HOMESPUN LETTERS.

A Few Incidents That Occurred While Moving From One Place to Another.

A Trifling Act That Made a Policeman Mad at a Man and Wheelbarrow.

The Success of a Garden Rake as a Carpet Beater When Properly Managed.

A Warning to Housewives Who Love Their Husbands to Lock Their Bureau Drawers.

My Dear Boy: Your mother and myself have been passing the time away this week by moving our household goods from the old stand, corner of Third and Oak streets, to a quiet little nook entirely devoid of alleys and street cars down by Irving park.

Your mother got tired of living in the old place. The sewer gas got into her clothes there, and when she went down town to buy stuff, she complained of the policemen giving her a suspicious look, so taking it all around, we thought we'd better shift our location.

We thought the matter over pretty thoroughly and finally concluded that it would be considerable cheaper if I would borrow a wheelbarrow and cart our goods over myself. I hadn't been doing much heavy work for several weeks, and as my muscles were getting sort of slimpsy, I thought 'twas a good idea. I felt very jocose as I arose last Tuesday morning and wheeled the oil stove and your mother's white ash wash board over to the new house. I felt jocose until along about noon, when I began to get weak in the gambrel joints and wanted to squat down on every hydrant that I came across. I kept up my spirits, however, until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I was just taking over the last load. There were a lot of bed slats and side pieces to bedsteads in the load, and they stretched out pretty well over the sidewalk.

I had tripped blithely along five or six blocks when I sat down on the handles of the wheelbarrow to rest. I noticed that the women with baby carriages were going out into the middle of the street to get by me, but it didn't strike me at first what the matter was. Pretty soon a policeman came up, and in a bay voice said:

"What er yer doin' there?"

"I'm er resting," said I.

"I'm arresting, too," said he. "Yer'd better cum down ter ther cooler with me. Didn't yer know that there wus 'n ordinance against drivin' drays on ther sidewalks?"

I told him I had been driving that dray on the sidewalk all day, and that no ordinance nor anything that looked like one had run against me. He made some remark in a subterranean tone about fools not all being dead yet, and told me to get out into the middle of the street with my load, and said if I interfered with the street cars he would pull me. I don't know just exactly what he meant, but I suppose he felt jocose, too, and wanted to have a little fun, but I was tired and didn't feel like fooling, so I got out into the middle of the street and got the last load down to the house without any more trouble.

Wednesday morning I got up and had your mother nail a piece of zinc across my back to sort of brace me up for the exercises of the day. I was a trifle less jocose than I was the previous morning. My appetite was good and my respiration about two minutes faster than usual, but there seemed to be a well-developed ennui about my muscles. However, I was full of ambition, and proceeded to break the furniture and several chunks of bric-a-brac with an air of abandon that called forth a few brief comments on a rolling pin from your mother.

At 10:30 a. m., armed with a long, drab garden rake, I sallied forth in the back yard to pound myself to death against four yards and a quarter of body Brussels carpet that was palmed off on your unsuspecting mother two years ago at $2 a yard with the understanding that it would stretch a great deal. I think the man who sold it to her made a mistake in the piece of carpet, for we never could make that four yards and a quarter begin to cover the sitting room floor.

At first I tossed myself gleefully up against that piece of carpet, and found the exercise very invigorating. As I entered upon the third hour I was a trifle groggy, but catching my second wind I jumped on the carpet so enthusiastically that a man who lived in the next yard looked over the fence and wanted to know why I didn't use that piece of carpet for a window garden, there was so much dirt in it. He struck the ground with a sort of a thud, but yelled through a crack in the fence, "Don't forget to shake well before using."

At the end of the fifth hour I was inhaling dust at the rate of about 250 inhales an hour. My hat had blown off during the excitement and I had carelessly stamped it into the earth; my hair was somewhat disheveled and my collar was jubilantly floating in the breeze, but I was satisfied there was nothing left of the four yards and a quarter of Brussels but one or two leaves and part of the stem of a Never-touched-me geranium that was painted on it.

I don't want to brag, but I have got the impression that I am the liveliest carpet beater that ever wore boots without socks; nor I don't stop here either, I can beat anything from a restaurant to a cat-rigged yacht, and make a bright red success of it.

