STORY OF OJIBWAS.

Their Mode of Living, Their Degeneration and Ultimate Obliteration.

AN OUTLINE OF RESULTS.

Their Warfare With the Sioux Was of Unknown Duration.

THEY WRESTED AN EMPIRE

From the Dakotas of the Plains and Became a People of the Woods.

Recently Dr. Elliot Cowes, of the Smithsonian Institution; Rev. T. M. Shanafelt, D. D., of Huron, S. D.; Rev. S. Hall Young, of Cedar Falls, Io.; J. V. Brower, state park commissioner, and Dr. Metcalf and son, of St. Paul, made different voyages to and from Itasca lake by way of the upper waters of the Mississipni. The writer of this communication is in legitimate possession of much information coming from different of these persons. The writer's

AN OJIBWAY CHIEF.

interest in ethnology drew forth some interesting facts with regard to the Chippewa Indians now living in Minnesota. Chippeway is the white man's name, Ojibwa the Indian's. A stranger asking an Indian "What people are these?" will be answered "Ojibwa," with accent and articulation peculiar to the red man: A white man asked the same question will reply "Chippeway," which is really his very poor imitation of the Indian's answer.

The territory occupied by the Ojibwas was at one time occupied by the Mound Builders. Recent excavations on Winnibigosish lake produced remains of these people as commonly accepted by archæologists. Just what was the character of the people who deposited the remains found at Winnibigosish it is hard to surmise and problematic in the extreme, except that the cranial depth and thickness would indicate a low order of intellectual tendency, while the spear heads and pottery of unique construction would seem to contradict the first supposition. Who these people were and what became of them is not for an ordinary consideration, but rather an accomplished science seems necessary to discover, and then with no absolute certainty. Probably the mounds at Winnibigosish are nearly or quite the same in character as those which are found on the banks of the Mississippi at St. Paul.

After these so-called mound-builders came the Sioux Indians, more properly called the Dakotas, and they were found by Groseilliers and Radisson, the first two white men to penetrate the territory, now our own Minnesota, at and about Mille Lacs lake. It is certain that their habitations extended to Sandy, Winnibigosish and Leech lakes, and practically the upper Mississippi valley, excepting the region of Itasca lake, which, according to a statement made by Carver in 1766, was little frequented by the Indians, as it was called the "Road of War," a name given to all countries not possessed by any one nation, where war parties were often passing. This Itasca, and probably the Turtle lake region, was used as a road of war by the Sioux and the Assinaboines, the latter occupying territory in the region of what is now Winnipeg.

At the time when almost all the northern part of Minnesota was Sioux territory the Ojibwas began to encroach from the south shore of Lake Superior, proceeding westward. Their success in eventually driving the Sioux from the woodlands to the plains shows them to have been an aggressive, warlike people, and a people of the woods with canoes, and the Sioux became a people of the plains, with ponies.

At the time the Ojibwas first came in contact with the white man, it would appear that their physical condition was excellent, and they were presumably well fitted for that fierce and long extended warfare which gave to them the whole northern half of Minnesota, an empire to them, which compelled the warlike and numerous Sioux to retreat to the plains. When Louisiana came into the possession of the United States, in 1803, Lieut. Z. M. Pike was sent up the Mississippi from the neighborhood of St. Louis to take possession of this part of the domain, and to stop

INDIANS CROSSING LAKE WINNIBIGOSHISH.

the further effusion of human blood; but not until 1862 did the bloody strugand—almost sixty years after Pike's time—and it ceased then only because the Sioux were driven across the Missouri after the outbreak of 1862, separating them so widely from the Ojibwas that they never came together again. The physical condition of the athletic Ojibwas became sadly demoralized soon after they came in contact with the "French voyageurs," who came among them for the purpose of trade and traffic in peltries, etc. These voyageurs extended their traffic up the Mississippi and through Lake Superior. That the taste for fire water of the warrior and the germs of disease introduced among their women by the voyageurs commenced their downfall and destruction, which may be characterized as silently rapid and concisely sure, can hardly be made a question of dispute. Since that fateful time when gross appetites overcame a nation of warriors, the history of the Ojibwa stands as one of constant and swift degeneration, with the exception of what arresting and regenerate influence Christianity has had upon certain settlements. A degree of decency has emerged from chaos where Bishop Whipple and Rev. J. A. Gilfillan have been able to reach and Christianize these unfortunate people, but even this class has the physical taint of their savage ancestors, and cannot stay the ultimate obliteration of these people of the woods.

