SAINT PAUL.

LOCAL NEWS NOTES.

Gospel meetings will be held nightly this week at Atlantic Congregational church.

The Red Men's dance, which was stated in yesterday's Globe to occur last night, really took place Thursday evening at Oxford hall.

The choir boys of St. Peter's church, Dayton's Bluff, with the choirmaster and organist, entertained the mission at Post Siding, Earl and East Seventh streets, yesterday afternoon.

The Young Men's Parish League of the First M. E. Church will give their second Mosaic this evening, in the parlors of the church. Prof. J. F. Downey, of the state university, will lecture on "Shams," and John Rule, the whistler of Minneapolis, and Prof. W. G. Reynolds will assist musically. Following the programme there will be a social and light refreshments will be served.

The Cleveland High School Literary and Debating society will give a musical and literary entertainment this evening at Assembly hall. Misses Flossie Ferrier, Laura Lamb, Ritchatch and Mardie Woolsey have charge of the programme, which will be furnished by: School orchestra, Miss Minnie Lundquist, Miss Alice Daly, Vera Putz, Miss Mabel Bedberry, Miss Kate Bersee, Prof. Anton Jurka, Maurice Hickman, Miss Margaret Jenkins.

SUNDAY AT THE HOTELS.

A. M. Pence, of Chicago, is stopping at the Ryan.

J. B. Sanborn, of Chicago, Ill., is at the Windsor.

R. A. Kelley, of Philadelphia, Pa., is at the Ryan.

P. G. Jacobson, of Madison, Wis., is at the Ryan.

H. A. King, of Blue Earth City, is at the Clarendon.

H. Douglas, of Thief River Falls, is at the Merchants'.

G. L. Horton, of Litchfield, is stopping at the Windsor.

S. J. Casselly, of Peoria, Ill., is a guest at the Ryan.

F. P. Winter, of Faribault, is a guest at the Clarendon.

D. D. Marding, of Duluth, is stopping at the Clarendon.

R. H. Jacksoh, of Winona, is stopping at the Merchants'.

O. P. Richard, of St. Louis, Mo., is a guest at the Windsor.

H. S. Hunter, of Syracuse, N. Y., is registered at the Ryan.

W. E. McKenzie, of Crookston, is a guest at the Merchants'.

P. A. Fowler, of Rochester, N. Y., is stopping at the Windsor.

J. H. Jackson, of St. Peter, registered at the Merchants' yesterday.

A. R. Williams, of Walla Walla, Wash., is registered at the Astoria.

N. B. Jaquist and wife, of Madelia, are guests at the Metropolitan.

C. F. Macdonald, of the St. Cloud Times, is registered at the Merchants'.

Alexander Hughes, of Bismarck, N. D., registered at the Clarendon yesterday.

Walter Creighton, of New York, and William Burrell, of Menomonie, were at the Metropolitan yesterday.

WHITE BEAR ABLAZE.

The Town Has a Jolly Saturday Night of It.

The people of White Bear who took active interest in the sound money party principles celebratetd the victory Saturday evening with a torchlight procession, headed by the White Bear Brass band and the local McKinley club. The town was illuminated by colored lights and bonfires. The most interesting features of the procession was the payment of an election bet, whereby Col. E. A. Jones, ex-mayor of the village, was trundled around Railroad park by Davis Long, who was an ardent free silver man until election day. This spectacle was all the more ludicrous owing to the fact that Col. Jones very strongly resembles President Cleveland in figure and face. The affair terminated with an ovation to Charles Reif, the Democratic county commissioner-elect.

Was Doing Too Much Business.

Leo Bernhoff, thirteen years old, living at 283 Texas street, was arrested yesterday morning by Patrolman Ahern, charged with violating the hotel runners' ordinance. The police officer claims that the lad was trying to induce a couple of strangers to put up at a Sixth street hotel. Not having a license to do business as a hotel runner, the boy was arrested. He was released yesterday afternoon, his father promising to have him in court this morning.

Said That He Stole a V.

D. F. Level, colored, was arrested last night by Sergt. Ross on a charge of larceny. W. F. Johnson, also colored, claims that Level grabbed a $5 note from him at the rooms of the Social club, 370 Jackson street. Level, who is fifty years old, was given a chase by the man who claimed to have lost the five. Level denied the charge when brought to the station and when searched was without money.

Car Barn Scorched.

A small fire in the business office of the Ramsey street car barn called out the department yesterday morning. The fire started in the wall back of an open fireplace, and the damage incident to tearing out the wall and extinguishing the blaze is estimated at $200.

A SWORDFISH

Attacks a Bark and Leaves His Broadsword Behind Him.

San Francisco Bulletin.

