WAUKESHA'S WATER.

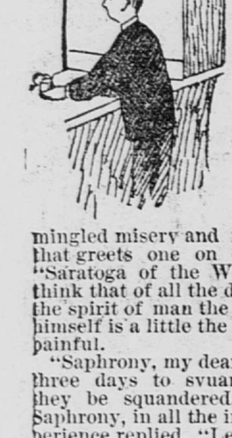
A Panacea Whose Virtues All Loyal Wisconsiners Extol and Magnify.

Tourists Must Have Some Pumped or Injected Into Them or Leave.

It Is Given the Principal Place on the Bill of Fare of the Hotel.

Saphrony and Her Sister Sample It and Board the Next Train.

Special Letter to the Globe.



WAUKESHA, Sept. 1.—WAUKESHA water takes the bakery! The way of the pleasure seeker, like that of the transgressor, is hard. A person needs to spend only a few days at Waukesha to make this discovery. The expression of mingled misery and forced resignation that greets one on every side in the "Saratoga of the West," leads one to think that of all the duties that oppress the spirit of man the duty of enjoying himself is a little the heaviest and most painful.

"Saphrony, my dear, we have exactly three days to svuander; where shall they be squandered," I asked; and Saphrony, in all the innocence of inexperience replied, "Let it be at Waukesha." The one prayer that was constantly on my lips during those three days was, "Lord forgive her; she knew not what she did." If I could have brought myself to believe that it was with malice aforethought she ordered our movements, I would deliberately and diabolically have paid the board bill for three months, and left her there to work out her salvation by flooding her guilt-stained soul with pure spring water. Apropos of this spring water it is commonly said that it is very light, and I can conceive of nothing that must be more completely worn out at the end of the season than this same water. It holds up the town and the hundreds of pleasure seekers, unsupported by so much as the smallest, boniest fish that ever rewarded the efforts of the self-martyred summer tourist. Just as they are without one plea for anything else, fond parents, with unnumbered children and nurses, cast themselves upon this water, and the water never says a word in its own behalf. It just bubbles up, and bears its burden of sweltering, tired humanity as if it hadn't another ambition to accomplish, and doesn't even frown on the squeaky bands that, with a mistaken notion of generosity, seek to lend it assistance in its time of trial. For the

EMBODIMENT OF LONG SUFFERING ENDURANCE

commend me to the Waukesha spring water, that isn't in reality strong enough to sustain the life of one man, let alone that of the innumerable Eastern and Southern tourists that ruthlessly thrust themselves upon it. When Saphrony and I, after waiting in the reception room at the Fountain house until all the married women who had arrived on the same train were accommodated, were finally turned loose in a back room on the third floor, we sank side by side on the bed, and meekly wondered what there was about our unmistakably genteel get-up that led the short-sighted clerk to suppose that we had a predilection for sky parlors and back views.

"There ain't any flies on me," said Saphrony, waxing slangy from the same ebulition of spirits that causes an old horse turned out to pasture to kick up its heels.

"Don't display such unseemly and unwomanly levity on an occasion like this, Sophrony, when your blood should be boiling with indignation. This insult is the result of those detestable eye glasses of yours, and various other signs of single blessedness we both exhibit. The glory of single blessedness is all right until we take it traveling, but then we discover the inestimable benefit of having the shadow of a man cast upon our lives. Now, mark my words, Sophrony, we shall not get one morsel to eat to-night till every last man and his belongings in the dining-room have ceased to cry more."

Verily, it was so. When we had, with becoming modesty, glided into the dining-room and dropped into a seat, after a glance at our neighbors, apologizing for the sin of our existence, there was nothing to do but to sit and look superior to the vulgarity of eating until every potential fee—every man and his own—was served.

"For the first time in my career," said Sophrony, as she sneaked a lemon wafer off from the plate of cake a married woman beside her had ordered—"for the first time in my career I wish I had been born a dog."

"That some man might find you attractive," I spitefully asked. I was that hungry that the fact of living in a glass house myself did not keep me from indulging in the

RECKLESS PASTIME OF THROWING STONES.

"No, dear," she gently and reproachfully replied; "only that that I might get down under the table and feel that I had a right to a few crumbs."

"Aspire to the rights of women, if you must, Sophrony, but in all the eagerness of your desire for advancement don't be foolish enough to love to place yourself on a level with dogs."

There is no telling to what extent of cynicism starvation would have driven us had not our fainting stomachs been sustained and our hearts softened at this juncture by the advent of a "nigger," who came in the guise of an interrogation point, with a bill of fare and an apparent willingness to satisfy the void within us. If he gave us a stone when we called for bread far was it from us to complain. We remembered our sex, we remembered our condition, and were silent.

When we sauntered out on the veranda after supper, and found by actual count twenty-five women to one man, or apology for a man, if we confess to a feeling of disappointment let it not be supposed that we have a weakness for the fabricated beings. Never! It is only that variety is pleasing, and that, however good their intentions may be, there is a depressing uniformity about unrelieved women.

"Folks seem to be going somewhere,' said Sophrony.

Accordingly we quietly fell into the rear of a procession that, way off in the distance, was headed by a man, and went, too. We brought up at a spring. You can't bring up at any place else at Waukesha. There is a fatality about all your movements—a fatality that reduces one to an automaton in precisely twenty-four hours. Sophrony took a glass of water

AND PASSED ONE TO ME.

"Bah! take it away; I'm not thirsty," I said.

I never saw Sophrony look so mortified in my life, and as for the others who overheard, they simply turned the whites of their eyes up to Heaven and thanked the Lord they knew what they were made for. Sophrony gulped down one glassful and then hustled me off to a secluded corner, where she told me to play Godiva—to take off my corsets and wear "bloomers" all the time. I was there—to do anything; to make myself conspicuous if I must; but, for the love of decency, never again to refuse a glass of that beautiful spring water. She said I might have a mistaken idea that springs were made for man, and it might be so in other places, but in Wakesha man is made for the springs, and it is his duty of duties to do what he can for them in the way of drinking them dry. Information is never lost on me. I regained my place in popular esteem. I walked back to the spring, drank three glasses, stretched up my neck, breathed a prayer for more strength and a greater capacity and succeeded in forcing down two glasses more. The effect was instantaneous. I know how I felt, and Saphrony said that I straightway looked as if I had been in Waukesha a month. The same expression of repressed misery settled upon my face, and my nose immediately assumed the peculiar tone of voice that is universal at Waukesha, and is the result of compressing the lips very tight, to dam the water that otherwise would flow "back to the fountain returning."

"There is to be a grand ball this evening," Saphrony announced, in tones of longing and regret.

"Do not imply a desire to hold a claim upon some man by sniveling in that fashion, Saphrony. There is to be a ball, and we shall go—alone and unprotected by aught save our colossal self-respect and contempt of conventional rot.

I WILL CHAPERONE US, MY DEAR,

clad in a black silk, spectacles and my mantle of dignity."

