ON SAINT ANTHONY HILL.

The Aristocratic Part of St. Paul Which Ranks With Beacon Street, Murray Hill and the West End.

A Few of the Many Elegant and Costly Mansions Which Wealthy Men Have Builded There.

Residences That Compare With Any in the Country for Beauty and Solidity.

How Real Estate Has Gone Up in a Wonderfully Short Time in the "Hill District."

T. PAUL, like her sister cities of the East, Boston, New York and Washington, has an aristocratic quarter, for what Beacon street is to the Hub, Murray hill to the metropolis and the West end to the capital, St. Anthoy hill is to the capital of the great state of Minnesota. Inquiry among those who ought to know shows that the patrician portion of St. Paul probably derives its name from the fact that in the early days of the Twin City of Minneapolis a portion of that thriving settlement was called St. Anthony, and this was distinctly visible from the high bluff in the western part of St. Paul, now adorned with so many palatial residences belonging to successful wooers of the fickle dame fortune. Ascending Summit avenue, and going in a westerly direction from the park of that name, the first pretentious mansion encountered is that of Commodore N. W. Kittson, which occupies a most commanding situation and gives a magnificent view from its cupola of the country surrounding St. Paul, especially eastward and southerly.

Along the splendid concreted boulevard of Summit avenue and which is the principle attraction of the residence portion of the metropolis of the Northwest, both sides of the street are lined with elegant structures as far as the eye can reach. Those on the north side, probably because they were earlier built, are for the most part frame two story buildings, but substantially built, comfortable and evidently intended for the accommodation of persons of a luxurious temperament, while on the opposite or south side are evidences of modern improvements in which brick and stone are the principal materials.

Such a house is that of Mr. Wilder, near Selby avenue, which will occupy nearly an entire block, the foundations being already laid, and in the rear a stable in which almost any family might be proud to live as a residence, shows what taste and a desire

TO SPARE NO EXPENSE

will accomplish. The site was formerly occupied by the Otis house, but the onward march of progress decreed its razing and the best architects of the West were authorized to erect a new pile which would be a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Opposite the proposed Wilder mansion is the elegant residence of Col. R. M. Newport where Gen. Alfred H. Terry, of the United States army formerly resided.

An imposing mass of brickwork on the left of the Wilder property is the residence of Frank Clark who completed it to his satisfaction about two years ago and now takes a good rest after the cares of the day on the broad piazzas that surround his cosy home nest.

The old Armstrong place did not escape the wary eye of the Manitoba millionaire, J. J. Hill, and upon the ruins of the old mansion it is proposed to erect a modern dwelling, the cost of which, it is said, will exceed $500,000. This is one of the most commanding sites on Summit avenue, although considerable filling in behind and a retaining wall which will be terraced, was necessary to improve the exterior appearance of the property.

H. M. Hart, of the New York Mutual Life Insurance company, takes matters very easy in the cool of the evening on the lawn facing his commodious residence and a wire fence separates him from an equally pretty place in which Col. Bend, of the First regiment Minnesota National Guard, and his family find an abiding place.

At this point Summit avenue is about 250 feet above the level of the Mississippi and the view looking eastward is one of rare beauty, Dayton Bluff and South St. Paul being conspicuous objects in the great natural panoramo.

Kasota stone makes a most attractive picture of the residence of A. B. Stickney, which stands out in bold relief, the cupola's spire being outlined against the sky like a gigantic needle, and comfort combined with magnificence is strikingly apparent where the president of the Minnesota & Northwestern railroad lives. One of the oldest and at the same time one of the most comfortable looking houses on the hill is that of Mayor Smith, high ceilings, large, airy rooms and stairways on both sides of the broad hall which cuts the building in half being the most pleasant features.

A double house of brown stone, the body of which is composed of Sioux Falls Jasper, is probably the most desirably located, so far as a bluff view is concerned, and this is intended for joint occupancy by the families of Messrs. W. H. Leitner and George E. Young, who will doubtless spend many happy hours contemplating the beautiful expanse of country visible from their southern piazzas.

It has always been customary to rave over the Oakes mansion, a magnificent stone structure on the brow of the hill, and this has recently been purchased, together with the adjoining property, by W. C. Riley. His purpose as announced is to subdivide this piece of ground into seven or eight desirable lots, fronting on Summit avenue and the river. A boulevard is among the improvements to be carried out, facing the bluffs, and a common stable is also to be a feature, thus obviating the necessity for one of these appurtenances to each mansion hereafter to be built. In fact, the deeds prohibit the building of stables in the rear of any of the houses.

Across the avenue from the Oakes mansion is the roomy, rambling, yellow painted brick dwelling of the family of the late W. A. Culbertson, all the accommodations for their convenience being on the first floor, with apartments for servants in the upper portion.

