HOME AND WOMEN.

Items of More or Less Interest to the Gentler Sex.

Some of the Superstitions of Society —Courtship a Century Ago— Gossip of All Sorts.

New York Correspondence.

I have often observed that if a woman be at all inclined toward a belief in hidden mysteries the tendency is bound to come out and thrive indefinitely the moment she falls in love. What grotesque and idiotic conceits have their origin in a wedding-ring! How few women dare remove with impunity this pledge of matrimonial bondage! What can be more imbecile than a girl in the first flush of passion studying the flowers her lover sends in order that she may be precisely informed as to his feelings concerning herself? Poetical it may be, but brought down to a common-place every-day level it becomes puerile. Marguerite is a picture-que figure on the stage, but away from it she is only a thick-skulled peasant.

A New York woman, remarkable for her unique literary gifts and her social charms, carefully preserves a square chunk of the great Chinese wall, which she is firmly convinced is imbued with some special occult power. Why or wherefore she could not tell you to save her soul. Another, when she rises in the morning, and before she begins her toilet, tells her fortune with a pack of cards, and, in accordance with their cabilistic significance, she is guided in her action throughout the day. She has unfailingly kept up this habit for years, and believes firmly in its importance. An odd fetish is kept by a well known young married woman. It is a Japanise porcelain, representing an idol of remarkable anatomical proportions. The face of repulsive ugliness, the expression at once sensual and diabolical. Yet such is the veneration in which this monstrosity is held that its owner never undertakes a final step of any kind without closely studying the features of the image, in whose leering eyes she thinks to read encouragement or dissuasion.

Fortune tellers do a thriving business among our "first families." It is no uncommon thing to see an elegant carriage standing before the humble residence of Prof. Sheol or Mme. Beelzebub. An aged astrologist who lives not far from Washington square, lately gave me a list of his aristocratic patrons whose horoscopes he had frequently cast. Among the number were many names of note and high social standing.

An amusing incident occurred at a summer watering place several seasons ago. A young lady of means and position accompanied by her family, occupied one of a row of cottages attached to a large hotel. It so happened that all her life long this girl had cherished a superstitious dread that sooner or later when she turned the light out at night and was on the point of getting into bed, an unknown something would spring from beneath the couch and catch her by the foot. Ever since her earliest childhood she had waited for this frightful catastrophe to take place, but up to the time of her summer sojourn in the above mentioned cottage, she had waited in vain. One night she went to her room as usual and prepared for rest. The apartment was situated on the ground floor opening upon a narrow lane leading to the hotel proper. The young lady disrobed, blew out the lamp, and nervously impressed as she was with the certainty that something would seize her by the heel, made a quick rush for the bed. Just as she got her right foot securely lifted, however, to her unspeakable horror something did catch hold of the left one. The awful presence held her instep in a grip of iron, and uttering a yell of terror she tumbled in a heap on the bed in a dead faint. Her mother and sister, who had adjoining rooms, rushed in with lights startled beyond measure to find Miss Edith in a state of collapse with a long legged jet black pig poking his nose from beneath the bedstead. The animal had walked in during the day, the front door being always open, and had secreted himself under the bed until Miss Edith's running high jump roused him to sudden activity.

A very pretty and clever girl of my acquaintance constantly carries in her pocket a small Limonge enamel of exquisite workmanship and great value. She is under the impression that this talisman will preserve her from harm, and if by any chance she leaves it on her dressing table before going out, she is restless and uneasy, unable to rid herself of the thought that some imminent danger threatens her happiness.

The inherent leaning of most people towards mysticism forms an interesting study. With different temperaments, it takes of course different aspects, but there are few of us who are not predisposed to cultivate some sneaking and usually some nonsensical superstition.

MRS. KATE CHASE.

She Will Again Enter the Washington Social Circle.

Washington Letter.

The announcement by the close friends of Mrs. Kate Chase that she will be an active participant in the fashionable gayeties of the capital during the coming season will be a genuine surprise to the leaders in and out of official society, and will be one of the most interesting of events in its present and prospective influence upon the enjoyments and spirit of Washington life. This beautiful and historic woman since her return from Europe, where she had been passing some years educating her daughters at the excellent school near the palace of Fontainebleau, the scene of the Empress Josephine's joys and griefs, has divided her time between a city home in New York and her inherited patrimonial estate in the suburbs of the American capital. Much of the past summer Mrs. Chase, with her three daughters, having been living quietly at Edgewood.

It is now her purpose to come into the city before the opening of the season and mingle once more in the gay life in which she was a belle and a bride two decades ago. Her daughters have grown to society age. She, therefore, regards it as her duty to give them those opportunities of social training and experience which they have not yet had, and in the very field of her own triumphs during the eventful periods of the administrations of Lincoln and Johnson.

