GOING AFTER BIG GAME

CAPTURING LIVE SPECIMENS IN THE ROCKIES FOR THE CHICAGO EXHIBIT

DARE-DEVIL, PERILOUS TASK

Risking Life and Limb in the Ravines and Gullies—Unfortunate Experience of "Buffalo" Jones.

Thirty mountaineers, hunters and woodsmen are now at work in the wildest parts of the continent bent on capturing alive specimens of big game animals for the coming exhibition in Chicago of the products of the water and the woods, says the Chicago Tribune.

"Jack" Monroe and his partner started out a week ago from their home on the Blackfoot Indian reservation in northern Montana and are now well over the line of the British possessions in the highest part of the mountain country. They have gone to capture, if possible, some mountain sheep and mountain goats, which are among the rarest of Amercan animals. Of the two the mountain goat is the hardest to approach, and there is only one way to catch either of them. They must be followed by dogs and driven into some gulley where the snow is soft and deep, so that they will sink through and be unable to extricate themselves. Both goats and sheep live high up on the icy peaks where men and dogs have the hardest kind of work to climb, and they go on the jump where a man must crawl at full length. The sheep are extremely timid and equally wary, and will get away to an inaccessible height of it if given half a chance. The goat, on the other hand, is afraid of nothing alive. It rarely runs and thinks nothing of cutting a couple of dogs to pieces with its short, sharp horns. The traditional gentleman who sought the needle in the haystack had an easy task compared with that with which "Jack" Monroe has undertaken.

Hunters who have been out at Summit station, which is on the roof of the continent at the crest of the Mountain Rockies, will remember the experience which "Slim of Summit," the famous guide and hunter, had with a mountain goat which he undertook to capture station is a high and wide mountain plateau. Almost at its center rises an irregularly shaped peak. Across the plateau runs a track much used by mountain goats in crossing from one set of mountain heights to another. Sometimes when they are hard pressed by dogs the goats will climb the peak in the center of the plateau for temporary refuge. "Slim" took advantage of his knowledge of these facts and went out one day with his "rope" to try to lasso one of the wild goats. He hid himself in the most inaccessible part of the center peak and waited events. Presently a big "billy" goat came bounding up the rocks. "Slim" got his "rope" in readiness and at the proper time threw it. The noose settled down over the goat's neck, and "Slim" gave a yell of triumph. As for the goat it looked up at its captor for a moment with a look of injured surprise on its solemn face. Then it gave a leap down into an apparently bottomless abyss, taking the rope with it and leaving "Slim" clinging with hands and feet to the slippery edge of the ravine. Somewhere out in the Rockies there is supposed to be still a big mountain goat with sixty feet of good rope trailing from its neck.

Catching deer and antelope is easier work. They are always caught when young, and the problem is simply how to find them. A man who has never seen how close a young fawn will lie to the ground, and how hard it is to tell from the gray and brown rocks and sage brush which surround it, would never believe the tales that old plainsmen tell. A tenderfoot, they declare, might step on a young antelope before he would see it, and the oldest guides and hunters use dogs to help them locate their game. It is the same instinct which leads the young of all wild animals to efface themselves by hiding until they are able to depend for protection upon their speed or their courage. Often deer will leave their young lying stretched out flat against the ground while they go miles away for water or food.

The man who goes out to catch young deer or antelope takes with him some good dogs, a field glass and a pack horse, carrying large panniers, as the most essential parts of his outfit. He climbs a bluff and from its summit looks down over the neighboring lowland. If he sees through his glass some deer which look as though they might have young with them, he starts down the trail after them. Shortly the grown deer vanish across the horizon line, and then the dogs track down the fawns in their hiding places. All that remains for the hunter to do is to pick up the trembling little creatures and put them into one of the baskets on his pack horse. It is no great trick to pick up half a dozen fawns in this way in the course of a short trip.