THESE ARE ONLY A FEW

of the splendid houses that adorn Summit avenue; and the contiguous territory, comprising Portland, Holly, Ashland and Laurel avenues, is improved in a manner which the early settlers of St. Paul never dreamed could be accomplished save by the work of magic. Along these four avenues the work of grading and concreting is being rapidly pushed forward, and by the fall of the present year they will combine to form an equally attractive drive as the more pretentious and aristocratic Summit avenue. All the residences in this section of St. Paul show unmistakably that their owners are persons of great wealth, and the smooth, well-kept lawns present the appearance of a continuous green velvet carpet.

Fabulous stories are told of the appreciation of real estate on St. Anthony hill, and the case of the Oakes property is one of many instances cited in support of these assertions. Two years ago it was purchased from George Finch for $60,000, and when a few weeks ago, Mr. Riley obtained it for $125,000 he thought he had a rare bargain. Real estate men say that there will be no shrinkage of values in this part of St. Paul, but that in the course of a decade land cannot be secured for love or money from the present holders.

The Latest Society Whim.

Washington Letter.

The latest craze which has struck the Washington belle is the carrying of canes. A few weeks ago a young leader in society returned from England, and the next day she surprised her friends by appearing on the street with a cane. It wasn't the ordinary dude cane, but a nice little stick with a shepherd's crook of hammered silver. Sometimes she swung it, and at other times she struck the ground with a sharp rap. There is no question that this created a sensation, but there is a great deal of difference of opinion as to whether the craze will strike in or not. So far not more than half a dozen girls have mustered up courage enough to appear on the street with canes. The probabilities are that the craze will not extend to that point where it will seriously interfere with the ordinary every-day happiness of a modern dude.

THE SPIRIT OF BEECHER.

If It Can Have No Influence in Plymouth Church There Must Be Dissolution.

Special to the Globe.

NEW YORK, June 18.—Plymouth church will be shut for the summer. No such thing ever happened to it before. There are those who predict that it will not be opened again by its old congregation. It is entering upon the severest crisis of its existence. Beecher is no longer the magnet that has so long held it together. Several months before his death Beecher said to a warm personal friend: "If God's lightning were to strike any church in this land at this moment and destroy it, I should wish that it might be Plymouth church." With no mock modesty the great preacher recognized that the coherence of the organization was due to himself, and he dreaded to think what might become of it in case of his death. Those who for years have been accustomed to receive willingly Beecher's broad and advanced views of theology are desirous that the church should continue to represent the liberal spirit of his teachings. How to obtain this desideratum is the question upon which the members divide. There is a strong faction of the society that believes it necessary to call a new preacher at once, in order that interest in the services may be kept alive by the presence of a regular preacher in the pulpit. Another faction thinks it just as well to let the usual summer vacation take its course and to open the next ecclestiastical year under a new leader. This difference of opinion will be aggravated when it is reduced to a choice between individuals. Everybody interested fears that when the successor of Beecher appears and begins to preach the people will feel a sense of disappointment that will speedily disrupt the organization. Exactly the same theology will not be taught, and, even if the successor should happen to think in the same groove in which Beecher's convictions ran, he will not express himself in the same way and the difference will still be felt keenly. One of the old members of the congregation said to your correspondent to-day: "The situation is discouraging. It seems to me that our only safety lies in starting out on new lines. As it will be impossible exactly to fill Beecher's place, we must have new interest to attract our attention and new traits to admire in our pastor. Beecher was a splendid pulpiteer; his equal cannot be fsund Why, then, try to? It would be better to find a man whose strength shall lie in his pastoral work, in which department Mr. Beecher was notoriously deficient. But others do not agree with me. There are many who think we ought to secure a brilliant orator at once, a metorician. They hope to see some young man of pronounced ability arise who will not only inculcate the doctrines to which we have become used, but do so in a thrilling, original style. A hopeless idea. Plymouth church was built up during a fighting period. The anti-slavery agitation and the war gave Mr. Beecher every incentive for the exercise of his strongest and most brilliant faculties. If a young man appears who attempts to take a similar course it will be with the result of gradually estranging most of the old members and creating a new society, if he succeeds in obtaining a following.

CUPID CREATES HAVOC.

Matrimonial Ventures of Two Families Who Merge Into One.