Mrs. Chase, though in middle life, retains all that beauty of form and feature, that vigor and fascination of conversational power and poetry of motion and manners which made her, with Miss Harriet Lane, the most notable and enjoyable figure in the Washington social life. She [illegible] the Lincoln social history [illegible] was practically [illegible] era and to the new party which came into power in national affairs. What Harriet Lane was to the last Democratic administration of the old regime. She was admired and courted by statesmen and diplomats, martial and naval heroes, men of letters and politicians first as the debutante daughter and presiding lady of the household of a former governor of the great commonwealth of Ohio, a former senator of the United States, the head of the fiscal department of the government, the founder of national banks and the financial system which placed the executive authority in position to conduct a gigantic domestic war; then as the wife of the youngest war governor of the Union, a general of brigade and a senator of the United States, and daughter of the chief justice of the United States. At all times she was the companion and confidant of her distinguished father. In public affairs and the movements of political parties she possessed a wonderful knowledge and exhibited marvelous sagacity. Her leadership, practically, in the organization of her father's candidacy for the presidential nomination in 1868, was one of the most remarkable instances of feminine directing political genius ever displayed in the history of American politics. That she failed, through the trickery and duplicity of New York politicians, was not the only instance of frustrated plans through such methods and instruments.

What might have been a victory for the Democratic party 20 years ago, with Salmon P. Chase as its standard-bearer, was turned into a humiliating rout under the odious memories of conspiracy and rebellion revived by the nomination of Horatio Seymour. Had the foresight of this extraordinary woman been followed, who can tell what would have been the political experiences of the past two decades. Between the hero of the battles for the Union and the dominating genious of the struggles for the means to conduct an aggressive and successful war, the people would have had a puzzling problem to solve in their discrimination between two men, one foremost in war and the other foremost in peace.

Many of the friends of Mrs. Chase in her maiden days of 20 odd years ago, when she herself was in the twenties, and as a young matron within a less scope of time, are still in social life here. The whirling of politics has turned many down, but there are those who have survived the mutations of time and events who will gladly welcome her back to her place in the social world. There are still many more who will honor her, not only for herself, but for the blood of a noted sire, whose impress upon men and affairs is still felt among actors in the scenes of to-day.

The eldest daughter of Mrs. Chase, Ethel Chase Sprague, strongly resembles her mother. She passed last winter in a quiet way enjoying social life. She is gifted with a taste for the histrionic art. The younger daughters have talents for music, literature, painting and languages, which will enable them to shine like brilliant satellites to the central brilliancy of their mother's social gifts.

The entree of Mrs. Chase again into society will give the fashionables something to think about and act about which will relieve the monotony of routine gayeties. The spread of the capital has made the landed property left her by her father very valuable, which places this estimable lady in comfortable financial circumstances.

Fashionable Eccentricities.

London Queen.

Eccentricity has taken deep root in the feminine breast and grows apace just as the weeds are said to do. Now, for instance, what can a young girl want with a stick nearly as tall as herself, with a big round knob at the top of it? It may be a revival of the old custom begun by our great-grand mothers, who were stately in their manners and slow in their movements; but when you see a damsel of the present day who is first-rate at tennis, great at cricket, fleet at rounders and no mean adversary in a boat race, you may well ask yourself: "What does that girl want with a stick?" "Go to," as Shakespeare would say. It is an eccentricity.

Then look at the jockey caps now so universally worn at tennis. Are they half as dainty as the pretty hats we saw a year or two ago, or even as the light and becoming sailor hats? These do, at least, protect the fair complexion from the burning rays of the sun; but the jockey caps are neither feminine or useful, and, in fact, when I see a pretty young girl with a red stripe down the pretty bridge of her nose, terminating in a red spot, I do not say it is a chilblain—I am quite aware it is a jockey cap—her pet eccentricity, and she had rather have this evident disfigurement than give up her jockey cap, "because, you see, everybody wears them."

Then let me call your attention to the new parasols. In length of stick you might as well carry an alpenstock. And then, look at the handles. Time was when a coral handle, or a carved ivory or an amethyst, or one encrusted in jewels was the lovely fashion of the day. Now what do I see? Balls the size of billiard balls, or larger; balls of onyx or lapsis lazuli, or carved oak, studded with gold spikes, like a life preserver; or else groups of animals' heads emanating from the long stalk—three horses' heads or a squirrel sitting upright with his filbert in his paws, or a group of bulldogs' heads, each snarling in different directions.

