SOUTHERN MINNESOTA.

Gleanings of News and Items of Material Interest.

A Daily Globe Department at Mankato Devoted to Developing and Advancing the Southern Portion of the State.

The office of the Southern Minnesota department of THE GLOBE is in charge of Mr. E. F. Barrett, with headquarters at Mankato, the business and editorial rooms being on the second floor of the First national bank building formerly occupied as the telephone exchange. Personal calls or communication addressed to Mr. Barrett on matters pertaining to this department will receive prompt attention.

Special Reports from the GLOBE Mankato office November 21.

Mankato Dots.

Everybody will partake of the turkey today.

There will be no school at the normal tomorrow.

Frank Sparrow and Will Snow came up last night to spend Thanksgiving at home.

Hon. Andrew Dunn, of Winnebago City, was registered at the Mankato house yesterday.

For the best bread use Hubbard & Co's Superlative flour. It has few equals and no superior. *

The postoffice will be open to-day from 7:30 a. m. to 10:30 a. m.; 12 m. to 1 p. m.; 5 to 6:30 p. m.

Don't forget the Thanksgiving ball at the Union hall to-night. The Germania will furnish the music.

There will be a grand Thanksgiving ball at Union hall on this evening. Music by "Germania" orchestra.

Dr. C. F. Warner and ex-Mayor Maxfield took in the great celebration on yesterday evening at St. Paul.

A. C. Dunn, Esq., one of Winnebago City's members of the legal fraternity and an ex-representative to the legislature from Faribault county, was in Mankato yesterday.

The "Germania" have a very busy winter before them in prospect. What with two roller rinks, dances and Opera house engagements, their hands are quite likely to be full.

Senator B. F. Rice, formerly a Mankato attorney but at present enjoying a good practice in Denver, is here on a visit to his many friends in this city. Mr. Rice left Mankato in 1862, organizing a company for the war and at the close settled in Arkansas and during the Republican regime in that state was elected United States' senator, serving the term of six years.

He gave his name as James Donahue, but he has several aliases. On Monday evening he went the rounds of the stores and hypothecated what loose things he could lay his digets upon and then sold what he could of them. Among the articles he stole were overalls, mittens and overshoes. Officer Kelley run the duffer in late in the evening, and yesterday he plead guilty to petit larceny and went up for fifteen days at the county jail. Donahue is evidently a professional crook and is known throughout the west.

Mankato "Review."

One of the institutions of which Mankato has good reason to be proud, is the paper named above. The founder of it, Mr. J. C. Wise, is not only a veteran publisher, but a veteran Democrat, and during all these years, when Democracy was anything but popular in Minnesota, Mr. Wise has achieved a reputation by steadfast adherence to principle by his publication of a substantial Democratic organ, at times almost solitary and alone, for in many instances the struggling country papers on the frontier were sadly tempted to suit their politics to the postoffice, landoffice, or other federal appointment, which alone could save them from a speedy death. In 1859 Mr. Wise started the *Record*, which he conducted for a number of years, but finally sold, and in 1869 founded the *Review*, which he has since published. His steadfast adherence to principle has at last been rewarded by seeing those principles triumph, and he can now enjoy the supreme satisfaction of feeling that the country has endorsed that which he has so steadfastly fought for. Apart from his being the veteran publisher, and that his course has been always consistent, (a hard thing to say of many publishers,) the establishment he conducts is a credit to any city. No printing house in southern Minnesota has a more complete outfit or is any better situated to handle the business of a city like Mankato than the *Review*. A run through the establishment on yesterday brought to notice a new improved Campbell cylinder power press, which has recently been purchased and added to the mechanical outfit, and which renders this department now complete. The *Review* has its own steam power, and as before stated, is a credit to the city.

Mankato Choral Society.

The movement which has been on foot for some time past looking to the formation of a prominent musical society in this city, reached a climax on Tuesday evening by the perfection of an organization which will be known as the "Mankato Choral society." The meeting was held in the dental parlors of Dr. D. F. McGraw, which were filled to overflowing with a very select and interesting company, embracing some of the best social and musical talent of the city. A superb Emmerson piano from the music store of E. Blaisdell was furnished for the evening, and after a short time passed in chorus work a proposition from Mr. Geo. Andrews was read, which upon motion of Dr. McGraw was at once accepted and the society proceeded to the election of officers and the adoption of a set of by-laws. All those present and who had been invited by the committee selected at a previous meeting were declared to be charter members, and future memberships were to be refused if these members voted in the negative.

The following were the officers elected: President, Dr. D. F. McGraw; secretary, Manly Haines; treasurer, Mrs. Geo. Fox; musical director, Mrs. Geo. Andrews.

On motion the chair appointed the following as an executive committee: J. Williams, chairman; E. Andrews, Miss Aria Wagner, Miss Sue Gleason, Miss Carrie Ogle.

