SAINT PAUL.

LOCAL NEWS NOTES.

The Round Table will meet this afternoon at room 15, High school.

The Allegro club will give a dancing party at Litt's hall this evening.

The Fairview Literary society will meet at Woolsey's hall this evening.

The committee on streets of the board of aldermen is scheduled for 4 p. m.

Ellsworth Circle No. 8, Ladies of the G. A. R., will install its newly elected officers this evening.

Thomas, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Brennan, died yesterday at the residence of his parents, 560 Burr street.

The annual meeting of the board of lady managers of the free dispensary will be held at the dispensary Wednesday at 9:30 a. m.

The Settlement club senate will meet and discuss the Howard charter at the rooms on East Fifth street this evening. The discussion is open.

This evening the Red Men's Carnival club, sixty strong, equipped with brilliant new uniforms, will meet at their club headquarters and parade. The members will march through the principal streets and will wind up at Carnival headquarters and report for the winter's sport.

The Statistics in the Globe Almanac, Cyclopaedia and Atlas are fuller and more complete than in any similar work.

SUNDAY AT THE HOTELS.

P. H. Wilson, of Fargo, is at the Clarendon.

M. L. Coldren, of Cedar Rapids, is at the Ryan.

A. G. Potter, of Portland, Or., is at the Astoria.

B. T. Safford, of Chicago, is stopping at the Astoria.

H. S. Judson, of Morris, is a guest at the Windsor.

E. K. Thomas, of New York, is a guest at the Ryan.

John A. Lowell, of Boston, is stopping at the Ryan.

P. M. Goorm, of Waseca, is stopping at the Clarendon.

P. H. Wilson, of Fargo, N. D., is at the Clarendon.

D. O'Brien, of St. Louis, Mo., is registered at the Ryan.

W. H. Orr, of New York, is registered at the Windsor.

H. A. Dodd, of La Crosse, is registered at the Clarendon.

B. E. Pierce, of Butte, Mont., is stopping at the Windsor.

E. N. Strong, of Faribault, is stopping at the Merchants.

F. W. Parrett, of Moorhead, is registered at the Merchants.

Frank White, of Des Moines, Io., is registered at the Astoria.

A. M. Campbell, of Winnipeg, registered at the Ryan yesterday.

D. W. Cowan, of Sandstone, registered at the Windsor yesterday.

H. Delifield, of Boston, Mass., registered at the Clarendon yesterday.

A. D. Southworth and wife, of Northfield, are guests at the Merchants.

F. W. Merrill, of Helena, Mont., registered at the Merchants yesterday.

Senator B. W. Fuller, of Jamestown, N. D., is a guest of the Clarendon.

Among yesterday's arrivals at the Clarendon was J. S. Sawyer, of Owatonna.

W. H. Blades, Duluth manager for the Crane-Ordway company, was in St. Paul yesterday.

Joseph Ward Reynolds, a Zenith City attorney, was a guest at the Merchants hotel yesterday.

Capt. Adrian C. Anson and wife and Arlie Latham are at the Metropolitan hotel. Latham and Comiskey were Anson's first rivals in point of date.

FIFTY YEARS WEDDED.

