STREET CAR MASHERS

The Reason a Large Proportion of the Men Ride on Street Cars.

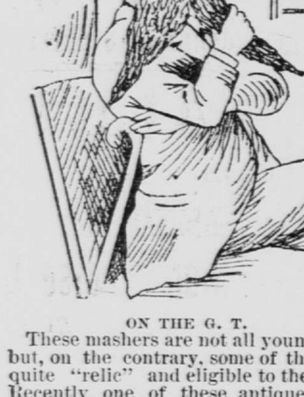
They Daily Get an Opportunity to Ogle the Pretty Type-Writers.

Gray-Headed Men Said to Be Worse Mashers Than the Brainless Dudes.

The Trouble Two Girls Gave an Old Duffer With Bunions on His Feet.

CAN you tell why so many St. Paul men ride in street cars even when walking is good? Well, some of them do so to "git there" as quickly as possible; some of 'em don't, but ride to gratify their flirting propensities and ogle some pretty face or attractive form. Some of them appear on the corner in search of a car promptly at an hour when a certain young lady typewriter or clerk is waiting to board it. This "roast" is intended for that class of pork.

At one time the masher's strong point was to get as near the front of the car as possible in order to pass to the box the fares of lady passengers. This gave him the much coveted opportunity to display his grace, form and polished manners. And it broke his heart, too, when a formidable rival appeared in the shape of those brass troughs, which run the length of the car to the money box. He was forced to resort to other methods, and they are many and unique.



ON THE G. T.

These mashers are not all young men, but, on the contrary, some of them are quite "relic" and eligible to the shelf. Recently one of these antique candidates for a spoiled countenance, who is in the habit of forcing the attention or notice of any pretty girl he sees to his own ugly mug, received a dose that sat on his stomach like a bug on a hot surface. He boarded a car near the state house, and at once threw his basilisk eye on two modest, but extremely pretty girls, daughters of one of St. Paul's prominent citizens. A roseate hue appeared on each fair face, and naturally it pleased the old shark immensely. Presently one of them whispered something to the other, and they riveted their gaze on his feet. He drew them under the seat as far as he could, but their eyes never wavered. His corns commenced a fusilade of aches, and a king bunion that had lain dormant for some time regained some of his old fire and tried to force himself through the shoe. The old chump could not longer bear it, and suddenly left more emptiness in the seat than had been there before.

THE DUDE PUMPKINS.

One of the young disciples worked the scheme of sitting next to a young lady in the evening and staring at her reflection in the opposite window. Not long ago when working this game the young lady dropped to it. Without a moment's hesitation she crossed the car and with her handkerchief wiped off the window as though to give him a clearer view. His confident smile gave way to a dull, weary, "where-are-the-days-when-our-hearts-knew-no-care" grin and stepping to the platform he devoted the remainder of his gaze to the mellow, flickering gas lights on the sidewalk.

A few days ago a well known lawyer of this city entered a car and had the extreme neck to deposit his carcass snugly between two pretty girls. As there were many other seats in the car this nervy act attracted attention. The result filled his heart with a bitter, burning desire to chase himself around his feet for an hour or two. The young ladies didn't know each other from Eve, but their common grievance made them instantaneous chums. They opened up a lively chat over his nibsey's head and placed him in the light of a dummy. Any sensible man would have felt cheap and our legal luminary is no idiot. When he got as much as he could stand of it he fell out of the car, where two merry, girlish laughs watched the zephyrs circle around his feverish brow. There is one man, however, from whom no attention can be drawn by any young lady in St. Paul. He is not married, neither does he despise the fair sex. He is simply worth a cool million, and imagines that every girl that looks at him is setting a snare to rope him in on account of his dust. Some of these dreamy romantic days some fair face wi'l carry his heart by storm, and he will find out, by a little use of wifely power, that he amounts to less than he imagined, especially when those bonds of his are converted into bonnets.

Naturally such "its" as above referred to will always be sat on by sensible young ladies; but yet, girls, if a young man would look straight ahead on all occasions and not deign to award you a glance, wouldn't you vote him "a perfect stick?" W. K. C.

A Dude's Joke.

Oil City Derrick.

A couple of dudish-looking fellows went into John Parks' hardware store yesterday, and, dancing up to the desk, asked of Mr. Parks:

"My deah sir, may we inquiah what a cant hook is?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Parks. "A cant hook is a thing to roll logs with. We have a great sale for them in this lumber country."

"You are whong, sir," replied one of the dudes; "dead whong. That is not a cant hook."

"Well, what is a cant hook, then?"

"A cant hook, sir," said the dude, edging toward the door, "a cant hook is a mooley cow. Te-he-he-he!" and the two gibbering idiots were gone.