When the barkentine Irmgard, from Honolulu with sugar for J. D. Spreckels & Bro., arrived here on the 22d, her skipper, Capt. Schmidt, reported that the vessel was leaking slightly, and the cause of the inflow of water he could not explain. The leak could not be located. The Irmgard proceeded to the sugar refinery, discharged her cargo and immediately the depth of water in the well was lowered. It was supposed that a seam on the port side had opened near the water line, and very little attention was given to the matter until this morning, when the cause of the trouble was discovered.

The Irmgard is lying in the stream. Her first officer was leaning over the port rail and discovered what he at first took to be a large peg driven in the vessel's bow at the water line. On closer investigation he found that the Irmgard had been rammed by a swordfish, and that the hostile fellow had paid the penalty of his imprudence by leaving a large section of his horny sword embedded in the tough planking of the hull. The sword had passed through the planking and broken off about a foot from the point of impact. The supposition is that a fair length of the bone protrudes from the inner side of the barkentine's "skin."

Neither Capt. Schmidt nor any of his men have any knowledge of the date or hour when the Irmgard was attacked. They do not remember feeling any shock, though the force exerted necessary to drive the sword through the stout planks must have been tremendous. The sword is about two inches broad and a little over an inch thick, and is armed with sharp teeth. It made a clean cut, and is driven in so firmly that several planks may have to be removed before it can be secured.

W. C. T. U. Programme.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—The programme of the twenty-third annual convention of the national W. C. T. U. has been issued. The convention will last from Nov. 13 to 18. The annual address of President Frances E. Willard and the reports of the other general officers will be heard on the opening day. On the afternoon of Sunday, Nov. 15, a grand Armenian mass meeting and memorial meeting will be held.

She Would Like to Know.

Puck.

Husband—I see that a New York judge has decided that the wife, and not the husband, should control the servants.

Wife—Did he explain how she is to do it?

Use

The experience of those who have been cured of Scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and obtain like benefit yourself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills do not purge, pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c.

JANE RACE'S HOARD

SHE DIES WITHOUT REVEALING THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE SAVINGS OF YEARS.

ROMANCE OF A SAD ACCIDENT

DEVELOPED IN THE UNFORTUNATE FAMILY OF DRAUGHTSMAN THOMAS RACE.

DAUGHTER BREAKS HER ARM.

Showing How Mr. Bryan Could Appropriately Bestow a Rabbit's Foot in St. Paul.

Thomas Race, employed as draughtsman by the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railway, is the legal heir of a considerable sum of money, but he does not know just where the money is, and although he and an attorney have been, and are making a search, as yet the coin has not been located.

The amount involved is estimated by acquaintances of the deceased wife of Mr. Race as high as $15,000, although Mr. Race himself only claims to be certain that the sum is in the neighborhood of $2,500, and interest on this amount for two years. October 12 last, Mrs. Jane L. Race was severely burned by an explosion at her residence, 349 Thirteenth street. The family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Race and a thirteen-year-old daughter, occupied part of the house at the number mentioned. It had been the rule for a washerwoman to come to the house every Monday and do the washing and ironing. The morning of the accident the woman did not put in an appearance and Mrs. Race determined to wash out a few pieces herself. She had heard that a small quantity of gasoline put in the washing assisted materially in cleansing the clothes and accordingly took a glass jar holding about a pint of the fluid intending to pour some of it on the clothes, which were in a boiler on the stove. The jar happened to be cracked, and while unscrewing the top the receptacle broke, part of the gasoline saturating the waist of the dress worn by Mrs. Race and the rest falling on the stove. In an instant Mrs. Race was enveloped in flames. She ran screaming from the room down the front stairs,and would undoubtedly have been burned to death had it not been for the aid and assistance rendered by A. Ahlberg, who resides across the street, and Mrs. Gates, who lives in the same building. Mrs. Race was wrapped in a quilt and the flames extinguished. Dr. Richeson was summoned and the burns, which were of a severe nature, dressed. The entire upper part of the woman's body was terribly burned and the physician had little hope that she would survive her injuries. Mrs. Race, however, announced that she would certainly get well, and to the surprise of the physician, her friends and acquaintances, she rallied from the shock and began to improve. She seemed to be rapidly recovering, but ten days after the accident had a relapse and two weeks ago today died from the effects of her injuries. During the last three days of her life she was in a state of coma and unable to recognize any one.

After her death and the funeral, a number of her acquaintances began to talk about the money which they claimed she had informed them she had put away, exactly where she never said, with the intention of surprising her husband at some future date by having a whole lot of money. The intimate acquaintances of Mrs. Race are authority for the statement that she received from England at stated times each year a considerable sum of money, which amount was placed in a financial institution in this city as soon as received. The domestic relations between Mrs. Race and her husband were of the most pleasant character. Her acquaintances say the placing of the money she received from abroad unbeknown to her husband was a hobby with her, and to make the surprise one in every sense of the word she did not tell him anything about her hoard or where it was deposited.

