North-Western Fuel Co.,

SOLE AGENTS D., L. & W. R. R. CO.'S

CELEBRATED SCRANTON COAL

RETAIL PRICE LIST.

Grate.....$7.25 Per Ton
Egg, Stove and Chestnut.....$7.50 Per Ton

Buy your coal before prices advance. Scranton is the best coal in the market.

Telephone 375. **346 ROBERT ST.** Telephone 375.

SAINT PAUL.

LOCAL NEWS NOTES.

The chamber of commerce will discuss street paving today.

The Cathedral bazar will open this evening at Market hall.

The jury in the case of John Corcoran returned a verdict of guilty.

The city treasurer will today pay out $77,000 to city officers and employes.

The overturning of an oil stove at the home of E. McLelland, 684 East Fourth street, caused a small blaze shortly before 9 o'clock last evening. The damage was slight.

Miss A. Mitchell, living at 507 St. Peter street, reported to the police last evening that a stranger had called at her apartments, and during her temporary absence had stolen a silver-mounted hair brush, comb and clothes brush, also a shell comb ornament.

Albert Schaedlich, former editor-in-chief of the Volkszeitung, has been lying dangerously ill at his residence on Leech street for the past two weeks, with inflammation of the kidneys. His condition was pronounced very low yesterday by those in attendance.

A young man giving the name of W. J. Corbett and claiming to be a brakeman in the employ of the Omaha railroad is under arrest on the charge of stealing a pocketbook from a young woman at a Labor hall dance Saturday night. The purse contained $2.25 and was found in Corbett's possession. He claimed to have found the pocketbook. He will be arraigned in the municipal court today on the charge of larceny.

Scandinavian Celebration

For Dr. Nansen. Cheap excursion rates made by Soo Line from all stations to St. Paul and Minneapolis, Nov. 18, 19 and 20. Good to return until Nov. 22.

YERXA

Seventh and Cedar Streets.
Telephone 782, Meat Market 782.

Depend on saving; expect it—come for it here. Prove it tomorrow by these:

16 CENTS

For a fair quality of June Made Creamery Butter in 1-lb bricks; will make good Cooking Butter, and some use it for table Butter.

25 CENTS

A pound for the very best Creamery Butter. This is superior in quality.

2 CENTS

A bag for fine Soft Table Salt.

90 CENTS

A bushel basket of Fancy Geniton Apples.

65 CENTS

A basket for Ben Davis Apples.

6 CENTS

A pound for Pure Lard.

22 CENTS

A large Can for Delicious Asparagus; 17 cents a can for good Asparagus.

17 CENTS

A can for 2½-lb Cans of fine California White Grapes.

12½ CENTS

A can for good California Yellow Crawford Peaches.

17 CENTS

A can for the Famous A. Lusk's Bear Brand Peaches, either Yellow, White Heath or Lemon Clings.

10 CENTS

A can for good California Green Gage or Egg Plums.

COFFEE COFFEE

Mocha and Java sells as fast as we can roast it (daily). It is the autocrat of the breakfast table. Per lb., 35c. Excellent Rio Coffee, per lb, 13c.

TEAS. TEAS.

Higher qualities are not grown or cultivated than you'll find here.

Lower prices cannot be made without actual loss to the seller.

Cremo Cigars, 5 Cents

Are equal in every respect to any 10c Sumatra-wrapped Havana-filled cigar on the market and should sell at 10c. Our price only 5c.

Wax Beans, per lb	8c
Egg Plants, each	25c
Fancy Cauliflower	23c
Hot House Cucumbers	9c
Fresh Spinach, per peck	10c
Short Celery, per dozen	10c
New Leghorn Citron, per lb	15c
New Leghorn Lemon Peel, per lb	15c
New Leghorn Orange Peel, per lb	15c

5 CENTS

A pound for fresh-made Oyster Crackers—made right here in St. Paul.

METROPOLITAN. L. N. SCOTT, Manager.
TONIGHT—MATINEE WEDNESDAY.
Rice's Greatest Success,
THE GIRL FROM PARIS.
Greatest Production of Many Seasons. 300 Nights in New York.
Nov. 18, Henry Miller in "Heartsease."

BIG BOND TRANSFERS

TREASURER KOERNER AND DEPUTY AUDITOR IVERSON ACCOMPLISHED A NUMBER.