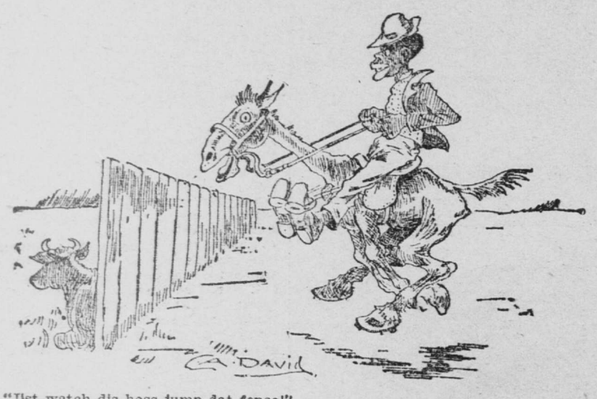
One of the hardest animals to catch alive is the beaver. When caught in a trap in the ordinary way the beaver is usually drowned or at least badly injured when found. There seems to be only one way to capture them alive and uninjured. The famous guide, "Billy" Hofer, is one of the few men who have ever tried it successfully. Out in the Yellowstone Park country, but outside the government reservation, "Billy" located a colony of beaver. They had dammed houses stuck up above the waters of a big pond behind it. Hofer and his party started out to drain the pond. They cut a big gash in the dam and went to sleep, expecting to find the pond dry in the morning. On the contrary, they found when they got up that the beavers had been busy over night, had entirely filled the gap, and were once more enjoying their usual depth of water. It took careful and endless watching to get the water out of the beaver dam, and it was several days before the hunters were ready to take the next step. In the side of the bank was found a hole where a solitary old beaver, scorning to live in the house with the majority of the families of his tribe, had built himself bachelor quarters.

Hofer built a huge affair like a giant landing net, heavy wire being used instead of cord in its construction. It had a long and heavy handle and a cover which could be quickly and securely shut down over the body of the net. The open mouth of this arrangement was placed over the entrance to the hole, and two men were charged to hold it in place. The rest of the party went back a number of feet and started to dig a hole trench with the intention of intersecting the beaver's burrow. Just as they struck it its occupant made a grand charge out of his front door and landed full in the wire basket. Later some of the beavers' houses were attacked in the same way, and altogether six live beavers were captured, which are now living in the national zoological gardens at Washington.

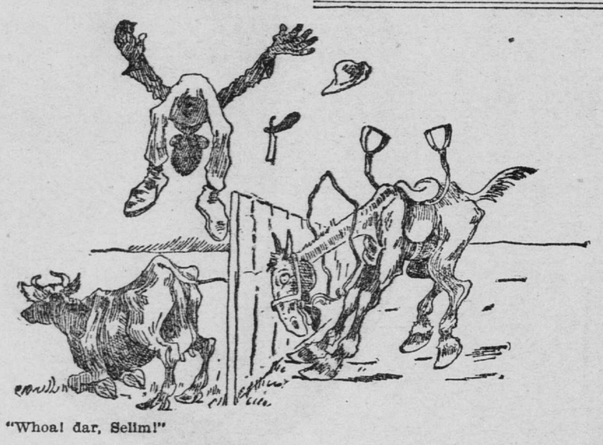
Perhaps the most remarkable as well as the most heart-breaking trip ever made in the attempt to capture wild animals alive was that which took "Buffalo" Jones and his partner thousands of miles into the frozen North after the young of the musk ox. Jones penetrated into the wild and unexplored region to the west and north of Hudson's Bay, where no white man had ever gone before. He found himself opposed not only by the forces of nature, but also by the natives. When the latter found that the object of the strangers was to take some musk ox calves out of the country alive they immediately showed signs of hostility. It developed that there was a superstition, in which all the natives believed, that if even a single musk ox was taken out alive to the white man's country all the other musk oxen as well as all the other game would follow them and the natives woud be left to starve.

