

FELL TO THE DEVEE

ERNEST LINEBURG IS KILLED AT THE FOOT OF MINNESOTA STREET

WHILE CLIMBING THE STEPS

TO GET THE COLORED SAND ROCK TO TAKE HOME WITH HIM.

DEATH FOLLOWS A RUNAWAY.

For That It Was Which Lured Him From Home to the Place of Death.

Ernest Lineburg, the five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward N. Lineburg, residing at 296 Jackson street, was killed yesterday afternoon, by falling from the bluff at the foot of Minnesota street, to the brick paved alleyway beneath, a distance of sixty-five feet.

The boy's head was crushed and his left arm broken, though death was not instantaneous. The little fellow lived until carried to the salvage corps' headquarters, on Robert street, but expired before a physician could be summoned.

The runaway kept on down Robert street and the little playmates decided to follow it. When the boys got as far as the Robert street bridge, they became tired and sat down on the steps, leading to second street, to rest.

Both boys crawled under the fence, but hesitated a moment before attempting a descent of the bluff, frightened by the hazardous prospect.

They had about decided to give up the venture, when the boy, now dead, said to his companion, "Come on, Henry, I'm not afraid, I'll go first." Scarcely had he started to carry out his resolution when his foot slipped and he was hurled to the hard pavement below.

Three boys, Morris Valkman, 31 South Robert street, Guy Hulay, 552 Washington street, and Fred Waldo, 100 South Robert street, were walking along the Milwaukee tracks and saw the Lineburg boy fall. They were some distance away, and at first took the object which shot through the air for a log of wood.

Valkman, however, saw the body whirling after it struck the pavement and ran for assistance.

William Jones, a stranger, from Austin, Minn., was found at the "Soo" freight house and informed of the accident. Hurrying to the spot he picked up the body and carried it to the convulsions of death, and carried it to Second and Robert streets, where he met Officer McCarthy. Officer McCarthy carried the dying boy to the ambulance headquarters and summoned a physician. The boy was scarcely out of the officer's arms when he ceased to breathe. In the meantime, young Jones, the dead boy's playmate, had been notified of the accident, and he hurried with the sorrowful news to Mr. Lineburg.

Coroner Wheaton and the dead boy's father reached the salvage corps quarters at about the same time. At the completion of the coroner's office the body was turned over to Mr. Lineburg, who had it removed to the family residence.

Mr. Lineburg is employed in the accounting department of the Great Northern road.

TURKISH AND AMERICAN SULTANS Differ Only in Methods—The Moral of It.

To the Editor of the Globe. It is passing strange that while we are so ready to extend our sympathy and benevolence to the victims of a fan in a fan—Turkey, we are, at the same time, so prone to overlook the sufferings of the victims of sultans in our own country. The repetition of the old story of sending missionaries to convert the heathen in our own far-off foreign country, while we overlook the prime necessity of converting the heathen who are about our doors at the present time, is most remarkable to witness the intense interest we manifest, and how excited we become when we learn of distress and death inflicted upon foreign people by sultans at long distances from us, and with what apathy and unconcern we witness the distress and death of our own people, brought about by sultans who are our fellow citizens. It must be admitted that the sultan of Turkey is not smart, in the latter day acceptance of the word—that is to say, he is not polite; while our fellow citizens, the American sultans, are very smart, i. e., they are very polite. For some months past there has been discharged upon the sultan of Turkey a stream of the most emphatic expressions of hatred, scorn and detestation to be found in the English language, and while the writer thinks he richly deserves them all, he also thinks that had he been "smart" he would have escaped a good deal of this well deserved vituperation. Our sultans, who are possessed of a higher and broader education than the foreign article, are correspondingly smarter and more polite, and while the victims are, of course, not less numerous than those of the Turk, they have a way of their own of blinding the eyes and soothing the ire of Christians which would be admirable if it were not detestable. We have many sultans of high and low degree in this country, and in the first rank may be rated the "coal barons," the "railway magnates," but so called, the Standard Oil company, and various other combinations. These and like corporations and trusts, by the combination of capital, have become so powerful that they can control both national and state legislation, and thereby procure laws to be enacted which are solely for their own aggrandizement and adverse to the welfare of the people, or failing in this, which rarely occurs, they

boldly defy the laws. Try to imagine the distress and lingering misery, ending only in death, brought about by the insatiable greed of the coal combine in this country. Think for one moment of its honest competitors who have been crushed to the earth by it, the ruined fortunes, the blasted hopes, the long years of poverty through which they must drag themselves and their families before death comes to their relief. But this is by no means the most harrowing side of this sad picture. Think of the thousands of miserably poor, destitute, half-dressed, half-starved and utterly wretched human beings, huddled together in hovels and tumbledown tenements in our great cities, who are literally dying from day to day for want of means to buy even the little coal necessary to produce warmth sufficient to keep animal heat in their poor, emaciated bodies, which the greed of the "coal barons" or sultans has placed at a price entirely beyond their reach.

