FORTUNE FROWNED.

The St. Paul Team Plays Well, but in the Poorest Kind of Luck.

A Benefit to the Management Scheduled for Saturday Afternoon.

Des Moines and Sioux City Shut Out by Milwaukee and Omaha.

The Cowboys Beat Dave Rowe's Aggregation Twice in a Row.

Western Assoc'n—	W.	L.	Pct	American Assoc'n—	W.	L.	Pct
Minneap's	32	18	.640	Athletic	37	18	.672
Milwa'kee	30	18	.625	Rochester	33	23	.589
Sioux City	27	22	.551	Louisville	29	25	.537
Kans's C'y	25	22	.532	Columbus	30	26	.535
Denver	26	25	.509	St. Louis	29	27	.517
DesMoines	22	29	.431	Toledo	23	28	.450
Omaha	21	29	.420	Syracuse	22	32	.407
St. Paul	14	34	.291	Brooklyn	15	39	.277
Players' League—				National League—			
Boston	35	21	.625	Cincinnati	37	17	.685
Phila	31	25	.553	Brooklyn	33	21	.611
Chicago	29	24	.547	Phila	34	22	.607
New York	28	26	.518	Boston	31	25	.553
Brooklyn	30	28	.517	Chicago	27	25	.519
Pittsburg	26	27	.490	New York	24	32	.428
Cleveland	21	29	.420	Cleveland	17	34	.333
Buffalo	14	34	.291	Pittsburg	13	40	.245

GAMES TO-DAY.

Western Assoc'n—
St. Paul at Minneapolis

Players' League—
Boston at Pittsburg
Brooklyn at Buffalo.
New York at Clevel'd
Phila. at Chicago.

American Assoc'n—
Athletic at Toledo.
Syracuse at Columbus

National League—
Boston at Cleveland.
Brooklyn at Cincin.
New York at Pittsb'g.
Phila. at Chicago.

The St. Paul team played its first game under the new management yesterday, but it had the same old luck as of yore. The men batted harder than their opponents, fielded quite as well, ran the bases in better form than usual, and made plenty of noise on the coach lines, but at the end of the ninth inning the figures on the black board were Minneapolis 5, St. Paul 4. The elements, too, were against the local treasury, for just at the hour when people were preparing to go out to the grounds Jupiter Pluvius turned the hose on mother earth and put a check on the receipts. With a clear day the amount taken at the gate would have reached $1,000; as it was, only about 600 or 700 people saw the contest. The grounds were in execrable condition. There were ponds of water all over the outfield, and the base lines were so sticky that the players found sprinting very difficult. The moisture, too, had a bad effect on the ball, keeping it so soggy it was hard to drive it out of the diamond. The game, however, was so close that it was full of excitement. From the third inning the teams were never more than a run apart and twice there was a tie. The Flour City nine really won the game on Murphy's failure to hold Carroll's fly, which was followed by a home run by Minnehan. Later on Burks' anxiety to make a pretty play resulted in an error and a run for the Millers. Still later Mains and Broughton between them permitted Hengle to steal third, from which point he scored the winning run. Rourke neatly cut off two base hits in right by nipping the batsmen at first, and Farmer batted the ball hard and often. The visitors played a fair all-around game. Minnehan made a great catch on the left foul line, and Miller executed one of the most remarkable throws ever seen on the diamond. After catching a fly he attempted to double up a runner at first, but threw the ball wide somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty feet. The teams play in Minneapolis this afternoon, the batteries being Meekin and Broughton, and Hudson and Dugdale. The score follows:

St. Paul.	A B	R	1 B	S H	P O	A	E
Murphy, cf	4	1	1	0	1	2	1
Daly, lf	5	0	2	0	0	0	0
Rourke, rf	3	0	2	0	1	2	0
Hawes, 1b	4	1	1	1	9	0	0
Phillips, 3b	5	1	1	0	2	4	0
Burks, ss	5	1	1	0	1	1	1
Farmer, 2b	4	0	2	0	4	1	0
Broughton, p	3	0	1	0	9	3	0
Mains, c	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	36	4	11	1	27	13	2

Minneapolis.	B A	R	1 B	S H	P O	A	E
Carroll, lf	5	1	3	0	1	0	0
Hengle, 2b	3	1	1	0	2	1	0
Minnehan, rf	3	2	1	0	3	0	0
Dugdale, rf	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Ryn, 1b	4	0	0	1	9	0	0
Duke, p	4	0	0	0	1	3	0
Esterquest, 3b	4	0	1	0	2	1	0
Miller, ss	4	0	1	0	2	4	1
Myers, c	3	1	1	0	6	1	1
Totals	33	5	8	1	27	10	2

Earned runs, Minneapolis 2; two-base hit, Rourke; home run, Minnehan; bases on balls, off Mains 3, off Duke 3; struck out, by Mains 8, by Duke 3; left on bases, St. Paul 11; double plays, Phillips, Farmer and Hawes, Hengle and Ryn; hit by pitcher, Mains, Hawes, Murphy, Myers; passed ball, Myers; wild pitches, Duke 4; time, 2.10; umpire, Cusick.

BENEFIT TO THE MANAGEMENT.