Courtship a Century Ago.

Norfolk Virginian.

Of the following letters one is from Mr. John Wise, father of the late Gen. Henry A. Wise, written to Gen. John Cooper, seeking permission to address his daughter and the other is Gen. Cooper's reply. In Mr. Wise's letter he says:

Feeling myself irresistably impelled by inclination, and prompted by a sense of propriety, I [illegible] a subject of now to address you upon, having conceived an affection for your daughter (Miss Sally), I beg leave to solicit your permission to make address to her, and at the same time let me express the hope that, should I be so fortunate as to succeed in gaining her affections, my first wishes may not be frustrated by your disapprobation. I have thought proper to make this application to you on the subject in this manner, rather than in person, because my character (if I had acquired any), my condition, and my situation in life are not altogether unknown to you, and if objections are made they can be more freely communicated in this than in any other way. I have hitherto proceeded no further with the lady than merely obtain her permission to make this application; and, sir, I now pledge you the honor of a gentleman that in case you have an objection of an insuperable nature to the proposed union, whatever may be the chagrin, regret and mortification which I may feel on the occasion, I will not disturb the quiet of a parent extremely solicitous, no doubt, for the happiness of a beloved daughter, by persisting any further with her.

Under date of May 11, 1797, Gen. Cooper responded, saying:

Although the application made by your letter of this day was unexpected, yet my reflections heretofore on the subject have prepared me to answer: That however solicitous I may be for the temporal felicity of my daughter, and the future respectibility of my daughter, she is the only proper judge of the person best calculated to make her happy. Respect and impartibility ought to be shown by me or any other gentleman that might make his address to my daughter, and I confide in your candor and judgment.

A Mourning Bonnet.

New York Graphic.

The widow's bonnet is of English crepe, plain on the frame, but with the folds along the edge to support the veil; inside the front is the widow's ruche, a single very small puff of white strings are of black crepe lisse; with cordeges, and gross grain [illegible] yard [illegible] cut very short (only about [illegible] each), to be crossed twice and [illegible] back towards the ears with black pins. A crepe strap and bow may be used if preferred, but it is not pleasant to wear. The crepe vail of a widow is long enough to come within nine or ten inches of the foot in front, and to hang half this length behind. The hem is from fifteen to eighteen inches deep. Nun's veiling is liked for veils on account of its lightness, and is being introduced for widows in the scarf veil called English weepers. For these a half width of nun's veiling, showing only one wide selvage and the other edge hemmed to match, is cut a yard and three-fourths long, and employed as a high trimming on the bonnet, beginning on the left side, crossing to the right ear, and hanging there; the wearer wraps this scarf end twice around the neck and pins it on the shoulder.

Woman.

St. Paul Globe.

Jealous, am I? Let's say rather
I am only over-human—
Just the excess that is ever
Bodied in the world—a woman.

Thy small virtues have small needs, sir;
Our great vices know no filling—
When we love thee in our greed, sir,
We would all if thou wert willing.

Thou art satisfied if given
Kingdoms of this earth, but we, sir,
Break our hearts to rule the heaven
That we vainly seek in thee, sir.

The sweet blossoms on thy breast there,
I would tear to bits for daring
To dispute the right to rest where
Only me thou should'st be wearing.

When thy lips part, simply saying
To some woman, "Good-day, madam,"
I could kill her for betraying
More than me thy smile doth gladden.

Why, the dog thou art caressing,
I would rather he were dead, sir,
That thy hand might be so pressing
On me fondly in his stead, sir.

Jealous, am I? Nay, nay, never;
But to please me thou must be, sir,
Deaf, and dumb, and blind forever,
Unto everything but me, sir.

The Rage For Lace.

New York Letter.

Abundance of lace is one of the predictions for the coming season. The silk petticoats of evening dresses with brocaded bodices and trains are frequently covered with a succession of lace flounces, and jabots of wide lace are placed down the sides of dresses where the train meets the petticoat, and wide falls of lace finish the sleeve and neck of the evening dress, according to the latest French plates. There are many new shapes in lace collars, fichus and jabots, intended for afternoon and dressy wear.

Lace merchants say there is a disposition to get back to flat shapes, and this is shown in the wide turn-over collars of wide-pleated laces—in some instances large enough to cover the shoulders. A new lace collar of the season is of pleated lace, about three inches wide, ending on each side in lace boas, each about a yard long. These are shown in point d'esprit, in Fedora, and in white Mechlin lace. Flat berthas of lace, pointed back and front, are arranged to wear with decollette dresses. There are some exceedingly pretty collars to wear with an afternoon or evening dress, sailor-backed and pointed in front. A silk muslin collar, with an irregular jabot and knot of creamy lace, may be added in the afternoon, to give a dressy effect to an otherwise plain toilet. Large directoire shawls of lace are shown in black and cream white. Delicate patterns of tiny stars or sprigs of any light, effective design are preferred to heavier patterns. Bright little vests of surah silk are used to brighten.

