouds, to call upon the spirits of his ancestors to arise and speak. They went up into the mountains, and fires were builded, and all night long Mystery of the Clouds sat like one dead, and all day long he sat also thus, and another night, and still another, and with him sat Echo of the Forest and her husband, and fed the fires until the smoke settled over the camp below like a storm cloud. And on the third night, when the prophet's soul was still absent from his body, came the ancestors, majestic, mighty, beautiful, and spoke, and what they said was this: 'The child that is born you shall call thus—and the young man uttered the strange Indian name as he uttered all words in any language which he spoke—in a way that gave it its full significance. And we tell you this child cannot die by the hand of man. In conflict or in battle, face to face with his foe, or in the midst of a great horde of warriors, no man shall be able to stay him. The arrow aimed at him will fail in its flight, the knife drop from the hand of the assassin who aims at him a secret blow. It is not in the power of man to take the life of this, your only son, Scream of the Eagle, nor by man can his blood be shed." And Young Man struck an attitude which was certainly graceful and statuesque.

"This has been so," he said, dropping into a conversational tone, and becoming, from his point of view, the modern gentleman of society, "I assure you that in all his battles the great chief has never received a scratch. Poison has been given to him without harming him. He is under the protection of beings more powerful than man—of the spirits of his mighty ancestors. Besides, Scream of the Eagle utterly refuses to have anything to do with the government, owes them nothing, defies the soldiers, does as he chooses, and is not at all like those others who receive rations and wish to become like white men. To be his wife would be an honor, and if you, beautiful lady, would receive him with happy smiles and laughter—this I tell you for your benefit—you may induce him to let Capt. Atherton return to the fort unharmed."

"Do you suppose my soldier would desert me?" I cried. "You are speaking of a brave man and a true lover."

"Undoubtedly," Young Man replied; "but I did not reflect that before overwhelming numbers the bravest must retreat, even if his rival were not endowed with superhuman powers?"

"Do you believe that?" I said.

"I know it," said Young Man solemnly as he left me.

Now that I had heard that Arthur was living and unharmed, a little hope began to creep into my heart. The case was very desperate, but every hour made matters better for us, for surely troops from the fort must arrive at last. The soldiers would be avenged upon this savage, even if they were not in time to save us.

As I sat listening, trembling, not guessing what might come next, I heard scuffling steps without, whispering voices, and presently a number of Indian women, young, middle-aged and elderly, came filing into the hut. They were unlike any I had ever seen before, in dress as well as in feature.

The squaws were gaily accoutered, and wore glittering chains around their bosoms, armlets and skirts that reached the calves of their dusky legs. Their hair shone with oil and was dressed with shells and flowers. I fancy they had made a grand toilet in order to call upon me. I guessed at once that they were Scream's wives. They were evidently in a most unfriendly mood, and for once ready to make common cause against an enemy.

After standing about for a while, talking of me with evident contempt and detestation, they squatted about me and began to talk to me.

Their speech was not like that of the Indians at the school house. But pantomime is a universal language. I quite understood that they told me that I was not so handsome as I thought myself, and that I should yet be sorry that I had found favor in the eyes of Scream of the Eagle. They called me a great many bad names, and finally began to stick pins into my arms. However, I also had pins about me, one long hat pin, which I used to advantage. Blood spurted, shrieks arose, and Young Man With the Tongue entered and drove my guests away, uttering his high-flown threats in English that I might understand them. "They find you too beautiful, too terrible a rival," he said, after we were alone. "She who is adored by all men, all women hate in consequence." Then he departed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Ten minutes later a band of youths dashed into the hut and dragged me into a sort of court before it. And now had arrived the most terrible moment of all my life, for this is what my eyes beheld:

In the center of the courtyard stood a thick post about twelve feet high, painted and decorated in the most gaudy fashion. At the top was fastened a hoop, from which hung many scalps, the long hair floating like a fringe. Indian hair, usually, but in two cases the soft, fair hair of white women. Some wild music was going on, and a throng of Indians stood or squatted about, wrapped in their blankets, while women and children hovered about the outer edge of the circle.