On Saturday afternoon the new management of the base ball team will be given a benefit at Athletic park. The men who have taken hold of the team are anxious for an opportunity to give St. Paul as good ball as is to be had; but to do this they must have money. The benefit is to give the public a chance to show its appreciation of the effort. Tickets will be placed on sale to-day or to-morrow, and everybody who takes an interest in the game should buy from one to a dozen tickets and give the management a substantial boost.

DES MOINES SHUT OUT.

The Booming Brewers Continue to Win.

Milwaukee, June 29.—Thornton was almost invincible to-day, and the Des Moines men were unable to get a man around the bases. Score:

Milwaukee.	A B	R	1 B	P O	A	E
Poorman, cf	5	0	0	2	0	0
Dalrymple, lf	5	0	2	1	0	0
Pettit, rf	5	1	1	0	0	0
Shoch, ss	5	0	1	0	0	0
Morrissy, 1b	3	1	1	17	0	3
Krieg, c	4	2	1	3	0	0
Alberts, 3b	3	2	2	2	1	0
Welch, 2b	3	1	1	1	2	0
Thornton, p	3	0	2	1	7	0
Totals	36	7	11	27	10	3

Des Moines.	A B	R	1 B	P O	A	E
Patton, 3b	4	0	0	2	0	0
Traffley, c	4	0	1	2	1	0
Flanagan, 1b	2	0	0	17	3	0
Phelan, 2b	4	0	0	4	2	0
Brimblecom, lf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Clare, cf	4	0	1	3	0	1
Macullar, ss	3	0	1	3	3	0
Hart, p	4	0	1	0	5	0
Sonemar, rf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	32	0	4	27	14	1

Milwaukee......0 3 0 0 0 0 3 0 1—7
Des Moines.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0

Earned runs, Milwaukee 4; two-base hit, Alberts; bases stolen, Shoch, Krieg, Alberts; bases on balls, Milwaukee 2, Des Moines 4; struck out, by Thornton 3, by Hart 2; wild pitch, Thornton; passed balls, Traffley 2; time, 1:35; umpire, Hoover.

SAVAGES SHUT OUT.

Omaha Gets a Game With a Home Umpire.

Omaha, June 29.—The local "fans" were warm over Atwood's umpiring yesterday, and insisted on putting in McKelvey, a local man, to-day, although Secretary Roche refused to order Atwood elsewhere. To an unprejudiced outsider it looked very much as though McKelvey proposed to give the game to Omaha. The Cornhuskers were, however, badly off in their fielding, and could not have won anyway. The score:

Omaha.	A B	R	1 B	P O	A	E
Canavan, lf	5	0	0	3	0	0
Walsh, ss	5	2	4	2	4	0
Hanrahan, rf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Cleveland, 3b	4	1	2	2	2	1
Willis, cf	5	2	2	7	0	0
Collins, 2b	5	2	0	4	3	0
Moran, c	5	1	2	6	0	0
Andrews, 1b	5	1	1	2	1	1
Clarke, p	5	1	0	1	3	0
Totals	43	11	12	27	13	2

Sioux City.	A B	R	1 B	P O	A	E
Strauss, c	4	0	0	4	1	1
Black, ss	4	0	0	6	1	3
Cline, rf	4	0	1	2	0	0
Glenn, lf	3	0	1	2	0	0
Kappel, 3b	4	0	0	2	3	1
Brosnan, 2b	4	0	0	2	0	2
Powell, 1b	3	0	1	6	0	1
Genins, cf	3	0	1	2	1	0
Burdick p	3	0	0	1	3	0
Totals	32	0	4	27	9	8

Omaha.........0 0 0 1 4 1 3 0 2—11
Sioux City ..0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0— 0

Earned runs, Omaha 2; two-base hits, Walsh, Willis, Cline, Powell; bases on balls, off Burdick 2, off Clark 1; hit by pitcher, by Burdick 1; struck out, by Burdick 3; umpire, McKelvey.

COWBOYS WON BOTH.

The Denver Aggregation Falling Rapidly to the Rear.

Denver, June 29.—The Carbonates and Cowboys played two games to-day, the visiting team taking them both. Score of the morning game:

Denver.	A B	R	1 B	P O	A	E.
McGlone, 3b	4	1	1	0	2	0
McClellan, 2b	4	2	2	0	3	1
Tredway, rf	4	2	2	1	0	0
Curtis, cf	3	3	2	1	0	1
Rowe, 1b	3	0	2	10	0	0
White, ss	4	0	1	5	4	1
Messitt, lf	4	0	0	1	0	1
Lohbeck, c	4	0	1	6	2	0
McNabb, p	4	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	34	8	11	24	11	4

Kansas City.	A B	R	1 B	S H	A	E
Manning, 2b	4	1	0	1	3	0
Smith, p	4	1	1	0	0	0
Burns, cf	5	3	3	1	1	0
Hoover, rf	5	1	3	1	0	0
Stearns, 1b	4	1	2	9	0	0
Carpenter, 3b	4	1	1	1	4	1
Holland, ss	3	2	0	5	2	1
Donahue, c	4	1	3	7	1	0
Gunson, lf	4	0	1	2	0	0
Totals	37	11	14	27	11	2

Denver ....0 1 3 0 1 0 3 0 0— 8
Kansas City...2 1 1 0 2 1 4 0 *—11

Earned runs, Denver 4, Kansas City 6; two-base hits, Curtis, Rowe; three-base hits, Lohbech, Burns; home runs, Tredway, Hoover; bases stolen, Denver 5, Kansas City 4; double plays, White to Rowe, Burns to Donahue; bases on balls, off McNabb 6, off Smith 6; struck out, by McNabb, 6, by Smith 6; passed balls, Lohbeck 2; time of game, 2 hours; umpire, Bauswine.