THEY SECURED THE REGISTRY

OF A LARGE BLOCK OF "TENNESSEES" AND SOLD THE REST.

INVESTED IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Over a Million and a Third Is Spent by Them on Bay Sate Securities.

State Treasurer A. T. Koerner and Sam G. Iverson, deputy state auditor, returned yesterday morning from a two weeks' trip to Nashville, where they cleared up the entanglement the state has for several years been in on account of certain Tennesse bonds held by it not having been registered. When the tourists went away they had with them four satchels which contained $2,000,000 worth of bonds of the Southern state. While in the Tennessee capital they disposed of a million and a half of these at an aggregate profit of about $100,000, and the remaining $650,000 were registered, which makes them much more acceptable in the eyes of brokers who deal in bonds as speculative investments. This cuts the Minnesota holdings of Tennessee bonds, which have given this state so much trouble, down to about $1,000,000.

From Nashville the official tourists went to New York and Boston, where they purchased $1,380,000 of Massachusetts bonds, running forty years, bearing 3½ per cent in gold on their par value—3 per cent on Minnesota's investment. The change was made in pursuance of a resolution of the legislature at its last session, which, as State Treasurer Koerner put it yesterday, "was opposed to carrying all its eggs in one basket."

Treasurer Koerner will give an itemized statement of the bond transfers, showing the premiums, interest, etc., to the press today.

ALBERT BERG'S DIVORCE.

Mrs. Berg Explains Why She Made No Defense.

The publication of Secretary of State Berg's divorce from his wife in the Globe of yesterday is an interesting bit of gossip among friends and acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Berg, many of whom were unaware of the proceedings, as every care had been observed by the interested parties, for reasons best known to themselves, to keep the matter secret. Mrs. Berg, seen at her home, 39 Como avenue, yesterday, took exception to the records in the case to the effect that she had furnished grounds for the divorce by deserting him, and claimed that the real guilty party was Secretary Berg, himself. Said she:

"I did not desret my husband; it was he who deserted me, and, had I desired to put in a defense to his suit, he could never have secured a divorce. We could not live happily together, however, and, when the proceedings were started, I concluded the best way out of the trouble was to allow the matter to go uncontested."

Makes a Correction.

To the Editor of the Globe.

Will you kindy afford me space in your valuable paper to correct a wrong impression made by an article which appeared in your issue of today, and by which I and my dog were much misrepresented. The article said, in reference to Carl Culverwell, that he was bitten by a vicious dog that "jumped the fence and attacked him in an alley," in the rear of the Nicollet hotel, yesterday afternoon. The correct facts in the case are as follows: The Nicollet hotel is located at 189 West Fourth street, and not, as stated, West Seventh street. There is a large yard in the rear of the hotel, which fronts on West Seventh street, and belongs to the hotel. This is fenced off from the street by a seven-foot board fence, with a gate which is always kept locked, and this is the only alley in the rear of the Nicollet hotel. The dog, which is a large mastiff and a very good watch dog, is allowed to run loose in this yard. The dog is not of a vicious nature, as stated, as some fifteen to eighteen boarders of the Nicollet hotel can testify. Yesterday's accident to Carl Culverwell was caused by himself and several companions entering the yard, without any business there, and the dog in driving them out happened to jump on Culverwell and scratched him, I think, with one of his paws, instead of biting him. Respectfully,

—Rosa Hartmann.

Pupils' Recital Tonight.

A musicale will be given by the pupils of Prof. S. F. Hannehan at Assembly hall this evening. The ages of the participants range from ten to eighteen. The entertainment is said to be of the highest order. Those who will take part are Mamie Ledford, Mary McBride, Winnie Sexton, Cassie Welsh, Bernard Welsh, Edie Cullen, Abbie McCafiley, Katherine Hyland, Harry Moran, Willie Moran, May Hazzard, Annie Bell and Mamie Filbin.

Franklin School Union.

The Franklin School union will hold its post-vacation meeting tonight in the usual room. The executive committee have prepared an interesting programme, including instrumental and vocal music, and the question of the influence of surroundings on the development of character in the young, both at home and in the schools, will be the topic for a general discussion.

New Yorkers in Town.