WITH THE CHILDREN.

Bright Fancies and Odd Speeches of the Little Ones.

A BORN LAWYER.

Providence Journal.

Street Scene: Three small boys, one manipulating a long stick of molasses candy by inserting it into his œsophagus and bringing it to view again.

Second Small Boy—Say, Johnny, give me a piece.

"Naw, I won't, coz you axed me."

Third Small Boy—Say, Johnny, I didn't ax ye.

"Well, I seed you didn't want any."

DISCREDITED BY INSINUATION.

San Francisco Chronicle.

It is pleasant to know even one family in which the child of tender years takes an interest in those practical details of housekeeping which make a woman so valuable to a man who wants to keep house. The youngster is but seven. They are a family of three and none of them like dessert. But the other evening a guest unexpectedly came to dinner, and it came to a question as to whether he might not like a bit of cheese. The young lady, with great urbanity, looked up and said:

"Mamma, I don't believe there's anything in the house except some 'mouse' cheese, and I don't think the general would like that."

THE GENUINE HUNTSMAN SPIRIT.

Providence Journal.

A small boy was given a toy gun in the use of which beans served as ammunition. The little fellow was tremendously excited over the toy, and came in one morning from the yard, where he had been firing it, exclaiming excitedly:

"I shot a bean right up through God's house, and think I hit him!"

The earnestness of the little lad showed how unconscious he was of any sound of irreverence in his words.

A THEORY AND A QUERY.

Chicago Tribune.

A little threr-year-old Chicago girl and her grandmother were walking on Madison street a day or two ago when they met a man who was hobbling along on crutches.

"Grandma," said the little girl, "what a funny looking man. What's the matter with the him?"

"That poor man has only one leg," replied the lady; "he is a cripple."

The little blue eyes looked sympathizingly and thoughtfully at him, and for a few moments the child said nothing. Then, having apparently formed some kind of a theory as to the cause of the poor man's deformity, she asked:

"Grandma, what is God doing with his other leg?"

THE REFORMED HOME GOVERNMENT.

Philadelphia North American.

Mother (to four-year-old)—If your dolly has been so naughty has you say, Flossie, why don't you give er a good whipping?

Flossie (thoughtfully)—'Cause I don't b'lieve in that sort of thing.

EQUAL RIGHTS DEMANDED.

Sedalia (Mo.) Bazoo.

A little Sedalia girl who had been taught to offer prayer to God before retiring to rest nights, was with her mother at the St. Louis fair last week, and stopping with friends in the city, where there were other visitors, among whom were some ministers. Ministerial vacation had been the theme of the after-supper conversation, two of the ministers saying they were enjoying a much needed rest. The little lady was reminded, on preparing for bed at night, that she had neglected her usual prayer. With a manifest feeling that all was right with her, she replied: "Why, these ministers are here on a preaching vacation; I am tired, and want a praying vacation, too."

WEAKENING INFLUENCES.

Youth's Companion.

Jamie's mother took him to a Christian convention and he was so much impressed that he was a very good boy for several days after. One day he was very restless and had to be corrected several times. After his mamma had talked with him seriously for some naughty action, he exclaimed: "I guess you'll have to take me to another convention; won't you, mamma?"

KNEW ALL ABOUT PETER.

Dumb Animals.

It was at a Sunday-school exhibition, and the superintendent was showing off the results of his labors. During the exercises he asked the children who could tell him anything about Peter. No one answered. The question was repeated several times, till finally a little girl held up her hand. "Well, my dear," said the superintendent, "that's right; I am glad to see there is one little girl who will put these larger boys and girls to shame." The little girl came forward to the platform and was told to tell the audience what she knew of Peter. She put her finger in her mouth, and, looking very smiling, said:

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
Put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Amid the roar that followed she hurried gayly to her seat.

HOW THE BABY LOOKS.

Newburyport News.

A little Byfield girl, two years old, went with her aunt to see a baby, and when she came home exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! the baby cried till it bent its face all over."

OPPOSED TO "MIDDLEMEN."

Philadelphia Bulletin.

A little four-year-old chubby-faced boy sat clenching his fingers around a silver dollar at the Sunday school service at the Methodist Episcopal church in Tyrone, Pa., on Sunday, and later reluctantly surrendered it to a person who collected contributions to the church fund, saying afterward: "I didn't want to give it to Mr. B—; I wanted to give it to the Lord."

A Conundrum.

Epoch.

"Mamma," said a little girl of four, whose father pays very little attention to the dinner hour, "Papa is just like the moon, isn't he!"

"Why, my dear?"

"Because he comes a little later every night."

