WITH THE POETS.

At the Table-d'hote.

Great suppers put the stomach to great pain.
Use Beecham's Pills, if case you mean to gain.

Earth's Ills.

If you would have a skin that's clear and white,
Avoid all ills;
For youth's complexion, brilliant, fresh and bright,
Take Beecham's Pills;
Where they have harm'd, a case has not been found
In young or old;
Each year there are of Pills in boxes round
Six million sold.

Thought Waves.

If wine and riot hath thy brain offended,
Take Beecham's Pills next morning, and 'tis ended.

After Longfellow.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Constipation can't be cured;
Beecham's Pills will rouse the liver
Into action—that's assured.

Spring.

Apple green—Willie ill,
Pain all gone—Beecham Pill.

TO EXCELSIOR BY BICYCLE

CENTURY ROAD CLUB WILL MAKE A RUN TODAY

With the Laurel and Capital City Clubs, of St. Paul, the Minneapolis Century Club and Other Cyclists Not Yet Banded, They Will Take a Pleasure Ride to Lake Minnetonka.

At 8 o'clock this morning, Archie Matheis, the local centurion, of the Century Road Club of America, will start with a party of bicycle riders, probably the largest that ever left St. Paul. Meeting at Rice Park the party will move up Fifth street to Pleasant avenue, and go over Oakland to Summit. At the top of the hill a stop will be made to wait for any slow ones that may find it hard coming up the steep grade.

After all are again together the party will move out Summit, through the woods to Marshall and out Lake street to Lake Calhoun. Here a stop will be made at the C. R. C. headquarters and Dr. C. H. Hunter, of Minneapolis, with a party of riders, will meet the St. Paul party and all start over the cycle path for Minnetonka Mills. The pump at this place will do good service and refreshments will be in line.

After a good rest at this point the next effort will be to get to Excelsior, where Mr. Sampson will act as host and make his hotel the C. P. C. headquarters. At 2 p. m. he will have prepared an elegant dinner, after which Dr. Hunter and A. L. Mace will give short addresses on good roads and road riding, while F. E. Low will try and interest the party in behalf of the Laurel club and cycle paths. R. Bott will put in a good word for the Capital City Cycle club, and Miss Mabel Carmichael and Master C. McIlrath will render some selections on the piano.

Both the Capital City and Laurel Cycye clubs will join forces with Century Capital City and Laurel Cycle clubs will join forces with the Century Road club to make this run a success. After dinner Mr. Matheis will call his part of the run complete and all will spend the balance of the day as suits them best, and many will return in the moonlight. The steamboat will make a special trip over the lake for those that wish to go. Mr. Matheis will take upon himself that difficult task of setting the pace to suit every one. It positively will not exceed eight miles an hour. Any visitors in town are cordially invited to attend this run, the second one given by the C. R. C., in charge of the local centurion.

* * *

The fact that President Potter and a number of his ablest supporters are leading the anti-racing movement, the purpose of which is to divorce the sport from the league, gives foundation to the belief that the New York attorney will again be a candidate for the presidency, and it now appears that Mr. Potter will stand or fall upon an anti-racing platform. In 1896 Mr. Potter first suggested that the league drop the sport. At the national assembly of that year he strongly advocated the idea and advanced numberless arguments against the continued control of racing, but on that occasion Mr. Potter was alone in his position, and he accepted defeat gracefully. He stated, however, that the time would come when the majority would favor his proposition. With the defeat of the movement at Baltimore two years ago last February, the Potter idea apparently died out, but Potter is a hard loser, and, although he steadily refrained from forcing his opinions upon the public, he did not by any means acknowledge that he had taken the wrong ground. On the contrary, he inaugurated a quiet but thorough campaign against racing, which culminated last February in the passage of resolutions directing the league's executive committee to take the preliminary steps toward relinquishing the sport control by investigating the status of the various American cycling and athletic bodies for the purpose of discovering if one or more of these were sufficiently well organized to exercise jurisdiction over cycle racing. President Potter disavows the paternity of these resolutions, but, coming as they did from the Wisconsin chief consul, a strong advocate of Potterism and all that it implies, the close followers of league political transactions express it as their candid opinion that President Potter alone was responsible for the introduction of the apparently harmless measure. Then, too, the fact that the chairman of the highway improvements committee, Otto Dorner, an appointee of Potter, who is jealous of the immense publicity racing receives as compared with his good roads literature, and Frank P. Van Valkenburgh, who nominated Potter at St. Louis, and who is now leading the anti-racing forces, are both Wisconsin men, as well as unwavering Potterites, is taken as additional evidence not only that Potter was behind the St. Louis resolutions, but, as well, that he intends to run again for the presidency, and with "Discontinue control of the sport" as his battle cry.

* * *

The world's championship races this year will be held in Vienna on Sept. 8, 10 and 11.

America will not be officially represented in the championship races, but George A. Banker and Charles W. Miller will take care of American interests in the big events, nevertheless. Banker wants once more to win the world's mile championship, while Miller's heart is set on gaining the 100-kilometer championship.

