STRONG WORDS FOR THE Oxydonor "Victory"

DRUGLESS HEALING.

The following letter received by us recently expresses the gratitude of a user of the Oxydonor:

ST. PAUL, MINN., March 9, 1899.

C. S. WILSON—The OXYDONOR I purchased of you nearly a year ago has done its work effectually for me and mine. I used it upon my son, A. N. Boyden, for a severe attack of that terrible disease, spinal meningitis, for which there is seldom found a cure, using the instrument at first under a block of ice, according to instructions, gradually changing to ice water, then to water as cold as it runs from the pipe, as he became better. At the end of a week he was upon his feet, and in three weeks' time he returned to a responsible and onerous position and has not seen a sick day since. In my own case, I bought the instrument while suffering from a prolonged attack of "La Grippe." It almost made a "New Woman" of me. As a repairing agent for the human machinery it has no equal, in my opinion. The OXYDONOR, properly used, supplies conditions for the overcoming of disease and the establishment of health. Nature does the rest. Yours respectfully, MRS. E. J. BOYDEN, N. Y. Life Building.

When fairly tested in all diseases afflicting humanity, its power over disease gives a sacred assurance that one's life is in the keeping of a force more powerful to restore health than disease is to destroy it.

The Oxydonor intensifies the natural physiological processes to the development of the body into healthy, vigorous manhood and womanhood.

For Particulars Address or Call On

C. S. WILSON, GENERAL DEALER,

610-611 New York Life Building, ST. PAUL.

BLAME THE BRITON

Continued from First Page.

tries had to reckon with a strong German fleet, ready for an emergency."

Many of the papers have emphasized the fact that the absence of cable connection with Samoa was largely responsible for the most recent troubles. They urge the laying of a cable as soon as possible.

The Cologne Gazette points out that the system of unanimity is a feature which the United States has previously strongly insisted upon, quoting President Harrison in 1892 on the subject. The papers also deduce that even, accepting the American interpretation of the treaty, Admiral Kautz has put himself in the wrong.

The officials of the United States embassy are well satisfied with Baron von Buelow's speech, which agreed with his previous statements to the United States ambassador, Mr. Andrew D. White, who considers his speech to have been moderate and pacific, and acceptable to Washington.

The correspondent here of the Associated Press learns that both Great Britain and the United States expressed the hope that the unanimity principle would not be carried to an unreasonable extent, which might easily frustrate the whole purpose of the commission, and result in a deadlock if one power stood out against the others on every question. Germany gave conciliatory assurances.

TO VISIT AMERICA.

The government has appointed Councilor Von Knebel de Beritz the minister of the interior, and Baron Marshal von Bieberstein, commissioners to proceed to America and investigate the methods of the New York Life Insurance company and the Mutual Life Insurance company. Both commissioners are on the point of starting.

The correspondent here of the Associated Press has had an interview with a high foreign office official, who bitterly complains of "the many erroneous statements circulated by the foreign newspapers regarding the Samoan muddle." He claims that in nearly every instance these statements were evidently made for the purpose of creating unfriendliness against Germany in the American press, or with the purpose of causing an anti-American feeling here. He mentioned the reported encounter between an American sentinel and a German officer, saying "there was not a word of truth in the story, although much had been made of it both in the English and American press."

To reduce stock I will make suits at a big reduction. E. G. Nordlin, 317 Jackson.

WORLD'S NEWS IN BRIEF.

London—According to a special dispatch from Paris a monster pilgrimage to Lourdes will leave various points in France on Monday.

Chicago—The final session of the National Educational association was held today at the University of Chicago.

San Quentin, Cal.—Manuel Chavez was hanged here today for the murder of his mistress in Southern California, two years ago.

Chicago—The conference of Swedish Episcopal clergymen today was devoted to the discussion of doctrinal questions.

Chicago—At Highwood, a town several miles north of this city, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Becker were fatally burned by a gasoline stove explosion.

Little Rock, Ark.—A bill has passed the legislature providing for the erection here of a new state capitol, at a cost not to exceed $1,000,000, and now awaits the governor's signature.

Buenos Ayres—A dispatch from Rio Janeiro announces that Wednesday's earthquake destroyed the village of Gen. Darmiento. Three lives have been lost—one woman and two children.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Arrangements have been completed whereby President McKinley will push an electric button which will start work on the San Pedro breakwater on April 26.

