THE BOARDING HOUSE

Pictures Graphically Drawn of the Various Boarding Houses in St. Paul.

One of the Boarders Says the Sight of His House Makes Him Shiver.

M. J. D. Claims That His Landlady Does Her Bill of Fare Up in Rhyme,

And One Boarder Promptly Quits When He Finds a Worm in His Cabbage.

HOUSES where people board are interesting affairs and within their walls there are often amusing occurrences. In the boarding house there is always one kicker and usually he has a running mate and they amuse themselves with criticising the style in which the food is dished up to them and in flirting with the landlady or the pretty female boarders. While the kickers are amusing themselves in this manner the landlady is generally passing away the time in figuring on how little her boarders can eat and still exist.

There is probably no establishment on earth that needs bracing up as badly as does the boarding house, and taking this stand the GLOBE has offered dwellers in houses of this kind an opportunity to criticise the cuisine and the landlady, or to draw a pen picture of their boarding house and its interior workings in any mood they choose. The response to this invitation tendered by the GLOBE has been gratifying, and below is given a long list of complaints that are interesting reading. Next Sunday the GLOBE will publish another department of this kind, and it hopes St. Paul boarders will take as deep an interest in it as they have this week.

IT GIVES HIM A CHILL.

A Young Man Whose Boarding House Strikes Terror to His Soul.

To the Editor of the Globe.

You will doubtless remember what Poe says of his feelings when he first looked at the structure known as the "House of Usher," the fall of which he has related in such a blood-curdling style. He was struck with a sort of melancholy horror, a wild, deep, unaccountable, indescribable feeling of mingled awe and fear and superstition. A sort of free-for-all chill went up and down his soul, and his blood stood still in his veins, while he thought over a sort of miscellaneous collection of ghost stories, tinctured with the very juice of the black art. This is something the way I feel when I look at my boarding house. I began to feel that way the second time I saw it, and I haven't found anything about it, either inside or out, to change my sentiments. The house itself is all right, though it is not a model of architecture, but the terrible associations connected with it are something appalling. It causes not only my blood, but my bowels to curdle when I think of it. My landlady is a short, thick-set sort of person, who gives out orders to her husband in a hoarse kind of voice, and allows large drops of perspiration to trickle down her face when she presides over the destinies of her "boarders" at the table. She is to all appearance an affable lady, when company is present. She has one old hen, preserved in some kind of preparation, which she has worked off on us, her unoffending guests, at least ten times for a spring chicken. It cannot be carved, and when it appears on the table "the boarders"

ALL REFUSE CHICKEN

and take side dishes. The story of that preserved old hen runs back for years, according to the memory of some of the guests. I think the old lady has secured a patent on the process of preservation. Our butter is good, but law, you ought to see our steak! Up to date only four of the boarders have died from its effects, so that just now it cannot be compared with the Chatsworth disaster, but if the boarders hold out it will break that record. We have fresh napkins every day, and they are among the most wholesome and nutritious of our diet. We also have good water. The coffee is some that was left over from war times, when they used to use chicory root and barley. It is hot and wet, and not necessarily fatal. Fortunately, we have good bread. We have all fruits "in their season," the old lady says, though there is a prevalent opinion that the season has been delayed altogether too long this year. I could tell you about the tea, and the cake, and the sausages, and chops, but whenever I think of them for any length of time I am seized with a terrible longing to commit murder on somebody, and I havn't time to devote to the necessary delay of the law before I could be acquitted. I room in my boarding house, and during the evening hours I am lulled to sleep by the last remnants of the "Blue Alsatian Mountains," which are so blue in our house that a cerulean tint has been developed all over the neighborhood. These "Blue Alsatian Mountains" are given us by the landlady's daughter, who is the only tangible thing to show for what appears in the standing "ad" of the house, published in the GLOBE as "pleasant society."

Perhaps you might think I would move. I will say that I am drawing $15 a week and pay $4.50 for what I get at this house. This is not my first boarding house, and from the samples I have seen this is quite up to the average. I am a young man, with a good constitution, and my friends have high hopes that I shall survive, but you ought to see the cold chills run all through me when I stop to think of it. Bowed down with grief. I remain

ONE OF THE BOARDERS.

REPORTED BY ROUNDS.

A Wacouta Street Boarder Whose House Is Not the Worst, But It is Bad Enough.