There was performed at Fayetteville, Ga., recently before Justice Tomlin a marriage ceremony which is the culmination of a remarkable series of matrimonial ventures. The parties thereto were Nathan Starnes and Mrs. Eliza Hamby. In cosy farm houses on opposite sides of the Jonesboro road, over the Clayton county line, lived the two families of Hamby and Starnes. For thirty years they have been prominent citizens of that section. To each came an increase of family equally proportionate, save that the Hambys were all boys and the Starnes were girls. The children, ten in number, lived together as one family, and it was the most natural thing in the world for the oldest Mr. Hamby and the first-born Miss Starnes to unite in wedlock. This marriage was followed by the next couple, and so on down to the fourth, when Mr. Starnes violently protested against letting the Hambys have any more of his daughters. The marriage was permitted to take place, however, but with the permission was registered a vow that it should be the last tie between the families. Two weeks ago the elder Hamby, pere, passed away, and during the period of mourning greater intimacy sprang up between the two families. This was a fatal step for Mr. Starnes, because on Friday night he missed his youngest and only single daughter, only to learn that the youngest of the Hambys was also missing. Then it was that the truth flashed upon his mind. Mounting his horse he rode over the neighborhood in search of the pair. When he struck the trail it was well on to daylight Saturday. Following it he reached the house of a justice of the peace near Jonesboro, and from that gentleman learned that he had married the young couple and that they could be found in town. The interview, when he found them, was a stormy one, and he left them in a rage. Reaching home he had his buggy hitched up and drove in front of the widow's house.

"Come, old lady," said he, "let us finish up this business. If the Hambys are to have the whole family I might as well know it at once."

The astonished widow did not know what to make of him.

"Get in," said he, pushing her by the shoulder. "Get in the buggy at once. There must be no more fooling about the matter."

Pushing her by main force into his buggy, Starnes took his seat by her, and whipping up his horse, was in Squire Tomlin's parlor before the widow knew what was the matter.

"Marry us quick," was Starnes's emphatic request. "I am going to put an end to this excitement about my place. I reckon the Hambys will be satisfied then."

The couple are now established in the Starnes house, and people from far and near are calling upon them to congratulate them.

CLIPPINGS.

She Was Surprised.—Husband (reading)—Here is a very interesting article from Japan on the "Mikado." Wife—Dear me! Has the 'Mikado' craze really penetrated to Japan? It's quite astonishing!—Puck.

"Can the mind conceive of such a thing as no time?" asks a reformer. Certainly it can. When a woman says she will be in a dry goods store no time at all, just take out your watch and see how close it comes to two hours.—Tid-Bits.

Had Escaped.—Guest—Have you a fire escape in this house? Landlord—Two of 'em, sir! Guest—I thought so! The fire all escaped from my room last night, and I came near freezing. [P. S.—This should have been printed last winter.]—Puck.

From the French.—Miss Clara (discussing literary matter)—The translation you speak of, Mr. Featherly, I understand is a very free one? Mr. Featherly—I think you must have been misinformed, Miss Clara; I know I paid a dollar for my copy.—Harper's Bazar.

THE COMPLAINERS' CLUB.

A Novel but Powerful Organization Made Up for Special Work During the Base Ball Season.

Several Well Known Gentlemen Who Are Banded Together to Maintain the Divine Right of Kicking.

Officers and Members of the Club, With an Official Statement of Their Ends and Objects.

How Business Is Carried On---Some of the Personal Methods of the Leading Members.

PRESIDENT ARMSTRONG AT WORK.

One of the recent organizations in St. Paul, but one which gets remarkably quick action, is the "Complainers" club. It has no real estate to boom and all games with cards, or other gambling devices, are strictly prohibited by the constitution and articles of incorporation. According to the latter document, which was drawn by Baz Armstrong and signed by each member of the club, the objects of the society are set forth as "to complain of all errors made by the St. Paul Base Ball club, whether at home or abroad, to kick at all bad umpiring, and to raise a general howl when the home team is defeated on its owngrounds: also to take such steps as may seem advisable and desirable toward establishing on a firm basis the God-given right of all free-born American citizens to kick at any and all ball playing." This last clause was added at the suggestion of Lou Johnson, who said in explanation to Baz Armstrong that there seemed to be a growing disposition to restrain this privilege. The club has no capital stock, and while it is authorized to "do business" at all times and places, the principal office is at Billy Twombly's. The officers and members of the club are given below:

President—Baz Armstrong.
Vice President—Jim Doran.
Secretary—Mat Prendergast.
Active Members—W. H. Hobson, Joe Kray, Judge Flannigan, John Graus, George Henry and Lou Johnson.
Honorary Members—John O'Connor, Billy Twombly.
Sleeping Member—W. H. Kinkaid.
Applicant for membership now on the bulletin board—A. F. Morton.

There was a change made in the roster of the officers after the organization. George Henry was originally president, but it was found that Baz Armstrong was wasting too much of the valuable time of the club in complaining that the rest of the members had little or no show, so to relieve this difficulty, in a measure, Bar was taken from the floor of the house and elevated to the chair of presiding officer, where he is not allowed to complain of anything. There is, however, a special clause in the constitution that makes it binding on him, to vacate the chair each meeting for five minutes of complaining like the rest of the active members. The president has been able to make five-minute complaints at each meeting since this rule went into effect with little or no apparent effort. Lou Johnson ranks next to Baz as head complainer. His remarks are always listened to with deep interest. They are forcible and clothed in language that any man that is not a deaf mute can understand. This is the way he opens some of his speeches when St. Paul has lost a game: "If those —— woodchoppers that tried to monkey with the ball this afternoon would only get axes and walk up into the pineries they would find something they could do and do in good shape. Why ——— ——— they can't play ball any more than I can fly. If I was running the team I wouldn't allow the best man there is there to take tickets at the gate. When they have had some practice they ought to go up and play with the Jim River Valley league ——— ——— ——— ——— ——— ———."

