SAINT PAUL.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Lynch, of Livingston avenue, accompanied by Miss Dunning and John C. Dunning, left last evening for Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Allen Trenth and daughter, Mrs. B. Smith, of 178 East Tenth street, have returned after a pleasant visit with relatives and friends at their old homes, Waukesha, Racine and Indianapolis.

At the Clarendon—S. J. Green, Sioux City; Henry Maxiner, Chippewa Falls; J. E. Cooley, Duluth; August Hummal, New Ulm; J. B. Hanson, Duluth; Hugo Roos and Charles Tobine, New Ulm.

At Hotel Sherman—C. H. Gallion, W. M. Kelso, Chicago; A. Gillett, Kansas City; Lewer Lohn, John Omland, Fosston; Robert Wright, Philadelphia; H. S. Jackson, Des Moines; J. S. Glover, Northfield.

At the Ryan—Dr. Dallas Bache, U. S. A.; A. L. Osborn, Fargo; C. S. Hamlin, Washington, D. C.; G. R. Field, San Francisco; S. N. Norvill, West Superior; J. S. Henderson and B. Wightman, Oskaloosa; L. D. Mayhew, Louisville; W. A. Soule, Rochester, N. Y.

At the Windsor—H. Andrews Boyd, Washington, D. C.; W. J. Allen, San Antonio, Tex.; E. C. Miller, Oshkosh; W. H. Austin, Chicago; O. C. Easton, Pittsburg; Frank Smythe and Claude Perkins, Milwaukee; William T. Luntrad, U. S. A., Ft. Buford.

At the Merchants'—J. M. Smith, White Earth; P. N. Peterson, Stillwater; G. H. Garnett, St. Thomas; W. D. Irish and wife, Aberdeen; H. F. Kirk, Independence; J. J. Furlong, Austin; A. B. Moffat, Mankato; F. P. Miller, Red Wing; H. D. Davis, Hinckley.

At the Metropolitan—E. J. Nickey, Milwaukee; Miss M. Norman, William Hoey and wife, N. Dixon, Ed Bruer, Tom Dixon, Max Miller and wife, Miss N. Gennell, Louis Hall, Prof. S. C. Mennelle, Arthur Dunn, Jones R. Lee, S. Sandford, New York; C. C. Anderson and wife, Benson, Minn.

At the International—M. E. Cand and wife, Grand Forks; F. W. Baker, Minot; B. F. Baker, Minot; Miss E. Caley, Minot; E. Edwards, Roxbury; J. L. Cole, Kirkville; Ed Donnavan, Kirkville; Abe Childs, Duluth; Edwin H. Barney and wife, Duluth; J. H. Rosener, Winona.

A ST. PAUL HOLD-UP.

Protest Against Street Railway System of Inspection.

To the Editor of the Globe.

There is a system in vogue in the management of the transportation of passengers on the street railroads of this city that seems to us born of iniquitous origin. We refer to the department of inspectors. It may seem necessary to the railway company to have these inspectors for the purpose of keeping the conductors straight, and to see that they perform their duties with regard to gathering all fares. We have no desire to criticise the method of the company when it involves discipline, or to securing every penny that is honestly due to them. What mode they take to reach these ends makes no difference to us or to the public until it becomes, as it has become, a sort of nuisance to the patrons of roads. A carload of passengers, eager to return to their homes, are held up by a couple of inspectors late at night. We, the passengers, are then nicely counted up to see that we are all there. Our number is compared with the register. If we agree, all is well; if not, we are counted over again. Perhaps the car is so crowded that the conductor was unable to get all the fares, and that has to be decided before we are ready to start. This is called inspection on the Missouri plan—a hold-up! It is a rough, rude and indelicate system to allow these inspectors to obtrude themselves upon an innocent public; and in any other community it would refuse to be counted. There are other ways that the same result can be reached. And a word for the conductors. It is a most humiliating thing for them to be charged before a car full of people, and some, perhaps, their dearest friends, with apparent dishonesty. Let this be remedied. The public doesn't want to see it. H. T.

Conductor Injured.

William O'Gara, a conductor on the Grand avenue line, living at 419 Marshall avenue, was hit by a Mississippi street electric car last night at about 12 o'clock at Seven Corners, as he was on his way home. The patrol brought him to police headquarters, where Dr. Hanley treated him. He received a severe cut on the head, but was able to go home. He tried to get off between two cars.