To the Editor of the Globe:

Being a boarding-house victim, I take advantage of the GLOBE'S kind offer to grasp the boarding-house quill, gather my scattered thoughts and inflict the public with the ups and downs of a common every day boarding-house life. As a starter I will begin with breakfast. Arising from your lowly couch at the break of day, weary and exhausted from the fact that you have fought half the night Cardiff and Killen style with the heavy-weight bedbugs which infest your lonely chamber, you drag your weary limbs to what they are pleased to call breakfast. After wiping the dust off the plate with your elbow, the kitchen door opens and the landlady, neatly attired and bearing a tray, approaches. You bend forward and crane your neck to see the tray, hoping to behold thereon a change of diet; but alas, the same old chestnuts which you have cracked for forty-eleven consecutive mornings previous—meet your gaze. With a sigh you grasp the knife and fork, with a determination to go in and win. The first onslaught is on the much abused boarding house article commonly called steak. As your fork strikes the exterior it bounces back into your hand as if it had struck an india rubber ball. By this time you have become excited; so, taking a sup of coffee (which is always good) you sharpen your knife on your neighbor's collar, brace your feet, and, with blood in your eye, make another desperate attack on the sliced haunch, taken from a poorly wintered Montana steer. If this trial fails (which it invariably does) you content yourself with "Irishman's delight," commonly called potatoes, and griddle cakes. You then arise, grasp your hat, which is used for a napkin, and hie thee to your place of toil.

Dinner time again finds you wrestling with a hunk of leather, taken from the same Montana critter which caused so much work in the early morn; but, as the vegetables are always good, as is also the butter, you get along nicely until desert. When this is shoved gently toward you one look is enough. The boarder merely gasps (apple pie), again uses his hat for a napkin, lights a cigarette and goes to resume his afternoon labors.

Arriving home after a day of toil, you sit down to the last and worst half-hour's work of the day. The spread which meets your weary gaze makes your heart throb wildly, and the eyes bulge forth from their sockets; the boarders look one at another, and their looks betray their thoughts, which wish that the days of bologna sausage and blueberries would cease forever and ever.

Supper through with, the weary Wacouta street boarder hies himself to the Bodega or some similar resort in order to drown his cares by sipping Milwaukee beer and listening to the nightingale of that famous place using her powerful lungs. I don't want the public to think for a minute that this is St. Paul's worst hash factory, for it is not; as has been demonstrated by boarders leaving for a short time, and again returning, having tired of restaurants and other places. We have one consolation, our landlady is a very neat and worthy woman in every respect, and makes a practice of only keeping nice boarders. If the kitchen mechanic's hair falls out, or a finger nail be lost in the pudding, we never see them, as everything is inspected by our esteemed hostess before it enters the dissecting room. She always has a smile for everybody, and is willing to give a poor cuss a stand off who has been playing in hard luck.

A BOARDING HOUSE INHABITANT.
St. Paul, Aug. 19.

SHOULD BE ARRESTED

For Obtaining Boarders Under False Pretenses—A Pie Maker With Dirty Finger Nails.

To the Editor of the Globe.

I don't board at present but I have had so many doses of it I would like to tell of my last experience. The morning I applied for board I found the landlady in the front yard covered with dust. I accosted her (though her appearance was enough to turn the stomach of any well bred person) and asked that I be taken as a boarder. At the same time I was casting my eyes around, wondering at such dire confusion, inside and out, could be reduced to anything like cleanliness. I was informed it was house-cleaning time, and I drew a sigh of relief, thinking there might be something like order reduced from the chaos. She begun to explain that she was not keeping boarders just then on any large scale, but had merely a family table of a select few. I felt dubious about trying it, but the convenience of the place caused me at least to make an effort to be satisfied. She was deaf and I didn't wonder at it, for one glance at her auriculars was enough to satisfy one that they had never been treated to a good scouring. I felt like suggesting something of the kind to her, but forebore. I found her perfectly willing to board anybody who would pay, in advance, hotel prices. Well, I went, and of all the places in Christendom that was the worst. Meat pie every day for dinner and—well, it is useless to give the bill of fare; 'twas merely that usually had at all fifth-rate boarding-houses. But I longed for the pie to come, she having boasted of making her own pies. I felt as though there must be something palatable in all home-made pies; but as my piece was placed before me I caught sight of the landlady's finger-nails. She had not manicured them for months, if ever. The nails had been allowed to grow and dirt to accumulate until the end of her fingers were enveloped in a black ring. It was enough if I couldn't even have pie. I would remain no longer and I left. SUFFERER.
St. Paul, Aug. 18.

HER DEFECTS POINTED OUT.

If She Would Only Break Herself of Certain Faults There Could be Happiness and Good Appetites.

To the Editor of the Globe.