Pleasant Anniversary Service of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fisher.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fisher, two of St. Paul's earliest residents, yesterday celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage at their residence, 322 Van Slyke court. Owing to the severe illness of a married daughter, living with Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, the observance of the happy occasion was confined to simply receiving the congratulations of their numerous friends who called during the day. Twenty-seven years ago Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, each of whom are now seventy years of age, came to St. Paul and took up their abode in their newly finished residence at the above number, where they have since continuously resided. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher were both born at Rutland, Vt., in 1825, and were married when twenty years of age. Immediately after their marriage the young couple removed to Lawrence, Ill., where, for thirteen years, Mr. Fisher was engaged in the grocery business. In 1864 Mr. Fisher and his youngest son, then fourteen years of age, undertook an overland trip of 1,500 miles to Colorado, which they successfully accomplished. On his return from Colorado, in 1869, Mr. Fisher and his family removed to St. Paul, where they have since resided, watching the city develop from a mere hamlet into the railroad and commercial center of the Northwest. For a number of years Mr. Fisher was engaged in the fur buying business for A. & J. Boskowetz, a large Eastern fur exporting firm. Each summer trips were made through the Northwest to Manitoba in the interest of his business. In 1871 Mr. Fisher was elected to the common council of St. Paul, and upon the expiration of his term, unanimously re-elected. Mr. Fisher also served five years as assistant building inspector under Gates A. Johnson. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher are the parents of five children, three of whom are living. The eldest, C. J. Fisher, forty-four years of age, is married and living at Breckenridge, where, for twenty-five years he has been agent for the Great Northern railroad. The next son, E. W. Fisher, thirty-nine years, is also married and engaged in the railroad business at Breckenridge. The only surviving daughter is Mrs. Charles Remmey, aged thirty years, who is living at the family residence with her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher are also the proud grandparents of nine grandchildren. Mrs. Fisher, whose maiden name was Susan M. Shippy, traces her ancestry back to the first settlers of Rhode Island, her great-great-grandfather, Asa Shippy, having been among the first residents of Providence, and having held papers, which, were they in existence today, would place his descendants in possession of the greater portion of the present site of that city.

"The Melancholy Days Have Come

The saddest of the year," not when autumn has arrived, as Poet Bryant intimates, but when a fellow gets bilious. The "sere and yellow leaf" is in his complexion if not in the foliage at that inauspicious time. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will soon discipline his rebellious liver, and regulate his bowels, besides toning his stomach and healthfully stimulating his kidneys. Malaria, rheumatism and nervousness are also relieved by the Bitters.

Homeopaths Still in the Field.

The St. Paul Society of Homeopathic Physicians and Surgeons will meet this evening at the office of Dr. Ogden, in the Germania bank building. The board of control has not acted finally upon the request of this school for a part of the practice at the city hospital, and it is likely that a formal expression of the sentiment of the society will be made tonight along the line of the petition presented Saturday.

Carnival Suits.

The Boston designs and manufactures them. All work done in St. Paul. Sixth and Robert.

School Board Tonght.

The board of education will meet at the high school this evening. The meeting is an important one as the finances of the school year are to be decided upon.

This is the last day to save discount on semi-annual water rents on low service.

Brief Mill Will Grind Again.

The supreme court, which has been taking a recess since before Christmas, will resume daily sessions again at 9:30 this morning.

EASY TO TAKE

because sugar-coated. Mild, but effective. In cases of headache, sure to cure.

Ayer's Pills

SUICIDE OF A SOUL.

AS GREAT A CRIME AS THE SUICIDE OF THE BODY.

SO SAYS REV. S. G. SMITH.

BELIEF AGAINST REASON A CRIME, OBEDIENCE WITHOUT BELIEF NO VIRTUE.

UNBELIEF IS INGRATITUDE.

The Basic Truths of Religion Depend Upon the Richness of One's Own Life.

"Shall We Believe or Obey?" was the interrogatory topic selected by Rev. S. G. Smith for his morning sermon at the People's church. His text was:

John iii., 36. "He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life, but he that obeyeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."

He said, in substance:

In the confessions, Psalms and experiences of Christendom, belief and salvation have gone together. It has been a universal formula to say, "He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned." It is worth while to investigate the foundations of this formula for our instruction and guidance. To believe statements of truth that appeal to our reason does not seem to be difficult, but necessary. There would not seem to be any virtue in belief in harmony with the intellect. To believe against reason would seem to make future thought impossible. It is intellectual suicide. It is abhorrent to think that self-murder of the body would be pleasing to God. Can we expect Him to be pleased by the suicide of the soul? Belief therefore with reason is no virtue, and belief against reason is an open crime. Where then lies the moral element beneath the confessions of the church?

