A PETTICOAT RACE.

Some Funny Chilian Characteristics.

KNOW HOW TO BE HOSPITABLE

How the Ruling Class Deport Themselves. In a Roto's Hovel—Like the French, They Kill You With Politeness.

Special correspondence of the Gazette.

CONCEPCION, CHILI, Aug. 11.—The stranger to this remote corner of creation is not to imagine that the Chilians are a semi-barbarous nation, wretchedly clad, if clad at all, with little refinement and less education, superstitious, cruel and bloodthirsty. When first arrived here—astonished by the magnificence of "los Ricos" (the wealthy class, who, though numerically few, yet rule both church and state), their splendid casas and numerous schools and places of amusement, their costly living and stylish dressing and dazzling display of jewels, and their graceful and generous hospitality—he jumps at the conclusion that his previous impressions were absolutely and entirely erroneous. But as time goes on and he learns how the "common people," who make up the bulk of the population, live and move and have their being—he reluctantly comes back to his first opinion as concerning a large majority of Chilians. There are so many conditions of existence in the land, and consequently such a variety of character, that one may say of these people with equal truth—they are both highly civilized and sunk in barbarism; profoundly educated and densely ignorant; rich as Crœsus and poor as Job's oft-mentioned turkey; that they live in palaces furnished with every modern luxury, and in mud hovels with nothing but beans and raw chuno for "daily bread;" that they are the most warm-hearted, genial, hospitable and thoroughly delightful people in the world, as well as the most treacherous, revengeful and never-to-be-depended-upon. Certain national characteristics may be clearly traced through all classes of society—such as the quick, sensational and emotional nature, which makes the Chilian soldier a terrible foe; the Chilian citizen ready to lay down his life at any moment for a point of honor or the cherished institutions of his beloved country; the Chilian lady or gentleman a most generous and devoted friend; the Chilian lover, male or female, ardent to an extravagant degree hardly conceivable by an Anglo-Saxon mind, and inclined to jealousy as the sparks fly upward.

In Chili the typical rico (rich man), young or old, dresses every day in figurative purple and fine linen. For him there is no "second best" attire in the way of a rough and ready morning costume or business suit, for he has no need of such, being like the lilies in that he toils not, neither does he spin. His clothes are always fine, dainty and fashionable as an artist tailor can "create" them; his polished hair carefully parted in the middle or brushed straight up a la pompadour. His immaculate shirt cuffs, with conspicuously jeweled buttons, extending towards his knuckles just so far by a hair's breadth; his very small, sharp-toed, high-heeled shoes reflecting his beauty as in twin mirrors; his monogram-embroidered handkerchief delicately scented, and, in his eyes, the handsome diamond ring and scarf-pin which he sports are no less essential than shirt or trousers. He has been taught deportment from his cradle, and mastered that science to perfection at an early age. As often as he meets you, be it a dozen times a day, he holds his slender cane daintily in one well-gloved hand while tipping his faultless tile with the other, bows gracefully and low, and shakes you by the hand—with never the slightest perceptible variation in the depth of his obeisance or the warmth of the shake; unless you happen to be a man and an intimate friend, in which case he

MAY EMBRACE AND KISS YOU.

If, being only a casual acquaintance, you call upon him on an errand of business or pleasure, he will hasten to inform you that everything he possesses is unreservedly yours—his house, himself, his family, his servants, are all a su disposicion de usted—"at your disposition." His wife, who is generally beautiful and always well dressed, will smile on you benignly through a drift of face powder with a touch of rouge on either side of the nose, and assure you in soft-voweled Spanish of the pleasure she feels in thus forming your acquaintance—and makes you believe it, too, which is the best part of it. Fellow-foreigners tell us that all this tropical courtesy means little, and is only "skin deep." But who cares to go deeper? It is delightful all the same and quite deep enough to outlast the occasion. We, who profess to be a cultured people and are inclined to stiffen our necks with Yankee conceit when our ways are compared with those of other nations, might learn from the Chilenos a good many needed lessons in common politeness. For example they never enter or leave a coach, street-car or other public vehicle without bowing to all its occupants. No lady or gentleman to the manor born ever sat down to or arose from a table in Chile, either public or private, without an inclination of the head to all present. So, in shopping, they bow to the merchant, or his salesmen, on entering or leaving a store. That sort of thing, it seems to me, is much more human between fellow-travelers on life's short journey than our don't-care-for-anybody way.