Thursday morning I awoke and got your mother to take down the bed, so that I could roll out. After she had turned two or three pails of water on me and tossed a couple of wooden chairs down on me, I managed to get up on my feet and clothe myself. There was no evidence of jocoseness observable about me this morning. I was very tame and inoffensive, but along about 11 o'clock a. m. your mother, with a peculiar look in her eye that I could not resist, asked me if I would trip down to the foot of the front stairs and bring up her bureau. She said she had packed the stove covers and things in the drawers and wanted to use them. I tripped half way down when I managed to catch myself. The bureau was pretty heavy, but I've got a record for carrying bureaus, and picking it up I started upstairs. I had sprung lightly up five steps when I discovered that in the excitement your venerable mother had forgotten to lock the drawers. The top drawer came out and the corner chafed a hole in my pompadour; the second drawer slid out and drove my nose about two inches into my face; the third drawer, which was filled with the stove legs, etc., scraped up against my stomach and threatened to wear a hole clean through me. I yelled for your mother to come. She came to the head of the stairs and noticing my embarrassment said "turn it around you fool," and wandered aimlessly back into the pot pourri of dry goods boxes, broken chairs, lame tables and other matrimonial excerpts. I stood it as long as I could, when, with a despairing cry, I rolled down to the bottom of the stairs in more or less proximity to the bureau, which managed to light on top of me.

The family living down stairs summoned a couple of policemen, and plucked me from the ruins. They took me up stairs and gently laid me on the table where your mother had been kneading bread, until she could get up the bedstead and get it ready to put me into.

Friday I gave up to reflection, and I disposed of Saturday in the same unobtrusive way. The doctor says I will probably be able to walk in about six months, if he can get my knee cap to stay on and my backbone to grow together. Time passes pleasantly enough when your mother is down town, but when she returns the height of my ambition is to get about two quarts of chloroform and turn it loose in the room.

If you can get time I wish you would run up and see me. If you don't come soon I don't know as I shall be alive, for I expect every day she will go [illegible] to get her Brussels carpet off the line. I don't want to [illegible] too much [illegible] I think I'm safe in saying [illegible] ods there's only about an [illegible] he Brussels carpet left. [illegible] George excitement in this vicinity than has been recorded for several lenghts of periods.

Your parent in piecemeals,

Tom Holmes,

TAKING IN A GAMBLER.

A Man from the Bowery Tries His Hand at Roulette in Panama.

Panama Letter to New York Sun.

Ever since the beginning of the canal work on the isthmus hundreds of gamblers and thieves have been flocking to the city from all parts of the world. There is no end of money here in the hands of the canal contractors and employes, and every kind of gambling is carried on by the sharpers to relieve them of it. The lottery here, whose drawing is every Sunday, has made one of the proprietors, an old Panama railroad man rich. He is getting his money together and is going back to the United States to live. An old New York gambler, who used to frequent the St. James hotel bar-room a great deal, says he is playing the chance of dying of the Chagres fever against $100,000. If he lives only six months, he says, he will be back in New York with the boodle. He adds that when a man is over 50 he can afford to take this kind of chances. He came here to die or make his play, and he is getting in his work with rapidity. He looks like a winner.

There is always something new coming off, for many of the gamblers, especially those from London and New York, are very "fly." The other day the steamer from New York brought down a "sure thing man," who, for some time past, has been working the passengers on the English steamer lines. Too much Bowery dissipation had got him on the sick list, and he was on his way to San Francisco for his health. He was here just two hours. One of them he spent in looking at the old town and feeding the pelicans and gulls in the bay with biscuits soaked in cognac. He then lounged into the big gambling hell on the plaza, and watched the Frenchmen's reckless play at roulette. The game was in full blast, and the lay-out covered with piles of gold. Everyone was drinking champagne, and for confusion and riot the red letter days of Homburg were not a marker to it. The careworn Bowery man edged up to the table and with a trembling hand rolled up a United States bank bill to about the size of a walnut and threw it on the red. The wheel was started on its noiseless circuit, and the little ivory ball rattled around in the opposite direction until it finally settled in the black. The Bower, man picked the bill up and carelessly tossed it to the dealer, who unfolded it and saw it was a $20 bill. The dealer smiled slightly while the Bowery man fumbled in his pocket for more money. He drew another bill from an inside pocket, crumpled it into a ball like the one, and dropped it on the red. The ivory ball went hopping around again, and this time it stopped in a red pocket. The Bowery man did not move this time, and when the dealer unfolded the bill to see how much he had to pay, he found that it was one of the $1,000 denomination. He looked aghast, but there was nothing for it but to pay and look pleasant. He counted the money out, which the Bowery pocketed as he took his leave. Fifteen minutes later the lucky New Yorker was on the tug, going to the steamer out in the bay. He told a fellow passenger how he had beaten the Panama dealer. The first bill laid down was also a $1,000 bill, but when he saw he had lost he picked it up and tossed a $20 bill, which he had concealed in his hand, to the dealer, and slipped the $1,000 one up his sleeve. He said it took a little practice to do this trick, but it was about as easy a way to make $980 as he knew of, and he was on good terms with himself for the next twenty-four hours.