Buffalo, N. Y.—About 1,500 grain shovelers, members of Local Union No. 51, have adopted resolutions declaratory of their intention to refuse to work under the contract system.

Boston—At a special meeting of the stockholders of the Isle Royal Consolidated Mining Company of Michigan the directors were authorized to sell the company's real estate and assets of any nature in Michigan to the Isle Royale Copper Company of New Jersey for $6,800,000.

Allentown, Pa.—Frank J. Krause, who on March 3 murdered Maggie Guth, at Cetronia, this county, and seriously wounded his employer, Owen Kern, and shot Mrs. Kern in the arm, was today found guilty of murder in the first degree. Sentence was suspended, pending application for a new trial.

Minnesota Patents.

WASHINGTON, April 15.—List of patents issued this week to Northwestern inventors, reported by Merwin, Lothrop & Johnson, patent attorneys, 910, 911 and 912 Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul, Minn., and Washington, D. C.: Dean, Seward A., Minneapolis, time-recorder; Dietz, Joseph H., Owatonna, windmill power-equalizer; Humphrey, William C., Jamestown, N. D., belt-fastener; Kurth, William, Casselton, N. D., lace holder and winder; Mealey, Johnston, Howard Lake, thill-coupling; Olson, Oliver, C. H. Smith and W. C. Belina, Owatonna, chainless bicycle; Sather, Martin C., Minneapolis, lawn-mower; Sorlien, Theodore H., Granite Falls, marking-stamp; Stenz, Henry, Faribault, electric light radiator; Stutzman, August, St. Paul, traction engine; Varcoe, Thomas, Lead City, S. D., clothesline support.

FREE HELP FOR WEAK MEN

"CALTHOS"

Prof. Laborde's Marvelous French Cure for Lost Manhood.

FIVE DAYS' TRIAL TREATMENT

Sent Absolutely Free by Sealed Mail To All Sufferers.

NO C. O. D. OR DEPOSIT SCHEME.

The only preparation known to science which really cures Lost Manhood is "CALTHOS," the marvelous French remedy discovered by Prof. Jules Laborde. It is controlled in this country by The Von Mohl Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, a concern which occupies a high and honorable place in the world of medicine. It is one of the largest and most responsible houses in Cincinnati, as anyone who is acquainted in that city will testify.

The Von Mohl Company invites all men suffering from Lost Manhood, Spermatorrhœa, Varicocele, Small Parts or Weakness of any nature in the Nerves or Sexual Organs, to send their names and receive a five days' treatment. This will prove the wonderful vitalizing powers of "CALTHOS." After using it five days the sufferers will find new vigor in their organs, new force in their muscles, new blood in their veins, new ambition, and rapid progress toward the buoyant feelings and sensations of younger days.

This liberal free offer is genuine. There is no swindling C. O. D. or Deposit Scheme connected with it. The five days' treatment is sent by sealed mail to all on request, wrapped in a plain package, and full printed instructions accompany the medicine, so that each patient becomes his own doctor and cures himself at home.

It doesn't make any difference what caused the weakness—whether bad habits in youth, or excess, or overwork, or business troubles. "CALTHOS" will effect a cure, no matter what big name the disease may be called by doctors.

The Von Mohl Company treats all correspondence in perfect confidence. Under no conditions will it make public the names of the thousands who have written testimonials telling of their restoration to robust manhood after other medicines and appliances have proved worthless. "CALTHOS" is regularly used in the French and German armies, and the soldiers in those countries have come to be perfect models of strength and vitality. Cures are effected at all ages from twenty to eighty years. There is no case (except where the stage of epilepsy or insanity has been reached) which it will not radically, quickly and permanently cure. Sexual weakness does not cure itself. It grows worse from week to week. Each day aggravates the mental and physical anguish.

Send today for the free five days' trial treatment. If it helps you, more of the medicine can be purchased. If it does not help, no harm is done and no money has been paid out. You can send your name in the full knowledge that it will be kept from all. The "CALTHOS" department of our business is strictly confidential. Address applications for trial treatment, etc., to

THE VON MOHL COMPANY, 556 B, Cincinnati, O. Largest Importers of Standard Preparations in the United States.

