CAPITAL CITY SOCIETY.

Indications in Washington That the Tilter Skirt Will Probably Come Into Fashion Again.

The Prolonged Absence of One of the Pretty Department Clerks Causes Much Gossip.

Speculations Regarding Col. Payne--His Sister Wants Him to Get Married.

Lawrence Barrett in Tragedy--Mrs. Vilas' Popularity--The Christmas Club.

Special Correspondence of the Globe.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—One of the ladies who lead the administration society has been wearing a tilter skirt recently, and the epidemic is catching. Those dear old tilters will surely come back, if only a few of the leading ladies will have the courage to continue their use. Gentlemen will sneer at them and editors will poke fun at them, but they are good nevertheless. Laces and hand paintings and skillful workmanship are necessary to our enjoyment and personal pride; but if they are never seen, how flippant and worthless are they. The tilter unconsciously shows the hem of the garment. It gives a peep at a pretty foot and ankle, and maybe a glance at the fancy work of the skirt; and all these things are suggestive of elegance, witchery, beauty of form and plumpness of understanding. Many a young lady has made her fortune by the unconscious immodesty of the old-time tilter. Besides, it is perfectly harmless, you know.

A SOUTHERN SENATOR

missed an engagement with a lady of rank and standing last week, and it has been traced to that Faro club. They thought that no one would know anything about that little game, but this is a city of magnificent tattlers as well as of magnificent distances. There was another admirer, and, like all the rest, he went to the charmer and told it all. Explanations are now in order, and mendacity is rife on Connecticut avenue. The gentler sex may have charity and affection enough to enable them to make all allowances for the club, the lodge and all the rest of those masculine common-places, but when it comes to building up a faro bank between love and lover, it is carrying the thing too far for quiet endurance. Ergo, there is unpleasantness where erstwhile there was love galore. A brilliant blonde, whose name is borne upon a department pay roll as a clerk, has been absent from her desk for four months. She is well known in society, being

WELL BORN AND WELL BRED.

They say that prior to her departure for her summer leave she had been entertaining a chief clerk, through whom she had received a promotion over elder clerks. Her leave of absence was extended again and again, despite the fact that others in the same department are kept under the thumb of discipline. Eager questionings elicit nothing as to her whereabouts, nor as to the likelihood of the continuance of her indefinite leave. The chief clerk, they say, wears a troubled expression, and is annoyed by questions concerning the fair absentee. In the same department it has happened hitherto that indefinite leaves have been granted to ladies in a similar manner, and still the wonder grows. There is some probability that this case, however, may become une cause celebre. Of course, when any one prominently identified with society quietly disappears, all sorts of questions are asked, and the more mysterious the whereabouts of the absent the more

FREQUENT AND EMBARRASSING

are the questions. It is really too bad. Congressmen are daily annoyed and hampered in their transaction of the dear people's business by lady callers. Cards are constantly being sent in to members by ladies who reside in the District of Columbia and who never lived in the district of the member called upon. These Solons are besought, with tears, to assist the forlorn maidens to government positions in the bureau of engraving and printing, or to the government printing office. Engagements are made, meetings had and the appointments are made. What influences are brought to bear upon the congressmen they only know. But, being kindhearted and humane, they seem to respond to the appeals of beauty in distress almost unanimously. Hence the pretty girls predominate in the bureaus mentioned. It seems to be a settled fact that Col. O. H. Payne will reside in New Nork, although society has been hoping to have him here for some time past. He is an

ENORMOUSLY WEALTHY BACHELOR,

and will be a great catch to the girl who can ensnare him. Out of the range of possibilities? No, indeed. Grover Cleveland was nearly 50 when he succumbed. Col. Payne is barely 50 years of age, and it is said that he is known to be somewhat like King David when he selected the Shumanite virgin to comfort his old age. Col. Payne keeps up the dignity of the Whitney mansion in New York, but he is tired of the lonely life of bachelorhood which he has so long endured. It is said that his sister, Mrs. Secretary Whitney, is exceedingly anxious to have Oliver come to Washington, and that she would be greatly pleased to see her brother married. Moreover, it is hinted that Col. Payne knows his sister's penchant for making matches, and is aware of her desire to help him along in the matrimonial business, and that that is the principal reason why he doesn't come to Washington. He wants to select a wife for himself, without the assistance, counsel, management or sympathy of any one. He really longs for