And I did. Saphrony afterwards acknowledged, though, that for once in her life she wished she was married and respectable. But moments of weakness are common to us all. At a place that is frequented mainly by Easterners and Southerners there must perforce be a superabundance of flesh and diamonds. Made practical by the one and dazzled by the other, Saphrony observed that she would like to have the money she could gain by selling the Eastern belles at so much per pound, and the Southern women for what their diamonds would bring. The fat, feminine revelations made and the glittering gems shown were calculated to incline the speculative mind to action. Saphrony was not to be blamed for her sordidness. It seems to me that if I were a man I would attend one of the girl-laden Fountain house balls and kill myself the same night, so that I might die feeling that I was of some importance in this world, and that they would miss me when I'm gone. It is fairly painful to see the number of really nice looking women who come into the ballroom trying to look as if they expect nothing, and who never get anything more the whole evening. In the end they must go back to their rooms and strip off their finery, wondering what on earth they were ever made for, and there isn't a living soul that would have the courage to help them out in the conundrum. If reading novels, dressing, eating, and figuring as an advertisement for proposals, sealed or otherwise, constitute anything, then there is an object in having been made, and if not, not so.

At 11:30 Saphrony gave vent to her twenty-ninth yawn and declared that being in the world and not of the world was well enough as a scriptural injunction, but put in practice it was an awful bore. "This exhibition of hopes deferred and unrealized palls on me; let us go." We wandered out on the veranda and surprised an engaged couple. There was no mistaking them. The sight was at once refreshing and oppressive. To see a girl out of all the unsuccessful ones

ACCOMPLISH THE AIM OF HER EXISTENCE

was pleasing, but already matrimony cast its gloom over love's young dream, and there was a certain I-wish-to-heaven-I-hadn't expression on the man's face, while the girl looked as if it doesn't matter much either way when it comes to a choice of evils. As a rule, I must confess, to stumble upon love-making in its early stages causes an involuntary sigh to escape the spinster's lips. But on this occasion it was at such a stage that I clasped Saphrony to my bosom, and together we breathed a prayer of thanksgiving for our present and prospective loveless and independent state.

Not to go to the springs after breakfast would be an offense against propriety that only less unconventional persons than we are would dare to commit. Having drank six glasses of water, and resolved in our minds the amount of money to be made by the enterprising genius who invents some sort of pump that will force the different springs into a person at one and the same time, while he sits at his hotel bolstered up in bed; spared the effort of swallowing and made as comfortable as possible under the agony of containing, we seated ourselves to watch the procession of martyrs pass. Up they came, drank, and back they went—duty conceived and discharged. "Bright's disease, dyspepsia, general giving out, rheumatism, backache, bad attack of gout!" thus did Sophrony check off the different ailments that crawled by us. The doomed engaged couple edged up in a spiritless fashion, and, when he had taxed her capacity to the utmost, Sophrony observed, "He has done what he can for her; the rest is between her and God." An attenuated being, evidently from Texas—all legs and a dreadful case of goutness—marched up side by side with a man who was health personified. As both held the sparkling water to their lips an amateur photographer turned his camera on them and declared he would realize a fortune selling the picture to a patent medicine man for a

"BEFORE AND AFTER" FEATURE

of his advertisements. Poor little children were brought up and had their victuals deluged by their conscientious parents or nurses, and the helpless innocents would regard their persecutors over the top of the glass as much as to say, "What have I have been doing to deserve this?" At the Bethesda, Arcadian, Siberian—any of them—the same sights, the same music, the same water—er, that is, to the unscientific taste. It seems the same. There comes a time when exhausted nature refuses another drop. With some it comes earlier, with others later; with us it came about noon. Saphrony preceded me to the 'bus, and, in the blindness of her discomfort, she attempted to step right over Chicago's "Long John" Wentworth, who was in the act of getting out—that is, his body was away up in the front part of the 'bus somewhere and a foot on either step. How it was that Sophrony escaped utter annihilation, for the life of me, I cannot tell. Such a look as was bestowed upon her would have completely exterminated a weaker soul. As she heedlessly pushed on her way "Long John" drew himself up in closer communication with his feet, glared on her in a manner awful to behold, and growled:

"How do you suppose you're going to get in here until other folks get out?"

"If you would just remove one section of yourself, sir, I think I can manage it," she cheerfully answered, and I drew her aside just in time to escape the foot that with, perhaps unconscious, but none the less murderous intent, was slowly descending upon her.

She wearily assured me that I had saved her from death for a worse fate—continued existence under present circumstances. "It is all of life to drink here. We have been here eighteen hours, and I am full now. What in the name of goodness are we going to do with the remaining fifty-six?"

"Fill them up," I replied, with a feeble attempt at sprightliness, as pitiful as the forced smile that accompanies a last farewell.

THEN WE LAY BACK IN THE 'BUS

while a be-diamoned Southern woman on one side of us discoursed in audible tones to her companion on the general ugliness of Northern women, and a big bosomed, olive complexioned Easterner on the other side gushed in girlish glee over the novelty of having walked two blocks that morning. When she was home she never did walk one step, but her doctor had positively forbidden her to have her carriage brought over to the Springs, and now, alas! she was jolted nearly to death riding in these horrible 'busses. She reminded me of the shocking commonness of omnibusses just in time. I was beginning to feel easy, and to reflect the expression of comfort that was settling down upon Sophrony's face. But I at once nudged Sophrony to her duty, and we proceeded to conduct ourselves in a way that gave our fellows not the least reason for supposing that we had (as is usually the case) been used used to doing our riding in street cars or omnibusses all our lives.

You often hear persons, who have come out of some great trial alive, declare they can not tell how they did it. As much may be said of an afternoon at Waukesha. We live through it, but heaven only knows how. There is napping; there is novel-reading; there is chatting; there is a hollow laugh heard now and then; there is water (that goes without saying); there is the inevitable brass band on the veranda—that great summer-resort deception that deludes the passing public into the belief that the mortals who sit around it are the most fortunate, the jolliest, the happiest in the world. At last, if you survive to eat it, there is supper, and the blessing you silently invoke upon it is perhaps the most sincere your heart will ever utter. Probably in the evening, by special request and the circulation of a subscription paper, the noted Signor —— is induced to repeat his "novel and delightful musical performance." We bear up under this affliction very well, considering the nature of it.