Fought With Knives.

Four tramps fought with knives in a box car in the Omaha yards at Western avenue at 8:30 last evening. One of them, Pat Casey, was so seriously wounded that he was taken to the city hospital. The other three were arrested and lodged in the central station. One of these named Snea is slightly cut in one arm.

Ross' Body Here.

John Ross, carpenter, who was found in the woods near Finlayson, is a member of Ord post, of St. Paul. The remains arrived in St. Paul on the limited at 9:20 last night, and will go to Eau Claire, Wis., at 8 o'clock this morning.

Bartender Arrested.

Frank Schultz, bartender at the Minnesota house, was arrested last night on a charge of drunkenness. There were some peculiar features about the case, which Officer McCart, who made the arrest, will perhaps explain in court this morning.

Sunday's Fire Alarms.

There were several fire alarms yesterday, no damage being reported except to the house at 482 Superior street occupied by a family named Boozak. This was partially burned.

A WIFE'S ADVICE.

A tinware peddler called one day
On Mrs. Blank of St. Paul,
And introduced himself, they say,
As Raphael Windfall.

He showed a patent coffee pot
Which took her eye completely;
It boiled the coffee strong and hot;
The "grounds" it settled neatly.

"How much for this new fangled pot?
I think I'd like to try it."
"As it's the last one of the lot,
Two dollars, ma'am, will buy it."

* * * * * * * *

When Mr. Blank at home that night
Sat by the stove a-yawning,
His good wife brought into the light
Her purchase of the morning.

Now Mr. Blank, the story goes,
Sold hardware—stoves, tin dippers,
Spades, shovels, axes, weeding hoes,
And also coffee drippers.

So when his good wife told him how
Don Raphael Windfall
Had sold at price extremely low
Throughout a part of St. Paul.

"These coffee pots so neat and cute—"
"Stop, madam!" Blank did holler,
"Your statement I right now refute—
I sell them for ONE dollar!"

"Great land of rest!" the lady cries,
"Are these kept in your store, sir?
Why do you fail to ADVERTISE
And let the people know, sir?

"How will they ever find out, pray,
If you will never try, sir,
To bring the patronage your way,
As does the ADVERTISER?"

"You're right, my dear," Blank made reply,
"I know you're not surmising,
I'd just as well attempt to fly
As sell 'thout ADVERTISING."

* * * * * * * *

And now Blank's trade is growing fast,
'Way up in wealth he's rising,
Since through his wife he found at last
The good of ADVERTISING.

STATE FAIR SHOWING.

Programme of the Great Attractions for Our Greatest Event.

SEVERAL BALLOON RACES.

Extensive List of Horse Races of the First-Class Order.

EXCELLENT STOCK SHOW.

Nothing Lacking to Make This a Most Wonderful State Fair.

The following is the programme of the events to occur during fair week, including the programme arranged for newspaper men's day, which is to be Friday, the 14th. The entries are yet to be made for the 2:16 trotting race to occur St. Paul day, when some of the fastest trotters in the Northwest are to start:

Monday, Sept. 10, opening day.

Tuesday, Sept. 11, good roads day.

10 a. m. Exhibition of road making machinery near Institute hall.

11 a. m. Address on "Road Making" in Institute hall.

1 p. m. Trotting race, 2:45 class, for purse of $500.

Exhibition of life on the plains by Broncho John's Wild West.

Trotting race for two-year-olds of the three minute class for the stake of $400, offered by the Minnesota Horse Breeders' association—Entries: Dexter, Allerto, Neoma, Kenoma, Osland, May, Judge Sheldon, Minnie Barnhart, Prince Banecia.

Chariot races by Jeakle's pony Hippodrome; half mile.

Pacing race, 2:24 class; purse $500—Entries: Wilkeseata, Dan Donaldo, Robert Red, Novice, Nettie Wilkes.

Balloon ascension and parachute drop by Prof. Paul from in front of the grand stand.

Extensive musical programme by Seibert's full band.

Wednesday, Sept. 12, St. Paul's day.

10 a. m. Grand cavalcade of blooded horses and cattle.

1 p. m. 2:25 trotting race, purse of $500. Entries—Manston, Senator L, Dr. Cronin, Jerry W, Bellton, Louisa B, Athlot, Queen Tempo, Joe Gaines.