QUIET, REPOSE AND FREEDOM

of Washington life, for it is the best place in the land for men of wealth and leisure, but he fears that he might be made to hasten his embarkation unnecessarily upon the sea conjugal, and is so conservative about that little matter that nothing can hasten him. So, like Cæsar longing for the crown, he puts it by with a wave of the hand. He will not come. Lawrence Barrett has been treating Washingtonians to a great tragic revival. The ancient and effective play "Rienzi" has been running for a week to crowded houses. Mr. Barrett is too small a man physically for the heroic part of the great tribune; but he makes the most of it by his wondrously keen, incisive, almost perfect elocution. Scenery, auxiliaries and equipments, all at royal expenditure, have materially aided the star, but it is not likely that the play will be repeated elsewhere, except probably Chicago and New York. The orotund tones which have been especially cultivated by Mr. Barrett constitute the principal

ELOCUTIONARY BASIC ELEMENT

of his success as a tragedian. His defects are numerous, glaring and at times maddening. Yet he is intellectual, refined, painstaking and prodigal in his productions. Hence, the people admire, and are pleased to applaud and encourage him. Upon the stage a powerful physique is absolutely necessary to greatness. Napoleon, Alexander, Richelieu and other great men of history were not of commanding stature. Yet, in the mimic world people associate greatness with bigness; and the small men, Lawrence Barrett being in that category, labor under a disadvantage. The return of milder weather is welcomed by the ladies. Boreas painted their pretty little noses so red that it was utterly impossible for them to look well. Real frigid weather with blizzard accompaniments can seldom be experienced in Washington, and when it does come it fairly curls one's hair, so surprising is it. The recant blasts from the northland were therefore neither acceptable nor welcome. Of course a venturesome few hitched their cutters to prancing steeds, and

PLAYED SLEIGH RIDING;

but, bless you it was a shabby mimicry of the royal times we are accustomed to in the beautiful, beautiful Winnebago country. The receptions of the ladies of the cabinet are exceedingly well attended. There is a display on these occasions which would make a Northern belle weary. Some of the ladies come to the receptions with such scantiness and scarcity for attire, that pneumonia would catch them and make them skip, if they were where the Manitoba waves could reach them. Low dresses, low slippers, silk hose, not a shred of woolen visible beneath the laces of the sleeves, frequently not even a suspicion of sleeves, thin wraps, frequently no wraps, open carriages, everything summery, or summer-like, and all this in December. They do say, though, that Winter has his evil eye on some of the girls, and will catch them unawares soon. Several of them are paying the doctors already for their imprudences. But it is the custom of the people hereaway, you know, to have

A PERENNIAL SUMMER,

or at least keep up a pretense of it. For Washington is a great winter resort for the wealthy. The Leiters, of Chicago, have been installed in Washington society. They are especially intimate with the family of the postmaster general, although they are also recognized as au fait by the secretary of war. There was a rumor started last year, by a correspondent, that the Leiters could not get the entre which they desired in the society of Washington. But subsequent facts seem to have demonstrated the falsity of the statement. At a recent dinner party given by the Leiters, there were present Miss Endicott, Miss Bancroft, Miss Eustis, Miss Dwight and many other of the bluest bloods in the city. The next notable event in society will be an afternoon tea, at which Mrs. Vilas will present her daughters formally to society. This is expected to be the grand affair of the ante-Christmas season, and many are the prognostications and anticipations among the young ladies. Mrs. Vilas is

DESERVEDLY POPULAR

herself, and her daughters are both very pretty and attractive. Miss Daugherty, the daughter of the celebrated Philadelphia barrister, was present at a handsome luncheon which was given by Miss Courtwright on Wednesday afternoon. What are termed "unofficial families" are those who manage to exist without an office and without love of an appropriation. They are becoming exclusive, being a grade higher than the society which is termed "official," because of its dependence upon appropriations and official tolerance. Here is a war of roses for you. There are newcomers who do not know just which is the better class for them to toady to; the official or the unofficial. Social influences in the official families are often the means of reaching an office. But for society, pure and simple, the unofficial families are those who rank away up in the clounds. Yet, while jealous of their standing and prerogatives,

THESE CLASSES INTERMINGLE

quite often, but it is with a tacit understanding that it is only because they have to do so. Meanwhile, the official families are going through their annual quarrel about precedence. The ladies of the family of secretary of state, and those of the families of the president of the senate, speaker of the house, chief justice of the supreme court and the secretary of the treasury are unable to agree which is which and who is who in the matter of precedence. Of course, they all recognize that Mrs. Cleveland is the first lady in the official land, but who comes next? There's the rub. And it is rubbing the ideas out of their social crania to solve the problem. Meanwhile, the unofficial families, those whose votes and cash create these official people, are enjoying themselves in solid Philadelphia-like contentment and peace. By all means the unofficial families are best and by far the happiest