Even now some of the tribal Ojibwas are seen to be bordering upon the lowest types of humanity. They are filthy and immoral to a disgusting degree. There are many "squaw men" living among them. A "squaw man" is a white man with long hair, seldom uses a razor if in the neighborhood of a liquor store; has a red nose, wears blue overalls and a coarse shirt. He lives with a squaw as long as both are satisfied, and then each takes a new partner. He speaks the Ojibwa language, is first-class with birch bark canoe and uses all the customs of semi-civilized natives.

Few blanket Indians remain, as most of them reside in small houses, and are sufficiently civilized to wear ordinary clothing; yet those at White Earth seem to be more prosperous and thrifty than those on other reservations. The inhabitants of one village at Winnibigosish seem to live in abject poverty and filth. They live in bark houses, and a meal for fifteen or twenty will be cooked in a large pot out of doors, with all that is to be eaten—fish, flesh and fowl—all boiled together with the vegetables in the one vessel, with the charms of cleanliness entirely absent.

The fire is replenished by a squaw sitting on the ground, and when this conglomerate mess of Ojibwa bouillon is sufficiently boiled it is dished out without the use of table or chairs. Men, women and children miscellaneously appease their hunger from the one compounded article of food, oblivious to all conditions save only the hunger to be satisfied. However it is well to give the Cass Lake Ojibwas the credit of being more cleanly and better civilized, as observed by Dr. Young and others.

There seem to be about three conditions among the Ojibwas at the present time. Those who have teams, small farms and houses, and who live permanently in one place; those who have houses and cultivate grounds, but still use the canoe in search of game, rice, berries and fish, and those who border very nearly on the use of the blanket and tepee.

Many other items of interest were gleaned in conversation with the explorers concerning discoveries made in the region of the source of the Mississippi river. Much might be said of beautiful lakes, and especially of Sandy lake, probably the most beautiful of the lakes in the state. Its scenery is said to far surpass that of Minnetonka. Much more might be added concerning the Indians of the northern part of the state and their wild habits, but that is reserved for a future communication.

H. B. N.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Mrs. W. G. Jones, well known by local theater-goers from her effective impersonation of the role of the Ensign's mother in the play by that name, has been engaged by Manager Frank L. Bixby to assume the role of the leading old woman in "Shaft No. 2." The part is one that is said to be exactly suited to her pathetic style of acting, and she has received many favorable criticisms for her efforts.

Ward and Vokes as Percy and Harold in their funny comedy by Charles E. Blaney, called "A Run on the Bank," are said to be making a great hit. "A Run on the Bank" is said to be Mr. Blaney's best effort. It is full of bright and catchy music and funny sayings, and the costumes the finest ever used in a similar attraction. The following are a few of the people in the cast: Harry Blaney (a Columbus boy), Larry Dooley, Gilbert Sorony, Sydney De Gray, Alexander Grant, Joseph Russell, Rossita Worell, Dottie Neville, Minnie Packard, Starra Kimball, Clara Bell, Inez Rae and Maggie Daly.

STILLWATER NEWS.

Death of Mrs. Amanda L. Hathaway.

Mrs. Amanda L. Hathaway, widow of the late Joseph R Hathaway, who resided at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Richmond, near this city, died Saturday afternoon, in the seventy-third year of her age. Deceased, with her husband and family, settled at Lake Louise, in this county, in 1855, when her nearest neighbors were miles away and when wild beasts and Indians were everywhere present. She was a woman greatly endeared to the old settlers of this community, and her demise will be sincerely mourned by a host of friends. Deceased left two daughters, residing in St. Paul, Mrs. E. A. Clifford and Mrs. A. H. Merrick. The funeral will be held at 3 p. m. today, the interment occurring at Fairview cemetery.