Some of Mrs. Race's more intimate friends, evidently fearing that she would not recover from her injuries, suggested during her sickness that she had better tell her husband all about her savings so that if anything happened to her he would be fully advised in the matter. To this Mrs. Race demurred and remarked that she knew she was going to get well and there was no necessity of informing her husband of the secret. The relapse came suddenly, and during the last three days of her life Mrs. Race was in such a condition physically and mentally that she could not have made any disclosures to her husband regarding her affairs had she wished. It was from acquaintances of the dead woman that the story of the money was learned and they estimate the amount she had on deposit or in some financial institution at $15,000.

Mr. Race, seen yesterday afternoon at his home, was loth to talk about the matter. He was very nervous, owing to the fact that his daughter, aged thirteen, had just been brought to the house with a broken arm. The little girl had been out with her sled playing and had fallen to the ground and broken her right arm. Mr. Race stated his wife had an amount of money somewhere, but he had been unable to find any bank book or certificate of deposit showing where the money was. The amount, he said, was in the neighborhood of $2,500. At least that was all he was certain about. It was possible that there might be more than the sum he mentioned, but, if there was, he was in the dark as to how much it was. His daughter, he said, had gone with her mother some months ago to a building where they went up stairs and had put away some money. He had spoken to his wife shortly after being informed of the occurrence by the child, but did not learn much about it. His idea was that perhaps his wife had entrusted her private papers to some friend, who, up to this time, had not learned of her death. On this theory he had been considering the advisability of advertising in the papers to the effect that any one having papers belonging to Mrs. Race would confer a favor by forwarding them to him. He had been within the past few days to several banks and made inquiry as to whether his wife had accounts at any of them, but was informed that she had not. The matter, he said, had been placed in the hands of an attorney for investigation. In addition to this he had written relatives of his wife in England with a view to ascertaining how much money she had received in the last two years from estates in which she was interested.

WILL TRY SHOPERA FRIDAY.

Minneapolis Authorities Investigate the Strelow Robbery.

Louis Shopera, the Jackson street pawnbroker arrested and taken to Minneapolis to answer to a charge of grand larceny, has been released on $2,300 bonds. The preliminary examination has been set for Friday in the Minneapolis police court. The Minneapolis detectives say that Shopera "stood" for the goods stolen from the store of H. C. Strelow by three negroes the first week in October. To the charge, Mr. Shopera enters a denial, and says he knows nothing about the goods. Oct. 8 he purchased a banjo, mandolin and revolver, paying $9 for the same, and, as is the custom, he reported the purchase to the St. Paul police department on the regular blank which is filed at the central station each day. These articles were inspected at his store by H. C. Strelow, who claimed they were part of the property taken from his place a few days before. He refused to pay the amount of the purchase, and replevined the articles. Shopera gave a bond in the replevin suit, and will fight the cause in court.

Asked as to the statement made by the Minneapolis detectives that a wagon load of goods stolen from Strelow had been recovered from his place, Mr. Shopera said there was nothing to the story. C. D. O'Brien, who has been retained by Shopera, said so far as he could learn there was nothing to the charge brought against his client, and this would appear very plainly when the preliminary examination was held.

SEASON OPENS

With a High Class Programme at Conover Hall.

For more than a score of years Prof. George Seibert has been giving St. Paul orchestral concerts. Yesterday the inaugural of his twenty-second season was given in Conover hall. The attendance was large in numbers and warm in applause of the conductor and his performances. The same general excellence that has been the distinguishing mark of these Sunday entertainments in the past was noticeable yesterday. Not that the work was always perfect or above criticism, but as a whole the concert was thoroughly enjoyable.

The orchestra this year is about the same in number as in former seasons. It is well balanced and its members thorough musicians, quick to respond to the guidance of a master baton. It was especially strong yesterday in the strings. But without comparison of the component parts, the orchestra, as a whole, barring a bit of ragged work in the Mozart symphony, displayed intelligence and precision. Of Prof. Seibert's interpretation of the numbers on the programme no comment is necessary. He reads and interprets music as Henry Irving does Shakespeare—with intelligent conception—and is successful in conveying his ideas to the performers.

The first number on the programme yesterday was a march, "Belle of the North," by Ida Groff, of St. Paul. The composition was scored for the orchestra by Prof. Seibert. The melody, which is simple, takes on new beauties under Mr. Seibert's pen, though he has avoided elaboration in his treatment of the theme. The composer may well feel proud of the reception given her march yesterday. The familiar Suppe overture, "Des Wanders Ziehl," was played with effect, but the two movements of Mozart's symphony, op. 41, failed to arouse the interest usually shown in this composer's orchestral pieces. Of the two numbers played, the andante fared the best, the finale—especially in the closing measures—being played unevenly. This defect was noticeable. The selection from "Der Freischutz" aroused enthusiasm, as Weber's beautiful opera never fails to do. From prayer to hunting chorus the audience was in sympathy with the splendid work of the orchestra. The rhythmic ballet music from "Faust" was also well played—the strings showing good work.