JERSEYS STAY AT PROF. THOMAS SHAW SAYS MINNESOTA CLIMATE IS NOT TOO SEVERE.

TUBERCULOSIS IN THE STOCK EXPERIMENTS SHOW TO BE DUE TO IMPROPER BREEDING OF THE CATTLE.

CLIMATE BLAMED TOO GENERALLY AYRESHIRE COULD BE RAISED WITH PROFIT, BUT COST TOO MUCH TO GET HERE.

There has been some questioning of late among people interested in livestock raising as to the ability of Jersey cattle to stand the Minnesota climate. From the experiments that have been carried on at the state agricultural school, in reference to this question, it seems that there need be little if any fear. In fact, it has been shown that, considering all sides of the question, the Jerseys are really the best stock for the Minnesota farmer to raise for dairy purposes.

Prof. Thomas Shaw, who has conducted the experiments at the agricultural farm, St. Anthony Park, in speaking of the question to a Globe reporter, said: "I have often heard the assertion that Minnesota's climate is too severe for the successful raising of the Jersey stock, but I have never been able to substantiate the statement, and every experiment conducted at the farm has been in favor of that breed. It is a fact that the prevalence of tuberculosis in the stock but it is not a hereditary characteristic; it has been caused by improper breeding. The practice of in-and-in breeding has been carried on to such an extent that the disease is quite common. But there is no other cause for it than what I have stated. I raised Jerseys for a number of years in a climate much more severe than this one, and I was successful."

"You know there is a tendency here to lay every malady at the door of the climate, and a great injustice is thereby done. I have found that one Jersey cow can be kept well for three years on six acres of ground. One of the acres should be devoted to raising the grain and hay for winter food; two-thirds of the other acre should be used for summer pasturing, and the other third acre should be set out with peas, oats, sorghum and corn for 'spoiling' food. Under these conditions the Jersey cow will produce a farmer can make a profit of \$20 a year during a year. It is easy to see what a man with a small farm could make by raising Jersey dairy stock."

"What other stock would you recommend?" "Next to the Jerseys come the Ayrshires. They are very rugged and could be raised with less care than the Jerseys. I do not know of a single cow of the breed in the state, and I advise Minnesota farmers to raise Jerseys. I am surprised that the people of this state do not give more attention to the raising of the best stock in raising section in America and in-and-in breeding is their greatest possibility until the farmers take up the industry as a specialty. It is well to see that they are in many places and the results are always gratifying."

"Do you find tuberculosis existing among the Jerseys in the state?" "It is found wherever the in-and-in breeding is practiced, no matter what the stock may be. The disease is found in Jerseys more than in others because of the in-and-in breeding which is carried on with them more. The Ayrshires, or the Holstein, or the Guernseys, or any of those standard breeds will be found in the state, but they are in the same circumstances, and experiments bear me out in this assertion. "Before I came to Minnesota I owned a farm in Ontario, and I have seen a climate just as severe, if not more so, than Minnesota. The amount of cheese exported from that section is marvelous; in fact, dairy animals are raised there in the same circumstances, and experiments bear me out in this assertion. "Before I came to Minnesota I owned a farm in Ontario, and I have seen a climate just as severe, if not more so, than Minnesota. The amount of cheese exported from that section is marvelous; in fact, dairy animals are raised there in the same circumstances, and experiments bear me out in this assertion."

See the Gordon Hat. Don't buy unless you want it. You'll want it.