Jeakle's pony hippodrome, Roman standing races with ponies. Race between a pony and a trotting dog.

Trotting race, 2:16 class, purse $500. Entries close Tuesday evening. The assurance is given that in this race some of the fastest trotters in the Northwest will start, with no less than six starters.

Exhibition of rough riding by Broncho John's cowboys. Attack on a stage coach and emigrant wagon by robbers, recapture by cowboys. Exhibition by bucking bronchos.

Pacing race, 2:35 class, purse of $500—Entries—Roy Adrian, Florette, Hubertine, Delta, Thurston, Red Strath, Shadeland Normont.

Double balloon ascension from in front of grand stand by Prof. Paul and assistant. Double parachute drop.

Musical programme by Seibert.

Thursday, Sept. 13, Minneapolis day.

10 a. m.—Grand parade of horses and cattle.

1 p. m.—Special trotting race for purse of $500. Entries to close Wednesday evening.

Jeakle's pony hippodrome. Half-mile Roman standing race. Trotting contests between ponies and trained dogs.

Pacing race for two-year-olds of the three-minute class, for stake of Minnesota Horse Breeders' association; stake, $300. Entries—Felix Bassett, Mollie Foster, Black Walnut, Fossie Bassett, Flora, Ralph C, Black Warren, Nellie Ogden, Citius, Minnehaha, Cora Cockbart, Lena J, Jet Banecia.

Broncho John's Wild West, cowboy race—A chase for a bride; some lively shooting; throwing the lasso.

Pacing race, 2:17 class; purse for $500. Entries—Pearl R, Wellahead, Willard Russell, Minnie Wilkes, Ira Wilkes, Mayhill, Joe H, Drelencourt.

Phase of life on the plains, depicted by Broncho John's Wild West. Throwing lasso. Wild dash on bronchos. Training bronchos. Attack on stage coach by robbers of the plains, and its recapture by cowboys.

Trotting race, 2:35 class, purse $500. Entries—Nancy Hans, Belle La Croix, Anthony, Forest King, Drum Major, Templemore, Duke Sprague.

Double Balloon Ascension and Balloon Race—Prof. Paul and his assistant will ascend in two balloons to a perilous height. The balloons will be started at a given signal and the aeronauts will, at another signal, make the parachute leap to earth.

4 p. m.—Departure of the long-distance drivers, Mel H. Eddy and Clifford Gilbert, for their drive to New York city. The Minnesota young men will drive a Minnesota bred team, hitched to a Minnesota made buggy, with a Minnesota made harness.

Seibert's band programme.

Friday, Sept. 14, Newspaper Man's Day—

10 a. m.—Grand parade of prize animals.

11 a. m.—Procession of movable farm machinery.

1 p. m.—Entertainment under the auspices of the Press clubs of St. Paul and Minneapolis with the following attractions:

Exhibition drill by the First regiment, M. N. G., to be followed by extended formation drill representing an attack upon an imaginary enemy—repulse and retreat. About six thousand blank cartridges will be used.

Two bicycle races, to be participated in by some of the fastest riders in the state, to be preceded by a parade of 200 uniformed men on wheels.

An exciting racing contest between the mounted police of Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Exhibition drill in the manual of arms by Sons of Veterans crack company, famous throughout the United States for winning first prizes in competitive drills.

Exhibition by St. Paul and Minneapolis fire departments, with apparatus, illustrating modern methods of fighting fire.

Broncho John's Wild West and Jeakle's Pony Hippodrome.

Balloon ascension from in front of grand stand by Prof. Paul.

Seibert's band.

Horses That Will Run.

Alfred H. Spink, the author of "The Derby Winner," which opened successfully at the Grand last night, has kindly volunteered to help to make the Press day at the state fair a big success, and will have his thoroughbred racing celebrities run races at the track. Among the horses who will appear are La Cigale, Ionthe, Allablaze, Miss Price, Remedy and Arawar. The races will no doubt prove a highly attractive feature of the day's programme, which will be fully decided upon today.

Charged With Picking Pockets.

A young man who answers to the name of Thomas Tracy was arrested at the labor picnic at Schade's park yesterday and locked up on the charge of picking pockets. Officers Morse and Bumgardner made the arrest.

Best fishing and hunting in the state at Big Stone Lake. Go to Ortonville via "The Milwaukee."

DR. WILLIAMS INDORSED.