The closing number was labeled on the programme a "descriptive fantasie." It is supposed to have something to do with life in a coal mine, and in addition to a waltz, a lively quick-step, a few strains of melodramatic melody and a rollicking galop, the "fantasie" embraces eight bars of that inspiring song, "Down in a Coal Mine." A bird call, an ocarina, triangle, anvil and other implements are called into use to aid the orchestra in the interpretation of this great composition. Admitting that it is a custom with orchestra leaders to give their audiences something quick and devilish for a closing number, some good friend who has influence with Prof. Seibert should persuade him to call off the musician with the whistle and the anvil. These splendid concerts are only given twice a month and the programmes are already too short to admit such selections to a place thereon. Prof. Seibert doesn't like that kind of music himself and his performers hasten through its mediocrities in a perfunctory manner. If a first-class selection should be placed last on the Seibert programmes there wouldn't be so many persons anxious to catch a car, or escape the commonplace harmonies of that stereotyped finale.

The vocal number of the entertainment was a soprano solo by Miss Eva M. Alcott. Her selection was unfortunate. Liszt's "Loreley" serves admirably to display her art, but the audience was not as highly entertained as the popularity of the singer led it to expect. As a matter of fact, Miss Alcott merited the encore that was somewhat feebly demanded. She received the plaudits of a few and posies from some admirers. Prof. Titcomb presided at the piano in his usual masterly manner.

A serious word to lovers of good music. These concerts are worthy of patronage. Conover hall is in every way suitable for the concerts. The acoustic properties are excellent, light, warmth and ventilation all that can be desired. St. Paul should maintain such an organization with enthusiasm. Yesterday's audience was largely composed of ladies. There were a few vacant seats, while there should not have been standing room. Prof. Seibert and his tuneful men at the same place at 3 p. m. Sunday, Nov. 22.

A HOT RETORT.

Why She Saw No Use in Longer Remaining a Widow.

Truth.

The Widow Teeter's husband had been dead only a few weeks when there were surface indications that she was about to marry again.

The late Mr. Teeter had not been exactly a model husband, and it was the general opinion that his death was a stroke of good fortune for Mrs. Teeter, but still the relatives of the deceased thought that his memory required a widowhood of at least a year. When the indications of the approaching marriage became apparent, some of her husband's friends waited on Mrs. Teeter, and one of them said:

"We hear that you are about to marry again, Lucy Ann."

"Well, I don't know that it is any of your business," replied Lucy Ann, "but if it will give you any satisfaction to know the facts, I don't mind telling you that I shall be a married woman again in about two weeks."

"But Tom has been dead less than three months," protested another.

"Well, I suppose he's as dead as he ever will be, isn't he?"

"But," said a third, "you ought in common decency to wait until he is cold."

"Wait until Tom Teeter is cold!" repeated the widow, with fire in her eye. "If your theological belief is orthodox, you must know that Tom Teeter hasn't a ghost of a show of ever getting cold."

Then the objecting relatives filed out, and Mrs. Teeter resumed the work of preparing her trousseau.

Not Guilty of That.

St. James' Gazette.

Cecil Rhodes is not usually a hilarious person, but he is said to have laughed immoderately on the occasion of the capture of Umsavu, a very old woman and one of the numerous wives of Umzilikateze, founder of the Matebele nation and fathern of Lobengula. Asked if she knew Mr. Rhodes, the ancient dame shook her head. Thereupon the qutstion was repeated in another form, and Umsavu said: "There were some white men once in my kraal stealing fowls; he may be one of them."

THE FINEST GOLD or Porcelain Crown for $5 for the next 60 days. Any crown, any tooth.

DR. RAMSEY, Dentist,

Corner Sixth and Minnesota Streets.

LOP-EARED DONKEY

CAMPAIGN BUTTONS DID NOT BEAR ALL THE SILVER ASSES THERE WERE.

OVER-SANGUINE BRYAN MEN

ASSUME, WITH DUE HUMILITY, THE PLACE OF THE BEAST OF BURDEN.

TRIUMPHAL M'KINLEY MARCH

Took Place Yesterday, in Pursuance of a Wager on the Recent National Election.

Another one of those novel bets incident to elections was paid in St. Paul yesterday, when John Hintz and F. J. Kosidosky, supporters of William McKinley, were drawn about the public streets by John Grabowski and A. Schutte, whose confidence in Bryan's election led them into a wager which, in the advent of his defeat, entailed upon them an exemplification of the animal ornamenting many silver buttons worn during the campaign. Of course the bet was to have worked both ways and had Bryan been elected instead of McKinley, two good Republicans would have furnished the amusement to those who witnessed the payment of the wager in place of Mr. Schutte and Mr. Grabowski. As it was, however, when Bryan's defeat was assured the parties to the wager agreed that it should be paid yesterday, and the two losers gamely came to time and discharged their obligation.

