

ON SALE Monday Morning

Two cars of the Celebrated Eclipse Steel Ranges. Six-hole Steel Eclipse Range... \$21.19

We are sole agents for the Steel Coral Range, the only first class home made range in the Northwest; has no superiors and few equals.



Just Received—2 cars of the Handsome Combination Bookcases ever shown in St. Paul. They are displayed on our 2nd floor.



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Rogers' Spoons—Set of 6 tea spoons \$1.38 Every piece warranted.

Jardinieres—A choice line of new patterns just in, as low as 19c

Tumblers—Like cut, ea. 1c Fancy thin glass tumblers, ea. 3c

Brown Jug—Like cut, holds 1 1/2 quarts, 10c

HOUSE CLEANING TIME

If you will let us we can by our Low Prices and the most Complete Stock of Medium Grade Housefurnishings rob the House Cleaning Time of half its terrors. We carry everything from clothes pins to the highest-priced Parlor Sets.

Floor Coverings.

Our lines of floor coverings this spring is very complete. Everything desirable in Carpets, Rugs, Linoleum, Oilcloths, Coca Matting and Straw Matting are shown on our floors. Our prices are never so low as at the present time.

For Monday we will sell a Brussels Rug 9x10-6, at... \$9.95



Palms—Potted Palms, like cut, 24-in. 15c

Cuspidors—Like cut, while they last, 9c

We Sell the \$10.00 Tampico Mattress.

We Are Agents for the Ostermoor Felt Mattress.



20 Piece Glass Set, consists of 1 Lemonade Set, 6 Glasses, 1 Pitcher, 1 Berry Sa, 1 Tea Set... 59c

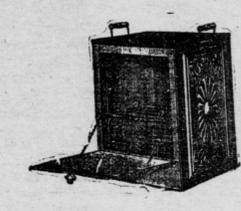


Chifferoni—5-drawer solid oak Chifferoni, top 33 x 18, with French beveled mirror 12x20, like cut, \$7.50



China Closet—A handsome quartered sawed oval glass China Closet, like cut, \$13.75

We show 50 different styles in Hammocks, from 25c to \$6.50.



Ovens—Russia Oven, 1 burner... \$1.59

Lawn Furniture—See our first floor, we have many exclusive styles in Lawn Furniture, everything that is new is shown on our floors, we have a large line of single and double passenger Lawn Swings on exhibit on the fifth floor. A rocker (like cut)... \$1.79



Refrigerators—The Old Stand-bys, the Gurney and the Cold Wave in Enamelled and Plain Styles—we have handled these ever since we have been in business and this fact speaks for their sterling qualities. Prices range from \$6.75 to 25.00



Dresser—Solid oak double top drawers, top 40x19 with beveled mirror \$24, \$27.85

Solid oak cane sewing Rocker... \$1.19

Solid Oak Seat, Dining—Carved Back, 89c

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THE MANNING FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

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Cole Younger Tells Story of Northfield Raid

Thomas Coleman Younger has written a book, if we are to believe the statement on the title page of the paper-covered volume that has found a place on the news stands in the past few days. In any event the showman who was so lately a resident of the state of Minnesota lends his name to the production and tells the story in the first person.

The book is not without interesting features and is written without any of the pretensions that less eminent authors sometimes make to literary style.

Those chapters which treat of the Northfield raid and its consequences will be of interest in St. Paul and throughout the state. It is graphically written and tells for the first time, in the language of the ex-bandit, of the attempted robbery, the escape, the fighting and sentence to prison.

The story details in detail the oft-repeated story that James here at Northfield.

Following is the story of the raid, with the preliminaries and immediate consequences:

Horace Greeley Perry. When we split up in St. Paul, Howard, Woods, Jim and Clell Miller were to go to Red Wing to get their horses, while Chadwell, Pitts, Bob and myself were to go to St. Peter or Mankato, but Bob and Chadwell missed the train and I bought their horses at St. Peter. I was known as King, and some of the fellows called me Congressman King, insisting that I bore some resemblance to Congressman William S. King, of Minneapolis. I bought two horses, one from a man named Hodge and the other from a man named French, and while we were breaking in the horses at St. Peter I made the acquaintance of a little girl who was afterward one of the most earnest workers for our party.

A little too, then, she said she could ride a horse, too, and reaching down I lifted her up before me, and we rode up and down, and she said that she said it was "Horace Greeley Perry," and I replied:

"No wonder you're such a little tot, with such a great name," she replied. "I'm going to be a great big girl, and be a newspaper man like my pa."