Both of these men, by the way, have already done some good work abroad, and peculiarly enough each won his first race on foreign soil. Banker's victory came in a short distance race at Berlin, in which, against a number of good men, he made a long sprint and won all the way. Miller's win was in the seventy-two-hour race at Paris, and, in addition to winning, he broke a number of records. The field in this event was large and representative. Of the twenty-one starters, thirteen were French, three Italian, two Swiss, two American and one German.

* * *

Wheelmen are finding much cause for complaint against the men on the front of street cars, because of their carelessness in giving warning by sounding their gongs at street crossings. This is one matter in which cyclists are in harmony with horsemen. Many of the motormen of cable and trolley cars might almost as well have no alarm gong for use at street crossings. They strike them, but not until they have actually reached the point of intersection and are racing forward. Such warning comes too late, and, were it not for the wide-awake action of riders and drivers in coming to a quick halt, many more accidents would occur. An alarm from a car going at twelve miles an hour which is not given until within fifteen or twenty feet of a wheelman going at the same speed makes street riding uncomfortable and risky. To give fair warning the gongs should be struck ten or twenty feet before a crossing is reached, and should be sounded several times from there to the middle of the intersecting thoroughfare.

* * *

There will be few more, if any, middle-distance races this season. The National Cycle Track association and the American Cycle Racing association have fallen out, and Dave Shafer has disappeared from New York, owing his pacing team $500. The later aggregation has disbanded, so that Michael is now without a pacing outfit. The trouble between the associations resulted from the Michael-McDuffee race, which was forfeited by Michael. The American body wanted to arrange another match between the men, to be run at New York, with an unlimited number of pacemakers. To this arrangement Manager Ducker, of the track association, demurred, declining to be dictated to by his competitors, and all deals between these bodies are now off. Consequently, Michael and Taylor are not likely to have another chance at either McDuffee or Linton this year. However, Linton and McDuffee may meet later in the year, while a contest between Michael and Taylor also may be arranged. In the meantime Michael will engage in several short-distance events with Maj. Taylor, Bald and other sprinters as his contestants.

* * *

What a great pity the railroads did not do the proper thing during the National L. A. W. meet. The wheelmen of Indianapolis, with Mayor Tom Taggart at their head, are up in arms against all the railroads coming into the Hoosier capital, and from now on it will be war to the knife. Property of the railroads which for years has not paid a cent of revenue to the city, will now be taxed as the first step toward retaliation.

LARGEST ENTRY LIST YET

BIG BICYCLE MEETING AT HAMLINE TOMORROW AFTERNOON

There Will Be Some Novelties to the Northwest in the Day's Racing Programme — Multiplet Race Between Professionals Is One of Them—Field Includes the Most Famous Riders in the Northwest.

The largest list of entries ever had at a cycling meeting in the Northwest is that for the state fair at Hamline tomorrow afternoon.

The full list of events, entries and handicaps follows:

One-Mile Novice

First heat—C. H. Lewis, Minneapolis; Ben Erickson, Minneapolis; C. A. Cross, Minneapolis; D. E. Scott, C. P. Peterson, G. D. Messing, J. Roberts, C. Goldstein, E. F. Donavan.

Second heat—J. W. Weiss, J. H. Goldman, Minneapolis; W. J. Ryan, W. Grandquist; R. S. Callendar, Leslie Taylor, Joe Wagner, Minneapolis; F. Morris, R. H. Broadbent.

Third heat—J. D. Ewing, Minneapolis; B. C. Harris, William Rothausen, E. P. Stewart, William Callendar, Earle Hamilton, C. G. Ley, W. P. Stillman.

One-Half Mile, Open, Amateur—

First heat—George Sudheimer, F. W. Smith, J. W. Weiss, J. J. Keelley, M. D. Nicholson, J. P. Loftus, M. A. Herring, C. Clarkson, F. L. Kellar, Minneapolis.

Second heat—L. Nieherhofer, Minneapolis; Ed Sudheimer, A. W. Callendar, Minneapolis; Ben Erickson, Minneapolis, J. A. Goldman, Paul Mayer, Dick Close, Duluth; F. K. Campbell, R. H. Broadbent.

Sixth Event, Finals in One-Mile Novice—

One-mile open (professional)—J. F. Davidson, B. B. Bird, Charles Hofer; I. J. Boyum, Hebron, N. D.; F. O. Welton, T. L. Bird, E. Lee, Minneapolis; C. G. Carlson.

Finals in half-mile open amateur.

Two-mile handicap, professional—Scratch, John F. Davidson, Toronto, Canada; B. B. Bird, C. Hofer; fifty yards, J. J. Boyum, Milnor, N. D.; F. A. Welton, Bozeman, Mont.; 100 yards, T. L. Bird; 120 yards, J. J. Schwartz; 140 yards, Einar Lee, Minneapolis, Minn.; 150 yards, C. G. Carlson, Minneapolis, Minn.; 170 yards, F. W. Williams, Minneapolis, Minn.; 180 yards, H. M. Bird; 190 yards, Sam Beck; 240 yards, A. A. Moe; 330 yards, A. J. McCullom.