It must be plain that the use of the intellect in the matter of faith can by no means exhaust the deep and spiritual content of this primitive conception of Christianity. This is made evident still further by the use of the word "obey" instead of the word "believe" in the second member of this text. There has been an antagonism more or less defined always existent between two classes of Christians; the one have said, "We must find out the faith; we must accept the faith; we must preserve the faith. To practice the Gospel is not so easy for mortals, but we can at least believe it, and be saved." These are the mystics. The other tendency may be summed up by those who say, "The problems of life, death and eternity, are too great for our solution, but we can at least seek to do as nearly right as we can day by day. The moral ends of life are its chief ends and the whole matter is summed up in the golden rule. If we do the best we can God will not be hard on us at any judgment He may hold." A little closer scrutiny of the thought of our author will show that he recognizes no such antagonism, and that he has a deeper message than seems to have been hitherto generally accepted. He does not say that he that believeth on the Son shall go to heaven, or shall escape hell, but a present faith issues in a present fact; "He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life," and whatever eternal life may mean, it is clearly stated to be a present possession. Belief and obedience are not set in contrast, but the one is the resultant of the other. He that believes hath life, but he that obeys not shall not see life.

It is worth while to consider the occasion for obscuring and misinterpreting this deep, yet simple message. Under the Roman empire men had been trained to the idea of an all persuasive corporation; they had been trained to the need of authority. When the Roman empire proved too weak for its task and removed from Rome to Constantinople it left the church as the only unifying power in Europe. The result was that the sense of corporate power and the sense of authority took refuge in the church. This gave rise to a new conception of doctrines. Prior to this they had been for illumination or for comfort—they were privileges; after this, they became statutes of corporate religious authority. They became commands and burdens. The corporate power of the church, so far as we can see, seems to have been a social necessity. At all events, the civilization of the old world would have utterly perished but for the church. Whether it has been a blessing to preserve the old culture and so embalm much of the old paganism must always remain an open question. It was a method of organic life, however, that was essentially limited and transitory; it must pass away, and hence the reformation. But the reformation shows in its methods and results the tremendous power of the forces of corporate church life. Instead of a unversal church, it substituted state churches. Instead of the decrees of councils, the formulas of local synods. Instead of an infallible pope, an infallible Bible; and even the independents claimed nothing more than that each congregation had the right to frame doctrines binding on every member of the congregation. This last method was probably the worst of all, because it substituted for the play of divergent forces, which would result in modification and compromise, tending toward simplicity and universality, the domination of one or a few minds, often as incoherent as they were intense. No worse creeds have ever been made, probably, than those which voiced the present judgment of a local congregation.

It is only in our time that we have been able by the freedom of historical judgment to reconstruct the idea of church fellowship and spiritual freedom as it obtained in the beginning under the Gospel. The deep ethical and spiritual nature of the movement of Jesus has been reconceived. It has been seen at last that the appeal of Jesus was strenuously to the individual; that the basis of the new church was personal attachment to its Founder; that He incarnated in a method of life the truths that He would teach. He is only the spiritual teacher of the world, because He is its spiritual master and leader. Thus faith in Him and obedience to Him are necessarily individual, and are both parts of one transaction.

Man has in himself the data of the universal. He is member of a great trinity. His three stupendous facts are—himself, his world and his God. Out of these three facts are born all his thoughts, his hopes, his dreams. No one member of the trinity dare he neglect. He must preserve himself that he may live; he must know and use his world that he may live; he must come into harmony with God that he may live.

Man also has a trinity of power. He is able to know, to feel and to act. It is by the harmonious exercise and development of these powers that he comes to greatness. If he seeks only to know he becomes a dreamer. If he seeks to feel he becomes an idle enthusiast. If he seeks only to act he is a disappointed and mistaken animal. He is in a worse state even than other animals, for they are given a sure instinct for their narrow range of life; but he without guidance is capable of infinite mistakes. In religion we need also the harmonious development of these three powers. If knowledge alone be made the object of religion, it ends in dogmatism; if feeling be made the basis of religion, it ends in fanaticism; if action be made the object of religion, it results in formalism. But if knowledge, feeling and action be harmoniously developed, these three colors of religion blend into the white light of goodness, which is the Holy Grail after which the knightly man forever seeks. But knowledge, feeling and action unite in that power of soul which we call faith. All progress of every kind depends upon faith. Faith in nature has built cities, tilled fields and opened mines. Faith in man has created society, organized business and established governments. Faith in the wisdom and goodness of the universe has been the only support of great souls in the midst of the disappointments and defeats of life. Faith in the revelation of God, therefore, is both obedience and eternal life. Alienation from God is wicked and ungrateful. We receive His mercies and we give no thanks; we draw from Him life, but we do not acknowledge His fatherhood. He offers us a Gospel of universal wisdom, but we do not say, "teach me Thy will, O Lord." Unfaith is also accursed. Apart from books and teachings there is no knowledge; apart from business activities, there are no gains; apart from beauty, there is no art; away from God there is no peace. The fundamental truths of religion depend upon the richness of man's own organic life; the lavishness of the divine gifts, and therefore, the vast possibilities of the human soul.