Says one: "The great social question of the day is whether, for a transient acquaintance, it is better to meet an Englishman who will be bluff and bearish toward you and make you feel like an intruder, while his heart is overflowing with good will toward you, or one of these more courtly Southerners, who flatters you with politeness until you are perfectly at ease, while all the time he is thinking what a bother you are." The generality of people prefer the latter, without taking the trouble to sound its depths. Most politeness is

PLEASANT SHAMMING

the wide world over. When our truest friends bid us "good-bye," how many of them mean it in the full breadth of its original "God be with you," and when they say "farewell," how many go into the details of wishing you good meals and clean beds? A greeting is not likely to be more honest because less cordial, any more than our good-byes and farewells are more forcible because abbreviated and meaningless. Heinrich Heine remarks of his countrymen: "German simplicity still regards rudeness as a mark of courage and honesty, but a peep into the prisons would suffice to show that there are rude rascals as well as rude cowards."

It was long ago decided that it was better for society to be even politely hypocritical than to be honest and rude. I see no reason for distrusting hospitality simply because it bears the semblance of hospitality. The Chilian adios sounds like a mother's blessing; and "que passe Vd. bien" is a whole benediction.

In the streets, however, the average Chilian might learn some good behavior from Germans, Englishmen and Yankees. Here gentlemen consider it a proper tribute to female beauty to stare into a lady's face as long as she remains within the range of vision, whether she appears to like it or not; and in passing, though she be an entire stranger, to address her some complimentary remark, such as beso sus manos, senorita, "I kiss your hands, miss;" or "you are very beautiful," "your eyes are like the heavens," etc. When a group of gentlemen are conversing on the narrow sidewalk and a lady approaches they seldom think of making way for her, or at most, will move nearer the wall, leaving her the curbstone; and I have often seen ladies compelled to step down into the gutter in order to pass around them. The excuse for these gentlemen is that they are not yet used to female emancipation. Their real ladies are seldom seen alone upon the public streets, and Chilian ideas of caste forbid them to show much

DEFERENCE TOWARD COMMON PEOPLE.

In Chili no place is sacred from the fumes of tobacco, except, perhaps, the church. Gentlemen are always smoking, whether walking or riding, with or without ladies. They do it in the parlor, the ball-room and at the table. The priest in the pantheon takes a whiff between his prayers; and the gay bomberos (firemen) while running with their engines, must pause to light the cigarrito, be the emergency never so great.

Though in this alleged republic, all titles were long since abolished, many of the old families who would be glad to retain them still keep up the retinue and state of nobility. A shining example of this was the late Countess of Torro, who gave the government a yearly sum for the privilege of being called a countess—a gratification for which she could well afford to pay, being possessed of almost fabulous wealth. Her enormous, two-storied brick casa was painted a brilliant red, with white doors and window casings. Her deceased husband ordered in his will that its color should remain unchanged and stipulated that disobedience on the part of the widow would forfeit the property. To the day of her death the estimable countess sported a Parisian coach and four, with four outriders and a postillion.

The typical middle class Chileno is very like his more aristocratic neighbor, at least in outward appearance. His house may be almost barren of furniture and the wolf may sometimes prowl dangerously near the premises; but at all times his manner is exactly like that of Los Ricos, and his clothes are as nearly a copy of theirs as circumstances will permit. But the Chilian roto—the acknowledged poor man—is an entirely different being, who never apes gentility, having no style to sustain and no ambition to rise above the caste in which he was born. He has no relations whatever with his richer neighbor, except to serve him for pay whenever occasions require; and he regards the rico as a great personage, whose dignity he would fight for any day. The Roto wears a slouch hat, always mangy from long usage, dirty breeches rolled up from the bottom, and a garment of indistinguishable hue.

WHICH HE CALLS A SHIRT.