One-mile open amateur—First heat, George Sudheimer, Charles Peterson, J. W. Weiss, A. W. Callendar, Minneapolis; M. D. Nicolson, B. C. Harris, C. A. Cross, Minneapolis; C. C. Clarkson, F. L. Kellar, Minneapolis.

Second heat—L. Nederhofer, Minneapolis, F. W. Smith, C. H. Lewis, Minneapolis; J. D. Ewing, Minneapolis; J. H. Goldman, Minneapolis; J. P. Loftus, Minneapolis; M. A. Herring, F. K. Campbell, R. H. Broadbent.

Third heat—George Greibler, St. Cloud; Ed Sudheimer, J. J. Keeley, Minneapolis; Ben Erickson, Minneapolis; H. Perkins, Paul Mayer, Dick Close, Duluth; E. P. Stewart.

There will be an exhibition run on the largest wheel in the world, the "oriten," which seats ten riders. This will be the first test here, as it did not arrive in the city in time to get it ready for the Century Road club run to Excelsior today, as was expected.

Perhaps the most interesting event of the day will be the fourteenth, the two-mile multiplet professional race. Birney Bird has been invited to go into this race, and, as the Hamline track is now in fine shape, there is an expectation that the American record of 4:09 may be broken.

The entries for this event are:

Two-mile, multiplet, professional—Scratch, Tribune triplet (C. Palm, C. Hofer, I. J. Bayum); 70 yards, Rambler tandem (Tom Bird, J. J. Schwartz); 110 yards, Andrae triplet (George Keller, William Keller, F. S. Keller); 200 yards, Quaker tandem (F. H. Williams, Sam Beck); 160 yards, Andrae tandem (F. McDaniel, Harry Hale). Waverly quad—300 yards, Stearns tandem (A. A. Moe, A. J. McCullom).

Last event, five-mile amateur handicap—Scratch, George Sudheimer, L. Niederhofer, Minneapolis, Minn.; George Griebler, St. Cloud, Minn. 40 yards, Charles Peterson, Minneapolis; 50 yards, F. M. Smith, C. G. Lewis, Minneapolis, Minn.; Ed Sudheimer; 60 yards, J. W. Weiss; 80 yards, A. W. Callendar, Minneapolis; J. J. Kelley, Minneapolis; 90 yards, J. P. Ewing, Minneapolis; Ben Erickson, Minneapolis; M. D. Nicholson; 100 yards, J. H. Goldman, Minneapolis; H. Perkins, B. E. Harris, Minneapolis; J. P. Loftus, Minneapolis. 110 yards, Paul Mayer, C. A. Cross. 120 yards, M. A. Herring, Dick Close, Duluth, Minn.; W. J. Ryan, Minneapolis. 130 yards, C. A. Clarkson, W. D. Rothausen. 150 yards, D. E. Scott, F. K. Campbell. 170 yards, Wm. Grandquist, Minneapolis. 180 yards, E. P. Stewart. 200 yards, C. P. Paulson, Minneapolis; R. S. Callendar, Minneapolis; Wm. Callendar, Minneapolis; G. D. Meising. 230 yards, Leslie Taylor, Earl Hamilton. 240 yards, J. Roberts, Minneapolis. 250 yards, J. Wagner, Minneapolis. 270 yards, C. J. Ley, C. Goldstein, Minneapolis. 280 yards, J. J. Morris, Minneapolis. 300 yards, Oscar Peterson, W. P. Stillman. 400 yards, A. N. Anderson, Minneapolis.

The officials will be:

Referee—Ed H. Payte.

Starter—J. A. Wirtensohn.

Clerk of Course—F. E. Low.

Assistants to Clerk of Course—Dr. L. A. Nelson, Wolf Nelson.

Judges—Dr. J. C. Nelson, W. H. S. Wright, A. B. Choate, Dr. M. O. Nelson.

Timers—A. D. Smith, Robert McCleary, D. F. Carmichael, C. F. Shanley, A. Mathias.

Checkers—C. O. Martin, M. J. Prendergast, E. G. Smith, W. J. Murray, F. J. O'Rourke.

The races will start at 1:30 p. m.

IT IS ALL NONSENSE

For Any One to Die!

From Typhoid Fever!

This we know—for we have proved it—if people will only use the "Fever Arrester" and the Oxydonor in treatment of these cases. Any case, treated early, can be cured in three to five days.

Remember, any grown person can use these instruments with perfect success. C. S. Wilson, Room 701, New York Life Building, St. Paul.

IN AN EIGHTEEN KNOT GALE

NO DEARTH OF WIND AT WHITE BEAR YESTERDAY

Two Yachts Were Upset in the Gale Only the Sloops Started at All, and Only Four Finished—Keewayden, Wierdling, Yankee, Xenia—There Will Be a Special Race at the Lake Tomorrow.