After almost incredible hardships Jones succeeded in capturing six calves and with them he started back overland for civilization. All the way the party was followed by packs of savage Arctic wolves, attracted by the calves, and "Buffalo" and his partner were forced to sleep in the day time and sit up at night in order to protect their prizes. Gradully they were getting nearer home, and it seemed certain that their project would be crowned with success. They went to bed at noon one day, leaving the six calves tethered outside, each one by a long rope the other end of which was attached to a heavy rock. When they awoke they found the animals still tied by their ropes, but each one dead, with its throat slit from ear to ear. The natives, fearing lest their ancient tradition should come true, had followed the party for miles over the snow fields, and had finally succeeded in preventing the danger that all the other big game in the Arctic regions should follow these calves into the white man's country. Bitterly disappointed and almost heart-broken, "Buffalo" Jones and his partner made their way to an Alaskan port and came home by way of Seattle.

QUITE A SURPRISE.



"Jist watch dis hoss jump dat fence!"



"Whoa! dar, Selim!"

"By gum! Ef the women in ther city ain't so bold an' brazen thet er modest one hez ter hang out er sign tellin' erbout it."

PUGS ARE SUPERSTITIOUS

NEARLY ALL THE FIGHTERS HAVE THEIR PECULIAR WHIMS AND FANCIES

OLD TRAINER DESCRIBES THEM

Jeffries Staves Off Defeat by Thinking of His Mother—Terry McGovern Kisses His Wife for Luck.

"Do you know," said a well known trainer of prize fighters to the New York Sun reporter at an uptown hotel the other night, "that pugilists as a class are the most superstitious people, in my estimation, in the world? There is not a boxer in the profession today who does not possess a characteristic whim or foible. Of course, that is human nature, but the general public is not aware that many of our noted scrappers believe in talismans, such as rabbits' feet, luck stones, battered coins, etc. Even some of them go as far as to praying that defeat may not be their fate.

"Jim Jeffries is probably the most peculiar character in this respect in the ring today. While he openly says that he is not afraid of any man his height and weight in the world, and justly so, for I consider him a great fighter, he does not take any chances. Before he enters the ring he is very nervous, and his first thoughts are of his mother. He thinks of her night and day, and believes that with her in his mind he will never lose. While in training everything must be so. His gloves must be tied a certain way, and if the strings are twisted he will kick. He thinks that it will bring him ill luck. He must have his usual seat at the table at his training quarters, and he will not do any work after a certain hour.

"Jeff likes animals, but does not want them about him on the day of an important battle. He believes that it presages sure defeat. The champion is afraid of Friday, too. On that day he is always out of humor and seldom smiles. He considers it hard luck to be jovial on that day. He invariably wears a red sweater while training, for he is of the opinion that it is a fortunate color. One day while he was at work at Asbury Park for his memorable contest with Bob Fitzsimmons he spied a dirty-looking cent on the road. Tommy Ryan was with him at the time, and when the champion saw the coin he was at first loath to pick it up. Turning to Ryan he said, pointing to the ground: 'There's a cent over there, Tom, 'and I am afraid to touch it. I'll take a chance, though, and if it is heads up why I'll beat Fitzsimmons without a doubt. If it isn't, why, Tom, I'll get licked sure.' So Jeff picked the cent up, and sure enough it was heads up. I tell you he was as happy as a child with a new toy when he discovered this, and you could not make him believe after that that Fitz had a chance.

"George Dixon would never go into the ring without that well-worn bathrobe of his. He wore this is every battle in which he participated. It always proved a mascot to him. Of late years he has discarded it, and I guess he thinks his downfall was due to this fact. But it is a question whether it could save him from defeat at the hands of such a wonderful pugilist as Terry McGovern.