AFTERNOON GAME.

Denver.	A B	R	1 B	P O	A	E
McGlone, 3b	4	1	1	0	2	0
McClellan, 2b	3	1	0	2	3	0
Tredway, rf	4	0	0	4	0	0
Curtis, cf	4	1	0	0	0	0
Rowe, 1b	2	0	1	3	0	0
Wilson, lf	2	0	0	2	1	0
White, ss	4	0	0	2	3	1
Messitt, cf	4	0	0	5	0	0
Reynolds c	3	0	1	5	0	0
Flanagan, p	3	0	0	1	3	0
Totals	33	3	3	24	12	1

Kansas City.	A B	R	1 B	P O	A	E
Manning, 2b	4	0	2	2	2	1
Donahue, lf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Burns, cf	3	2	1	5	0	0
Hoover, rf	3	1	1	4	0	0
Stearns, 1b	4	0	1	10	0	0
Carpenter, 3b	4	0	2	0	0	2
Holland, ss	4	1	1	1	5	0
Gunson, c	4	0	2	5	0	0
Conway, p	3	1	1	0	1	0
Totals	33	6	12	27	8	3

Kansas City ...0 0 0 1 1 1 3 0 *—6
Denver........ 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—3

Earned runs, Denver 1, Kansas City 4; three-base hits, Hoover, Stearns; stolen bases, Denver 1, Kansas City 4; double plays, Holland to Manning to Stearns, White, McClelland and Merritt; bases on balls, off Flanagan, off Conway; struck out, by Flanagan 3, by Conway 3; time of game, 1:40; umpire, Bauswine.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Two Games Played and Two Prevented by Rain.

St. Louis, Mo., June 29.—Decidedly better fielding and more opportune hitting on the part of St. Louis won today's game from Rochester. The errors of the latter were costly, coming at times when St. Louis ran bases with boldness. A hot ball from Roseman's bat broke the third finger of Callihan's pitching hand in the fourth inning, and Blauvelt took his place. The latter was hit very hard. Attendance, 3,300. Score:

		R.	H	E.
St. Louis.	0 0 0 1 3 4 3 0 2	11	13	3
Rochester	0 0 0 0 0 3 1 0 3	7	13	6

Earned runs, St. Louis 3, Rochester 2; home run, Lyons; two-base hit, Fuller; three-base hits, Fuller, Campau; sacrifice hits, Campau, Duffee, Higgins, Wittrock, Munyan, Greenwood, McGuire, Burke, McKeogh; double plays, Greenwood, Phillips and McGuire, Higgins, Fuller and Roseman; wild pitches, Wittrock 1, Blauvelt 4; hit by pitched ball, Griffin, McCarthy; bases on balls, off Wittrock 3, off Callihan 1, off Blauvelt 4; struck out, by Wittrock 1, by Callihan 4, by Blauvelt 2; stolen bases, Fuller, Campau 2, Munyan; umpire, Kerins; time, 2:20.

Louisville, Ky., June 29.—Louisville and Brooklyn played a game here today in about the most oppressive weather ever known here for base ball. Brooklyn proved an easy victim. McCullough and Toy for Brooklyn and Meakin, Ehret and Weckbecker were the batteries. Ehret took Meakin's place at the end of the seventh. McCullough was hit very freely, while the visitors were unable to hit either of Louisville's pitchers, making no hit off Ehret. Attendance, 3,483. Score:

		R.	H.	E.
Louisville	1 2 2 2 1 0 0 1 *	9	17	4
Brooklyn	0 0 0 0 0 3 0 0 0	3	4	3

Earned runs, Louisville 2, Brooklyn 1; home run, Raymond; two-base hits, Wolf, Shinnick, Hamburg, Tomney; sacrifice hits, Weaver, Raymond, Shinnick, Solomon, Toy; double plaps, Weaver and Taylor, Nelson and O'Brien; passed ball, Weckbecker; wild pitches, Meakin 1, McCullough 1; hit by pitched ball, Nelson; umpire, Doescher; time, 1:40.

Toledo, O., June 29.—The game between Toledo and the Athletics was stopped at the end of the fourth inning by rain, when the score stood 4 to 1 in favor of Toledo.

Columbus, O., June 29.—The Columbus-Syracuse game was stopped by rain during the third inning. Columbus had one run, Syracuse nothing. It will be played off to-morrow.

PLAYED ON SUNDAY.

Base Ballists Arrested and Fined Lightly.

Washington, June 29.—During the progress of to-day's ball game between the Washington and Worcester clubs at the Gentlemen's driving park, near Alexandria, Va., Sheriff Beach, of Alexandria county, accompanied by Justice of the Peace Drummond (colored), served warrants of arrest upon the manager and members of the two teams for playing base ball in violation of the Sunday law. A trial, which developed into a complete farce, followed, during which the spectators unmercifully guyed the justice and sheriff. Each participant in the game was fined $2 and costs, amounting to $4, which was promptly paid. The game was then continued, and warrants were made out against Secretary Burkett, of the Washington club, on the charge of playing ball without a license. Burkett, however, learned of this move, and quickly drove to this city, with the sheriff in pursuit. He will probably be arrested to-morrow morning to answer this charge.