M. BERNHARDT'S BULL-FIGHT.

Sara's Eldest Son Distinguishes Himself in a Cuban Cow-Sticking.

Maurice Bernhardt—or Maureece, as his mamma calls him—is a 22-year-old chip of the old block: He is fond of billiard-playing, card-playing, boating, riding, fishing, sparring, racing, jumping, travelling and bull-fighting.

His propensity in the latter direction was not developed until the recent visit of his accomplished mother to Havana, Cuba. While the madame was filling an engagement in that sinful town the celebrated Spanish bull-fighter, Mazatini, was also engaged in giving exhibitions of his wonderful skill. Eor each of twelve exhibitions he received the munificent sum of $30,000 from the public treasury.

Mazatini has seen Bernhardt, and to see her was to be enraptured. So he invited the actress and her company, and the French consul, and a few others to a private bull-fighting exhibition arranged expressly for the occasion, at 8 o'clock on a week-day morning. Mazatini as a rule, carves the bull only on Sundays, that being the bull-baiting day in Spain and in all the Spanish provinces.

The $30,000 artist, assisted by a full staff of picadores and chulos, gave a chaste performance in Bernhardt's presence, first electing her president—every bull-fight must have a president—and when the professionals had baited, and irritated, and stabbed the poor, miserable overfed Cuban bull, and had received the applause of Mme. Sara and her company, young Maurice entered the arena and essayed the role of a bull-fighter.

The gentleman cow was led forth by the picadores, the chulos shoved out their red flannel tongues to enrage the beast, the great matador himself talked Spanish to the bull until his horns began to wilt, and after much baiting, poking, sticking and prodding the animal got its masculine back up and made a break for young Bernhardt.

It was then that his athletic agility came into full play. His mother yelled at him in high French to come out; the stock company hurrahed and bravoed; the picadors, chulos, and boss matadors encouraged the bull; the son of the actress skipped around after the dancing-master fashion of his countrymen; the bull charged upon Maurice. Maurice charged upon a fence; the bull still pursued him; the fence was a small obstacle in the way of a French athlete, and when the bull came up the brilliant young scion of the house of Bernhardt was landed safely on the other side.

"It was," as Mr. Strakosch said to a Mail reporter yesterday, "very exciting—very exciting."

When the young monsieur arrives here next week it is probable that a match will be arranged for him with a board of trade bull. The boys around town are talking of giving him a benefit. The exhibition can take place on the floor of the board, and it will in all likelihood prove more exciting than the Havana incident.

A Case of Dog Eat Dog.

Washington Critic.

Lolling down the avenue like a big Newfoundland dog, the huge, brawny form of John Westlake attracted no little attention. "Old Westlake" is a familiar figure almost anywhere west of the Rockies. He is one of the few remaining sporting men of earlier days. "Speaking of gambling," he said, "these eastern chaps don't know what it means; and as for tricks' why they be way behind the men that handled the pasteboards half a century ago. One of the slickest tricks I ever saw was worked to the queen's taste in a Denver faro room. The boys had been hitting the bank purty heavy, and, although it was early in the night, the bank was several thousand dollars loser. Dave Keets was running the game, and finally took the deal himself. I knew something was coming, and determined to stay and see the fun out. Half an hour had passed, and it was near the end of a deal, when one of the players asked for a cigar. Dave said to the stranger, in the most natural way imaginable:

" 'Try one of these. It is a brand I smoke myself,' and he began fumbling in a lower drawer, his head being below the table.

"The 'lookout' at this moment turned his head to address a remark to a bystander, and the box was left unprotected. In that brief space of time a small fortune was lost. The stranger who had asked for the cigar reached over and shoving the top card disclosed the queen of hearts and placed it before the dealer resume[illegible]tion. Handing over the cigar D[illegible] motion to shove the top card, [illegible] dozen voices called to him to ho[illegible] course he waited, and a look of surprise passed over his face as every one began to copper the queen, and inside of five minutes every cent in the room—close on to $12,000—was coppered on that queen. Finally every one was ready, and amid a silence in which I thought I heard the thumping of one man's heart, Dave shoved the top card, disclosing that self-same queen of hearts, and everybody breathed easier until another push and the queen of diamonds lay bare. There were a number of groans and one oath or two, but the man who wanted a cigar had disappeared, and the bank took in half of all bets made in a silence forced by the consciousness that the biters had been bit."