"Speaking of McGovern, why, he is one of the most superstitious boxers now in the game. Terry has a habit of spitting in his shoes before he engages in a mill. He always kisses his wife, too, and I have been told that he has often prayed. On the night of his match with Oscar Gardner, while on his way to the Broadway Athletic club, it suddenly occurred to Terry that he had forgotten to kiss his wife. He had barely enough time to get ready and insisted that he must return to his wife, who was waiting for news of the fray at a neighboring hotel. 'I feel nervous tonight, Sam,' said McGovern to Manager Harris, 'and I think I'm going to lose.' Harris was surprised over this unexpected remark and asked: 'Why, Terry?' 'Because,' answered the little champion, 'I forgot to kiss the missus. I guess I'll have enough time to do so,' and without further ado Terry left the club house and went to his wife. He was back in a jiffy and was apparently much relieved. When the battle was over McGovern said to Harris: 'I'm very glad that I went back to the hotel. I was punished for my forgetfulness by being knocked down in the first round and it would have served me right had I been licked.'

"Kid Lavigne had a good way to stave off ill luck when he was forging to the front. He invariably used to dance and jig during the last week of his training. In those days he took exceptionally good care of himself and would not touch a drop of intoxicating liquor. When he was matched to fight Jimmy Handler, which battle practically brought him to prominence as a fighter, he skipped the rope a certain number of times each day; no matter how tired or exhausted he felt, he would not stop until he had gone through his regular performance with the rope. Another of his whims was to keep tally on the number of blows he delivered while punching the bag. He would not punch it more or less than 1,500 times a day. While in bathing he used to count his strokes and did the same thing while rowing. I remember when I visited him at Oceanic, N. J., one summer's day he was out of sorts. Sam Fitzpatrick, his manager, asked him what was up. The Kid brightened up a bit and said: 'I forgot to do something today which I should have done and I think I will have hard luck.' When further questioned he told us that he had forgotten to count the number of times he had struck the bag and was apprehensive that he had not done his usual number. We cheered him by telling him to make up for the deficiency the next day, which, you can bet, he did.

"Kid McCoy will never again fight on the thirteenth day of the month, no matter how large the size of the purse may be. He considers Friday his lucky day, for he was born on that day. He attributes his defeats at the hands of Jack McCormick and Tom Sharkey to the number 13. He arranged the match for both of these affairs on the thirteenth of the month. You've no doubt noticed that the Kid always tries the ring first before he fights. Some people think this is merely a test, and that he walks about pressing his feet here and there simply to discover some defect or other in the canvas flooring. Not at all. It's just because he has an idea that it will bring him good luck.

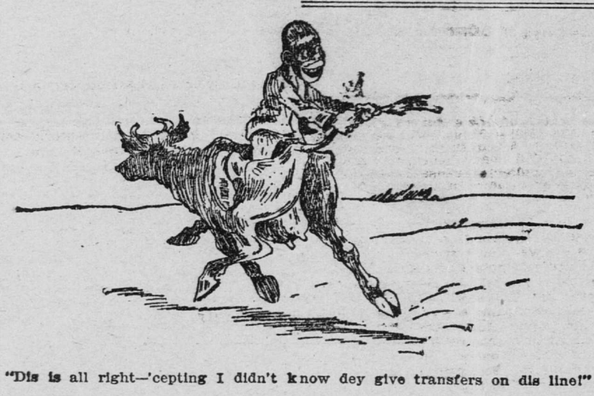
"Bob Fitzsimmons is a great fellow for dreams. He indulges in more dreams than any other pugilist living. Before his mill with Jim Jeffries, when he lost the championship, he dreamed that he would get whipped in so many rounds. The thought was so strong on his mind that he said to his wife the next morning: 'Rose, I'm going to lose. I felt in my sleep last night that Jeffries knocked me out. The fight was so vividly portrayed that you cannot make me believe that it isn't so.' Bob will not strip for any person while in training unless he has made a horseshoe. He turns one out every day while exercising and every thirteenth one he keeps for himself. These he retains for a few days before the battle and then throws them away. He likes the association of pet animals, and is somewhat freakish in this respect. He must have one or two of them around his quarters every day, much to the annoyance of his trainers and admirers. Before he enters the ring Fitz always folds his arms and stands in an upright position for nearly ten minutes. He does not have very much to say at all times, but two hours before the fray he is very quiet and will not speak unless first addressed. One of his other peculiarities, which is not generally known, is to look at the stars on a bright night and count one hundred.