Tender Dignity.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The small girl had a request to prefer to her mother. She wanted to be permitted to go to the grocery for something that was needed. She was only seven. Her mother said:

"Well, you can go. But mind you must not stop on the street and talk to the boys."

"Mamma," she said, drawing herself up to her full height, "Mamma, you insult me!"

Not So Serious, After All.

Springfield Home.

Colored Doctor—I guess it yain't so serious, aunty; wid a little care I reckon de old man 'll pull through all right.

Aunty—T'ank heaben doctor! I was awful skeered, 'case dar warn't a cent in the house fo' to buy enny mournin' wif.

Clerks with ad. in this edition Find to-morrow a position.

SQUIRMERS WE DRINK

A Squint Into the Water That We Swallow in Gulps Every Day.

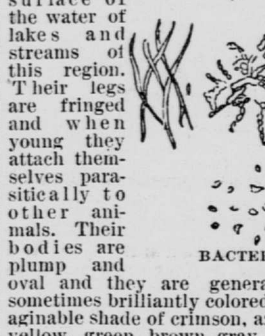
Wrigglers With Heads, Eyes and Scraggly Legs That Would Surely

Scare You Into Hysterics if They Were Large Enough to Be Plainly Seen.

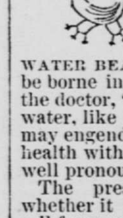
There Is No Way to Avoid Swallowing Them, Dead or Alive.

IT is hard to make people believe that apparently pure drinking water devoid of any noxious smell or disagreeable taste is in fact tenanted by thousands of the fircest looking wrigglers imaginable which only a microscopical examination will disclose to the eye. A drop of water from the Mississippi river placed under a microscope discloses a number of forms of animal life, and the same is true of water from wells in the vicinity of dwelling-houses and which are so numerous in St. Paul. These animalculæ are divided into different classes by scientists, the most common being termed rotaloria from the appearance they present resembling the turning of a wheel as they rapidly vibrate. They have one stomach, teeth and jaws to supply their wants and some species have at their extremity a tail or sucker by which they affix themselves to extraneous substances. They multiply by eggs but some species bring forth the young alive and both animals and eggs possesses extraordinary tenacity of life. The animal has the power of shutting itself up in its cone or shell and shoves out a number of fine horns supposed to be feelers and eight little red spots on each animal serves as eyes. One of these animals lays four eggs a day and after two days the offspring follows the example of its parent, so that in ten days a family of 1,000,000 is the result, in eleven days 4,000,000, and in twelve days 16,000,000 constitute a family that wages a relentless warefare in search of sustenance against the human race.

Water mites with six and eight legs, and like miniature bugs and beetles are another species of water animals, and horrid looking heads and bulging eyes are disclosed by the microscope. Sometimes they are called water spiders and many of the GLOBE's readers have doubtless observed them scudding over the surface of the water of lakes and streams of this region. Their legs are fringed and when young they attach themselves parasitically to other animals. Their bodies are plump and oval and they are generally bright, sometimes brilliantly colored every imaginable shade of crimson, azure, blue, yellow, green, brown, gray or purple. Water bear is the name applied to an eight-legged, all belly bug, the body being soft, colorless and transparent, with short legs, and on the end of each of which are several sharp claws. The mouth is a small opening at the front of the head and the gizzard, a short distance from the mouth, is plainly discernible through the transparent body. Bacteria are animals found not only in water but in blood, animal juices and secretions of all kinds, and they appear in abundance when animal matter is decaying. They all consist of single cells and four fundamental forms are recognized: spheroidal, rod shaped, thread like and spiral. To take up a white glass bottle of water and look at it no one would be readily convinced that such monsters were swimming about in such numbers as has been stated, but this has been explained by chemists, because these animals are held in solution. Wells located near dwelling houses are the most prolific sources of propagation of these water animals, especially as the sewage or other impure matter is apt to be percolated through the earth to the artificial opening, and hence it is claimed by the medical fraternity that water from wells is very conducive to typhoid fever, cholera, diphtheria and diseases of that sort. The attention of Health Officer Jones was called to this subject the other day by a GLOBE representative, and he stated that impure drinking water had long been recognized as one of the most potent causes of disease and death, numerous investigations having shown that a great mortality visits certain classes and communities consequent upon their using water contaminated by organic impurities. "It should be borne in mind, however," continued the doctor, "that the effects of impure water, like the effects of impure air, may engender a general impairment of health without giving rise to any very well pronounced disease."



BACTERIA.



WATER BEAR.