West Side Democrats Hold a Good Meeting.

The Democratic Club of Ramsey County and the Sixth Ward Democratic club held a joint meeting Saturday night at the hall of the latter on South Robert street. V. J. Meilicke resigned as secretary, and William Casey Jr. was elected in his place. Speeches were made by several gentlemen advocating purity in politics and giving every man a chance to seek an office who so desired.

The committee on nominations reported that there are a number of worthy gentlemen mentioned for office, and it being suggested that it would be advisable for the meeting to declare in favor of certain men as nominees on the Democratic ticket, the club took action and indorsed the candidacy of Dr. C. Williams for the state senate to represent the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth wards. William G. Robertson was indorsed as a candidate for clerk of courts and Thomas Tierney for county commissioner from the Sixth ward. The name of John H. Ives for state senator was mentioned, but a majority of the club favored the candidacy of Dr. Williams after a statement had been made that Mr. Ives is not a candidate. Ald. Robert N. Hare, speaking in the same connection, said that Otto L. Haese would be a good candidate for the senate or the lower house of the legislature from the Sixth ward.

William G. Robertson made a brief speech thanking the meeting for its indorsement of him.

A discussion of paving streets with asphalt ensued, in which Ald. Hare and C. B. Shanley were the principal speakers. Mr. Shanley wanted the paving hastened, while Ald. Hare took the position that the street railway company should have a decent hearing and the matter should be proceeded with deliberately.

The regular meeting of the Sixth Ward Democratic club, a branch of this meeting, will be held Wednesday evening at the corner of South Wabasha and Colorado streets.

The indications are that Witt Cochran will be the Democratic nominee for the legislature in the Fourth ward. Once nominated, he will make a phenomenal run, as all the young Democrats, as well as many Republicans, are rallying to his support. He is regarded as a clean, intellectual young man, and his Democracy is unquestioned, despite the reports that have been circulated by friends of the opposing candidates. He will be remembered as one of the ardent supporters of Mayor Smith and the Democratic party the first time the present executive ran for office. Play fair.

Hebrew Democrats Meet.

The Sixth Ward Hebrew Democratic club has organized, and held a large and enthusiastic meeting at the corner of Fairfield and Robertson streets, last evening. The following officers were elected: A. Tolstonog, president; J. Goldhaber, vice president; M. Rossman, secretary; I. Goldstein, treasurer; S. Milsten, sergeant-at-arms. The following committee was appointed to visit other clubs: S. Lifpitz, S. Goldhaber, L. Katz, H. Harris. The next meeting will be held Sunday evening at the same place at 8 p. m.

STEAMERS IN COLLISION.

The Robert Mills Receives Serious Injuries.

MACKINAW CITY, Mich., Sept. 9.—The big wooden steamer Robert Mills and the Union liner H. J. Jewett collided this afternoon near Waugoshance light, in the Straits of Mackinaw. The Mills was seriously injured, and was run ashore. The Jewett's steel hull had apparently suffered no injury, and she went on her way. The collision occurred in the thick fog which hung on the lake. The Mills was bound up with a cargo of coal, and the Jewett had package freight and grain from Chicago to Buffalo. The Mills passed Mackinaw City at 1:30 o'clock this afternoon, and the Jewett reported here at 6 o'clock, over three hours after the collision. The wrecker Favorite, with steam pump and diver, was ordered to the Mills. The injured boat is owned by Mills & Co., of Buffalo, and is a large-sized wooden steamer.

ONTARIO MAN SUICIDES.

Throws Himself into the Lake at Duluth.

DULUTH, Minn., Sept. 9.—For a time tonight it seemed as if Duluth was to have another murder mystery. The nude body of a man about fifty years of age floated ashore at Fifty-fifth avenue east. The temple was badly battered and the first suspicion was murder. Physicians, however, said the wounds had probably been caused by pounding against the rocky shore, so suicide is now accepted. Later the body was identified by the clerk of the St. Louis hotel as that of H. Platt, of Hamilton, Ont., who registered at the hotel Aug. 25-27, and the body had evidently lain in the water two weeks.

No Trace of Cholera.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—Health Officer Jenkins sent Dr. B. H. Buxton, the expert bacteriologist of the New York quarantine, to Cumberland, Md., to investigate the supposed case of cholera in the person of John Peter Walther, who was reported to have arrived at this port from Bremen on the steamer Elbe on Sept. 3, and who died at Cumberland on the 5th. He reported today that no trace of cholera was to be found.