The Aberdeen shelters the following party of New Yorkers:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Wood, Miss Eno, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Robbins, Miss Augusta Robbins, Howard H. Colby, Robert Kelly Prentice, Louis M. Geur, George B. Agnew, C. R. Agnew, Howard C. Smith, George P. Robbins and Wolcott P. Robbins.

Goods advertised in this newspaper are for sale in this town. You can get them without trouble if you refuse substitutes and press your demand for genuine articles.

GOLD ON THIS SIDE

DANIEL WARD, A RETURNED ALASKAN, FOUND PLENTY IN AMERICAN TERRITORY.

ENOUGH TO MAKE MANY RICH,

BUT THE KANSAS CITY MAN WILL GIVE HIS FRIENDS THE FIRST CHANCE.

ACCIDENTALLY FOUND A POCKET.

He Says Dawson City Will Send Out Tales of Woe, but Nobody Will Starve.

"Dawson City and the Klondike, as well as part of Alaska, will have their tale of woe next spring, and much of it, with its exaggerations, will come out during the winter, when returning miners will bring back stories of loss of life from exposure, hunger and privation, but the suffering won't be due to any lack of food supplies at Dawson City, or the other food centers of the country, but because of natural conditions prevalent, and the inexperience of many of those now on the ground, who will undertake prospecting ventures sure to prove disastrous. Winter is the time for prospecting there, and it can be done at no other season. In the search for gold the gold seekers now on the ground may be tempted in many instances to venture too far from their base of supplies, and in one of the storms so frequent in the country lose their lives. There is now sufficient food at Dawson, many of the incoming miners who went in over the trails taking with them more than one year's provisions. There won't be plenty, but enough to prevent any starvation or even hunger to those who stay within reach of it." That is the way David Ward, a returned Alaskan miner, who passed through St. Paul yesterday from Seattle, en route to his former home at Kansas City, Mo., talked to a reporter for the Globe.

"It was at Dawson Oct. 1, and came out over the Chilkoot pass and to Seattle on the steamer Alki from Dyea. Most of the gold seekers who got through the passes late had given up the attempt to go on to the Klondike, and had camped on the route, forming little mining communities from which they will prospect during the winter. The upper Yukon country will be pretty thoroughly prospected between now and spring, and stories of rich strikes by the belated ones who felt it a stroke of ill fortune that they could not reach the promised land may be expected from this section. They probably know by this time that they have just as good a chance where they are as at Klondike, Eldorado, Bonanza or any of the other places where strikes have been made. There is gold, and plenty of it, along the line. All that part of the country is full of it. It is nature's matrix for this most precious metal, and the action of the glaciers for ages upon ages has been the stamp mills of nature grinding the gold from the quartz so that the poor man of this age might have as good an opportunity as the capitalist to get his share.

"No, sir, one needs neither skill, money nor a knowledge of mining to be successful in Alaska. What he does require, and that to the very highest degree, is pluck and industry. Then he is almost certain of success. It don't even depend upon luck, for taking that element out, if a man but works he will win. Take myself, for instance," and, with some show of pride, Mr. Ward stated that he had been a practical miner for over fifteen years, was a scientific mineralogist and geologist, and had a thorough practical knowledge of all general established surface indications of gold deposits. "Why, I have been in Alaska for three years, part of the time with a small party of experienced miners, and, until ten months ago, I was ready for a long time to give it up. I was through the Klondike territory twice, once with two companions and once alone, and thought mighty little of it. Yet the strike there was made by a tenderfoot, a fellow who knew little or nothing of placer mining. The place where I have been for nearly a year now I stumbled upon gold nuggets. I was working up along a big river that empties into the Yukon, so far on the American boundary that there can never be any international dispute about to whom it belongs, and, being dead tired, had thrown myself down alongside our dogs, while my two Indian guides, or rather companions, for they knew precious little more about the country than I did, put up a cache to place the provisions we were carrying out of reach of the dogs. They had dug but two of the holes when one of them called to me, saying that they would have to move to other ground, having struck a rock too near the surface to hold the stakes firmly. Rising to give instructions, I looked at the two stake holes they had been digging and saw that the dirt thrown up was gold-bearing gravel. Well, I got nearly four pounds of fair-sized nuggets out of that pocket, for such it proved to be. However, I worked along that stream all of the succeeding winter, trading my dogs to the Indians, whom I sent back for provisions, which they brought me. I spent all of the winter prospecting and finding gold or the indications of rich deposits all along the river, and there are a large number of creeks and gulches running into it that will pay richly.