At first the crowd about the post was so great that I could only see its upper half above the great, blanketed forms of Indians, much taller than most of their race. But as this human screen fell away my horrified gaze riveted itself upon a figure, bound hand and foot, and fastened to the post. A slight to curdle the blood in the veins of one who knew these savages, terrible beyond all description as I recognized my soldier. They had taken from him his coat and waistcoat. He was in his shirt sleeves and bare-headed. He could only turn his beautiful eyes toward me as I uttered his name.

"Arthur! Arthur! Oh, my love! Oh, my darling——"

"My Nannie!" he answered, "the end has come; courage, my darling, courage——"

"I have courage," I answered. "Your last gift shall save me from the worst."

"Amen," he cried. "Shut your eyes. You cannot bear what they will force you to see. It will drive you mad."

I heard the voice of Scream of the Eagle uttering more words.

The young men then lifted me to a great stone and stood about me, and now the interpreter stepped forward and addressed me.

"The anger of the great warrior, Scream of the Eagle, is aroused," he said. "He bids me to say that he would have bestowed gifts and delights upon the beautiful white squaw if she had been obedient, but now she shall see his power. The white soldier shall die by inches before her eyes.

"The young men shall torture him with the knife, but he himself will cut out the heart that dares to beat for the wife that Scream of the Eagle has chosen."

Even at the moment I felt sure that this fine speech was by no means a literal translation of Scream's gutturals. But that it was a true statement of his intentions I knew, and naturally I was nearly mad with terror.

Perched on the rock where they had placed me I watched what followed; saw the tall, slender Indian youths, each with a knife of strange fashion, range themselves in a line; saw Scream of the Eagle, hideously painted, advance toward his prisoner and address him in words which the interpreter repeated—a tirade of abuse, even as softened by his silvery tongue. Then a strange, wild music began, the beating of a sort of drum, the shrieks of some wooden instrument I had never seen before. I have always wondered how it was that under such circumstances I could observe all that went on. But I did, and I know that, shaking off the hands of the young men who held me, I stood upright with folded arms and my head proudly uplifted.

Meanwhile my right hand had quietly stolen into the little case at my side. Unseen by any I had clutched the pistol, which no one but Arthur knew I had in my possession. The folds of a scarf I wore about my neck concealed it, but my finger was on the trigger. I only waited.

And now at a given signal the first young man in the line advanced, flung his knife and pinned the sleeve of Arthur's shirt to the post without attempting to wound him. The second did the same thing, only the knife went closer to the arm. I remembered hearing of this thing before. The first knives are flung to alarm the victim, the next wound him slightly, the last severely, so he is slain by inches.

As the third youth left the ranks, Scream of The Eagle turned and looked at me as a jealous deamon might. He made gestures which said: "Now you see what will move you from your pretended calmness," and at the same moment advanced toward me.

As he did so, I raised my pistol. As he now stood, his eyes were dazzled by the setting sun. I believe he had no idea what I was about, and fancied the glittering weapon some woman's ornament, or else was firm in his faith that he was bullet-proof. At all events, he allowed me time to take good aim between his eyes and to fire deliberately. As I did so, he uttered a wild shriek, staggered and fell forward on his face.

"Tell the people," I cried to the interpreter, "that no man was able to slay Scream of the Eagle because a woman was appointed to do it. I am she." Then, amidst cries, howls, the flight of terror-stricken men, the lamentations of women, I leaped from the rock on which I stood, seized the knife that had fallen from Scream's hand, rushed to Arthur's side and cut the thongs that bound him. He was free.

"My brave darling," he cried, clasping me to his bosom. "Once more I hold you in my arms, and I will fight for you to the last, but I fear that all we can hope for is to die together. This panic over, the people will avenge their chief."

But still we were unmolested. Their superstition was our friend. They had believed that their chief was invulnerable. They fancied he was immortal, and the words which Young Man With a Tongue had repeated to them made them believe me endowed with magic powers. Moreover, Scream had made himself supreme. Surrounding himself by those who were willing to offer abject obedience, there was no one to step into his place.

Their demoralization for the time was complete. They expected, they knew not what, to follow the death of Scream of the Eagle. The light of the sun might go out, the skies fall, the earth open.

How long this would have lasted I cannot say. A movement on our part to escape might have aroused them to action, but while yet we stood together—I now almost as horror-stricken at the thought of my bloody deed as were those women, wives of the dead chief, who had flung themselves upon his body to utter their wild lamentations—a new panic seized the Indians. Their quicker ears had caught before ours could the tramp of approaching cavalry, and they fled like frightened deer as the troop from the fort dashed down into the valley.