Large crowds were in attendance at the tennis tournament Saturday afternoon. H. R. Danner beat Louis Hospes 6—1, 7—5, and Jean Bean 8—6, 6—3. Dr. Kinney beat Allen McKinnon 6—3, 3—6, 6—3. Gordon Strickland beat George Patchen 6—0, 6—0, and beat Will Bronson Jr. 6—2, 6—0. In the remaining games Hall must play Davis and the winner play Strickland. If Strickland wins he will be in the finals with Messrs. Danner and Kinney.

A number of Stillwater loggers will leave the first of the week for the pineries to ascertain the actual amount of damage done to standing pine, and preparations will be made to begin work in the woods early, in the hope of saving as much of the timber as possible. Much timber will be cut the coming winter that would not have been touched for several years yet had it not been for the devastating fires.

Mrs. Anna Anderson died Saturday at Stillwater Junction, aged forty-eight years and five months. Her death was due to a disease of the heart.

A large number of Stillwaterites attended the ball game at White Bear yesterday between the Stillwaters and Y. and B's of Minneapolis.

Capt. E. W. Durant has received a proposition to take the steamer Henrietta South with a tow from St. Paul.

New Face on It.

New York Press.

The Mother—I want you to keep that young man at a distance, Jennie. If you don't he'll be proposing to you.

The Daughter—He has almost as good as proposed already.

The M.—How is that?

The D.—He said you would make a lovely mother-in-law.

The M.—He did? Well, perhaps you had better accept him. You might do worse.

Courtship Hours.

New York Press.

"You stay from 8 to 11 o'clock when you go to see her? Don't you bore each other?"

"Not at all."

"Three hours is a long time."

"Oh! we manage to squeeze through it."

More at Home.

A young fellow having been asked by one of the recruiting sergeants who haunt the precincts of the national gallery whether he wished to enlist in a Scottish regiment, replied:

"Not I. I'd rather go to a lunatic asylum than enlist in a Highland regiment."

"Well," said the sergeant, "I've nae doubt you'd feel mair at home there."

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with the food. Good health is too important to permit experiments with new, cheaply made, crude, alum baking powders. Only baking powders thoroughly tested and proven by long, practical use to be perfectly pure, reliable, and wholesome must be permitted in our food. **There is no experimenting when Royal Baking Powder is used.** Royal has been the standard baking powder for a third of a century, and its reputation is established as the perfect leavening agent. It is always uniform, never fails in its work, makes food more palatable and wholesome, and, because of its great leavening power, is the most economical of all the leavening agents.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

HER HIRED HUSBAND.

She Won the Confidence of the General, But Not of the Canon.

BY HEADON HILL.

The Million.

Lionel Montagu was a young gentleman of versatile attainments and some little standing in his profession, though he had not reached that position where chronic engagements are a matter of course.

On one of the occasions when I knew that Lionel Montagu was "resting" he turned up one morning at my office in an obvious state of excitement. My hand intuitively strayed to my waistcoat pocket, for an early visit from Lal Montagu when he was out of an engagement usually meant a request for a loan. To my surprise, however, he waved me deprecatorily from my intention and said:

"No, it isn't that. I've got too much already—far too much for my peace of mind. It's that I've come to see you about, for it's in your line—a regular first-class mystery, with lime light and full stage effects.

I told him to be as confidential as he could, and having deposited his glossy hat and cane—Lal Montagu was always smart—he ensconced himself in my best arm chair and unburdened himself as follows:

He took from the breast pocket of his frock coat a sheet of note paper, on which was pasted a cut-out advertisement, and handed it to me. This was the wording of it:

WANTED—To take part in a private entertainment, an actor of ability, used to playing juvenile and leading roles; exceptional terms offered. Apply to X. Y. C., at office of this paper.

"Well, you answered it, I suppose?" I said, returning him the advertisement.