Baltimore, Md., June 29.—Manager Barnie and Catcher Tate, of the Baltimore Base Ball club, were arrested after to-day's game, charged with violating the Sunday laws. Both men gave bail and were released.

The Picketts Beaten.

Special to the Globe.

Rice Lake, Wis., June 29.—In a very interesting game of ball here the St. Paul Picketts were beaten. The score:

Picketts ....2 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 0— 5
Rice Lake...........0 2 3 2 0 2 1 2 1—13

Batteries, Murnane and Claytor and Hale and Dorfner; struck out, Murnane 3, Hale 10; umpires, Stone and Curtell.

Americans Very Successful.

Hanover, June 29.—In the shooting

in honor of the American riflemen the following New Yorkers were successful: At the field target Germany, Zimmermann won second prize. At the rifle target Hanover, Walther took first prize and Zimmermann second. At the hunting targets Stein took first prize. Zimmermann and Stein won stars, and Kraus, Busse, Walther, Zimmermann, Simon, Sieburg, Stein and Schroeder won cups.

Held in $500 Bail.

NEW YORK, June 29.—The pugilists Tommy Kelly and Denny Murphy, who had a glove contest at 12 St. Mark's Place, Thursday night, were arraigned in the Essex Market police court to-day on a charge of prize fighting, and were held in $500 bail each for examination on July 9, at the Tombs court.

Scraps of Sport.

Eddie Fusselbach, Des Moines' third baseman, jumped the town when the club started for Minneapolis and is now in Philadelphia. He has been suspended, along with Catcher Tom Dolan, who skipped at the same time.

Pickett is to be presented with a floral offering at the Chicago-Philadelphia game tomorrow by his Chicago friends.

"Billy" Earle has signed with John S. Barnes' Spokane Falls team.

Pete O'Brien will arrive in St. Paul tomorrow.

Phil Viau has signed with Terre Haute.

Abbey is on the sick list.

THE CLEARANCES.

Exchangas of the Banks in the Leading Cities.

BOSTON, June 29.—Clearing house statement for the week ending June 29.

	Amount.	Inc.	Dec.
New York	$673,489,028	.....	9.4
Boston	96,687,410	0.5	.....
Chicago	84,278,000	37.7	.....
Philadelphia	72,106,687	....	7.5
St. Louis	29,157,085	12.9	.....
San Francisco	12,428,206	.....	24.0
Pittsburg	16,012,945	39.1	....
Baltimore	12,260,918	.....	11.2
Cincinnati	11,739,650	1.7	.....
Kansas City	8,775,970	6.2	.....
New Orleans	6,773,703	20.2	.....
Louisville	7,281,840	24.9	.....
Minneapolis	4,003,624	25.9	...
Buffalo	6,580,036	42.1	.....
Milwaukee	5,785,000	17.2	.....
Denver	5,335,262	70.0	.....
Omaha	5,253,046	23.3	.....
Detroit	5,640,340	22.6	.....
Providence	4,036,300	.....	6.8
St. Paul	4,294,531	16.3	.....
Cleveland	5,223,177	32.5	.....
Columbus	2,976,700	30.8	.....
Dallas	1,961,259	49.5	.....
Richmond	2,248,348	....	1.3
Washington	1,520,172	51.1	.....
Memphis	1,647,140	10.2	.....
Hartford	1,854,060	19.1	.....
Duluth	2,471,920	126.7	....
Indianapolis	1,804,787	.....	6.7
Fort Worth	1,936,297	106.2	.....
St. Joseph	1,400,678	.....	7.9
New Haven	1,071,144	7.2	.....
Peoria	1,406,227	7.7	....
Springfield	1,186,669	10.8	.....
Portland, Me	1,086,698	25.1	.....
Worcester	1,030,863	.....	1.2
Galveston	733,731	13.0	.....
Wilmington, Del.	769,260	.....	5.8
Syracuse	656,332	8.1	.....
Wichita	821,893	....	1.4
Sioux City	814,598	60.5	.....
Tacoma	641,271	103.8	.....
Grand Rapids	809,763	38.0	.....
Norfolk	623,263	27.3	.....
Chattanooga	551,200	46.7	.....
Birmingham	830,279	25.8	.....
Lowell	614,835	.....	16.3
Des Moines	500,148	.....	37.2
Los Angeles	405,180	.....	32.2
Lexington, Ky	376,677	36.9	.....
Topeka	343,653	.....	5.3
New Bedford	295,957	41.7	.....
Montreal	9,702,778	5.9	.....
Halifax	962,342	.....	1.9
*Portland, Or.	1,770,785	.....	.....
*Salt Lake	1,184,183	.....	.....
*Rochester	1,362,198	.....	.....
*Nashville	2,014,639	.....	.....
*Toledo	1,558,801	.....	.....
*Seattle	1,117,833	.....	.....
Total	1,114,667,561	.....	2.5
Outside N. Y.	441,178,533	10r0	.....

*Not included in totals; no clearing house at this time last year.

FOUND AFTER TWENTY YEARS

A Bullet Taken From the Forehead of Robert Von Jutrzenka.

Chicago Herald.