IN GLORIOUS WORK.

Such Is the Industrial School of the People's Church.

It was a pleasant sight that greeted visitors to the basement of the People's church on Saturday last. Nearly 200 children of the industrial school were assembled at the opening session of the new year.

Twenty teachers were there to see that no child failed to have what they intended to give—a good time.

The teacher of physical culture, Miss Minnie Eudora Vincent, in Grecian costume, entertained the children for half an hour in her pleasing way. Miss Lettie Rice and Charlene Child contributed instrumental music; then the children sang some of their pretty work songs. The teachers now appeared with cake, popcorn balls and fruit for all; after partaking of which the scholars scattered to their homes, assuring the teachers that they had had a "lovely time," and would be on hand "for work" next Saturday.

This school is in its fifth year. It meets every Saturday during the winter months from 2 to 4 p. m., and is free to children of both sexes between the ages of five and fifteen, good behavior being the only condition required. The school is under the immediate direction of Miss Louise Emery, the city missionary of the church, as superintendent, while Mrs. C. F. Lott is the president. This year the enrollment of scholars numbers 259, and that of the teachers is 26.

The children came from all parts of the city, and from many nationalities, and a brighter, more enthusiastic gathering is seldom seen. The teachers are from among the ladies of the church. Mrs. E. R. Toof has charge of the cloak room. She has a system of her own, which prevents confusion here. Any one who has seen 200 children dismissed at once will see the need of some system. Mrs. V. C. Brandt has charge of the music, for, in connection with their work, the children learn appropriate songs. Mrs. A. J. Goodrich manages the cutting department, while Mrs. Samuel Cummings is the principal of the sewing department. The girls are taught sewing by hand, in all its details, from threading a needle and properly holding it to the entire making of a garment, even finishing it with the necessary buttonholes. This is not done in the case of any one child in one winter's work, but it is the course in sewing. When a child has made a garment, if she wishes, she may have such garment by paying one-half of its actual cost. They are also taught to mend, darn and patch properly.

The kitchen garden is under the direction of Mrs. A. F. Goodrich and Mrs. J. R. Nicols. Here the girls are taught to sweep and dust rooms, to make beds, set the table, and to do these things quietly and neatly.

The boys, of whom there are sixty-nine, are instructed in drawing and in carpenter work, and many of them show great ability in these directions. Miss Harriet Smith is at the head of the drawing department. The teacher in carpentry is C. H. Keeler. The children are eager for the school to open in the fall, and sorry when it closes in the spring. The teachers gladly give their time, feeling that much is to be accomplished in this work for the future of our city.

The Dictionary of Facts and Figures in the Globe Almanac, Cyclopaedia and Atlas contains over 100,000 important references.

HEREAFTER OR NOT.

Walter Howell Says the Life Here Is Worth Trying.