HAD LOST A QUARTER

PATHETIC STORY OF A STREET URCHIN UNDER SEARCH LIGHT OF INQUIRY

HE TELLS THE STORY WELL

As Needs Must Be, Because He Tells It Often and to So Many Different People—Artful Ruse of a Gamin to Prey Upon the Sympathies of His Auditors—What Mr. Hutchins Says of the Game.

"What's the matter, my boy, wherefore all these weeps," laughingly inquired a kindly disposed pedestrian of a small, dirty-faced boy who blubbered dismally as he wandered along Sixth street the other evening just before the performance commenced at the Grand opera house.

"I lost a quarter, boo-hoo," mournfully replied the sorrowful youth, as he drew his coat sleeve across his face, and gave vent to a prolonged shuffle. The street was well filled with people going toward the theater, and while each turned to survey the weeping boy they all, like the Pharisee, passed by on the other side, leaving the kindly disposed Samaritan to interrogate the youth, and if possible to assuage the fountain of tears that gave no indication of cessation.

"You lost a quarter? Why, that's a strange thing for a big boy like you to cry about. Where did you lose it?"

"I don't know where I lost it, boo-hoo. I lost it out of my pocket what's got a hole in it."

"Well, can't you get another quarter when you get home," cheerfully suggested the benevolent one.

"No. I'll get a lickin' if I go home. My mother giv' me the quarter to get some cough medicine for her," and the lad continued to sob profusely.

"So your mother's sick, is she? Well, where do you live, and what's your name?"

"Frank Glasiki and I live under the high bridge, on the flats," replied the boy, as he shivered a trifle, and made an effort to draw his buttonless jacket more tightly around him.

His questioner hesitated, then glanced quickly up and down the street to make sure that no acquaintances were observing the incident, and then said: "Well, I don't know, I'm sure. I'm afraid you are only pretending. You know there are lots of bad little boys around town who tell just such stories to get people to give them money, and then spend it for other things."

"Yes, ma'am," shivered the boy, "but I ain't tellin' no story," and he proceeded to resume his weeping with renewed vigor.

"There, now; don't make so much noise about it. Look up and let me see if those tears are genuine, and then come with me."

The boy raised a mournful and very dirty face, down which great, crocodile tears were coursing.

"All right, I'll risk it," observed the charitable newspaper woman as she mentally figured how she could manage to get that quarter carried into her weekly expense account. "You come with me to a drug store, and I will get you a bottle of cough medicine for your mother."

They started down Sixth street, the boy, meanwhile, allowing his sobs to become less and less frequent, and when they reached Wabasha he turned towards Fifth street.

"Here where are you going?" inquired his companion.

"The drug store she told me to go to is down here," replied the diminutive weeper as he pointed a grimy index finger in the direction of the river. "Oh, never mind that. Here is a drug store right across the street that will do every bit as well," and the poor, misguided scribe set her teeth and determinedly forced her way through a throng of street loafers, closely followed by her mournful protege into a spacious pharmacy where she briefly related the case to the smiling young druggist and inquired if he considered the charity a worthy one.

"It looks genuine," he said, after a moment's contemplation of the youth who, at the slight indication of hesitancy and suspicion on the part of his benefactress, was preparing to begin his weeping anew.

"The tears were certainly genuine," audibly soliloquized the woman as she carefully extracted a quarter from her purse and prepared to select a bottle of cough mixture from the goodly assortment recommended by the druggist. "I wonder if the youngster knows Mr. Hutchins?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," quickly interspersed the youngster referred to. "I know him. My mother gets work there. She scrubs and gets sewing."

That statement immediately settled the matter of the purchase of the medicine and the boy was speedily given the custody of a 10-cent vial and three nice, bright nickels, for which he murmured profuse thanks and achieved great success in his efforts to assume an innocent and grateful expression of countenance.

The druggist politely held the door ajar and the boy passed out into the night. The newspaper woman turned to pick up the folds of her gown, proceeded down the steps and looked around for the grateful object of her charity. He was not there. She looked up Wabasha and down Wabasha. She walked to the corner and hastily scanned Sixth street in both directions. She gazed at the stars and then glanced in a bewildering manner at the huge piles of snow on the ground. But the boy had disappeared as suddenly and as completely as though transferred into vapor. She felt her face grow crimson with the knowledge that she had been victimized by a child; a clever little street arab who probably only wanted a dime to get a front seat in the gallery to witness the first production of Hogan's Alley in St. Paul.