An interesting operation was performed yesterday morning by Dr. C. A. Well, whose office is at Ashland and Lincoln avenues, upon Robert Von Jutrzenska, formerly an officer in the Austrian army, but now a resident of this city. This man consulted the doctor about a nervous affection, coupled with severe headache, having its seat in the forehead. From the description of the symptoms given by the patient Dr. Well concluded that there must be an outside irritant causing the troubles. He made a local examination, and, to his antonishment, felt imbedded in a thick layer of skin over the forehead some hard object. This he removed by a simple surgical operation, and the object proved to be a small bullet from a revolver. This had been lodged, it appears, for over twenty years at or near the spot where finally recovered. And thereby hangs a tale.

Jutrzenka is a native of the southeastern portion of Hungary, hailing from a district which adjoins Roumania. While still a small boy a playmate accidentally shot him with a small revolver. The boy Jutrzenka fell, but in a short while he recovered consciousness, felt no further pain and went home, never telling his parents of his little encounter with that bullet. Years went by. Occasionally the boy had more or less severe headache, but surgeons being scarce in that portion of his native country, and the wound having meanwhile entirely healed over, a thick, parchment-like membrane having formed around it, nothing was done about it. The boy became a man, served with distinction in the Austrian army, and finally came to America. By this time he had forgotten all about the bullet, not having given it any thought for ten years or more. And when of late his headaches appeared in an aggravated form and some peculiar nervous troubles ensued, he never attributed them to that escapade in boyhood's days. From the location where Dr. Well found this bullet it was shown that the latter had lately moved right over some nerve knots on the frontal bone, and that the pressure thus exerted was responsible for the physical ailment from which Jutrzenka has been a sufferer for some time. The patient is now in all respects as well as ever.

A Cure for Laziness.

Somerville Journal.

During a morning walk a merchant who was detained by business in Amsterdam came to a group of men who were standing around a well, into which a strongly-built man had just been let down, says an exchange. A pipe, whose mouth was at the top of the well, had been opened, and a stream of water from it was flowing down into the well and beginning gradually to fill it. The fellow below had quite enough to do, if he did not want to be drowned, to keep the water out by means of a pump which was at the bottom of the well. The merchant, pitying the man, asked fca an explanation of what seemed a heartless, cruel joke.

"Sir," replied an old man standing near, "that man is healthy and strong. I have myself offered him work twenty times, nevertheless he always allows laziness to get the better of him, and will make any excuse to beg his bread from door to door, though he might easily earn it himself by work if he liked. We are now trying to make him feel that he can work. If he uses the strength which is in his arms he will be saved; if he lets them hang idle he will be drowned. But look," continued the old Dutchman, as he went to the edge of the well, "the fellow finds out that he has got muscles; in an hour we shall let him out with better resolutions for the future." Such was the case, and the cure was effectual.

Movements of Steamships.

LONDON—The La Gascogne, from New York June 21, arrived at Havre to-day. The Scandia, from Baltimore June 18, for Hamburg, was signaled off the Scilly islands today.

LIVERPOOL—Sailed: Engineer, for New Orleans.

THE MARQUIS OF ALCANTARA.

From the Spanish.

The old Marquis of Alcantara was one of the wealthiest noblemen of Spain. His vineyards were extensive, and his wine was celebrated throughout the land—so famous, in fact, that it is even said that the king praised it one evening while at dinner.

The marquis was proud of his wine, but he was prouder still of his good name; and his pleasant ways and charitable acts procured for him the love and esteem of all who knew him, rich or poor. His life was one of religious devotion to his church and God, and what with health, wealth, education, a clean conscience and a noble name, he ought to have been, and in fact was, resonably happy.

To be sure, he had never experienced the blisses attendant upon married life; but he had avoided its ills as well. As the marquis had remained single he had, according to the custom of Spain, rented the upper portion of the mansion in which he lived to lodgers, and while this tended to make the old house lively, he also derived a small income from the rents.

No one was more regular at mass and vespers, and no one ate less meat on Friday than the good old Marquis of Alcantara, Knight of the Golden Fleece, whose name and ancestry penetrated far back into the romantic and mediæval Castile. But while the marquis loved to do good to all about him, and no one could say a bad word about him, he had one fault, for he was very vain, and it is said that every morning upon rising he would stand admiring himself in a mirror, and he was heard many times to exclaim, with rapture, "Sebastian, you are handsome! You are noble! You are a Spaniard! What more could you want?"

This fault became excusable when his good works and model life were so apparent to everybody. The lodgers in the old mansion seldom saw their landlord except on rent day, when they were always received kindly and given a glass of some of the marquis' rare old wine, but outside of this they lived in an entirely different sphere.

The front apartments were let to a certain Roderigo, who generally spent the greater part of the days and often the nights in quarreling with his wife. When a young man, he had married a woman of shrewish temperament, who had, up to the time of her death, which occurred about two years before the time of which we are speaking, made his life unbearable with her continued scoldings and angry words. It must be admitted that when she passed into the other world he did not mourn for her very much. Not being possessed of the discernment necessary in the selection of a good wife, he had rushed headlong into matrimony again, and two months after the demise of his first wife he had married a second. She was a young girl of sixteen, and what he had probably mistaken for amiability previous to marriage was found lacking after the knot was tied. She proved to be even worse than the first one, and in a letter he wrote to a friend he acknowledged that he loved his first wife far better than he did the second.