Women in Mills.

Globe-Democrat.

The fact is not generally known that women are already occupying places and doing work in iron mills and in manufactories of wire. Three years ago the men in a Pittsburgh bolt manufactory gave so much trouble that they were displaced by women. The venture proved to be a marked success, so that the employers could not be induced to go back to men and boys. The wire mill, which was established about that time, took up with the idea, and again everything worked satisfactorily. Then a hinge factory was opened to them, and once more the women proved better workers, more reliable and less troublesome than their male rivals. How far the innovation will go can not be estimated. Evidently the end is not yet seen. Meanwhile girls as accountants and office helps are winning their way. By and by the boys will have to agitate for equal rights.

Father and Daughter.

Philadelphia Press.

There is something infinitely touching in the care which a daughter feels for a father who relies on her, and in that father's dependence on that too—the slender little weakling in whom such strength is hoarded, the reed that no gales break. And although all the world loves a lover, yet the majority of it who are fathers and who have brought up daughters will be found to sympathize with the father who hesitates to deliver up his daughter to the first lover who crosses his path, and who does not say to him: "Your money or your life," but "Your daughter and your life!" For of all hard things it seems to the loving father the hardest there is to surrender to another's keeping this child in whom his heart is locked, and to whose rearing he has given so much of himself, not in the least knowing that with whatever strength a daughter may love her husband and be one with him, her father can no more lose his place in her affection than a star can forsake its orbit in the firmament.

"Woman's Rights" Women.

Philadelphia Press.

Women of the so-called "woman's rights" genus are, as a rule, physically strong and facially handsome. They rule the roost at home and boss things generally wherever they can. A few merit sympathy and assistance, having accepted the field of idle agitation as a less evil than subjection to unworthy husbands. Mostly their spouses are weak men, who have brought the whole stronger sex into contempt. Of course there are among those leaders some brilliant and earnest benefactors. Too aggressive women are the worst enemies of the great army of noble, self-sacrificing girls who are engaged in the occupations now opening to them. If the masculine tendencies of conspicuous reformers prevailed the gentler majority of the sex would be brought down to the level of the man, who, in America, at least, looks upon woman as a higher, [illegible] and better [illegible]

[illegible] Railroads.

Wonder [illegible] we recorded the [illegible] A few months ago the presidency election of a wealthy [illegible] of the Dover Horse Railroad Company [illegible] stock of the [illegible] in New Hamshire. The [illegible] a share concern was then worth $9 [illegible] a dividend of 20 per cent., and shares are quoted at a round hundred. The dividends come out of the earnings, and there is a surplus on hand. How many women there are with executive tact to manage large business establishments is now open for discussion. It has been customary to deny that women, as a rule, can manage business affairs. Have they had a fair chance to do so? Certainly England has never had as good executives on the throne as her queens, from Elizabeth to Victoria. When Mrs. Dow was elected to take charge of the Dover railroad most people prophesied a failure. There are other railroads that might try the experiment.

What Blanche K. Bruce Says.

Washington Post.

Ex-Register of the Treasury B. K. Bruce is going to New Jersey, where he will deliver seven speeches. From there he will go to Connecticut, where he will deliver three speeches, and then to New York, where he will deliver three more. He has just returned from Indiana and the Northwest. "As to Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin," said he, "I have no doubt. It is nonsense to talk of any one of them going Democratic. They are all safe for the Republicans."

"How about Indiana?"

"Well, Indiana is all right, unless [illegible]

SOME DEVICES OF SMUGGLERS

Cigars in the Legs of a Piano—A Spar Full of Whisky.

Lewiston Journal.

One morning recently I happened into the office of Shipping Commissioner Smith on Commercial street, in Bath, and found as choice a collection of old salts and master mariners as could easily be gotten together. The sea-dogs were making a pleasant exchange of reminiscences touching upon the means that they had resorted to in eluding the vigilance of Uncle Sam's custom house officers in bringing home cigars and other articles from foreign ports without paying the prescribed duties. "About the neatest way that I ever saw," remarked the captain of a large schooner now being repaired in Bath, "was one used by Capt. Blank of the bark So-and-So. Have any of you ever been aboard that bark?" he asked. One man replied that he had, and the narrator asked him if he had noticed that large upright piano in the after cabin. The other said that he had noticed the piano, and the narrator proceeded to tell a bit of its history.