I can write no more. White men can be as savage as red men sometimes. When the moon arose that night not one of the tribe of which Scream of the Eagle had been chief remained alive. To use the words of one of the officers, "the nest of serpents had been utterly destroyed."

CHAPTER XXIV.

When I was safe at the fort, where I found Mrs. March, who had preserved my little gray bag, with the papers it contained, the thought that I had murdered a man gave me some very restless hours. I wondered that Arthur could love me as well, even though it had been done for his sake. But he called me his good angel, and I know not what else to comfort me, and I found that I had become a heroine among the ladies of the fort. Letters had arrived for me from Friends Smith and Brown and from Maria. I will quote a portion of hers.

"Friend Anna: I take up my pen in hand to let thee know that I am well, and hope thee are the same. Jonah is well. Mother Hancock is likewise in usual health. We have a little boy, who is very comely, and Jonah is pleased, because when he is aged and passed work he will have some one to succeed him in the concern. Otherwise, I should have liked a little girl. But these things are as Providence wills, of course.

"I will surprise thee by telling thee that I have been a journey to Oaktown, where thee remembers we lived with good friend Warrington. All is as usual there. I could but shed tears when I saw the ruins of the home. However, I had a pleasant surprise. Friend Hoty, who was so brave at the time of the fire, did not die. He recovered, and in dressing the wound in his head, the surgeon found the bullet which has been all the while in his brains. On its removal he became sane again."

"Thou wouldst not know him he is so proper and self-contained. He remembered me and shook hands and asked after thee. His real name is, it seems, not Hoty, it is Philip March, and in his insanity he wandered hither from a Southern town, the name of which I have forgotten. He has written to old friends, but they are all dead or gone away. No one remembers him. This makes him very sad, though the people of the village are all his friends and make him welcome, and I am told that he laments the probable death of his wife, of whom he can hear no news. For her sake it was that after the wicked fashion of the world's people, he fought a duel and received the wound that disordered his intellect."

This portion of my letter was so interesting that I read it aloud to Mrs. March, telling her all I knew of my dear Don Quixote. While I was talking a little cry from her lips alarmed me. I looked up and saw that she was nearly fainting. I went to her and she clung to me, sobbing. "Let no woman say that her life is over," she said. "Anna, Philip March is my husband. As he thinks me dead, so have I believed him to be." And then she, who had always been so reticent, poured out the whole story of her life. It was a story purely of the South. Her husband had not doubted her, but blood alone could avenge a light word spoken of his wife. We know the result of the duel.

For months the unhappy wife watched her demented husband, who did not recognize her, but believed himself to be the Knight of La Mancha, and insisted that she should call him Don Quixote. One day he escaped her watchfulness and wandered away. A body, supposed to be his, was found in the river, and having paid the last respects to the remains she left Virginia, as she supposed, forever.

"Now that I know he lives," she concluded, "I believe that Heaven intends that I shall and must be happy."

"I am sure of it," I said, and letters were written, messages sent to the proper quarter, and one day as we sat together a servant announced a gentleman for Mrs. March.

Never shall I forget the expression with which she looked toward the door or how my heart beat as I saw standing on the threshold my own dear Don Quixote, with all his old beauty of feature, but no longer wild and grotesque in demeanor. A grave and stately gentleman, self-contained, though evidently moved by strong emotion. For a moment his sparkling eyes rested upon the face of Mrs. March, then he opened his arms, and she flew into them.

I heard her sobs, I saw him bow his head above hers, and left them together.

My wedding eve was close at hand. I had gone with Mr. and Mrs. March to their old home, a considerable estate having of late fallen to my dear old Don, so that he was rich enough to have no fear of the future.

At Mrs. March's home I was to be married, and one day we all stood together on the platform awaiting the arrival of my soldier, who had been accorded leave of absence for the occasion. Mr. Williams, the lawyer who had assisted Mr. March in arranging his pecuniary affairs, was with us.