A series of mishaps attended the yacht race at White Bear yesterday afternoon, occasioned by the heavy wind which swept across the lake all afternoon at an eighteen-knot pace.

Just after the starting gun was fired Aurelia, sailed by Dr. Archibald MacLaren, broke her main sail boom and retired from the race. Capt. Griggs, of Akela, after crossing the starting line three seconds ahead of his fast rival Aurelia, pulled out of the race before going 500 yards, as nothing was to be gained by sailing the course, with no competitor in the twenty-three-foot class. None of the catboats ventured out in the gale, and two of the seventeen-foot craft, Croppie and Goblin, capsized at the center buoy and the race was then confined to the contest between the twenty-footers and Capt. Drake's Xenia, the crack seventeen-foot yacht, the winner of the interlake competition in her class at White Bear ten days ago.

The race in the twenty-foot class was won by Dr. Welch's Keewayden, by a margin of eight minutes and thirty seconds over Wierdling, sailed by F. M. Douglass, and Yankee crossed the tape just four minutes in arrears of the others in this class. Mahto, J. H. Skinner's crack twenty-footer, pulled out of the race on the Dellwood arm on account of the heavy wind, but the other three boats kept up the chase, making the race interesting, although confined to a small field.

Xenia, Harry Drake's seventeen-footer, finished thirty-four minutes after the Wierdling, but it is remarkable that she was able to finish at all. After turning center for the first time, Capt. Drake put into the island and reefed his sails, losing about twenty minutes by the maneuver.

Owing to the large number of races which have been postponed this season the regatta committee at a meeting held at the conclusion of the races yesterday, decided to hold a special cup race tomorrow afternoon in connection with the other Labor day festivities at the lake. In the twenty-three-foot class the contest will be for the interlake cup, in the twenty-one-foot class the yachts will compete for the Dellwood cup and the ownership of the Bison trophy will be determined by the contest between the twenty-footers. The seventeen-footers will contest for the ownership of the interlake cup, hung up for that class.

The start was made at 3:15 in a very choppy sea. None of the catboats started when their signal was given by Jesse A. Gregg, and five minutes later the twenty-footers were started. Dr. Welch secured a favorable position at the buoy and a lead which was held by him during the entire race. Capt. Douglass, of the Wierding, was handicapped by over one minute at the post, but by excellent judgment in sailing to windward, he passed the Yankee during the race and secured second place at the finish.

Mahto, sailed by J. H. Skinner, secured third place at the post, which position she held until she retired from the race near Dellwood.

When the twenty-three-footers were started old Boreas was at his best, and the wind was raising havoc with the boats of the other classes, which had by this time reached center buoy. Aurelia, before crossing the line, cracked her main sail boom, and Akela, her competitor, immediately pulled out after the mishap.

Croppie, Goblin and Xenia, in the seventeen-foot class, left the post just before the twenty-three-footers. Near Dellwood buoy Goblin upset jibing around the buoy and the Croppie endeavoring to rescue the crew of the Goblin, who were struggling in the water, also upset, and the judges' boat assisted by Dr. MacLaren, of Aurelia, pulled the sailors out of the lake.

All boats in yesterday's race dropped their jibs and sailed under reefed mainsail, on account of the heavy wind.

The contest between the twenty-footers, Keewayden, Wierdling and Yankee was spirited, and the rough weather gave ample opportunity for an exhibition of the seaworthy qualities of the craft.

Capt. L. P. Ordway entered a protest at the conclusion of the race, against Capt. Welch, of the Keewayden, claiming that the doctor's craft was overlength, and the weight of his crew not within the prescribed rules of the club, governing the twenty-foot class.

The summary is as follows:

Name.	Capt.	Start.	Finish.	Actual Time.
Keewayden,	Welch	3:30:15	4:56:20	1:26:05
Wierdling,	Douglass	3:31:36	5:04:50	1:33:14
Yankee,	Ordway	3:30:38	5:08:30	1:37:56
Mahto,	Skinner	3:30:40	Did not finish.	
Xenia,	Drake	3:25:25	5:38:37	2:13:12
Goblin,	Bunn	3:26:54	Did not finish.	
Croppie,	Lyon	3:29:32	Did not finish.	

SIR LIPTON'S CHALLENGE.

It Comes in Regular Form to the New York Yacht Club.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—The committee representing the Royal Ulster Yacht club and Sir Thomas Lipton, which arrived in this city yesterday, on the Britannic, with the exception of Maj. Sharman-Crawford, met the New York Yacht club's committee in the club house of the latter today. Those present from the Royal Ulster Yacht club were: Hugh Clellery, honorary secretary and treasurer of the Irish club; Hugh M. McGildowney, Vice Commodore William Fife Jr., and Charles Russell. They were met by Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan, J. V. S. Odie, F. W. J. Hurst, former Commodore E. M. Brown, and Herman B. Duryes. Later Secretary Odie, of the New York Yacht club, gave out the following challenge, which had been presented by the Royal Ulster Yacht club:

New York, Sept. 3, 1898—J. V. S. Odie, Secretary of the New York Yacht club, No. 67 Madison Avenue, New York.—Dear Sir: We have the honor, on behalf of the Royal Ulster Yacht club, and in the name of Sir Thomas Lipton, a member of the club, to challenge to sail a series of matches with the yacht Shamrock against any one yacht or vessel constructed in the United States of America, for the America's cup, subject to the deed of gift and to conditions agreed upon.