"Will you still be my sweetheart then, and be my friend?" I asked her, and she declared she would, a promise I was to remind her of years later under circumstances of which I did not dream then.

Many years afterward, with a party of visitors to the prison, came a girl, perhaps sixteen, who registered in full, "Horace Greeley Perry."

I knew there could not be two women with such a name in the world, and I reminded her of her promise, a promise which she did not remember, although she had been told how she had made friends with the bold, bad men, who afterwards robbed the bank at Northfield.

Very soon afterwards, at the age of eighteen, I believe, she became, as she had dreamed in her childhood, a "newspaper man," editing the St. Peter Journal, and to the hour of my pardon she was one of the most indefatigable workers for us.

A few years ago, falling health compelled her removal from Minnesota to Idaho, and Minnesota lost one of the brightest newspaper writers and one of the best and truest women and staunchest friends that a man ever had. Jim and I had a host of advocates during the latter years of our imprisonment, but none exceeded in

devotion the young woman, who as a little tot had ridden unknowingly with the bandit who was so soon to be exiled for life from all his kin and friends.

The Northfield Raid. While Pitts and I were waiting for Bob and Chadwell we scouted about, going to Madella and as far as the eastern part of Cottonwood county, to familiarize ourselves with the country. Finally, a few days later, the boys joined us, having brought their horses from Mankato.

We then divided into two parties and started from Northfield by somewhat different routes. Monday night, Sept. 4, our party were at Le Sueur Center, and the court being in session we had to sleep on the floor.

The hotel was full of lawyers, and they, with the judge and other court attendants, had a high old time that night. Tuesday night we were at Cordova, a little village in Le Sueur county, and Wednesday night in Millersburg, eleven miles west of Northfield. Bob and his party were then at Cannon City, to the south of Northfield. We reunited Thursday morning, Sept. 7, a little outside of Northfield, west of the Cannon river.

We took a trip into town that forenoon, and I looked over the bank. We had dinner at various places and then returned to camp. While we were there the second detachment came up for the signal—a pistol shot—in the bank. I urged on the boys that whatever happened we should not shoot anyone.

"What if they begin shooting at us?" some one suggested.

"Well," said Bob, "if Cap is so particular about the shooting, suppose we let him stay outside and take his chances."

Plans are Changed. So at the last minute our plans were changed, and when we started for town, Bob, Pitts and Howard went in front, the plan being for them to await us in the square and enter the bank when the signal came up with them. Miller and I went second to stand guard at the bank, while the rest of the party were to wait at the bridge for the signal—a pistol shot—in the event they were needed. There were no saddle horses in evidence, and we calculated that we would have a considerable advantage. Wrecking the telegraph office as we left, we would get a good start, and by night would be safe beyond Shieldsville, and the next

day could ride south across the Iowa line and be in comparative safety.

But between the time we broke camp and the time they reached the bridge the three who went ahead drank a quart of whisky, and there was the fatal blunder at Northfield. I never knew Bob to drink before, and I did not know he was drinking that day till after it was all over.

When Miller and I crossed the bridge the three were on some dry goods boxes at the corner near the bank, and as soon as they saw us went right into the bank, instead of waiting for us to get there.

When Miller and I crossed the bridge shut the bank door, which they had left open in their hurry. I dismounted in the street, pretending to tighten my saddle girth. J. S. Allen, whose hardware store was near, tried to go into the bank, but Miller ordered him away, and he ran around the corner, shouting:

"Get your guns, boys; they're robbing the bank."

Dr. H. M. Wheeler, who had been standing on the east side of Division street, near the Dampier house, shouted "Robbery! Robbery!" and I called to him to get inside, at the same time firing a pistol shot in the air as a signal to the three boys at the bridge that we had been discovered. Almost at this instant I heard a pistol shot in the bank, Chadwell, Woods and Jim rode up and joined us, shouting to people in the street to get inside, and firing their pistols to emphasize their commands. I do not believe they killed anyone, however. I have always believed that the man Nicholas Gustafson, who was shot in the street, and who, it was said, did not go inside because he did not understand English, was hit by a glancing shot from Manning's or Wheeler's rifle. If any other party shot him it must have been Woods.