I take your notification personally, and only wish I could tell you all I know about my landlady. She lives on —well say Fifth street; was married twice in three years, both times to the same man; has a few minor children and is, as the world goes, an affectionate parent, often carressing her progeny tenderly, and anon knocks them across the room with her fist or a stick. I have seen her bright and lovable little girl bruised and sore for a week at a time, and the hubby catches it at times, as I have known her to tongue-lash and then whiplash the old fellow, who, by the way, has a tongue of his own, but has to give up when the cyclone rages. I confess I like her cooking, when she is at her best. For the first time in my life I board where there is absolutely no regularity in the getting of the meals. I am somewhat of a man of leisure, but I do sometimes want to go out by 8 a. m. or 2 p. m., or to the theater, or, shall I say club, by 8 p. m.; but I often am compelled to forego the privilege—and the plague of it is it is worse Sundays. I have eaten breakfast at 10:30 a. m.; dinner at 2, and no supper. We have generally excellent food, and her hand-made bread is a delicious article. We use only the best butter in the market, and, when it comes to the fried egg plant, green tomatoes, or ham and egg, with genuine Java and Mocha mixed coffee with new, and then fruit sauce, we make a fine meal. She serves meats splendidly, whether it is grilled ribs, fresh pork, or boiled dinner of vegetables, with Haas' choicest beef. It is always No. 1, the seasoning being perfect. I sometimes growl inwardly because of the dessert. She can make the most delectable dishes, but when she gets in a rush and furnishes only a sloppy piece of apple pie, or a tasteless, unsoaked tapioca pudding, it don't furnish a good finale. I wish you could drop in some time and take tea with us when we have cold sliced tongue and roast beef, home-made bread, honey, fruits, tempting cake of home preparation, choice hot or ice cold Oolong, and then a dish of ice cream. Sometimes we have for tea poached egg on toast and lemonade—with no stick in it, as she is "all for temperance." I regret to say our beds, while suggestive of repose, belie their appearance, as they are infested, and the "infest" becomes apparent as the room is darkened, and mosquito bars seem to be no protection whatever. We are promised next week that a new bug powder, not used by the bugs for toilet purposes, will be used unsparingly, and we may yet finish the season in comfort. Will you allow me to say a word in favor of the servants at our place. A while back they were generally rather naughty. I learn that servants sometimes get so; but a weeding process has produced a reform in that respect, and none of the young gentlemen keep open house—or shut up either, for that matter now—and, while it is pleasant to realize that a fellow doesn't compromise himself by speaking kindly to the waiter girl or chambermaid, yet it seems a difficult matter for our landlady to be suited. She is hard to suit and is, I think, at times hard and exacting. She pays good wages, but expects the dishes to be always clean, the floor, cupboard, sink and premises generally ditto. Nothing wrong about that perhaps, but it's the way she nags about it that discourages the help; and, when it comes to washing and ironing, she can find more fault to the square inch than any woman I ever saw. "Just look at that now! Did you ever see such a washing! And that ironing! No pleats! Did you ever in all your life!" etc., have regaled my ears so often I shrink when Wednesday comes and the inspection begins. You see I room not far from the washing parlor, and my only regret connected with this pleasant room is its contingency to that part of the establishment. If the madam wouldn't nag the help, beat the children, and would always dress as neatly as she sometimes does, and would have the meals regularly, I would prefer her establishment to any of the three hotels I have stopped at in St. Paul. RECLUSE.
St. Paul, Aug. 17.

BOARDING HOUSE FARE.

You Can Recognize the Bill of Fare Even if it Is Done up in Rhyme.

No doubt you've all noticed from day unto day
That matters of all kinds are changing alway.
But exceptions pertain to most every rule,
We learned that when young, a first precept, in school,
And the case I now cite and to which I refer,
Is the much-abused subject of boarding house fare.

It's hash in the morning and hash then at noon,
Oh, a change for the worse were a God-given boon;
And again when we're called down to supper at night,
Doth that death-dealing hash pall again on our sight,
And it's often I've groaned in my mad'ning despair,
Oh, merciful Fate, change this boarding house fare!

The railroads, for instance, make change in their times,
And e'en the spring poets unearth brand new rhymes;
The summer hotels change their sheets once a year;
The drinking man shuts down on gin for his beer;
Yes, changes are frequent in all, but Oh, where
Will we look for a change in the boarding house fare?

There are changes in fashions and styles every day,
The somber in colors gives place to the gray;
And ladies out walking in puffed sleeves appear;
And, instead of tight pants, men wear "baggies" this year;
And the dudes, for a change, seldom now bang their hair,
But alas—ne'er a change in the boarding house fare.