The following are particulars of the challenging vessel, viz.:

Owner—Sir Thomas Lipton.

Name of Yacht—Shamrock.

Length of Load Water Line—89 5-10 feet.

Rig—Cutter.

The custom house measurement will follow as soon as possible.

We shall be much obliged if you will acknowledge receipt of this challenge. Yours truly.

—R. G. Sharman-Crawford, G. C. R. U. Y. C.
—Hugh M. McGildowney.

PROSPEROUS RAILROAD.

Report of Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Is Gratifying.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Sept. 3.—The thirty-fourth annual report of the busines and operations of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway company, for the fiscal year ending June 30 this year, has just been issued and shows the road to be in a very prosperous condition. The gross earnings of the year were $34,189,663.68, while the operating expenses, including taxes, were $21,201,556.61, making the net earnings of the company $12,988,097.07. The income from other sources was $131,018.12, which, including the net earnings, makes the total $13,119,115.19. The interest on bonds amounted to $7,190,431.46, leaving a balance above charges of $5,928,683.73.

SPORTING NEWS CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.

OBJECTED TO HER COSTUME

WHY NO ST. PAUL GIRL WILL PLAY MISS CISNEROS

Cuban Adventuress' Part in "Cuba" Spectacle to Be Taken by a Battle Creek, Mich., Girl—She Fills the Requirements—S. B. Linstad Is Chosen for the Thankless Role of Gen. Weyler.

Miss Dick Denmon, of Battle Creek, Mich., who is now visiting friends in St. Paul, has been selected to take the part of Miss Cisneros, the beautiful Cuban girl, in the military spectacular production, "Cuba," this week, beginning tomorrow evening. Many of St. Paul's patriotic daughters volunteered to play the part, but some objected to the costumes the character must wear, and others, while very beautiful, charming and romantic, resembled American girls much more than Cuban senoritas. Miss Denmon fills the bill precisely. She is young and pretty; her hair is dark and her complexion is a genuine nut-brown. She is graceful, vivacious and talented.

The part Miss Denmon has assumed is one of the most difficult in the pantomime performances. Miss Cisneros, it will be remembered, was held a prisoner in Morro castle, at Havana, and escaped to America through the assistance of a correspondent of a New York paper. She escaped in male attire, and was given a great ovation when she reached the hospitable shores of America.

S. B. Linstad, of St. Paul, has accepted the part of Gen. Weyler, but is not proud of the villain role he must play. It was a very difficult matter finding a Weyler, and Stage Manager Hoffman thought he would have to assume it himself.

On account of the high winds, the last two of the pictures, thirty-five feet high, were left down yesterday, but this did not interfere with last night's full dress rehearsal. The picture, complete, looks at a distance like a blue ridge of mountains reaching far into the sky of a strange country. Then it assumes grotesque shapes and indefinite proportions, and finally a seacoast develops from the chaos and makes one think of Atlantic City, Virginia beach and Martha's Vineyard. What one sees is 12,000 square yards of oil painting on wood, iron and canvas, representing the Cuban coast and the mountains behind, and an artificial lake, 300x75 feet, in front, representing Havana harbor. This lake contains 2,000,000 gallons of water. The canvas is stretched along Grotto street from University avenue, and covers 600 feet square, two streets having been blocked, with the city's consent.

In front of the long stretch of canvas are beautifully constructed buildings representing Morro castle, Hotel Engleterre and other public buildings of Havana. When fired upon, the massive walls of the castle Blanco pronounced impregnable will crumble to pieces. Picturesque shacks beneath palms and tobacco plants line the coast, which is made real by boats pulled on shore and landing places for the larger vessels.

On a stage 450 feet long and 75 feet wide right behind the lake or harbor, 300 soldiers and specialty performers, including Mlle. De Lee and her grand ballet, will perform. More than 500 people, including representatives of local military organizations, will take part in the battles. A part of every performance preceding hostilities will be exhibitions by Picard & Levigion and other specialty artists secured at great cost. The Spanish fandango and a bull fight will be features. During each performance regular naval signals will be fired, beginning with "Remember the Maine."

To remove the slightest possibility of having it intimated that Mr. Pain is not giving his genuine Manhattan Beach production of "Cuba" in St. Paul, only on a larger scale, a member of the citizens' committee yesterday telegraphed to Henry J. Pain, in New York, to make a clean-cut statement regarding the production, and received the following reply: "We are giving this entertainment. Show belongs to us. Will give best exhibition you ever had. Pain." The telegram was addressed to George R. Finch, over whose signature the inquiry was, with his consent, made.

