A Siren of the Stream.

The Strange Experience of a Young Diplomatist in the Brocken.

The Argonaut.

I suppose most of the tourists of today know the Harz mountains intimately, and have journeyed up to the top of the Brocken. Probably there is a branch railway to take passengers there from Harzburg. Probably the Ilsenfels has been utilized for a fashionable bathing establishment. However, when I went there many years ago, we did things in a primitive fashion, and drove all the way up from Harzburg. I was a young diplomatist at the time, attached to the embassy at Berlin. I was strong and full of spirits, well favored, and with more money at my command than I knew how to spend. I found myself one hot August morning at Berlin, working away in my shirtsleeves, when a note was brought to me from my chief, announcing that if I cared to take a week's holiday, I was at liberty to do so. Berlin was a wilderness, the Thiergarten was a waste, and life was unendurable except between six in the evening and nine in the morning. Nothing loath, I ordered some traps to be put up, and wandered away to Brunswick. A week in August is of very little use, except to potter about in the German country. England was too far, and the time to remain there too short; so I spent two days in Brunswick, where I became fired with enthusiasm about Henry the Lion, his relics, and his tomb, and in the duke's palace I found upon a banner the ancient scroll:

"A Dieu mon ame,
Ma vie au roi,
Mon coeur aux dames,
Honneur pour moi."

From Brunswick I drifted, as a leaf in a stream, to Harzburg, where the idea suddenly occurred to me that I would drive up the Brocken. I chartered a conveyance and started at 10 o'clock in the morning. The drive, I was told, would take me seven hours. The weather was perfect, the way was solitary. The bells on the horses' harness sounded faintly on the drowsy air. My driver rolled about on his box, engaged at the time in profound sleep, a pipe in his mouth, and a sweet pea behind his ear. Our way lay upward, of course, and by the roadside a delicious stream dashed and foamed over the rocky soil. Several times I followed my driver's example, and slept: at last, impatient, I descended, bidding my kutscher bustle onward, and wait for me a mile or two further on. I heard the heavy carriage lumber away, it disappeared round a corner of the road, and I and the stream were alone.

I walked briskly on, my hands in my pockets, whistling. At the turn of the road I saw something that immediately arrested my attention. A rock, larger than the rest, stood in the center of the stream. The water parted away from it in two lines of foam. Seated upon it, her face turned in profile toward me, was a young woman. Her head was bare, and her hands were bare, and her naked feet were swinging in the water, carelessly flicking the foam from side to side. It was a strange apparition to come upon suddenly in the wilds of the Harz mountains. I approached diffidently. There is a sort of freemasonry among travelers. This strange creature nodded at me when she discovered my presence.

"You can't think how nice it is," she said, looking me in the face, as if she had known me all her life.

Instantly her manner set me at my ease.

"How did you get there?" I asked, in the same tone.

"I took off my stockings on the bank and waded across," she answered.

I stood looking at her, a meagre strip of running water between us.

"Take off yours and come, too," she cried; "there is room for two on this rock."

The utter ludicrousness of my position never struck me at the time; then, I felt irresistibly prompted to do as I was told, and in two moments was sitting by her side. The full midday sun fell on her face, but she did not seem to mind. I looked at her and wondered at her extremely. In appearance she was very youthful. I should have guessed her between twenty and twenty-two. Her face was pale—of a clear pallor; her lips were chiseled, and of the richest carmine color. Her eyes were cat's eyes, fringed with long, dark lashes—eyes like nothing human, bewildering, absorbing, compelling. I caught myself wondering if they shone in the dark. Her hair peeled finely off her low, sensitive brow. It was arranged in delicious disorder, of which one could not make out the beginning nor the end. Added to all this, her gown was of fine texture and delicate taste—the gown of a woman who was fond of good dressing.

And this woman was sitting bareheaded, bare-footed, and on a rock in the midst of the Harz mountains!

"You are going to Brocken?" she asked, interrogatively.

"Yes: are you?"

She nodded.

"Are you alone?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered, quite tranquilly. "There is my carriage, and there"—as a man approached us from the road—"there is my—courier."

There was an inflection—the very slightest—of hesitation as she spoke. The man, who came forward, was short, dark, ill-favored, more like an Italian boatman of a disreputable class than anything else. In his coarse ears hung silver ear-rings, and on his dark, greasy hand was a silver ring. He approached his mistress with a familiar air that appeared to me most offensive, and spoke to her in Spanish. She answered in the same language, not imperatively, as I had expected, but in a tone that seemed to imply confidence, friendliness. After shrugging his shoulders at her answer, he lounged away, and sat down somewhere in the shadow of the road.