REMARKABLE MEN.

The biggest man in congress is Representative George T. Barnes, of Augusta, Ga. He tips the beam at a trifle over 300 pounds, and is one of the most popular men in the state. His constituency is proud of him, and he will probably remain in congress as long as he wants to.

Uncle Elijah Beltlower, of Dawson, Ga., failed to attend a recent meeting of the Masonic lodge and the members were so surprised at his absence that a committee was sent out to see if he was ill. This was the second time in forty-eight years that Mr. Beltlower had missed a meeting.

In the lower part of Coffee county, Ga., lives Stafford Davis, a relative of the ex-president of the Southern Confederacy, who is now 106 years old. He served through the war of 1812 and the Mexican war, but has never received a pension for his services and has never asked for one. When 29 years of age he married a Miss Lot and now has children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren to the number of 275. In 1872 his wife died after sixty years of married life, and recently he led to the altar a blushing bride of 50 summers. Mr. Davis has been strong and hearty until this year, but is now quite feeble.

Perhaps the smallest man of his age now living is James Hoag, of Cedar Springs, Mich. He was born in 1815, and was one of the smallest babies known, weighing only nine ounces. He now weighs but seventy-six pounds, and is only forty-five inches in height. One of the largest men of modern times was Samuel Murfitt, who died in England a few weeks ago. He was six feet one inch high, and weighed 560 pounds. The girth of his waist was nearly ten feet, and it took a tape-line twenty inches long to encompass the calf of his leg. No hearse could be found large enough to carry his body, and it took twenty men to lift the coffin through the window to the open wagon. He was a native of Wimblington, Cambridgeshire, and was 55 years old.

John Tipton, a sexagenarian resident of Taylor county, Illinois, has just begun the study of Greek. His life has been one of incessant toil on a farm, with scant opportunities for study, but every year he put aside a small sum out of his earnings, and thinks he has now enough to keep him in comfort for the rest of his days. He never went to school in his boyhood, and did not learn to read and write until well on in life.

Washington county, Pennsylvania, has a veteran of three wars in Isham White, who says that he was born in Southern Georgia in 1776. He was one of those who fought behind the cotton bales under Gen. Jackson at New Orleans, and thinks it was a bullet from his musket that killed Gen. Packenham, the commander of the British forces on that occasion. He served against the Indians in Florida in 1836, and was a volunteer under Gen. Winfield Scott in Mexico. His love for "Old Hickory" amounts almost to reverence, and he says that he votes for him at every presidential election.

The shortest reigning monarch is the emperor of China, who is only 5 feet high. Emperor William, of Germany, is the tallest, being just 6 feet in height. Prince Albert, of Germany, nephew of the emperor, is 6 feet 6 inches high, and the emperor of Russia 5 feet 11 inches. The tallest man among Eastern nations is Chang, the Chinese giant, who is 7 feet 8 inches high. The tallest European is Winckelmeier, a young Austrian, who measures 8 feet 9 inches in stature.

THE BOG OF RUSSIA.

The Dreary Pinsk Marshes—A Suggestion Regarding Ireland.

There is in Russia a district as large as Ireland, known as the Pinsk marshes, says Chamber's Journal, and wholly impassible from the size and number of its morasses, in addition to which it is covered with an impenetrable forest of undergrowth and tangled jungle, and consequently was utterly useless. To make this vast extent of land available for the purposes of pasturage and agriculture, all that was required, apparently, was a thorough system of draining and cleaning, as the land itself, as land, was found good for the proposed purposes. Accordingly the Russian government has gone to work with a will and is now, and has been for some time past, energetically engaged in both these useful and important operations, and the work has been crowned with marked success. At present 4,000,000 of acres have been reclaimed, and during next year it is proposed 300,000 more shall be taken in hand by means of 120 miles of canals and dikes. It is further reported that upward of 600,000 miles of once useless bog are now good meadow land, while 2,000,000 acres of impenetrable jungle have been brought into cultivation. In addition to all this the engineers have built 179 bridges, sunk 577 wells, and surveyed and mapped 20,000 square miles of land. If such a scheme as this can be successfully carried out by Russia, why should not some such plan be carried out in Ireland? A scientific exchange, referring to this question, says: "The amount of bog in Ireland would, of course, be child's play to the Pinsk marshes, fo[illegible]ehow we are always confronted with [illegible] the chief source of Irish difficult[illegible]ts annihilation will pay so we[illegible]ssia it ought to do so equally [illegible] Ireland; nor should we forget t[illegible] undertaking of such a magnitude w[illegible]ring immediate and constant work [illegible] the very outset to half the ablebodied population of the country." The suggestion is well worth the serious attention of all interested in the question of the prosperity of Ireland and the profitable employment of her working population.