After each big battle, in which American soldiers and sailors will, with regulation guns of heavy caliber, attack the Spanish, a few of whom will be the genuine Dons, a $1,500 display of fireworks will be given, including the following special surprises:

Salute of maroons or aerial cannons, fired from iron mortars and exploding at a great altitude with tremendous report.

Magical prismatic illumination with lights of intense brilliancy, which change color repeatedly and finally blend with pleasing effect.

Flight of monster balloons, carrying powerful magnesium lights and tri-colored fires, discharging when at a great height batteries of Roman candles, showers of golden rain, and superb jewel showers.

Display of large colored rockets—variegated gems, celestial stars, opal clouds, golden clouds, tonite, aerial bouquets, peacock plumes, silver streamers, liquid fire, etc.

Flight of bayonet tourbillions, forming cascades of fire in ascending and descending.

Device—Revolving oriental wheels, discharging large colored rockets, golden fountains, fiery whirlwinds, etc., etc.

Flight of large shells, forming jeweled clouds, studded with gems of every hue, turquoise, rubies and sapphires, diamonds, etc.

The aerial acre of variegated gems, produced by the discharge of magnificent shells.

Flight of 23b. congreve rockets, exhibiting the rarest tints, peacock plumes, silver streamers, triple parachutes, etc.

Salvos of gigantic bombs, forming a golden cloud studded with jewels.

Great silver fire wheels with intercepting centers, forming a splendid chromothrope, changing into a revolving sun—one of the most beautiful devices ever introduced.

Grand display of mammoth shells, 24 inches in circumference, displaying at an immense altitude showers of rubies, sapphires, laburnum blossoms.

Device—Aladdin's jeweled tree, with blossoms of every hue, terminating in a fountain.

Battle of Manila.

Comic device.

Flight of rockets bearing twinkling stars.

Aerial bouquet, produced by simultaneous flight of 2,000 asteroid rockets.

Shells with meteoric rain.

Sinking of the Maine.

Battle of Santiago.

Salvo of aerial saucissons, filling a space in the air with wonderfully brilliant fires of most gorgeous form.

Portrait of Admiral Dewey.

Flight of electric shells, shedding a simultaneous flood of light over the surrounding scenery.

The forest of fire—Illumination of the surrounding landscape by variegated colored fires.

Discharges of 16-inch bombs—Poppies in the cornfield and golden grain.

Salvo of 30-inch World's fair bombs—Prismatic torrent and silver clouds.

Finale—Grand flight of 1,200 large colored rockets, fired simultaneously, producing a grand and magnificent aerial bouquet.

The first full-dress rehearsal of the military was held last evening on the peace jubilee grounds, University avenue and Grotto street. Fully 300 members of local military organizations and employes of the Pain company, most of them in uniform, took part in the drills, which were witnessed by an immense crowd. Four special policemen had been detailed to keep order and protect the valuable properties used in the performance. Although the wind was too high to set all the scenery, and although the grounds were lighted with lanterns, the fifty-two arc lights not having been yet placed, Stage Director Hoffman expressed entire satisfaction with the rehearsal. The soldiers were divided into companies of Americans, Spaniards and Cubans, and went through many complicated evolutions with ease and precision. Nobody wanted to carry the Spanish flag.

Coin Collection.

The entire collection of coins and medals in the British museum sonsists of nearly 250,000 specimens.

New Furniture Coverings.

All the latest designs, in large variety, at Schroeder & Dickinson's, 16 East Sixth.

Monitor Steel Ranges

Call and see them before buying. We will then show you a list of many hundreds of St. Paul people using them. On said list you will find some acquaintances who are using this Range, and we will leave our case in your hands.

We offer no chromos. 500 lbs. of coal will only cost you $1.75. We sell the best Range made for as cheap a price as common steel range concerns who offer you a chromo to introduce them.

32 Sizes and Styles.

SEE OUR $10.00 COOK.

Adam Decker & Co., St. Paul.

RETAIL DEPARTMENT. See Our Display at the Fair Grounds. ESTABLISHED 1856.

THE DIRGE OF AGONY

BATTLE'S GLOW PALES IN A FIELD HOSPITAL

What It Means to Be Brought From the Battlefield Into a Room Full of Torn and Bleeding Men—Piles of Amputated Limbs, From Which the Boots Have Not Been Drawn, in Sight—Commission Wagon.

Mrs. Russell Sage, of New York, who is devoting much time to the relief of the sick soldiers, believes that at such a time as this social functions are absolutely out of place. In speaking of the matter recently she said:

"If the women of this country who are now spending their time in following the silly round of fashionable functions would turn their attention to the deplorable condition of our soldiers at the camps the conditions would rapidly improve."