"Do you mean to say that you travel alone with this courier?" I said. "Where are you going, and where have you come from?"

She raised her indolent arms over her head and stretched her lithe body as a leopard does in the sun. She opened her strange eyes to their fullest extent and stared. Whatever she found in my face seemed to satisfy her, for a moment later she spoke:

"Yes, I travel alone with my courier. I have come from Spain, and I am going somewhere, I don't quite know where. What does it matter? I would like never to know where I am going, nor what the country is, nor the day, nor the months, nor the year. I wish I had never learnt these things. What is the use of classing tomorrows and yesterdays? Isn't it enough that every day is today?"

As she said this a look of fatigue came over her face, her lashes fell, and covered and hid away her peculiar eyes, her bosom heaved feverishly, and her breath came and went hurriedly. Whatever she was, the woman had feelings, and very sensitive ones.

An hour went by. I questioned her and learned some curious details of her life. Her name was Sylvia, her husband's name Whitworth. He was a merchant, but he failed and deserted her. "I don't think I mind much," she said with her wonderful smile. "He was never true to me. Perhaps he is dead."

Had I been in my sane senses, as I am now, twelve years later, I should have laughed in my sleeve. As it was, I was not in my sane senses, and I fell in love with her. She was traveling, she didn't care where. For the night, at least, she was to stay at the same hotel as myself, at the Brocken. From me she gathered my slight history, my nationality, my appointment at Berlin, my family, my age.

"I suppose," she said, frankly, "that some people might wonder at my going about so independently, but I don't care a button what people think. I suppose if I had any inclination toward wickedness I should be a very wicked person, but you see I have no inclination. I don't look at it from the moral point of view, because I don't believe in morality. I have no creeds, but I don't think it would amuse me the least to be wicked."

Presently we waded ashore. She dried her feet, or rather I dried them for her, on a dainty lace handkerchief. They were very lovely feet. At the contact of her warm, white flesh my fingers trembled. She saw they trembled, and, gently pushing me away, she finished the task herself, and then looked up at me with a smile. She invited me to enter her carriage with her, and I did so. As we got in, the courier muttered something rather savagely, and my charming friend bent her head down and conversed with him eagerly in a tone which sounded conciliatory. A little further on we met my carriage. We stopped, and with a pretty air of command Mrs. Whitworth signified her intention of changing carriages. We got in, and I arranged my rugs about her feet, my cushions at her back. She shut her eyes and went to sleep, while I sat watching her. As I watched her, a madness seemed to come over me. I have never in my life experienced anything like it before or since; it was like magnetism. Perhaps it was due to the sultry heat, the utter stillness, the slow progress of the carriage through the most beautiful scenes; or, more likely still, the back-thrown head, the sensitive and fine profile, the parted crimson lips, the regular breathing, the undefined languor of pose, and the peculiar perfume that hung about my companion, that fired my ardent spirit. At last I softly took possession of the hand nearest me. It was warm and pulsating; the very touch of it seemed to bring into life all the feelings that lay dormant in me. I bent forward cautiously; in another moment I should have kissed her parted crimson lips, when suddenly, swiftly, the strange eyes opened, wide and full, as if she had not been sleeping at all.

"Ah," she said, softly, "what were you going to do?"

I, flushing scarlet, was murmuring some excuses, when she interrupted me:

"Never mind. I am not angry. But you were very bold."

I was going to answer, when, in quite a different mood, she inquired the use of a strong black box that lay on the seat opposite us. I replied that it was my dispatch box, containing my papers, my passport, my valuables in the way of jewelry, and all the money and promissory notes I possessed at the moment. But before I had nearly got through my list my friend's interest had faded, and she was leaning over the carriage looking at the stream—the Ilsenfels, I heard her name it.

By this time I had arrived at the door of the apology for a hotel, which was then the only hostelry on the Brocken. I offered to assist Mrs. Whitworth, but she turned away with her courier, and I occupied myself in having my things stowed away in the room I had engaged over night. It was a tiny apartment, with walls no thicker than paper. In fact, the whole place was like a rambling and ill-built hut. The interior of this cabin was hot and stuffy, so, after inquiring the hour for table d'hote, I lit my cigar and strolled outside. At some distance on the level hill top, where the hotel was placed, I could see my new friend and her courier walking up and down, engaged in an animated discussion. I turned off short, not wishing them to know I saw them. Infatuated as I was by this stranger, I could not help feeling her position was a peculiar one. Perhaps the romance and the mystery only served to enhance the charm.