THE CHRISTMAS CLUB,

organized and conducted wholly by ladies, is absorbing a great deal of time and attention on the part of the fair managers. They expect to feed not less than five thousand poor and deserving children and provide little presents for all of them. The teachers of the public schools are busy selecting the most worthy and needy among their pupils, and their names will be put upon the list of those who are to be favored. It is the opinion of the ladies that the worthiest are those who can be found going to school and trying to improve. But means will be taken to find those who are worthy, but too poor to be able to go to school. Many little ones have to work from early dawn to dewy eve, while others are unable to procure apparel necessary, and hence are unable to go to school. The Christmas club is one which it would be well for the ladies of all cities to organize annually, for thereby do they enjoy themselves, spend their time profitably and acquire the keen self-consciousness of doing well.

LITERARY LEAVES.

"KATY, OF CATOCTIN," by George Alfred Townsend (Gath), is written in the style that has made the veteran newspaper correspondent famous. In addition to being a romance, distinctively American, of surpassing interest, it has besides an historical significance, dealing as it does with the conspiracy of Booth and the events leading up to the assassination of Lincoln. The volume will be found to well repay perusal. It is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"THE FAMILY," by C. F. Thwing, is an exhaustive study of society in general which, while particularly interesting to the student of social science, is yet popular enough in its character to be also of general interest. The style, like that maintained in all of Thwing's writings, is clear, direct and forcible. The book is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"JOHN JEROME, His Thoughts and Ways," by Jean Ingelow, is a quaint little story written in the breezy, gossipy manner for which that writer is noted, and while it makes no pretensions to pointing a moral or to literary greatness, is a very interesting little volume. Roberts Brothers, Boston, are the publishers.

"THE VOLCANO UNDER THE CITY," by A Volunteer Special. It is a long time since any writer has opened so strangely interesting a crypt in American history. The nation at large has pretty much forgotten—if indeed it ever knew—that it once had a great riot in which more than 1,400 men were killed. It does not realize that a mob once contended, through four successive days and nights, for the mastery of the city of New York. The author of "The Volcano Under the City" was what was known as a "Volunteer Special"—one of those citizens who came to the aid of the overtaxed police authorities, and were assigned to special duties as volunteers in the ranks of law and order during the serious outbreak in New York in 1863. He was an eye witness of much of the dreadful work of those days and nights, and speaks, therefore, from personal knowledge. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, are the publishers.

"THE KEYHOLE COUNTRY," by Gertrude Jerdon, is a modern fairy story which can well take the place of some of the old-time favorites which the youngsters never tire of hearing. It is written in a simple, unaffected style, and is just the kind of a holiday book for some one of the smaller members of the family. Roberts Bros. are the publishers.

"COUSIN PONS," by Balzac, the translation published by Roberts Bros., is a book which, while not commending itself to the average general reader, appeals very forcibly to the student of literature, and especially to those who find the modern novelists too trivolous or too analytical for their tastes. The greatest student of human nature that even prolific France ever produced, his novels vividly reflect his keen observations, and for that reason are warm with human life and passion.

"THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND," by Maxwell Grey, and published by D. Appleton & Co., is a novel with a plot of the typical English school, dealing in love and mystery in a way to satisfy the most exacting novel reader. It is not without literary merit and, while in no sense great, is interesting enough to while away an idle hour.

"TEN DOLLARS ENOUGH," by Catherine Owen, published by Houghton, Mifflen & Co., Boston, is a clever little work which, in the guise of telling how a young couple fashionably raised had the temerity to marry on $100 a month, and managed to live well, if not luxuriously; informs youthful housekeepers how they can do the same thing and only spend $10 a week on their table. The volume contains many valuable recipes and might well be read by every young woman contemplating placing her head within the matrimonial noose.

All of the above volumes are also to be procured at the St. Paul Book & Stationery store, or may be obtained directly from the publishers.

Verplanck Bros. sell the Las Amegas brand of cigars, pronounced the finest in the market. Try them.

AT TWILIGHT.