"Well," he resumed, "when Capt. Blank bought that piano, a number of years ago, he had four large legs constructed by his carpenter for it, as the legs on the piano were rather frail and weren't stout enough to stand much of a sea. When those new legs were made for the piano he had them hollowed out, and he used to come into Boston and New York with 1500 Havanas in each leg of that piano. It was a good dodge, and he came into port many a time and landed his 6000 cigars safely after the departure of the custom house officers. But he finally paid for his fun. On one voyage the bark experienced a gale, and among other things damaged were two of the piano's legs. They were split from top to bottom. The captain saw, of course, that the piano racket was up, and he had 6000 cigars to hide somewhere else. He hid them in the forecastle, but they were found by the inspectors, and the captain was arrested, tried, and fined $1000. I haven't heard of his doing any smuggling since."

After a few puffs from his cigar, a Bath man who was interested in shipping began an anecdote. "Captain," said he, "that story of yours reminds me of something in about the same line in which I was interested. A friend of mine, who was master of a large ship, promised he would bring me home some excellent liquor on the next voyage he made, and he accompanied the promise by the boast that there would be no duty paid on it either. Well, I had not thought much about the matter until one day I noticed in a Boston paper that the ship had arrived in port. But the next day's issue of the same paper contained an interesting story of the manner in which the custom house officials discovered that about half of one of the spare spars which the vessel carried was hollow, and that the hole contained 15 gallons of liquors. I never got my five gallons and my friend got four months in jail, while the ship made the next voyage under the charge of the mate."

A little, short man now took up the conversation, and said: "I remember a pretty neat thing once which was done in this very port only a few days ago by the captain of one of the ships of the Houghton fleet. He came across from Liverpool, and on the voyage he treated the sailors unusually well—so well, in fact, that when the captain asked 12 of them, shortly before going into port, to do him a little favor, they readily consented. The result was that when the ship was moored to the wharf those 12 sailors walked ashore, each with an imported leather shooting coat on under his own rough pea jacket. The captain followed them to a rendezvous where the sailors divested themselves of the English coats. The captain 'set 'em up' all around several times, and parted from the sailors like and old friend."

No sooner had this anecdote been concluded than another old sea captain, rich and retired now, broke in quietly with: "Yes, that's a good scheme, but it don't always work. It didn't when I tried it, anyhow. You see, I was in England and I bought a handsome shawl for my wife, who was not with me, paying £20 ($100) for it. When I got into New York I asked the stewardess of the ship if she would wear the shawl ashore for me. She said she would, and, putting it on, wore it over the side and out of the reach of the inspectors. I followed her ashore, but when I overtook her, well up town, the hussey refused to give the shawl back to me, and threatened to call a policeman if I attempted to take the shawl from her. What could I do? I couldn't prove that the shawl was mine, and so I was obliged to stand there and see that woman walk off with a $100-shawl that I had written to my wife about. You may believe that I never tried anything in that line again."

A hearty laugh went round at the captain's expense, and as soon as it had died away the mate of a large four-masted schooner, now discharging in port, spoke up: "Two years ago," said he, "I was mate of a large ship, with Capt. S—— of this city as master. In Birmingham, England, one day we both purchased silk umbrellas. They were good ones and we paid $12 apiece for them. We came across to New York, and after we had been in port a few moments the captain and myself started to go ashore. The day before I had removed the covering from my umbrella and had wiped up all dirt I could find in my room to make it look old. The captain had thought this precaution unnecessary, and we started ashore, I having mine all waving in the wind and the captain having his with a silk wrapper round it and done up in its original package as well. An inspector stood on the wharf, and as soon as we had passed him he turned and followed us. He stepped up to the captain and took his umbrella away from him, and later in the day the captain was fined $25 for petty smuggling. A madder man I never saw."

Preaching With a Knife and Bible.

Birmingham (Ala.) Special.

"Shut up, old man, you're off your base; I'm the preacher to-day." This language was addressed to Rev. J. T. Radcliff, a Baptist minister in Shelby county, as he announced his text last Sunday morning. The speaker was David Harrelson, a member of his church, who had suddenly become crazed on the subject of religion. With a knife in one hand and a Bible in the other, Harrelson then marched up and down the aisle and preached a sermon. Parson Radcliffe tried to leave the house, and Harrelson sprang upon him and beat him severely. While the fight was going on the congregation escaped from the church. Harrelson then wandered around through the neighborhood for three days with his knife in one hand and his Bible in the other, preaching to every one he met and defying arrest. Yesterday he was captured, and to-day was taken to the insane asylum at Tuscaloosa.