But revenge is sweet and the journalistic samaritan immediately called up M. L. Hutchins, of the Relief society.

"Yes," said that gentleman, "I know the boy and the entire family. They have been victimizing St. Paul people all winter. He is not the only one either. We have on our lists the names given by several other boys who have become very adept in shamming grief and affliction and who have swindled people out of any number of quarters and dimes by that very same story. If the people would only report such cases more frequently to me before dispensing charity it would be better for their pocketbooks and better for the mendicants themselves. The same boy who lost the quarter tonight is without doubt the one who lost a dime this afternoon. If all the stories told by the small frauds were true the streets of St. Paul would be a veritable Klondike and pedestrians instead of passing along and giving money away would be picking up enough nickels, quarters and dimes to stock the Lenten mite boxes of any number of Sunday schools.

"The boy for whom you purchased the cough mixture today is the youngster of one of the Polish families living near the high bridge, and they are not deserving or in need of help at all. The mother is not ill. There are two girls at work. One is earning a salary of $3 per week and the other earns $2.50 per week. There is also an elder boy, but he is home idle. They own a team which is idle in the barn, although the city would have been glad to hire it at any time within the past few weeks.

"And this is only one instance. Nearly every case of street solicitation for money, clothing or victuals is undeserving. There is not the slightest necessity for any needy family sending their children out to beg or to manufacture stories about lost coin and being afraid to return home in order to work upon the charitable impulses of unsuspecting people. I have frequently warned the citizens against this and must now repeat my admonitions. The boys with the holes in their coat pockets, their sick mothers and their fears of 'lickins' are getting altogether too numerous and unless I am able to stop it by threats and through the medium of the newspapers I shall be compelled to call upon the aid of the police."

TRIALS OF AN EDITOR

FROM COLLEGE TO THE WILD WEST AND BACK TO THE CIVILIZED EAST

ABUSE OF THE YELLOW DOG

How It Was Modified by the Cautious Proprietor of the Rome Intelligencer—Desperate, but Finally Successful Efforts of an Ambitious Writer to Prepare a "Leader" for the Weekly Issue.

The late John McEnnis, of Minneapolis, Chicago and St. Louis, is responsible for the narration of a story of the actual trials of a college-made young editor, who concluded that the way to fame was in the wild West, where he could give full vent to his genius and knowledge of men and things. John Smith was a likely youth. He graduated with all the honors possible, and at once determined to launch upon the sea of journalism. He found an opening in Montana. He was installed as editorial writer and instructed to pull the throttle wide open and let the chips fall anywhere. He did as directed. His first issue was a stunner. The community was paralyzed. Then "Rattlesnake" Joe called "the boys" together, and it was soon agreed that the young Easterner was too bright for that section, and, accordingly, he was given one hour in which to "vamoose." He did not fully understand that sort of an invitation, and remained at his desk with all the hardihood of the boy who is known to history as "Casabianca." And the deck began to burn quickly for him. The "kimity" waited upon him at noon and asked him if he wanted until fifteen minutes later to "get out." The youth defied "the boys." Then there was some shooting, and John Smith departed more precipitately than he had come in. He carried with him a few ounces of lead, which, luckily for him, were imbedded in a portion of the anatomy that was not vital.

BACK TO THE EAST.

The incident weaned John Smith from Western journalism, and he hastened back to New York state, where he soon secured a place on the Rome Intelligencer, as chief editorial writer. What a contrast. Surrounded by all the modern comforts and appliances of a first-class weekly newspaper, whose owner was prosperous and good natured, and filled with an ambition to be vigorous.

"Wake them up" was his sole injunction to John Smith, and John proceeded to carry out his orders to the letter. He wrote a vigorous editorial on the political situation, denouncing the Democracy for all the troubles that existed in the world. The proprietor read the proofs with darkening brows.

"This won't do!" he said, gruffly. "Why, Maj. Brown would stop his paper at once, and Col. Blivens would raise the rent, and Jenkins & Sasafras would take out their double-column ad. Make it strong, Smith, but don't dabble in politics. We have too many readers who are of the opposite party. We cannot afford to offend them."

John Smith was disappointed. His fort was politics. He could tear a party all to pieces. But he was only the hired editor. He must do as the proprietor directed.

REPEATED FAILURES.