If the weather is warm, he perambulates barefooted; if cold, he clatters around on a pair of clumsy clogs with wooden soles an inch thick—that is, if he can afford them; if not, he goes barefooted both winter and summer. When chilly he dons a heavy blanket, called a poncho, that has a slit in the middle through which he thrusts his head. He is not a beauty—thick, coarse black hair hanging straight from the crown, high cheek bones, wide mouth, and skin the color of an old shoe; but he has dazzling white teeth, and small hands and feet that any Gringo might envy. He has no yearnings after the unattainable, and his few wants are easily supplied. He desires no better palace than the one-room adobe hut, with straw roof and dirt floor. His furniture consists of a rude bench or two by way of chairs, a pine table, or perhaps a dry goods box in lieu of it, a hide in one corner upon which to sleep, another rough box which serves for trunk, closet, cupboard and the shrine of his patron saint, a mate-cup and a pot of charcoal upon which his wife prepares the beans and garlic.

Like all ignorant people he is extremely superstitious, believing in charms and amulets as powerful to drive away diseases, that the devil roams about in various guises perpetrating mischief upon man, and that saints and angels, and even the Blessed Virgin herself, will come in person if importuned to wrestle with his satanic majesty. He is slovenly, slow and patient, but a man whom it would be wise to avoid when his anger is aroused. He knows how to use the terrible curvo, and would think no more of severing your windpipe with it than the neck of a chicken.

His numerous sons and daughters grow up without education, and their most hopeful outlook upon the future is to serve in the rich man's casa. Happy indeed is the young rustic who can become valet or mayor domo to a gentleman who will pay him the splendid salary of $6 or $8 per month, feed him from the refuse of the family table and clothe him in the cast off "purple." The highest aim of the Roto maiden—excepting, of course, the more natural ambition to marry and set up a home of her own—is to become a cook with a salary all the way from $4 to $10 a month, or a lady's maid, who falls

HEIR TO HER MISTRESS' DRAGGLED FINERY.

In this country there is no objection to "woman's rights"—that is, for women of the Roto class—so far as the right to labor in any avenue is concerned. They are not only employed as street-car conductors, but they do the street cleaning, and gangs of them with short willow brooms sweep the dirt into the ditches long before sunrise. Outside the cities they keep the shops, the hotels and the drinking places, besides doing all the garden work. They occupy the markets almost exclusively, selling meats as well as vegetables. The roto's wife will carry a basket of fruit around all day on her head, peddling from door to door, or will seat herself somewhere in the sun and patiently await customers, content with the profit of a few pennies between dawn and dark. To buy anything of her a lengthy negotio is inevitable. If she expects to get 50 cents for a basket of peaches her first price will be $2 or $3. Then she will haggle and chatter and plead and remonstrate with you, and if you start away will abandon other customers to follow you, until she finally splits the law's straw of difference and goes back smiling at her own business ability.

If the husband is a ranchero, the wife or daughter must drive for him the yoke of oxen and sell the farm produce or wood cut for burning. The poor lavenderas (wash women) seem to have the hardest time of it. With dresses pinned high around the waist they stand all day knee-deep in the river, pounding the dirt from other people's clothes. In Chili water is never heated for washing purposes, neither is soap extensively used, nor fabric-destroying bleachers, and tubs and wash-boards are unknown. The lavendera, with a bundle of soiled clothes on her head, seeks some favorite spot on the banks of a running stream where is a projecting rock; and there, standing in water which is almost ice-cold during half the year, she moistens the garments one at a time, and laying them on the rock,

POUNDS THE DIRT OUT OF THEM

with a club or wooden paddle. I never saw whiter linen; but it requires three or four days to do a washing, every piece being wet, pounded and bleached, over and over again, until white as snow. I have watched these poor women during the winter months, when chilly, penetrating winds and rains would drench their garments, and I shivered in furs and flannels, standing with bare legs in the cold stream, six or seven hours a day, every day in the week. In Santiago and Valparaiso, where a river is not at hand and the people are more learned in the ways of the wicked world, the lavenderas wash in shallow wooden trays, kneeling upon the ground near their own doors, and use acids which quickly rot the lothes.

In Chili everything is wonderfully expensive but muscle, and that is of comparatively little value. A lady's bonnet costs from $30 to $100, dress silk from $6 to $20 the yard, and the modiste will charge you from $30 to $50 for making it. In Santiago I paid $12 the dozen for linen handkerchiefs of small size and ordinary quality, and $18 for a pair of button boots which at home would have cost about $4.50. I am informed that a gentleman's suit of common clothes costs from $60 to $100, and a pair of patent leather shoes from $15 to $30, and a silk hat not less than $25. Breadstuffs are correspondingly high, and far beyond the reach of the poor rotos.