At table d'hote I saw no signs of my friend; afterward I went out to look at the sunset. The place was crowded with tourists—English, German, Swiss—all uninteresting to my eyes, so I avoided them. I went round toward the back, and some one pointed out to me the curiosities of the place—where the witches assemble on Walpurgisnacht, the Devil's Well, the Devil's Pulpit. Rough stones of volcanic strata thrown up years before strewed the bare and rugged mountain top. In one place they were heaped about in great masses; among them was a hollow called Schneefels, where, in the winter, the snow is said to be thirty-five feet deep. Among these barbaric rocks I found Sylvia Whitworth. I asked her how she had dined.

"I dined here," she said, as if her rocky seat had been her boudoir table. "There were so many people in the hotel, all ugly and all old; and I can't eat when I see ugly sights. My courier brought me my dinner."

The sun was setting in pomp and splendor. From our high point of view we could see all the shimmer and color, and al the varying tints of a glowing August sunset. I pointed it out to my friend; she did not turn her head.

"I don't care for views," she said gently; "I have seen so many, and I am tired of them."

I looked in her face. Her eyes had caught some strange luster from the beautiful cloud land of color about us; there was a vague disquiet visible in her manner, a fluttering in her voice. It seemed to me that she was under the mastery of some profound impression.

The warn night crept onward. We were alone, quite alone, under the throbbing sky, with the clouds and the heavens around us.

Instinctively, when I spoke, I spoke in a whisper. "How near we are to heaven." I murmured, "in this high place! How far better than heaven it is to be with you, like this."

A soft, warm bleeze passed over our faces, and blew a straggling curl of her loosened hair across my lips; her soft, clinging draperies lay close beside me; her presence seemed to grow more and more compelling.

She smiled a slow, languorous smile—a smile that intoxicated and led me on. She laid her hand uon my arm.

"Heaven," she said, in a low rapt whisper; "heaven is whatever we like to make for ourselves on earth; when we die we go out—so" (and she pouted her two perfect lips, and blew a sudden, short breath). "When I think," she continued, "that life, and life only, is ours, I sometimes wish to do more with my days—crime or good; or wickedness or virtue; it would not matter to me, if I could but enjoy it, whatever it was."

"But," I whispered, awe struck, "crime is found out, and then comes punishment."

"There are some crimes," she said, "which leave no trace. What trace does a ship leave in the sea five minutes after she has passed over it?"

Just then her surly courier approached. They talked excitedly for a few moments, and then she turned to me:

"This is pleasant! I hear there is no room for me. The last room was given to you. Not a corner left anywhere; and I am to sleep a la belle etoile."

Of course this was impossible. Willingly I gave up my room, and the courier lounged away.

For a few moments we sat silent, when suddenly upon us there sank a darkness as swift and as obscuring as a curtain. It was one of the strange atmospheric changes of the Brocken. In a breathless space it seemed as if the bright night had turned to a rolling, black mist. I groped for Sylvia's hand. I took it—she was not a bit frightened—into my clasp, warm and yielding. I drew her up from her low, rocky seat, and, placing her hand on my arm, I tried to remember my way back to the hotel. I could not see one yard ahead of us. A thundering promise of great heat throbbed through the darkened air. I could hear my companion's hurried breathing.

"I wonder if we are all going to be killed?" she said, quietly.

Just then she stumbled over a stone. I threw out my hands to save her, and she fell forward, literally into my arms.

For one second of madness I held her close in a wild embrace, kissed her perfumed hair, and her eyes, and her soft, wet lips, rapturously. The next moment she was lying passive in my arms, and sobbing like a child, while I endeavored with every excuse and every prayer I could think of, to reassure her. We found our way at last to the door, and I led her, still shuddering, up to my room; and, imploring her to forgive me, I said good night, and stayed outside while I heard her close the door and lock it. I then repaired to the drawing room, where an impromptu couch had been prepared for me.

The next morning, when all the tourists turned out to see the sunrise, I could discover her nowhere. I inquired of the host, and learned that Mrs. Whitworth had departed before sunrise, with her carriage and her courier. I went to my empty room, and discovered that she had taken my dispatch box, containing all my valuables. I made no inquiries, and told no one of my loss; for she had infatuated me. Was the Spaniard her husband? I do not know.

Many years have passed. I never saw her again.

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SOCIAL LIFE IN ST. PAUL

The Sacred Thirst Total Abstinence society at its meeting last evening at Cretin hall elected Mrs. J. F. Kelly to represent the society at the National Total Abstinence convention, to be held next month at Philadelphia. Mrs. Kelly gave a report of the state convention held recently in Minneapolis. She said that the St. Paul Sacred Thirst society made the best showing for active temperance work, although there were other societies that were numerically stronger.