The procession started from College avenue and Wabasha street shortly after 2 o'clock. Following a drum corps, Mr. Kosidosky occupied the position of honor, seated in a gaily-decorated wheelbarrow, which Mr. Schutte trundled along as unconcernedly as though it contained only the most ordinary load of brick instead of a living exponent of the gold brick. Close in the wake of the wheelbarrow came an Oxford buggy in which Mr. Hintz stood upright beside a star portrait of McKinley, waving a United States flag in response to the greetings of those along the line of march who voiced their merriment and approval of the proceedings. Between the shafts Grabowski trudged amiably along as reliable as a family carriage horse. By the agreement he was warranted not to kick, but he had neglected to get himself rough shod and the snow on the asphalt pavement occasioned him no little trouble in maintaining his feet. His driver, however, kept his head well up with lines of red ribbon, and with one or two exceptions, he kept time to the drums with the precision of a circus equine.

At the corner of Seventh and Wabasha streets where the procession turned east, a large crowd had gathered to witness the fun and alternate cheers for McKinley and Bryan greeted the parties to the bet. It is not known whether with malice aforethought or by simple accident, but at this point Schutte got the wheel of his barrow tangled up in the street car track and the McKinley man occupying the vehicle he propelled was most ungracefully unseated much to the amusement of the onlookers. Hintz's "roadster" was at no small disadvantage going down the hill between Wabasha and Cedar streets as he was not equipped with hold backs, and the buggy persisted in running into his heels. The descent was made without mishap, however, and the march continued to Seventh and Broadway, where the stipulations of the wager stated it was to be called off. When the fun was over Mr. Hintz made a few remarks to the crowd which had gathered, declaring that he was a believer in Republicanism and McKinley and that prosperity would surely follow his occupation of the presidential chair. Both victor and vanquished then entered a hack and were driven to a rendezvous of their friends where conviviality and goodfellowship were the concluding details of the wager.

SICKLES' ROMANCE.

Accompanied by His Daughter He Hasn't Seen in Fifteen Years.

Kansas City Star.

Miss Eda Sickles, the twenty-one-year-old daughter of Gen. Sickles, is a young girl of Spanish type, of beautiful face and figure, brownish-black hair and deep black eyes fringed with long eyelashes. She worships her father, and she is the "apple of his eye." She has only been in America a few weeks, and she speaks English imperfectly. She has lived all her life in a convent in Madrid, Spain, and the story of it is like this

When Gen. Sickles was United States minister to Spain under Gen. Grant he married a beautiful senorita of excellent family. Two children were born of the marriage—a boy, George Stanton Sickles, and Eda Sickles. When Gen. Sickles was ready to return to America his Spanish wife preferred to remain, and her father, a wealthy old Spanish nobleman, made his will, providing that the boy and girl should remain in Spain till they were of age, the boy to remain with his mother and the girl to be educated in a convent. The daughter became of age a little more than a month ago, and she and her brother sailed at once for America. When they got to New York they learned that their father was out in the country making political speeches, and would be back the next day. They were at the Grand Central station to meet him. The meeting between the old general and his daughter, whom he had not seen since she was six years old, was thus described in a newspaper of New York

"As Gen. Sickles alighted from the train and walked down the platform a young girl with a beautiful face and figure stepped forward and exclaimed in a sweet, well-modulated voice: 'Is this not Gen. Sickles?' He bowed and answered, 'It is.' Thereupon the young woman, looking him straight in the eyes, exclaimed with a merry laugh, which revealed two rows of perfect teeth, 'Don't you know me?' The general, again bowing, and this time also smiling, said: 'Pardon, but I must confess and also regret that you have the advantage.' The young girl, not a bit embarrassed, looked at the general affectionately and replied:

"Look at me. Don't you know me? Don't you know your own daughter Eda?' Then the general clasped her to his breast."

A few days after this meeting Gen. Sickles started out on his last tour, and his son and daughter went with him.

WANTS TO KNOW.

A Father Seeks Light on a Time-Honored Problem.

Harper's Bazar.

I weigh in the neighborhood of 200 pounds, and I am the happy father of a small boy who weighs about forty pounds. As near as I can figure it I ought to require about three or four times as much to eat as that boy. This calculation takes into consideration the fact that the boy is growing.

Now, I eat three fairly good-sized meals a day.

This is what my boy eats:

A glass of milk on getting up; two crackers while getting dressed; one cooky (purloined while breakfast is being put on the table).

Breakfast—About twice as much as I eat.

A large piece of bread covered with jam to induce him to leave the table; two sticks of candy to induce him to be a good boy; a pocketful of cookies to keep him from starving while at his morning play; more or less sand while at said play; one green apple; one marble (swallowed accidentally); one gumdrop bamboozled out of another boy; more or less baby food hooked from his baby sister; a piece of pie (wheedled out of the cook, it being her baking day).

Dinner—About three times as much as I eat.