Last eve I heard a merry piping quail
Call like a flute upon the uplands cold—
A door of autumn turned on hinge of gold.
What time the twilight walked the thickets pale;
In the deep woods the falling nuts like hail
Dropped to earth, and, like an outlaw bold,
The frolic squirrel sought his airy hold,
Bearing his booty in his fingers frail.
The leaves fell down on all the forest ways,
Shook by the wind, and 'neath the neighboring hedge
The cricket rang his mass-bell in the grass,
Calling the dusk to vespers; low in praise
Twittered the robins on the woodland's edge,
With jocund calls whene'er a mate did pass.
Ah, many leaves that deep would lay within,
Brown, purple, gold, upon the chilly earth!
And on the boughs the gum-balls, in sear mirth
Like castanets, shook whenever the night wind thin
Stirred the unsleeping leaves within the glen.
A sleek, gray rabbit wandering, had come forth
Upon the paths; and lo! the Dusk had birth
When the clear treble of the piping wren
Smote all the woodland with its liquid calls,
That seemed to bind the twilight into sheaves;
And down thro' all the hollows, moist and musk,
Feeding and chattering o'er the cones and balls,
Gathered the robins on the crackling leaves—
God's little children, nutting in the dusk.
—Southern Bivouac.

THE HEALING OF TWO WOUNDS.

Evelyn Thrope in New York Mercury.

[Scene—A mountain hut in the Bavarian Highlands.]

[Dramatis Personæ—A mountaineer, Miss Howard, Mr. Van Vlarcum, Miss H's maid.]

Miss Howard (in bad German)—But what am I to do? I can't stay here all night! I must get back some how.

Mountaineer, mumbles.

Miss Howard (turning to her maid)—What does he say?

Maid—I don't understand his language at all, miss!

Van Vlarclum (who has stopped at the hut to ask his way of the mountaineer's wife, steps forward absent-mindedly, but politely)—Can I interpret for you?

Miss H.—Oh, thank you.

Van V.—He says your cart is so badly smashed that he does not think he can doctor it up so that it would hold out. (With a glance at the prostrate cart)—I think he is right.

Miss H. (frowning)—This is pleasant! That we should be upset in this out-of-the-way place, and the pony is so lamed that I suppose he can't go?

Mountaineer—Impossible, gracious miss!

Miss H.—Well! Then I see nothing for it but to walk back. And it is raining, too!

Van V. (languidly)—It always rains in the Bavarian hills.

Miss H.—How long will it take to walk to Kreuzbad and how am I to find the way?

Van V.—Kreuzbad is my destination and I am going to walk back myself. If you will accept my escort I shall be happy to be of use to you. (Aside): "This is the way one's hopes of solitude vanish."

Miss H.—O, thank you. Well (to maid), Benham, I don't see how you are going to carry all those wraps and the lunch basket and books. You had better stay over night, and to-morrow morning this man says his brother will drive over here with his team, and you can hire him to take you down. Here is the money for you.

Maid—Yes, miss. Very well, miss.

Miss H. (to Van. V.)—I am quite ready. (Van V. bows.) They start off at an even pace.

Miss H. (to herself)—"One has to run across people, even in the depths of the hills! I wonder if there is a place on earth where one could be alone. Some people would think I had done an imprudent thing leaving Benham behind. Of course, it is against the 'couvenances.' But I don't care about the 'couvenances.' Most girls would find it embarrassing to be thrown alone in this way in the society of a strange young man. Perhaps I might have found it so a year ago. But when one loses one's interest in the whole sex all that changes. This companion of mine might as well be an old woman for aught I care. There is one fortunate thing in it all. He doesn't evidently care about talking. He is civil, but not empresse. If he were that it would be insufferable.

Van V. (to himself)—Now, under average circumstances, there would be something very interesting, not to say romantic, about the present situation. The young lady is decidedly pretty—rather disdainful and haughty looking, with those strongly penciled eyebrows, in contrast to her light hair—but, good Lord, if any man knows what lies behind one of those other angelic faces—half child, half saint—I do. (Smiles ironically.) Not that another type of beauty would have any more chance of blandishment for me now than that one. One such experience kills the nonsense out of a man, thank God! This young lady has one virtue not usually attributed to her sex. She's very taciturn. That's one comfort, since I have to walk all the way back with her. And she doesn't look as if she expected a fellow to be struck with her charms. That's a comfort, too, because, as I have no intention of being—but, really, though, I must say something, common civility requires it. (Aloud). I fear you will find the roads very uncomfortably wet, and there is little hope of the rain stopping.

Miss H. (indifferently)—Oh, no. My boots are thick.

Van V. (to himself)—So they are. She's very sensibly dressed altogether—without being in the least dowdy. On the contrary, she has a good deal of style. That is what Miss Bianca Avera would not understand—thick, flat boots and style therewith. (Musing ironically). My Bianca! Once my Bianca—now no more.

Miss H. (to herself)—My skirts are getting drabbled. That is an advantage men have—their dress. Now this man's knickerbockers and woolen stockings—how comfortable they must be, and what freedom they give. Most men look well in them, too. (Lost herself in a reverie.)