The presence of organic matter, whether it has percolated through the soil from cesspools or other filth accumulations into wells, or whether it has been discharged from open sewers into streams, converts drinking water into a dangerous poison, fraught with disease and death. Especially is this true of river water contiguous to mills or manufactories when the washings of the soil are deposited in the bed of the river, only to be stirred up and disseminated through the human system whenever water obtained from such a source is drank.

This reminds me that the water of St. Paul, taken from the pipes running through the city and which is obtained from Lakes Vadnais and Phalen, is absolutely pure, and should invariably be given the preference, when it is possible, over water obtained from wells or even cisterns about the city. Or, if people must use well water, let them boil it first, then put it away to cool before drinking it, and I venture to say that thare will be fewer cases of typhoid fever in our midst. Investigation at the city hospital of over 100 cases of typhoid fever, treated there during the past summer, showed that not in one instance had the patient been in the habit of drinking water from the city pipes, but invariably well water was at the bottom of the difficulty. One reason why the lake water is so pure is that it is remote from buildings or manufactories, and consequently few, if any, impurities are discharged into it. But we must prepare for the future, and I believe that it would be a wise plan for the city to purchase the land for a width of 200 or 300 feet around the shores of Lakes Vadnais and Phalen in order to preserve the present purity of the water. It is even how proposed to establish stock yards north of the city, contiguous to one of these lakes, and in course of time the demands for space will be extended and encroach upon the land needed for the protection of our water. Now that the country round about these lakes is sparsely settled, and land consequently cheap, advantage should be taken of the opportunity ere it is too late. A specimen of well water, as clear as crystal, and which, so far as the senses of sight, taste and smell are concerned, is pure, may be very impure, as a chemical analysis will show it to be highly charged with organic matter, and consequently unfit for consumption. Much scepticism exists among the public regarding this question, and it frequently happens that persons owning wells resent as a personal affront any suspicions that may be expressed concerning the purity of the water obtained from their wells. Hence, even at the risk of being called a crank on this very important matter, my advice to the public of St. Paul is to use the lake water in every possible case and do away with the existing evil of polluted drive wells. Owing to the formation of the country in this section, in boring for water it is frequently found at a depth of about sixty feet, although sometimes it is necessary to force the diamond-pointed drill into the earth for a distance of 200 feet; but even then there is no safety from the organic impurities that must necessarily dribble into the wells. Three-fourths of the population of this city are to-day drinking well water because it is more convenient of access in preference to the pure lake water at their doors, and thus putting themselves in a condition to be attacked by diseases which must prove fatal if the habit is persisted in.

EYELESS SPIDER.

ROTALORIA.

HOW TO DRESS THE HAIR.

Don't Follow a Fashion, But Study What Is Becoming.

The question of dressing the hair becomingly is one that agitates many feminine breasts, and is understood by comparatively few women. The idea of adopting a certain style of coiffure merely because it happens to be the fashion is ridiculous. There should be no such thing as fashion in this important matter. A woman ought to dress her hair according to her face, but in nine cases out of ten this is precisely what she does not do. Fixed rules cannot of course be laid down as to the proper procedure in hair-dressing, but there are several general precepts that may be followed by young and old with impunity. For instance, a long, narrow face demands that the hair be somewhat puffed at the sides so that a proper harmony of proportion be maintained. A contrary course should be observed if the countenance be round and full. Nothing can be more ill-adapted to a short, fat face than bushy curls surrounding it. Yet fat women nearly always arrange their hair in curls and puffs exaggerated to a degree corresponding to the amount of adjacent adipose tissue. A slight crimping of the hair relieves otherwise severe outlines and is always becoming; but thereis a great difference between soft waves and bushy curls. Above all things hold in abject abhorrence that terrible and hideous article known as "front." There never was a false front wig or semi-wig that did not by its very appearance proclaim its true name to the world. To mistake a false front for the wearer's own hair is just as possible as to mistake a wooden leg or a glass eye for real flesh and blood. A false front is a glaring fraud to which no self-respecting woman will lend herself. If she has the misfortune to be bald let her buy an entire wig and make no secret of its possession. But to deliberately fasten back her own locks to pin upon her forehead a stiff, ungainly row of curls or bangs cut from somebody else's head constitutes an exhibition of bad taste that amounts almost to a crime. The greatest beauty would be heavily weighted by a false front, while to an ugly woman it is a millstone.

"THE DARBY RAM."

Gen. Washington's First and Last Appearance as an Amateur Singer.