THE SIGNOR MOUNTS A HIGH CHAIR,

straps himself to an accordeon, fixes his feet on some other kind of musical infernal machine, and goes to work. And he does work for all he gets. I once heard a great Milwaukee politician—who "wasn't much on music," as he afterwards owned—compliment a young woman's piano playing with "splendid exercise for the arms, Miss —, splendid exercise for the arms!" In point of furnishing good physical exercise, Signor —'s arrangement is perfection. The applause the conclusion of each number receives is immensely flattering, until in the middle of one number, when the signor halts to turn on another combination, it burst forth in a way that might lead a sensitive performer to imagine that the conclusion is the one thing looked for and appreciated. Sunday night the signor, with solemn mein, announces a sacred concert, and then, without a word of explanation or apology, presumes upon the ignorance of his hearers by following up "Nearer, My God, to Thee" with "Pretty as a Picture." It seems to answer every purpose, though, for an old lady unbends from the stern decorum that the Solid South at Waukesna prescribes and whispers that "those dear old tunes always do a person's soul a heap of good." She speaks in a moment of religious excitement, and forgets that it is something like treason to admit that anything can accomplish good but Waukesha water. The natives do not for a moment suppose that the human soul can have a desire for anything else. Call up a bell boy twenty-five times in twenty-five consecutive minutes, and every time he comes with a pitcher of that everlasting spring water in his hand. When you express a want for something more he deposits the pitcher and looks surprised. When you finally tell him that unless he removes a few of the pitchers you will be obliged to camp out in the hall during the night, he looks positively hurt to think you can possibly get too much of that precious water in and around you. A word of warning needs to be spoken to Wakausha. Its course of action is calculated to counteract all the efforts of all the temperance workers of Wisconsin. The quantity of water it insists on a man's taking during the summer months is enough to send a prohibitionist on a rebound head first into strong drink for the remainder of the year.

I left Sophrony headed for Dakota. She said she wanted to get some place where water is not to be procured and settle down for a week or two to digest the supply she had on hand.

FLORA MCDONALD.

KAMTSCHATKA.

Habits, Houses and Diet of Some of the Inhabitants.

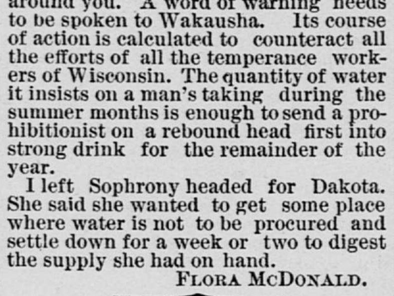
Chambers' Journal.

The aborigines of Kamtschatka are Kamtschatdales and Koriaks; but little is known of their origin, and both have decreased in numbers since the Russian occupation. The country is now chiefly peopled by Siberian-Russians, and by a race the product of intermarriage between the them and the aboriginal Kamtschatdales. This new race it is usual to distinguish as Kamtschatkans; and a greedy, disagreeable kind of people they seem to be. They are of a low order, and live in summer either in wretched huts by the river banks, or in lofts above the sheds in which they hang their fish. In winter they have semi-subterranean dwellings.

Their habits and diet are alike filthy, and their notions of honesty meager. The pure Kamtschatdales, on the other hand, appear to be a kindly and a hospitable people. The houses of the better class of natives of Russian blood are usually log-built, unpainted, containing usually two, and sometimes, but rarely, four rooms, in which will be found a few chairs, a rough deal table, a tawdry gilt eikon of the Russian church and any number of cockroaches and unmentionable insects. The houses are in many places raised above the ground, either upon stoves, like haystacks, or upon low wooden pillars. The floors are boarded and the house is warmed by means of a huge brick stove built in between the rooms, which develops immense heat.

The diet of these "upper classes" is—besides fish—milk, sour cream, rye bread and bilberries. The bilberry seems to be the only fruit in Kamtschatka. A few patches of potatoes and cabbages occasionally surround the better villages; but, unless at Melcova, there are no cereals, although it is stated that rye would do very well in some parts of the valley of the Kamtschatka river. The harvest of the river and the sea is enough, however, to occupy all the time and thoughts of the Kamtschatkan, and he has neither the leisure nor the taste for agriculture.

How Styles Repeat Themselves.



This is the origin of the young ladies' hat which makes life a misery at the theaters.—Cincinnati Sun.

Suggestion for a Serviceable Silk.

From a Fashion Magazine.

For those who can only afford one silk dress for the summer the best and most economical purchase is a white China silk of good quality and heavy texture. Such a dress is suitable for all occasions in summer and if arranged so as to be easily worn open at the throat, is sufficiently dressy for dinner parties and seaside dances. They are so soft that they fit and drape well, and can be taken apart and washed half a dozen times without damage; though they shed dust, resist sea damp and dew and do not soil easily. White silk gloves and a Leghorn hat trimmed with white point d'esprit and daisies, white chrysanthemums or edelweiss, make the whole a suitable and pretty costume for church and calling.

BEFORE DAWN.

The night passeth on toward the morrow,
The stars fade away in the gloom,
And I call, with their joys and their sorrow,
The ghosts of the past from their tomb.

By the whirlwinds and torrents of passion,
By the wrecks that are left as a sign,
By each picture sweet memories fashion,
I summon thy spirit to mine.

It heeds me and nestles beside me,
I feel thy warm breathing at last;
And through gateways of dreamland I guide thee
Back—back to the realms of the past.

Midst bowers of roses our path leads,
We heed not the thorns if they gall,
For joys that we grasp while the heart bleeds,
May still be the sweetest of all.

Through castles that had no foundations,
Yet reached to the skies ere they fell,
And though frailest of fancy's creations,
Were roads toward heaven or hell.

So the morn's woven into the morrow,
Twin threads in eternity's loom;
And the ghosts, with their joys and their sorrow,
Glide back to their shadowy tomb.

—Charles E. Lawrence.

A FLEETING FANCY.

The maid in the pew that's before me
Is daintily dressed and her face
Has attractions that surely don't bore me
To gaze on. I envy the lace
That circles her neck. What a grace
Characterizes this maiden so fair,
Who sits in the pew that's before me,
From her heels to her hair.

Her waist is so tapering, slender;
Her arms might be christened divine!
If I knew who the maid was I'd send her
A message from St. Valentine,
Of neat, inexpensive design,
To tell her how greatly I love
This maid in the pew that's before me,
This beautiful dove!

"Let us pray," says the the pastor, and kneeling,
The maid bows her bonnet so prim,
As softly the organ is pealing
The last dying chords of the hymn,*
When I am totally stunned by the shimMering shine of a boot 'neath the pew;
'Tis the foot of that maiden before me—
Fugaces eheu!

The vision of beauty has faded.
Oh, would that the boot would fade too!
It fairly makes Pegasus jaded
To think of that gigantic shoe
That reached back to me under the pew.
'Twas a horrible shock to me when
I saw that this vision before me
Wore a gentlemen's size No. 10.

—Life.

THE GOLDEN CALF.

London Life.

"He's the incarnation of fat dividends."

"Is he so very rich?"

"Rolling in money—might buy up half the city, they say."

"And really, now I come to look at him, not a bad looking man," murmured the countess, focusing the gentleman under discussion with a very effective double eyeglass.

"Geraldine, my love, that is Mr. Optimus Codd over there in the doorway."

The beautiful Geraldine turned a very haughty head and gave a scornful little laugh.

"And who, pray, mamma, is Mr. Optimus Codd?"