Another stick of candy to induce him to be a good boy; more or less sand and gravel; a large wad of chewing gum (also swallowed accidentally); one pin; three glasses of milk to make him sleepy; another stick of candy to induce him to take his afternoon nap; a piece of bread and jam on waking up from said nap; more crackers; more cookies.

Supper—About four times as much as I eat.

After supper, cookies, cake, candy, pie, apples, nuts, raisins ad lib.; three glasses of milk to make him sleepy again; a large piece of bread and jam to induce him to go to bed.

Now, will somebody please tell me the why and wherefore of all this, and what he does with it all?

SCHOOL UNLIKE ANY OTHER.

Pupils Come and Go as They Please—Mostly Men of Family.

New York Sun.

There is a school in this city that is in session every day in the week except Sunday, and two nights besides. The students have no recess. There is no stated hour for instruction, although it is understood that the day pupils are expected to be at their desks from 9 o'clock a. m. until 5 p. m., and the night pupils from 7 until 9. If one is tardy no questions are asked. If he wants to be late or dilatory he is the sufferer. There is no roll call. There is no romping, no high jinks, at any time during the day. There is no sticking of bent pins into the seats of the other pupils; no pitching of the ball; no shout in the afternoon; no playing hookey.

It is a solemn and earnest class. The pupils are, for the most part, men of family, and go to school during the day. Others work in the daytime and attend at night. The teacher has never yet reprimanded one of his pupils. No pupil has ever been known to make a face at his teacher when the teacher's back was turned. The average attendance is seventy.

These pupils are studying for the purpose of getting themselves into line for the ordeal which may make them members of the police force, or park policemen, or firemen, or letter carriers, or clerks in some department of the municipal government. The school is private. The pupil understands that when he enters that the teacher has no certificate to give. The fact that the pupil has been proficient in his school does not imply that the pupil will pass the examination required by the civil service rules of the municipality. It does not presuppose a pull. But it makes the pupil better qualified for service and less timid when he runs up against the civil service interrogations. He knows a little more than he might otherwise have known. He knows that the name of a man or a town must begin with a capital letter when he writes out that name. He knows the location of the principal cities in the country. He knows whether Chapultepec belongs to the war with Mexico or the civil war.

If he is an applicant for a place in the fire department or as a park policeman he must know how to read print and manuscript. He must be able to write and show a specimen of his writing by copying from manuscript. He must be proficient in addition, substraction, multiplication and division as applied to whole numbers. He must be able to give the location of streets and ferries, and if he wants to be a fireman he is told what the city laws require in the construction of a building, and in order to test his memory he is told to visit a certain house and inspect it, and then he is required to return and make a report of it.

If he wants to be a policeman he must go over the same ground, in addition to which he must know, after he has been instructed, what a policeman must do under certain circumstances. And if he is looking for a place in the postoffice or a clerical place in the city hall, he must understand how to manipulate common fractions, as well as some other things.

WOMAN SHYLOCK.

Poses as a Good Samaritan and Does a Profitable Business.

It was all so commonplace that the policeman yawned as he gazed on the oft-repeated tragedy of the streets, says the New York World.

"G'long there," he growled; you'd t'ink youse never saw not'ing before."

It was nothing new to see a family thrown out upon the street. The times are full of it. The landlord had been patient, very patent, before he went to the civil court and got papers of eviction. Pitiful pleas of sickness and poverty had been put up to the justice and had secured a couple of postponements. But postponements cannot go on forever.

At last the thing was done. The poor little remnants of furniture left from the pawn shop had been bundled out on the sidewalk.

And then the good Samaritan arrived. It was a new kind of Samaritan—a woman.

"My dears," she said to the heads of the distressed family, "you seem to be in distress. Let me help you. Do you need a little money? Come into the house. Perhaps I can find it for you."

The was a little conference inside where the crowd could not intrude. At the end the little sharp-faced woman came out, hurriedly closing her valise with a snap as she did.

Soon the men were ordered to carry the furniture back. The shabby stuff was returned to the rooms just deserted and left in a heap on the floor. The evicted family had shelter once more.

But they had something else— a mortgage. It was an ironclad document, a cruel document, binding them by hooks of steel. For this good Samaritan woman was in the good Samaritan business for profit. It is a new business comparatively—perhaps this woman herself invented it—but it has proved, as the reporter learned, a handsomely paying one.

She haunts the civil courts in order to get the names and addresses of those who will soon need her helping hand, makes her own inquiries and knows to a dot what persons she can afford to help without endangering her capital. Her profits are enormous.

A BOY BUILT IT.

Model of a Famous and Fast Locomotive Seen at the World's Fair.

Washington Star.

Wonderful as is the great engine "999" which pulls the Empire State Epress, a boy has just completed a model of it which practical engineers say is in some respects more of a marvel than the real engine. The model is one-twentieth the size of the original, and is such an exact reproduction and works so perfectly as to astonish all who se it.

Struck by the mechanical beauties of the monster engine while at the world't fair, Willis Brown, a young mechanic of Waltham, Mass., has devoted no less than 100 working days to reproducing it in miniature.