"The Darby Ram" is often sung at Pennsylvania banquets, but it is not generally known that it was once sung by Gen. George Washington, wrote Ben: Perley Poore to the American Cultivator. Passing through Hartford, Conn., Washington was invited to dine with Chief Justice Oliver Ellsworth at his residence in Windsor, and while there made his only recorded public appearance as an amateur vocalist. Entering the nursery, where were twin boys two years old (afterward the late Gov. Ellsworth and Hon. Henry L. Ellsworth), he took one on each knee and sang to them this song, often repeated in after years by the governor with zest:

As I was going to Darby,
Upon a market day,
I spied the biggest ram, sir,
That ever was fed upon hay.
Tow de row de row,
Tow de row de da.

He had four feet to walk, sir,
He had four feet to stand,
And every foot he had, sir,
Covered an acre of land.
Tow, etc.

The wool upon his back, sir,
It reached to the sky;
The eagles built their nests there,
For I heard their young ones cry.
Tow, etc.

The wool upon his tail, sir,
I heard the weaver say,
Made three thousand yards of cloth,
For he wove it all in a day.
Tow, etc.

The butcher that cut his throat, sir,
Was drowned in the blood,
And the little boy who held the bowl
Was carried away in the flood.
Tow, etc.

Although this differs somewhat from his "Farewell Address," it doubtless had an appreciative audience in the nursery.

Girl as a Car Conductor.

Ansonia (Conn.) Sentinel.

An Ansonia young lady had occasion to act as conductor on one of the street cars one day last week under peculiar circumstances. In company with another young lady she was riding from Birmingham, and by mistake dropped a quarter of a dollar into the box whence no change comes. The quarter jingled against the glass sides with an unusually loud sound that caused the driver to take his eyes off the road for an instant and place them in the direction of the fare-box. As his optics caught sight of the quarter settling itself down the glass toboggan they also noticed an outstretched hand belonging to the young lady, and his ears heard the familiar sound of "Change, please." The Jehu explained away all thoughts that the young lady had of ever getting her fifteen cents change, and told her that the best way he saw was for her to collect three fares from the passengers as they entered the car. Accordingly the young lady, as any sensible person would do, bided her time, and from a trio who boarded the car, collected the amount of her deficiency, thus balancing herself with the company's treasury.

MODERN WISDOM.

A good conscience is the best divinity.

Nothing shows greater abjectness of spirit than a haughty demeanor toward inferiors.

Many men claim to be firm in their principle when really they are only obstinate in their prejudices.

Ingratitude is, of all crimes, what in ourselves we account the most venial—in others the most unpardonable.

A moderate understanding, with diligent and well-directed application, will go much farther than a more lively genius attended with that impatience and inattention which too often accompany quick parts.

Though years bring with them wisdom, yet there is one lesson the aged seldom learn, namely, the management of youthful feelings. Age is all head, youth all heart; age reasons, youth is under the dominion of hope.

ART FEELING IN DRESSES.

A Woman Gives Her Opinion as to What Æsthetic Gowns Should Be Like.

There Has Been Too Much Running After Man Milliners, and This is a Result.

Sketches of House, Tea and Street Gowns from Original Designs Representing Latest Fashions.

IT USED to be the accepted canon of good taste that a blonde must wear such and such colors and that a brunette must dress so and so, just as it was the fact that all the better ideas of taste came from Paris and London. But now American women, and men, too, are making a study of artistic dressing, and in the sketches of gowns given below are embodied some of the cleverest and newest ideas the World has been able to gather from the best designers. They are given here, firstly, because they are truly original, and a vast improvement on what the stiff fashion plate design can be at its best, and, lastly, because there cannot fail to be some among the many women readers of the World who will see in one or more of these designs an idea for a gown that will exactly suit her personality. All women would not look her best in these gowns, made in the fabrics and colors of the original conception, but the woman must indeed be lost beyond redemption, from an artistic point of view, who can gain from them no hint, says the New York World.

One thing more, however, than the bare hint should be gathered from these sketches, and that is the difference that should always be striven for when choosing street and home dresses. The street dress par excellence is the tailor dress, and the better the tailor the better the goods, and the simpler the making the better is the result. The house dress, on the other hand, should be femininity itself. It should yield ever to the wearer's comfort and her general style. Expense is not an absolute necessity, but grace and becomingness should be always considered, for whatever is so wisely chosen can never fail to add to a woman's power and happiness.

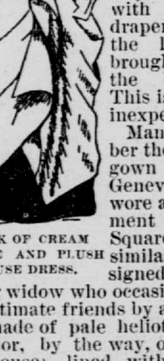
The first of these gowns is intended for a somewhat bizarre but decidedly effective house dress for a brunette who could wear it "smartly." It is a combination of copper-colored velvet and black silk of the kind known as Tassau, and which has the very desirable quality of not becoming crushed. It has a Spanish jacket with half sleeves, embroidered with copper beads. The jacket is edged and embroidered with copper beads and opens over a full, loose underwaist of the silk. A perfectly smooth drapery of the velvet crosses diagonally a plain, full skirt of the silk. There is a very full drapery of silk at the back. A sash of black silk is arranged about the waist loosely and knotted over the silk skirt low on the right side, coming from under the velvet drapery of the left side and over the panel on the right.