As we paced the platform a train from the south came in, and from it alighted a young man, with whom Mr. Williams shook hands, and whom he introduced to us. I heard him invite him to dinner, and was aware that the stranger accepted the invitation. Having no thought of any one but my soldier at this juncture, I had no wish to join in the conversation that ensued, and walked away into the waiting room. But in a few moments he followed me, saying something about being tired. He sat down beside me, somewhat to my annoyance, but in a few moments something he said riveted my attention and I myself was speaking eagerly. But before I give my version of what followed I will tell you how it all appeared to my friends upon the platform. When I walked into the waiting room Mr. Graham, the young man who had just arrived, said to Mr. Williams: "That young lady is the most beautiful girl I ever saw in all my life." "Take care of your heart, Graham," Mr. Williams replied. "She is to be married next week, and we are awaiting the arrival of her betrothed husband."

(To be Continued.)

PREFERRED TO WALK.

Slocum—Say, Walker, yer looks tired?

Walker—Well, yer see, I never did ride on common cars, an' since de Pullman strike I'se been walkin' a good deal.

Whisky, $1.25 Quart Bottle.

When you want a whisky for medicinal use you want it pure. "Royal Ruby" Rye Whisky is guaranteed pure in every particular, and recommended for the aged, the invalid and the convalescent. Bottled only at distillery.

ROYAL RUBY PORT WINE.

Taste of this wine, and you will know why we call it "Royal." A glass held up to the light will show why we call it Ruby. It is grand in sickness and convalescence, or where a strengthening cordial is required, recommended by druggists and physicians. Be sure you get "Royal Ruby;" don't let dealers impose on you with something "just as good." Sold only in bottles; prices quarts, $1. Sold by Kennedy & Chittenden, 5 East Third street, St. Paul' Minn.

STILLWATER EVENTS.

News of a Day in the City on the St. Croix.

Judge Williston rendered the following decisions yesterday:

In the case of W. C. Masterman, as receiver, against The Lumbermen's National Bank and R. J. Wheeler and E. W. Durant, intervenor, the court finds in favor of the defendant and intervenor.

In the case of E. S. Brown vs. The Union Depot and Transfer Company and O. D. Baldwin and E. D. Buffington as receiver and the Massachusetts Loan and Trust Company, the verdict is for the defendants, the plaintiff's claim of $3,250 for services as president of the transfer company being disallowed.

E. W. Durant Jr., while at New Orleans, organized a company which has purchased 36,000 acres of cypress lands in Louisiana, upon which are 400,000,000 feet of timber. A mill will be erected and the timber cut and sawed for the market.

The city has been very quiet during the past week, many of the boys being at Lake City while others are spending a few days at Carnelian, Elmo and other lakes near here.

B. J. Mosier and family have returned from a short outing at Lake Elmo, their return to the city being hastened by the illness of Mrs. Mosier, who is now somewhat better.

Mayor C. A. Staples and family are stopping at the Staples club house, on the shores of Big lake. Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Torinus are also there.

The picnic of Ascension parish and Sunday school at Ramaley's, White Bear, Thursday, was well attended and an enjoyable affair.

Mrs. E. R. Johnson, of Quincy, Ill., arrived Tuesday morning, and will spend a month with her sister, Mrs. C. D. Gish.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Voligny and Mrs. A. Baupre, of the province of Quebec, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Voligny.

Mr. and Mrs. William Meiers have gone to the Yellowstone Park to spend their honeymoon.

E. W. Durant Jr. returned yesterday from a three months' absence in the South and West.

Miss Lizzie Hicks left Tuesday for Cromwell, Io., where she will spend a month or more.

George Shull, of Belle Plaine, Minn., was a guest of Stillwater friends a part of the week.

Miss May McCarthy is spending a few days with New Richmond friends.

Mrs. B. A. Waters left yesterday for Chisago lake for a few weeks' outing.

Mrs. L. F. Collins goes east soon to visit her daughter and other friends.

The Last Man's banquet was held at the Sawyer house last evening.

Gorden Strickland returned from the East the first of the week.

The I. O. G. T. give an excursion to Red Wing today by boat.

Capt. R. J. Wheeler, of Dubuque, was in the city Wednesday.

H. H. Harrison left for the Hot Springs Friday night.

Daniel Tozer returned Wednesday from West Superior.

The Picketts, of St. Paul, play in this city this afternoon.

Miss Geneva Berglund is a guest of friends at Summit.

Capt. T. C. Clark and son left Tuesday for Lakeview.

Miss Avadana Millett returned home Friday from Seattle.