A resolution, assessing a withdrawal fee of $2, unless the consent of the society was first obtained, was passed, and Monday evening of each week selected as the evening for regular rehearsals.

The society take up the opera of H. M. S. Pinafore with an entirely local cast, which was made on Tuesday evening, and work will at once be begun in that opera with the view of giving it at an early date. The society embraces five members of the late Andrews opera company and in general has a large amount of talent. The director, Mr. Geo. Andrews, is a musical enthusiast and imparts fire and life to the chorus. It will be simply grand, as far as harmony and tone are concerned, and when worked down fine will give the people of Mankato a musical treat. The chorus will number at least fifty voices and the opportunity for culture and real enjoyment by the lovers of music is one that all of them will appreciate. Monday, December 8, will be the next rehearsal.

The Roller Queen.

The grand opening season of the new Mankato roller rink which transpired on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of the present week was made more attractive by the appearance of Miss Nellie Fuller, of Des Moines, Iowa, the roller queen of the northwest and the acknowledged lady champion skater of that section.

Her reputation has been most thoroughly established at Mankato by several previous appearances, but never has she appeared before under so favorable circumstances as on this engagement and never has the pretty little lady done herself so much credit. A bright, puiquant, plump little blonde with the loveliest golden hair falling in great fleecy waves over her shoulders, with bright pleasant smile and winning ways, this little lady of only eleven years of age captivates her audiences at sight. Her costume of rich crimson velvet trimmed with swan's down and crimson velvet skating cap sets off her plump little figure to advantage, and is exceedingly becoming while the inimitable grace and elegance of her every movement fill all who behold her with admiration. Her perfect poise upon the treacherous rollers is something simply wonderful and the grace with which every movement is performed and the perfect time with which she suits them to the music is remarkably pleasing. All the movements known to professional skaters, such as pirouetting, waltzing, polka step, backward skating upon either heels or toes, are gone through with by this youthful prodigy without the least apparent effort and without a single false step. She also performs a feat which no lady skater in the United States ever attempts to perform, which consists of skating upon a pair of common wood bottomed skates without straps or clamps and with only one set of rollers, the heel rollers being removed. Her performance of this most wonderful feat was greeted with a perfect storm of applause.

Little Miss Nellie, however, needs no newspaper praise and need not fear its censure, her reputation has been so thoroughly established by her own merit before the public and with the rink managers everywhere.

At the grand opening of the Leland & Crocker rink in Minneapolis, decidedly the finest rink in the northwest, Miss Nellie, who was the principal attraction, was presented with a most magnificent pair of Crocker club skates, gold and silver plated, and with the case valued at $100.

She also opened the Summit avenue rink St. Paul, and her dates for openings cover the best rinks now being built in the northwest. It is a veritable pleasure to see this charming little lady skate, and it is no wonder that rink managers every where are so anxious to obtain her as one of their best attractions. Mankato people show the popular feeling of favor and always welcome this charming roller queen.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Its Origin and Observance in Olden Times

The earliest Thanksgiving on record in the colony of Massachusetts was held on the 22d of February, 1631, under circumstances that are recorded as follows in Young's Chronicles:

"But now as the winter came on, provisions began to be very scarce, upon the grounds aforesaid, and people were necessitated to live upon clams, and muscles, and and ground nuts, and acorns, and these got with much difficulty in the winter time. Upon which, the people were much tired and discouraged, especially when they heard that the governor himself had the last batch of bread in the oven; and many were the fears of people that Mr. Pearce, who was sent to Ireland to fetch provisions was cast away or taken by pirates. But God who delights to appear in greatest straits, did work marvellously at this time; for before the very day appointed to seek the Lord by fasting and prayer, about the month of February or March in comes Mr. Pearce, laden with provisions. Upon which occasion the day of fast was changed, and ordered to be kept as a day of thanksgiving; which provisions were by the governor distributed unto the people, proportionable to their necessities."

In the first book of records under the "Court of Assistants" of Massachusetts, under date of June 5th, 1632, it is recorded as follows: "This court, taking into consideration the great mercy of God vouchsafed to the church of God in Germany and the Pallatinate, have appointed the 13th day of this present month to be kept as a day of thanksgiving throughout the several plantations."

In June, 1633, the Court ordered as follows:

"The 19th day of this present month is appointed to be kept as a day of publique Thanksgiving throughout the several plantations."

The same year, October 1st, this is recorded:

"In regard of the many and extraordinary mercies which the Lord hath been pleased to vouchsafe of late to the plantation, the plentiful harvest, ships safely arrived with persons of spetiall use and quantity, etc., it is ordered that Wednesday, the 16th day of the present month, shall be kept as a day of publique Thanksgiving throughout the several plantations."