Yet there has been much work done by the women. They have gathered in Red Cross rooms to work, have sent their contributions to national relief associations, and given of their time and means whenever they were sought. But Mrs. Sage has been in a soldiers' hospital herself, and therefore knowing the agony, the helpless misery and pain endured in the best of those places, the very idea of social enjoyment during such times is abhorrent to her. In fact, with all the stitching and packing for the field hospitals there are few who realize what it means to be wounded in battle. "J. P. M.," writing of it in the Evening Post, says:

Here it is that enthusiasm has to lie down helplessly with misery, inertia and pain. But the worst of it is that this aftermath of war is always unprovided for in the resisting forces of the human economy. So long as man can oppose violence with resistance and match force with strength, he does so with an exulting mockery of death itself that is characteristic of the masculine animal. But, carried into the hospital, a door clangs behind him. He is shut in with his own perishability, his own consciousness, and the surgeon's helplessness. He brings with him physical outrages that science can only meet with a general assuagement. Your exploding shell has had no regard whatever for special provision or special experience. The course of a rifle bullet when it enters the delicately adjusted physical economy of man follows no predicable lines of the least resistance. It bores or crashes through vertebrae, tissue and artery. It cuts ganglions and rends viscera. Every fresh patient is therefore a new case, and must have special treatment without the advantage of precedent.

One does not get the lesson of mortality hot in the general hospital, where death has weeded out the doomed and given a tidy air of cool convalescence to the ward. It is in the field hospital that Death executes his preliminary dance of horror, and science itself bravely sets its teeth and tries to keep pace with an emergency that the laws of life cannot anticipate. No one has ever dared to go the full length of realistic description in the field hospital. Hugo, with his magnificent audacity, and Balzac, with his microscope, would falter and wince before the confusing deliriums of human agony and the indescribable spectacle of man tearing his kind limb from limb with the perfected enginery of his science, and then asking science to keep pace with him in assuagement and relief.

THE FIRST EXPERIENCE.

My first hospital experience must have been that of tens of thousands. I passed in a twinkling from the ecstasy of physical excitement to the swoon of death. There was a click, then an exit of everything, as the lights were extinguished and the soul of me fled like a receding river.

The next second a dull light, an overpowering smell of ether, a suppressed hurrying of feet, and the dissonances of human agony growing more audible and more intolerable as the light grew, told me that I was in hell or in a hospital. Two hours had elapsed. They have never been accounted for by me. Then it was that I came slowly to the full consciousness of what a kindly blow was mine, that stunned while it stayed the courses of life.

Others were not so fortunate. We were lying without order on the straw in a rude shed. Some of it had been used for bedding for cattle. The ambulances were at the doorway. The curses of the teamsters mingled with the groans of their burdens. There were two surgeons and two assistants. They were in their shirt sleeves and had napkins for handkerchiefs round their necks. I lifted myself as well as I could and looked round. My eye fell first on what appeared to be a collection of boots, but which I speedily enough saw was a pile of amputated limbs, from which the boots and shoes had not been removed, and from which dripped and ran a congealing stream of blood that was tracked all round the narrow spaces by the slipping feet of nurses. Instinctively, I put my hands upon my own nether limbs to feel if I had lost them, and they made themselves known by a convulsive wince as I did so. They were there, sure enough, but was I to keep them? In the center of the place some boards, torn from the shed itself, had been placed upon two trestles, and this was the operating table. I tried to shut my eyes as I saw one form lifted off and another lifted on, but I couldn't. The businesslike butchery of the surgeons fascinated me for a time, prevented me from heeding my own pain. Some kind of suspense was inwrought with the hideousness of it all. It would be my turn next. One or two of the men died under the operation. I could see that by the look of the surgeon and the extra haste of the attendants. One of the ambulance men, seeing me sitting up, came over to me and pushed me back rather roughly. "Keep still," he said; "you're all right if you don't squirm that tourniquet off. They've tied up your artery and you're in luck."

Some kind of dull thankfulness, like a glow, suffused me, and at the same time a dull pain made itself known, accompanied by an intolerable thirst. I tried to ask him to get me a drink, but my tongue stuck fast. "Keep still," he said; "the sanitary commission wagons will be here soon with ice, and brandy, and women."

IN RANGE OF THE FIRE.

We were about a mile and a half from the front. The battle was raging yet; the pulse of it could be heard at times above the inarticulate sounds in that place. Now and then a shell exploded somewhere in the vicinity. Nobody paid the least attention to it. The ambulances were coming and going. The curses and shouts outside and the growling dissonances of death and torture inside, made the injunction to "keep still" a horrible irony. How was one to keep quiet with that ghastly routine before him and that tumult outside? One's heart must keep time to the intensity of it, and that is not the best thing for a tied artery. Besides, what was all this patching and carving against the issue out there, a mile and a half away? Why did not some one tell us if our batalion got flank?—that was the question. I tried to shout it, but it sounded like a dry whistle and sigh, and nobody gave any heed to it.