"Spike Sullivan is a very unique character both in and out of training. His first duty each morning while at work for an important contest is to say his prayers. Spike is very good to his parents, and after every fight, whether he wins or loses and whether the purse is large or small, he invariably gives a certain sum of money to his mother. Spike has an old overcoat which he brought to this country from Ireland. He always brings the garment, which is torn and nearly threadbare now, when he fights. Dave Sullivan, his brother, is superstitious and always uses a certain pen which he carries to sign the papers. On two occasions Dave forgot to bring his pen, and, much to his chagrin, he lost.

"Tom Sharkey wears a certain pair of tights when he fights. He has worn the same ever since he became a fighter. Tom is always out of sorts while in training. No matter what the surroundings may be to all outward appearances, he is apparently far from being happy. He thinks that if he is jovial he will surely get licked. Last summer, while he was preparing for his mill with Gus Ruhlin at Sheepshead Bay, Bob Fitzsimmons sent him two peacocks. Sharkey was always apprehensive of the birds because a wise old woman in Ireland once told him that they were unlucky. When the peacocks arrived at the bay Sharkey was far from being pleased. He told his trainers to return the birds to the Cornishman at once. Upon second thought, however, he made up his mind to keep them, thinking, perhaps, that he would offend Bob if he did not do so. Well, when Ruhlin licked him Sharkey was a sorry and disappointed man, and to this day believes that the peacocks were his Jonahs.

"Jim Corbett is the most superstitious of the bunch. He will not make a match unless his hair is properly combed and his shoes are freshly shined. He always carries a cane when signing the papers, and if you notice he invariably has a cigar in his mouth. On the afternoon of the contest Jim always plays cards with his trainer. His favorite game is cassino. He will play till he wins a certain number of games. He believes in horseshoes and always has one above the door of his sleeping apartment. He usually has a number of mascots at his quarters, such as stray dogs, luck stones, colts, etc. When on the road he will never stop to look at a white horse. He is very much afraid of a cross-eyed person, and will travel out of his way to avoid meeting one. Corbett always hums a tune while swinging the Indian clubs, and will not converse while putting on his costume preparatory to a bout. He is also afraid of number 13, and looks upon Friday as a very evil day. Joe Walcott has a weakness for the proverbial rabbit's foot, and is never without one while training. Gus Ruhlin will not arrange a match on Friday, Tommy Ryan will not fight without a small coin which he wears in his belt. Peter Maher believes in prayers, too, and never enters the ring unless he has said them.

"John L. Sullivan is not superstitious. He takes things just as they come. He says that if a man is going to lose there is nothing can save him. John, however, is inclined to believe in palmistry. He says that many years ago he met an old man while traveling around the country, who read the palm of his hand and told him a lot of things which have since happened. But John does not think that this had anything to do with his defeat by Corbett. He declares that he was getting too old and was licked as a consequence."



"Dis is all right—'cepting I didn't know dey give transfers on dis line!"

RECIP ROCITY.

Tom N. Jerry—Going to give your wife a birthday present?
Van Quiller Phoxy—Yes; she gave me a ton of coal for Christmas, so I feel that she should have a load of kindling wood.

BATTLES WITH SNOW.

How the Railways Over the Rockies Are Cleared of Avalanches.

Anaconda Standard.

When the present winter opened it made its appearance with such a fall of snow that all railway men predicted that there would be some new experiences in bucking drifts. The region in which Montana railway men have their fiercest battle with the snow is on the divide that separates Montana from Idaho on the Coeur d'Alene branch of the Northern Pacific. On this divide the usual depth of snow in February is about sixteen feet and at times it has been much deeper than this. Snow falls upon these mountains almost daily, and with a very little wind it causes untold trouble to the railway men unless they exercise the most constant vigilance. But the warfare against the snow has been reduced to a science by the introduction of the rotary plow, and in recent years there has been little difficulty in keeping the line open between Missoula and Wallace, where it crosses this divide.