Robert Bonner's Son-in-Law.

Washington Post.

Francis Forbes, of New York was one of the guests [illegible] yesterday. [illegible] only da[illegible]

GINGER DRINKERS IN GEORGIA.

Effects of a Substitute for Whisky in a Prohibition Region.

Atlanta Journal.

"A man can't get drunk on ginger, can he?" a druggist was asked.

"Well, if you could see some of my regular ginger drunkards at times you would think so. Ginger is made from alcohol and ginger root. The root is ground and put into one of these funnel-shaped percolators, after which the alcohol is poured upon it and soaks through it, dropping into the jar, in the mouth of which is fixed the funnel. This tincture is, as you know, if you've ever tasted it, as hot as liquid fire, and a teaspoonful is a big dose for an ordinary man. One pound of ginger will make two quarts of tincture, and many prefer it to whisky."

"How much does a confirmed ginger drinker take at a dose?"

"There are one or two men who are regular ginger drinkers, that take as much as four ounces at a time, or, to show you the difference, 32 teaspoonfuls. If you or I or any other man unaccustomed to drinking ginger should take that much at once it would kill us. We would be apt to have convulsions at first, followed by a comatose condition, in which state death would come."

"How much to make a man drunk?"

"I have seen one man get drunk on four ounces, and then again I've seen a man who drank the same quantity have a sort of epileptic fit, lasting for several minutes."

"What effect will the drinking of ginger produce in the long run?"

"It is far more injurious than whisky, and will kill a man who drinks it regularly in from two to three years' time. If you should hold a tablespoonful of ginger in your mouth a minute it would blister the inside coating of the mouth, and you can imagine what the effect on the stomach would be grappling with two or three tablespoonfuls of ginger every day."

"Can you tell a ginger drinker from an ordinary man, or, in other words, will the drinking of ginger affect the personal appearance of a man as whisky does?"

"Whisky drinking makes a man's face red. Ginger drinking makes it pale, as the ginger draws the blood away from the surface to the centre of the body. I've watched these ginger drinkers closely, and I've studied them a good deal. I've learned that an habitual ginger drinker, like a morphine eater, loses all regard for the truth, and would rather lie than tell the truth. They also become hypochondriacs and imagine they are affected with every disease under the sun. One day they'll come in with a long face declaring they've got cramp colic and must have ginger. Another day they'll have heart disease and will surely die unless they can get ginger. The next time they have dyspepsia or rheumatism, but no matter what they have they seem to think ginger the sovereign remedy, and nothing else will do them. The trouble with them is the ginger-drinking, for it ruins the digestion, inflames the stomach and throws the whole system into disorder."

"Is there any advantage in buying ginger?"

"Ginger costs $1 a pint, while whisky sells at from 50 cents up. The people who drink it, and they are numerous, both men and women, are for the most part mere physical wrecks who were confirmed drunkards when prohibition came upon us, and their unnatural appetites must be satisfied, so they bought ginger as the next best substitute for whisky. We ship ginger by the barrel to prohibition towns, as the old topers think it is the best substitute for whisky, and once they get accustomed to it they prefer it to whisky."

THOUGHTFUL SPECULATORS.

Old Wall Street Men Who Embrace Their Opportunities.

Henry Clews in the Cosmopolitan.

But few gain sufficient experience in Wall street to command success until they reach that period in life in which they have one foot in the grave. When this time comes these old veterans of the street usually spend long intervals of repose at their comfortable homes, and in times of panic, which recur sometimes oftener than once a year, these old fellows will be seen in Wall street, hobbling down on their canes to their brokers' offices.

Then they always buy good stocks to the extent of their bank balances, which have been permitted to accumulate for just such an emergency. The panic usually rages until enough of these cash purchases of stock is made to afford a big "rake in." When the panic has spent its force these old fellows, who have been resting judiciously on their oars in expectation of the inevitable event, which usually returns with the regularity of the seasons, quickly realize, deposit their profit with their bankers, or the overplus thereof, after purchasing more real estate that is on the up grade, for permanent investment, and retire for another season to the quietude of their splendid homes and families.

If young men had only the patience to watch the speculative signs of the times as manifested in the periodical egress of those old prophetic speculators from their shells of security, they would make more money at these intervals than by following up the slippery "tips" of the professional "pointers" of the stock exchange all the year round, and they would feel no necessity for hanging at the coat-tails around the hotels of those precious frauds who pretend to be deep in the councils of the big operators, and of all the new "pools" in process of formation. I say to the young speculators, therefore, watch the ominous visits to the street of these old men. They are as certain to be seen on the eve of panic as spiders creeping stealthily and noiselessly from their cobwebs just before rain. If you only wait to see them purchase, then put up a fair margin for yourself, keep out of the "bucket shops," as well as the "sample rooms," and only visit Delmonico's for light lunch in business hours, you can hardly fail to realize handsome profits on your ventures.