A man named Elvas Stacy, armed with a shotgun, fired at Miller just as he was mounting his horse, killing Clell's face full of bird shot. Manning took a shot at Pitts's horse, killing it, which crippled us badly. Meantime the street was getting uncomfortably hot. Every time I saw any one with a bead on me I would drop off my horse and try to drive the shooter inside, but I could not see in every direction. I called to the boys in the bank to come out, for I could not imagine what was keeping them so long. With his second shot Manning wounded me in the thigh, and with his third he shot Chadwell through the heart. Bill fell from the saddle dead. Dr. Wheeler, who had come up stairs in the hotel, Miller, and he lay dying in the street.

Came Out of the Bank. At last the boys who had been in the bank came out. Bob ran down the street toward Manning, who hurried into Lee & Hitchcock's store, and that way to get a shot at Bob from behind. Bob, however, did not see Wheeler, who was up stairs in the hotel behind him, and Wheeler's bullet shattered Bob's elbow as he stood beneath the stairs. Changing his pistol to his left hand, Bob ran out and mounted Miller's mare. Howard and Pitts had at last come out of the bank. Miller was lying in the street, but we thought him still alive. I told Pitts to put him up with me and we would look out, but when we lifted him I saw he was dead, and I told Pitts to lay him down again. Pitts's horse had been killed, and I told him I would hold the crowd back while he got out on foot. I stayed there pointing my pistol at any one who showed his head until Pitts had gone perhaps thirty or forty yards, and then, putting spurs to my horse, I galloped to where he was and took him up behind me.

"What kept you so long?" I asked Pitts.

Bunker showed him a box of small change on the counter, and while Bob was putting the money in a grain sack Bunker took advantage of the opportunity to dash out a rear window. The shutters were closed and this caused Bunker an instant's delay that was almost fatal. Pitts chased him with a bullet. The first one missed him, but the second went through his right shoulder.

As the men left the bank, Heywood clambered to his feet, and Pitts, in his haste, shot him through the head, inflicting the wound that killed him.

We had no time to wreck the telegraph office, and the alarm was soon sent throughout the country.

Gov. John S. Pillsbury first offered a \$1,000 reward for the arrest of the six men who were in the bank, and after that \$1,000 for each of them, dead or alive. The Northfield bank offered \$700 and the Winona & St. Peter railroad \$500.

A Chase to the Death. A little way out of Northfield we met a farmer and borrowed one of his horses for Pitts to ride. We passed Dundas on the run, before the news of the robbery had reached there, and at Millersburg, too, we were in advance of the news, but at Shieldsville, the men, who we afterwards learned were from Faribault, had left their guns outside a house. We did not permit them to get their weapons until we had watered our horses and got a fresh start. They overtook us about four miles west of Shieldsville, and the shots were exchanged without effect on either side. A spent bullet did hit

ped inside, whereupon Heywood followed him and tried to shut him in. One of the robbers seized him and said:

"Open the safe now, or you haven't a minute to live."

"There's a time lock on," Heywood answered, "and it can't be opened now."

Howard drew a knife from his pocket and made a feint to cut Heywood's throat, as he lay on the floor, where he had been thrown in the scuffle, and Pitts told me afterwards that Howard fired a pistol near Heywood's head to scare him.

Bunker tried to get a pistol that lay near him, but Pitts saw his movement and beat him to it. It was found on Charley when he was killed—so much more evidence to identify us as the men who were in Northfield.

"Where's the money outside of the safe?" Bob asked.

How Heywood Died. Bunker showed him a box of small change on the counter, and while Bob was putting the money in a grain sack Bunker took advantage of the opportunity to dash out a rear window. The shutters were closed and this caused Bunker an instant's delay that was almost fatal. Pitts chased him with a bullet. The first one missed him, but the second went through his right shoulder.

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me on the "crazy bone" and as I was leading Bob's horse it caused a little excitement for a minute, but that was all.

Lost in the Woods. On the prairie our maps were all right, but when we got into the big woods and among the lakes we were practically lost.

There were 1,000 men on our trail

and watching for us at fords and bridges where it was thought we would be apt to go.

That night it started to rain, and we were out of our horses. Friday we moved toward Waterville, and Friday night we camped between Elysian and German lake. Saturday morning we left our horses and started through on foot, hiding that day on an island in a swamp. That night we tramped all night and we spent Sunday about four miles south of Marysburg. Meantime our pursuers were watching for horsemen, not finding our abandoned horses, it seems, until Monday or Tuesday.