But there is one luxury in which the poorest Chilian woman will indulge, whatever else may be wanting, and that is a stiffly starched white petticoat. Though her dress may be ragged, her feet and head bare, she would no more do without it than a Nantucket skipper would dispense with his pipe. I have seen them spattering around in the mud, displaying beautifully laundried white skirts trimmed with hand embroidery or crocheted lace a quarter of a yard deep, adorning dirty brown legs that were exposed to view above the knee. The first essentials of dress for a roto woman, young or old, are a voluminous white petticoat, a black manta, a cigarette, a box of musk—gown, shoes and other toggery being mere accessories.

ANNIE B. WARD.

Always first, the famous caterer C. C. Lawson is now daily receiving New York count oysters, fine Spanish mackerel, soft-shell crabs, clams and lobsters.

WITH SIGN AND GRIP

Some Interesting Notes About the Secret Societies.

THE MASONIC GRAND LODGE.

The Pitiful Wail Sent Out in an Anonymous Circular From Houston—Doings of the Different Orders During the Past Week.

[THE GAZETTE is the only paper in the state publishing a secret society department. Secretaries of lodges and others are requested to send in any items of interest regarding their lodge and its work. Such items should reach THE GAZETTE not later than Friday noon of each week.]

Houston's Feeble Wail.

The tide has set so strongly in favor of a removal of the grand lodge to Fort Worth that Houston is beside herself with rage. Now she sends out the following anonymous circular which THE GAZETTE prints simply to show to what methods that town is compelled to resort. This is not a Masonic circular. It bears no seal and is signed by no committee. Masons do not fear the light; in fact they live and move in the light and their actions as Masons are open to the inspection of all men. It will be noted that the circular referred to studiously avoids all reference to the fact that the temple is a constant source of loss and a steady drain upon the treasury of the grand lodge:

WHAT WE HAVE.

Houston.—We have in Houston lots 150 by 150 feet on the corner of Main and Capitol streets, one square from the Capitol hotel—one-half square from a point where one can take the street cars for any point in the city. The lots are equal to an area of 21,250 square feet. We have a temple ninety-five by ninety feet, four stories high, containing stores in the lower story, rooms in the upper three stories for the grand lodge room, the grand commandery and the grand chapter, with lodge rooms, offices for committees, water, gas, and all the conveniences needed. We control the entire property "in perpetuity" if we so desire. It is not in the power of any person or body to deprive us of it. One lot fifty by 100 on Main street, one lot fifty by 125 on Capitol street belong to the grand lodge in "fee simple," and are vacant, ready for occupancy either for grand lodge use or for rental purposes. We have invested something over $125,000.

WHAT IS PROPOSED.

Waco.—Waco offers a lot "in the business part of town," location not definitely stated. Size 100x160, equal to 16,000 square feet. To own it we must expend over $100,000 to be in position we now occupy without the expenditure of a cent.

Fort Worth.—The use of a building to be erected on a lot "in the business part of the city." Size of lot 75x100, equal to 7500 square feet, smaller by 1550 square feet than now occupied by the present "Temple building" alone.

This house to be erected can be used "free of rent," Fort Worth lodge controlling the building. In the future the property can be bought, Fort Worth lodge always reserving room for all the Masonic bodies in Fort Worth and the "control of same." While the use of the building is tendered, the Grand Lodge would have to incur the expense of fitting up for itself such portions as used by it. The Grand Chapter and Commandery the same.

This is not a good year to increase taxes.

Lamar Favors Fort Worth.

Special to the Gazette.

PARIS, TEX., Aug. 29.—The Masonic bodies of Lamar county have not yet voted on the removal propositions. So far as known the sentiment is in favor of Fort Worth, decidedly.

San Saba is With Us.

Special to the Gazette.

SAN SABA, TEX., Aug. 29.—San Saba lodge has not voted yet on the removal of the grand lodge to Fort Worth, and after a thorough canvass among the members I feel warranted in saying that a large majority if not all will vote for the removal to Fort Worth, believing it to be the most central and accessible point for the entire craft in the state.

J. W. THOMAS,
Secretary San Saba Lodge No. 612.

Baird Votes for Fort Worth.