HOUSE DRESS OF COPPER-COLORED VELVET AND BLACK SILK.

That cream serge is to be much worn in the house this winter is something that every one knows who at all keeps the run of what is considered to be becoming and correct. A pretty variation from the plain serge is a combination with one of the many charming shades of plush shown this fall. It is very convenient if one can have a street dress made "all in one" or even two pieces, and for business women indispensable, but for home dresses a much better effect may be gained by having each garment made separate. A particular amount of advantage may be gained in this gown by giving it the full benefit of the separate vest. An underwaist is made to fasten behind with plush front and sleeves. The garment over this is of serge, as shown in the sketch. A loose hanging sleeve of the serge, lined with cream silk, is attached to the left side. The right is simply one large square of serge, plaited into the shoulder and brought around to the back, forming the back drapery. One corner is caught up on the right shoulder behind, meeting the fulness of the front, thus giving consistency though not similarity to the two sides. The skirt is of plush half way up and covered with a long apron drapery coming from the left side and brought round to meet the back drapery. This is a graceful and inexpensive costume.

FRONT OF SERGE AND PLUSH GOWN.

Many will remember the pretty Greek gown which Miss Genevieve Stebbins wore at her entertainment at the Madison Square theater. A similar one was designed for a pretty young widow who occasionally delights her intimate friends by appearing in it. It is made of pale heliotrope cashmere (a color, by the way, only suitable for the house), lined with India silk of a darker shade; a girdle of silk fastened to the shoulders crosses the back and clasps the waist; the sleeves fall to the bottom of the dress and are lined with the silk; a band of the silk finishes the bottom of the gown and the neck. The idea of this gown, though not exactly copied, was taken from the beautiful little Tanagre statuette at the Metropolitan museum.



BACK OF CREAM SERGGE AND PLUSH HOUSE DRESS.

GREEK GOWN.

Some beautiful flowered moire antique silk in a window suggests a quaint tea town, which would suit admirably some gately lady. Made in mulberry corol, sperfectly plain princess, with a Watteau back and we elbo s leves, it would be pretty. These should be finished with a fall of rare old lace. It should be open in front to show a Recamier robe of primrose-colored satin, which should have a thin sheet of wadding under it to give it richness and softness at the same time. The short waist of this robe should be confined by a girdle of amber clasped in front and the slightly decollete neck edged with amber beads. We might slash the left sleeve and fasten it together with three amber clasps. A feather fan attached to a rosary of amber beads would be a coquettish addition to this imaginary gown, and my lady should wear Suede shoes of a pale yellow.

If she wishes to be very "grand" she might powder her hair and decorate it with amber ornaments, and then her friends would all fell it their duty to tell her she looked as if she had "just stepped out of a picture." That will give a clever man a chance to whisper that she is the picture.

TEA GOWN.

Pretty bath robes can be made out of the soft infants' blankets, the pretty stripes running up and down and around the collar. The sleeves may be close or wide and full, and the waist should be girded with thick cord to match the color of the stripes.

These then are the four gowns.

Who is there who will not agree that they are practical, artistic, and in feminine phrase, "lovely?"

IN A HAUNTED CHAMBER.

How a Witty Canon Vanquished Spectral Visitor.

Chambers' Journal.

There is in one of the midland counties of England a fine old and rather historical mansion, with towers, turrets and mullioned windows. But alas! for all its attractive beauty, it possessed the one terrible drawback with which so many of our grand old mansions are unluckily afflicted—it had its ghost and its haunted room, which no servant would enter alone, even in broad daylight, and in which no one ever, or very rarely ever, slept. With the usual provoking irregularity which belongs to the whole tribe of the disembodied spirits, the ghost was known to "walk" at the most inconvenient moments, always appearing when not wanted, and carefully disappointing every party of valiant ghost-hunters whenever they mustered up courage enough for the watch. The ghost always appeared in the attire of a mediæval monk—brown habit and cowl, rope-girdle, sandals, and carried a parchment rcll in one hand.

About two years ago it happened that the mansion was full of visitors, and among the last to arrive was a well-known canon of the church, celebrated for his unflagging spirits and sparkling wit. But every room was occupied. He was far too great a favorite to be refused. What was to be done? Happy thought—the haunted chamber. The canon, as a good priest, would, of course, have no fear of the ghost, as this was his first visit. In this, however, the good host was mistaken, for the witty canon had often heard the story and knew all about it. Accordingly he was committed to the haunted chamber.