Iowa Is Soaked.

MARSHALLTOWN, Io., Sept. 9.—The heaviest rain that has fallen for years visited this section of the country today, and present indications are that a regular wet spell has set in. The weather is very warm, and there is promise of an abundant, full crop, unless a killing frost comes soon.

Farm House Burned.

Special to the Globe.

LITCHFIELD, Minn., Sept. 9.—Peter E. Hanson, president of the Meeker County bank, lost his farm house six miles west of this city by fire last night. Most of the contents were saved. The loss is probably $5,000, covered by insurance.

St. Paul Camp No. 1, Sons of Veterans, will hold an important meeting tonight. All members of the organization are requested to attend.

The Magic Touch

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla. You smile at the idea. But if you suffer from

Dyspepsia

And Indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will involuntarily think, and no doubt exclaim,

"That Just Hits It!"

"That soothing effect is a magic touch!" Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates a natural, healthy desire for food, gives refreshing sleep and, in short, raises the health tone of the entire system. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure liver ills. 25c.

EGBERT ON THE FIRE.

At the House of Hope He Treats the Great Fire Calamity

FROM A CHRISTIAN VIEW.

Those Contributing Aid Constitute the Christian Minority of the People.

SYMPATHY MOVES THE MIND

He Speaks of the Fires of Evil and Their Destruction of Souls.

At House of Hope church yesterday morning Dr. Egbert preached an eloquent sermon to a large congregation, taking for his subject, "Tested in Fire." He took for his text:

"Every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire; and the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."—I. Cor., iii., 13.

Among other things he said: The Bible is not only the greatest book of truths, but the greatest book of metaphors, of images that reveal truths. Man is mortal, but he is also immortal; and so large a part of his life is spent in the physical things, the temporary things of this world, that nothing but a divine word divinely guided, with divine power in it, could get down through this outer casing of our souls and touch the secret parts of our immortal natures. And as one reads this book he feels as if God had searched the heavens and the earth, through the agency of his prophets and apostles, to get images which could bear the load of his divine thought and purpose, and carry that burden into human souls; as if he had searched the heavens and the earth for imagery vivid enough to challenge the attention of our sluggish minds and to quicken and stir to their depths our more sluggish spirits. How often it takes some fearful disaster to awaken in us that which ought to be the experience and expression of life! How many souls there are heedless of the world's needs, heedless of their own great power of sympathy that is divine in its very character, heedless year after year almost through life, until some great disaster comes and takes hold of their lives and shakes them out of their lethargy and makes them see it, and makes them feel it! Oh, how close to us disaster has to come to stir us! A world in woe, a world in wretchedness, tens of thousands dying by famine and flood, hundreds of thousands dying by sin in all parts of the world distant from us hardly touch us. But when disaster comes close to us, when something comes and strikes right in our faces, we begin to feel that the world is near akin, that no man can bear his burden alone, and that we have something to do with the world's sorrows, the world's sufferings, the world's needs, and, possibly,

With the World's Sins.

God did not leave to a poor, mortal, finite man the laying of the foundation of an eternal life in him. He did not leave to your poor, wandering, foolish mind the responsibility of finding out for yourself what is divine, and therefore above your thought, finding out for yourself what is absolutely essential as the very root and beginning of your life; but he came down and laid the foundation stone an which every man is to build. He planted the root of divine life in the very heart of you, and then commenced to build. This universe sprung out of the thought and purpose of God. Can anything come out of the thought of God and ever get away from the thought of God? Everything carries the nature of which it is begotten. Can your child ever get away from you? Can the picture which your hand has wrought, but which was begotten in your spirit and mind, ever get away from you in it? Can the work you do in the world—your business, the house you build, the words you speak—can they ever get away from the impression they carry, the very life blood of them, which they have gotten from your soul? That which is born of the flesh is flesh; that which is born of the spirit is spirit; that which is born of man is of the likeness of man; that which is born of God is of the likeness of God.