The Chances Against Him.

Texas Siftings.

Actor—Going to leave town, old boy? Old gentleman—Yes, I'm going on the 12:50 train. "I always try to avoid the 12:50 train." "Why do you try to avoid the 12:50 train?" "Because it would be ten to one if I caught it, and I don't care to take any risks."

O'Leary Still Walking.

Special to the Globe.

OMAHA, Neb., May 3.—Dan O'Leary, the pedestrian, arrived here to-day to arrange a six days' walking match, four hours a day.

THE BALLADE OF THE DREAM.

Swift as sound of music fled
When no more the organ sighs,
Sped as all old joys are sped,
So your lips, Love, and your eyes,
So your gentle-voiced replies,
Mine, one hour, in sleep that seem,
Flit away as slumber flies,
Following darkness like a dream.

As the scent from roses red,
As the dawn from April skies,
As the phantom of the dead,
From the living love that hies;
As the shifting shade that lies
On the moonlight silvered stream,
So you rise, when dreams arise,
Following darkness like a dream.

Could some witch with woven tread,
Could some spell in fairy wise,
Lap about this dreaming head
In a mist of memories,
I should lie like him that lies
Where the lights on Latmos gleam,
'Neath Selene down the skies
Following darkness like a dream.

ENVOY.

Sleep, that grants wh[illegible]
Shadowy bou[illegible]
Bring me ba[illegible]
Following dark[illegible]

WHY [illegible]

When ma[illegible]
Awoke [illegible]
And saw [illegible]
His [illegible]

A RECTOR'S RASHNESS.

He Looks Upon the Wife of a Parishioner With Lustful Eyes.

And Pays the Penalty With His Life—Details of the Tragedy.

Details of the shooting and killing of Rev. C. F. Stiver at Grenada, Miss., on April 28, are of an intensely interesting character. A brief account of the bare facts was published in the GLOBE on the day following. Rev. Mr. Stiver was the rector of the Episcopal church at Grenada, and Capt. W. P. Fowler, who shot him, was a leading member of his church. The assault took place at Capt. Fowler's house, where the rector was boarding. It was almost the quietest hour of the day on the street and few people were passing. Those who saw the tragedy say that they heard a pistol shot inside the house and a moment later the front door flew open and the young minister rushed down the steps. He had scarcely reached the front gate when Capt. Fowler appeared at the door with a pistol leveled at the minister and immediately fired. The rector ran down the street for about a hundred yards and fell apparantly severely wounded. The captain did not pursue his victim, but returned into the house. The wounded rector was taken to the residence of Dr. Smith, also a member of the Episcopal church. Three physicians examined his wounds and pronounced them fatal. One ball had entered the left side and was buried in the vitals. When the young pastor was told he was likely to die very soon, he asked to have his statement taken, and voluntarily told those present that Capt. Fowler was justified in shooting, and that it was his wish that the captain should not be punished. The rector signed a statement to this effect which was written out by a friend. Those present at the bedside of the wounded man were members of his church, and his explanation of the aggravating cause that led Capt. Fowler to fire upon him is kept a profound secret that the reputations of the parties concerned may not suffer. When the case comes to trial the facts must necessarily become public, but those who know the secret refuse to divulge it before that time. It is surprising that in a city of less than 10,000 inhabitants, where the events of a day can be summed up in a paragraph there, should be many