This was probably the first thanksgiving in Massachusetts which had reference to the ingathering of the harvest. We find no mention of any thanksgiving for the next three years. In 1637, the Court appointed the 15th of the 4th month [June,] to be obsevered as a day of Thanksgiving in the several churches. In 1638, the record says—"Intimation to be given to the elders of our several churches of the desire of the Court to keep the last Thursday of the 8th month [October] a day of Thanksgiving for the safe-coming of so many ships this year, and the seasonable weather in the spring and now to ripen the harvest."

In 1639, it was ordered, that the 28th day of this present month [November] should be kept a day of public Thanksgiving through the Churches. Those churches that have kept a day already are left to their liberty."

The records of the Colony show between 1631 and 1685 twenty-nine (or thirty) orders for Thanksgiving, "several of which were for specific, but most for general causes of gratitude to Providence."

The following is the first Proclamation for a day of thanksgiving copied from "The New England Weekly Journal," of October 21, 1728.

By His Excellency
WILLIAM BURNET, Esq.

Captain General and Governor in Chief in and over His Majesties Province of *Massachusetts Bay*, in *New England*.

Proclamation for a General THANKSGIVING.

In consideration of the many undeserved Blessings which it hath pleased Almighty GOD of His great Goodness, to confer on us in the Course of this year, more especially in Preserving the Sacred Person of Our Sovereign Lord the KING, Our most Gracious QUEEN, the Royal Issue, and the rest of the Royal Family, in giving Success to His Majesties Councils, for continuing the PEACE of Europe, in protecting the Government of this Province, and in preserving to us Peace and the Enjoyment of Our most valuable Privileges, Civil and Religious, in granting us so good a Measure of Health, and in giving us such a plentiful HARVEST, and in making our Merchandise and Fishery to prosper, and defending them from the Violence of merciless Pirates, with manifold other unmerited Favors—All which lay us under the deepest Obligations of Gratitude & Obedience to our most Bountiful Benefactor.

I have, therefore, thought fit, with the advice of His Majesties Council, and at the Desire of the Representatives in the present Session, to Order and Appoint, that Thursday, the Seventh of November next, be solemnly Observed as a Day of Public THANKSGIVING throughout this Province. Earnestly Exhorting both Ministers and People in their respective Assemblies, to offer up their most Unfeigned THANKS to Our Most Gracious GOD, the author of all our blessings, with their Fervent Prayers that we may Fear the LORD and His Goodness, and walk worthy of Him. And all Servile Labor is Forbidden on the Said day.

Given at the Council Chamber in Boston, the Fifteenth Day of October, 1728. In the Second Year of the Reign of Our Sovereign Lord GEORGE the Second, by the Grace of GOD of Great Britain, France and Ireland KING, Defender of the Faith, &c.

W. BURNETT.

By Command of His Excellency the Governor, with the Advice of His Majesties Council, Josiah Willard, Secr.

GOD Save the KING.

Went to See His Alleged Dead Body.

[Johnstown Tribune.]

A stranger was mangled and crushed to death on the railroad near Altoona on Saturday morning last. The remains were positively identified by William Settlemeyer as those of his nephew, William, whose home was at Bennington. Mrs. William Settlemeyer and her daughter, aunt and cousin of the Bennington young man, also identified the remains as William's. Saturday evening William visited Altoona to see what kind of a looking corpse he made. His Altoona relatives are now buying spectacles to improve their sight. A tramp who saw the remains said the dead man was "only a bum."

Escape from the Galleys.

I was two years in the convict gang at Toulon, and although I underwent all the mental torture that can possibly be conceived, I never received a blow from the whip, which is more than can be said by convicts generally. I conformed to all the rules, was cheerful in manner, and had exhibited no desire to escape.

"They are letting up on us two," No. 21 remarked to me one day, "and after a while we shall be trusted. Then, my boy, I'll show you how I can get away to America, where there are no hulks and no hanging for killing a wife."

There was a girl of about twelve years of age that was permitted to come into the dock yard daily to sell cigars to the workmen. She was an interesting child and a general favorite, and often came near to No. 21 and myself, sometimes giving us a little tobacco or a piece of bread.

One day, as my yoke fellow and myself were sitting apart from the others on a large stone, she dropped her basket near us as if by accident, and the contents were scattered on the ground. While on her knees picking up her property she threw us two rolls of bread. "Freedom!" she whispered and moved on.

"Take one," said No. 21. "No one will suspect you." In obedience to the direction. I slipped one of them into the breast of my shirt.

We passed on a board the hulk at sunset, with the bread in our hands. No notice was taken of it by the examiners who are appointed to search the convicts in case of suspicion. As soon as we could safely do so we broke open the bread, and found inside of each roll of bread a small file and steel saw. These we quickly concealed over a beam.

I then altered my shirt, so that in the large seam of the back I could insert my two instruments; and No. 21 made a similar arrangement for the disposition of his tools.