"I did—with great promptness," he proceeded.

"By first delivery on Monday," he drew forth and handed me another paper, "I received this in reply."

I read the neat, feminine handwriting as under:

"Buckingham Palace hotel, Oct. 2, 1892.—Mrs. Disney Lovell presents her compliments to Mr. Montagu, and in thanking him for his letter begs to say that she will be happy to receive him at the above address at 3 o'clock on Monday afternoon, when the nature of her requirements will be fully explained to him. In the meanwhile it is requested that Mr. Montagu will consider this as quite private and confidential, as Mrs. Lovell does not wish it to be known that she is seeking professional assistance."

"On reaching the hotel and asking for Mrs. Disney Lovell I was shown into one of the best private sitting rooms on the first floor. I had hardly had time to admire the signs of unmistakable wealth and luxury about, when a girlish-looking young lady of not more than eighteen or nineteen entered and greeted me with unaffected cordiality.

"'I have chosen your letter from ever so many others, Mr. Montagu,' she began, 'because I have so often seen you act, and, if you will allow me to say so, have so greatly admired the ease and finish of your performances.'

"I bowed, highly pleased. Flattery, as I dare say you know, Zambra, is a sure way to an actor's heart, and I expressed my willingness to be of service to her in any way she could name.

"'The fact is, Mr. Montagu, I want you to help me in a little harmless masquerade which I am getting up for the benefit of my father, Gen. Arnold, who has lately returned from India. During the last ten years my father has held a high command in India. When he left England I was only nine years old, and it was settled that I should remain at home to be educated at a ladies' school at Hastings.

"'About a year ago I made the acquaintance of Disney Lovell—a medical student who was staying at Hastings on a holiday. The long and short of it is that we fell in love with each ather, and in the end Disney persuaded me to run away from school and be married to him.

"'When my father heard of it he was furious, and wrote home saying that he would disown me, that I was no longer his child, and other dreadful things of the kind. He has retired from the service, and has taken a house at Twickenham.

"'The trouble is that poor Disney is so frightfully awkward and nervous that if he were to go with me to beg forgiveness his manner would enrage papa, and probably make the estrangement wider than ever. And yet, Mr. Montagu, I don't like to go alone; it is the regular thing on these occasions—at any rate on the stage—for the erring ones to present themselves together.'

"She paused and looked at me shyly, and I began to have an inkling of what was coming.

"'So Disney and I thought,' she continued, 'that if we could only get some nice-looking, gentlemanly man, whose address and appearance would be likely to captivate papa, to accompany me in the character of my husband, he could hardly retract, and I think he is just the man to enjoy the joke.'

"I consented to call for her on the following day and escort her to Twickenham, where, in the character of Mr. Disney Lovell, I was to help her beard the paternal lion in his den. She gave me a few simple instructions as to what I was to say and the topics I was to avoid, so that I might, as she laughingly hinted, study my part; and before I left she handed me the £50 note, saying that my reputation enabled her to trust me not to break faith with her.

"I had not the slightest intention of doing so, for the whole thing seemed a harmless proceeding enough. At the appointed hour I called for Mrs. Lovell at the hotel, and we were soon on our way to Gen. Arnold's haunt. On the way down she enlarged a little upon her instructions of the previous day by giving me a few details of her husband's parentage and professional prospects, so that I might not be nonplused in the event of questions being asked.

"At first there was very little for me to do except to stand in the background and admire the pace at which my colleague made the running, sobbing pathetically, and fairly taking the old gentleman by storm.

"But at last a pause on her part gave me my cue, and I put in a few quietly spoken lines, delivered in a proper tone of dignity and extreme respect, which I flatter myself clinched the whole business. Ten minutes after we first entered the garden we were sitting one on each side of the general, a thoroughly forgiven couple.

"He took us into the house after awhile and showed us about as fine a collection of Indian curios as I have ever seen, and finally he waxed so confidential that he produced for our inspection an enormous ruby, with the care of which he had been entrusted by the guicowar of Simlipatam.