John Smith was doomed to a severe trial, and before he had prepared an editorial that suited, wished he had chanced it and remained in the wild West. He attacked the city government for dereliction in street cleaning, in extravagant expenditure of the people's money without giving quid pro quo—carefully avoiding reference to politics. But the proprietor of the Intelligencer found fault with each successive effort. Some subscriber or advertiser was certain to be offended with the efforts of John Smith. Then the young journalist delved into humor. He wrote a story about the exploding of a celluloid watch, and warned the public against the dangers of carrying celluloid, in any form, about in their pockets. The proprietor of the Intelligencer liked it.

"That's a good one," he said, and John Smith breathed easier. "But it won't do for us," added the proprietor, to the dismay of John Smith. "You see, Mr. Smith, we have a celluloid factory here in Rome, and it is our most liberal advertiser. We cannot afford to offend it. But I will save this and read it to Martha. She is awful fond of jokes." (Martha was the wife of the proprietor of the Intelligencer, who lived in the rear of the office.)

DESPERATE FINISH.

John Smith did not give up in despair. He determined to make one more effort, and, accordingly, he penned an editorial abusive of the yellow dog. He called to his assistance all the vituperatives at his command. He pitched into the yellow with the fervor of a candidate abusing his opponent on the stump. And when he had it completed he carried the editorial to the proprietor of the Intelligencer and assured that worthy that he had finally hit upon something vigorous that could not possibly offend any one, save the dog, and the yellow one at that.

"That's the idea," said the proprietor, and Smith breathed again. "But, say," remarked the autocrat of the Rome newspaper: "Wait a minute!" Then, turning toward the rear of the office, he shouted: "Martha!"

Martha stepped out into the office and the proprietor of the Intelligencer said:

"Martha, hasn't Blivins a lot of dogs?"

"I should say he had," responded Martha.

"Has he a yaller one?"

"Think he has," said Martha.

"So do I," added the proprietor of the Intelligencer. Then turning to his young editor he added:

"I say, Smith, I'm pretty certain Blivins has a yellow dog. 'Twon't do to offend him. He furnishes us with neighboring notes, free. He might not like that reference to a yellow dog. Just let the editorial go as it is, 'cept that you had better cut out the word yellow. That won't spoil the editorial, and it will make it safe."

Smith is now editing a newspaper out in Montana. —Willie Green.

TO LAKE MINNETONKA.

Train service on Great Northern Railway begins on Saturday, April 15th.

TO SPRING PARK.

Leave St. Paul daily at 4:45 p. m., Sunday only 9:35 a. m.

FROM SPRING PARK.

Leave Spring Park daily except Sunday 7:30 a. m., Sunday only 9:30 a. m. and 4:30 p. m. Additional trains added as required.

Time cards can be had on application.

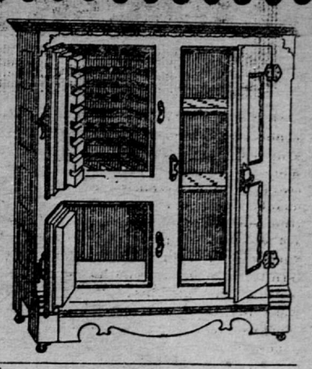
TICKET OFFICES:

St. Paul, 199 E. Third St. (corner Sibley).

Minneapolis, 300 Nicollet Av.

SUMMER PREPARATIONS

CLEANERS AND KEEPERS.



KEEPER PAINT

It costs just as much to put on cheap, poor paint as it does to put on good, durable paint, and the painting costs much more than the paint. You know that. Then why waste money with poor, worthless paint?

Here is something good—

Sherwin-Williams Paint. It has stood the test of time. It is the best known and best made paint in the world. Covers most, wears best, lasts longest. Per gallon.... $1.50

5 Years Guarantee. Let us give you a color card.

Then we have another good Paint. Well made and guaranteed:

The Lion Brand. We have tested it and can recommend it to you. Per gallon. $1.25

Cementico. Better than gasoline paint. 5 pounds..... 35c

BRUSHES.

FAMILY PAINTS, ENAMEL PAINTS, BUGGY PAINT.

CLEANERS.