"I was alone except when I had the native Indians with me, and that was for a few brief periods, and no fancy can picture nor tongue describe what I endured. The fever of gold was upon me, however, and that will nerve one to do most anything. I nearly starved for want of food, and all but perished many times from the cold, but it was as dangerous to try to get out as to stay, and before my eyes all the time was the lure of the Golden Fleece. Situated as I was, with only a prospector's kit, alone, and with limited provisions, I could do but little mining during the winter, but I got enough dirt ready for sluicing by the early summer to give me all the gold I dared start to carry out, and I could easily have brought out more, but measured my greed by my life, and was afraid to carry too much gold and too little food. Food is the problem in that country, and, when that is solved, the getting out of the gold will be easy.

"I had to come out," continued Mr. Ward. "In the first place, I couldn't have stood another winter under the same conditions; another reason is that there are millions where I have been that I could not in an ordinary lifetime secure for myself nor enjoy, or spend in another lifetime if I had it. Why, I can take twenty thousand men to that spot and in less than one hundred miles of claims from rim to rim make each and every one of them a millionaire in the next five years. At one part of the river a natural obstruction has forced the course of the river to seek a round-about way down the pass. A few tons of dynamite, some digging and dredging, probably less labor and engineering skill than is expended here in St. Paul upon your sewer, gas and water main trenches every year, would suffice to turn it from its present course to a new channel, thus baring the old bed for a distance of over thirty miles, and every mile of it carrying a king's ransom of gold.

"The principal reason I came out," he added, "was to equip a small expedition exclusively my own, which I will outfit with machinery to work both the placers and the river bars and to provision the party for two years. After my plans are fully developed and ready for execution, I will make my discovery, as well as my intended operations, known to the world, but it will be after I am once more on the ground with my own party. I won't take over twenty men with me, and, so far as I am able to select, they will be old friends whom I will give a chance for a fortune easier than finding it, for I will take them to where I have already found it. Under the liberal American mining laws we can take up all the claims that the most avaricious man in the lot might wish, and then the rest of the world can come in. They won't all accept the invitation, and of those who do many will fail. There is a class of men in whose lexicon there is no other word but fail. I expect to outfit my party in Seattle. We will build a boat so constructed that she will carry us both the ocean and river voyage. I have money enough to do what I came back for, but none to throw away. When I came through Dawson City I was tempted to throw aside my suit of skins and exchange them for some store clothes, but the best I could do was $200. I stuck to the miner's rig until I got to Seattle, and bought a hand-me-down for $30. A merchant gave me nearly as much for my old clothes. He is an outfitter, and wanted them for advertising purposes."

Ward left last evening for Chicago. After visiting his old home in Kansas City and making up his party for the return to the gold fields, he will go to Seattle to make preparations to get to the mouth of the Yukon by the opening of river navigation. He denied a published report that his discoveries had been made on the river Koyukuk. Where it is, he frankly stated, he meant to keep to himself until he had helped himself. Then every one would be welcome to all the information that he possessed.

SLUGGED IN AN ALLEY.

Stewart Hoffman Knocked Unconscious by an Unknown.

Stewart Hoffman, the seventeen-year-old son of J. K. Hoffman, living at 472 Collins street, was sandbagged by thugs near his home last evening and dragged into an alley, where he was left unconscious, after his pockets had been turned inside out. The young man carried no valuables or money; consequently the footpads secured no booty as the reward for their brutal assault. It is believed that young Hoffman is not seriously hurt, though he suffered from a severe headache after the attack, and the right side of his head and face was swollen from the effects of the blow he received.