Walter Howell, a well-known spiritualist of London, Eng., addressed a largely attended meeting of spiritualists at I. O. O. F. hall yesterday afternoon upon the subject "Is Life Worth Living?" Previous to his discourse Mr. Howell recited Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" with marked feeling and effect. In answering the question propounded in the subject of the afternoon's address, Mr. Howell affirmed most positively that, from a spiritualistic point of view, life was not only worth living, but also to be greatly desired and tenderly cherished by those who took the proper view of its privileges and obligations. There were wrongs, sufferings and conditions wholly inexplicable to mankind, which at times would seem to dispute the Universal affirmative answer he had given to the text query, but these were all for a purpose, and to the intellect and moral nature which has reached a high development, often lose their mysterious aspect, and present themselves as conserving the highest good. "If," said the speaker, "we have no sense of sight, we are dead to the world of light, and do not understand or appreciate its joys and opportunities. If the intellect is undeveloped, in the same way we are dead to the world of thought. If there is a world of disembodied spirits hovering around us, and our minds have reached that state of development where we know this to be the case, then our lives are full and rounded, and we are the happier for our knowledge. We are intellectual beings put here to unravel and fathom the mysteries of life, not simply to view effects without inquiring for their causes. A glimpse at nature shows the province of inanimate objects which are void of intellectual endowments. It is simple in its construction, yet it breathes in its life, but not as we do. It is as the blade of grass which lives for a day and then passes away. For us there are inestimable possibilities in the realms of thought. It is the intellect which separates man from the beasts and raises him to that plane of transcendent thought from which he can observe and realize his ideal. Even if there is no future existence the courage required to live this life makes the effort worth the while. Through the philosophy of modern spiritualism we find the only satisfying answer to our query. Through our sufferings we see our ideals realized. We can also bring into service in solving this problem the law of ultimate compensation. No God would dare wrong a word. Just as sure as the carboniferous period of the world's history conserved and stored the sunlight and heat for future periods, just so sure will the sunshine and glory of our present struggles and sufferings some day brilliantly illumine the paths of future generations."

Every sportsman will appreciate the sporting statistics as they are given in the Globe Almanac, Cyclopaedia and Atlas.

SNOWED AS OF YORE

BOREALIS DRAPES THE CARNIVAL DISTRICT IN A ROBE OF WHITE.

STREET CARS ARE IMPEDED,

AND TIME SCHEDULES ARE MADE BUT A SNARE FOR SHIVERERS.

ONE TRAIN NINE HOURS LATE,

For the Snow-Bound Belt Extends Across the Northern Prairies Completely.

The first snow storm of the season which in any way bore any resemblance to the real thing came yesterday morning, and but for the gusty wind from the southeast accompanying it would have mantled St. Paul in a cloak of immaculate white. As it is, the "beautiful" which fell was swirled and swished about in little heaps and drifts, so that much of the hard, icy ground is bare and dirty.

Just as well regulated people were preparing for church yesterday morning the cold northerly wind which has been blowing for two days changed from the west and northwest and veered around to the southeast. This resulted in the fall of snow which commenced at 10 o'clock and continued steadily until the weather department registered a precipitation of one and a quarter inches. There was considerable moisture in the air, and in spite of the rise in temperature the weather was still too cold to permit the snow to settle.

The flakes which dropped from the clouds were not the ideal thick, white, fleecy kind, but bright, crisp ones, which some way found their way under your coat collar and made you uncomfortable.

It was the slippery sort, too, which played havoc with the street car tracks and made more trouble than twice the depth of the thick, white variety would have occasioned. The street car sweepers were called into requisition without delay, and even then the cars were kept moving only with the greatest difficulty. Even with the cars double-headed the wheels would slip on the tracks, and corner stores were welcome havens for waiting pascsengers, who did not care to face the biting wind and flurrying snow. The greatest trouble existed on the suburban lines, such as the Grand avenue, Seventh, Rice and Mississippi streets, and even on the cable and electric extension, where trains were run on half-time schedule.

The storm was not severe enough to create any serious interruption in the telegraph and telephone service, although some of the long-distance telephone wires worked badly.

The snow was general through the West, and the falling barometer all day yesterday is an indication that there will be more snow.

The probabilities are that another slight storm will reach here today from the West, which will, with the snow already fallen, make tolerably good sleighing and facilitate the work of preparing for the carnival sports. The temperature yesterday hovered about the zero mark, and the chances are that today will be slightly warmer.

As far as could be learned, there was little or no interruption of local railroad traffic, although the Northern Pacific overland train was two hours late in reaching St. Paul.