The young man standing between the two ladies looked steadily at the beautiful young lady in diaphanous white tulle, saying—

"He is the 'Golden Calf' of this year, Lady Geraldine. You will soon know him by sight. He is making his mark in society. He has asked to be presented to you. Lady Umfreville, have I your permission?"

The countess smiled a gracious consent on Mr. Rupert Paulet. She at once absolved this penniless detrimental, who had been hanging about her sacrificial lamb too closely of late, for his past offenses. It was such a very desirable matter to get hold of this millionaire stockbroker at an early part of his career.

Mr. Optimus Codd in his own sphere was a man of mark. People in the city pointed at him respectfully as the possessor of untold wealth; but it had only recently entered the mind of this enterprising operator to make an effort to enter fashionable society. This great man—for he was very great in the realms of stocks and "the things that are always going up and down in the city"—had recently purchased a house in Mayfair, where he gave most recherche banquets. He had also contrived to be elected to two or three good clubs. In consequence society was making inquiries about him, and using every endeavor to substantiate the rumors of his enormous wealth. Doors could not be shut upon an absolute Croesus. In exterior the gentleman was one who was the object of so many attentions was not at all prepossessing, in spite of Lady Umfreville's charitable verdict. He had a good natured, fat face, with no salient features, and reddish hair of a refractory nature. His small gray eyes had, however, at times a singularly keen and acute regard. Such eyes might fathom a good deal of humbug. He dressed well and wore no jewelry, bearing the manner and voice of a gentleman. His discretion showed itself in nothing more than in his ability to keep silence about himself and others.

When Mr. Codd slowly made his way across the ball room toward the striking group near the conservatory, he was the object of many regards. After the Hon. Rupert had presented his friend in due form to the stately countess and her lovely daughter, he remained a few minutes in conversation with the party, finally offering his arm to convey her ladyship to supper. She gave an anxious backward look toward Lady Geraldine and the handsome young man left near her. It was unavoidable; the only thing to be done was to put her wits together and make the most of the present opportunity.

"You have a box at the opera, I believe, Mr. Codd. We are so anxious to hear Patti on her first night."

This was an audacious opening, but the countess being poor and a widow, never flinched before an attempt of this sort. It was her duty to make use of rich acquaintances.

"I shall be delighted if you will accept my box for that evening," was the natural rejoinder from one unused to impecunious countesses.

Lady Umfreville went away smiling that evening, and thankfully felt that her labor and Geraldine's new dress had not been in vain.

Within a week Mr. Optimus Codd had been invited to partake of various small—very small—forms of hospitality at Prince's-gate. Little teas and light luncheons might bring young people together quite as advantageously as more costly entertainments. Her ladyship was a skilled match-maker. Two daughters had already been disposed of in their first season. But this was now Lady Geraldine's second year in the market. She was certainly more difficult to manage than the docile elder sisters had been. Still Lady Umfreville did not despair of settling her this season. June had only just begun. There was a fourth girl coming in shortly. Lady Margaret was still in the school-room, though fully entitled to be emancipated, and she was a spirited young lady who would be more difficult to control than all her predecessors.

"What is he like, Jerry? I mean the city man that every one is talking about. I know mamma thinks you have captivated him. You might bring him up to the school-room for my inspection some day. Pretend you want to show him your drawings."

"I should like to see a stock broker. His name has a very fish-like smell. Fancy being Lady Geraldine Codd! Does he look like a gentleman? Don't you think you had better turn him over to me, Jerry?"

Here the lively Lady Margaret began dancing about the room. "Shan't I have a fine time of it when I come out! I mean to make up for being kept back a year. You see, you must be out of the way, Jerry. You are so very good-looking."

Lady Geraldine answered smiling: "Do be sensible, Maggie, and I'll tell you all about Optimus Codd. Well, he's rather fat and not got any particular expression, but I think he's very good-natured. I really think I like him, and if—" A lovely blush rose to her face.

"If you hadn't fallen in love with some one else, and if you were quite sure Optimus Codd didn't want to marry you. Don't be the least bit gracious to him, or he'll take it for encouragement. They always do if you are polite. But, Geraldine, I advise you to give up Reggie Paulet. He has no money. Do take this old man, and then you and I can't marry for love."

Lady Geraldine tossed up her pretty head. "You mind your own business, Maggie. You're very disagreeable, and I shan't tell you anything more about any one I care for."

In due course of time Mr. Codd did come to the school room to inspect Geraldine's drawings. Lady Margaret and an antiquated German governess were reading aloud.

"I hope we are not interrupting. Mr. Codd is very anxious to see my sketches, Fraulein. This is my sister, Mr. Codd."

"How do you do, Mr. Codd? It is very kind of you to come up here. Geraldine has told me all about you. You have such a lovely house and beautiful pictures, and such nice things to eat. I am not 'out,' or I should like to come and see them all."

Mr. Codd murmured something vague about next year.

"Jerry is very kind to me, you know, though she will not make haste and get married. If her admirers—you do admire her, of course, or you would not come so often—she always manages to bring them upstairs. Now, Rupert Paulet and I are great friends—isn't he a dear boy? And Lord Strathnellan was very nice, too, till Geraldine praised him and he went off to America, and has been shooting bears ever since. You know I mustn't come down stairs to the drawing room or be inspected by any young men before my hour has struck. Mamma would faint if I made myself known prematurely. I am to burst suddenly on the fashionable world. Do you admire mamma? Don't you think her clever? Oh, you would say she was clever if you knew my sisters, Letitia and Hermione. They are both very stupid and not particularly good-looking—Jerry and I are the best of the lot—yet they both married well, and Letitia is a marchioness. Mamma managed it all. You can't think how dull and pompous my brother-in-law, Slateford, is! I don't think I should care to be a marchioness."

Mr. Codd appeared much amused by this girlish chatter. The outspoken Lady Margaret had a charming piquante face that made people feel young to look at. Lady Geraldine and the governess returned from the adjoining room with portfolios to find Mr. Codd and Lady Margaret on the best of terms.

Mr. Codd had had no previous conception that aristocratic lips were ever frank and ingenuous, though he was, of course, aware of the humanity of a lower degree is candid to a painful degree.

After three weeks or so, Lady Umfreville began to think it time for Mr. Codd to make up his mind. Why did he not propose to Geraldine?

The preliminaries had gone on long enough, and the world's eyes were beginning to fix curiosity on the pair. Lady Umfreville had monopolized the wealthy stockholder too fully to escape calumny. The countess thought it might be expedient to give the backward suitor a gentle push. The honor intended for him seemed too great. In a secluded corner at a garden party she opened fire:

"You are evidently not a marrying man, Mr. Codd," she said playfully. "How can you resist the lovely girls you meet daily?"

Mr. Codd cast a sharp glance at the lady's smiling face.

"My thoughts have been always given to other matters—more prosaic things, Lady Umfreyville. Till lately the idea of matrimony never entered my head."