Judge Flannigan, who is attorney for the club, has a less vigorous style of doing business, and when it comes his turn to speak he says: "Play ball? Of course they can't play ball. Of course they get a scratch game by mistake sometimes, but play ball?———!!!!"

Matt Prendergast seldom occupies all the time allotted to him, in which to complain. He usually says, "Oh, of course; I bet a little something on the game as usual; I might have evened up by betting on the visitors, but I thought it was time the home team would win one game, by a mistake or something of the kind."

It was thought at one time of striking Hobson's name from the list of active members, as he failed to complain at one game. But he assured the officers that he was deeply in sympathy with the objects of the club, and he was retained, for the moral support which his name would be to the organization.

George Henry, as a former ball player of considerable note, is found an invaluable member, as he is often called on to give expert testimony on the demerits of some particular play.

John Graus is recognized as able to do the most fine-grained kicking of any member. He smiles in a winning way even when getting in his most vigorous work.

John O'Connor is an honorary member at his own request. He is present at all meetings and takes a deep interest in the proceedings, but takes no part. He contributes toward the financial success of the club.

Billy Twombly was made an honorary member for the same reason that Baz Armstrong was made president—he wanted to do all the work of the club himself. As there was but one presidential chair to be filled, and as the other members insisted on having some show themselves, Twombly was placed on the honorary list.

The defeat of the home team not only makes Kinkaid tired but sleepy, too, and hence a special class of membership was made for him. His name was placed on the list without his knowledge, as he happened to be asleep at the time.

There are doubts as to whether A. F. Morton will be admitted to active membership or not, as his attendance at the meetings has been irregular of late. Action will be taken at the first regular business session.

Ten Things a Baby Can Do.

It can beat any alarm clock ever invented waking a family up in the morning.

Give it a fair show and it can smash more dishes than the most industrious servant girl in the country.

It can fall down oftener and with less provocation than the most expert tumbler in the circus ring.

It can make more genuine fuss over a simple brass pin than its mother would over a broken back.

It can choke itself black in the face with greater ease than the most accomplished wretch that ever was executed.

It can keep a family in a constant turmoil from morning till night and night till morning without once varying its tune.

It can be reliedup on to sleep peacefully all day when its father is down town and cry persistently at night when he is particularly sleepy.

It may be the naughtiest, dirtiest, ugliest, most fretful baby in all the world, but you can never make its mother believe it, and you had better not try it.

It can be a charming and model infant when no one is around, but when visitors are present it can exhibit more bad temper than both of its parents together.

It can brighten up a house better than all the furniture ever made; make sweeter music than the finest orchestra organized; fill a larger place in its parents' breasts than they knew they had, and when it goes away can cause a greater vacancy and leave a greater blank than all the rest of the world put together.

IDE JONES' B'AR FIGHT.

Tackling B'ar, Briars and Windfall All at Once.

"I only wish th't Capt. Ide Jones was livin' jist now," said Uncle Able Parmentere, from "way up the North Branch," and one of the oldest raftmen on the Susquehanna, to a correspondent of the Sun at Harrisburg. "I'd jist like to see him turn hisself loose in the Pennsylvany legislatur' fer a spell. He wouldn't stan' the way they're runnin' things not two minutes. I think I'll go back to the woods an' turn up my toes myself. W'ats the use o' livin' w'en they've gone an' took the bounty offen wolfs an' cattymounts, an' then made a law that's gointer 'bolish taverns ez sure ez steel traps! Pertectin' the varmints us ol' fellers has been sixty year a tryin' to clean out, an' then shuttin' off our rum! I'll bet ol' Gov'ner Wolf's an' Hick'ry Jackson's good ol' Dimmycratic bones is rattlin' in their graves like all possessed!

"Yes, sir, if Ide Jones was livin' today I wouldn't be this legislatur' fer no money. He was the coolest raf'man that ever run the Siskyhanner river, an' he was the toughest hunter th't ever bored bullet holes in painters, an' done a big sheer to'ards depopulatin' the b'ar fam'ly. It's good for this legislatur' th't he's dead, fer if he wa'n't that hain't no doubt but what he'd come right to Harr'sburg an' clean it out. I'll tell ye a leetle b'ar story 'bout Ide, an' then ye kin jedge w'at sor' of a chance this legislatur'd stan' with him.