A month after this incident a vessel, bringing guns for the navy to Toulon, struck a rock off a point of land sheltering the bay and sunk. A large lighter, filled with diving apparatus—windlasses, winches, etc.—was prepared to raise the guns, and two convict launches were detailed to tow the lighter out to the wreck and assist in raising the guns. No. 21 and I were among those detailed for this work, and we went to our task with our saws and files safely concealed in the back of our shirts. At daylight the lighter started in tow of the launches. These launches were large, heavy boats, having twenty-six large oars each.

When we reached the place of wreck the lighter was moored over the main hatch of the sunken vessel and secured head and stern so that she would not swing with the tide, and the two launches were hauled alongside of her, one on each side. Each launch had four guards with loaded muskets stationed in the stern sheets to guard against a rising of the convicts, of which, however, there was little probability.

We worked all that day, and recovered sixteen guns from the vessel. Ten more only remained. In the afternoon the commandant of the dock yard sent word for the work to proceed all night, as there were indications of rough weather, in which case the wreck would break up and make it difficult to recover the rest of the guns.

Orders were given for our boat's crew to work from 8 o'clock to midnight, the other from midnight till 4 o'clock, and so on until the guns were recovered.

At about 8 o'clock at night a cold, piercing rain set in. The guards stood it, wrapped in their greatcoats, until 9 o'clock, and then considering that there was no danger of any one escaping, changed the launches to the lighter and went on board the latter to seek protection under a deck abaft the windlass.

No. 21 and myself pulled the bow oars of our launch, and our bow was on a line with with the bow of the lighter. When it ran flood tide, the current, which was very strong, ran from forward aft; when it ran ebb, the tide was from aft forward, the lighter being moored head and stern. The derricks and windlass were amidships, and the other boat lay sparred off.

We worked all the first watch at the lifting apparatus, and were relieved at midnight by the other boat's crew. The guard saw us seated on our benches, or thwarts, where we were expected to sleep as well as we could. As the rain continued pouring in torrents, the guard soon withdrew again to the shelter of the lighter. The noise of the rain was so great that a man's voice could not be heard at a few feet distance.

"Now is our time," said I to No. 21, "and we must be quick about it."

We had each one shackle on our legs to file through, besides a small chain that held the shackle up. We began to file at these rapidly, and finished the work in an hour, using great care. Each of our oars had a lanyard to it, which let it go down even with the water. We agreed to take an oar apiece, No. 21 to slip over the starboard, I over the larboard side.

The tide was now running half ebb and about two miles an hour. We dropped quietly into the water, cut our respective oars loose, and drifted away with the tide. The rain still fell in torrents, and a fresh breeze was blowing out of the harbor, but as the line of ebb tide passed close to the point, we calculated to reach it and not drift out to sea.

No. 21 and myself kept together until after we lost sight of the lighter's lanterns; then we began to strike out for the point, which we were fast approaching.

No. 21 said to me: "That was my daughter that gave us the files. I told her before I left Paris to follow me."

"God bless her!" said I. "Farewell, Pierre, until we meet again," and I began to leave him.

I was about 100 yards ahead of him when I saw a light approaching from the direction of the harbor, and soon the hull and spars of a vessel loomed close to me. Her bow struck my oar, and I had just time to catch her chain bobstay, and was drawn along at a furious rate. I raised myself by main strength on to the bobstay, the foam of the vessel's bow coming up to my neck. "Thank God!" I exclaimed, "I am saved." I went to work to file off my waist chain, which I did in the course of an hour, and then was free of all incumbrances.

It was, as near as I could judge, 3 o'clock in the morning when I got rid of my irons. By this time the vesel had run at least sixteen miles. I intended to let her run until I was discovered, which would not probably be until 7 o'clock; "then," I argued, "the the ship will be at least sixty miles from Toulon, and will not turn back for the sake of delivering me up." I was so exhausted, however, by cold and fatigue, that I found I must get on board the vessel if possible; so I crawled in over the bow, and found the lookout fast asleep on his watch. There was a dim light forward, where the crew slept, and, looking down, I saw three men sound asleep in their berths.

Nothing disturbs a sailor in his watch below, and I went down among the sleepers. I picked out the largest shirt and pair of pantaloons I could find and put them on; I then put on a pair of shoes, a sou'wester, and an oilskin coat, and, thus equipped, went on deck and threw my convict clothes overboard.

As I came up from below the man at the bow said, "Pepe, is it seven bells yet?" "No," I replied. The lookout fell back under his tarpaulin and I moved aft cautiously.

One man was leaning under the lee of the mainmast, one was at the helm, and two or three seemed to be asleep under the lee of the cuddy.