Wheel Barrows A garden barrow like one in cut, very well made and painted $3.00

Dump Barrows Strong and bolted throughout — will last forever $1.75

Rakes We have a cheap malleable iron one but must admit that it is not as poor as some are selling; 2 sizes.. 20c and 30c

A good steel rake will cost a little more. We have two styles and three sizes at from..... 40c to 60c

Grindstones Make your dull tools good. A good stone mounted ready for use at from ..... $2.75 up

Spades and Shovels Not poor tools but good ones. Can you afford to buy any other? Our stock is large and extensive. At from ..... 60c up

Forks Of all kinds. Prices depend on size and range from— ..... 70c up

Pruners Tree pruners, the long pole kind— ..... 90c and $1.00

Good Pruning Shears 40c

Warranted Pruning Knife..... 50c

Pruning Saws, etc.

A Large Line of all Tools.

KEEPER REFRIGERATORS.

Here is another Keeper. And here's a new thing in this line.

THE LATEST AND BEST.

It fills the entire bill.

It Looks Well. IS FINISHED LIKE A SIDEBOARD.

Is Well Made. Couldn't be built better and carries into its construction the experience of years.

It Has Correct Principles. Thoroughly up-to-date. Ice chamber on one side with complete circulation.

White Enamel Lining. Yet this is not an expensive Refrigerator.

No. 4. For a small family..... $17.00

No. 6. For a large family..... $22.00

You can't match these prices with poor goods.

No One Has Any Better. Standard styles of Refrigerators. Half a dozen sizes. White Enamel Lining. Cleanest of the clean. The same in Zinc lining. All prices from..... $7.25 Up.

What we say is right we make right. ST. PAUL HARDWARE CO. COR. 7TH AND MINNESOTA STS. What we say is right we make right.

CATERERS SHY OF THE DOLLAR FEAST.

New York Purveyors Not Eager to Compete for the Honor of Furnishing the Bryan Jeffersonian Spread.

Written Before Last Night's Banquet.

Who is going to cater for the dollar dinner of the Bryan Democrats?

New York is a city of curious feasts and of great feasts. We have young millionaires who invite their friends to a Christmas feast costing anywhere from $200 to $300 a plate, and an organization of rich Republicans, who paid, it was said, $30 a plate for a sumptuous repast to give Ambassador Choate a good sendoff to London, says the New York Herald.

From the time of the first big dinner here to Charles Dickens, in 1867, New York has grown wonderfully in the organization of magnificent public dinners. By all that implies money—plenty of it—and the Bryan Democrats want a good dinner for a dollar a head.

Who will supply it? It is announced that at least three thousand persons will attend. The feast is to be in the Grand Central palace, which will comfortably accommodate them. New York never attempted anything like this. When I went to Delmonico's to see what sort of a public dinner could be supplied to three thousand persons at $1 a plate I was looked upon pityingly.

"M'seur!" exclaimed the manager, with a shrug of his shoulders that plainly said, "What sort of an idiot is this?"

At Sherry's a secretary carried my message to the manager, who looked at me solemnly for a full minute, and then sent word that he should be busy for the remainder of the afternoon.

Mr. Boldt, of the Waldorf-Astoria, simply threw up his hands and fled.

I went to the Hoffman house, which in days gone by has probably fed more notable Democrats that any other hotel in the city, and talked with J. P. Caddagan. He listened attentively to the proposition and then said, emphatically:

WILL LOSE MONEY ON IT.

"It can't be done unless the man who furnishes the dinner is prepared to lose money on it, and the more persons he tries to feed at that price the more money he'll lose. In the first place, you must allow 50 per cent for expenses before you talk of food at all—I mean hall rent, cooks, waiters, hiring of silverware, crockery and linen, and men to see that the aforesaid waiters do not carry the silverware, crockery and linen away with them.

"Now, mind you, the Hoffman house would not touch this kind of a thing, but I want Herald readers to understand what it means to get up a big dinner. You must prepare for it weeks in advance, and you must have plenty of money to prepare with. Fifty per cent of the dollar dinner for unavoidable expenses, and you must have a 50-cent dinner. What sort of a meal do the Bryan Democrats expect to get at that price? To get anything at all to eat, they must scrimp on both food and service.

"A bad dinner, and particularly a bad public dinner, puts everybody who participates in it in a bad humor. You have waiters enough to attend to the guests properly—say one to every six persons. If a waiter is expected to attend fifteen or twenty persons the dinner is spoiled. The diners must not have to wait for first one thing and then another, and have little additions brought in when the plate to which they belong is half or entirely finished. Whatever dish is placed upon a table it should be preceded by all minor adjuncts, and accompanied by proper vegetables, quite hot, so that they may be enjoyed entirely and at once.