"The jewel, I understand, is not the general's own property, but, after being shown to the queen, is to be presented on behalf of the Indian prince to the Imperial institute.

"My pseudo wife accepted an engagement for both of us to come and stay with him from Saturday—that is today—till Monday; and then we took our leave, thoroughly established in the general's favor.

"See here, Zambra," he went on, pulling himself together; "I may be wrong, and very likely you will laugh at my fears; but listen to what I came upon quite by chance yesterday afternoon.

"I was strolling in the Strand when my eye was caught by a new-pattern rifle in the window of Davis, the gunmaker. I stopped to have a look at it, when whom should I see in the shop beyond but Mrs. Lovell—my fair employer of Tuesday. She was buying cartridges to fit an ornamental, but highly effective, bulldog revolver!

"After going some little distance she turned into a chemist's shop. The display of scents and patent medicines was so great that the window offered no facilities for seeing what she was up to, and, my curiosity getting the better of me, I followed into the shop just as she was asking for an ounce of laudanum.

"After she had gone I had to make some trifling purchase for appearance's sake. The poison book was still open on the counter. The signature, with the ink still wet, was not that of Mrs. Lovell, but of Maud Curtice, at an address in Victoria street—No. 87, Albert Mansions. Now, Zambra, you will understand my position. I assist a woman for gain, in a certain course of deceit which at the time I believe to be harmless."

The same night at 9 o'clock a cheerful party of three was finishing dinner in Gen. Arnold's cozy dining room at Twickenham.

The general, in the happiest of humors, did the honors at the head of the table. On his right sat the young lady whose matrimonial peccadillo had been so recently pardoned, looking charmingly innocent and girlish in a simple evening toilet; on the host's left was placed Rev. Anthony Huxtable, canon of Belchester and rural dean of Newport Parva.

The canon had turned up unexpectedly during the afternoon, and had been pressed by his old friend, the general, to dine and sleep in order to assist at the welcome of his daughter and son-in-law, whom he was expecting on a short visit.

The only bar to the complete satisfaction of the trio was the absence of the son-in-law, who, according to Mrs. Lovell's profuse apologies, had been compelled to go to Edinburg on business connected with his new American appointment.

The canon, with the ponderous affability of his class, was reminding his fair vis-a-vis of various incidents of her childhood, when he had been a guest at the general's house at Cheltenham.

"Do you remember filling my pockets with horse chestnuts while I was, engrossed in a book on the garden seat?" the canon was saying, "and how I ran after you and caught you?"

"Indeed I do," replied Mrs. Lovell, "and I remember that you ought to have been a good deal more angry than you were. The dear old garden at Cheltenham; how often I have longed for it during all the weary years at school."

"And that red-headed governess of yours—Mrs. Smith, I recollect her name was—how you used to torment her!" continued the canon in high glee.

"Poor Miss Smith!" sighed Mrs. Lovell. "I wonder what has become of her. I am afraid she cannot have a very pleasant remembrance of me."

"What a memory you have got, Huxtable," chuckled the general.

Twelve and 1 o'clock were duly chronicled in the deep bass notes of the hall clock, and the minute hand had passed the half hour again, when straining ears might have caught the sound of a faint—a very faint—rustling on the stairs. A moment after a man's head peered over the balustrade of the landing in time to see outlined against the glass of the front door a woman's form stealthily pulling back the bolts and lowering the chain.

Gen. Arnold's bedroom door was locked and the key was on the inside, so that when presently the key handle began slowly to revolve while the occupant of the room was snoring on the bed ten feet away, there must surely be something of a phenomenon about.

The key turned easily enough up to a certain point and then stopped, but after a few more tries the difficulty was surmounted, the key moved round the whole circle, and the bedroom door glided noiselessly open.

Then stepped into the room a woman fully attired in hat and jacket, and a man who was in the act of pocketing a pair of wire nippers. Still the occupant of the bed snored on.

"He is sound enough," whispered the male visitor; "we can safely show a glim from the dark lantern. Ah!" he continued, as a soft circle of light shone upon a cabinet on the left of the fireplace, "that is the place, no doubt. Hold the light, Dolly, while I get to work. No fear of his disturbing us while he kicks up that row."