An attractive literary and musical programme was given last evening. Miss Cora Wagner played a piano solo, Miss Keating recited, Miss O'Meara sang, and Miss Mullaney gave a reading. Miss Mary I. Cramsie, president of the Sacred Heart society, has composed a song, "Friends of Our Glorious Cause," which she has dedicated to the Total Abstinence society. The state convention last month in Minneapolis selected the song as its temperance anthem. The song was sung at last night's meeting.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Mary R. Whitaker to Col. L. R. Freeman took place yesterday at the residence of the bride's mother, on East Seventh street. Rev. Father Gibbons performed the ceremony. The groom is the editor of the Northwest Farm and Home. Colonel and Mrs. Freeman will reside in Seattle.

* * *

At a special business meeting of Como division No. 78, Ladies' Auxiliary to the Order of Railway Conductors, held yesterday afternoon at Bowlby hall, arrangements were made for the entertainment next month of the grand president, Mrs. J. H. Moore, of Toledo, O. A reception will be given in her honor at the home of Mrs. J. W. Gliboy, 642 St. Peter street, at which representatives of the Minneapolis and Austen divisions will be present. Mrs. Moore is coming to St. Paul to inspect the work of these three divisions. At yesterday's meeting Mrs. J. C. McCall was elected subagent of insurance.

* * *

Mrs. James D. Paxton will give a luncheon today at the Dellwood club house in honor of Miss Paxton, of Princeton.

* * *

The marriage of Miss Clara King to Dr. Macon Allen will take place today at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. King, of Otsego, Minn. Dr. D. L. Kiehle, of the state university, will perform the ceremony. After a trip to St. Louis Mr. and Mrs. Allen will be at home at 342 Grove street.

Mrs. Rudolph Schiffmann will entertain at whist this afternoon at her house on Summit avenue. Mrs. Schiffmann will also entertain next Tuesday afternoon.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Keith gave a sailing party yesterday afternoon at Lake Minnetonka in honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Agnew, and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Williams.

Mrs. Robert H. Deebach will give a tea Saturday afternoon at her home on East Sixth street in honor of her guest, Miss Wetmore, of Barre, Vt.

* * *

Mrs. E. O. Morse, of Galesburg, Ill., who has been the guest of Mrs. E. M. Woodbury, of East Congress street, returned home last evening. Mrs. Woodbury will have as her guest next week Mrs. Bruce, of New York. Mrs. Bruce was formerly a teacher in St. Paul, and is now at the head of a large seminary in New York.

* * *

J. G. Russell and sisters, Marion and Elinor, of Farrington avenue, are at Lake Minnetonka.

* * *

Miss Grace M. Bell, 637 Laurel avenue, entertained her friends Tuesday afternoon in honor of her 13th birthday. She was assisted by Miss Linda Marian Reed and Miss Helen Robinson.

* * *

A lawn social will be held by the people of University Congregational church, at the home of the pastor, 885 Fuller street, this evening.

* * *

A lawn social will be given this evening at the residence of Mrs. Lundgren, 506 Jackson street. The proceeds will be devoted to the purchase of new church books for the Memorial English Lutheran church.

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Charlotte Van Cleve Tent No. 1, Daughters of Veterans, will hold a regular meeting Friday evening at 8 o'clock, at Central hall, corner Sixth and Seventh streets.

* * *

A score or more members of the Town and Country club gathered around the festive board in the new rose and green room at the Minnesota club Monday night in honor of B. F. Schurmeier, in recognition of his services to the club and successful efforts in improving the links. Near the head of the large table was a miniature model of the Town and Country club house and adjoining grounds. The rooms were prettily decorated, and a tasty distribution of flowers gave additional color to the event. Music was furnished by the Twin City Mandolin club. A dozen speeches, full of good cheer and good will, were made following the repast. The following were present: Mr. Schurmeier, L. A. Robinson, W. B. Packer, C. W. Bunn, Gustav Scholle, C. W. Gordon, F. J. Shepard, George A. McPherson, Sherman Finch, F. H. Sabin, F. A. Stolze, Wilbur Booth, E. L. Hersey, G. H. Gardner, Dr. Charles Greene, Horace Thompson, M. Doran Jr., W. H. Lightner, M. D. Munn, T. L. Schurmeier, R. C. Holbert, J. T. Clark, C. M. Griggs, C. N. Nelson, Jared How

* * *

St. Paul Tent No. 24, K. O. T. M., will give its fifth annual moonlight excursion tonight on the steamer Columbia and barge, leaving the Jackson street dock at 8:15. The excursion will return in time to catch the last car on all lines.