The passenger who looks out of his car window at the white wall of snow that rises sheer and straight above the top of the train does not realize the constant fight that goes on against the encroaching snow that fills up the cuts almost as fast as they are opened. Twice a day during the stormy season the snow fighters clear this line over the divide. Just ahead of the train, upon which this passenger is being whirled over the mountains, buried as they are in snow, is the snow-fighting train. At its head is the rotary plow that is cutting a path through the drifts for the train coming up the mountain behind it. From its huge chute there pours forth a stream of snow that falls over the bank and rolls down the mountain side like a small avalanche. It is a magnificent sight. Constant practice has made these snow fighters experts, and there is seldom any accident in the work. Behind the plow, pushing it forward at a steady pace, keeping the whizzing knifes pressed close against the wall of snow ahead, is one of the big locomotives of the Northern Pacific, snorting and puffing at its heavy work. But there is no pause. Steadily the locomotive forges ahead and steadily the rapidly revolving knives of the rotary slice away at the banks of snow that bury the rails. The train following behind finds a clear track in the mass of snow that lies sometimes twenty feet deep all around.

It is prosaic work now that it has been reduced to such a perfect system, and it is not often that any incident occurs these days that varies the monotony of the work. It is eastward over the mountains in the morning and back in the afternoon carving out of the unbroken waste of snow a pathway for following trains. But in the early days of rotary work, when these magnificent machines had not been perfected, there were plenty of little occurences that kept the boys from suffering from ennui.

One day, coming down the east slope of the mountains, the snowplow train was entering the yards at Saltese. That was the winter when the two-story station at Saltese was nearly buried in snow for several weeks. It was the record season for this line. At the west end of the yard the rotary left the track, but the fact was not noticed, and the locomotive behind kept pushing the plow ahead, while the knives cut their way through the banks of snow. All went well until the station was reached. By that time the plow was so far off the rails that the knives were pushed up against the heavy plank platform around the station and proceeded to make chips of the lumber. The work progressed favorably for a short time, but the knives were not built for cutting wood and soon gave out. Then there was a rotary in the hospital for a while. Nobody was hurt, though the engineer of the rotary was badly shaken up.

The hardest job of bucking snow the Northern Pacific men ever had was in the winter that they opened up the Burke branch in the Coeur d'Alenes after it had been buried many feet beneath the monster snow slides that made that winter famous. It was one of the biggest jobs of the kind that was ever attempted. In the canyon up which this branch runs the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific tracks run close together and both were buried beneath almost 50 feet of hard snow. It was June before the Union Pacific line was opened, but the Northern Pacific had its tracks clear in a few days. The rotary did it. There were two distinct slides, about 200 yards apart. Through these the rotary, with some assistance from shovelers, cut a path.

SIR ARTHUR'S CANINE CRITIC.

The Composer's Dog Knew Good Music and Made His Opinion Known.

London People.

It is not generally known that the late Sir Arthur Sullivan was not only passionately fond of dogs, but had made a special study of them in every way. The brilliant composer declared frequently to the writer that in the dog are embodied all the necessary conditions for the appreciation of music of all kinds, and that the organ of hearing in a dog is of marvelous delicacy. Sir Arthur bore out the truth of this statement by relating the following anecdotes or incidents which came directly under his notice.

Some ten or fifteen years ago, when Sir Arthur was accustomed to go down to the theater very regularly in order to conduct the rehearsals of his own operas, he was followed every morning by a dog, which entered the theater the same time as he did, placed itself between the legs of the musicians, and listened delightedly, eagerly, to the music. This occurred day after day, until the constant appearance of the dog at the rehearsals excited the curiosity and admiration not only of Sir Arthur himself, but of all the musicians, who, not knowing its name, gave him that of Melody. Very soon he was petted by all, and each one in turn invited the dog to dinner. "Melody, will you dine with me today?" These words were sufficient. The dog followed his host, ate heartily, and, as soon as dinner was over, rushed off again to the theater, found its way to the orchestra, placed itself in a corner, and never left until the evening performance was finished.