"With a ten dollar dinner, such as I understand the Croker Democrats are going to give, it is a very different matter. As good a dinner as a man wants to eat can be supplied at $10 a plate, including wines and cigars. When you go beyond that sum you pay for luxuries and for fine old vintage wines. There is practically no limit in that direction. I am curious to watch the outcome of the Bryan Democrat $1 dinner experiment."

Finally Mr. Caddagan compressed his expense estimate into 40 per cent, and allowed his steward to arrange a bill of fare of a dinner that he might be able to supply to 3,000 persons at 60 cents a plate, basing his estimate on the mere cost of the food and no profits. Here it is:

Soup.
Consomme with Sago.
Fish.
Boiled Halibut, Aurore Sauce.
Roast.
Ribs of Beef.
Potatoes, Stewed Tomatoes,
Dessert.
Ice Cream.

There the dinner would have to stop. If a guest wanted coffee, cigars or anything except water to drink he would be obliged to pay extra for it, and there are to be no extras, presumably, at the Bryan Democrat dinner.

ON MILLS HOTEL PLAN.

In despair I went to the steward of the Mills hotel, in Bleecker street. Somewhere between George Francis Train's 13-cent course dinner and Chauncey M. Depew's 90-cent course dinner given there I hoped to find a happy medium. Mr. J. A. Brown, the steward of the hotel, furnished it. Allowing 40 per cent, which, he thought, was ample, for expenses, as outlined by Mr. Caddagan, here is the dinner that Mr. Brown thought the caterer who supplies the Bryan Democrat dollar dinner should furnish for 60 cents:

Soup.
Mock Turtle.
Fish.
Broiled Shad, Matre d'Hotel.
Parisienne Potatoes.
Olives. Radishes.
Entree.
Filet of Beef, Larded, with Mushrooms
Orange Fritters, Diplomatic Sauce.
Roast.
Vermont Turkey, with Cranberry Sauce
Baked Brown Potatoes. Fried Parsnips
Salad.
Celery Salad, French Dressing.
Dessert.
Cabinet Pudding. Ice Cream.
Coffee. Nuts and Raisins.

"It is merely a question of knowing the markets and watching your chance to buy cheaply," explained Mr. Brown. "I suppose those fellows up town would give $1 apiece for calves' heads to make the mock turtle soup. I can get all I want for 25 cents apiece, and it would not take more than half a dozen to make enough soup for the Bryan dinner. As regards the vegetables, I believe in buying right from the producer, and not from the middlemen. Yes, sir, I think a man could serve that dinner to 3,000 persons for 60 cents and make money on it."

OTHER FAMOUS DINNERS.

To the average man who likes to attend public dinners $10 a plate is not considered expensive. The Hotel Men's association's annual dinner always costs that sum. The last St. Patrick's day dinner in New York cost $12.50 a plate. The annual chamber of commerce dinner here usually comes to $20 a plate. The great Reform club dinner to former President Grover Cleveland, at the Waldorf-Astoria, in April, 1897, cost $25 a plate. Mr. Croker thinks, consequently, that his $10 dinner is the embodiment of Jeffersonian simplicity.

New Yorkers thought we were going back to the days of Nero when, in 1873, Mr. Luckemeyer spent a small fortune on the famous swan dinner at Delmonico's. It was one of the most renowned and expensive dinners ever given here. There were only seventy-five guests. In the center of the table was a lake in which floated decorated swans. The memory of that dinner was passed down to posterity as the most famous of its epoch. Then there was the great dinner to the Grand Duke Alexis, in 1871, at which 100 guests were invited—a very large number in those days. The De Lesseps dinner, 1889, when he came over here in the heyday of the Suez canal craze, was another landmark in the history of New York dinnerology. Two hundred guests attended.

Now let us wait and see what the Bryan Democrats.

STILLWATER.

Sudden Death of John Otto—Ready for Driving—Social News.

John Otto, a well known farmer, residing in the Soule settlement, northwest of this city, died suddenly Friday afternoon from the bursting of a blood vessel. He was sorting potatoes, and it is claimed death was due to an accident. Deceased was 68 years old and was well known in Stillwater.