"Ide's big b'ar fight come off on Washin'ton's birthday, 1826. Ide an' his dog Andy went out that day a purpose for b'ar. Tha had been a big blow-down o' timber the fall afore in the neighborhood o' Riar's creek, whar Ide lived, an' pooty much the hull o' the woods in the deestric' had been tore up by the roots an' tossted about permisc'us. Ide and Andy struck in fer Riar's creek, an' the fust thing they known'd they rammed slam-bang ag'in a big windfall. Tha wa'n't no way 'round it, an' so Ide says to Andy th t they'd whale right on through it; but the nigher they got to t'other side the further they seemed to be away, the windfall was so oncommon bad, an' they were gitting pooty clus on to tuckered out 'fore they got the best of it. Arter they got the best o' the down timber they struck another piece o' luck right away, fer they found an acre or two o' the pootiest crop o' briers an' brambles ez ever grow'd, ten foot high, an' twisted itself together like a fish net. But tha' wa'n't no sech thing ez humpin' it back over that windfall, and so Ide an' Andy shet their eyes an' pulled ahead fer the open kentry. They had navigated through the smilin' garden o' prickers an' stickers fer nigh onto a mile, w'en, to add to the pleasure o' the sitiwation, the dog began to bristle up an' growl. Then Ide know'd th't tha was business to be did somewhar tharabouts, an' th't the business was b'ars, fer Andy never wasted no time in bristlin' up ner spent his wind in growlin', unless tha was the smell o' b'ar in the air, an' the smell o' b'ar never played around Andy's nose without him adrawin' some on it in.

"Wall, b'ar it was, and no mistake, fer jist ahead o' Ide and Andy, an' not more'n six foot away, riz up one b'ar bigger'n a yearlin' calf, an' another un 'bout half ez big. Ide knowed by the way the big b'ar glared an' glowled, an' gnashed its teeth th't it were a she un, an' that she had a family o' new cubs tucked away in a log or a hole in the ground some'rs in adjacent parts, an' th't she had it in her head th't Ide an' Andy was picknickin' in that briar patch jist to steal them cubs, an' that she was thar to break up the picnic. Now, the matter o' havin' a hip lock or a back holt or a stand-up an' knock down with a ba'r or two was a trifle th't Ida Jones was allus a hankerin' arter, but the havin' of it mixed up with down timber briar bushes, an' brambles was a leetle too much of a pleasant prospect, an' Ida wished he was back hum chawin' ginger nuts an' swiggin' cider. But thar he was. Thar had to be a fight or a foot race. The course wa'n't laid out for much of a foot-race, an' so Ide concluded to stay thar an' tackle b'ar, briars, an' windfall, an' take the chances on some o' the boys runnin' onter his bones in the spring. Lookin' round with a come-sinner-come-an'-view-the-ground-whar-you-must-surely-lie sort of a look, he prepared to take his dose.

"'Twixt the time th't the b'ars first gladdened the eyes of Ide an' Andy an' the time th't the ol' she one busted through the thick briars at 'em wa'n't more'n ten seconds, Ide didn't hev time to even club his gun, w'en the ol' b'ar clapped her two paws on Ide's two shoulders, he hauled off an' pasted her a good un plumb in the eye, an' the fight was in. Andy tackled the little b'ar an' kep' him from interferin' in the muss, and, gettin him on the run, kep' him thar. Ide ripped out his huntin' knife, an' with a slashin' an' a gashin', a snarlin' an' a snappin', a chawin' an' a clawin', an' a rollin' an' a plowin', while hair an' meat an' rage an' dirt an' stone flew in the air till the sun was hid, the b'ar an' Ide cavorted around in that rich bottom o' brambles an' logs for more'n fifteen minutes, fust one on top o' the heap an' then t'other. Then Ide got mad. He found the top rib of ol' Mrs. B'ar an' slid his knife clean up to the handle 'long side of it, an' the b'ar turned the soles o' her feet to'ards the firmyment on high, an' her young uns was orphans.

"At 9 o'clock on the mornin' o' Feb. 23, 1826, one o' ol' Jim Kinney's boys was goin' down Riar's creek, 'long a path that wa'n't much trampled in them days, when suddintly he seed sumpin' settin' in the path ahead o' him th't skeert him crazy. The thing in the path had the 'pearance o'havin' been a man wunst, but at that partic'lar writin' it mowt ha' ben took for a hunk o' meat jist escaped from the sassage cutter. Ez soon ez Kinney's boy got his breath he went howlin' back hum, an' sed he'd seen the spook o' a chopped-up Injun. The boy's pop went down an' found th't the spook was w'at was left o' Ide Jones.

He was carried to Kinney's cabin, an' three hours arterw'd he come to. The spot whar he was found was two miles from whar he'd had the fight with the b'ar. He had drug hisself, his dog a follerin' an' stayin' by him, all through that down timber an' 'cross the creek to the path whar Kinney run ag'in him. He had ben nearly all the day afore, all night, an' three hours o' the next day a-makin' the trip, owin' partly to the bad goin' an' partly to the triflin' fact o' his left arm bein' broke, an' to his collar bone bein' snapped in two twice, an' to his jaw bein' broke, an' to two ribs on one side an' three on t'other bein' broke, an' to his nose bein' broke, an' to the flesh from his throat to the bottom o' his ribs bein' peeled down ez if it'd ben did with a knife, an' to thar not bein' a spot on him, from top to toe, th't hadn't ben stepped on or chewed by that onreason-'ble b'ar.