"Ah, then I suppose you have begun to think of it. Indeed, a man of your position—of your wealth and influence, owes this duty to society. Of course you are entitled to look for birth and beauty, and I feel sure that any well-brought-up, right-minded girl will appreciate your sterling qualities. I have no son of my own, you know" (with a sigh), "but I assure you, Mr. Codd, I feel quite a maternal interest in your welfare."

This was rather more than necessary. Mr. Codd's little eyes sparkled.

"Pray cease, Lady Umfreville, I am not a man to rate my own merits beneath their worth, but I can not allow you to speak in these terms."

"I have thought, Mr. Codd," continued the unabashed countess, "that your remarkable modesty might prevent you from aspiring in the direction where your heart may be engaged. Let me offer you encouragement. You remember the old adage 'faint heart never won fair lady.' I think I should like a cup of tea now, Mr. Codd."

The stockbroker's eyes were downcast as he conducted the lady to a marquee. While she sipped her tea the wondered audibly what had become of Geraldine. Finally she sent Mr. Codd in quest of the roving damsel. He presently found her issuing from a secluded shrubbery in company of Rupert Paulet. He smiled at his friend as he declared his mission to Lady Geraldine.

That evening Rupert Paulet dined tete-a-tete with Mr. Codd. When the servants left the room a silence fell between the two men.

"Am I to congratulate you, old fellow?" said Mr. Codd at last.

"My dear Codd, you are the best backer in the world. You may congratulate me; I have won her, and it is all owing to you. You have put the only lucky chance I have ever had in my way. There'll be the deuce to pay with her ladyship, of course, but when she knows all there may be extenuating circumstances."

Mr. Codd, getting up from his seat, laid a hand on the young man's shoulder.

"I was nearly falling in love with her myself in the beginning, Paulet. She is a beautiful creature."

"So I thought—so I was afraid," answered Rupert.

"But I soon saw how it was, and it wouldn't have been any good. I can't think how she has been bred so true. The mother would sell her soul for money. And that little Lady Margaret—she is charming," here Mr. Codd sighed, "and she is so tired of lords and marquises." Mr. Codd, throwing back his head, laughed pleasantly.

"Shall I tell the countess all about it to-morrow? I have an appointment with her in the morning."

"If you only would, my dear Codd. You might break it gently. I'm in a mortal funk when I think of facing her."

On the morrow Mr. Codd jumped into a hansom with a cheerful mien and drove down to Prince's gate. Lady Umfreville was, of course, at home, and would receive Mr. Codd in her boudoir. This solicited interview surely boded some good news.

"You are an early visitor," she said, smiling, "I thought you were always in the city at 11 o'clock."

"Not always, Lady Umfreville. And happily I have taken a partner who will relieve me of much responsibility."

"Indeed—a very wise step. A rising young city man, I suppose. If he is a friend of yours, you must bring him here some day."

"No, he is not a city man, but for all that he has useful business talents. It is Mr. Paulet. He is a very reliable young fellow, and I have every confidence in him. Lady Umfreville stared at Mr. Codd in undignified amazement.

"Rupert Paulet your partner! He wrote to say he had a communication to make to me. Can it possibly be this? What do his prospects signify to me?"

"A great deal, I fancy. I believe he wishes to marry your daughter."

The lady turned pale. It was clear from this that Mr. Codd had no matrimonial intentions regarding Lady Geraldine.

"My daughter!" she almost screamed; "that penniless man marry my beautiful Geraldine? Never."

"You forget that he has good prospects—that as my partner he is a long way from penniless."

"She has deceived me—I am no match for her," said the countess tragically as she rang the bell and ordered the servant to summon Lady Geraldine.

The young lady promptly appeared.

"How do you do, Mr. Codd?" and she warmly pressed his hand. "What do you want me for, mamma?"

"I understand from Mr. Codd that Rupert Paulet has proposed to you, and is coming to speak to me on the subject. You have had the audacity to accept him?"

"Yes, mamma; but you only understand a part of the truth. You do not understand what a part that generous city man has played. I owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Codd I can never repay. By his help I am saved from some mercenary marriage, and am able to marry the man I love. I mean to marry Rupert Paulet. You know well enough that he and I have loved each other—and yet you threw me at Mr. Codd's head. I did not do him justice at first. I could not do him so much kindness—that he was playing a part for Rupert's sake to shield me from persecution. I admire and respect him beyond all words. He has even deceived you."

These were bitter words, spoken in a tone of scorn that cut home.

"Leave the room instantly. If you marry Rupert Paulet, I will not be his consent."

Mr. Codd seemed to have something more to say.

"There is another matter of more importance to me personally, Lady Umfreville," he stammered a little. "You have another daughter—she is a charming girl it is not possible that her affections are already engaged. Have I your permission to pay my addresses to her?"

The countess was dumbfounded.

"Mr. Codd, I am amazed. How have you made her acquaintance? She is yet in the school-room."

Mr. Codd explained rather lamely.

Lady Umfreville sighed. This was a mitigation of calamity. If Geraldine insisted on marrying Rupert, who was so likely to give assistance as Mr. Codd, if a brother-in-law?

It came to pass at the end of the season that Lady Umfreville's two lovely daughters were given away at the same altar.

"Optimus is a darling" wrote Lady Margaret a month later to her sister. "He is just the sort of a husband to suit me. Every one ought to marry a city man. He thinks everything I say and do is right, and is, oh! so generous. He isn't handsome, but then he isn't a bit jealous, and lets me dance with all the best looking men, and when I come back to him I think how stupid they all were, and when I tell him so he looks rather pleased. I'm glad now I didn't come out last season. I'm sure you can't be as happy as I am. I have asked the dull old Fraulein to come and spend a week with us out of gratitude. She never told mamma how Optimus used to meet us in the park. Mamma has given up the house at Prince's-gate. She is coming to us for a month next season. She is very fond of Optimus now. She says he is her favorite son-in-law. I think he gives her handsome chequeses."

All this was absolutely true, the giving of checks not the least part of it.

Rupert Paulet goes to the city regularly and prospers exceedingly, yet managing to combine a large amount of pleasure with business. Lady Geraldine is the happiest of wives, and is never haughty toward Mr. Codd nowadays.

FORCE OF HABIT.

Fireman—Hurry up! There isn't a moment to spare!

She—O, dear! must I go out this way? Do tell me, please, if my hat is on straight!—Life.

A CHAPTER ON WIGS.

What They Cost and How They Are Built—A Cute Appeal to the Ladies.