AS TO RELATIVE VALUE. C. J. Buell Throws Light on More Dark Places for Mr. Stone. To the Editor of the Globe. I see that my friend Stone, of Pine City, is still seeking after truth. I like his earnestness. He evidently means to learn something of the value of his statements, and I am glad to see that he has not attempted to disprove any of my statements thus far. I take it he is very anxious to get the truth, and I will help him out if I can. I will tell him so and urge him to seek information from more proper sources. Mr. Stone says that from 1782 to 1848 the world's production of silver was \$1,624,217,000, and of gold was \$281,088,000, and asks "why was not silver the cheaper metal during that period?" always supposing that it was supposed that it took nearly sixteen times as great a weight of silver as of gold to be worth the same in the markets. I suppose the reason for this is that it cost about sixteen times as much labor or effort to produce a pound of gold as to produce a pound of silver. This is the principle that applies to all products of labor, as I understand it, and I don't suppose gold or silver is any exception. Mr. Stone then has trouble with the fact that from 1848 to 1896 gold was produced to the amount of \$3,531,500,000 and silver only \$1,900,150,000, and wants to know why gold was not cheaper. Probably because the cost of production had not relatively changed much and because the demand for it had increased. During that period gold came into use as money to a very large extent and kept the increased supply up.

Then Mr. Stone proposes a standard commodity, such as pork, beef, corn, oats, wheat, cotton, coal and iron, bear the same ratio to silver now that they did for 150 years, and asks "Why have they depreciated in value?" Silver and all these other things kept the same ratio to each other all that while, it is pretty plain that they did not "depreciate" in value. The value of a thing is not the amount of other things it will exchange for. If it exchanges for less its "value" goes down—depreciates. If it exchanges for more its "value" goes up. The value of gold and silver went down from 1870 to 1895 the "value" of gold has gone up; that is, an ounce of gold will exchange for more other things than it did before, at the same time the "value" of silver has probably gone down somewhat, though not very much. These changes are due to changes in the cost of production mostly, though the excessive demand for gold has

probably caused its "value" to go up and stay up somewhat more than it otherwise would.

Mr. Stone says a lot of other things that don't seem to have much bearing on the question and I don't think it is worth the time to answer them. I didn't know that Betty was in a boat. Stone said she was in a railway coach. But what have all these questions and objections to do with a dollar of half the purchasing power of the present one? Yours truly, C. J. Buell.

OSTRICHS LUNCH. A Surgeon Needed to Find a Purse She Swallowed.

Los Angeles (Cal.) Cor. Philadelphia Times. B. C. Wallace, a wealthy gentleman from the East, has been making a tour of Southern California during the past winter, and about a month ago came to this city. A short time after his arrival he went out to visit the ostrich farm, and spent several hours in inspecting the queer birds, which seemed to interest him very much. There was one big male ostrich in particular which attracted Wallace's fancy, his plumage was so beautiful and his carriage so grand. After admiring and commenting on the big fellow's many good points, Wallace turned to get an orange from a bag which his wife was holding, thinking to present it to the ostrich. As he was feeling something tugging at his pocket, Wallace jumped around just in time to see his well filled leather purse slowly disappearing into the bird's mouth. Wallace frankly confesses that he was completely dazed for a moment, and the case was a serious one, and when the purse showed itself slowly sliding down, making a big protrusion on the side of the bird's neck, he felt that the time for action had arrived. Leaning over the board fence as far as he could reach, Wallace grabbed the bird about the throat, and with a kick he tried to choke his big fellow's hoof settled any further effort in that way. Wallace was almost willing to feel grateful for the small favor of an unbroken arm, but there was money in the purse, and he could not see the ostrich making food of his worldly goods with impunity. Meantime Mrs. Wallace had called the keeper.

By this time the purse had made the passage, and was no doubt comfortably stored away in the bird's stomach awaiting the process of digestion. "Nothing for it, sir, I'm afraid," said the keeper. "Was there much money in the purse?" "My lord, man, there's thousands in it, besides bonds, notes, etc.," exclaimed Wallace. "Can nothing be done?" "Not unless you buy the bird, kill him and rob his stomach," answered the keeper. "Great Scott, I don't want an ostrich, dead or alive, but name your figure," said Wallace. "The keeper told him the bird was worth \$500. "Pretty costly, but there's ten times that amount inside of him, and I guess that will be one time when it will pay to kill the goose for the golden egg. A meeting at the town hall. Then he hired a band, which was reluctant to be engaged because of Democratic principles, and soon he was followed to the hall by nearly every man, woman and child of the resident population. The band was very good, and the majority of 300 was reduced to 10."