The heavenly bodies are shifting in space,
The sun, for a change, shines with spots in his face,
The moon just like men, for a change, will get full,
And the "bear" of to-day is to-morrow a "bull."
But don't, from these cases I've cited, infer
For a moment a change in the boarding house rare.

We're changing the grade of our street every day
For the sake of a change, men will strike for more pay.
Opinions are changing on every hand,
And grocers change sugar by working in sand.
The hypocrites change by occasional prayer,
But there's nothing can phase it—the boarding-house fare.

E'n the seasons are changing four times every year,
And the green leaves of summer, in autumn, are sere.
Each day sees a change in our every-day life,
And pleasure gives place oft to sorrow and strife.
And that lady is fickle we thought true and fair,
But there's one thing that's steady—the boarding house fare.

The friend of to-day may to-morrow prove foe,
To-day you chew pies and to-morrow "eat crow."
One moment, you ride upon fortune's wave crest,
The next, by chill penury closely you're pressed,
But there's change in it all and you get your own share,
But constant remains one—the boarding house fare.

I could ring changes on you until you would shout
In your desperate rage, "Have this fellow put out,"
For too much of one thing will sicken and tire.
So 'tis best to haul off ere your victims expire.
And I recognize this, so I'll forbear
To dilate at more length on the boarding house fare.

Aug. 18 —M. J. D.

A BED BUG'S HEAVEN.

The Trials and Tribulations of a Poet At a Place Which He Says is a Cross Between a Hotel and a Boarding House.

To the Editor of the Globe.

Our house is a cross between the boarding house and hotel, and this makes the boarders "cross" sometimes, too, for the red tape with which things are bound up makes it unpleasant for those of us who want to bring melons and other extras to the table, and it makes "B." hot. Altogether it is not such a bad place, as places go, for the the proprietors seem to want to make things agreeable, in their way—and this covereth a lot of defects; but then the housekeeper doesn't look around up stairs quite enough, and the poor, lone chambermaid, who takes care of fifty rooms by herself, cannot be held responsible for all that goes wrong—that matters do get out of joint sometimes is an undisputed fact, at least among the boarders. For instance, we regulars are made second consideration to the transient custom, and when there is an extra rush of the latter class, we don't get our sheets changed. When they are changed it its rarely in the plural number, but the "top to bottom" racket is worked on us. They couldn't fool me, however, as I had my sheets marked in several places by sundry red dots about the size of a pea. These spots marked the last battle of "get-there-bug." As would be naturally inferred we both "got there," and it was a drawn battle, as far as the sanguinary fluid was concerned; but the "bugger" beat a hasty retreat, and the places that knew him (or them) then knew him no more for some time, or at least until he got hungry again. Well, as a sequel to this thrilling narrative I will state that the next night, upon taking my night robe off the hook against the wall, I was startled by an apparition, both monstrous and defiant, and the vile thing, rearing upon its quadriceps extensors, hissed this terrible refrain:

The June bug has the golden wing,
The fire bug "totes" a flame,
The bed bug has no wings at all,
But gets there just the same.

Nothwithstanding this defiant refrain I didn't refrain worth a nickle. Seizing my oldest umbrella as a shield, I attacked the wingless dragon with my gum shoes and valise, and, at a lucky pass, I dealt it a blow which stunned it. Seizing it by one of its hind legs, I dashed it quickly into the waste water jar and rolled exhausted, yet comforted, into bed, and was soon asleep, perchance to dream of mailed champions and barbed steeds of ancient days. But not long was I to remain in the land of Nod; for my rest was broken in a short time by a sound as though proceeding from a cavern. Listening intently, I located the sound, and, springing out of bed, I lit my lamp, and peered into the aforesaid water jar. There I beheld my old enemy, perched upon an old envelop that had been cast away, and his song, though not quite so defiant, was none the less independent:

A life on the hash house wave,
A home on the slop jar deep,
Where the baffled boarders rave,
And the bugs their revels keep.

Yours for improvement, "Doc."
St. Paul, Aug. 20.

CAPPED THE CLIMAX.

A Boarder Who Quit the Place When He Found a Worm in His Cabbage and a Rat in His Bed.

To the Editor of the Globe.