"I again went forward and tried the forehatch cover, and found I could lift it. Then I looked into the cook's caboose, and found there some hard bread and a piece of pork. The tea-kettle being on the galley ready for the morning, breakfast, I took it along with me, and descended with my plunder into the forehatch, hauled the cover over after me, and laid down on the cargo to sleep.

Leigh Hunt.

A recent writer says that Leigh Hunt combined with a "brain" the tenderest of human hearts. His ignorance of business matters and his poverty made him to natures of the baser sort an object of ridicule. Carlyle used to keep three sovereigns in a little packet on his mantel piece, which he called "Leigh Hunt's sovereigns," because he occasionally lent them to him, and was wont to narrate the circumstance to all whom it did not concern. Hunt would have lent him 3000 sovereigns, had he possessed them, and never disclosed the circumstances. There was nothing in his literary life that Dickens regretted so much as the unintentional wrong he did Leigh Hunt in his portrait of Harold Skimpole.

LONDON FASHION NOTES.

Navy blue is in great favor this season in London.

Satin is preferred to silk although a costume is rarely, if ever entirely composed of either one or the other.

It is charged that, notwithstanding the declaration of friendly relations between Russia and the Papal church, the government interferes in the most vexatious manner in the administation of the Roman Catholic dioceses. The *Tablet* declares that "the Russian Government can ill afford to alienate the sympathies of the Catholics, its most loyal subjects, who hitherto have been least of all affected by the Nihilist propaganda, especially as the national episcopate is crying out for state protection against the encroachments of the 'Stundists,' who are attracting even more numerous proselytes from the decrepit and paralyzed State Church."

A meeting of the officers of the Salvation Army from all parts withtn 150 miles of New York was held at the headquarters of the army in Brooklyn. There are in this country battallions of the army in more than 100 cities, Major Moore, who was sent out by the head of the British Salvation Army to take charge of the detachment in this country, found teat it was impossible to establish it on the same basis or to have it remain longer a dependent on the English Salvation Army. The meeting held last week was to organize a dependent body. Major Moore will probably be elected General of the new oreanization; he will then turn over to the organizattion the $30,000 of real estate and the $8,000 of personal property. This property was formerly held in trust under General Booth, of the English organization.

PARTNERS OF GENIUS.

The Lettered and Unlettered Wives of Literary Men.

[London Letter in Washington Post.]

The stories of lettered and unlettered wives, the partners of genius, would fill a large volume. Disraeli, in his "Literary Character," has an interesting chapter on the subject. He ascribes some of the conspicuous blemishes of several great compositions to the domestic infelicities of their authors. Thus the desultory life of Camoens is perceptible in the deficient connection of his epic, and Milton's blindness and divided family prevented that castigating criticism which otherwise had erased passages which escaped his revising hand. Dryden himself pleads for the inequalities of his work from his domestic circumstances. The wife of Whitelocke more than once destroyed his manuscript, and the marks of her nails have come down to posterity in the numerous lacerations still gaping in his memorials. Moliere, notwithssanding all his skillful analysis of human life, married a girl from his own troupe, who made him experience all those bitter disgusts and ridiculous embarrassments which he himself played off at the theatre. On the other hand, there are many pleasant instances of happy literary marriages. Wieland's wife was a comfortable and affectionate woman; she knew her husband was a great poet without reading his books. Buffon, the great naturalist, wrote of his wife: "Often, when I cannot please myself and am impatient at the disappointment, Mme. de Buffon reanimates my exertion or withdraws me to repose, and I return to my pen refreshed and aided by her advice."

Gessner declared that, whatever his talents might be, the person who had most contributed to develop them was his wife. The late Lord Beaconsfield owed much of his success to the affectionate devotion of his wife. The modest but sufficient fortune which she possessed on his marriage enabled him to commence his parliamentary career much earlier than would otherwise have been possible, and from first to last she was in every respect the partner of his joys and sorrows; and my lady readers will be interested in the fact that Lord Beaconsfield's father, than whom no one knew more about the literary life, declared years before that few great men have flourished who, were they candid, would not acknowledge to themselves advantages they have experienced in the earlier years of their career from the spirit and sympathy of women. Our friend, the professor, at the breakfast-table, illustrates the difference between character and genius in men and women in his own inimitable fashion. "You talk of the fire of genius," he says; "many a blessed woman, who dies unsung and unremembered, has given it more of the real vital heat that keeps life in human souls without a spark flitting through her humble chimney to tell the world about it than would set a dozen theories smoking or a hundred odes simmering in the brains of so many men of genius." M. de Tocqueville pays a delightful compliment to his wife in one of his letters. "I could not," he says, "go on with my task if it were not for the refreshing calm of Marie's companionship. It would be impossible to find a happier contrast to my own in my perpetual irritability of body and mind she is a providential resource.

Meissonier's Early Struggles.

[Labouchere in London Truth.]