RUMORS STARTED BY IDLE GOSSIPS

on learning of this terrible tragedy. Interest in the case is greatly heightened by the high standing of the parties concerned, and the fact that Rev. Mr. Stiver was only recently appointed and was the subject of much discussion among young women. He was a comparatively young man and unmarried. He preached his first sermon just before Lent. The Episcopal church had been without a rector for many months. Mr. Stiver was chosen for the place by Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson, and it was arranged that he should make his home with the members of the church, boarding for a time with such as could conveniently accommodate him. Last month he went to the beautiful home of Capt. Fowler. The captain has a charming wife and two pretty children, and his pride in his home is known and commented upon by all his friends. He is traveling agent for a wholesale grocery house of New Orleans, and is away upon the road for the greater part of the week. When inviting the young unmarried minister to his house he thought, as he said to friends, that the rector would be a protector to Mrs. Fowler and the children. The captain's sudden return from his weekly trip on the road was a surprise to his friends, and it is possible that the family did not expect him. On entering the house he went straight to the minister's room, it is said, and the first shot was fired there. It is not known whether any struggle took place, but if so it was very brief, for only a few moments elapsed between the first shot and the minister's appearance on the street. Mrs. Fowler had not been seen since the fatal affair, being utterly prostrated by the news of her pastor's death. Her friends say there is not the slightest reflection upon her good name, and it was upon her complaint to her husband about improper conduct on the part of the rector toward her that the awful tragedy was enacted. The fact that Mr. Stiver was in his room is cited as evidence that she is free from all suspicion, and Capt. Fowler's evident feelings of kindness and love towards her since the shooting would seem to suggest this assertion.

The funeral of the young rector took place from the church of which he so lately took charge. The edifice was crowded by members of the society and people of other denominations drawn there by curiosity. The services were very simple. Leading members of the church acted as pall-bearers, and the remains were consigned to a vault, pending word from relatives as to their wishes regarding the burial place. Those who think they divine the true facts in the case from the outward circumstances, uphold Capt. Fowler in his action and say they would have done the same thing under similar circumstances. A large portion of the community, among whom are leading members of the Episcopal church, who were much attached to Mr. Stiver, want more information of the cause of the shooting before they consign the character of a hitherto upright and exemplary man to suspicion and obliquity.

THE MARSHAL'S STORY.

Marshal Wright, of Grenada, says that shortly after the shooting he went up to Fowler and asked him for his pistol. It was delivered with the remark: "I suppose I am your prisoner, but before you go I wish to show you something." Fowler led the way to the sitting room, where Stiver occupied a rocking chair, and pointed out the spots occupied by each of the principals. "When I approached Stiver," remarked Fowler, "he arose with a pistol in his hand. In knocking the weapon from his hand my finger struck the hammer, inflicting a slight flesh wound." Here Fowler stopped, and would say nothing more. After Stiver was shot he was carried over to the office of Dr. Smith, who administered all the relief possible. When he revived sufficiently to talk he said: "I see I am among friends and may as well enlighten you all. I have deceived you about matters of religion, but I trust I have done some good.' Mrs. Smith replied: 'Yes, you have done some good, and may do more.' 'No chance for that,' replied the wounded man, 'for I am bound to die.' "

"Stiver came to Grenada, from Louisiana, but the particular point no one knows. He was only a licentiate sent here by Bishop Thompson. I am not positive as to the length of time he had been there, but it was sufficiently extended for him to become acquainted with nearly all the people." Mrs. Fowler is a woman of middle age. She has two children 12 and 14 years old, and was out of her teens when she married. She is a very handsome lady, however. Fowler married a daughter of Judge Gray in 1870. In the same year he shot a man at Cairo, Ill. In 1873 he sent Arrant to his last account at Jackson, Mich., and at Winona, Miss., in 1884, he killed a man named Wright who was imposing on him and firing at him with two pistols. In every case he has been acquitted on the plea of self-defense."

MEN AND WOMEN.

Vanity and Extravagance—Two Sexes Compared.

Chicago Herald.

"Talk about the vanity of women," said a Madison street hatter, "it is nothing compared to that of men. My wife used to keep a millinery store, and as I was hanging around her shop a good deal I had an opportunity to study the customers, in whom I took more interest than I did in the stock. Well, women, are not vain. Not one women in fifty has any vanity about her personal appearance. She has, what is better, a systematic and business-[illegible] of making herself look as well [illegible] It is part of her daily life to [illegible]s which will become her, and [illegible]tions she is earnest and practical, even if not always artistic. [illegible] face and figure better [illegible]s not deceive [illegible] wear to [illegible]

Take women by themselves, away from the other sex, and there is no foolishness among them concerning themselves. They are perfectly frank with each other concerning their figures and features, and assist each other with admirable good humor. It is quite different with men. For three years I have been in the hat business, and in that time have seen more genuine vanity than in all my life before. Nine men out of ten are either vain or indifferent. The average man doesn't know what he wants, and while you are showing him goods he changes his mind half a dozen times. It is no uncommon thing in my store for a customer to stand forty times before the mirror, each time with a hat on his head. Sometimes he will take three or four looks at one hat during the course of his search. In the matter of extravagance, too, the women are not the only offenders. Men will pay $8 to $12 for silk hats, or $5 to $7 for round crowned hats made by a well known manufacturer, whose name is supposed to lead the local world of hat fashions, when they know very well that articles of identical merit in every particular can be purchased at a saving of from $2 to $5 elsewhere. They do this simply because they are vain enough to wish to be able to say, on occasion, that their hat is from so and so, the fashionable. I know men whose incomes do not exceed $80 a month who expend in a year not less than $40 for hats. Few women spend larger sums."