With all our sorrow for the awful strife that has come in our land, classes fighting with classes, men doing that which is evil to hinder that which is good, and I believe that the worst thing that evil can do is not what it does positively, but what it hinders of good, what it prevents of good, and with all our sorrow for

The Awful Disaster

that has come into our state, there is lying back of it all something that ought to stir our souls to the utmost. Our first thought was how fearful, how appalling! And our hearts wept over the pains and the sufferings, the fright, the agony of mind, the awful tests of spirit that came to those who were in the midst of this fire. For it was not only that bodies were burned, property burned, but those minds and spirits were tested in a way that we can hardly conceive. The result of that test on their immortal souls no man can possibly measure. The attitude of those spirits then not one of us can see. We know that there must have been a marvelous thing wrought there. It was the experience of years of suffering in other forms condensed into a few hours; and if years of suffering in other forms will work a great change for good in the wills of men, surely in such awful tests as that great change will be wrought. But the test was not only upon those. They were tested in fire. We saw them there. There is not a man or woman in this house today but has been helped to bear their burden. But it tested us. It tested every man and woman in this whole land, and tested us in a way that ought to set every one of us thinking. It was a revelation. Was there any man in all this state whose heart, whose conscience, whose thought, whose gift did not respond to this need of his fellow men? He needs, then, to examine himself. It shows that there is lacking in his nature something that is absolutely essential to even a decent human life, and how much more to a Christian life.

But there was lying back of that another revelation. Here was a revelation of a power that sprang forward to help all these people—the power of a sympathy that moved the mind of and the hands of men to active and prompt ministry. And the most beautiful thing in it all is that spirit of helpfulness which will shine through it. After the pains have been eased by time and the sorrow is gone, and other great disasters have come up to push it into memory, this response will give our whole people a faith in themselves, a belief in good in the land, a trust that there is more of righteousness more of Christ-likeness in this land than they thought. But it will set every thoughtful man thinking. If such a response could come in this call, could take hold of it and minister to it with such sublime power, accuracy, wisdom, efficiency, what would it do if the power of Christian sympathy were to move the whole Christian population of this land to do the work of delivering souls from fires that are burning into their very immost natures?

Not One Soul Was Burned

in this fire. Bodies were burned, minds were agonized, hearts, it may be, were broken, but not one soul was destroyed. Yet in our city today thousands of souls are in the fires of intemperance, of lust, of covetousness, of all evil imaginings and evil doings, and this same power, guided of God, would rescue them.

Now, when we are in the presence of such a power as that, ought it not to cause us to do a little building after the spirit of our Master? The minority give to these sufferers by the fire. When you take all that was given and count the givers you will find that they were a minority of the state, very greatly so. The best minority, but the minority. The Christians of this country are the minority. We are told that one-fifth of the population is made up of communicants in Christian churches, but let that minority arouse itself in all its strength and ministers with a sympathy that will go out for the souls of men as our sympathy went out for these sufferers, and there is no power in this land that could withstand it. There is no foul deed, no foul thinking, no foul institution, no wrong use of power, no wrong use of education that would stand for a month against such a power as that. Now if this could be, what shall we say about the "ought" of i—that great moral obligation under which God has placed us to do all we can for our fellow men? That is it. It is all for building, building souls, lifting them up, making them more Christlike, so that they can stand the tests of time.

When you think of the fire that has destroyed our forests, homes, friends, wrought such misery, think of these other fires that are burning, burning day after day, and thing of that power which responded to this call this last week with such worthiness and beauty, and thing of the similar power, the greater power, the more majestic power, that might do even this divine work.

This is the last day to pay water rents on high service.

PILFERING CEASED.

The Proprietor Doctored Some Lozenges and Left Them on His Desk.

New York Herald.

He was in the habit of keeping odd cigars, chocolates and things of that sort lying around his office desk, and the clerks, messengers and office boy were in the habit of helping themselves without so much as asking the privilege. It was some time before he took any official notice of it. But of late he could scarcely turn around before everything was gone. When this freedom finally extended to the disappearance of little boxes of bonbons purchased for his wife he began to inquire into it.

"It's that boy," suggested the clerk.

"Indeed, I never tech 'em," said the boy. "Everybody what comes along bites into everything."

The next day the proprietor brought home doctored lozenges and went out to lunch, leaving a box half full on his desk in plain sight. About an hour after his return to the office one of the clerks in the next room came in and asked to be excused for the rest of the day on account of illness. As soon as the man had gone an investigation of the lozenge box betrayed the fact that all had disappeared. He rang his bell and the office boy appeared, pale and trembling.

"Look here, Billy," says he, "I left some lozenges on my desk at noon—I hope you—"

"No, sir; I didn't see 'em."