* * *

The marriage is announced of Mrs. W. L. Smith, widow of the late Rev. W. L. Smith, to Carl Erickson, a local singer. Mr. and Mrs. Erickson will reside in Missouri.

* * *

Mrs. George T. Benedict and Miss Martha Benedict entertained informally Monday evening at their home on McLean avenue, in honor of Hiram P. Benedict and Horace G. Benedict. The hostess was assisted by Miss Elizabeth Andrews.

* * *

Homer Clark, of St. Paul, entertained at a dinner at the White Bear Yacht club Tuseday evening.

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Mrs M. McNulty, of 588 Arundel street, is entertaining her sister and daughters, of Sarnia, Ont.

* * *

Mrs. Anthony Rowland will spend the summer months at Leech Lake, Walker, Minn.

The Misses Walsh, of East University avenue; Mrs. E. R. Barber, of Minneapolis, and Mrs. John McAllister, of Great Falls, Mont., left the first part of the week for Paris.

The following party that have been at Frontenac, chaperoned by Mrs. Millard, of Holly avenue, have returned: Miss Lillian Millard, Miss Parsons, Miss Hill and Mr. Gilbert, of Louisville, Ky.; Miss Emily Stickney, Miss May Holbert, Paul Weed, Will Finch, St. Paul; Messrs. Phil Brooks and Evans, Minneapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Badger, and Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, of Rochester, N. Y., are the guests of Mrs. D. S. Sperry.

The Misses Hall, of Dale street, are entertaining Miss Presley, of Mankato.

Mrs. F. B. Hawthorne, of New York, is the guest this week of Mrs. T. H. Pitts, of Dayton avenue.

Mrs. H. C. Caspar, of Pleasant avenue, will return tomorrow from St. Cloud.

Mrs. C. A. Severance is entertaining at her summer home, Cedarhurst, Miss Pollock, of Sherman street.

Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Ordway entertained a dozen guests at the Dellwood club house Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, of Philadelphia, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Stees, of Virginia avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Sheridan, of Kansas City, are the guests of Miss Ada Ryan, of the Ryan hotel.

Mrs. Park Ritchie, of Ashland avenue, has returned from Frontenac.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Moyer have returned from their wedding trip and are at home at 91 South Victoria street.

Miss Ida May Lord, of Portland avenue, will leave Saturday for St. Louis.

Mrs. J. H. Hiland, of Chicago, is the guest of Mrs. John J. Rhodes, of Holly avenue.

Miss Plympton, of Chicago, is the guest of the Misses Robinson, of Dayton avenue.

Mrs. C. W. Bunn, of Portland avenue, is entertaining Miss Walker, of New York, daughter of Admiral Walker.

Mrs. N. M. Halbert, of Summit avenue, has returned from Minnetonka.

Miss Grace Brown, of Portland avenue, is in Helena, Mont.

Miss Elizabeth King, of Dayton avenue, will go East this month for an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Durment, of Osceola avenue, have gone to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Lessard, of Aurora avenue, are entertaining Miss Carrie Robinson, of Winona.

Mrs. Ross Clark is entertaining Miss Nellie Davis, of White Bear lake.

Miss Archibald, of Chicago, is the guest of Mrs. Brooks Henderson, of Iglehart street.

Mrs. A. P. Moss, of Selby avenue, is entertaining Mrs. Read, of Milwaukee, Wis.

Mrs. Channing Seabury, of Ashland avenue, has returned from Frontenac.

Mr. and Mrs. Christian Fry and family, of the Ryan hotel, are at White Bear lake for the summer.

Mrs. J. T. McMillan, of Sherburne avenue, is at Prairie lake for the summer.

Via "The Milwaukee's" New Train

You can leave Minneapolis 10:50 p. m. and St. Paul 11:25 p. m. (every night), and arrive Milwaukee 10:45 a. m. and Chicago 1:00 p. m. Fine sleepers and coaches through to Chicago.

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SITUATIONS WANTED-FEMALES

Anybody out of work in St. Paul or Minneapolis may insert an advertisement under this heading free of charge.

AMERICAN widow would like position as housekeeper for widower. Mrs. M. P., Times Office, Minneapolis, Minn.

A GIRL wants a place where she can go home nights by the week; a good plain cook. 453 Fort st.

AN EXPERIENCED GIRL in dining room, chamber or pantry work, wants place. Address Q 163, Globe.

BOOKKEEPER—Wanted, position as assistant bookkeeper; good accountant and penman; several years' experience in office; can use Smith-Premier or Remington typewriter. G. I. A., 64 Iglehart.