Bob's shattered elbow was requiring frequent attention, and that night we made only nine miles, and Monday, Monday night and Tuesday we spent in a deserted farm house close to Mankato. That day a man named Dunning discovered us and we took him prisoner. Some of the boys wanted to kill him, on the theory that "dead men tell no tales," while others urged binding him and leaving him in the woods. Pitts was administered to him an oath not to betray our whereabouts until we had time to make our escape, and he agreed not to. No sooner, however, was he released than he made post-haste into Mankato to announce our presence, and in a few minutes another posse was looking for us.

Suspecting, however, that he would do so, we were on the move, and that night we evaded the guard on the Blue earth river bridge, and about midnight made our way through Mankato. The whistle on the oil mill blew and we feared that it was a signal agreed upon to alarm the town in case we were observed, but we were not molested.

Howard and Woods, who favored killing Dunning and who felt we were losing valuable time because of Bob's wound, left us that night and went west. As we afterwards learned this was an advantage to us as well as to them, for they stole two horses after leaving us, and the posse followed the trail of these horses, not knowing that our party had been divided.

Accordingly we were not pursued, having kept on a course toward Madella to a farm where I knew there were some good horses, once in the possession of which we could get along faster.

Had Scant Rations. We had been living on scant rations, corn, watermelon and other vegetables principally, but in spite of this Bob's arm was mending somewhat. He had to sleep with it pillowed on his breast, Jim being also crippled with a wound

our pursuers been led in the track of our recent companions.

It seems from what I have read since, however, that I myself left with my landlord at Madella, Col. Vought, of the Flanders house, a damaging suggestion, which proved the ultimate undoing of our party. I had talked with him about a bridge between two lakes near there, and accordingly when it became known that the robbers had passed Mankato, Col. Vought thought of this bridge, and it was guarded by him and others for two nights. When they abandoned the guard, however, he admonished a Norwegian boy named Oscar Suborn to keep close watch there for us, and Thursday morning, Sept. 12, just two weeks after the robbery, Oscar saw us, and fled into town with the alarm. A party of forty was soon out in search for us, headed by Capt. W. W. Murphy, Col. Vought and Sheriff Glispis. They came up with us as we were fording a small slough, and unable to ford it with their horses, they were delayed somewhat by having to go around it. But they soon after got close enough so that one of them broke my walking stick with a shot. We were in the middle of the slough, and when they cut us off from the animals, and our last hope was gone. We were at bay on the open prairie, surrounded by a picket line of men, some of whom would fight. Not prepared to stand for our last fight against such odds on the open field, we fell back into the Watonwan river bottoms and took refuge in some bushes.

The Last Fight. We were prepared to wait as long as they would, but they were not of the waiting kind. At least some of them were not, and soon we heard the cap guns, which were the escape capital punishment. W. W. Murphy, calling for volunteers to go in with him and rout us out. Six stepped to the front, Sheriff Glispis, Bradford, C. A. Pomeroy and S. J. Severson.

Forming in line, four paces apart, he ordered us in advance rapidly and concentrate the fire of the whole line the instant the robbers were discovered.

Meanwhile we were planning, too. "Pitts," I said, "if you want to go out and surrender, go on."

"I'll not go," he replied, game to the last. "I can die as you can."

"Make for the horses," I said. "Every man for himself. There is no use stopping to pick up a comrade here, for we can't get him through the line. Just charge them, and make it if we can."

I got up as the signal for the charge, and we fired one volley.

I tried to get my man, and started through, but the next I knew I was lying on the ground, bleeding from my nose and mouth, and Bob was standing up shouting:

"Forward."

One of the fellows in the outer line, not brave enough himself to join the volunteers who had come in to beat us out, was not disposed to believe in the success of the charge. He leveled his gun at Bob, in spite of his handkerchief, which was waving as a flag of truce.

Sheriff Glispis, of Watonwan county, who was taking Bob's pistol from him, was also shouting to the fellow:

"Don't shoot him, or I'll shoot you."

All of us but Bob had gone down at the first fire. Pitts, shot through the heart, lay dead. Jim, including the wound he received at Northfield, had been shot five times, the most serious being the shot that shattered his upper jaw, and lay imbedded beneath the brain, and a shot that buried itself under his spine and which gave him trouble to the day of his death. Including those received in and on the way from Northfield, I had eleven wounds.

A bullet had pierced Bob's right lung, but he was the only one left on his feet. His right arm useless and his pistol empty, he had no choice.

"I surrender," he shouted. "They're all down but me. Come on, I'll not shoot."

And Sheriff Glispis's order not to shoot was the beginning of the protractate that Minnesota people established over us.