The model contains over 1,000 pieces, all of which young Brown made himself. The dimensions are: Length, 17½ inches; height, 4½ inches; drivers, 2 inches in diameter; cylinders, three-eighths by one-half inch. The outside diameter of the boiler is 7½inches, and it holds about half a tumblerful of water. The fire box is held by sixty-four nuts around the base and twelve stay bolts on each side.

In place of grates and ashpan a branbox is placed under the fire box so that alcohol can be run in from the tender and the surface set on fire. It will burn for about ten minutes without being replenished. A steam pressure of ninety pounds has been borne by the boiler without injury.

The model exactly follows the drawings from which the original was constructed, and is said to be a perfect reproduction.

BOTH GOT MAD.

A Mountaineer Offered an Indignity by a Haughty Government Official.

Washington Star.

He was a typical mountaineer from his brogan shoes to his wool hat, and he had walked to a neighboring town to visit relatives. It was his first visit away from his home. The second day after he arrived he went to the postoffice to get a letter from his girl. He was sure it would be there, as she had tearfully told him she would write him while he was away.

"Air thar any mail fer me?" he inquired of the postmaster.

"What's your name?" was the inquiry.

"Louder."

"I say, what's your name?" yelled the postmaster, sticking his head through the window into the face of the young man.

"Why, dad drat your ugly time, I've told yer three times my name was Louder." yelled the mountaineer; "T. J. Louder, and if yer didn't belong to ther gov'ment I'd craw over thar and pick your ears. Soon es a man gits er gov'ment job round here he begins to put on airs, and I'm not one to put up with it."

The postmaster fished out a letter from a musty hole and gave it to him, although he was mad himself.

The Rand

When the Boer first landed in the district in which Johannesburg is now situated, the place was christened Wit Waters Rand, which is Dutch for "white water reef." Thus, in reference to the Rand, the intention is simply to speak of the district where these reefs abound, or it may even be that the Gold Reef City itself is simply referred to by that term.

ROCK SPRING TABLE WATER delicious and the *real health drink*. Sold everywhere. 46 W. 7th St., St. Paul, Minn. Tel. 149.

LOVE AS A DYNAMO

REV. J. F. STOUT TALKS ON THE FORCE THAT MOVES THE WORLD.

CUPID NOT A NECROMANCER,

TO BE COMPARED WITH THE MAGIC TOUCH OF DIVINE LOVE.

ETERNAL AND ALL-PERVADING.

The Tie That Binds Millions in the Christian Church Through the Centuries.

Rev. J. F. Stout preached yesterday at First M. E. church from the text, "Love—beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."—I. Cor. xiii., 7. In part he said:

I am to speak to you on the Dynamics of Love, as introduced in this striking passage of Scripture. The Bible gives us a new revelation of love, not only different from all other conceptions, but exalted above them by as much as eternal things are above the merely human. The apostle in this chapter, in a moment of spiritual exaltation, gives us a conception of this new, this Christian view, and in our text declares what it can do, gives us a list of its potencies. We discover that love is not the selfish greed of the human heart, not the communion of congenial souls, the result of inborn affinities, not the haphazard placing of our affections, the creature of caprice or will or reason. Love as revealed in God's Word is on a higher plane, and has to do with the highest endowments of our human nature. While there is in it an element of natural affection, of reason, and of aesthetic appreciation, there are present as well an awakening of the noblest powers, through the agency of Jesus, which makes possible the domination in the soul of a spirit which is called love. What will this love do when it is enshrined in the heart and given sway over the complete man?

Paul says: "Love beareth all things." If we are to state its meaning in plainer terms, we should say, love enables one who is controlled by it, to cover, (for this is the meaning of the Greek word) all things, to throw the mantle of sweet charity over the faults and failures of all the good. Censoriousness has no place in Christianity, it is not a characteristic of love, Christ himself put the best possible construction on all human action, and poured forth his denunciation only when it was plainly deserved and needed, not as a punishment, but to rouse to duty the sinner whose iniquity had called forth his rebuke. It is of the highest importance that there shall be the covering, the charitable spirit in all Christian communities, and love only can tame the heart so that it is possible for individuals easily prejudiced, to see the beautiful and good, and forget and overlook the bad.

Love believeth all things. Certainly it is not the intention of the apostle to say that love is gullible, that it easily accepts anything that claims to be truth, but rather that it makes it possible for him who is ruled by love to behold the great essentials that have to do with personal Christian character. He who has come to love has had the problem of faith solved for him. He is in the closest relation to truth, and through the agency of his love the eyes of his spiritual understanding are opened, and lo, he is in a world of spiritual realities and can appreciate the word of the apostle, "The things that are unseen are eternal."