CLERK—Situation wanted by bright, intelligent young lady in confectionery store; experienced in soda fountain; good references. Address S. M. M., 252 Rondo st.

DRESSMAKER—A competent dressmaker wants sewing by the day in families. Call or address 312 Louis st.

HOUSEWORK—Young married lady, with child, would like a place to do light housework. Apply 397 Grove st.

HOUSEWORK—A good strong girl would like a place at housework. Call at once 770 East Fourth st., St. Paul, Minn.

HOUSEKEEPER—A widow, unincumbered, wishes position as housekeeper for a widower or bachelor. Address 675 Iglehart st.

HOUSEWORK wanted by a good, reliable girl. 923 Albemarle st.

NURSE—Girl fourteen years old wants a place as nurse; references if wanted. Call at 457 Harriman av., near Pleasant av.

SEAMSTRESS would like sewing in private families; will work for 75 cents a day and board. Address M., 128 West Sixth st., Room 47.

STENOGRAPHER wants position; am willing to work for small salary as improve. 86 Park place.

WANTED—Situation for a young lady; light work of some kind; home more of an object than wages; dining room work preferred. Call 552 Wabasha st.

WASHING—A good washwoman would like washing, ironing or housework and go home nights. 181 Smith av.

WANTED—By a young lady, a position to do sewing and assist in care of children. Call 552 Wabasha, down stairs.

WASHING—Woman wants washing and ironing. 181 Smith av.

WASHING—Wanted, to go out washing. 187 Western av. north, up stairs.

WOMAN wants to go out washing, ironing, cleaning. 526 Thomas st., upstairs.

YOUNG lady student with reference wishes employment during vacation; no canvassing or housework. Address 660 East Sixth st.

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AGENTS AND AGENCIES.

BANKERS' LIFE ASSOCIATION ASSETS, $850,000; largest strongest, best Minnesota life company; wants capable agents; gives producers every assistance. Address Douglas Putnam, Secretary, St. Paul.

HELP WANTED—MALES.

SHOEMAKER wanted at once; steady work to the right man. A. Simonett, Madelia, Minn.

WANTED—Experienced section foremen for Montana at once. Apply Room 24, Great Northern Railway.

HELP WANTED—FEMALES.

CHAMBERMAID—Wanted, girl to help in chamber work; good wages. 351 North Washington st., opposite Rice park.

COOK—A competent, thoroughly trained cook is desired; family small; best of references required. Address P. O. Box G, Faribault, Minn.

HOUSEWORK—Wanted, good girl for general housework; small family; good wages. 403 Pleasant av., corner Ramsey.

KITCHEN GIRL—Wanted, a girl for kitchen work; small family; must be a good plain cook. 676 Dayton av.

PROFITABLE home work for ladies and girls; no previous experience required. Tapestry Manufacturing Company, 310 Kendrick block, 27 East Seventh.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALES.

Anybody out of work in St. Paul or Minneapolis may insert an advertisement under this heading free of charge.

A BOY of seventeen would like to have work of any kind. John Winkler, 420 Clifton, St. Paul, Minn.

ACCOUNTANT—Position by a good accountant and penman; can furnish references; operate either Remington or Smith-Premier. G. J. A., 64 Iglehart st.

A GOOD industrious, smart man, German, wants work in wholesale or express office, or any kind of work. 103 West Cook.

A GOOD, respectable young man of twenty-one wants work of some kind. Address N 174, Globe.

A MARRIED man of moral character and temperate habits, do not smoke or chew tobacco, would like a job as watchman or janitor in a block; can attend to steam or not water plant; can furnish the best of reference. 250 Sherman st.

AM A MARRIED MAN and desire employment; have general experience and can furnish references. Address N 182, Globe.

A YOUNG MAN, twenty years of age, graduate from high school, wants any kind of position where there is a chance of advance; best of references. Address 675 Iglehart st.

A YOUNG MAN wants a job of any kind. Talks English and German. H. M. J., Box 2337, St. Paul.

BRIGHT, intelligent boy of sixteen wants work in doctor's or lawyer's office; has gone to high school and can furnish best of references. Address R. P., 663 Mississippi st.

BOOKKEEPER — Competent bookkeeper and stenographer desires position; five years' mercantile experience; no objection to country; references. Address Room 11, No. 28 College av.

BOOKKEEPER — Respectable, steady, married man, thirty-six years old, with general commercial experience, wishes position of some kind; can keep books, and is well acquainted with the Spanish and French languages. X 193, Globe.

BOOKKEEPER—Situation wanted by an experienced bookkeeper and office man; references and bond furnished. Address H., 378 Pleasant av.