The coast train on the Canadian Pacific and Soo lines, which was due last night at 6:30, did not arrive until 3:30 this morning.

NO GOOD SAMARITAN.

William Alter's Midnight Caller Belonged to Another Race.

William Alter, a young farm hand, stood with naked feet on the cold stones of the levee yesterday morning. His blue toes toyed with the fleecy snow. William was not inventing a new game for the carnival, nor was he emphasizing his sympathy with the abstruse scientific notion that shoes and stockings prevent the assimilation of earth electricity, and should be abolished. William felt as blue as his own toes, and wished that he was on Robinson Crusoe's island. There his bare feet would not monopolize his attention, and he would not be exposed to the philanthropy of his fellow man. For William, according to his own story, was suffering from relief. He arrived in St. Paul Saturday night on his way to the pineries. Temporarily impoverished, he sought the welcome arms of the Bethel boat at the foot of Sibley street. In order to show his appreciation of the kindness about to be extended to him, William consented to saw wood. He sawed a dozen big sticks once through, and then resawed them. For fear that they were not sufficiently sawed, and that he might appear destitute of industry, William sawed the same sticks a third time. Then he rested from his labors, drank a simple bowl of soup, and took a refreshing bath in the lee of the engine room. When he disrobed he placed a pair of almost new shoes, his stockings and a pair of overshoes upon the floor of the engine room beneath his suspended clothing. Over all was a certain number upon the wall to indicate the location of his wardrobe. The bath finished, William was about to gather up his garments and carry them to the dormitory up stairs. But he was given a pretty striped night robe, with no ruffles, and a single pearl button, and he was instructed to assume the robe and a thankful expression and run along up stairs. His clothes would be perfectly safe in the engine room. When William awoke yesterday morning from a nightmare of contrition and the reflection that he had accepted too much soup, he toddled down stairs, sadly resigned his pretty night robe, and jumped into his own clothing. He would have jumped into his shoes, also, but they had fled. In the place of shoes, overshoes and stockings were a pair of strange and much-worn overshoes. William complained, but was silenced, and had to don the overshoes so providentially left him. Then he went to the police station. There he was advised to return and insist on having his own shoes, for which the Bethel was seemingly responsible. William went back and secured another bowl of soup by sawing enough more wood to contribute in all about 100 sticks, each sawed three times. When he attempted to linger until his shoes were returned he was, he says, seized in the strong arm of John Morgan, brother of Rev. David Morgan, superintendent of the Bethel, and dragged, in his bare feet, out upon the levee. After him were thrown the old overshoes that were not his. Reflecting thus that his feet were colder than charity, William wished himself upon a distant coral strand.

John Morgan was questioned last night at the Bethel, and substantiated William Alter's tale of the lost shoes. Said Mr. Morgan:

"That fellow came here last Thursday, and I put him to work sawing wood. Not long after he began I saw him slyly throwing back into the main pile several of the sticks given to him to saw. I spoke to him about it, but gave him his ticket and let him stay here at the Friendly Inn—it is connected with the Bethel—all night. The next morning I told him I didn't want a man like him around. But he came back Saturday and I made him pile the wood up. He couldn't sneak out of that job. This morning my fireman, who runs things down in the engine room, called to me to come down. I found that fellow Alter with no shoes on and abusing everybody. But, of course, as I told him, we couldn't help it if some of the other fellows had run off with his shoes. May be they got up earlier than he did. O, yes, he put his clothes in the right place, there in the engine room. But we can't tell about those men. Lots of 'em will steal anything. He raised a big row and insisted on staying there until he got his shoes back, so I just threw him off. If he'd behaved quietly, I would have looked around and got him an old pair of shoes somewhere."

MISSIONS IN ASSAM.

A Minnesota Girl Relates an Interesting Experience There.