About three years ago I endured the life of a boarding house for one day. Since then I have tried to live on free lunches. There isn't much improvement in the company, but the diet is more nutritious and easier to digest. When I made application for admission to a boarding house—a two-story frame affair with an attic—I informed the landlady that in about a month I would have some money. She smiled very sweetly and said I was a good-appearing sort of gentleman and she thought she could trust me; but I'd have to sleep up in the attic and put up with her board without grumbling. I consented. About noon that day the boarders commenced to gather in and guy the cook, who was a pretty little Swede girl employed at about $8 a month—washing, ironing and scrubbing thrown in. Then I saw what kind of people were to be my companions, and, as I had been brought up by nice, respectable relatives, I went and occupied a chair in a corner by myself and read the only book in the room, which was John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, if I rightly recollect the title. The dinner bell rang with a forbidding sound about a quarter of an hour before the time when I had to start to work. We went in, and I sat down at a little round table right by the back window, where the odor was so thick it could be cut bias. The cook was waiter. After she served all the others she came around to me and asked me if I'd take "boiled beef" or "bacon and cabbage." I told her if she had no objections I'd take both. She looked astonished, but she complied as gracefully as possible, cutting down the quantity of both articles, which rather provoked me. But when I tried to cut, and finally endeavored to bite the boiled beef, I looked gratefully over toward her. Then I tackled the cabbage. There was a nice fat worm under one of the cabbage leaves, and it met my unaccustomed gaze. I stared vacantly for some time, and, after awhile, the cook and waiter came to me, and she said in a pleasant voice: "Peach pudding or apple pie." I informed her that I didn't eat pie and didn't care much for pudding at the time, but I would be obliged to her if she would get me a glass of water. That ended my dinner. I will not here detail the horrors of the supper that evening, but at night I awoke with a nightmare, only to find a rat basking upon my heaving bosom. I concluded that boarding was too high for me and the free lunch racket would answer temporarily.
Yours, etc., D. B.
St. Paul, Aug. 19.

A REVOLVING DIET.

A Boarding House Where the Landlady Changes the Bill of Fare Every Day.

To the Editor of the Globe.

Speaking of boarding houses, I will state my experience. Preside at a restaurant and boarding house on East Seventh street. In this place each boarder is assigned a room large enough to hold a bedstead, a table and a chair—the use of this room for a week, together with three meals per day, being worth $4.50. I have a very cozy room, with just two feet of standing room, the rest of the place being taken up by the bed, a chair and a washstand. In the floor of this room is a small hole, large enough to allow a stovepipe from the kitchen stove to pass through it, for the purpose of saving wood by heating two rooms with one stove. This makes the room very comfortable, my thermometer never being higher than 50° during the winter or lower than 102° during the summer. We have a very substantial breakfast—tea, potatoes, steak, bakers' bread and sometimes a few airy cookies. At dinner we have steak, bakers' bread, potatoes and tea. At supper we have potatoes, steak, tea and bakers' bread. Next day we have, as the landlady says, a change—bakers' bread, tea, steak and potatoes. And then, when we take the train and go back to our old homes, our old friends wonder what makes us so poor. Who wouldn't get poor? One day I asked for a glass of milk. Our waitress went to bring some. "No, no," said the lady quietly, "don't give him all that; fill it three-fourths with water." L. F. B.
St. Paul, Au. 20.

A CASE OF MASH.

The Landlady Makes An Impression on a Boarder and He Gives Her a Good Send-Off.

To the Editor of the Globe:

In your paper I see an invitation to us poor boarders to write up about our boarding houses, and you give us a chance to express our admiration for our most esteemed boarding house ladies, cook included. You ask many questions I could not answer. For instance does the cook ever bathe? Now, how do you suppose, Mr. Editor, that we could tell. About the strength of the butter, don't you know that we never taste butter; we never get anything but oleomargarine. And you ask, does she sew on your buttons? Don't you know that we all use patent buttons now that never can come off. Does your landlady give you good advice, lessons upon morality, etc. All the ladies I ever boarded with did; in fact, some of them belonged to the Salvation army. Then you ask if we shook hands with the herring when we left and found him again when we came back. That reminds me of the story of the deacon I heard when I was a boy. The deacon was a good natured man and his wife was very stingy. One day the deacon had a good country customer in his store, and, knowing the weak part of his customer (those country people are always hungry), the deacon invited him to dinner. He accepted and, when they sat down to the dinner table, the deacon's wife dished up the same old ham bone they had on the table for a week. The old man became angry when he saw that his wife did not seem to have more sense and treat a good customer better. But he did not say anything about it, and told his friend to help himself the best he could, when the deacon's wife spoiled the thing by saying, "Deacon, did you not forget something—to ask a blessing?" It was the last straw that broke the camel's back. The good old deacon could not hold his anger any longer, and he said: "Look here, wife; I have asked so many blessings over that old ham bone for a week that by this time I feel like damning it."