Next morning at breakfast no one appeared with a brighter or happier face, or seemed fuller of high spirits and exuberant fun. "It is quite clear," thought the host, greatly relieved, "he has not been disturbed in any way."

Next morning, and the next, and the next, he still came down with the early ones with the same light-hearted aspect, which only those who have enjoyed sound sleep or peaceful dreams can wear. The host's anxiety at length could stand it no longer, and he congratulated his visitor on the soundness of his rest and quietude of his nights. But the witty canon, seeing his opportunity, suddenly assuming a very grave face, informed his host that his first night at any rate had been neither quiet nor undisturbed. A sudden pause and a dead silence followed as the canon proceeded to describe how, while he was lying wide awake, he was aware of the presence in the room of a tall, dark figure, which came up to the bed.

He observed that the figure was habited as a monk and carried a parchment roll, with which it appeared to point. The canon ended by dwelling on its ghastly color and glaring, horrible eyes, as they shone forth beneath the dark cowl.

A dozen anxious questions at once poured in upon the speaker: "What did you do?" "Did you address it?" "Did he speak to you?" "How did you get rid of him?"

"How?" replied the witty canon. "Why, very easily. I asked him to subscribe to my schools and school-treat, when he vanished immediately; and I need hardly add he has never honored me with another visit."

Gumboil in New Guinea.

Modern Society.

That superior product of pious parents, young Earl Cairns, who has been exploring the Antipodes in company with other choice spirits, soon tired, we are told of New Guinea. We presume he was disappointed in the aboriginal dusky maidens, who, as we could have told him before he started, are none of them to be compared with even the back row of an East end ballet. It is possible the earl's disappointment was shared by the ladies of New Guinea, when they discovered he was not fat enough to be fit to eat.

A German Butcher's Brains.

New York Evening Sun.

"Have you any brains?" asked a sweet young girl as she tripped into an Eighth avenue butcher shop.

The burly Teuton who owns the shop turned from his block and indignantly replied: "Of course I've got prains. I owns dis shop und I keeps my own pooks. You tink I can do dot off I got no prains?"

"Shakespeare was the son of a wool stapler," but, he was compelled to go wool-gathering to obtain the warp and woof to weave into a web of classic literature.—Whitehall Times.

The Worst Cough

Is relieved by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. But don't delay till the bronchial tubes are inflamed and the lungs congested. Prompt use insures rapid cure. L. D. Bixley, of Bartonville, Vt., writes: "Four years ago I took a severe cold, which was followed by a terrible cough. I was confined to my bed about four months. My physician finally said I was in Consumption, and that he could not help me. One of my neighbors advised me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I did so, and was well before I had finished taking the first bottle. Ever since then my health has been good."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

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

WHAT IS CATARRH?

How Many Forms Do We Recognize?

HOW ARE THEY TREATED?

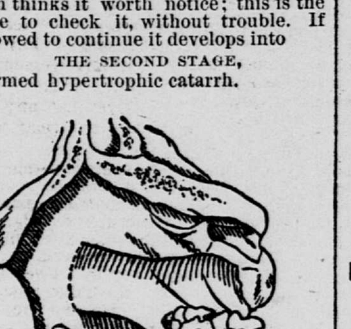
Catarrh is an increased secretion and discharge from a mucous membrane. The membrane contains many little glands and follicles, these become diseased and fail to perform their proper functions.

THERE ARE THREE

Stages or changes of this diease: One is called simple, chronic catarrh; this is a chronic inflammation of the mucous membrane; the symptoms are first an increased discharge of mucus, then comes the muco-pus and a slight interference with the sense of smell; sometimes there is a frequent desire to clear the throat; these symptoms are slight and unembarrassing, the sufferer seldom thinks it worth notice; this is the time to check it, without trouble. If allowed to continue it develops into

THE SECOND STAGE,

Termed hypertrophic catarrh.

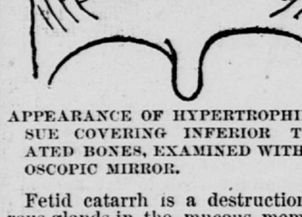


HYPERTROPHIED TISSUE COVERING THE POSTERIOR EXTREMITY OF INFERIOR TURBINATED BONE.

The symptoms are: A thickened and relaxed condition of mucous membrane in nasal passages; the glands at the vault of the pharynx participate in the hypertrophy, secretion is greatly increased, thick and tenacious, difficult to raise, indicating the glands are seriously diseased; patient commences to breathe with difficulty, the voice becomes nasal in character; sufferer, for the first time, in most cases, decides to do something for relief; fortunately every case of this kind can be cured, if properly treated, but if allowed to continue, or worthless treatment applied

THE THIRD STAGE,

Fetid catarrh, quickly follows. Of this I have little to say, it is difficult to cure and some cases are incurable.