"Ide got his feet ag'in in course 'o time, an' put the slugs inter a good many b'ar 'fore he were ketched in ol' Time's dreadfull hisself, but he carried more scars to the square inch with him to the grave th'n any other man ever did, whether he was a b'ar hunter or a worker in a sawmill. Jist 'spose he was here now, an' sh'd come down to Harr'sburg an' turned hisself loose in this legislatur'? But he hain't here. His folks has got his old gun yit, but it's been empty fer many a yeer; ez empty ez this glass o' mine is, I reckin'."

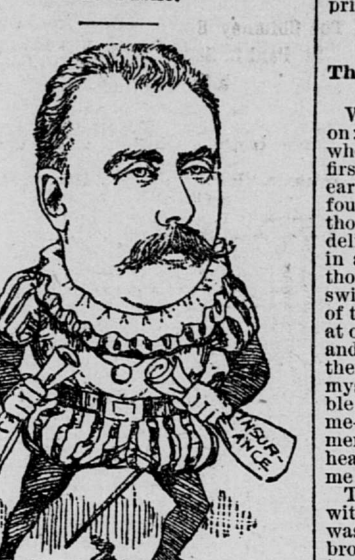
THEIR TINTYPES TAKEN.

Small Pictures at Reasonable Rates of Those Who Make Up St. Paul's Population.

Men Whom the Reader Will Easily Recognize, as They Were Photographed on Sight.

Gathered From all Conditions of Men Without Respect to Their Wealth or Intellect.

Personal Paragraphs True, From First to Last, and Not Harmful if Made Public.



Louis D. Wilkes is one of the most versatile in the lay out of his talents of any of the young men whose homes are in the saintly city. In person he is plump and is considered good looking. According to tradition, the heavenly minstrels stopped tuning their harps for just a minute, when he first saw the light of day, but so great was his fondness for music at that tender age, that he called out for them to go on, remarking that they needn't mind him. Since then he has never seen a piano, organ or other musical instrument that he has not made at least one attempt to play some tune upon it, and always with unqualified success. He is a student of Shakespeare and can quote whole acts from Richard the Third and Julius Cæsar. As a member of the St. Paul Ideals, he won great laurels by his specialties and character sketches. He is a trifle too plump to enjoy hot weather very well, but still he wears his autumn or spring smile with him on the warmest days. His mustache is not quite so fiery as Hon. C. D. O'Brien's, and not quite so heavy, but in other respects the shape of his head somewhat resembles that of the ex-mayor. Few men are more popular where they are known. He is an elk.

J. Fairchild was greatly surprised yesterday and not a little terrified. He is generally a mild-mannered man and behaves himself with a commendable degree of moderation under ordinary circumstances, but he was quite upset yesterday. In sending home his washing the laundryman seems to have made a mistake, and instead of sending home Mr. Fairchild's linen, shocked him by sending to him half a dozen collars, each of which was marked in big letters, "John L. Sullivan." Mr. Fairchild has great respect for Mr. Sullivan, but don't want to carry around his name if he can avoid it. He says he has not knocked out a man for a long time. He proposes to go for Chang Yung and find out whether the heathen Chinee performed this act for a practical joke on him, or if he really thought Mr. Fairchild looked likn Prof. Sullivan.

Since Judge Chandler returned from that land sale at Roscoe he has carried a very weighty and troubled brow. It is reported that he made $60,000 there in one day and has it all in clean money, and that the care of this money is weighing on his mind.

W. H. Dixon declares that "it is not necessary, sir, to do any advertising for the Milwaukee & St. Paul road, sir. It speaks for itself. You can neither gild refined gold or paint the lilly. You can't do it, gentlemen."

Mr. Thompson, of the base ball club, never makes any fuss about it when he deposits a pile of bills and silver in the Bank of Minnesota.

When Bruno Beaupre drives his pair of pacers through the city he acts as though he did not believe any one else had anything that could touch it.

W. G. Gates has been re-elected secretary of the board of trade. There is no use of balloting so long as Mr. Gates consents to act.

Deputy Sheriff Lunkenheimer is in charge of the jail now, since Sheriff Richter moved his family to the lake. John never gets obnoxious, but he knows how to run a jail as it should be run.

If there is any one thing that interests United States Marshal Campbell more than another, it is a typical warrior. He has been in Minnesota thirty years and knows all about the Indians.