W. C. Masterman and wife are at Lake Elmo.

George Long is back from North Dakota.

The Flight of the Burlington Limited.

Why do people patronize the Burlington from St. Paul and Minneapolis? Because it is always on time, or nearly so, strike or no strike.

Late into Chicago Union Passenger Station, where surging mobs abounded, only twice from July 1 to 15, and then 11 and 47 minutes. It is coincidental that the Limited Trains from Chicago during the same period were delayed but twice, 53 and 13 minutes. The Burlington is the popular line and main traveled road. Have you tried it? If not, why not? It is to your interest to do so, is it not? To save time (and money) is to lengthen life, and time is money. Why not "bank" with the Burlington?

Genius and Physical Beauty.

London News.

Ouida proceeds to show that men of genius are fine, handsome fellows. So they are, as a rule; witness Tennyson, Musset, Scott—the strongest man of the Rough Clan — Marlborough, Goethe, Bonny Dundee, Burns, Longfellow, Sir Walter Taylor, Napoleon, Shelley, Byron—a gallery of beauties. The Popes and Voltaires are the exceptions. Now, if genius gets money, renown, the affection of the sex which Ouida adorns, victory, palms, pæcans, and is besides a tall, strong, handsome person, surely genius has a happy time, and may disregard the conceptions of the stupid.

The New Vestibuled Train Service.

Via Chicago & Grand Trunk, Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley Railways, between Chicago and New York and Philadelphia, via the famous St. Clair Tunnel, Niagara Falls, and the beautiful Susquehanna, Wyoming and Lehigh Valleys, known as the "Switzerland of America," offers elegant appointments, and is the most picturesque route connecting these leading cities.

Train leaves Dearborn station, Chicago, daily, 3:10 p. m.

Serves a Double Purpose.

A TYPICAL BULGARIAN.

Whether one is interested in the lives and doings of various other folks, strangers all, uncouth and barbarous and some civilized, wheresoever on earth they dwell; or whether one wishes the fittest souvenir of the late Columbian Exposition (of life, not of mechanics),

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

"PORTRAIT TYPES" OF THE WORLD

Serves the Purpose—Serves a Double Purpose.

It is a souvenir and an educator. One needs it; one will enjoy and treasure it.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

A SOUDANESE MUSICIAN.

Bear in Mind

The Portrait Types Series consists of 10 large Portfolios, 12x16 inches in size, containing almost life-size portraits of 80 distinct types of the various nations, civilized and uncivilized, who were represented at the Midway Plaisance at the World's Fair. It is the only work of its kind in existence and can be obtained by readers of this paper only. Any portfolio may be secured on terms below mentioned, the sum of 10 cents being required to cover the cost of production, handling, wrapping, postage, tubing, mailing, etc.

HOW TO GET THE SERIES:

A Coupon is published each Sunday at the right-hand corner of the first-page heading. Cut out that Coupon and bring or send it to the GLOBE office, with ten cents, and get Part Two.

The Coupons are Published Only in the Sunday Globe. Watch the Sunday Paper for them.

$1.25 Quart Bottle

But the price doesn't begin to tell the story of the merits of

Royal Ruby Rye.

ROYAL RUBY RYE — Purity should be considered when buying whisky for a beverage or a tonic. You may try them all; none will equal this Rye. Its purity, bouquet and finish surpass any other brand. Bottled ONLY at Distillery, Lexington, Ky. Sold by all the best Druggists and Dealers at $1.25 per quart bottle. See that "Royal Ruby" is blown in bottle and on cork and cap. $15.00 for one dozen quarts (express prepaid) to any address.

THE BEST WHISKY

ROYAL WINE CO., Chicago, Ill. Lexington, Ky.

For sale by KENNEDY & CHITTENDEN, 5 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minn.

VITALIS

FRENCH REMEDY 30th Day.

Produces the Above Results in 30 Days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost strength and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using VITALIS. It quickly and surely restores Lost Vitality, Lost Power, Failing Memory, etc., and is a positive cure for Nervousness, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of indiscretion. Wards off Insanity and Consumption. Insist on having VITALIS, no other. Can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, $1.00 per package, or six for $5.00, with a Positive Written Guarantee to Cure or Refund the Money in every box. Circular free. Address

CALUMET REMEDY CO., Chicago, Ill.

For Sale by Lathrop Musset-ter Fourth and Wabasha.