I took a stroll last week through the Hanover Gallery in Bond street (which has just been reopened), and was well repaid for my trouble. I thought of poor Makart, whose gigantic picture, "The Entry of the Emperor Charles V. into Antwerp," was on view when I last visited this pretty gallery. Makart has now been succeeded by "metal more attractive." I never saw a collection of pictures better calculated to encourage young and struggling artists of merit, who find it difficult in these hard times to get a living. Here they may see the works of men now regarded as giants of French art, but, who, without exception, went through such sufferings and endured such hardships in their youth as might have daunted the stoutest heart. I gazed for instance at Meissonier's wonderfull little picture "The Vedette," and was not surprised to hear that its price is 4,500 guineas—about 100 a square inch, I should think. Fifty years ago Meissonier's inimitable drawings fetched from 16s. to 32s. apiece. What are they worth to-day? In order to finish them he had to spend half the day in the Bibliotheque Nationale, at Paris, studying Indian engravings, which afforded subjects suited to the taste of the dealer whose orders the great French artist—then unknown to fame—was executing. Meissonier has himself left it on record that his lunch then consisted of a raw apple and his dinner (when he could afford one) of soup, fried potatoes and a bit of bread. He could only afford to sleep one night in two, and for six months he claims to having lived on a sum of 50 francs, or two pounds.

Emblems of the Lime Kiln Club.

[Detroit Free Press.]

On motion of Calamity Hastings the matter of a national emblem for the colored race was taken from the table for discussion. He favored a bee-hive himself, but would not be captious about it.

Prof. Bannister favored the coon as an emblem. It represented industry, vigilance and courage. Colored people were often referred to as coons, anyhow, and the emblem would cut both ways.

Trustee Pullback had given the matter much thought, but his preference was for an old hen sitting on about thirty-four eggs. If that didn't represent industry and clear grit he didn't know what could.

Samuel Shin had made up his mind that the only emblem he would vote for would be that of a colored man walking in a shady lane with a watermelon under each arm.

Sir Isaac Walpole favored the figure of a black bear; Elder Toots declared in favor of the beaver; Judge Cadaver would have nothing but the figure of a black man waving a plough in one hand, a threshing machine in the other and crying, "Yewreka!"

The discussion promised to bring forth no fruit, when the President put a stop to it by saying:

"Gen'lem, at a meetin' of de Committee on Harmony, Art an' Agriculture, held in de library last night, and an emblem was decided on. It was dat of an eagle seated on de fence between a co'nfield an' a tater patch, while his claws hold a banner on which am inscribed: 'Hard work will bring you plenty of both.'"

FASHION CHIT-CHAT.

Astrachan is used to trim many of the cloth suits.

The polonaise is gaining in favor for street wear.

Jet is seen on all black dresses, bonnets and wraps.

Large hoop bracelets in silver and gold are in vogue.

Tam O,Shanter hats are worn for riding and walking.

Lilies of the valley are to be used to fasten bridal veils.

Cuffs are now considered indispensable to a walking costume.

Large plaids are worn extensively by children and young ladies.

Crimson and blue, and crimson and olive are favorite combinations.

Velvet dresses are seen on many of the reception and walking dresses.

Clusters of flowers are now worn on the shoulder instead of at the waist.

Cinnamon and pale blue is a fashionable combination for evening dresses.

The narrow poke bonnets, now fashionable, are not becoming to most people.

Puffed shoulders are no longer in vogue, although the sleeve is still gathered full.

Some of the newest brocades are of cream satin covered with shaded velvet roses.

Ostrich feathers are used to drape evening dresses, and also as corsage ornaments.

Large beetles and butterflies in gold and silver are among the new designs for hat pins.

Tan gloves, with black stitching on the back, are fashionable to wear with walking costumes.

The newest muffs are small and round, with a pocket on the inside for the purse and handkerchief.

The most comfortable of the new dancing slippers are those made of black satin that lace up the front.

Crimson is used extensively on bonnets and hats. It is combined with black, dark blue and hunter's green.

A pretty ball dress recently imported, is of white tulle, over silver brocade, caught up with pale pink roses.

All the imported dresses are made with only medium close fitting sleeves, and many of them flow at the wrist.

Pearl necklaces are worn as bracelets twisted several times about the arm, and caught by a black velvet bow.

Yak lace in black, brown and ecru is seen on many of the new bonnets. Most of it is embroidered in gold tinsel.

Plush wraps are worn by young ladies. They are generally of crimson or dark blue, and are lined with bright satin.

Veils have gone out of style for young ladies. Older ladies wear black spotted net with scalloped embroidered edge.

Bison cloth, in all dark shades, also figured and striped, is one of the most popular materials for tailor-made costumes.

Fans covered with crazy patchwork have a strap of velvet plaid in the centre, and are hung on the wall as walsk holders.