"I'm glad of that," said the employer. "Of course, you wouldn't have touched them. I was afraid that you might have done so. Not that they were of any value particularly, but because they were fixed up for cat medicine. You see—"

But Billy suddenly bolted for the door. His unceremonious exit was immediately followed by the entrance of another clerk. He was accompanied by a man friend, and both looked highly embarrassed and uneasy. Billy had rushed in upon them and told them in an awful whisper that they had been poisoned. They manfully faced the music.

"I—we—that is—"

"Ah, I see!" interrupted the boss. "You, too, have been eating my cat medicine!" He tried to look serious, but his is not a serious nature, and he laughed instead. The young men began to brace up.

"Then they ain't—were not poisoned? Billy says they were fixed for rats, sir. I know we oughtn't to have eaten them, but—"

"Oh, they were not exactly poisoned, but—let's see (taking out his watch)—if you'll go down to the corner drug store and take an emetic you'll be all right in a short time."

Both young men disappeared in a twinkling, and the laughing old practical joker leaned back in his chair and lighted a fresh cigar. "It is well enough not to let them off too easily," he soliloquized. "They have got over it in about another minute."

There are no more petty pilferings around that office. But then the office boy has never come back.

Best fishing and hunting in the state at Big Stone Lake. Go to Ortonville via "The Milwaukee."

BROTHERS

Meet Strangely After Many Years of Separation.

Salt Lake Tribune.

A belated overland from the West brought in a tall, nervous, black-mustached man who wrote "T. L. Morgan, Washington," on the Walker house register. He wanted a room near the roof, and didn't mind when the clerk told him that there were two beds, one of them occupied, in the only top-floor apartment left. He followed a bellboy to 110, on the fourth floor.

"There's a gentleman inside asleep, sir," said the boy.

"There's a what?" responded the gentleman, mopping his brow and too flustered to hear what was said.

"A gentleman asleep——"

"—— the gentleman asleep. This is No. 110, ain't it? Then unlock that door, and to blazes with you, and be quick about it, too!"

The boy did as he was bid. The door opened and the nervous gentleman slipped inside. The fellow asleep in the one bed opened his eyes. The nervous gentleman paid no attention to him, but sat on the sofa and proceeded to try to cool off.

The man in the bed rose onto his elbow. He looked at the intruder closely and leaned a little further forward. The other fellow ceased mopping his brow. The call-boy said the two looked at each other like gamecocks ready for a spar, until in less time than it takes to tell it, the fellow from Washington was on his feet, the other man was half out of bed, and some one had yelled "Tom," the boy couldn't tell which.

"Why, God bless your darned old soul," exclaimed the first; and "I'll be something-or-othered," cried the second, "if you ain't Tom Morgan, as sure as my name is Jim."

"Yes, sir; and brothers we are, or I'll be ——. Boy, two straight, and big ones at that. Skit, quick! Jim and me ain't seen each other for eighteen years. Hey, boy, is there anything going on tonight. What do you say, Jim, theater or beer?"

Thus were T. L. Morgan, the nervous man from Washington, and his brother, J. S. Morgan, restored to each other in Room 110 of the Walker house after eighteen years of separation. J. S. had been in the hotel three or four days, on his way from Santa Barbara to Georgia. Meeting his brother in this city was the farthest thing possible from his mind. The last he had heard of him he was in Texas. Also, T. L. had supposed his brother was back in Georgia.

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AN ANCIENT CHURCH.

First Presbyterian Church Established in St. Paul in 1849.

THE LATE REV. E. D. NEILL

Built Its First Edifice at the Corner of Fourth and Washington.

CAMERON TO BE INSTALLED

Tuesday Evening at the Corner of Lincoln and Grotto Street.

Only those who have made St. Paul their home for a sufficiently long period to acquaint themselves with her oldest institutions, are aware that the First Presbyterian church, situated at the corner of Lincoln avenue and Grotto street, represents the most aged church organization of the Presbyterian faith in the Northwest. Such, however, is a fact to which history bears abundant confirmation. Even before Minnesota was declared a separate territory by the organic act of 1849, the foundations of the First church, and of Presbyterianism in the Northwest, were laid among a small company of sturdy frontiersmen, who formed a nucleus for Christian faith and practice among the white settlement of St. Paul, which settlement numbered at that date less than 500 souls. That the foundations were well and wisely laid is strikingly evident from the immense superstructure which has been reared upon them. The synod of Minnesota, from its small beginning less than half a century ago, has so increased as to be able to count among its ranks today seven presbyteries with upwards of 175 ministers and 17,000 adherents. Of this great army, the charter members of the First church, still represented by that venerable couple, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Tinker, now of this city, and the little band of Christians who early worshiped at Fort Snelling, bear the distinction of being the veteran pioneers.