Closer and closer the woman held the light, and then at last the workman exchanged the center bit for the crowbar. To use it, he had for just half a second to bring his wrists together in a parallel line.

Before they could separate again a hand passed quickly around him, and the two wrists were firmly locked together with a snap.

At the same moment the snores on the bed suddenly ceased, and the general had the woman in his clutch in the nick of time to stop her drawing a pistol.

The man, as I had expected from the first, was an expert burglar known as "Jack Shepard the Second," and the woman who had passed as the general's daughter was his wife. They had learned the story of the runaway match from the society papers in the first place, and had increased their knowledge of material facts by freely bribing the servant at the Hastings school, where the real Miss Arnold had been educated.

On learning that the name signed in the poisons book was not known to Albert Mansions, and that the room at the Buckingham Palace hotel was only taken for a day for the purpose of Montagu's engagement, I became sure of my ground.

When I presented myself at Twickenham the general entered heart and soul into my scheme for the capture of the burglars in the character of Canon Huxtable—a non-existent personage, whose recognition by "Mrs. Lovell" at once stamped her as an impostor. So also did her reminiscences of the mythical garden at Cheltenham, and of the purely imaginary Miss Smith.

"And now, Zambra," said the general as I took my leave, "you must do a little commission for me. It is not to break that young actor's head. I will do that myself if I ever come across him. I want you to find my own dear daughter and her husband and bring them to me. I can hardly withhold from them the forgiveness I have accorded to these plausible scoundrels."

Within three days the real Mr. and Mrs. Lovell were at Arundel house.

A French Swindle.

Paris Letter.

Princess Jurlewska, the stepmother of the czar, and whose eldest son by Alexander II., was serving as a naval cadet on board the Russian squadron in American waters last year, has just been made the victim of rather an ingenious swindle at her magnificent residence in the Avenue Hoche. A man arrayed in the garb of a messenger drove up in a cart and brought to the door a box addressed to the princess. The bill of lading which accompanied it intimated that it contained a piece of valuable statuary, on which there was 200 francs to pay. The servants brought down the money, but before paying it asked the man to open the box, so that they could see if everything was all right. Suddenly he showed them his hand covered with blood, stated that he had cut himself, and entreated them to fetch him plaster and water. Much alarmed, they rushed off, and when they came back found that he had disappeared with the money, which had been left on a hall table. The box, as might have been expected, contained nothing but pieces of twisted zinc and cobble stones.

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WHAT ONE DOLLAR WILL DO. It will give you a round trip on Great Northern to Lake Minnetonka and a steamer ride. You can go out in the morning and return in evening, and enjoy one of the prettiest outings in the country.

DIED.

HATHAWAY—At the residence of Mr. Andrew Richmond, near Stillwater, Minn., on Saturday, Sept. 8, 1894, Mrs. Amanda L. Hathaway, relict of the late Joseph R. Hathaway, in the seventy-third year of her age.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

GERMANIA BANK, ST. PAUL, MINN. Paid-up capital, $100,000. Wm. Bickel, president; P. M. Kerst, cashier. Does a general banking business and pays interest on time deposits. Located in its own building, opposite the postoffice. A few choice offices for rent.

Dr. E. C. Holden, DENTIST. 6th & Robert. Formerly with Drs. Crary and Goodrich. 42 Mannheimer Building, St. Paul.

AMUSEMENTS.