Van V. (to himself)—I shall have to make another effort. She does not help one conversationally, yet I could swear that she is not stupid. Much, too much character in her face for that. (Aloud). How do you find that Kreuzbad compares with other German cures or watering places. (Aside.) One must make a beginning somewhere!

Miss H.—I really don't know. It is the only European place of the sort I have visited. I came from America last spring, and I just stumbled on Kreuzbad.

Van V. (with interest)—Ah! That is quite my case. I crossed in the spring also. When I got here I rather liked the appearance of the place and I simply stopped.

Miss H. (indifferently)—One place is as good as another.

Van V. (casting a quick glance at her calmly averted face)—People do not usually think so.

Miss H. (coldly)—I do not know that I much care what people usually think.

Van V. (to himself)—By Jove! This studious, matter-of-fact manner and tone strike me as auspicious! I wonder if she could be in the same boat as myself! That's scarcely probable, though, such a handsome creature. Bah! a man would have to be more than a fool and a blackguard to throw her over! (Aloud). I am sure there are many people who would be sorry to hear you say that.

Miss H.—To hear me say what?

Van V.—That you did not care what they thought.

Miss H.—At the present moment I can think of few who would care one way or another.

Van V.—Will you consider it very personal if I say that it is strange to me to hear you talk in this way?

Miss H. (coldly)—In what way?

Van V. (with some impatience)—As though you cared nothing about life.

Miss H. (with a quick look of interest toward him)—I am not conscious of having given you to infer that. Perhaps you are interpreting me from your own views and feelings.

Van V. (gravely)—Perhaps I am.

Miss H. (to herself)—He said as though he meant it. Poor fellow! I wonder if he, too, has had trouble? But why wonder that? Everyone has trouble. (Aloud, with apparent apprehension)—Dear me, what is this we are coming to? A brook? But I do not see any bridge over it.

They stop before a mountain torrent swollen from the recent rains.

Van V. (looking about)—There are a few stones you will notice. The water is quite shallow although it is so turbulent. The mountaineers use these for a bridge. I'm awfully sorry. I'm afraid you will get your feet wet.

Miss H.—Oh, I don't mind about that. (To herself): The truth is that boiling water will make me fearfully dizzy. But I won't say so for the world. It would seem so weak and silly. Just the sort of thing poor little Bianca Avery would do.

Van V. (from the stones)—Would you give me your hand? There, step carefully! So—

Miss H. (turns white and red)—It's very foolish (stopping in the middle of the torrent), but I am afraid.

Van V. (quickly)—You are nervous! I see you are! What a brute I am not to think of it before! Do let me carry you the rest of the way.

Miss H. (closing her eyes)—No! no, please.

Van Vlarcum seizes her strongly and firmly in his arms and deposits her on the further bank.

Miss H. (crimson with anger at herself)—I don't know what could have made me so emotional! It is ridiculous.

Van V. (stooping)—Did you drop this?

Miss H.—Oh, thank you! It fell out of the pocket of my jacket. Van Vlarcom has changed color. He walks a few steps in silence, and then speaks abruptly, stopping:

Van V.—I don't know why I should not be frank. I saw the superscription of that letter. Will you tell me, are you Bianca Avery's friend, Katharine Howard?

Miss H. (stopping also)—I am Katherine Howard—yes. Do you—and you—

Van V.—I am Henry Van Vlarcum.

They look at each other a moment and then Miss Howard laughs.

Miss H.—This is certainly a strange chance that brings us—the deserted ones—together.

Van V. (wincing a little)—I do not think you should call yourself deserted, Miss Howard.

Miss H.—And pray, Mr. Van Vlarcum, why should I not? The man I am engaged to jilts me and marries another girl—my best friend. If that is not being deserted, I don't know what it is. I believe young women in my position usually fail to state these things plainly. I don't blame them. They are not pleasant things to state. But I have always called a spade a spade.

Van V. (to himsel)—Jove! How handsome she is with that color in he face. (Aloud). Miss Howard, I cannot blame Bianca Avery, for my part. I was desperately in love with her—or thought I was—but I doubt if she ever cared much for me. But how could she have been treacherous to you—

Miss H.—Oh, don't call it treachery. If Harold Beatham admired my best friend more than he admired me, I don't know that that is treachery on my friend's part.

Van V. (to himself)—Hanged if I can see how he could do it though! The fellow must have been blind. (Aloud with emphasis). I fail totally to comprehend, Miss Howard, how any man having your affection—

Miss H. (laughing in derision)—Could transfer it to the girl you yourself were "desperately in love" with! Upon my word, Mr. Van Vlarcum! Well, men are extraordinary!