As the First church has, in these latter days, so effectively renewed her youth, and since, at the installation of her new pastor, Rev. Leroy L. Cameron, next Tuesday evening, she enters upon a future which gives every promise of eminent success, it is timely to affix a brief outline of her history.

In the early spring of 1849 Rev. E. D. Neill, who died only recently after many years of active Christian work in this city, under appointment of the American Home Missionary society, explored this section of the country, and in April settled in St. Paul. He immediately gathered about him the Christian population and began preaching in a little brown schoolhouse, situated then near St. Anthony avenue. It is interesting to note that under that humble roof, in Christian union there were assembled during that first summer, the agents

Who, in God's Hand,

were destined to become the founders of no less than six of the primitive churches of this city. There were the germs of the First Presbyterian, the Market Street Methodist, the First Baptist, the Central Presbyterian, the House of Hope Presbyterian and the Episcopal churches.

Dr. Neill continued with his original congregation until the fall of '49, when arrangements were completed by him for the purchase of two lots on the corner of Fourth and Washington streets. There, amidst a tangled mass of alder brush, was erected the first structure for Protestant worship in the territory, and there the First Presbyterian church of St. Paul had its distinctive origin. The new building was set apart for divine worship Nov. 26, 1849, and was called the "Lecture Room of the First Presbyterian Church."

The congregation worshiped most happily in their new home until May 16, 1850, when fire destroyed the mission. But without delay steps were taken for a new and better site. Three lots were purchased at the corner of St. Peter and Third streets, and upon them was erected a permanent brick edifice, which was so far completed by November of that year as to admit of occupancy. Saturday, Nov. 9, there arrived on the historic steamer Nominee the first bell ever shipped into the Northwest. In commenting upon its first ringing from the unfinished belfry of the new church, a religious journal of that day says:

"Its solemn pulsations were joyous to every man, woman and child in St. Paul, but productive of trembling astonishment to the painted Dakotas encamped on the opposite bank of the river.

After twenty-one years of activity and usefulness, owing to the

Drift of Population

away from its center, it was decided by the congregation to move again and erect another house of worship near Lafayette park. The old property was readily disposed of and the move accomplished in 1871.

About twenty years of active life and work were passed in that location, when two things became apparent—first, that the church was not likely to grow there; and second, that the section of the hill west of Oakland avenue and south of Summit avenue needed just such an organization. So, after a careful canvass of the matter, it was decided to effect another removal of the First church. The Lafayette avenue property was sold, and two fine lots on the corner of Lincoln avenue and Grotto street were purchased, and on them was erected a permanent building, with its pretty interior and every appliance for effective church work.

The church has had several pastors during its long life, and the gentleman who has lately taken up the work is Rev. Leroy L. Cameron, who comes from Albany, N. Y., where his father's family live. He graduated from Union college and completed his studies in Princeton seminary, from which place he graduated about two years ago at the age of twenty-three. He is a young man of most pleasing character, and has made for himself a host of friends in the short time he has preached in the First church.

His pastorate, which promises to be a successful period of the church's life, will begin next Tuesday evening, when the installation service will be held.

The Fondest Hour Memory Recalls.

The question naturally suggests itself, Which is "the fondest hour memory recalls?" Has the reader, whose attention we hope to engage, ever had a controversy with his stomach on the subject of dyspepsia? After convincing proofs that the digestive organ has got the upper hand, has a wise resort been made to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters? If so, the "fondest hour" has been recalled by memory in the shape of a lasting resumption of the power to digest, assimilate thoroughly and eat heartily without fear of being uncomfortable afterward. When the dinner bell, that "tocsin of the soul," strikes agreeably upon the ear, the auditor then greets it as a welcome sound and hastens to obey its summons. The Bitters, so renowned as a stomachic, overcome, too, malarial, bilious and kidney trouble, and remedy nervousness, rheumatism and sick headache.

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