It seems rather odd to threaten a man with neuralgia and cold in the head at this time of the year, but that is what the wigmakers of this town are doing just now to everyone who wears a bald spot even as small as a silver dollar. Some kind and humorous friend sent the writer a wig manufacturer's catalogue, with a note advising him to lay it up against a rainy day. The young man went forth and had speech with the maker of thatches, and he is able to tell you, gentle reader, a word or two about wigs. Starting off with a plain weft wig at $15, you can run up a scale of prices that ends at $50 for men and at $100 for women. The wigmaker doesn't call himself a wigmaker nowadays. Far be it from him. He is the proprietor of an etablissement Francais, wherein are designed and created toupees, bandeaux and like appurtenances, "which possess the valuable desideratum of combining naturalness and durability." Why, do you ask, are all these fine English, Latin and French words thrown at the trembling baldheaded man? Merely in order to reassure him and awaken the idea in his paper-shell mind that his contemplated new wig will fool all beholders by its glossiness even as the polyglot jumble leaves him in the dark as to what the wig creator is driving at.

The man of moderate means who has tarried too long at play with the Arapahoes and comes home without any covering for his pate ought to buy a plain weft wig, price $15. If he be elderly, it will cost him from $16 to $20, according to the grayness thereof. He can get a like wig with a gauze seam for $20, or, if he is proud and haughty, with a fat bank account, he may take a fancy to the weft wig with a hair net seam at $25. Gray wigs of the latter styles cost from $25 to $35. The triumph of the pilatory art, however, is the ventilating wig, with hair-net seam, from $35 up to $50. It weighs only an ounce and a quarter, is made with crochet needles and has a naive innocence and glossy waviness that would fool the most hardened cynics. Even the "part" of ordinary, homegrown hair is faithfully imitated in it. Toupees are simply scalp wigs and run in size from as big as a silver dollar to the area of an ordinary pie plate. They are fastened to the head by means of a patent sticky preparation and they never fall off, no matter how hard the wind may blow. The price varies from $10 to $25. If a gray-haired man indulges in one he has to pay higher than anybody else.

As for ladies wigs, hear the manufacturer's cute little appeal. He says he "desires respectfully to inform ladies who may need these well-devised and cunningly artificial means of concealing the loss of that hair which is justly considered one, at least, of their glories, that they may come to him with the fullest confidence and reliance that he can successfully supply their need, and help them to the conviction, when they behold themselves in their mirrors, that the loss which they have sustained has been, as far as possible, and certainly to all appearances, successfully restored.

"He further desires to say that the prices of these wigs vary according to the color and length of the hair and the quality of workmanship, from $10 to $100. Orders may be sent by letter, with measurement.

"Ladies whose hair is thin on top of the head only can be supplied with a suitable front-piece, and in cases where the bald spot is large, with a half-wig, having hair which falls towards the back, and can be fastened in with the natural hair of the wearer. The prices of these half-wigs are from $10 to $50."

The Umpire's Ruling Passion.

Burlington Free Press.

"How goes the day?" faintly asked a would-be ball player, as they raised him from the dust, where he had been knocked by an overheated liner.

"Forty-four," replied the umpire glancing at his book.

"Make it 50 to 4 and I'll die happy,' gasped the sufferer.

A WOMAN'S WORD.

Oh! ever, when the happy laugh is dumb,
All the joy gone, and all the anguish come—
When strong adversity and subtle pain
Wring the sad soul and rack the throbbing brain—
When friends once faithful, hearts once all our own
Leave us to weep: to bleed and die alone—
When many a time the lonely thought employ,
And clouds of sorrow hide the sun of joy—
When weary life, breathing reluctant breath,
Hath no hope sweeter than the hope of death—
Then the best counsel and the last relief
To cheer the spirit or to cheat the grief,
The only calm, the only comfort heard
Comes in the music of a woman's word—
Like a beacon bell on some wild island shore,
Silvery ringing in the tempest's roar,
Whose sound shown shipward through the midnight gloom
Tells of the path and turns her from her doom

—Edwin Arnold.

THROUGH TRAINS

To Principal Points in Central and Northern Dakota, Montana.

ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS AND MANITOBA RAILWAY.

NORTHERN MINNESOTA, MANITOBA AND British Columbia.

	Leave St. Paul.	Leave Minne'lis.	Arrive at St. Paul.	Arrive Minne'olis
Willmar, Morris, Brown's Valley, Wahpeton... St. Cloud, Fergus Falls, Moorhead, Fargo, Grand Forks	a7:30 a m	a8:05 a m	a7:00 p m	a6:25 p m
Osseo, Monticello, Clearwater, St. Cloud	a8:20 a m	a8:55 a m	a6:48 p m	a6:20 p m
Excelsior, Lester Prairie, Hutchinson	a2:30 p m	a3:05 p m	a11:55 a m	a11:20 a m
Anoka, St. Cloud and Willmar	a3:30 p m	a3:55 p m	a11:55 a m	a11:25 a m
Elk River, Princeton, Milaca	a4:10 p m	a4:40 p m	a11:10 a m	a10:43 a m
Willmar, Morris, Lidgerwood, Rutland, Aberdeen, Ellendale	7:30 p m	8:05 p m	7:30 a m	6:55 a m
Wahpeton, Casselton, Hope, Larrimore, Devil's Lake, Minot, Ft. Buford	b7:30 p m	b8:05 p m	c7:30 a m	c6:55 a m
Crookston, St. Vincent, Winnipeg, Calgary, Victoria	8:30 p m	9:10 p m	7:00 a m	6:25 a m
Fergus Falls, Fargo, Grand Forks	b8:30 p m	b9:10 p m	e7:00 a m	e6:25 a m

All trains daily except as follows: a Except Sunday; b Saturdays, as far as Wahpeton only; c Mondays, from Wahpeton only; d Saturdays as far as Grand Forks only; e Monday from Neche and Grand Forks only.

TICKET OFFICES—St. Paul, corner Third and Jackson streets; Union depot. Minneapolis, 19 Nicollet House Block; Union depot, Bridge square.

THE CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL RAILWAY CO.

THE FAST MAIL LINE,

Pullman Sleepers, with smoking rooms and the finest dining cars in the world, are run on Main Line Trains to and from Chicago and Milwaukee.

DEPARTING TRAINS.	Leave Minneap'lis	Leave St. Paul.
Milwaukee, Chicago and Local	B7:00 a.m.	B7:25 a.m.
La Crosse, Dubuque, Sabula & Local	B7:00 a.m.	B7:25 a.m.
Prairie du Chien, Milwaukee & Chicago	B9:25 a.m.	B9:40 a.m.
Calmar and Davenport Express	B9:25 a.m.	B9:40 a.m.
Ortonville & Fargo Express	B10:20 a.m.	B9:25 a.m.
Milwaukee, Chicago & All Ex.	A1:20 p.m.	A2:00 p.m.
Owatonna & Way	A4:30 p.m.	A4:35 p.m.
La Crosse & Way	B5:30 p.m.	B4:90 p.m.
Milwaukee and Chicago Fast Line	A6:50 p.m.	A7:30 p.m.
Aberdeen & Mitchell Express	A7:00 p.m.	A6:20 p.m.
Austin, Dubuque & Chicago Express	A8:00 p.m.	A8:35 p.m.