A gambler named Juan occupied the rear apartments. He was a fair specimen of the second-class Spaniard, a would-be gentleman who swears many oaths, and boasts of his personal prowess and many conquests over the fair sex. Juan curled his black mustache with a fierce twirl, and lived principally by cheating at cards. Above all things, however, Juan loved the bull fight, and no matter what he might be doing at the time, when the trumpet sounded the call for the national sport he would leave it and go, even if he was obliged to pawn his embroidered waistcoat to get the price of admission.

These appartments covered all of the upper floor, but over them was a little garret, which was let for a very small sum to a poor cobbler named Pedro. Pedro had been poor all his life, and had worked hard from morning till night, winter and summer, ever since he could remember. He never made enough to save anything, and often had hard work to get the bare penny's worth of bread and meat with which to keep life in his body. As his way had been solitary, he was much given to thought, and he often mused over the sayings of the priest, which were a great solace to him, for it must be said that these were the only comforting or encouraging words he ever heard. It gave him courage to hear from the lips of the holy father that in heaven all men would be equal, and though he was only a poor cobbler, he would, when in heaven, be able to walk in eqality with even the Marquis of Alcantara or his majesty of Spain, as a reward for his well conducted life.

At last he died, alone in his garret, with no friend to smooth the pillow of pain or drop a tear for him after his spirit had fled, for, although he had always loved his fellow being, his eccentricities had been so great that he was thought by many to be partially insane, and was shunned accordingly.

Following Pedro's spirit after it had left his body, we go from the realms of mortal existence up the straight and narrow path which leads to the golden gate, toward which Pedro was slowly and painfully trudging. The rocks over which he was forced to clamber were rough and precipitous, and the road was steep and scarcely distinguishable in the deep gloom which hung about.

He trudged painfully along until at last from sheer weakness he had nearly lost heart, and had almost resolved to cast himself over a precipice; when he saw some one in the distance coming down the road at full speed. The man or angel, whoever he was, seemed to be weeping and tearing his hair, and he was gesticulating wildly as he ran.

Seeing misery so apparent as this, Pedro forgot his own trouble for the moment, and caught the cloak of the flying figure, when he found to his utter astonishment that it was no other than his fellow lodger, Roderigo, who had died some time previous to himself. After the latter became calmed a little, Pedro asked him why he was journeying in the wrong direction, for instead of nearing the inviolate region he was rapidly approaching the infinite depths.

"Alas! alas!" cried Roderigo. "I will tell you of my experience, and, perhaps, by a timely warning you may be saved from a similar fate."

He then continued: "After leaving purgatory I climbed up this rugged path and at last came in sight of the gates of the Celestial City. Outside were vast numbers of people on the same errand as myself, and St. Peter, with his keys in one hand and a notebook in the other, leaned out of the little wicket which served as a booking office up there, and glared at the crowd in a very unfriendly manner, and frequently spoke to them in reference to the earthly noise they were making."

At last he formed them into a line, and every man had to pass that little window and answer such questions as might be put to him. If these answers were satisfahtory, the applicant passed through a little side door into the anteroom of heaven, and if not he was given five minutes in which to leave the place. Now I was close to the end of the line and desiring to know what the others were rejected for, I listened intently to the questioning whenever that was possible, and I learned that rejection was certain if a man had never been married, while if he had been St. Peter would look at him kindly and say.

"My poor fellow, you have suffered enough. Come into the fold," and without further parley the man was admitted to paradise.

Of course I felt myself doubly safe after that, with my two marriage certificates to show and the shrewish disposition of my wives to bring up, and when my turn came I was perhaps overconfident, for upon being asked if I was ever married, I replied hastily.

"Oh, yes; twice, your holiness."

"Never mind, then," said St. Peter. "I don't want to examine you any more. You can go, for we don't want any fools in heaven."

"So here I am, destined to live in a place that I cannot think of without a shudder," and the lost soul went on his downward way, while Pedro resumed his ascent.

This adventure made a deep impression upon Pedro, and he became melancholy at the thought of poor Roderigo burning in the flames forever; still he trudged on, every foot of the road seeming harder to climb, until at length he reached the fourth milestone from heaven. Being very weary, he sat himself down to rest for a short time, leaning his back against the stone. He had been there but a short time when, to his great surprise, sounds of weeping seemed to come from the other side of the stone, and upon getting up to reconnoitre (for the stone was very large) he was astonished to see Juan, the gambler and lover of bull fights, stretched upon the ground weeping piteously. At the sight of Pedro he rose and flung his arms around the old cobbler's neck, saying between his sobs that he was thankful for meeting an old acquaintance in that dismal spot. In answer to Pedro's sympathetic questioning he told the following story:

"You may, perhaps, remember," said he, "that I died about a week before you did, and I made up my mind then that I stood no show of getting to heaven, but it was no harm to try and so I climbed this hilly road, and finally succeeded in reaching the much-wished-for place.

"There were a dozed people lounging about outside the gate, and so I merely counted as one more.

"All were evidently waiting for the wicket to open, and signs of impatience were noticeable all about me. When at last the time came for opening the wicket, St. Peter looked out and counted all those who were waiting, with his long, bony forefinger, pointing it at each one separately. After this he smoothed his great flowing white beard once or twice, and remarked that all was ready, while one of the angels set the gate ajar.