Loggers in this city are getting ready for driving, and O'Neal Bros. sent a crew of men to Sand creek yesterday morning. They will send a crew to Knife river next Monday, and expect to begin work at once, creeks and rivers being almost free from ice. There is a good head of water on in nearly all dams, and driving will be general in a few days.

Dr. Withrow, assistant prison physician, recently vaccinated the 500 or more convicts at the prison, and many are confined to their cells with sore arms.

Surveyor General Mosier's scaling crews will begin work the coming week. One crew will go to work next Monday on lake logs, and others will begin as soon as the boom starts up.

Bronson & Folsom are bringing their towboats to the levee from their winter quarters in the lake, and the boats will be gotten ready to leave with rafts just as soon as the ice leaves the lake.

Frank Johnson, of Berglund & Johnson, will leave next Tuesday for his former home in Sweden, where he hopes to regain his health. He will remain abroad all summer.

A. F. Sauftenberg leaves this evening for Chicago, where he will engage in the wholesale grocery business. Mrs. Sauftenberg and daughter will leave next Tuesday.

A meeting of all assessors in the county will be held at the court house April 29, when books will be delivered by County Auditor Browne.

John Leader, a convict at the prison, died yesterday of acute consumption, aged twenty-two years. He was received from Ramsey county a year ago to serve three years for larceny. His only relatives live in England.

Frank H. Lemon has gone to Cleveland, O., on a visit.

The handsome residence of Col. W. G. Bronson, on the north hill, has been purchased by Otis Staples, who will occupy it after May 1.

Mrs. Sarah Wolfer, of Chelsea, Mich., is a guest of her son, Warden Wolfer.

Supt. F. A. Weld, of the public schools, spent a part of the week at Northfield.

George Fuller, of Clinton, Io., was a guest of his parents, in this city, the past week.

W. H. Chalmers has gone to Missoula, Mont., where he expects to spend the summer.

George A. Lammers, M. H. Peaslee, J. W. Foley and L. E. Torinus are sojourning at West Baden, Ind.

Mrs. E. W. Dutcher attended a convention in Milwaukee this week.

Miss Sadie Roney, of Minneapolis, is a guest of her parents in this city.

Thomas J. Burke has gone to Solway, Minn., where he expects to reside in the future.

Warden Wolfer is at home from a short business trip to Chicago.

It is no secret that Hamm's Bock Beer is better than other kinds. Call for Hamm's.

Red Hair Wears Best.

Why are red-headed people less subject of baldness than those with fair or brown hair? An English physician has answered this conundrum: The hair of the red-headed is relatively thick, one red hair being as thick as five blonde or three brown hairs. With 30,000 red hairs the scalp is well thatched; with the same number of blonde hairs one is almost bald. It takes 160,000 blonde and 105,000 brown hairs to cover adequately an ordinary head.

Frye's Fine Spring Footwear is now in. It's elegant. 103 East Sixth street.

Enlarged Prostate Cured.

Convincing Evidence of the Famous Solvent-Alterans Method.

Reported Cure of a Boston Citizen.

A surgical operation for prostatic troubles is exceedingly painful besides endangering the life of the patient, and in most cases is not to be compared with the Solvent-Alterans method, either in making successful cures without pain or in safety.

MR. DAVID DOUGLASS.

Few men are more widely known in Boston than Mr. David Douglass, 453 Western Ave., Brighton Sta., Boston. He is a barber and is compelled to be on his feet constantly. One wintry day he was obliged to wade through the deep snow quite a distance to get to his door. This gave him a chill which brought on inflammation of the prostate gland, the ultimate result of which was a chronic prostatic enlargement.

No relief was in sight until a man, whom he was shaving, told him that he had been cured by Solvent-Alterans. He immediately visited the offices of the company, and went home with the medicine in his pocket. In forty days from its first employment, he was a well man, happy in the fact that he was perfectly cured.

Every man who reads this and is afflicted in the same manner should write for the books that describes the Solvent-Alterans method. It is surer, easier and safer than a surgeon's operation, and is painless as well as bloodless. The books are free of charge and will be sent by mail; do not delay for fear you will forget the address. If you have a friend who is afflicted send the books to him and he will thank you as long as he lives. The address is the Empire Medical Company, 218 N, Smith Building, Boston, Mass.