Special to the Gazette.

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEX., Aug. 29.—The Baird Masonic lodge at its last meeting voted on the removal of the grand lodge, Fort Worth receiving every vote but one. This likely indicates the vote of West Texas. Fort Worth is certainly the most accessible place for the location in the state. With such a fine offer it will get it by a large majority.

Stevens County for Fort Worth.

Special to the Gazette.

BRECKENRIDGE, TEX., Aug. 29.—The Masonic lodges of this county have voted unanimously in favor of Fort Worth for location of the Masonic temple.

The Iron Hall at Denison.

Special to the Gazette.

DENISON, TEX., Aug. 29.—The members of the local branch No. 197 order of the Iron Hall, who joined seven years ago, received their final benefits last night ranging from $300 to $1000. The total cost to members carrying a certificate calling for $6000 has been $103 for the seven years. There were seventeen members whose certificates expired and they were paid $12,905. They had received in sick benefits during the past seven years $2695, making a grand total of $15,600.

The Grand Orient at Colorado.

Special to the Gazette.

COLORADO, MITCHELL COUNTY, TEX., Aug. 29.—A delegation from the Big Springs lodge was down Wednesday night of last week, and instituted a lodge of the "Grand Orient" in Colorado. The new lodge starts with a membership of seventeen. After the initiations an elegant banquet was given the visitors at Maurer's restaurant, which was not the least enjoyable part of the occasion.

The Odd Fellows.

At the coming session of the Sovereign grand lodge to be held in St. Louis September 21, there will be a grand demonstration of Patriarchs Militant in the form of a street parade, in which the encampments and lodges of the order will also take part, and in the evening there will be a reception to the grand sire, officers, and members of the Sovereign grand lodge by the officials of the St. Louis exposition at Grand music hall. Gilmore's band of New York will furnish the music. On the next day there will be an entertainment at the fair grounds, at which place an exhibition drill will be had; $2000 in prizes are offered as follows: $1000 for the best drilled canton, $500 for the second best, $300 for the best drilled canton belonging to the department of Missouri, $200 for the largest canton in line of parade, and $100 for the best uniformed lodge in line of parade.

The I. O. O. F. hall at Black Jack Grove is nearing completion and is a fancy two-story brick, which, when finished, will be the finest and most fancy building by odds in the town. These Odd Fellows are dandies.

Knights of Pythias.

The Ottuma, Ia., Courier produces the following account of the experiences of a reporter in attempting to work his way into the Iowa grand lodge, Knights of Pythias, during its recent session in Sioux City. The reporter desired to get some facts from Mr. Wheeler, G. K. of R. and S., and stood without the gate for awhile watching the performance. He finally came to the conclusion that he could whisper just as well as the rest of them, and since Mr. Wheeler was on the inside thought he'd try. Walking up to the sword girdled gentleman he threw his arms about his neck and whispered very softly: "Will you come and have a celery phosphate?"

"Guess you've got the wrong word," said the knight as he submitted to the embrace of the next candidate and a dozen more who filed in behind him. Then a lull occurred and the scribe made another effort. Taking the sentinel by the hand he gave him a grip learned when initiated into the O. A. M., and laying the other caressingly on his knightship's off ear, just breathed:

"What would you say to a nice, brown, fragrant Key West?"

"You're off again, young man."

"Well, then, a glass of lemonade!"

"No."

"Nor beer?"

"None."

"There's some nice, fresh Hostetter's bitters in town."

"N—no, I guess not."

"Well, there's whisky that would burn the copper out of a Jersey still."

"Sorry, but—"

"Well, will you take a dose of opium?"

"Not this evening. Look out, hereafter some men who want to get in."

There is nothing its equal for relieving the SORENESS, ITCHING or BURNING, reducing the INFLAMMATION, taking out REDNESS, and quickly bringing the skin to its natural color.

BEWARE of imposition. Take POND'S EXTRACT only. See landscape trade-mark on buff wrapper. Sold only in our own bottles. All druggists.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 5th Ave., N. Y.

P.I.L.E.S. POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT.

It's remarkable specific action upon the affected parts gives it supreme control over *Piles*, however severe.

Also for *Burns, Scalds, Eruptions, Salt Rheum &c.* Testimonials from all classes prove its efficacy. Price 50c. Sold by all Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price. Put up only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 5th Ave., N. Y.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

POINTS IN GOOD FORM.