I have boarded in St. Paul for twenty-five summers, and always found the ladies of boarding houses as good-natured a class of people, who do more work for little pay, as any other. May God bless them is the wish of

THE PROFESSOR.
St. Paul, Aug. 17.

AN UNGENEROUS WIDOW.

She Feeds Thirteen Boarders on Fish Enough for One Man.

Eidtor of the Globe.

The boarding House I am about to discribe is located on Wabasha street there is no sign on my boarding house no first class house Ever puts up a Sign, they advertise. I Engaged board paid one Week in Advance. My Landlady a Widow Very neat now I will give you a bill of fare

BREAKFAST.

Mackrall. (I should think 1½ Pounds) Fride Potatoes. (A very few in a very small side dish) Bread, & Butter, (the former so thinn you Would be oblige to take both hands in order to get a slice)

TEA &, COFFEE.

the strenth of Which I am not abler to swear to as I drink nothing stronger than Water, but to see them turned out one could not tell tother from which.

DINNER.

Roast Beef (in proportion to the Mackrall) Potatoes Bread & Butter Apple Pie

SUPPER

(What was left of dinner.) I stood this till Friday morning the landlady had placed the fish on the table, when she ajurned to the citchen for the Coffee I helpt myself to the Fish taken it all on my own plate tis needless to say how she looked on her return.

I must say their were thrierteen (13.) boarders, We all left the night before last. If space is alowed me I will tell of my new home next week. A. B. E.
Aug. 19.

On a Par With the Others.

To the Editor of the Globe.

Our boarding house is located on Ninth street and is a dandy. It is occupied by people of both colors, and nearly all trades and some professions are represented by its occupants. Our rooms are cared for in first-class style. We never have to hunt for anything but water, soap and towels when we want to wash. But we never kick on account of that, for, having found it of no avail for the last twelve months, we consider it useless to do say. The most attractive part of our boarding house is the hash department, and the most respected occupant the dizzy blonde who dishes up the hash. All things considered, we can cheerfully recommend it as being on a par with the majority of boarding houses. Our experience having been long and varied, we consider ourselves competent to judge. DANDY BILL.
Aug. 20.

Is This the Same House.

To the Editor of the Globe.

I think we have about as good a boarding house up on Ninth street as one usually finds. Its inhabitants are very pleasant, and never indulge in the festive "kick," only when the chambermaid forgets to leave towels or soap in the rooms. Our dining room is very attractive at meal time, and never fails to relieve the hungry inmates at regular hours. I might say that the most attractive person in the house (during meal time) is the graceful blonde who serves the menu. On the whole we consider our boarding house above the average, and recommend it as such.
St. Paul, Aug. 20. DIXIE.

A Pretty Tough Place.

To the Editor of the Globe.

I am a street car driver. I have nothing good to say about my boarding house. Everything in it is dirt and filth. They use our sheets for table cloths, and the meat we get is half rotten. The tea is weak and the butter is rank. Our rooms are cleaned once every six months. We get half the cook's hair in our bread, and the landlady never cleans her nails. But we street car drivers have to put up with a good deal of trouble.

LAUREL AVENUE STREET CAR.
Aug. 19.

Drawing the Bible on Her.

Harper's Magazine.

There lived near Alexandria, in Virginia, an old colored man and woman whom their acquaintances called Daddy and Mammy Williams. He had had educational advantages, and could read in a fashion peculiarly his own; but his wife, although lacking as regards erudition, possessed great force of character, which she often displayed in a manner that was very irritating to her husband. When she became particularly fractious Daddy would take the Bible and open to that chapter in Revelation beginning: "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the morn under her feet," etc. With impressive solemnity he would read as follows: "An' dere appeared a great wonder in heben!" Slowly closing the book he would gaze sternly at his now subdued wife, for the pssage never failed to produce the desired effect.

High Life in Dakota.

Dakota Sunflower.

Among the presents received by the young people were the following:

From groom to bride, one bull pup, one yaller dog, pair of water spaniels and a pure meerschaum pipe with tobacco.

From bride to groom, one good shotgun, one bowie knife, rifle and three dogs.

From parents of bridegroom, one fiddle, one banjo, spotted pup and six pounds of tobacco.

From the Shotgun club, of which the young couple were members, one English mastiff and a pair of silver-mounted pistols.

It is seldom that a young couple start out in life so well equipped for perfect happiness, and Jock and Jule have the best wishes of this office.

Incurable.

Puck.