FIDDED ON THE STUMP. William M. Treloar, of Missouri, is another new member. He has been a teacher of music and during his campaign for congress he used his violin on the stump. On this account his opponents contemptuously called him the "fiddler candidate." He is good looking, tall and bald, with a sandy mustache. Another new member from Missouri, John P. Tracey, won votes for himself by singing on the stump, and some of the songs that he sang were his own original compositions. Cyrus A. Sulloway is perhaps most conspicuous as a "character" among the new members. He is a giant in stature, being six inches above six feet in height, and has a full, curly gray beard. Up in Manchester, N. H., where he belongs, he has practiced law for many years. It chanced that on one occasion a band of Salvation Army shouters paid a visit to that town. The descendants of the early Pilgrims, still preserving some of the old-time intolerance in religious matters, arrested the noisy invaders and put them in jail. "Cy" Sulloway undertook to defend them, and so interested did he become in their cause that soon afterwards he joined the Salvation Army.

A very remarkable personality is that of Milton Crowley, of Galveston, Tex. His career would furnish material for a highly spiced novel. He has been a cowboy, a stevedore, and finally a lawyer. According to his own account, his business at one time was that of a tramp, and many a ride did he steal on freight trains in those days. He is a man of much ability, and he declares that he can drink more whisky than any other member of the house. During his recent campaign a pamphlet was printed which abused him horribly; it was a masterpiece of vituperation for political purposes. Crowley had several thousand copies of it printed at his own expense, so that, as he said, there might be plenty on hand in case the enemy's stock ran out.

A COLLEGE POLITICIAN. Rowland B. Mahany of Buffalo, N. Y., is likewise making his first experiment in legislating for the nation. He is the youngest man ever appointed as an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to that government. In 1884 he went to Harvard, where he distinguished himself greatly. There was a moot election in the university, to decide the rival merits of Cleveland and Blaine. President Eliot had the entire faculty with him for Cleveland, excepting only four instructors. Mahany organized the Blaine forces, and carried Harvard for the Plumed Knight. This became known to Mr. Blaine through the newspapers, and he awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair, DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER. Most Perfect Made. A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

FREAKS IN CONGRESS

LAWMAKERS WHO ARE DISTINGUISHED BY ODD NAMES AND CAREERS.

SOME SWELLS, SOME SHABBY. ONE OF THEM IS THE AUTHOR OF THE WICKEDEST BOOK ON RECORD.

FIDDLING ELECTED ANOTHER. Eddy's Flannel Shirt Campaign—Heatwave the Handsomest of the Lot.

There is an unusual number of freaks in this congress. Many of the new men are notable for peculiarities that are interesting. Some have queer fads, while the personal histories of others are remarkable, says the New York World. One of the most picturesque of the new members is Frank M. Eddy, of Minnesota. He is the first man to come to congress from Minnesota who was born in that state. As a boy he was so poor that he worked in a brickyard to get money to pay for his schooling. He is a remarkably homely man, unpretending in his appearance, but carries himself with the air of a full of quiet humor. His political adventures during his recent campaign in the pinneries are side-splitting. Ex-Senator Washburn went along to help him out; but this ally did more harm than good. His boiled shirt and hat gave away the fact, and he did not care to shake hands with the "old wild-looking lumbermen. Eddy understood things better; he wore a flannel shirt, tucked his pantaloons into his boots and talked to the men in the lumber camps in their native Norwegian. On reaching a town his method was to buy the best brass band, and get up a meeting. In this way he cut down established Democratic majorities to almost nothing, or converted them into Republican majorities. In one town there were no Republicans at all; but, not at all discouraged, he bought a brass band, set up unlimited drinks and announced a meeting at the town hall. Then he hired a band, which was reluctant to be engaged because of Democratic principles, and soon he was followed to the hall by nearly every man, woman and child of the resident population. The band was very good, and the majority of 300 was reduced to 10."

With a flourish of trumpets comes into this congress the metemorphic William E. Barrett, of Melrose, Mass. He is a young man, only thirty-seven. At twenty-nine years of age he was speaker of the Massachusetts legislature, and he held that office five years. Previously he was Washington correspondent of the Boston Advertiser, and eventually he bought that paper. It was during the Forty-seventh congress that he was in Washington, and there chanced to be a big fight over legislative matters. The galleries were crowded day after day to see the fun, and Speaker Keifer threw open the press gallery of the house to ladies whom he thought to favor with his card. This interference with the work of the newspaper men, and an indignation meeting was called. A resolution was introduced by Barrett denouncing Keifer in severe terms, and it was unanimously adopted. Keifer has not been able to get back to congress since, and it is said that this resolution has had more to do with keeping him in private life than any other one cause.