FIRST-CLASS stenographer and experienced bookkeeper desires permanent position; thoroughly competent; I am a hustler and guarantee satisfaction; A 1 references. Room 11, 28 College av.

BUTLER—Wanted, a situation in private family as butler; generally useful around house; colored. U 177, Globe.

COACHMAN — Experienced coachman, good driver, acquainted with city, best references, wants position. R. S., 360 Jackson, Economy Hotel.

COOK—Situation wanted by a meat and pastry cook; best of references. Address 465 Wabasha st. (Cook.)

CIVIL ENGINEER wants a situation. Address X 195, Globe.

ENGINEER (licensed) wants a plant to take care of and run for winter. Address L. R. Lyon, 66 East Louisa st., city.

MAN WANTS position in retail business, in or out of city; understands general merchandise; will work reasonable. F. L. and T., E. E. G., 80 West Central av.

PRINTER—Good job and adv. man, been employed past eight years best country office in Minnesota, wants good position at once; must have it quick. Address with full particulars, Lock Box 285, Luverne, Minn.

PAINTER and paperhanger, with two years' experience in city, wants work; have tools for job work. Painter, 430 Wabasha st.

PORTER—Middle-aged man would like a situation as porter; have had some experience; no objection to leaving city; can do most any kind of work. Address D. J. McGee, 441 Jackson st.

PORTER—Work wanted as porter or teamster; years of experience in either line; best of references. F. A. L., 1004 Euclid st.

PORTER—Man, twenty-one, wants position as hotel porter; good references. H. B., 549 Canada st., St. Paul.

PORTER—A young man wants a job as porter or lunch man. Address 515 Robert st., Room 25.

T. L. HENEY wants job as watchman; several years' experience; can give references. 1172 Reaney st.

WANTED, by a good, respectable young man of twenty, a position of some kind; has two years' experience in bindery; will work in or out of the city. M. M., 374 Duke st.

YOUNG MAN seeks position in wholesale house, store, or any work of that kind; speaks Scandinavian and English, and can give references. Address Oscar Lingren, 275 East Eighth st.

WANTED—A position by an experienced coffee roaster; best of recommendations. Address G. W. Wortin, The Raymond, Fifth st., Minneapolis, Minn.

YOUNG MAN, with two years' experience in butcher shop, would like a position. Address 73 West Lawson.

YOUNG MAN of seventeen would like to have work of any kind. Frank Leiner, 919 Randolph st., St. Paul, Minn.

YOUNG man of twenty wants a position in a railroad office; I have a high school education, and some experience in office work; can show recommends. Apply at 607 Jackson st.

YOUNG MAN, Scandinavian, newcomer, who understands English, would like a position where he could learn the language. 626 York st.

PERSONAL.

LADIES—Free, harmless monthly regulator; can not fail. Mrs. B. Rowan, R., 109, Milwaukee.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

WANTED—Partner to join me in one of the best paying business in the city; requires about $2,000. Address Z 158, Globe.

BIDS FOR IRON WORK.

SEPARATE BIDS WILL BE RECEIVED by the undersigned, for the Board of Managers of the Minnesota State Reformatory, up to noon on Friday, July 20th, 1900, for "I" beams, channels, girders, tie rods, plates and columns, according to plans and specifications on file in my office, and in the office of the Architect, J. W. Stevens, in Drake Block, St. Paul, Minn. Total amount of iron about 80 tons.

The right to reject any and all bids is expressly reserved.

FRANK L. RANDALL, Supt., St. Cloud, Minn.

POPULAR WANTS

FOR SALE.

The Following Property Must Be Sold.

Make an Offer.

3-story double, well paying brick block, with a good butcher.

Fine residence, with 7 lots, on Dayton's bluff. Eight-room good house, city water, sewer, west of Rice st. Large lot, with railroad frontage, on Indiana av. and Starkey st. Some choice lots on Marshall av., at Merriam Park. Lots on Lafond st., near Grotto.

1 acre on Rice st., with improvements.

19-acre good farm on Dale st.

60-acre farm near city limits.

80-acre good farm near St. Paul.

160 acres good land between the cities.

4 acres, milk man's outfit.

5 well-paying houses, with lot, west of Rice st., for sale or exchange for a single house. Some lots south of Maryland av. Some Bass lake fronts.

EISENMENGER,
24 East Fourth St., Room 24.

ROOMS FOR RENT.

A.A. ROOMS—At Hotel Fey, corner Cedar and Seventh, furnished rooms by the day or week; steam heat and bath; transient trade solicited.

FOUTH ST., 136 WEST—Furnished rooms, with or without board; rates reasonable.