Why should he? A score of torn and dismembered men were saying things that no ear could disentangle, and yet they wounded and stung if you listened to them. Other sounds, still more dreadful, came from the mere automatism of muscles that beat the floor with rhythmic heels and bit at the planking in the paroxysm of delirious pain. The condition of nervous tension naturally affected my circulation and every heart-beat made itself felt with a dagger thrust in that tied artery. I shut my eyes with all my force in the effort to calm myself. But it was no use. They came back staringly to the routine of those heroic doctors which were to me the air of an inquisition.

Nor was there the least attempt to screen, to mitigate, or to soften the dire work that was going on. The battle had come on unexpectedly, and, as usual, the hospital provision for it was laggard and inadequate. Mercy and tenderness had to be practically ruthless, and business-like, and off-hand. Legless trunks were laid upon the reeking straw with the gentleness only of expedition. The pile of limbs in the center grew into a quivering mass, and the flies, those invincible little harpies of the shambles, added a million miseries of their own, as they lit upon the distorted faces of armless men who could not brush them off, and eddied in clouds round the heads of the surgeons. One of these surgeons, a white-whiskered, methodical man who had been through this experience before, had stuffed something into his ears, which he had to take out when he was spoken to by the attendants. His face and arms were spattered with blood, and some of it clung in little clots to his white whiskers, but he was grim and tireless. It never could have occurred to him that glory had ended in an abattoir.

THE COMMISSION WAGON.

Suddenly there there was a new kind of commotion outside. My acute senses told me that vehicles heavier than the ambulances had arrived. They should also have told me that the cessation of the mingled ribaldry and din of the drivers foretold the arrival of something else. It was the commission. Some one pulled aside the greasy army blanket that served as a door, and stood with his hat in his hand ushering the women. There were four of them. Three were middle-aged experts who knew what to expect, and one was to get her first lesson. They made no salutations. They had no curiosity, and they gave way to no emotions. Two of them were tying on aprons as they came in, very much as though they were going into the kitchen to prepare a dinner. They wore the air of persons who come to the inexplicable with an obedient but flexible routine. One of them carried in her hand a bundle of palm-leaf fans, and those cheap adjuncts, unprovided for in the camp equipment of man, were the instant symbols of a new consideration come into this den of horrors. Fans! Never were trifles so graciously exalted. I looked at the face of the armless man nearest to me, covered with crawling insects, and felt a new admiration for woman, who in a minute was beside him with her exorcising wand.

The fourth and youngest woman collapsed after a minute of it. The peculiar odor, that hot smell of escaped vitality, so different from the septic taint of disease, smote her sensibilities in spite of her determination; the many-stranded sound of despair, desperation and dissolution, woven into one indescribable croon, was too much for her. She staggered; some one caught her. One of her companions made a matter-of-fact sign to a man to carry her out into the air, merely saying: "This is her first," and she disappeared. But it was only for a while. She came back, white and wet, but indomitable, with her teeth set, and went through it like—I came near saying like a man—for which, as a man, I ask pardon of her humbly as I pass along.

It was not long before that hovel with its load of misery began to soften its more glaring and gaping horrors. A blanket was thrown over the disjecta membra, and blankets somehow crept under and over the men. The importunate tone of the sufferers fell, as if bandages got upon their words as well as upon their wounds. I shall never forget the sensation as a tin cup of iced water was held to my lips. Its coolness and quenchness (pardon that homely term for it) were somehow related in my mind to the woman herself, and I never afterwards encountered one of those hospital nurses without that association of her with a cool and healing draught.

SHOPPING FOR TICKETS.

Fifty Italians Couldn't Get What They Wanted in St. Paul.

A gang of fifty Italians came to this city from Montana Friday night and yesterday morning they started out to buy tickets to Chicago. They saw that the regular rate was $8, so they went to Third street and visited the scalpers. They were indignant when the scalpers asked them for $5, and they declared the scalpers were trying to swindle them. They said they would pay $2.50 and not a cent more.

"Last year at this time," said the leader of the party," it was only $2.50 to Chicago; it was ahe same the year before and again the year before that, and it ought not to be more this year."

The brokers all stuck out for the $5 rate. The railway officials soon learned of the presence of the Italians and the price they offered for tickets, and they set a careful watch upon each other to see what railroad would carry the gang to Chicago at their own rates. For this reason no road or scalper would accept the offer. Finally, in disgust, the Italians said they would go to Minneapolis where they could get the reduced rate and they were last seen boarding an interurban car for the Flour city.

BOOK FOR HUNTERS.

Omaha Issues Some Pointers About the Grounds on Its Lines.

Every sportsman will want to read "Chix and Dux," which Advertising Agent W. G. L. Tucker, of the Omaha, has compiled. It contains a mass of information about the happy hunting grounds along the lines of the Northwestern system.

"Down on the Omaha," says Mr. Tucker, "there is a chicken for every railroad tie and a flock of ducks for every mile post." Read this little guide book and go, is the injunction given by Mr. Tucker, and then he proceeds to tell the hunter where to go. Every hunting place on the system is described and there are a number of illustrations that help to make the pamphlet attractive. The pamphlet contains, among other instruction, a table showing dates for open seasons in Minnesota, Wisconsin and South Dakota.

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