"The examination began, and I felt even more nervous than before, for St. Peter seemed to be particularly severe on card playing and drinking, and seeing that there was no chance for me to pass the examination satisfactorily, I resolved to use stratagem, and while he was examining the hearts of the others I quietly slipped inside the gates, as I thought, unobserved.

Once inside I started off at a grand pace over the gold and jasper, feeling that if I reached the heavenly city my place would be secured for all time to come, as I would never be discovered. I was destined to disappointment, for, as I heard afterward, I had not been inside the gate a minute when old St. Peter exclaimed: "Why, how is this? There is a mistake somewhere, for there were thirteen here a moment ago and now there are only twelve," and he counted them all again with his lanky forefinger. The next minute he said:

"Oh! I know what the matter is. It's one of those fellows from Madrid who has slipped inside the gate. I think I can bring him out again, however," and the white-haired doorkeeper chuckled inwardly, and, turning to an angel who was standing near by, said: "Gabriel, step outside the gates and sound the call for a bull fight."

"All of this was, of course, entirely unknown to me at that time, and the first thing I knew the ringing notes of a trumpet calling the people to a bull fight struck in upon my ears like a bomb. I never could withstand it, and I suppose I never shall. Moreover, at that time I was curious to know what sort of a bull fight they had in heaven; so I turned back and ran at full speed toward the sound, wherever that might be. Suddenly, to my chagrin and astonishment, I found myself outside the gates, which I had passed in my senseless rush, and there stood St. Peter waiting for me with a sardonic smile on his face.

"'Aha!' he cried. 'So you would even leave heaven to go to a bull fight, would you,' and the joke was so great that the tears fairly rolled down his wrinkled cheeks.

"That is how," said Juan in conclusion, "I was cast out of heaven and ordered down to hades for all eternity."

Of course Pedro felt very sorry for his fellow-lodger, who, though of a somewhat thoughtless disposition, he did not believe to be really bad. He had received his sentence from which there was no appeal, and Pedro was forced to leave him and continue his way.

At last he came in sight of the pearly gates, and he was truly thankful that his journey was almost over.

Here was the goal for which he had striven all of his long life, the palace of delight, which could only be entered by followers of the faith, and where all men were equal.

There was no one in sight, and the wicket was closed, so the poor cobbler sat himself down upon a hard bench and waited for the wicket to open. Getting tired at length he rose and tapped very gently on the wicket, but though he waited some time no answer came, and he knocked again, this time a little louder than before.

"Well! what is it?" he heard a harsh voice exclaim, and the next minute St. Peter appeared at the window. "Well! what do you want?" repeated the saint.

"I hope your holiness is well," said the poor cobbler, who thought that by being very polite he could perhaps soften the harsh words and looks.

"Yes, I'm very well," replied the saint. "But what do you want?"

"And I hope your family is well, your holiness," persisted the lithe cobbler.

"Great goodness, man, we don't have families in heaven," cried the saint, shaking his head impatiently. "In the name of Time what do you want?"

"May it please your holiness," said Pedro, coming at last to the point, "I want to be admitted."

"Oh, is that all you wish?" asked the now irate doorkeeper, and as poor Pedro nodded his head he continued, "Then why couldn't you sit down until a crowd gathered, and not be interrupting me in this way all the morning. I can scarcely get a half-hour's nap during the day," and then as Pedro started to make an apology St. Peter suddenly closed the wicket with a bang, and he was left in solitude once more.

He heaved a deep sigh and reseated himself upon the hard wooden bench, where he tried to while away the hours with thought, when suddenly he heard the clatter of hoofs coming up the road, and soon, to his great surprise, he saw his former landlord, the marquis, gallop up to the gate, mounted on a fine old war horse, and commence pounding on the latch with a heavy gold-hilted sword which he carried in his hand.

Hearing all the racket, St. Peter opened the wicket with a bang and exclaimed, angrily: "Who's making all this noise?"

"It is I," replied the marquis, proudly. "I, Marquis of Alcantara, in the province of Andalusia, grandee of Spain; knight of the Golden Fleece, commander-in-chief of the Royal Dragoons, governor general of Murcia, knight of the order of—"

"Enough," cried the saint; "just wait one moment till I can prepare a suitable reception for your grace," and soon the gates were thrown open to their broadest extent, and in rode the marquis amid the blowing of trumpets, the beating of drums and the glare of ethereal illuminations. The angels were drawn up in line, and their enchanting music of welcome issued through the gates to poor Pedro, who was entirely ignored.

After the reception was over the gates were closed, and St. Peter took a

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last look through the wicket to see if there were any more people waiting. On seeing Pedro he cried impatiently: "Oh! you here still? I quite forgot about you," and he opened the gate just wide enough for the poor fellow to squeeze through.

After he was once inside Pedro gazed about him in a vacant sort of way for a few moments, and then. instead of rejoicing, he hung down his head in silence.

"Why! what's the matter my good man?" asked the archangel; "you don't seem to be very glad to get to heaven. "Most men are."

"Yes," returned Pedro, "I'm glad enough to get in, but I would like to have one thing explained to me."

"And what may that be?" asked the saint.