The hold-up took place shortly after 7 o'clock, while Hoffman was on his way to a sister's home near De Soto and North streets. He entered an alley running from Lafayette avenue to De Soto street, a short cut to his destination, and, when about half way between the block, was suddenly struck a heavy blow across the right temple which felled him like a log. Of subsequent events, until he regained consciousness, half an hour later, young Hoffman has no recollection. When he recovered his senses, he says he was lying on his back in the yad surrounding the former residence of Gen. Becker, having been dragged away from the place where he was assaulted, probably to permit of an uninterrupted search of his pockets. Hoffman did not see his assailants, as he says the blow was struck from behind, but he thinks there were at least two highwaymen. He recalled that two men had walked behind him a short distance on Lafayette avenue before he turned into the alley, but took no particular notice of them, and does not know whether or not these were the thugs, or whether his assailants were lying in wait for a victim in the alley. The affair was reported to the police, but, as Hoffman could give no description, it is doubtful if the footpads can be apprehended.

NANSEN'S DATE CHANGED.

Will Lecture at the People's Church Saturday Afternoon.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the explorer and scientist, will be in this city Saturday afternoon, Nov. 20.

Since the Arctic navigator's appearance in this country, beginning with his initial lecture at Philadelphia, his lecture tour has been one of the most remarkable vouchsafed any similar lecturer in this country, not even excepting Henry M. Stanley. Greeted everywhere by scientists and the leading societies of America and those of his own country, the tour of the noted explorer resembles more a triumphal march than any other thing. That Dr. Nansen is warmly welcomed naturally arises from the interest in science and in the man who has gone far beyond his brethren in the dangerous search for the elusive north pole. It is rarely that any lecturer combines the many qualifications that dominate in the big Norse scientist, for, skilled as a navigator, a scientist, an explorer, hunter, photographer, etc., he has about him an infinite charm of manner. Dr. Nansen's lecture is profusely illustrated by bountiful photographs, comprising all the adventures that befell him during the terrible self-imposed incarceration of the deadly Arctic seas. Pictures of the "Fram," that excellent vessel, which carried the explorers to their successful issue, pictures of Johansen and the rest of the ship's crew, who, during that long period, were the few companions of the brave explorer; the dogs and sledges, which carried Nansen alone with his comrade, Johansen, far to the north, beyond the line reached by any of the other northern sea explorers; the faithful picturing of the meeting between Jackson and Nansen, far beyond the bounds of civilization, lend an absorbing interest to the great navigator's narrative. The West will stretch out the welcoming hand to this brave man, and, in all probability, his Western tour will be a repetition of the fetes and receptions accorded him throughout the entire East. It is hard to believe that the big, yellow-haired Norseman, who tells so modestly of the dangers that hourly beset the pathway of this struggling little band, is, for the greater part, the central heroic figure.

There will be a reception upon the doctor's arrival, lasting until the lecture, which will be given on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 20, after which the doctor will be tendered a mammoth reception.

AT REST IN CALVARY.

William B. Ryan, Whom Death Took So Suddenly.

The funeral of William B. Ryan occurred yesterday afternoon at the cathedral at 2:30 o'clock. Rev. Father Colbert said the mass and preached the funeral sermon. The casket was completely hidden by the numerous floral offerings. The pallbearers were Thomas Murnane, William Egan, Horace Barnacle, Patrick Quinn, William Mullane, Joseph Halpin, Thomas Maloney and Charles Kenaley. The remains were interred at Calvary cemetery.

Gold Dust Washing Powder

makes house cleaning easy. Largest package—greatest economy. Ask the grocer for it.

FOUGHT TO A FINISH

QUESTION OF ASSESSING BENEFITS FOR THE OLD DEARBORN STREET CUT.

LITIGATION LONG DRAWN OUT.

TIME AFTER TIME IT HAS COME BEFORE THE DISTRICT COURT.

JUDGE OTIS WEARIES OF IT.

Hopes the Board of Public Works Will Now Observe the Court's Ruling.

Friday last there was decided, it is hoped by many finally, a case which, from the pertinacity with which it has been fought by both sides, entitles it to rank among the local celebrities. Nor for that reason only; for upon it hinges first the undoubted right of the city to make any kind of a grade on a street that the board of public works may choose to order, and the vital question whether they can assess and collect benefits where manifestly great damage has been done to certain abutting property.