APPEARANCE OF HYPERTROPHIED TISSUE COVERING INFERIOR TURBINATED BONES, EXAMINED WITH RHINOSCOPIC MIRROR.

Fetid catarrh is a destruction of serous glands in the mucous membrane; they fail to perform their functions and mucus secreted by the remaining glands rapidly forms crusts and scabs, which are imprisoned in the narrowed parts of canals, and pent up beneath the turbinated bones, no wonder they decompose and fetor is established. This is a fearfully aggravating form of the disease. If you are troubled do not delay, or waste your time and money, experimenting with worthless medicines.

It costs nothing to visit our office and learn if your case is curable or not: if it is hopeless we say so at once. In all medicable diseases we guarantee a cure, the sooner it is accomplished the sooner we receive our pay.

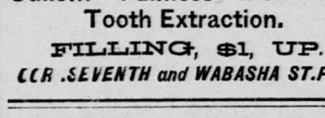
In cases of catarrh, throat and lung affections patients receive complete outfit for home treatment. In some cases it will take weeks to cure, others months, but if it required a year the cost to our patients is the same; it is for our benefit to cure soon as possible. There is no one treating these diseases successful enough to make the proposition we do. Our treatment is being delivered to all parts of the land. When writing inclose stamp. Address,

Doctors Jenigor & Horton,

No. 217 East Seventh Street,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Hours—9 to 11 a. m., 2 to 4, and 7 to 9 p. m.



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CONTRACT WORK.

Grading Alley and Park.

OFFICE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 4, 1887.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, at their office in said city, until 12 m., on the 17th day of November, A. D. 1887, for grading alley and park on the north side of lot 8, Crocus Hills Third rearrangement, St. Paul, from Dale street (formerly Fairmount Place) to Goodrich avenue, in said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two (2) sureties in a sum of at least twenty (20) per cent. of the gross amount bid must accompany each bid.

The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

R. L. GORMAN, President.

Official: W. F. ERWIN,

310-320 Clerk Board of Public Works.

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Dry Dimension, Boards, Etc.

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CONGO OIL FOR ACHES & PAINS

The Great Household remedy for all Muscular and General Bodily Pains. Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lame Back, Sprains, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Swellings, Cramps, Colic, Cuts, Wounds, Chilblains, Bunions, Frost Bites. All genuine bears this signature: J. P. Allen ST. PAUL, MINN., Druggist & Chemist

Proposals for a Site Suitable for a City and County Jail.

COUNTY AUDITOR'S OFFICE, ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 3, 1887.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of the County Auditor until

Tuesday, Nov. 15, 1887,

At 2 o'clock p. m., from owners and agents of real estate, for a site suitable for a

City and County Jail.

The said site to embrace an area of not less than 50x100 feet, nor more than 100x150 feet to a corner, to be paid for in cash within ninety days from the acceptance and confirmation of the bid.

The right to reject any and all bids is reserved.

By order of joint committee of the Common Council of the city of St. Paul and the County Commissioners of Ramsey County.

M. F. KAIN, County Auditor.

CONTRACT WORK.

Grading Ravine Street,

OFFICE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Oct. 27, 1887.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, at their office in said city, until 12 m. on the 7th day of November, A. D. 1887, for grading Ravine street, to a partial grade from Hoffman avenue to Maria avenue, grading roadway to edge of bluff and putting in stairs from top to bottom of said bluff, and grading said Ravine street to a full grade, from Maria avenue to Maple street, in said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two (2) sureties in a sum of at least twenty (20) per cent. of the gross amount bid must accompany each bid.

The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

R. L. GORMAN, President.

Official: W. F. ERWIN,

301-311 Clerk Board of Public Works.

CONTRACT WORK.

Grading Third, Canal and Fourth Streets.

OFFICE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 1, 1887.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, at their office in said city, until 12 m. on the 14th day of November, A.D. 1887, for the grading of Third street, from Commercial street to Maple street; Canal street to a partial grade, from Fourth street to southeast line of Ames street, and Fourth street to a partial grade, from the right of way of the St. Paul & Duluth Railway company to Commercial street, and construct the necessary retaining walls on said Third street from Commercial street to Maple street, in said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two (2) sureties in a sum of at least twenty (20) per cent. of the gross amount bid must accompany each bid.

The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

R. L. GORMAN, President.

Official: W. F. ERWIN,

307-317 Clerk Board of Public Works.