Frise or uncut velvet brocade on satin and plush in two or three tones is an elegant but expensive material for evening dresses.

Gold tinsel is seen on every material this fall. It is run through woolen goods and brocades, and is used for bonnets and hats.

Tulle veils are preferred by brides to those of lace. They are far more becoming, and have a softening effect upon the features.

Black tulle is fashionnble for ball dresses. It is made into three skirts over one of satin, and the bodice is generally of black satin.

Among the newest handkerchiefs are those made with two ruffles inside the deep hem. Each ruffle is edged with valenciennes lace.

Fur top boots are to be worn this winter. They reach half way to the knee, and are of fine thick black cloth, with patent leather trimming.

White satin brocade with large flowers filled in with gold or silver tinsel is among the most fashionable materials for bridal trains or tabliers.

A French dolman shown in an uptown establishment is of deep garnet brocade covered with jet beads. A fringe of jet over one of chenille borders it all around.

The newest evening gloves button from elbow up to the shoulder. Some of them are bordered with dark velvet, fastened about the arm in a butterfly bow.

The poke hats have a dent in the centre reaching back to the crown of the hat. The hollow is filled with shirred velvet and a bow of velvet or a bird of bright plumage.

Rubies are in great demand for bracelets, rings and lace-pins. One of the newest designs of the latter is a beetle with an emerald for a back and rubies for eyes.

The latest fancy is to carry the opera-glass, handkerchief, and scent bottle in a little velvet or plush bag, suspended from the arm by a ribbon, run about the top hem.

Humming birds in clusters of three and four are used to loop fall dresses of white tulle. They also form ornaments for winter hats, and are placed among bouquets of roses.

Some of the new bonnet coverings are very expensive. One, brocade, in garnet run with eighteen karat gold tinsel, sells for one hundred dollars a yard, and only two crowns can be cut from it.

The newest bed-spreads are crocheted out of thick white cotton in an open-work wheel design, and are put over crimson or blue silesia. The pillow shams are made to correspond, and are further ornamented by a huge bow of satin ribbon placed in one corner.

Velveteen is in great demand for entire walking costumes. Most of them are made with a plain polonaise and a gored skirt trimmed with a narrow box-plaiting. Grey fox and beaver put on in wide band forms an elegant trimming for these costumes. Little caps or bonnets are worn with them, made of the material.

Surah dresses in all the evening shades is pretty for party dresses. These dresses are made dancing length, and trimmed with soft oriental lace. A dainty model made for a girl of eighteen, is of rose pink surah, cut princesse, with a square neck and elbow sleeves. The back drapery is bouffant and caught up near the waist into two graceful puffs. The front of the dress has two deep ruffles of the silk, over which fall ruffles of oriental lace, and a narrow plisse forms the edging. Ruffles of the lace finish the neck and sleeves.

How Two Women Keep House.

[Detroit Times.]

One is a dressmaker, the other a bookkeeper, the latter from a comfortable country home. For a year she endured life in a boarding-house at $4 a week for board and room. It was all she could afford to pay out out of her salary of $25 per month. It occurred to her that if she could associate a friendly dressmaker with her the two could have a large room and possibly afford the expense of fire in the long winter evenings, so that they could sew, read or chat undisturbed. The dressmaker consenting the two set out to find a room suited to their means, and as they looked their project grew, and resolved itself into two rooms and a system of housekeeping, on the smallest possible scale, as an experiment. They scrimped on their summer hats and dresses and bought a second-hand parlor cook stove and a few dishes, rented their rooms very plainly furnished, in a cheap quarter, and entered on their new life. They breakfasted together and separated for the day, the dressmaker returning after tea. The bookkeeper comes home at noon, gets her simple dinner and leaves the housework until she returns after 6 o'clock, and shortly after the dressmaker comes in. Half an hour suffices to put their small domain in order, and the evening is spent in reading, rest or recreation. Gradually their rooms have assumed a cosy, homelike aspect, the dressmaker has bought a sewing machine the bookkeeper a writing desk, their food is of better quality at one-half the cost and they are vastly happier in every way. It is two years since they entered into this useful and friendly partnership, and the bookkeeper's heart is almost broken because her friend has a lover who is destined some day to break up the cosy home. She wickedly hopes that times will be so hard that they cannot marry or that Providence will send her a lover or another nice girl to keep house with, as the least compensation for her loss.

REMINISCENCES.

Of Gen. R. E. Lee's Family.

[Correspondence of the Globe.]