Nothing could be more amusing, more curious than the attitude of Melody during the performance. If a new work was being performed he found it out before the overture had been played many seconds. He listened with the greatest attention. If the piece abounded in rich and original melodies he testified his pleasure by his delighted barks and by scraping his feet rapidly on the ground. On the other hand, if the piece was only ordinary—insipid—Melody invariably gaped or yawned, turned his back upon the orchestra, gazed around the boxes and at last slunk away in a decidedly bad humor. This expressive pantomime was the most piquant criticism of the new opera. When the work of some great master was played Melody always knew the precise moment when an artist was going to sing some striking song or play some special part of the work, and then his movements, his gestures, were such as almost to plead for silence among the spectators.

"I do not know," said Sir Arthur, not many weeks before his death, "what became of this dog later on, but his name and his reputation are still fresh in the memories of several musicians who have frequently seen his singular antics."

ELECTRIC DEVICE

Automatically Locks Letter Boxes and Records Hour.

Washington Post.

This afternoon postoffice boxes will be erected on Pennsylvania avenue, from Eighth to Twelfth street, and covered with bagging temporarily to prevent the deposit of mail. These boxes are connected with a system of electric devices calculated to detect the failure on the part of a collector to empty a box on his route. Mr. Fred Williams, representing a Boston company, has the matter in charge.

The device is attached to each box, and registers at the central office the exact time of the collector's call. An automatic unlocking of the boxes effectually prevents the collector from skipping one box and taking the next. They must be taken in rotation, beginning always with the first box. The time and number of the carrier is recorded on a slip at the central office, and by this system, it is said, the collection from each box is not only guaranteed, but it is possible to locate the carrier at any time while he is out on his route.

Mr. Williams has been working on his boxes for years, and believes he has an invention which will prove perfectly satisfactory in its operations. He has installed a plant, consisting of six boxes and a recorder, the latter in the basement of the city postoffice, where he has been explaining the system to the officials of the free delivery bureau. It is estimated that if the 1,400 boxes in this city were fitted with this or some similar invention, it would save thousands of dollars a year in locks, and more than enough time to the carriers to give an additional delivery daily. It would also prevent the complaints which are now made frequently that mail is not collected from certain boxes as regularly as the schedule calls for. A trial of the Williams boxes will probably be made tonight.

Through Sleeping Car Service to Kansas City Via "The Milwaukee."

A standard first-class sleeper for Kansas City via C., M. & St. P. Ry's popular Hedrick Route leaves Minneapolis 7:50 a. m., St. Paul 8:00 a. m. daily, and arrives Kansas City 7:00 o'clock next morning.

The "Hedrick" is the most direct and comfortable route from the Twin Cities to Kansas City, the South, Southwest and California.

For full information regarding lowest rates apply to C., M. & St. P. Ry. ticket agents, or address J. T. Conley, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

CASH OR CREDIT.

ST. PAUL HOUSEFURNISHING CO.

We Are Open for Spring Trade

With a very large assortment of all the latest in Furniture, Carpets and all kinds of Housefurnishing Goods. We bought them right, and that is why we will make you prices and terms below any competitor, so you will be sure to buy of us; as we are very easy with our customers, that is the reputation. Try us once and see if we don't make an old customer of you. We always give extra time in case of sickness, loss of a job or any misfortune to our patrons.

Carpets We are showing an exceptionally fine line this spring. All wool, 2-ply Ingrain, per yard..... 55c
And the best for..... 65c
For Bed room Carpets, per yard..... 30c and 35c
Tapestry Brussels, per yard..... 50c and upwards
Fine Velvet Carpets, per yard..... 85c and upwards
Mattings, per yard..... 16c

Elegant Sideboards....$10.85 AND UPWARDS
Fine Velour Couches.....$3.65

Iron Beds.....$1.65
High Back Dining-room Chairs... 50c

The best 2-burner Gasoline Stove in the market..... $2.50
Cook Stove, No. 8, for coal and wood..... $9.50
5-Hole Steel Range, with high shelf and 18-inch oven, for... $18.50

THE CELEBRATED OHIO STEEL RANGES,

Of which there are over 800 in use in St. Paul, are undoubtedly the best bakers made. This is the Range we have enough confidence in to allow you to take on trial. If you need a Range, trade your old stove to us and get an Ohio, and you will be ahead in satisfaction as well as fuel bills.