Information That May Be Useful on a Variety of Occasions.

Harper's Bazar gives in answer to correspondents the following clear and practical replies to questions about a number of social matters:

Guests at a morning wedding do not remove their bonnets. In August you could use golden rod most effectively for decorating your country house.

Hold your fork in your right hand, like a spoon; use your knife, certainly, to cut anything that cannot be cut with the fork; do not hold your knife while eating with your fork. Asparagus is usually carried to the mouth with the fingers, though it may be eaten with a fork, simply cutting off the tips. Lettuce you may tear with your fingers before putting on the dressing, and then eat with a fork; or you may manipulate it entirely with a fork—almost anything except mangle it with a knife.

White canvas shoes trimmed with patent leather—not with russet leather—are worn at the seaside by those dressing in mourning.

"Full dress" usually means the most elaborate toilets, decollete, etc. "Evening dress" is what the name implies, not necessarily decollete.

Write an informal note asking the parents of the children to give your little girl the pleasure of their company upon such date as you may decide.

In paying the call you mention send a card to the guest and one to each of the ladies of the family. You will send in the cards by the servant if the ladies are at home, or you will leave the same number if the ladies are out. You may call upon a bride any time after her return, unless you receive cards designating the days upon which she desires to receive her friends.

You need not leave cards at a wedding reception. You will, of course, pay a call afterward, when your card, with your husband's, will be left.

If circumstances compel you to admit a caller yourself, do it as informally and naturally as if it was your custom. Precede your man caller to the parlor and follow the ladies.

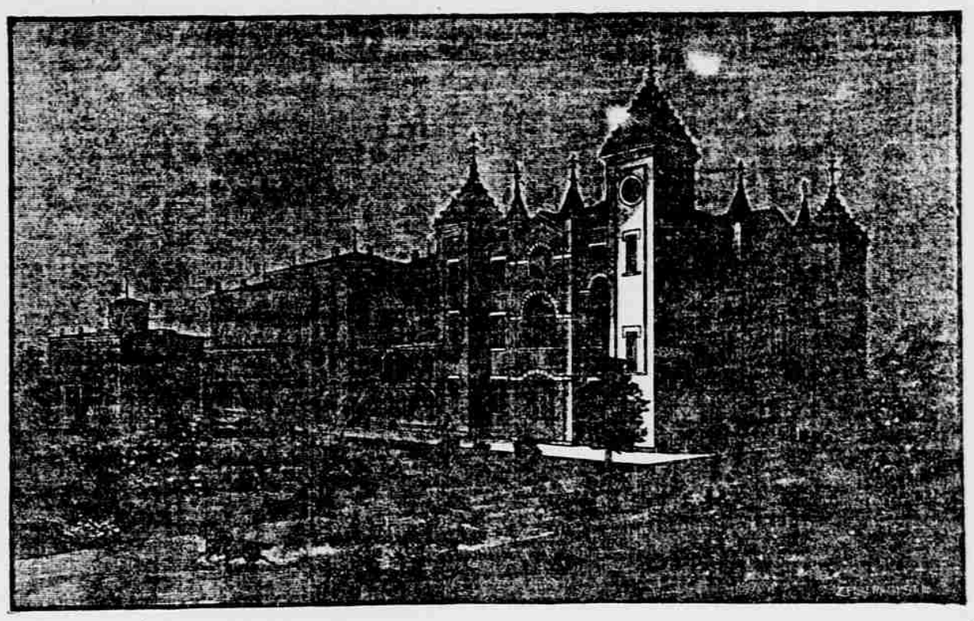
Order your dinner at a hotel as you would at home, quietly and simply. Nothing is more objectionable than sampling all the dishes upon a menu simply because they are to be had.

Invite your guests to "meet Mr. and Mrs. Brown." You should surely invite the husband of your acquaintance; in fact, it is not possible to do otherwise.

Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Miss E. Hendricks will open her class September 1. Terms reasonable. Address 507 Taylor street.

HARDIN LADIES' COLLEGE



AND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

Hardin Ladies' College.