Van V.—I do not think I said I was "desperately" in love with Miss Avery. I said that I thought I was at the time.

Miss H. (slowly)—Mr. Van Vlarcum, you are not fickle, are you, by any chance?

Van V. (with sudden fire)—No, I am not fickle! I have discovered what it is well for any man to know, namely: that my love for any woman must perish where there is no respect to stay it. It may seem a priggish thing to say, but it is so. My love for Bianca Avery is dead. I seem to see in this moment how completely so. Even this morning, when I started out and thought I was nursing a sentimental cynicism, a Byronic bitterness, because that pretty flirt had broken faith with me, in the bottom of my heart I think I knew that perhaps all was best; that perhaps we two together would never have been happy. Now, I do not doubt this, I know it! Does it all seem very base to you? I hope not. I don't wish anything connected with this affair ever to seem tragic again.

Miss H.—Certainly your wound heals easily, Mr. Van Vlarcum.

Van V.—Don't make it a reproach to me. A week—a month—ago I would have sworn that Bianca Avery was a type of all her sex!

Miss H.—Ah, and now you no longer think so?

Van V.—No. And shall I tell you one thing that has contributed to the change? Perhaps you will not forgive me, but I shall risk it. I know of your attitude, of your generous, large-minded conduct through all that matter. I know that when you discovered how things were tending you actually brought Beatham and Bianca Avery together.

Miss H.—Oh, Mr. Van Vlarcum! (laughs a little) you knew what you choose to call my generous conduct a week—a month—ago.

Van V. (In a low voice, impulsively)—Yes. But I had not seen you then. Seeing you has given significance to it all.

Miss H. (Feigning not to have understood)—Is that not a glimpse of Kreuzbad I see down below us?

Van V.—Unfortunately.

Miss H. (Turning her eyes full upon him)—Mr. Van Vlarcum, what are you trying to do? Are you trying to flirt with me?

Van V. (to himself)—She has a superb fearlessness and frankness. And yet she is thoroughly womanly. What a difference! I used to think all those little feminine airs and graces so delicious. (Aloud, very earnestly)—No; I assure you I am not trying to flirt with you, Miss Howard.

Miss H.—It is very unfortunate. Anything more absurd under the circumstances I could not imagine.

They walk on in silence. Near Kreuzbad Van Vlarcum speaks. The rain has ceased, and the sun is setting in a red glow.

Van V. (penitently)—Are you offended, Miss Howard?"

Miss H. (coloring and laughing a little)—N—no.

Van V. (eagerly)—Then will you let me continue the acquaintance begun in this chance way?

Miss H. (hesitating)—I leave Kreuzbad in a few days to join some friends. And then I am going home.

Van V.—So am I. So am I.

Miss H.—Indeed!

Van V.—Come, Miss Howard, don't be hard on me!

Miss H. (suddenly, in a wholly different voice, with a radiant smile of sweet friendliness)—No, I will not be hard on you, as you express it, Mr. Van Vlarcum. I, too, heard certain things at a certain time, and I know that you released poor Blanche very honorably, very obly! No! Please don't interrupt me! You know what you made me listen to. And so I hope, really, that we shall be friends!

Van V. (raising her hands slowly to his lips)—Friends? Yes! I ask nothing more, just now! (The last words are spoken very low.)

EPILOGUE.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Beatham. Scene: A New York dwelling. Time: A year later.

Mr. Beatham (throwing down the newspaper)—Well! It's done! (Gives a short laugh).

Mrs. B. (peevishly)—What's done?

Mr. B.—They're married! That fellow Van Vlarcum and Katharine Howard.

Mrs. B. (angrily)—Please remember "that fellow Van Vlarcum," as you call him, was once of some consequence to us.

Mr. B. (sneering)—Oh, I don't forget it, any more than I forget that Katharine Howard was once of consequence—of considerable consequence—to me. They say she is handsomer than ever.

Mrs. B.—Ah! What a great pity you did not marry her, then!

Mr. B. (putting on his hat)—Yes, in view of the life we lead, I think it is.

Mrs. B. (as the door closes)—Don't flatter yourself! She never would have had you!

Call at Verplancks', corner Seventh and Robert, for your cigars.

Struggling Students.

Boston Transcript.

Among the occupations pursued by the students of Brown university, outside of their college work, in their struggles to earn their way through, may be mentioned the following: Evening school teaching, waiting in stores afternoons and evenings, taking care of furnaces in private residences, teaching delinquents in preparatory studies, reporting for city newspapers, supplying pulpits in city and out-of-town churches. A striking example of a hard-working student is a member of the junior class, who, although suffering from the misfortune of having his back broken when in childhood, has managed to work himself through the preparatory course and collegiate course thus far by lighting street lamps for the city, thereby supporting himself and widowed mother.