ARRIVING TRAINS.	Arrive St. Paul.	Arrive Minneap'lis
Chicago, Dubuque & Austin Ex.	A7:40 a.m.	A8:25 a.m.
Davenport and Calmar Express	C7:30 a.m.	C8:25 a.m.
Chicago and Milwaukee Fast Line	A9:30 a.m.	A10:10 a.m.
Mitchell and Aberdeen Express	A8:10 a.m.	A7:30 a.m.
Owatonna & Way	A9:50 a.m.	A10:30 a.m.
Chicago and Milwaukee Pac. Ex.	A1:50 p.m.	A2:35 p.m.
Fast Mail and La Crosse	B3:15 p.m.	B3:50 p.m.
Chicago, Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien	B5:55 p.m.	B6:00 p.m.
Fargo & Ortonville Express	B6:55 p.m.	B6:20 p.m.
Dubuque, La Crosse and Local	B10:45 p.m.	B11:15 p.m.
Milwaukee, Chicago and Local	B10:45 p.m.	B11:15 p.m.

A means daily, B except Sunday. C except Monday. D except Saturday.

Additional trains between St. Paul and Minneapolis via "Short Line" leave both cities hourly; for particulars see Short Line time tables.

ST. PAUL—George B. Clason, City Ticket Agent, 162 East Third street. Brown & Knebel, Ticket Agents, Union Depot.

MINNEAPOLIS—W. B. Chandler, City Ticket Agent No. 7, Nicollet House. A. B. Chamberlain, Ticket Agent, Depot.

THE ROYAL ROUTE

Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha AND Chicago & Northwestern Ry's.

The Best Equipped Route to Chicago.

Dining cars the finest in the world, and luxurious Smoking room Sleepers on all regular express trains to Chicago.

Through sleeper to Milwaukee on Night Express.

Through Pullman Buffet Sleepers on Omaha and Kansas City Express.

The Des Moines and Kansas City Express has Combination Chairs and Sleeping Car through to Kansas City without change.

Through sleeper, St. Paul to Mitchell, Dak.

Departing Trains.	Leave Minne'olis	Leave St. Paul
Green Bay & Wis. Ex.	†7:30 a m	†7:57 a m
Lake Superior & Mer'n J'n	†8:15 a m	†8:50 a m
Lake Superior Ex.	†9:05 a m	†9:45 a m
Prentice & Rhinel'nd'r	†9:05 a m	†9:45 a m
Des Moines & Kan. City	†9:10 a m	†8:40 a m
Su. C., Su. F. & Pip'ne	†9:10 a m	†8:40 a m
Stillwater & River F'ls	*10:15 a m	†9:45 a m
Chicago Day Express	†2:20 p m	†3:00 p m
Shakopee & Mer'n J'n	†4:20 p m	†3:50 p m
River F'ls & Ellsw'th, Eau Claire & Chippewa Falls	†4:30 p m	†5:15 p m
Mankato Lake Crystal Mil. & Chicago Ex.	†4:30 p m	†5:05 p m
Omaha & Kan. City	*6:50 p m	*7:30 p m
Mitchell & Su. Falls Ex.	*7:35 p m	*7:00 p m
Ashland, Washburn & Bayfield	*9:00 p m	*9:40 p m

Arriving Trains.	Arrive St. Paul.	Arrive Minne'olis.
Duluth Night Ex.	*5:50 a m	*6:30 a m
Ashland, Washburn & Bayfield	*5:50 a m	*6:30 a m
Chicago Day Express	*7:00 a m	*7:35 a m
Omaha & Kan. City	*7:20 a m	*8:00 a m
Mitchell & Su. Falls Ex.	*7:25 a m	*8:00 a m
Ellsworth & Riv. Falls, Eau Claire & Chippewa Falls	†9:10 a m	†9:55 a m
Lake Crystal & Mankato	†10:25 a m	†9:40 a m
Mer'n J'n & Shakopee	†11:05 a m	†10:40 a m
Chicago Night Ex.	*2:20 p m	*3:00 p m
Su. C., Su. F. & Pip'ne	†3:45 p m	†3:35 p m
Kan. C. & Des Moines	†4:15 p m	†4:35 p m
Lake Superior Ex.	†4:25 p m	†5:15 p m
Prentice & Rhinel'nd'r	†4:25 p m	†5:15 p m
Green Bay & Wis. Ex.	†6:30 p m	†7:10 p m
Mer'n J'n & Shakopee	†8:50 p m	†8:30 p m

*Daily. †Except Sundays. Eight trains to Stillwater.

Tickets, sleeping car accommodations and all information can be secured at No. 13 Nicollet House Block, Minneapolis.

W. B. WHEELER, Ticket Agent

H. L. MARTIN, Agent, Minneapolis Depot.

No. 159 East Third street, opposite Merchants hotel, St. Paul.

CHAS. H. PETSCH, City Ticket Agent.

BROWN & KNEBEL, Agents, St. Paul Union Depot.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE.

Through Sleepers and Superb Dining Cars to

CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE.

LEAVE.	Minneapolis.	St. Paul.
Milwaukee Day Express	6:30 a.m.	7:15 a.m.
Chicago and Milwaukee Afternoon Express	1:40 p.m.	2:25 p.m.
Prentice and Ashland Express	6:40 p.m.	7:15 p.m.
Chicago and Milwaukee Express	6:40 p.m.	7:15 p.m.
ARRIVE.	Minneapolis.	St. Paul.
Chicago Fast Line Express	7:50 a.m.	7:15 a.m.
Prentice and Ashland Express	7:50 a.m.	7:15 a.m.
Chicago Day Express	3:50 p.m.	2:25 p.m.
Milwaukee Day Express	10:55 p.m.	10:10 p.m.

CITY OFFICES.

St. Paul—173 East Third street; C. E. Robb, City Ticket Agent.

Union Depot—Brown & Knebel, Agents.

Minneapolis—19 Nicollet House Block; F. H. Anson, Northwestern Passenger Agent. Union Depot—H. L. Martin, Agent.

W. S. MELLEN, General Manager.

JAS. BARKER, Gen. Pass'r Agent, Milwaukee.

MINNEAPOLIS & ST. LOUIS RAILWAY ALBERT LEA ROUTE.

	Lv. St. Paul	Lv. M'npls
Chicago & St. Louis Ex	*8:20 a m	*9:05 a m
Des Moines Express	†8:20 a m	†9:05 a m
Chicago "Fast" Exp	d6:30 p m	d7:15 p m
St. Louis Fast Express	d6:30 p m	d7:15 p m
Des Moines Express	d6:30 p m	d7:15 p m
Excelsior & Watertown	†8:00 a m	†8:50 a m
Excelsior & Arlington	†3:00 p m	†3:55 p m
Manitou Express	†5:00 p m	†5:55 p m

Short Line trains leave St. Paul for Minneapolis at *7:15, d8:00 a. m., †9:15, †10:15, a. m., 1:15 p. m., †2:00 p. m., †3:30, *5:15, d6:30 p. m. Leave Minneapolis for St. Paul at *6:15, †8:00, a. m., †10:15, †11:20 a. m., 5:50, d6:15 p. m.