House Surgeon—How's that last case of D. T.'s getting on, Bowker?

Ward Nurse—We've got him strapped to the bed, ten yards of chain around his neck and four convalescents sitting on him, and still he's a trifle distressed.

House Surgeon—What form were his hallucinations taking when you left the ward?

Ward Nurse—He thought he was being attacked by one of H. Rider Haggard's fresh-water crabs.

House Surgeon—Smother him at once!

A Terse Temperance Lecture.

Merchant Traveler.

"There goes a man," said one traveler to another in New York, "who at one time owned one of the most prominent business blocks in this city."

"And now he hasn't a cent?"

"Not a red."

"How did he get rid of it all?"

"He swallowed it!"

"Swallowed it?"

"Yes, you see he got to drinking and it drowned him."

A Good Investment.

Health and Happiness come to all who persistently use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This powerful alterative effects in the system a change that seems little short of miraculous. No medicine has been in such universal demand for years. Give it a trial.

"If any one suffering from general debility, want of appetite, depression of spirits, and lassitude, will use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I am confident a cure will result, for I have used it, and speak from experience. It is by far the best remedy I ever knew."—F. O. Loring, Brockton, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Worth $5 a bottle.

LAWN MOWERS SHARPENED

FRANKLIN MACHINE WORKS,
386 Robert Street, St. Paul

THE NEW U. S. SHOWS!

Moral, Novel, Meritorious.

The Past Week a

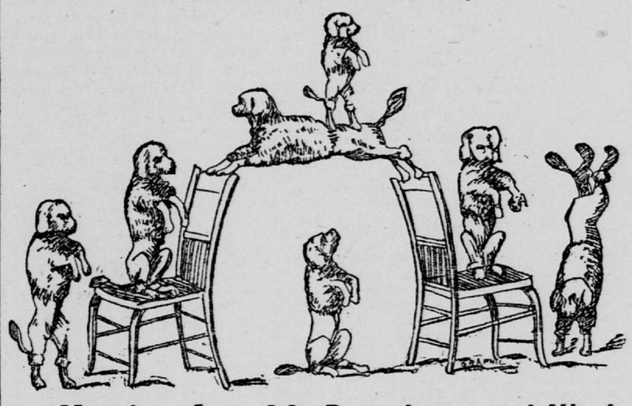
Magnificent Triumph!

Indorsed by the Local Press.
Stamped with Approval
by Thousands of

LOCAL PATRONS

Positively the Best Show on Earth

FOR THE MONEY.



Monday, Aug. 22, Broadway and Ninth.
For Three Days Only.
Three Days, Beginning Thursday, Aug. 25, Oak and Walnut Streets.

Special matinees for ladies and children every afternoon at 2 o'clock. Evening performances at 8 o'clock. Doors open one hour earlier.

REMEMBER THE DATES.
Don't forget the two locations.

OUR FACILITIES FOR DOING A FIRST-CLASS

INSTALLMENT

BUSINESS are largely increased in our new store, 339 and 341 East Seventh street. We have added Hat Trees, Bookcases, Sideboards and Desks to our old lines of general House Furnishing Goods, and invite a visit from all.
SMITH & FARWELL.

ELMO PARK HOTEL
LAKE ELMO, MINN.

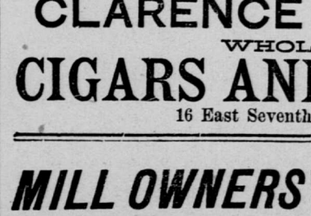
One of the most beautiful of Minnesota's lakes, splendid fishing, boating and bathing; twelve miles from St. Paul via St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha R. R. NINE TRAINS DAILY. Boats and fishing tackle always ready. Terms $2.50 per day, $10 to $12 weekly, according to rooms and location. For particulars, address HURD & KEEGAN, Managers

THE ICE PALACE
REFRIGERATOR!

Manufactured at the St. Paul Box Factory and Planing Mill, also Fisher's Grocery and Butcher Boxes and Cold Storage Houses, Counter, Store, Office and Drug Fixtures, Custom Planing, Moulding, Turning, Scroll and Resawing, Wainscotting, Casings and Hardwood Flooring. Railroad track privileges.

BLODGETT & OSGOOD,
Corner East Fourth and Locust Streets

$3.50 JUST OPENED. $3.50



One Hundred Dozen Pair of our Great Seamless, Custom-made GENTS' CALF SKIN SHOES, Button, Laced and Elastic Sides. Every pair warranted. Just think, only $3.50. Sold everywhere for $4 to $5.