Had Faith in His Ability.

Chicago Young Man—Sir, I would like to ask you for your daughter's hand in marriage.

Chicago Father—What are your prospects in life?

C. Y. M.—What's that?

C. F.—I mean can you make money? Are you able to support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?

C. Y. M.—Oh! Why cert. Last night I held four of a kind twice, and I won two jackpots on ace high.

C. F.—Take her. She is yours,

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Within the world of thought.

With ecstasy like that which Milton accorded to the habitants of heaven we survey the marvelous beauties comprising the superb collection of holiday novelties in Dickinson's incomparable art room.

Where ingenuity, elegance, utility and skill are combined, as in this wonderful art collection of Dickinson's, the ability and enterprise of the collector is worthy of especial notice and of extensive patronage.

We view here ancient gems from the Orient and modern products that assert the artistic skill of our own craftsmen. The beauties of Egypt and Algeria, of China and of Japan are represented, the bronzes and the porcelaines vie with each other in a competition that calls forth the highest admiration, while every nook of the spacious apartments contains attractive articles, any one of which deserves special study and glowing description.

Further on we will enumerate some of the most notable of these masterpieces of artistic genius. Only for the words "Art Room," that indicated the location of these splendid treasures, we might have missed seeing their particular excellence, for throughout the great extent of Dickinson's wonderful establishment there were many attractive and valuable articles that lent a peculiar charm to the enjoyments experienced by the visitors.

It was in the art room, however, that the endless flow of praise swelled to its greatest strength. Both ladies and gentlemen thronged these halcyon precincts, where products of highest skill seemed to tell of the supreme power tending the progress of modern handiwork. Among the entrancingly beautiful articles that defied unfriendly criticism were the following: Vases, in finest china and standard potteries, in silver-white and colored bronzes, in oxidized silver and other favorite metals. The same materials will be found there in mythological, historical and general busts and figures, together with pedestals and stands. Also in candelabra, lamps, mirror frames, lamp stands and smoking stands. The new and very popular royal copper was a feature among these elegant goods. Beautiful mahogany and rosewood cabinets were gaily decorated with handsome clocks, vases and articles of vertu; a cuckoo clock sounded the quarter hours, while beautiful faces looked upon the visitors from porcelaine placques that hung upon the walls. Particular attention can be called to a musician's writing-set of oxidized silver in morocco case, and a nickel-set in horseshoe which would make a present of considerable value. The dazzling display of cut-glass at these art rooms is only another of Dickinson's many specialties that cannot be excelled here this season. A pair of Egyptian teapots, small, but exceedingly beautiful, one of which can be found in each department of the art room, will well repay the visitor who sees the beauties at Dickinson's.

What is a nicer present to a gentleman friend than a box of fine cigars? Verplanck Bros. have a large stock of choice brands and sell them cheap. Corner Seventh and Robert.

Headache,

Pain in the Side and Back, and Constipation, indicate that the digestive and excretory organs are in a disordered condition, and that a laxative is needed. For this purpose, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the best medicine that can be used.

Ayer's Pills are a never failing remedy for Headaches caused by a Disordered Stomach. I suffered for years from this infirmity, and never found anything to give me more than temporary relief, until I began taking Ayer's Pills. This medicine always acts promptly and thoroughly, an occasional dose being all that is required to keep me in perfect health.—Mrs. Harriet A. Marble, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

I have found entire relief from Constipation, Stomach troubles, and Nervous Headache, by taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I suffered a long time from these complaints, was under medical treatment, without obtaining relief, and a part of the time was unable to work. A friend, who had been similarly afflicted, urged me to take Ayer's Pills. I commenced using this remedy, and, by the time I had taken four boxes, was cured.—F. L. Dobson, Topeka, Kans. ††

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

20 Years Record.

"An Invaluable Medicine for Woman."

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure

For ALL of those Painful Delicate Complaints and Complicated troubles and Weaknesses so common among our Wives, Mothers and Daughters.

IT IS A SOVEREIGN REMEDY,

☞ PLEASANT TO THE TASTE, EFFICACIOUS AND *immediate and lasting in its effect.*

IT IS A VERY GREAT HELP IN PREGNANCY, AND RELIEVES PAIN DURING LABOR AND AT REGULAR MENSTRUAL PERIODS.