At the recent opening of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, I saw among the many notable people there Miss Mary Lee, the second daughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee. She is a plain-looking lady of thirty-five, and, like her father, is altogether unpretentious. She wore a heavy cashmere wrap and was in company with a lady similarly attired. Miss Mary Lee resembles her mother in appearance more than her father. It is a remarkable fact that the only one of Gen. Lee's children who at all resemble him is his oldest son, Gen. G. W. Custis Lee, now the president of Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va. There are five of the Lee children—three sons and two daughters. They were all born at Arlington, the old Custis homestead near Washington, where Mrs. Lee continued to reside after her marriage. The eldest daughter, Mildred, has traveled a great deal since the war, spending much of her time in Europe, but when here makes her home with her brother 'Custis at Lexington. Miss Mary, the next sister, also lives with him.

Agnes, the youngest sister, died during the war at a health resort in North Carolina. None of the daughters married and Custis Lee is also single, but Runey Lee and Robert E., jr., are both married and are both Virginia farmers. One of them only has children, and the probabilities are that it is through him alone that the Lee family and the Custis family are to be perpetuated. Mrs. Robert E. Lee was the only child of George Washington Park Custis, who was the only son and heir of Martha Washington. It was from George Washington and Martha Washington that Custis obtained Arlington, which, at the opening of the war, was one of the finest pieces of country property of the South. It was the ideal southern homestead. The Union forces took possession of it at the very opening of hostilities in 1861, and during the war it was converted into a national cemetery. According to a proviso of the will of George Washington Park Custis the entire property was to go to the eldest son of Mrs. Lee. The eldest son was the present Gen. W. C. Lee and he obtained $125,000 from the government in payment for Arlington last winter, there having been a long contest at law about it.

That money represents the bulk of the property now in possession of the Lee family, and is but a trifling remnant of the magnificent estates they owned in Virginia before the war, not to speak of the hundreds of slaves that belonged to these estates. But the family has fared better than many others of the South that were equally wealthy before the war. Gen. Custis Lee, though the legal possessor of the $125,000 he received for Arlington, has a big heart and makes the most liberal provision for his two maiden sisters. Though, as stated at the opening of this paragraph, Miss Mary Lee is a plain-looking lady, with no pretensions to beauty, she is gifted in intellect and is a most charming person. During the war she was most of the time in Richmond with her mother and sisters, and with them endured many privations. I have seen a little account book in which there was a record of expenditures made on account of the little party that Mrs. Lee and her daughters messed with. It was seldom they had meat or coffee, and the most exorbitant prices had to be paid for a chicken or even green corn. The bulk of the diet was made up of rice, bread and such light articles.

Mrs. Lee was the most patient and self-abnegating of women, and though a confirmed invalid during the entire war in which her husband was such a prominent actor, never complained, but was, in the face of constant misfortunes and threatened dangers, always resigned and serene. She maintained this character up to the very hour of her death. A touching story of which Miss Mary Lee is the heroine is that after one of the terrible battles near Richmond, just previous to the close of the war, she and some other ladies went on the field to render whatever assistance they could in the care of the wounded and dying soldiers of her father's army. One among those to which she went to offer relief was a youth of not over sixteen, who had been fatally shot and was ready to expire. She saw the poor fellow was going to die immediately, and being struck by his youth and neat attire asked him if he had any message to leave behind. "Yes," said he; "my name is——, and my mother lives at——; tell her, if you please, that I have just seen our splendid commander, Gen. Lee, ride by, and that I am content to die." That was all. He never knew it was his splendid commander's daughter to whom he was confiding that final message.

The Trick of an Artist.

[Clara Belle in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A clever artist has caught some of us with his brand-new motion. He is what may be called an adapter of the human face. He works in water-colors and is really a good dabster with the brush. Oriental scenes are his specialty—that is to say, he made a great many of them, but they remained in his studio for he hadn't the reputation necessary to make his products saleable. The scenes depicted were Moorish, Japanese, East Indian and so on, and each had the figure of a native girl, poised in the lazy indolence characteristic of far eastern life. One day a young and fashionable visitor to his studio imagined that the Japanese face in a picture bore a resemblance to her own oval, brunette phiz, and on that account bought the canvas.

"If that's all my paintings lack to render them marketable," said the artist, "the trouble can be remedied. I'll alter the faces into likenesses on demand."

This fancy proved captivating. Every Oriental damsel in his stock was speedily transformed into a portrait of some New York belle, on cash orders, and then he began to wield his brush on new subjects. He is an adept at making a likeness while at the same time preserving the distinctive type a nationality demanded. A little water-color picture hangs before me as I write, in which I am a Mongrel sure enough, and yet recognizable, so neatly are the ideal and the real blended. In one case a facetious girl has had her olive complexion, pouting lips and inky hair adapted to the features of a mulatto; but generally we order ourselves turned into something more romantic. The Turk holds the lead, and I know a dozen girls who have had themselves put by paint into harems.

MARK TWAIN says it is cruel to attempt to interview a man just as he is going upon the stage. You've got to feel good, you know, in order to make the audience feel the same way, but to try to be funny after you've been interviewed!"

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