Paul Martin has added even more dignity to his high pompadour since he was made a fire commissioner. His dignity, however, does not keep him away from the ball park, where he goes to see nearly every game. Nobody has a better right, for he owns the ground on which the diamond is marked. For a young man he is doing quite well.

Reuben Warner, president of the board of fire commissioners, vies with Chief Black in imperturbability of temper. He always speaks in the same tone, and just so fast, and no faster. He knows every point and detail of the doings of the fire commissioners, and is a model presiding officers.

Tom Gould is about the best natured fellow that ever mixed liquids behind a bar. The ice melts when he smiles.

W. M. Campbell, the West side representative on the board of park commissioners, is proud of his long black whiskers. There is no hayseed in those same whiskers.

H. J. Strauss desires to have it understood that he is not the composer of the new opera, "Alidor." He says that if he had written it he would have known better than to have mixed up the prince and Lady Alice so. If it had not been for that mix there would have been no trouble.

When Sam Gordon, of the Miles City Journal, reached St. Paul, a few days ago, the first thing he did was to go to West St. Paul to see the ball game. He used to be one of the leading stockholders of the old St. Paul Red Caps and was as much of a crank on the game as any one else in the city.

A Bold French Adventuress.

London Telegraph.

One of the ablest and most remarkable adventuresses who has ever appeared before the Paris tribunals has just been tried for a series of clever swindlings. She is a thin, delicate, amber-visaged woman, about forty years of age, who described herself as a descendant of the First Grenadier of France, whose name is still called out at the muster parades of his regiment, the reply being dramatically given: "Dead, on the field of honor." Her name, in short, was printed on her cards as Henrietta de la Tour d'Auvergne, and she passed as an illegitimate daughter of a prince of that house, and accordingly as a niece of the late Archbisop of Bourges and of Gen. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who died in Algeria. Assuming his title and name, the sham princess bamboozled a lot of pious people, priests and parvenus, who liked to hang on to a scion of nobility, and she actually lived luxuriously and in great state on the donations which were sent to her for the poor. Strange to say, the present Prince de la Tour de la d'Avergne knew that the woman was passing herself off as his natural sister, but he never took any proceedings against her. It appears that the woman had been a nun, and while engaged in hospital work was criminally assaulted by a relative of one of the patients. The man was condemned to ten years' solitary confinement, and the nun, who became seriously ill, had to leave her convent and return to the world. Then she began her career of adventure by pretending to make a matrimonial match between the daughter of a Mme. Bigot, whom she had met in church, and a Gascon gentleman. Mme. Bigot had been mulcted for a sum of £160, which she lent as a friend to the self-styled princess. After this the murder was out. Mme. Bigot discovered that the gentleman from Gascony was a mythical personage, and she accordingly commenced proceeding to recover her money. During the trial the prisoner's mask was thrown off and she stood revealed before the gaze of the public as one Emeracienne Boudeau, whose only relatives were a brother, who keeps a wine shop, and a sister, who occupies the responsible position of concierge in a Paris house. The sentence of the prisoner was deferred.

HOWELLS' BOYHOOD.

The Story of the Homesick Little Printer.

W. D. Howells in Youth's Companion: I cannot remember now whether it was early spring after our first winter in the log cabin, or in the early part of the second winter, which found us still there, that it was vastly thought fit I should leave these vain delights and go to earn some money in a printing office in X——. I was, though so young, a good compositor, swift and clean, and when the foreman of the printing office appeared one day at our cabin, and asked if I could come and take the place of a delinquent hand, there was no question with any one but myself that I must go. For me, a terrible homesickness fell instantly upon me—a homesickness that already, in the mere prospect of absence, pierced my heart, and filled my throat, and blinded me with tears.

The foreman wanted me to go back with him in his buggy, but a day's grace was granted me, and then my older brother took me to X——, where he was to meet my father at the railroad station on his return from Cincinnati. It had been snowing, in the soft Southern Ohio fashion, but the clouds had broken away and the evening fell in a clear sky, apple-green along the horizon, as we drove on. This color of the sky must always be associated for me with the despair that then filled my soul, and which I was constantly swallowing down with great gulps. We joked, and got some miserable laughter out of the efforts of the horse to free himself from the snow that balled in his hoofs, but I suffered all the time in the anguish of homesickness that now seems incredible. All the time I had every fact of the cabin life before me; what each of the children was doing, especially the younger ones, and what, above all, my mother was doing, and how at every moment she was looking; I saw the wretched little phantasm of myself moving about there.

The editor to whom my brother delivered me over could not conceive of me as tragedy; he received me as if I were the merest commonplace, and delivered me in turn to the good man with whom I was to board. There were half a dozen school girls boarding there, too, and their gayety when they came in added to my desolation.

The man said supper was about ready and he reckoned I would get something to eat if I looked out for myself. Upon reflection, I answered that I thought I did not want any supper, and that I must go to find my brother, whom I had to tell something. I found him at the station and told him I was going home with him. He tried to reason with me, or rather with my frenzy of homesickness; and I agreed to leave the question open till my father came; but in my own mind it was closed.