This College owes its existence to the liberality of Ex-Governor C. H. Hardin, whose contributions to it amount to $72,000, besides many thousands to others. The following is an accurate exhibit of the property of the college: Value of grounds and buildings, $75,000; endowment, $45,000; scientific apparatus, $3,000; steam heating apparatus, $2500; furniture, $12,000. Total, $136,500. The property is all in splendid condition and is absolutely free from debt. By the terms of Governor Hardin's gift, 40 per cent of the income from the endowment shall return to increase the endowment, until that fund shall reach

ONE-HALF MILLION DOLLARS.

Thus the permanency and wealth of the institution are as well assured as human affairs can be.

Since the foundation of the college eighteen years ago, its steady increase of patronage, year after year, from Missouri and from other states in the South and West, is in the highest degree gratifying to its friends, and furnishes abundant evidence that the thinking public appreciates the great work that is being done by Hardin College.

The college is located at Mexico, Mo., at the crossing of two great trunk lines of railroad, the Chicago and Alton and the Wabash Western.

THE COLLEGE BUILDING

is a handsome structure, recently built of solid masonry, in the most workman-like style. As a specimen of splendid architecture, arranged with special reference to the safety, comfort and convenience of a college home, it stands without a rival.

THE DORMITORIES

afford room for 150 boarding pupils. They are large, with high ceilings, and are furnished with ample facilities for ventilation. They are handsomely equipped with new furniture. The floors are covered with elegant Brussels or ingrain carpets. The entire building, dormitories and halls are

HEATED BY STEAM,

so that in the coldest weather every part of the building has a pleasant temperature. The radiators are provided with valves for regulating the heat at pleasure to any desired temperature.

NEW IMPROVEMENTS.

To meet the demands of an increasing patronage, the directors have just completed twenty-one new dormitories and are now erecting an elegant $15,000 building for chapel service, and for the

Conservatory of Music.

The building will also contain recitation rooms, dining-room and college hall. This building and the college will be lighted with electricity and heated by steam. Water is conveyed by pipes to every part of the building. Hot water and cold water on every floor.

At an expense of $15,000 the directors have just completed a superb building, with music rooms, and a large concert hall, furnished with handsome opera chairs, with a seating capacity of 1200.

This department will continue to enjoy the superior instruction of that master musician,

PROFESSOR HERMAN SCHIRMACHER,

who has trained a larger number of fine musicians in the South and West than any man now living. His six years' sojourn with us has been a continued ovation, and the brilliant success of his concerts the delight of all. Professor Schirmacher is a graduate of the Royal conservatory of Leipsig, Germany, and was for years a pupil of the great masters, Mendelssohn, David, Moscheles, Plaidy and Boehme. For modest, earnest, for splendid attainments in music, for patient, untiring energy, he has no superior, and his success during his five years' connection with the college is without a parallel in this country.

A Splendid Prize.

In the music department to the best performer there has been awarded in each of the last three years a superb piano costing $1000. In 1889 it was awarded to Miss Minnie Doak; in 1890 to Miss Eula Pollard, and in 1891 to Miss Beulah Williams.

Board of Instruction and Government.

EX-GOVERNOR C. H. HARDIN, A. M. L. L. D.—President board of directors.

A. K. YANCEY—President of the college.

REV. C. M. WILLIAMS, A. M.—Associate.

A. K. YANCEY—Andrew Harper professor of philosophy, French language and literature.

REV. C. M. WILLIAMS, A. M.—Natural sciences, languages and mathematics. Lectures on Greek and Roman literature.

MISS H. R. HAY—Presiding teacher in college hall. Art criticism, political economy, mathematics.

PROFESSOR M. KRATT—German language and literature.

REV. J. T. WILLIAMS, A. M., D. D.—Evidences of Christianity and Bible studies.

MRS. G. A. YANCEY—Study of the Bible.

MISS SARA R. MITCHELL—Higher mathematics and English literature.

MRS. C. M. BEST—Elocution.

MISS L. MCMASTER—Art, literature.

*

Type writing and stenography.

*To be filled.

Mozart Conservatory.

[Chartered by the Laws of Missouri.]

MUSIC AND ART.

PROFESSOR HERMAN SCHIRMACHER, (Graduate of the Royal Conservatory, Leipzig, Germany.) Piano, Violin and Harmony.

PROFESSOR W. M. THELOAR, Piano, Organ, Singing and Harmony.

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