At the First Baptist church yesterday morning, Miss Nora Yates, a returned missionary from Assam, India, made an eloquent and touching plea for foreign missions. Miss Yates said, among other things:

"Two years ago I went with Miss Amy, one of your Minnesota missionaries, several miles from our village at Nawgong, out into the midst of a heathen village in the jungle, a cluster of huts, surrounded by hills, covered with rice and tea—huts that hardly seemed fit to be called homes, and, strictly, are not, there being no such word in their language. It is 'house.' But people lived in these houses; not just a mass of dirty heathen, as so many times we hear them called, but immortal souls; men, women and children by the hundreds and thousands, busy not only about their rice and tea, but about something that was of vital importance to them. Sin they know is present with them; they know that they must constantly be doing something to set themselves right with the great, almighty, never-dying power that is somewhere, and irresistibly their hands stretch out, as they say, 'somewhere.' They only earn four pice, half a penny, a day, but out of this you see them take one, two, three, or, if there is any sickness or curse overshadowing them, even the whole four, and put them in a hole in the floor and cover them up again. The little child, who earns about half this sum, does the same thing. They only have one meal of rice a day, and only the wealthiest can afford to put salt on it; but after the rice is spread out on the leaves, they will take one handful and put it into a basket, and twice a month there is a feast day. Then the rice is poured out into a mound, pure and white, and no matter how hungry one of the children may be, they would never think of taking any of it. The money is taken from its hiding place, and with it they purchase ducks, chickens and animals, cut their throats, and, dipping their hands in the warm blood, they sprinkle it on the rice. The blood of children, especially of girls, used to mingle freely with that of the animals until the government forbade it. Right into this place the gospel was brought a little less than two years ago. We spent weeks, laboring with these people, not trying to get them to listen, for the doors are open on every hand. Six weeks we labored there, and the people came early and late to hear. They would stay till late at night, then go home and attend to their household duties, snatch a little sleep, and be back by 6 o'clock in the morning, to hear some more of the gospel before going to their daily work. With the exception of one man in that village, none of them had ever heard of Jesus before. The people would come and sit down before us, and at one gathering, there were seven different tongues, in which they were being told of the story of redemption, for a man would come and say that his people spoke a different dialect, as we told to him, he would interpret to them, and in this way the gospel was being preached in seven dialects at once. At the conclusion of our visit forty-eight new-born souls were buried with Christ in baptism, and, with the exception of two, after months of testing, and such testing as we know nothing of here, they all stood firm."

QUITE ANOTHER STORY.

W. F. Lewis' "Hold-Up" a Very Ordinary Street Row.

Philip Capistrant was arrested yesterday afternoon on lower Seventh street by Officer Ryan. The arrest was made on a warrant that has been in the hands of the police for about two months. It charges Capistrant with an assault which, at the time, was dignified into an attempt at highway robbery. Capistrant is said to have been walking down Mississippi street with a bag over his shoulder. The bag contained a quantity of soiled clothing. William F. Lewis, of Adams & Lewis, manufacturers' agents, 914 New York Life building, happened to brush roughly against Capistrant, and the latter, feeling somewhat irritable, resented the annoyance by striking Lewis in the face with the clothes bag. Lewis believed that he was about to be held up. He turned bravely upon young Capistrant, and scared him into immediate flight. The clothes bag was thrown into the street. Capistrant at once left town, and did not return until yesterday.

The Globe Almanac, Cyclopaedia and Atlas contains 450 large quarto, two-column pages of valuable information.

Cures

Prove the merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla—absolute, perfect, permanent cures. Catarrh, dyspepsia, neuralgia, rheumatism, scrofula and all other blood diseases yield to its power.

"I have been troubled with backache and rheumatism for a year, and tried almost every medicine that I could hear of without benefit. Finally I decided on Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have taken three bottles, and am now well, and can do my work as well as ever." MRS. S. A. PHILLIPS, Atlanta, Texas. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills act easily, promptly and effectively, 25 cents.

WHAT THEY SAY.

Some Words of Encouragement From Persons Whose Experience Is Valuable.

"Indigestion is the curse of this country," says a New York medical journal in a recent editorial. "Both men and women suffer from this distressing complaint, and it causes a tremendous amount of misery."

This is all very true, but there is no reason why any man or woman should suffer from indigestion when there is a ready means of preventing it. Thousands of people have discovered a sure cure for this much-dreaded complaint, and some of them have given the public the benefit of their experience.