Love hopeth all things. It makes it possible for him who is ruled by it to bring within the compass of his expectations all the exceeding great and precious gifts promised to the citizens of the kingdom of God. Religious pessimism is a possible thing, but there is no such thing as Christian pessimism. Discouragement and despair have no place in divine love. The love which makes faith real at the same time transforms the promises from dead things to the living words of God, and as such there must be no doubt as to their fulfillment. Hope always follows in the trail of faith. Love is a necromancer of the best school, changes by a magic touch, calamity into blessing, storm clouds into the glorious hanging curtains of divine promise, darkness into noonday, dirges into diapasons of praise, adversities into angels of blessing, and sullen despair into voiceful praise. Love inspires a hope that makes all the past a revealer of our Father's care, and all the future radiant with the promises of everlasting blessing.

Love endureth all things, makes possible that loyal suffering which in all ages has marked a son of God. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life," is the promise of the Master.Paul's climacteric sentence, in which he completes his testimony to the world, is: "I have kept faith;" and, indeed, that is the one thing above all others which must be kept. Enduring is, after all, the first object of the Christian. All other things but lead up to it; the succession of items in the text but reveals the steps by which the Christian mounts up to the place of power where it is possible to him to show supreme loyalty to God and the truth; he covers all things and so shows forth a pitying Christly spirit; he believeth all things, and in his faith proves his possession of that divine illumination which makes all vital truth real and living to him; he hopeth all things, and by his exulting expectation frees himself from the despair that makes all endeavor fruitless; and then is ready in the fulness of his new experience to face hatred, scorn, poverty, sickness, distress, the sword, and even death, and in the spirit of the Master thank God for the privilege of fellowship in His sufferings, which but go before that coming promised fellowship in his triumph. To endure all things is itself the fullness of triumph in Jesus Christ.

SCHOONER STORM TOSSED.

Narrow Escape for the Rising Star on Lake Michigan.

CHICAGO, Nov. 7.—The schooner Rising Star, Capt. F. Nelson, lumber-laden, was towed into port this morning in a disabled condition, by the steamer Colin Campbell. She was picked up off Milwaukee Friday by the steamer as she was rolling helplessly in the trough of a heavy sea.

The crew of eight people, including the female cook, tell a thrilling story. The Rising Star left Green Bay for Chicago on Tuesday, and on the same night she was found to be leaking. Hard work at the pumps kept her afloat. On Wednesday a load of lumber was unshipped by a heavy swell, which was only a forerunner of Thursday's terrible gale. The crew lost control of the boat and were barely able to remain on deck, while the craft floated southward at the mercy of the storm. When rescued all hands were completely exhausted by exposure and hard work at the pumps.

A Friendly Invitation.

Washington Star.

"Speaking of polar expeditions, Mrs. Lojjem," said the silly boarder, "I was talking yesterday with a friend of mine who once went with a party in search of the pole."

"Indeed. It must have been exciting."

"Yes. He said he sometimes thought of trying it again. He said he missed the sheets of ice in the Arctic ocean."

"Poor fellow!"

"I felt sorry for him. So I told him that if he'd come here and board next winter he could sleep between 'em every night."

THE EVENING OF LIFE.

Old Age May Keep Much of the Brightness and Vigor of Youth.

Every one is familiar with the shrunken look of the aged, the wrinkled face, the thin legs and bowed form, the changed tone of the voice and the weak action of the bodily organs. Few old people are equal to the muscular effort of earlier years. The nerves shrink, hearing, sight, taste and appetite lose their keenness. Is it not sad?

And yet there are thousands of old people who manage to keep as bright as ever. They have the strength to keep them up. Here is a remarkable instance which is worth reading:

Mr. Alfred P. Chapman, 29 Hanover st., Baltimore, says: "My grandmother, who is now past 90 years of age, has been using Duffy's pure malt whiskey for about three years, and it has acted in her case almost like a charm, always giving her an appetite and allaying any disorder of the stomach. It is an excellent thing for elderly people who require a tonic as well as a stimulant."

The above is only one of hundreds of testimonials equally convincing. They prove that in all cases of weakness nothing produces such a strengthening effect as Duffy's pure malt whiskey. It gives stimulative nourishment to the worn out system, stirs up the torpid blood, enriches it and quickens the circulation.

In purchasing from grocers or druggists be careful to get Duffy's and nothing else.

STRONG FRAUD CRY

Raised by the Democratic National Committeeman of Kentucky.

OWENSBORO, Ky., Nov. 7.—National Committeeman Woodson returned home from Louisville tonight, and with reference to election frauds in the Kentucky mountain counties mentioned in his statement to the Associated Press last night, said: "I have received further proof of these frauds today by mail and wire. I have it on reliable authority that telegrams were sent from Louisville Wednesday to leading Republicans of the Eleventh district, that the Eleventh must come up with 14,000 majority or more to save Kentucky to McKinley. The majority claimed for the Eleventh district on Wednesday by the Republicans was only 11,511, and this corresponded with the reports sent the Democratic committee. On Thursday they ra