SCHLIEK & CO.,
85 & 89 EAST THIRD STREET.
Leading Shoe House of St. Paul for Fine Goods. Mail Orders Promptly Filled

CLARENCE M. McLAIN,
WHOLESALE
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
16 East Seventh Street, St. Paul.

MILL OWNERS

You can obtain perfectly tight valves and Brass and Iron Fittings direct from the only manufacturers of such goods in the Northwest. Samples furnished for trial.

STEAM FITTERS', MILL & ENGINEERS'
SUPPLIES.
BRASS and IRON CASTINGS.
HOLLAND & THOMPSON MFG. CO.
OFFICE---317 Minnesota Street.
FACTORY---South Park, St. Paul, Minn.

TO PRINTERS.

THE OUTFIT OF THE GLOBE FOR SALE.

An entire printer's outfit, which includes a complete equipment for the issuing of a large newspaper, is offered for sale, either as a whole or in parcels. Delivery can be made at once. Correspondence with parties proposing to start new offices or replenishing those they now have solicited. Address GLOBE, St. Paul.

PROPOSALS
FOR
STREET
ILLUMINATION

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,
ST. PAUL, Aug. 20, 1887.

Sealed proposals, marked "Proposals for Street Illumination," will be received at this office until 3 p. m. on the 25th day of August, 1887, for replacing, erecting, lighting, maintaining, taking down and stowing away the City Arches for illuminating the streets of the city of St. Paul during the ensuing Minnesota State Fair; said arches to be erected and maintained on the same streets, and at the same points as during the last Ice Carnival. Also for furnishing additional globes and holders (to replace broken ones) and evergreens for the uprights or corners of each arch (about six car loads of evergreens required). The work to be done under the supervision of and to the satisfaction of the City Engineer.

A bond in the sum of at least 20 per cent. of the gross amount bid must accompany each proposal.

The Common Council reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the Common Council.
THOS. A. PRENDERGAST,
City Clerk.

Public Notice.

Found running at large within the city of St. Paul, in violation of the ordinances of said city in relation to impounding animals, and taken up by the Pound Master of said city, on the 14th day of August, 1887, and not redeemed, the hereinafter described animals.

Now, therefore, in accordance with law, I will sell at public auction, in front of the public pound on Eagle street, in the Third ward of said city, on Monday, the 22d day of August, 1887, at 10 o'clock in the forenron, to the highest bidder for cash:

ONE RED COW, one horn off, one lop horn and top sawed off.

Dated August 18, 1887.
JOHN CUNIFF.
Policeman and Acting Pound Master.

Stevens Co. Land
FOR SALE.

Belonging to the Estate of E. G. Ault, deceased.

Sec. 21, Township 123, Range 42, West	640 acres.
S. E. ¼ of N. W. ¼, and lots 1 and 2, of sec. 29, T. 123, R. 41	128 40-100 a
Total	768 40-100 a

Will be sold in one lot, or in parcels of 80 acres or more as wanted.
Price, $6.00 per acre.
Terms, one-third cash, balance in annual payments, 5 years' time at 7 per cent. Address,
G. M. PHILLIPS, Administrator,
Care First National Bank,
Northfield, Minnesota.

ZIMMERMAN BROS.,
PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES!
Artists' Materials, Frames, Albums and
Photographic Specialties!
Nos. 371, 573 Sibley Street,
ST. PAUL, - - MINN.

It will be to the advantage of persons intending to build to examine the merits of TERRA COTTA LUMBER, before contracting for other material.
EDMUND RICE, President
H. A. BOARDMAN, Gen. Manager.
Office, No. 10 Gilfillan Block, St. Paul.
Minneapolis Agents, C. S. LEEDS & Co., 213 Hennepin Avenue.

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DESIGNERS AND ENGRAVERS
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PATENTS!
14 years' experience in the U. S. Interior Department. Write or call.
LANE & BARRETT,
Room 3, German-American Bank Bldg., ST. PAUL, MINN.

J. D. POLLOCK & CO.,
Importers and Dealers in
Crockery, China and Glassware,
A New Supply of
Dinnerware and Tea Sets, Berry Dishes, Etc. Etc.
134 East Third Street.

ICE
A lot of Pure Lake Ice for sale; inquire
STERRETT ICE CO.,
Merriam Park.

BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, O. Ohio.

G has taken the lead for the sales of that class of remedies, and has given almost universal satisfaction. MURPHY BROS., Paris, Tenn.
G has won the favor of the public and now ranks among the leading Medicines of the oldom. A. L. SMITH, Bradford, Pa.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1.00.