Mrs. E. Tarlton, 345 Park Avenue, Cincinnati, says: "I had dyspepsia for fifteen years and was entirely cured by taking Duffy's pure malt whiskey. I had tried almost everything and know that this whiskey cures where all others fail. I am advising all my friends to use it."

W. F. Anderson, 617 W. Indiana Street, Chicago, says: "I used Duffy's pure malt whiskey for indigestion and dyspepsia. My stomach is now in better condition than it has been for years past. Seven of my friends are using it with the same results."

These are only two cases selected from thousands of others, but they are sufficient to prove that dyspepsia and indigestion can be always avoided by the regular use of Duffy's pure malt. It will not only keep the digestive organs in perfect condition, but give tone and energy to every part of the body. There is no other whiskey like it; nothing else that can take its place. Therefore, make sure that you get no inferior imitation when purchasing from your grocer or druggist.

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The following is published daily for the benefit of traveling salesmen, strangers and the public generally. It includes all the trades and professions, and cannot fail to prove of interest to all who intend transacting business in St. Paul.

Amusements.

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Grand, Sixth and St. Peter streets.
Straka's Tivoli, Bridge Square, Concert evenings and Sunday matinee. Admission free.
Bodega, 148 East Sixth street.
Olympic, 174-178 East Seventh street.

Auctioneers.

Kavanagh & Johnson, 22-24 E. 7th st.

Accountants.

Wm. Waugh, 215 New York Life Building.

Bakeries.

Thauwald Bros., 353-355 W. Seventh st.
Horejs Bros., 463 and 1165 West Seventh st., 15 East Seventh st. and 383 West University avenue.

Birds and Seeds.

German Bird and Seed Store, 451 Wabasha street.

Books, New, Rare and Standard.

E. W. Porter Company, 100 East Fourth street.

Builders' Hardware and Gilt Edge Cutlery.

Schroeder Bros., 902 Payne av.

Boots and Shoes.

Elmquist Shoe Store, 229 E. Seventh st.

Butter and Eggs.

Wisconsin Dairy, 513 St. Peter street, Tel. 821.
Milton Dairy Company, 772 Wabasha st. Tel. 281.

Carpet Cleaning.

Schroeder & Dickinson, 16 E. 6th st.

Cloaks.

Ransom & Horton, 99-101 East Sixth.

Commission Merchants.

Wm. Miller & Co., 263 West Seventh st.
McGuire & Mulrooney, 280 E. Sixth st.
R. E. Cobb, 294-298 East Sixth st.
C. C. Emerson, 251-255 E. Sixth st.
Geo. Thuet, 24 West Third st.
E. McNamee & Co., 249 East Sixth st.
Schierman & Co., 318 Robert st.
De Camp & Beyer, 129 East Third st.
F. L. Parshall, 18 West Third st.
H. C. Hemenway & Co., corner Third and Minnesota streets.
Dore & Redpath, 70 East Third st.
Knauft Grain and Produce Company, 338 East Seventh street. Tel. 574.

Caterer.

J. D. Ramaley, 403 St. Peter street.

Coal and Wood.

Casey & Norris, cor 7th and Willis sts.
S. Brand, corner Wabasha and Park avenue. Tel. 1033.
O. G. Wilson, corner 8th and Broadway.
Independent Coal Co., 156 East 3d st.

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Horejs Bros., 463 and 1165 West Seventh st., 15 East Seventh st. and 383 West University avenue.

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European Clothing Co., 282 E. 7th st.

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E. P. Holmes & Co., 336 St. Peter, near Fourth street.

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Edwards, 173 Third st., 339 Robert st.

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The Stella Drug Co., 440 Wabasha.

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George J. Mitsch & Co., corner Seventh and St. Peter streets.

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New York Steam Dye Works, 16 West Sixth street.

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Capitol Flour Co., 21 East Third st.

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Tubbesing Bros., 100 East Third street.

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Simon Nelson, 189 East Seventh street.
Henry Jacke, 263 East Seventh street.
M. Albrecht, 225 East Seventh street.

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John H. Shea, 128 Eighth street.
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