HOTEL REARDON, 78 East Seventh st. Nice, large, steam-heated rooms; single or en suite; all modern improvements; newly furnished; transient trade solicited.

FOR SALE OR FOR RENT.

FOR SALE OR RENT—An elegant block in Northfield, consisting of two fine rooms for stores, a large basement eleven feet in the clear, five offices, and a suite of living rooms. Has city water and electric lights. Only one block from postoffice. Best location in city. Apply to E. Holland, Northfield, Minn.

BOARD OFFERED.

WANTED—Meal boarders. 299 Olmsted st.

FINANCIAL.

WE HAVE been criticised for giving such low rates and easy partial payments; the critics are righ., but we must loan a certain amount of money as soon as possible, regardless of comment; we loan on your note; no mortgage; no indorser; no publicity; your employer or friends need not know. Reliable Credit Co., Germania Bank building, Room J, corner Wabasha and Fifth sts.

MONEY LOANED on diamonds and watches; low rates for large loans. George R. Holmes, Jeweler, 141 East Seventh st.

CALL FOR TERMS on loans to salaried people, or loans on household furniture, pianos, etc.; they are the lowest; no indorsers; easy payments; confidential. Minnesota Mortgage Loan Company, 317 Pioneer Press building.

SALARY LOANS—To high class salary people only; no mortgage or indorser required; best terms. St. Paul Financial Co., third floor, Room 301, New York Life Bldg.

WANTED—Loan of $1,500 on first-class business in city. Address U 155, Globe.

4½, TO 6 PER CENT MONEY, with the "on or before" privilege, to loan on improved property in St. Paul and Minneapolis. R. M. Newport & Son, Pioneer Press Bldg., St. Paul.

5 AND 6 PER CENT MONEY to loan on improved property in St. Paul and Minneapolis. V. C. Gilman, New York Life Bldg.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

HORSES AND MULES—Barrett & Zimmerman, the largest horse and mule dealers in the Northwest, have 400 to 600 head constantly on hand, consisting of draft horses, farm mares, logging horses, drivers and general purpose horses; fresh consignments received daily; part time given if desired. Barrett & Zimmerman's Midway Horse Market, St. Paul.

BICYCLES.

RAMBLERS at $40 the only wheel that started and is holding an honest pace; second-hand wheels, $3 to $30.00; Columbia automatic gas lamp, $2.50; Solar, $2.50; Bundy, $2.50; Majestic, $2.50; a two-pound can of carbon with each lamp; we repair all makes of wheels. Bird Bicycle Company, 71 West Seventh.

YOU SHOULD BUY your bicycle bells, lamps, tires, etc., at the St. Paul Cycle Company, 324 Wabasha st., because they are an old and reliable house and their prices are right.

INSTRUCTION.

GRAHAM HALL—The School for Girls. 1713 Nicollet av., Minneapolis.

MORGAN HALL—The School for Boys. 1713 Nicollet av., Minneapolis.

WANTED—Twenty pupils to join class in shorthand, bookkeeping and typewriting; terms, $1.00 per month. Address X 194, Globe.

MASSAGE.

FIRST-CLASS massage parlors and fortune telling. Mrs. Thomas, 457 St. Peter st.

MASSAGE—350 Cedar st., Room 26, second floor; massage, steam baths, alcohol rubs; osteopathy and electric treatments; open daily.

MME. LAURETTA'S, swellest massage and bath parlors in Twin Cities; excellent operator. 319 Jackson st.

MEDICAL.

LADIES! Use Chichester's English Pennyroyal Pills. Best! Safest! Only Reliable! Take no other. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. stamps, for particulars and "Relief for Ladies," in letter by return mail. Chichester Chemical Co., Philada., Pa.

CHIROPODISTS.

LOCKWOOD'S GOOD LUCK SALVE—Good for all kinds of sore feet, frost, corns, callouses, dry, hot and scalded feet, cuts, burns, etc., on sale at all druggists. All ailments of the feet treated at office, Endicott Arcade; established eighteen years.

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request. CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

DOCUTA SANDALWOOD CAPSULES Cure Gonorrhoea, Gleet, unnatural discharges in a few days. All druggists. Accept only Docuta, by mail $1.50; full directions. Dick & Co., 133 Centre St., New York.

DIAMOND JO LINE STEAMERS — STEAMER Dubuque will leave St. Paul for St. Louis and intermediate landings, on Saturday, July 14, at 10 a. m.

For full information regarding passenger and freight rates, address Harry Clark, Agent; office, foot Sibley street, opposite Union Depot, St. Paul. Telephone call Main 92.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

UNION DEPOT