My father suggested, however, something that had not occurred to either of us; we should both stay. This seemed possible for me; but not at that boarding house—not within the sound of the laughter of those girls! We went to the hotel, where we had beefsteak and ham and eggs and hot biscuit every morning for breakfast, and where we paid $2 apiece for the week we staid. At the end of this time the editor had found another hand, and we went home, where I was welcomed as from a year's absence.

Again I was called to suffer this trial—the chief trial of my boyhood—but it came in a milder form, and was lightened to me not only by the experience of survival from it, but by various circumstances. This time I went to D——, where one of my uncles was still living, and he somehow learned the misery I was in, and bade me come and stay with him while I remained in D——. I was very fond of him and of the gentle creature, his wife, who stood to me for all that was naturally and convedtionally refined, a type of gracious loveliness and worldly splendor.

They had an only child, to whom her cousin's presence in the house was a constant joy. Over them all hung the shadow of fragile health, and I look back at them through the halo of their early death; but the remembrance cannot make them kinder than they really were. With all that I was homesick still. I fell asleep with the radiant image of our log cabin before my eyes, and I awoke with my heart like lead in my breast.

I did not see how I could get through the day, and I began it with miserable tears. I had found that by drinking a good deal of water at my meals I could keep down the sobs for the time being, and I practiced this device to the surprise and alarm of my relatives, who were troubled with the spectacle of my unnatural thirst

Sometimes I left the table and ran out for a burst of tears behind the house; every night after dark I cried there alone. But I could not wholly hide my suffering, and I suppose that after awhile the sight of it became intolerable. At any rate, a blessed evening came, when, returning from work, I found my brother waiting for me at my uncle's house; and the next morning we set out for home in the keen silent dark before the November dawn.

We were both mounted on the italic-footed mare, I behind my brother with my arms around him to keep on better, and so we rode out of the sleeping town and into the lifting shadow of the woods. They might have swarmed with ghosts or Indians, I should not have cared; I was going home.

By-and-by, as we rode on, the birds began to call one another from their dreams; the quails whistled from the stubble fields, and the crows clamored from the tops of the deadening. The squirrels raced along the fence rails, and in the woods they stopped half-way up the holes to bark at us; the jays strutted down the shelving branches to offer us a passing insult and defiance.

Presently, at a little clearing, we came to a log cabin; the blue smoke curled from its chimney, and through the closed door came the soft, low hum of a spinning-wheel. The red and yellow leaves, heavy with the cold dew, dripped round us; and I was profoundly at peace. The homesick will understand how it was that I was as if saved from death.

At last we crossed the tail-race from the island and turned up, not at the old log cabin, but at the front door of the new house. The family had flitted during my absence, and now they all burst out upon me in exultant welcome, and my mother caught me to her heart. Doubtless she knew that it would have been better for me to have conquered myself; but my defeat was dearer to her than my triumph could have been. She made me her honored guest; I had the best place at the table, the tenderest bit of steak, the richest cup of her golden coffee; and all that day I was "company."

A CHANCE MEETING.

Upon the street we met by chance,
He and I—face to face;
Each gave the other a savage glance,
And each felt out of place.

Such meetings have their share of pain,
And ours was painful, too,
Each feared the other, that was plain,
And still we nearer drew.

Poor victims we of ruthless fate?
Fate's victims are we still,
For once I cut him out with Kate
And he owes me a bill.
—Somerville Journal.

OPEN EVENINGS.

"WHEW!"

It's not a question this kind of weather whether you will buy Thin Clothing or not. It's only a question of what kind of Thin Clothing you'll buy and where you will buy it. Every imaginable kind of Thin, Cool, Summer Clothing at THE BOSTON. Nothing that is made for the male sex to wear in hot weather but is here, and here in profusion. Sizes and styles for all shapes of bodies and for all ideas of minds. It's impossible to tell you of all the comfortable things there are here for you. The best way is to come and see what we can do for your comfort these hot days. Our Clothing, Hat and Furnishing Departments each contribute their share towards making you feel cool. We have some Sack Suits for men, made from Scotch Cheviot. The Coat has no lining in it at all; so much cooler without it. We also have many Light Check Suits that are very cool and comfortable looking. Blue Flannel Suits are fully as cheap for an all round suit as a man can buy; they cost but little and always look well. But when buying a Blue Flannel Suit be sure you are dealing with a reliable house, as a poor Blue Flannel is worse than none at all. We guarantee all our Blue Flannel Suits to be all-wool and not to fade; price, $9 and $12. Many styles of Light and Cool-looking Neckwear. Neckwear that don't cost much and yet looks well. That's the kind for hot weather, and that's the kind that's here. Hammocks, full-length Mexican, for $1.25 each. Lots of solid comfort in one of our Hammocks for $1.25.

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