We were taken into Madella that day and our wounds dressed, and I greeted my landlord, Col. Vought, who had been one of the seven to go in to get us. We were taken to his hotel and a guard posted.

Then came the talk of mob vengeance we had heard so often in Missouri. It was said a mob would be out that night to lynch us. Sheriff Glispis swore we would never be mobbed as long as we were his prisoners.

"I don't want any man to risk his life for us," I said to him, "but if they do come for us give us our pistols so we can make a fight for it."

"If they do come and I weaken," he said, "you can have your pistols."

But the only mob that came was

the mob of sight-seers, reporters and detectives.

To Prison for Life. Saturday we were taken to Faribault, the county seat of Rice county, in which Northfield is, and here there was more talk of lynching, but Sheriff Ara Barton was not of that kind. He could go right up to the jail without being interfered with. He did not halt when challenged, and was fired on and killed the coroner's jury ex-quitting the militiaman who shot him. Some people blamed us for his death, too.

Chief of Detectives McDonough, of St. Louis, whom I had passed a few months before in the union depot at St. Louis, was among our visitors at Faribault.

Another was Detective Bligh, of Louisville, who believed then, and probably did ever afterward, that I had been in the Huntington, W. Va., robbery, and tried to pump me about it. Four indictments were found against us. One charged us with being accessory to the murder of Cashier Heywood, another with assaulting Bunker with intent to do great bodily harm, and the third with robbing the First National Bank of Northfield. The fourth charged me, as principal, and my brothers, as accessories, with the murder of Gustafson. Two witnesses had testified before the grand jury identifying me as the man who fired the shot that hit him, although I did not, because I fired no shot in that part of town.

Although not one of us had fired the shot that killed either Heywood or Gustafson, our attorneys, Thomas Rutledge, of Madella, and Bachelard, of Buckham, of Faribault, asked, when we were arraigned, Nov. 9, that we be given two days in which to plead guilty. They advised us that as accessories we were equally guilty with the principals, under the law, and as by pleading guilty we could escape capital punishment, we should plead guilty. There was little doubt, under the circumstances, of our conviction, and under that as to respect.

The following Saturday we pleaded guilty, and Judge Lord sentenced us to imprisonment for the remainder of our lives in the state prison at Stillwater, and a few days later we were taken there by Sheriff Barton.

With Bob it was a life sentence, for he died there of consumption on Nov. 1888. He was never strong physically after the shot pierced his lung in the last fight, near Madella.

Beat Wife to Save His Honor. A Prussian officer stationed at Strasburg has appeared before the court at Kolmar in Saxony, and produced following evidence in support of his demand to be divorced from his wife: "One night," he said, "I had quarreled with my wife, and she gave me the following evidence in support of which she exclaimed, 'You are too much of a coward to strike me!' What could I do? My wife was in a rage, and I was accused me of cowardice." If the wife of another officer had thus insulted me, I could have at least challenged her husband to a duel, but I could not challenge myself, because my own wife insulted me.

"I got," continued the officer, "into a state of intense excitement over this terrible dilemma. I lit the candle and requested my wife formally three times to withdraw the insulting expression, which was incompatible with my dignity and honor as a Prussian officer. My wife refused and did not withdraw the insult. As it was my duty to enforce satisfaction for the insult, I seized a stick and beat my wife."

The trial was adjourned.—Philadelphia North American.

Northwest Patents. List of patents issued last week to Northwestern inventors, reported by Lothrop & Johnson, patent lawyers, 311 and 313 Pioneer Press building, St. Paul, Minn., and Washington, D. C.:

Wm. M. Baker, Minneapolis, Minn., manufacturing coffee; Robert Christian, Bannock, Mont., dredging bucket; Harry Cole, St. Paul, Minn., truck; William Hausseman, Crookston, Minn., beer filter; Frederick Heinrich, Rush City, Minn., potato digger; Hans M. Hjermstad, Minneapolis, Minn., rotary engine; John Rose, Minneapolis, Minn., combined mop wringer and scrubbing nail.

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CHILLS AND FEVER, FEVER AND AGUE CONQUERED.

Radway's Ready Relief.

Not only cures the patient seized with this terrible foe to settlers in newly-settled districts, where the Malaria or Ague exists, but if people exposed to it every morning on getting out of bed, take twenty or thirty drops of the Ready Relief in a glass of water, and set a wet cracker, they will escape attacks. This must be done before going out.

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