Leave Minneapolis for Excelsior and Lake Park at 4:15, *8:00 a. m., †2:30, 4:30 p. m. *5:15 and †9:15 p. m. Leave Lake Park for Minneapolis at d9:15 a. m., †11:15, d4:15 †5:30 p. m.; †7:10, and 10:30 p. m.

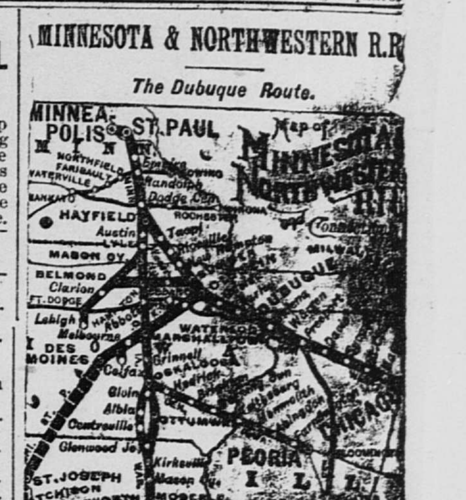
*Ex. Sunday. †Ex. Saturday. d Daily.

Ticket Offices—Minneapolis, No. 1 Washington avenue (under Nicollet house) and depot corner Third street and Fourth avenue North; St. Paul, 199 East Third street (corner Sibley), and depot, Broadway, foot of Fourth street.

S. F. BOYD, General Ticket and Passenger Agent.

MINNESOTA & NORTHWESTERN R.R.

The Dubuque Route.



Two daily trains between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. Short and Direct Line to Des Moines and all Illinois Central, Central Iowa, Wabash and Chicago, St. Paul and Kansas City points.

Parlor Chair Cars on all through daily trains to Chicago.

Mann Boudoir cars and M. & N. W. sleepers on Chicago night trains.

	Leave Min'pe'lis	Leave St. Pa'l	Arrive St. Pa'l	Arrive M'p'lis
Chicago & Dubuque, limited daily	A. M. 7:05	A. M. 7:40	P. M. 9:35	P. M. 10:15
Chicago & Dubuque, limited daily	P. M. 7:00	P. M. 7:35	P. M. 10:00	P. M. 10:40
St. Louis & Kansas City express, daily	P. M. 7:45	P. M. 8:30	A. M. 8:50	A. M. 9:35
St. Louis & Kansas City express, daily	A. M. 7:10	A. M. 7:50	P. M. 7:10	P. M. 7:50

Lyle, Austin, Dodge Center, Chatfield, Plainview, Rochester, Peoria, Indianapolis, Columbus, and all points East, South and West.

Further information cheerfully furnished at the city ticket offices, 193 East Third street and Union depot, foot Sibley street, St. Paul.

City ticket office, No. 3 Nicollet House block, Union depot, Bridge Square, Minneapolis.

"THE BURLINGTON."

PEERLESS DINING CARS AND PULLMAN'S SLEEPERS on all through trains between MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS.

LEAVE MINNEAPOLIS	LEAVE ST. PAUL.	DEPARTING TRAINS.
†6:45 a. m.	†7:25 a. m.	No. 2, Winona, La Crosse, Dubuque, Chicago, St. Louis.
*4:45 p. m.	*5:25 p. m.	No. 4, Winona, La Crosse, Dubuque, Chicago, St. Louis.

No. 2 arrives Chicago 12:25 p. m., Peoria 2:15, St. Louis 6:50 next a. m.

No. 4 arrives Chicago 7:30, Peoria 10:50 a. m. and St. Louis 5:05 next afternoon.

ARRIVE ST. PAUL.	ARRIVE MINNEAP LS	ARRIVING TRAINS.
*9:25 a. m.	*10:05 a. m.	No. 3, St. Louis Chicago, Dubuque, La Crosse, Winona.
†11:15 p.m.	†11:55 p.m.	No. 1, Chicago, St. Louis, Galena, Dubuque, Winona, La Crosse.

*Daily. †Ex. Sun.

SUBURBAN TRAINS

Leave Union Depot, St. Paul, daily for Highwood, Newport, and St. Paul Park, at 6:25, 8:00, 10:00 a. m.; 12:01, 3:05 and 6:00 p. m. Returning arrive 7:45, 9:05, 11:30 a. m.; 1:45, 4:30 and 7:05 p. m.

Single fare 10c; 10 rides 80c; 25 rides, $1.50.

Connections made in Union Depots at Chicago, corner Canal and Adams sts.

ST. PAUL, foot Sibley st., Brown & Knebel, agents.

MINNEAPOLIS, Bridge Square, H. L. Martin, agent.

CHARLES THOMPSON, City Ticket Agent, Hotel Ryan, St. Paul.

J. C. HOWARD, City Ticket Agent, 5 Nicollet House, Minneapolis.

W. J. C. KENYON, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

New "Overland Route!"

—TO—

Portland, Or., & the Pacific Northwest.

The "Pioneer Line" between St. Paul, Minneapolis, Moorhead and Fargo, and the Only Line running Dining Cars and Pullman Sleepers between Those Points.

DEPARTING TRAINS.	Leave St. Paul.	Leave Minneapolis
Pacific Express for Grand Forks, Fargo, Jamestown and Portland (Daily)	4:00 p. m.	4:35 p. m.
Fargo Exp. (Daily except Sunday)	8:15 a. m.	8:45 a. m.
Dakota Ex. (Daily)	8:00 p. m.	8:35 p. m.

Dining Cars, Pullman Sleepers, elegant day coaches, second-class coaches and emigrant sleeping cars between St. Paul and Fargo, Dak., and all points in Montana and Washington territories. Emigrants are carried out of St. Paul and Minneapolis on Pacific express, leaving daily at 4 p. m.

ARRIVING TRAINS.	Arrive Minneapolis	Arrive St. Paul.
Atlantic Ex. (Daily)	11:50 a. m.	12:25 p. m.
St. Paul and Minn. fast Ex. (Daily)	7:15 a. m.	7:50 a. m.
St. Paul and M. acc. (Daily ex. Sunday)	6:10 p. m.	6:45 p. m.

Through Pullman Sleepers daily between St. Paul and Grand Forks, Dak.

Through Pullman Sleepers between St. Paul and Wahpeton, Dak., on Dakota express.

City office, St. Paul, 169 East Third st.

City office, Minneapolis, No. 19 Nicollet house.

CHAS. S. FEE, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

NOYES BROS. & CUTLER,

Importers and

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS!

68 and 70 Sibley street, corner Fifth, ST. PAUL, - - - - MINN

Patent Laws--Jas. F. Williamson, Room, 15, Collom Block, Minneapolis, Solicitor of Patents, Counsellor in Patent cases. Two years an Examiner in U. S. Patent Office.