Early in 1887 the board of public works, through the city council, ordered the grading of Louisa and Dearborn streets on the West side, from certain points west to State street. These streets lay for the most part on a natural, nearly level plateau. On Dearborn street this plateau terminated eastward at a point about half way between Maurice avenue and State street, from which point it abruptly dipped down to and ran out at State street. Louisa street began its dip at Robert street and followed a natural and moderate incline to State street. The cost of cutting the street from Robert to State down to the established grade for some 530 feet was estimated at $6,700, whereas the cost of the remaining improvement, extending half a mile westward, was only another $7,000. The board of public works set their car of Juggernaut in motion. The Dearborn street cut was of doubtful necessity, some people claimed. George street, 250 feet north, was already graded; Louisa street, 250 feet south, had an easy, natural and inexpensive grade to get to State street and Oakdale avenue, for neither Dearborn nor Louisa went beyond State. Any one coming east along Dearborn street could go north and east more conveniently, and on an easier grade that that of Dearborn street, by turning onto George; or, were they going south, out on Oakdale avenue, Louisa street was just as direct and a far easier descent.

Half-way between State and Maurice, on the edge of the incline, and easily accessible along Dearborn street from the west, citywards, stood the house of Marie A. Hornsby, a snug little home earned by economy and hard work, a beauty spot reclaimed from the natural wilderness of hazel brush and burr oaks, an attractive outlook for visitors, strangers though they were, to halt and look out upon the Father of Waters and the distant panorama of the opposing hills. Against this home did the board of public works, without apparent consideration of the condition of affairs, the destruction to be wrought or the needs of the people, direct its strong machinery. Remonstrated with, they turned a deaf ear to Mr. Hornsby's plea for a modification of the confiscating order, but, finally, on the personal plea of Mrs. Hornsby, consented to view the scene. Upon looking the ground over, they said through their president, the late Mr. Barrett, that they had no idea they were "ruining such beautiful residence property."

The contractor was summarily ordered to discontinue operations on that particular part of the street and to continue only west of Robert street, and told that nothing further was to be done on the two blocks east of South Robert street but surfacing. But the order had been issued, the contractor had done $1,500 or $2,000 worth of work; his bondsmen might have been held liable for failure, so the grade was not modified, and four lots, it was claimed by those interested, were entirely runined, and four others shorn of half their value.

Then was "Pelion on Ossa piled." They levied a practical front-foot assessment for benefits, in contravention of the law which emphatically states that the assessment in such cases shall be distributed according to benefits. Damages cannot be allowed on account of grading; the city has a right to assess benefits, but not allow for damages. So these four lots fronting on Dearborn street, between South Robert and the edge of the bluff, damaged very seriously though not equally, as afterwards developed, were assessed, pro rata, benefits with those lots westward that were materially benefited. The property owners declined to pay for a levy in infraction of the law; judgment was asked of the courts, and, after a thorough hearing, denied, on the grounds that not only was there no benefit, but in two instances utter ruin.

A reassessement was made on practically the same lines; again judgment was asked for and denied, and this time Mr. Phillips felt the rebound from the court, to whom he had laid down the law in practically these words: "Your honor, the law says there are only two reasons for setting aside an assessment made for grading by the board of public works; either there was demonstrable mistake of facts (and we have shown that the board was cognizant of all the facts) or fraud, and your honor will not say that there is fraud in this case."

"I am not so sure of that," replied the court. "Constructive fraud, any way. Judgment is denied."

But the board of public works came to the charge again and yet again, to be knocked out. Finally they came up with a modified assessment against two lots.

Judgment was asked, and the defendant, now an Eastern party, for the Hornsbys had lost their once beautiful home under mortgage foreclosure, asked that the assessment be set aside, not only because it was unjust, but because it was illegally made, inasmuch as all the property against which it should have been made was not duly assessed.

Again were they knocked out; and, unless the board of public works has the temerity to risk an attachment for contempt of court, or the city appeals the case to the supreme court, it has finally been decided that the board of public works can only assess benefits where benefits accrue, and that property damaged by any improvement, generally advantageous though it be, can not be taxed to further detriment.

Judge Otis, before whom the case had twice previously been tried, summed up the reason of his decision as follows:

"The question is whether the objector's property was benefited by the grading of Dearborn street. I have made up my mind (the case had been before Judge Otis upon two previous occasions), and I hope the board of public works will pay some attention to the court's rulings. I cannot see, at least so far as we have got, how the city can show that this property is benefited more than it is damaged. If it is not, why that is the end of the matter. There would seem to be no basis for assessing any benefits against the property. You (to Assistant Corporation Attorney Phillips) have got to show the property is benefited in order to assess benefits against it."