WONDERFUL POPULARITY

Of the Renowned Medicine—The Greatest Curative Success of the Age—A Voice from the People.

No medicine introduced to the public has ever met with the success accorded to Hop Bitters. It stands to-day the best known curative article in the world. Its marvelous renown is not due to the advertising it has received. It is famous by reason of its inherent virtues. It does all that is claimed for it. It is the most powerful, speedy and effective agent known for the building up of debilitated systems. The following witnesses are offered to prove this:

What It Did for an Old Lady.

COSHOCTON STATION, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1884.—Gents: A number of people had been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect. In fact one case, a lady of over seventy years had been sick for years, and for the past ten years I have known her she has not been able to go around half the time. About six months ago she got so feeble she was helpless. Her old remedies, or physicians, being of no avail, I sent to Deposit, forty-five miles, and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It had such a very beneficial effect on her that one bottle improved her so she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. When she had taken the second bottle she was able to take care of her own room, and walk out to her neighbor's and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use.

W. B. HATHAWAY,
Agent, United States Express Company.

An Enthusiastic Endorsement.

GORHAM, N. H., July 15, 1886.—Gents: Whoever you are, I don't know, but I thank the Lord and feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do, and more. Four years ago I had a slight attack of palsy, which unnerved me to such an extent that the least excitement would make me shake like the ague. Last May I was induced to try Hop Bitters. I used one bottle but did not see any change; another did so change my nerves that they are as steady as they ever were. It used to take both hands to write, but now my good right hand writes this. Now, if you continue to manufacture as honest and good an article as you do, you will accumulate an honest fortune, and confer the greatest blessing on your fellow-men that was ever conferred on mankind. TIM BURCH.

A Husband's Testimony.

My wife was troubled for years with blotches, moth patches and pimples on her face, which nearly annoyed the life out of her. She spent many dollars on the thousand infallible (?) cures, with nothing but injurious effects. A lady friend, of Syracuse, N. Y., who had had similar experience and had been cured with Hop Bitters, induced her to try it. One bottle has made her face as smooth, fair and soft as a child's, and given her such health that it seems almost a miracle.

A MEMBER OF CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

A Rich Lady's Experience.

I traveled all over Europe and other foreign countries at a cost of thousands of dollars, in search of health and found it not. I returned discouraged and disheartened, and was restored to real youthful health and spirits with less than two bottles of Hop Bitters. I hope others may profit by my experience. A LADY, Augusta, Me.

SHE KNEW THE ANSWERS.

The Stroke of Genius That Graduated a Young Lady.

Harper's Weekly.

A professor in a certain musical college once told me of a pupil who attended his lectures—a young woman from some remote place like Seattle or Los Angeles, who attracted his attention by her extreme devotion to her work, her regularity—in fact, by all that goes to make a pupil "solid" with the faculty. Moreover, she was beautiful as the day, with a large and statuesque beauty, as of a strong, full nature, serene, calm, and undisturbed. But, alas! when examination came and papers were handed in hers was found to be simply impossible. It was evident that behind that Juno-like brow there were no brains. In fact, such a paper was never seen before; even the spelling was ludicrous; while grammar and music were equally injured and outraged in every line. Tears could not move my stern friend, and his report was "not passed." But it was intimated to him that there were reasons why it was absolutely essential that the pupil should graduate, while her knowledge might be acquired afterward. Accordingly, she applied for a re-examination, and the questions were then something like this: 1. Is not the symphony the highest form of purely musical expression? 2. Was not Berlioz remarkable for his mastery of ingenious orchestral effects? 3. Is not Bach called the father of modern music? "And to my astonishment and gratification," said the professor gravely, "to every one of these puzzling questions she answered with great perspicacity, 'Yes,' and passed triumphantly—average mark in my class, 100 per cent."

On the New Dress Materials.