DR. FELLER,

180 East Seventh st., St. Paul Minn

Speedily cures all private, nervous, chronic and blood and skin diseases of both sexs, 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 nervousness, indigestion, constipation, loss of memory, etc., are thoroughly and permanently cured.

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

Dr. E. C. WEST'S NERVE AND BRAIN TREATMENT, a specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Fits, Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous prostration caused by alcohol or tobacco; wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of Brain, causing insanity, misery, decay, death; Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Impotency, Leucorrhœa and all Female Weaknesses, Involuntary Losses, Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of brain, Self-Abuse, Over-Indulgence. A month's treatment, $1, 6 for $5, by mail. We guarantee six boxes to cure. Each order for 6 boxes, with $5, will send written guarantee to refund if not cured. Guarantees issued only by W. K. Collier Druggist, Seventh and Sibley streets, St. Paul Minn.

COST MORE THAN THE HORSE.

A Mexican Puts Money Into Trappings First and a Horse Afterward.

The republic of Mexico, which is our next-door neighbor just across the Rio Grande, has some curious people among its somewhat mixed population.

This consists, to begin at the right end, that is, with the Indians, of whom there are about seven million, of the descendants of the Aztec Toltec, the semi-civilized people of whom Prescott, the historian, has written so delightfully.

Then there are the Spanish descendants of that greatest of conquering explorers, Cortez, and Americans, Germans, French and English lured thither by commercial prospects.

The civilization found by Cortez was in many respects unique. Architecture had reached a high plane, metals were mined and worked, the hardest stones were cut and polished, they could weave fine cloths, and they had a system of hieroglyphics and a calendar.

The Spanish conquest, the liberation, the war with the United States, the invasion of Maximilian, are all familiar stories.

Railroad building, however, has wrought, as it does everywhere, a most radical change in every respect. With Mexico only four days from Chicago in a Pullman car, it has ceased to be in any respect a terra incognita.

The tropical climate and vegetation, together with the love for finery, make it still a picturesque land. The cowboy is a terror and a delight. If he has two hundred dollars to spend, one hundred dollars buys his fine hat, seventy-five dollars his silver-mounted saddle, and twenty-five dollars is spent on a horse. Of course, the fact that horseflesh is cheap enters into this calculation.

DON JOSE.

This picture herewith depicts Jose Maria Garcia, a Mexican cowboy, one of the great class who toss their lives in caring for vast herds of cattle. They are daring riders and marvelously expert in throwing the lasso. Jose was with Col. Cody's Wild West exhibition at the fair and has traveled with him over Europe. This picture is taken from the magnificent collection of Portrait Types of the World, which is practically given away to every reader of this paper. There are eighty superb photographs in ten massive portfolios. In order to secure this invaluable work it is only necessary to send the proper coupons and one dime to cover the cost of handling, tubing, mailing, etc., and the portfolio is yours.

WILCOX COMPOUND TANSY PILLS

SAFE AND SURE.

Unscrupulous persons are counterfeiting Wilcox Compound Tansy Pills, the genuine are put up in metal boxes with registered trade mark of Shield, accept no worthless nostrum, insist on the genuine, at all Druggists. Send 4 cents for Woman's Safe Guard and receive them by mail. Wilcox Specific Co., Phila., Pa.

BIRNEY'S Catarrh Powder

Relieves Catarrh and Cold in the Head instantly by one application. Cures Head Noises & DEAFNESS. Call or write 1208 Masonic Temple, Chicago. Trial treatment or sample free. Sold by druggists, 50c.

MALYDOR INJECTION

THE 1 to 4 DAY CURE. FEMALE

CURES UNHEALTHY DISCHARGES. PREVENTS PRIVATE DISEASES. IS SURE, CLEAN AND WITHOUT BAD EFFECTS. At Druggists or sent with Syringe for $1.00. "Injection Malydor is THE BEST of all similar remedies." Dr. HENRY RENY, Biddeford, Me. MALYDOR MFG. CO., Lancaster, O., U. S. A.

Lost Manhood and vigor quickly restored. Varicocele, nightly emissions, atrophy, etc., surely cured by INDAPO, the great Hindoo Remedy. With written guarantee to cure. Sold by W. A. FROST & CO., Cor. 3rd and Robert Sts., ST. PAUL.