Steel Range just like cut, only..... $25

We are complete Housefurnishers, on liberal terms, cash or credit, and our prices are the lowest.

We are showing an exceptionally choice line of Go-Carts and Baby Carriages at $2.95 and up.

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133-135 East Seventh Street.

CASH OR CREDIT.

Radway's Pills

Purely Vegetable, Mild and Reliable. Cure all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, TORPID LIVER, DIZZY FEELINGS, DYSPEPSIA.

One or two of Radway's Pills, taken daily by those subject to bilious pains and torpidity of the Liver, will keep the system regular and secure healthy digestion.

OBSERVE

The following symptoms resulting from Disease of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of the blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight in the stomach, sour eruptations, sinking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dizziness on rising suddenly, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail.

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Who desires to be attractive and good-looking. She who does not lacks an interest in herself that she should be ashamed of. Unless one's complexion is faultless, unless it is free from disfiguring pimples, blackheads, moth patches and all other similar facial blemishes so common to women, she cannot be attractive, no matter how beautiful her features may be. Without a clear, spotless complexion, she cannot be and is not considered good looking by any one. The famous complexion specialists,

The Misses Bell

Of 78 and 80 Fifth Avenue, New York City,

Have just arranged with MANNHEIMER BROTHERS to show the Misses Bell's celebrated Complexion Tonic to the ladies of St. Paul, and the saleslady in Mannheimer's store will explain to every lady the marvelous efficacy of the Complexion Tonic and its remarkable tonic effect on a skin covered with freckles, pimples, blackheads, moth patches, redness, roughness or oiliness of the skin, and wrinkles not caused by facial expression. The Misses Bell's COMPLEXION TONIC removes all these blemishes permanently and bestows a complexion that is beautiful to look upon. The Complexion Tonic is not a cosmetic to hide and cover up the blemishes, but a colorless liquid that has a tonic effect upon the pores of the skin, driving out the impurities that clog up the pores and restoring the skin to the same delicate, velvety texture it was in infancy. The price of the Complexion Tonic is $1.00 a bottle.

Superfluous Hair on the Face, Neck or Arms

Can be removed permanently by the Misses Bell's new discovery, KILL-ALL-HAIR, which removes this annoying and disfiguring blemish forever, and kills the root of the hair so that it will never return. In order that every lady in St. Paul may have an opportunity to test the merits of the wonderful KILL-ALL-HAIR, and see for herself its wonderful effect, the saleslady in MANNHEIMER BROS.' store at the toilet goods department will give to every lady, FREE, a trial treatment of KILL-ALL-HAIR, which you can use yourself, and notice its effect. For those ladies who live outside of St. Paul, and who are desirous of trying the wonderful "KILL-ALL-HAIR" Treatment, the Misses Bell will send a trial treatment free if you will send two two-cent stamps to the Misses Bell, 73 and 80 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Ask the saleslady in Mannheimer's to explain the merits of the Misses Bell's Preparations to you, and have her show you the Misses Bell's CAPILLA RENOVA, for restoring gray hair to its natural color; the Misses Bell's HAIR TONIC for removing dandruff and curing itching, scaly and diseased scalps; the Misses Bell's SKIN FOOD, a daintily scented ointment for use before retiring, and the Misses Bell's LAMB'S WOOL SOAP, for the bath and toilet.

Don't forget to visit the toilet goods department and ask to see the Misses Bell's Celebrated Toilet Preparations.

Mannheimers
Sixth and Robert Sts., St. Paul, Minn.