Nothing much simpler than some of the new French spring costumes in camel's hair, silk etamine or cashmere could be devised, and yet, there is nothing more essentially Parisan, to their minutest details, than these very gowns. Most dressmakers can produce a complicated toilet, laden with garnitures of various kinds and sorts, but few, and only those most practiced and gifted, can capably design a dress that shall be at once simple, yet irreproachable in its effect.

A walking costume much in voge has the skirt draped on the left side only, where it remains open over an underskirt. Large buttons are placed on one side, and button-holes to correspond on the other, so that the skirt appears to have been left unbuttoned.

A superior quality of foulard called Sagalien comes in all shades of violet, dark blue and gray. Striped and checked merveilleux in changeable shades and embroidered rhadames are combined with plain goods. There is also a lovely assortment in stamped foulards.

Lawns, percale and coutille or jean as thick almost as pique, are the cotton fabrics most used by French dressmakers.

Dresses in general are becoming more and more intricate in their composition, even those comparatively simple in appearance.

Spring walking costumes are very simple. They are generally of some light cloth of fancy woolen material, combined with plain silk.

Do You Know

That McLain's is the best place to buy wash goods of any description? McLain's, 384 Wabasha street.

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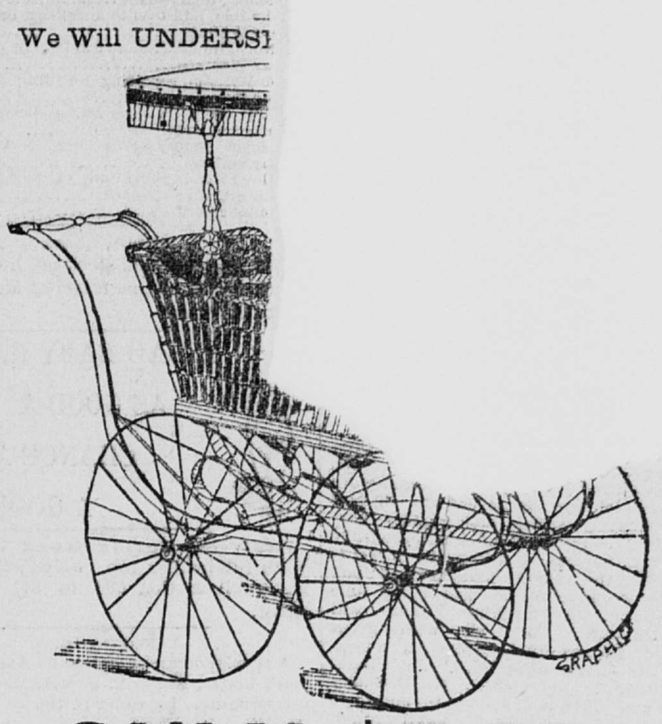

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Come to Our Shoe Emporium, 67 E. Seventh St.

We are offering special bargains to-day. A lot of Gents' Fine Sewed Shoes in Button, Lace and Congress at $1.75 per pair, worth $3.

A lady's fine Dongola Shoe for $2, worth $3. Ladies' Low Button and Ties, $1, worth $1.50. Fine Hand-Turned Shoes, in all sizes and widths, from $3.50 to $7. Special bargains in A and B widths.

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$35,000 WORTH OF BOOTS AND SHOES!

AT 377 EAST SEVENTH STREET, to be closed out strictly at cost. This is the best opportunity ever offered to the public to get FIRST-CLASS SHOES AT COST.

This is no Bankrupt Stock or Job Lots, but a well selected line of shoes, bough directly from Eastern manufacturers at low figures for cash, and as I shall move to my own building, 225 East Seventh street, every pair of this elegant and durable line of goods to be sold at cost. Fixtures for sale and store for rent. (A splendid chance for a shoe store.)

ALFRED BRADLEY, 377 East Seventh Street, St. Paul, Minn

Choice White Seed Oats!

MINNESOTA GROWN SEED CORN.

Also full line GRASS SEEDS. Correspondence solicited

GRIGGS BROS., Robert and Fifth Streets, St. Paul.

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On Thomas street, between Kent and Mackubin. A well-built, substantial brick house of eight rooms at very low price, with or without next lot. Call and see it; it is a bargain.

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A small Hotel with lot 50x286, commanding the finest view on the Lake, at the value of the lot al[illegible] [illegible]use can be converted into a pr[illegible] [illegible]at very trifling expense. [illegible] For sale by

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Lots 4 and 5, block 7, Kuhl's addition, 40x120 feet each.

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