HYGIENE

WOOL FLEECED UNDERWEAR.

Great Value,

50c.

Another store in town claims to have closed out the mill's entire output. Because the Underwear is **exceptional value** there's no need to lie about it. . . . . Our Underwear, no matter what the price, is free from "burrs," buttons are sewed on securely, and is cut to fit all shapes. . .

BROWNING, KING & CO.

IT KEPT ITS PROMISE.

Second Enjoyable Concert in the Conover Hall Series.

Judging from the attendance yesterday at the second of the series of Sunday concerts inaugurated at Conover hall by the C. M. Selling orchestra, the venture is likely to prove successful. In spite of the disagreeable weather, the hall was filled.

Like the concert of a week ago, that yesterday appealed to the popular taste. The programme was, in fact, even less pretentious; but it certainly met with as much approval. The piece de resistance yesterday afternoon was the "Caliph of Bagdad" overture, by Boieldieu—the second number on the programme. This dainty and fanciful composition, with its harmonious blendings of the strings and French horns, was interpreted with commendable expression. The orchestra merited the hearty encore it received. The audience also demanded a repetition of "The Butterfly," by Bendix, which was likewise played expressively.

The vocal music was contributed by Miss Virginia Henrichs Nielsen, of the Gay Coney Island company, and Henry S. Gilbert, of St. Paul. Miss Nielsen possesses a mellow, musical contralto, of liquid quality. It was heard to good advantage in "The Old Rope Swing," by McClure, and in a "good-night" song, which Miss Nielsen sang in response to prolonged applause.

It would be a pleasure to commend Mr. Gilbert's singing, if that could conscientiously be done, but the fact is that this gentleman's vocal performance was not up to the standard required even by so-called "popular" concerts. While it is not contended that because the members of the orchestra are professionals all amateur singers should be barred from participating, the patrons of these concerts should not be inflicted with the "vocal villainies" of amateurs so unmistakably deficient in experience and voice.

The concert closed with a pleasing potpourri of airs and choruses from Balfe's melodious "Bohemian Girl."

A good article is rarely dear at the price asked. A bad one is costly on any terms. See that you receive what you call for.

DAMP FOR A BIG CROWD,

But the Deaf Mutes' Association Had a Good Meeting.

The association of deaf mutes in the Twin Cities held their second monthly meeting at St. Mary's parish school, Ninth and Locust streets, yesterday afternoon. An audience of fifty, equally divided as to sex, attended the exercises. Over a score of those present were from Minneapolis. Anton Schroeder, president of the association, called the meeting to order, and the minutes of the preceding meeting were read in the sign language by the secretary, Miss Louisa Smith, of Minneapolis. Rev. Father Gibbons, of St. Mary's church, who was instrumental in the organization of the association, addressed the members on "The Future Life," the reverend gentleman's remarks being interpreted by President Schroeder. Short talks followed the address, made by Leonard W. Hodgman, of Red Wing; M. D. Tousley, of Le Sueur; James O'Leary, of Minneapolis, and Mrs. Kate Glasser, of this city. The organization is increasing in membership, and the small attendance yesterday was explained as being due to the condition of the weather.

SECOND SEASON OPENED.

Athenaeum Dramatic Society Resumes Its Series.