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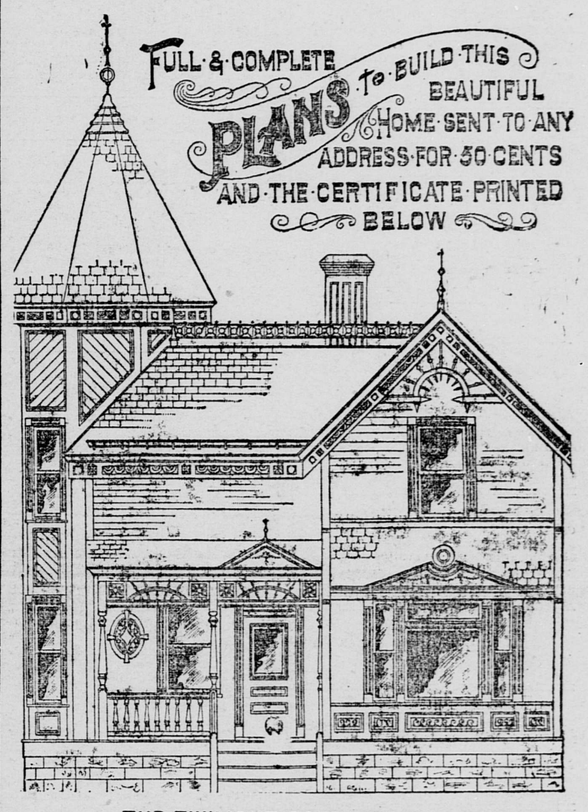

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This 7-room frame cottage can be built for $2,500, the price varying slightly according to locality.

Our readers will be pleased to know that we have secured authority to offer the complete plans and specifications of the "Twilight" Cottage No. 15 on the above terms, 50 cents and the certificate below clipped from this paper.

A set of these plans contains five sheets, each sheet 14x25 inches, blue-printed, such as are used by architects, engineers and builders.

SHEET No. 1 consists of views of front elevation, and perspective.

SHEET No. 2 consists of side elevation and inter or sectional views.

SHEET No. 3 illustrates different floor plans.

SHEET No. 4 shows various details, sections of porch, door frame, window frame, stairs, etc.

SHEET No. 5 covers full specifications, itemized estimate of cost of all materials used, cost of labor, with full particulars and advice regarding division of cost for various lines of materials, instructions and suggestions to builders, etc.

Any one interested in a cheaper cottage can use the certificate to cover the "Pansy" Cottage No. 12, shown below, the plans for which are fully as complete and elaborate. These are engraved on fine bond paper, and will be supplied by the GLOBE on same conditions. Both plans will be sent prepaid for $1.00 and two certificates from this paper.

☞This certificate, when accompanied with 50 cents, will entitle holder to a full and complete set of Plans, with specifications, of the

"PANSY" Cottage No. 12

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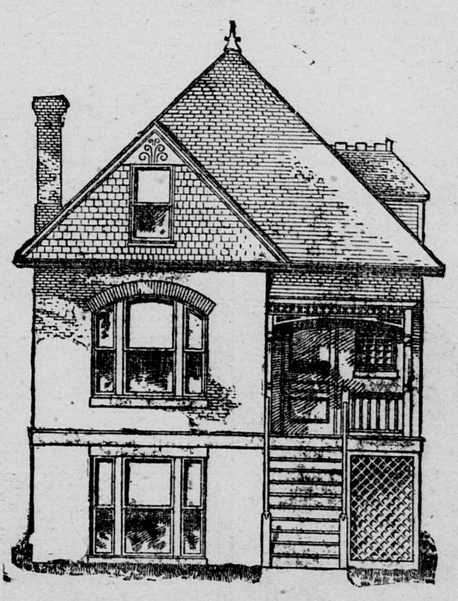
All plans are under the supervision of the UNIVERSAL PLAN CO.: they are drawn to a scale, and are mechanically correct and guaranteed ready to build from—everything that can be furnished by a competent architect being provided for. They are neatly wrapped in pasteboard tube and sent postpaid to any address on above terms.

An architect would require upwards of $250.00 for furnishing plans with all the details given in ours, and readers of the GLOBE are thus afforded an opportunity seldom offered. Every one is interested in building to some extent, and with the valuable fund of information given at a minimum cost you should not hesitate to take advantage of this offer.

Send all orders direct to the Globe office.



THE PANSY COTTAGE No. 12.

This 5-room cottage, besides attic room and bath room, may be built in brick for $1,700, or in frame for $1,400, the price varying slightly according to locality.