"Well," continued Pedro, falteringly, "While I was on earth I had a life of hardship and sorrow, with nothing to sweeten the hours of toil, but the one thought of heaven, where the priest told me that no matter how great the difference of earthly position, all men would be equal. It seems to me that this is not so, for while waiting outside the gate just now I saw the Marquis of Alcantara ride up and give his full list of titles, and, on learning who he was, you admitted him in the grandest possible style, with music and rockets and all that sort of thing.

"Now, I'll admit that this marquis was a very good man below, but so was I, and still you force me to wait and wait, and when at last you do let me in the gate is only opened just wide enough for me to elbow through. Now—"

"You do not understand the matter at all," interrupted the saint kindly. "Once you are in here neither the marquis nor any one else is your superior. You are now the equal of everyone in paradise, but while we have poor men coming here by the thousands every day it is just 1,500 years since a nobleman of any rank ever got to heaven, and we were forced to make some kind of a jubilee on the occasion."

THE DOMESTIC DOG.

An Inquiry as to What Animal It Descends From,

New York Independent.

The varieties of the domestic dog have lately been discussed by French and English naturalists. M. G. de Mortillet, in a paper read before the Anthropological society of Paris, assuming from negative evidence the non-existence of the dog in the earlier Quaternary epoch, traces his presence onward from the shell heaps of Denmark, in which his remains commonly occur. Passing from the prehistoric ages in Europe, he considers at length the evidence that can be advanced of the existence of several varieties of the dog among the Egyptians, and later on among the ancient Greeks and Romans, and in the fact of the innumerable varieties of canis domesticus the author believes we have one of the most conclusive proofs of evolution. Messrs. Winder and Humphreys have also read a paper before the Zoological Society, of London, on some cranial and dental characters of the domestic dog, based on the results of the measurements of a large number of dogs' skulls of various breeds. Its object was to ascertain whether cranial and dental characteristics afforded sufficient information to permit of a scientific classification of the breeds or would throw any light upon their origin. "The conclusion so far arrived at was was that inter-breeding had been so extensive and complicated as to make it impossible to distinguish the various forms scientifically from the characters examined." A. D. Bartlett, the veteran keeper of the zoological gardens of London, at a later date brought before the Zoological society some observations on wolves, jackals, dogs and foxes. His remarks tended to show that all the varieties of domestic dogs owe their origin to wolves and jackals, and that the habit of barking has been acquired by and under the influence of domestication. He also maintained that the dog is the most perfectly domesticated of all animals.

The Way Women Applaud.

"Are the women play-goers of Chicago more demonstrative than those of other cities?" was asked of the manager of a leading attraction now playing here, says the Chicago Tribune. He replied:

"In their way they are. They are more artistic in their exhibitions of delight than any other city where I have been. The Chicago woman applauds with the palms of her hands, and in no half-hearted manner, either. You can first see approval in her face. It glows like a bed of coals. It gathers and breaks into laughter and then it reaches her hands, and she doesn't stop to think whether it pleases anybody or not. At the same time the Chicago playgoing woman is not emotional. She doesn't cry with ease.

"The New York woman's manner of approval at a theater reminds me of the strokes of a boat club. She applauds not, apparently, because she thinks it is approval, but as a matter of exercise. A New York girl told me one day that she had strengthened the muscles of her arms by applauding. She fairly swings her arms when she applauds.

"In Boston the style of applauding is by hitting the back of the hand with the fan. If there is no fan the programme is rolled up and used.

"The Philadelphia woman shies her handkerchief.

"The St. Louis woman uses her feet. The result of this is that every theater in the town has to have a new floor laid every year."

LATE LOCAL NEWS.

The body of John Smith, the West St. Paul carpenter who was drowned on Wednesday night near Robinson's Rock, from the steamer Henrietta, was recovered yesterday afternoon and taken to Henderson's undertaking establishment at South Park, where it now is. Mrs. Smith will go to the park this afternoon to claim the remains.

James O'Brien, ex-county auditor, reported to the police Saturday evening that his horse and buggy had been stolen. At 4:30 o'clock yesterday morning the animal was driven into the Merchants' alley by Morris Trotter, a colored bell boy at the hotel. Trotter was arrested by Officer Call. He claims that he found the rig on University avenue.

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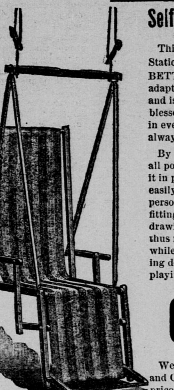

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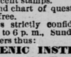
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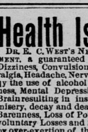

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NOTICE TO
BANKERS AND BROKERS

Sealed bids for the Bonds of the City of Little Falls, Morrison County, Minnesota, will be received by the undersigned up to and including the 2d day of July, 1890, at 8 o'clock p. m. of said day, when said bids will be opened. Said Bonds to be issued in accordance with Chapter 188 of the Special Laws of the State of Minnesota, of 1889, in the sum of Fifteen Thousand Dollars. Each Bond to be of the amount of $1,000, and bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, payable semi-annually. Bond to run 30 years, and Bonds and Interest payable at the office of the Treasurer of said City of Little Falls, Morrison County, Minnesota,

Said City Council reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

G. M. A. FORTIER,
President City Council.
Attest: S. F. STAPLES,
Seal.] City Clerk.
Dated June 14, 1890.

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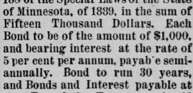

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