Mozart hall was very well filled last night with a large gathering of representative German citizens to witness the opening production of the second season of the St. Paul German Athenaeum company, which prevented Von Moser's five-act comedy, "The Hypochondriac," last night in a most creditable manner. The play is a comedy without plot, and, as is often said in speaking of the English stage, "is built only to amuse and make laughs." The scenes of the piece are those supposed to occur in any city of the second or third rate in Germany. An invalid politician, by his faculty of creating difficulties for himself and others, furnishes a number of funny situations which go to make up the piece. Ed Tietz, the stage manager and director of the company, appeared last night in the title role, and, as usual, played the part in a most excellent manner. He was ably assisted by Andrew Heckler, as Chairman Sauerbrei, of the board of aldermen. The work and general make-up of Mr. Heckler for and in the part were a great surprise to a large number of those present. He showed by his acting throughout the piece that he still had left some recollection of his former successes in the professional field of German actors. William Platte, Martin Giesen, Paul Drinkwitz and William Dur made up the rest of the council which helped furnish the comedy for the piece. Mrs. N. Kneitmann and Miss Bertha Schmidt, as the wife and daughter of Ald. Sauerbrei, played their respective parts like professionals, and were warmly received on their every appearance. Miss Julie Riedt and Mrs. Emma Feise were excellent in their parts as the wife and daughter of "der Hypochonder." The rest of the cast was made up of members of the society, among whom were Louis Betz, F. C. Yaeger, H. F. Koenig, who made a hit appearing as a red-bearded German, and the Misses M. Gebhardt and C. Werner. A feature of the evening's entertainment was the singing at the close of the first act of the song, "The Storm Is Coming," from "Don Caesar de Bazan," by Miss Gebhardt, who appeared in the typical Vienna costume. The number was warmly received, and Miss Gebhardt was obliged to respond to a hearty encore. Seibert's orchestra furnished the music, and the Concordia society furnished a triple male quartette, who serenaded President Sauerbrei, of the general assembly, at the close of the piece.

WILL NOT STAND A CUT.

Journeymen Bakers Decline a Proposition From Merchant Bakers.

The meeting of the bakers' union Saturday evening was enlivened by the receipt of a communication from a source least expected. Hardly had the secretary ceased reading the same when the inner sentinel announced that a committee was at the outside door who claimed to represent what is known as the Merchant Bakers' association, and desired to be heard relative to a proposition embodied in the communication aforesaid. On being admitted the members of the committee were introduced as Joe Horejs, S. Abrahamson and Louis Thauwald. They informed the union that they represented the Merchant Bakers' association, and at once proposed that the journeymen bakers should revise their scale of wages to such an extent that the weekly remuneration for services rendered would be considerably less than what the employes in the bakeries of the city now receive. After the committee had departed the proposition was taken up, and, after a short discussion, it was unanimously voted that the present scale was satisfactory to the members, and that no reduction of the same would be tolerated. One of the most prominent of the members of the union stated to a reporter of the Globe that, although the Merchant Bakers' association at one time was made up of nearly every employing baker in the city, internal dissensions had crept in until at present few shops remained to hold the organization together. The journeymen bakers' union is one of the strongest in the city, the members claiming that there are only five of the craft who are not affiliated with the union, and as they are compelled to work uncertain hours for a day's work, ranging from ten to fourteen, the demand of the association is, they think, unusual, and consequently the union will refuse to concur in the proposition.

DR. NANSEN'S LECTURE,

November 19th and 20th.

Low excursion rates from all Soo Line stations to Twin Cities, Nov. 18th, 19th and 20th. Good to return until Nov. 22d.

SUNDAY AT THE HOTELS.

W. H. Bancroft, vice president and general manager of the Oregon Short Line, and S. W. Eccles, general traffic manager of the same line, are at the Merchants'.

B. Campbell, of Portland, Or., accompanied by his wife, is registered at the Ryan. Mr. Campbell is traffic manager of the O. R. & N. company.

Lieuts. Wilson and Davis, U. S. A., are at the Ryan.

Fred Luken and wife, of Brainerd, are at the Merchants'.

W. Williams, of Heron Lake, Minn., is a guest at the Merchants'.

R. J. Nelson and J. N. Kennedy, of Wawanesa, Man., are stopping at the Merchants'.

George H. Donbarg, A. E. Oleson, W. F. Hughes and Byron Hughes, of Wells, Minn., are registered at the Merchants'.

E. P. Hilton, a former St. Paulite, interested in theatrical affairs, was at the Windsor yesterday.

L. P. Hunt and wife, of Mankato, are stopping at the Windsor.

J. L. Washburn, J. A. Brady and E. H. Windom, a trio of Duluth residents, are at the Windsor.

F. A. Swayne, of Eagle Lake, Minn., is registered at the Windsor.

Pierre Wibaux, the Montana cattle king, is at the Aberdeen.

George H. Laske, of the Duluth News-Tribune, was at the Metropolitan yesterday.

Ex-Congressman John A. Lovely, of Albert Lea, is at the Metropolitan.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Williams, of Brainerd, are at the Metropolitan.

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