OVER 1000 LADIES IN PHILADELPHIA

alone, testify as to its good qualities. It is a delicate matter to testify about but we have their names.

☞ For all weaknesses of the generative organs of either sex, it is second to no remedy that has ever been before the public; and for all diseases of the Kidneys it is the *Greatest Remedy in the World.*

PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE IT FREELY.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and it does ALL *it claims to do.*

It will cure entirely all Ovarian or Vaginal troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements; and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

WEARY WOMEN PRAISE IT.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is permanently cured by its use.

AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

It is absolutely a safe cure for all female weaknesses, including leucorrhœa, irregular and painful menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the womb, flooding, prolapsus uteri, &c. It contains no substance that is harmful. *Is safe and sure.*

$1. (6 for $5) in Liquid, Pill or Lozenge Form.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver, 25 cents per box.

All these world-wide celebrated remedies are manufactured at Lynn, Mass. The Compound (in form of lozenges and pills), Liver Pills and Sanative Wash can be sent by mail on receipt of price.

☞ All Sold by Druggists. ☜

Send stamp for Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" and Confidential circular, with description of case and symptoms of weakness. *Mention this Paper.*

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Confirmation of Assessment for Opening, Widening and Extending Western Avenue.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 16, 1886.

The assessment of benefits, damages, costs and expenses arising from the opening, widening and extending Western Avenue, from Maryland street to Lake Como and Phalen Avenue, in the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, having been completed by the Board of Public Works in and for said city, said Board will meet at their office in said city, at 2 p. m. on the 3d day of January, A. D. 1887, to hear objections (if any) to said assessment, at which time and place, unless sufficient cause is shown to the contrary, said assessment will be confirmed by said Board.

The following is a list of the supposed owners' names, a description of the property benefited or damaged, and the amounts assessed against the same, to-wit:

Supposed owner and description.	Benefits.	Damages.	Balance to owner.	Balance to City
J C Quinby et al. The east 33 feet of lot 42, Cottage Homes, St. Paul. Taken for Western Avenue.....		$500 00		
Same et al. Lot 42, Cottage Homes, St. Paul, except part taken for Western Avenue.....	$503 00		$0 00	$3 00
Same et al. The west 33 feet of lot 43, Cottage Homes, St. Paul. Taken for Western Avenue.....		$500 00		
Same et al. Lot 43, Cottage Homes, St. Paul, except part taken for Western Avenue.....	$503 00		$0 00	$3 00
Same et al. The west 33 feet of lot 26 (except railroad), Cottage Homes, St. Paul. Taken for Western Avenue.....		$400 00		
Same et al. Lot 26, Cottage Homes, St. Paul, except railroad and part taken for Western Avenue.....	$403 00		$0 00	$3 00
Same et al. The east 33 feet of lot 27 (except railroad), Cottage Homes, St. Paul. Taken for Western Avenue.....		$400 00		
Same et al. Lot 27, Cottage Homes, St. Paul, except railroad and part taken for Western Avenue.....	$403 00		$0 00	$3 00
August Bemde. The east 33 feet of lot 19 (except railroad), Cottage Homes, St. Paul. Taken for Western Avenue.....		$400 00		
Same. Lot 19, Cottage Homes, St. Paul, except railroad and part taken for Western Avenue.....	$403 00		$0 00	$3 00
Rosa Broom. The west 33 feet of lot 20 (except railroad), Cottage Homes, St. Paul. Taken for Western Avenue.....		$400 00		
Same. Lot 20, Cottage Homes, except railroad and part taken for Western Avenue.....	$403 00		$0 00	$3 00
E R Smith. The west 33 feet of lot 3, Cottage Homes. Taken for Western Avenue.....		$400 00		
Same. Lot 3, Cottage Homes, St. Paul, except part taken for Western Avenue.....	$403 00		$00 00	$3 00
Andrew Dornell. The east 33 feet of lot 4, Cottage Homes, St. Paul. Taken for Western Avenue.....		$400 00		
Same. Lot 4, Cottage Homes, St. Paul, except part taken for Western Avenue.....	$403 00		$0 00	$3 00
St. Paul & Northern Pacific R. R. Co. All that part of the right of way of the St. Paul & Northern Pacific R. R. Co. lying within the lines of a strip sixty-six (66) feet wide, the center line of which strip shall be the ¼ section line (running north and south) of section 24, town 29, range 23. Taken for Western Avenue.....	$0 00	$1 00	$1 00	$0 00

All objections to said assessment must be made in writing and filed with the Clerk of said Board at least one day prior to said meeting.

WILLIAM BARRETT, President.

Official:
R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works.