How Sam Jones Converted an Infidel.

From a Nashville Sermon by S. Jones.

Down here in a beautiful town south of us an infidel—and about as good a one as you will find—came to me and said: "Mr. Jones, I am an infidel. I don't believe the Bible; but you have got something that I have not got, and I wish I had it. I don't know what it is." I said: "I will prescribe for you and cure you if you take my medicine." He said: "I will do it." I said: "To-night when I get through preaching come up to the altar and say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'" He says, "But I——" I say, "Shut your mouth; your trouble has been your mouth, and if I could keep that shut 24 hours I will get you on the road to God." Sure enough, that night he came and knelt at the altar, and after the service I said to him: "When you go home read a chapter from the Bible and have family prayers." "But I—" says he. "Shut your mouth," said I; "your mouth has gotten you nearly to hell, and if I can keep it shut for 48 hours I will cure you." He got his Bible that night and prayed. The next morning he came back. I told him when the door of the church opened for him to go up and join. "I— I—" he began. I said: "Shut your mouth, but do as I tell you." That afternoon he walked up to the font and joined the church. I put a padlock on each corner of his mouth and one in the middle, and kept his mouth shut 48 hours. He then said: "I believe in God and the Bible, and here is my hand to lead a Christian life."

Many people think if their views are not right they cannot be Christians. God never said: "Give me your head;" and if you give God your [illegible] head will come straight as [illegible]

[illegible] of money in there just about the time of election. I can't say what the result would be in that case."

"You think New York is safe for the Republicans?"

"That is the opinion I have from all I hear."

Wives and Husbands.

Wise Mr. Labouchere writes, in London Truth: "The fact is that married life is governed by a rule anterior to all creeds and codes—the simple, obvious rule that when two people ride on one horse one must ride in front. To the stronger party (mostly the male, but occasionally the female), perhaps, as of right is allotted the seat next the make of the conjugal steed. For the weaker party (male or female, as the case may be), there is no choice but the seat next the tale of the matrimonial quadruped.

[illegible] daughter of Robert Bonner married the [illegible] prospectively [illegible] Bonner, and a very rich [illegible] not look like [illegible] Bonner's [illegible] thin, [illegible] of 45 or [illegible] a very [illegible] er and [illegible] terest [illegible] ves a [illegible] his wife is [illegible] woman. Mr. [illegible] a man who would share M[illegible] love for horseflesh. He is [illegible] thin, religious-looking gentleman [illegible] thereabout. And in fact he is a very religious man, although a lawyer and a Democrat. He takes a deep interest in Sunday school work and lives a very quiet, unobtrusive life.

A Needed Impetus.

New York Sun.

Sick Lady (to Bridget, with cards)—Didn't I instruct you to say, Bridget, to any one that called that I was too ill to be seen?

Bridget—Yis; but shure, mum, I forgot it intoirely; an', oh, mum, I do have such beastly [illegible]

W. P. BOYD & CO.,

621 and 623 Front street,

CLOAKS CLOAKS

ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST INVOICE

—OF—

New Fall Styles.

The unparalleled success of this department during the past season warranted us in placing large orders early. Consequently we are in a position to offer this season the largest and choicest selection of the very latest styles of Ladies' Misses' and Children's Cloaks.

LADIES' WALKING JACKETS

In all the Newest Shapes and Designs.

A Large Variety of

Children's Cloaks!

In the very latest Styles and very low prices.

Daily opening of SPECIALTIES in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods from Chicago and New York.

621 and 623 Front Street,

SEATTLE, W. T. d&w

Home Fire Insurance Co. of Seattle

CAPITAL, $100.000.

TRUSTEES:

J. Furth, Cashier Puget Sound Nat'nl Bank
H. G. Struve, Struve, Haines & McMicken, Attorneys.
A. B. Stewart, Stewart & Holmes Drug Co.
Dr. T. T. Minor, Minor & Dawson, Physicians.
J. P. Hoyt, Mang'r D. Horton & Co., Bankers
B. Gatzert, Schwabacher Bros. & Co., Mchts
M. D. Ballard, President Seattle Hardware Company.
H. H. Lewis, Turner, Engle & Lewis.
Ex-Gov. E. P. Ferry, Vice-President Puget Sound National Bank.