THE SMALLEST MEMBER. Dr. Jethro A. Hatch, of Indiana, is another new member. He is the smallest man in the house in respect to stature. It is a remarkable fact that he was elected to congress in 1892, and he is a lawyer for a good many years. Hatch's immediate predecessor was a rich packer, before the latter came a physician and a newspaper editor. He is a very popular man, and he defeated his opponent, Melvin R. Baldwin, by 10,000 majority, though he had been a resident of Indiana only three years. Another new member from Minnesota, Joel P. Heatwole, is the handsomest man in the house. He is a printer by trade, and owns a newspaper. He is very popular, and conspicuously well dressed. His broad chest displays a wide expanse of shirt bosom, and his neckties exhibit a great variety of colors. Monroe H. Kulp is a new man from Pennsylvania. He is known as Farmer Kulp, though exactly why is not apparent. He is a good deal of a swell, and he is said to be the cheekiest member in the house. During the last session of the Fifty-third congress he had the privilege of the floor of the house, being a member-elect. It happened that a vote was pending on an important question, and the decision of the roll call was close, when Kulp rose to the line and voted, the cheat being not discovered.

DOESN'T LIKE NEWSPAPERS. Another interesting character is Samuel M. Stephenson, who hails from the northern peninsula of Michigan. Though he has served in several congresses, his name is rarely mentioned in the newspapers, because he hates the newspaper men like poison. He is an uneducated man and does not approve of newspapers, being suspicious of what they do not understand. He is tall and heavy set, with a full gray beard, and his slouch hat is always pulled over his eyes. At all times he has a pocketful of good cigars, which he gives to his colleagues, but never to the correspondents. Stephenson is one of the biggest lumbermen in the West. He suffers much from corns, and on that account wears felt shoes. Strange enough for a congressman, he does not desire that his name should be mentioned at all in the public prints. The father of the house now is Alfred C. Harmer, of Pennsylvania. He has served through twelve congresses, and only one intermission of two years.

It is interesting to look over the autobiographies contributed to the new congressional directory by various members. Some of them make statements that are decidedly amusing from the point of the casual observer, while others mention incidents that are picturesque. Benjamin F. Marsh, of Warsaw, Ill., states that during the civil war he campaigned in every succeeding state except Virginia and the two Carolinas; he received four wounds, and today "carries in his body rebel lead." Orlando Burrell, of Carmi, Ill., crossed the plains in 1853, driving an ox team all the way from Carmi to

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When he got to be secretary of state in the Harrison administration, he appointed Mahany secretary of legation at Valparaiso. Later having resigned, he was made minister to Ecuador, where he concluded the Santos treaty, which had been pending for ten years. He was one of the first officials thrown out by Josiah Quincy, now mayor-elect of Boston.

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DIED.

HOLCOMBE—At Pass Christian, Miss., on April 1, 1896, William Southern Holcombe, his funeral from St. Luke's church, Victoria street, this (Monday) morning at 10:30.

WILLIAMS—In St. Paul, Sunday, April 4, at the home of her sister, Mrs. James E. W. Atwick, 89 South Victoria street, Alberta Turner-Williams, aged twenty-one years, wife of Riley Williams, of Des Moines, Ia. Remains will be taken to Macon, Mo., Tuesday morning for interment.

HALLOWELL—In St. Paul, Minn., April 3, 1896, Dr. Wm. E. Hallowell, aged thirty-four years. Funeral from 4th street, at 2:30 p. m. Monday, April 6, at 2:30 p. m.

ANNOUNCEMENTS. THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCK. The annual meeting of the Centaur Company will be held at their office, 213 Manhattan Building, on Monday, April 7, at 10 o'clock, p. m. for the election of a board of directors. For other business as may come before them, J. B. Johnson, Secretary.

AMUSEMENTS. METROPOLITAN. L. N. SCOTT, Manager. Tonight, Matinee Wednesday, the Eminent Comedian, SOL SMITH. RUSSELL! REPERTOIRE. Tonight and Wednesday, THE RIVALS. By R. Brinsley Sheridan.

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