JOHN. P. HOYT, President. JAMES BOTHWELL, Secretary and Manager.

Removed to 629 Front Street, foot of Cherry. d&w

A Consignment of $5,000 Worth of

INFANTS' GOODS

—AT—

HALF PRICE

Special Sale Commencing Monday.

LATOUR & CO.

Opera Block, Front street.

FREE OF COST.

Eshelman, Llewellyn & Co.

THE REAL ESTATE AND MONEY BROKERS OF THE PACIFIC COAST,

Extend a cordial INVITATION to all VISITORS to SEATTLE, as well as to all residents, to call at their office,

POST BUILDING, MILL ST., SEATTLE,

And spend a few minutes' time in DIRECTING PRINTED DESCRIPTIVE MATTER OF SEATTLE AND WASHINGTON to your friends and acquaintances East, FREE OF COST TO YOU. And if you should wish to plant some money in the

Future Great City of the Pacific Coast

THE ONLY SEATTLE IN AMERICA.

We can sell you lots in

ROSS' SECOND ADDITION FOR $175 OR $200.

(This is the manufacturing center of Seattle.)

Or lots in other well located additions; or business and residence lots on the best streets in Seattle; or suburban blocks and acres. It will pay you to call. This is your one chance in a lifetime to secure fortune, contentment and happiness. Don't be too late to secure a seat that will provide for your future, and that of your wife and children. Seattle will double in population in 12 months. Railroads, capitalists and population are coming to Seattle. Become one of her prosperous citizens by securing a foothold while you have a chance. Wealth is now within your grasp, have faith, invest and become a fixture in the New York of the Pacific.

COLLECT INSTEAD OF PAY RENTS. BE YOUR OWN LANDLORD.

INSURANCE!

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES,

Fire, Marine, Life and Accident.

TAYLOR & BURNS, Agents,

Do an Exclusive Insurance Business, representing 25 companies, the best in the world. Prompt payment of losses.

Refer to any of our old customers.

Office in Butler's Building. James street, Seattle.

P. & B. PATENT TEREDO PROOF

PILE COVERING

CHILINE & CAMERON, SEATTLE.

MOORE LAND CO.,

Cor. Second and James Sts.,

Seattle, - W. T.

CAUTION

Requires you before investing in real estate to consider the general principles of such investments and to investigate our claim to giving the

Greatest Value for Your Money

That you can obtain in Seattle.

Real estate investments may be divided into two classes: 1st, Those intended for long holding and, 2d, Those intended for quick turns.

< For -:- Long -:- Holding >

It is generally best to buy in a locality which from its natural advantages must eventually increase greatly in value, but which is at present low priced, because unimproved itself and because of lack of transportation and other facilities. Among the investments of this class which we offer are Hiawatha Park and Hazelwood additions. Our one and five-acre tracts in Hiawatha Park are offered at retail at prices, viz:

1-Acre tracts, - - - - $225

5-Acre Tracts, - - - $1000

Far below those at which any adjacent property can be bought in tracts of 40 acres or more. We know what we are talking about when we make this statement, and ask you to investigate it.

The land lies high and commands a magnificent view of the Sound and the Olympic range. It is worth all we ask for it, for gardening or fruit raising, but we believe that in three years (possibly one) there will be rapid transit to this property, when it will be worth not less than $1000 per acre.

We offer lots 25x120 feet in

Hazelwood Addition

At $60 per lot. We defy you to find any other lots within the city limits for this price. They are a few blocks north of Madison street, are but 2½ miles from the postoffice, and lie well. The reasons you can buy them for this price are that the land was bought when much lower than it is now, that the lots are not cleared, that the land in the immediate vicinity is not settled, and that there is as yet no cable out Madison street. You buy before these improvements are made and so will get

All the Profit

Arising from them. A cable road is as sure to go out Madison street as the sun is to shine, and as soon as it does go Hazelwood lots will be worth $200, and will keep on advancing from that price.

[illegible]ments for Quick Turns.

[illegible] property [illegible]

Lewis & Gilman's Addition,

Lynch & Shields' Addition,

Bagley's Orient Addition.

All near Jackson street Cable road, 40x100 in size and CLEARED, $200 to $450 each.

There has already commenced along the line of the new cable road what will be THE GREATEST BUILDING BOOM Seattle has ever seen. People will not climb even a few blocks up our steep hills on foot when they can avoid it by living on a cable line. Hundreds of home builders and landlords have already contracted for from one to twenty houses each along and near Mill and Jackson streets. Such building movements greatly and rapidly increase values.

Call and Investigate.

MOORE LAND CO.,

Cor. Second and James Sts.,

Seattle, - W. T.