"I've been thinking of late,"
So a merchant did prate,
As he counted his cash in the till,
"I could double my stuff;
Yes, easy enough,
If a space in the GLOBE I would fill.

St. Paul Daily Globe.

SUNDAY ISSUE---PAGES 17 TO 20.

"No, it wouldn't be bad,
If I'd put in an 'ad,'
Describing my business and store.
And the money I'd spend
Would come back in the end
In a cool hundred thousand or more."

VOL. X. SAINT PAUL, MINN., SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 11, 1888.---TWENTY PAGES. NO. 71.

SIMPLE AND SMOKING

Clara Belle Gossips About Cigarettes, New Styles and Women.

Fair Smokers at the French Ball and Other New York Places.

New Fabrics, and How to Make Them Into Pretty Garments.

Two Lovely Women Mourning for One Man--A Coincidence.

A GOOD many bad things at the French masquerade have already been described in the papers, but one exhibit of hilarity which made the deepest impression upon me when I saw it has not until here been mentioned, writes Clara Belle to the Cincinnati Enquirer. It was a girl, not more than eighteen, and pretty enough to attract attention in an assemblage largely composed of what may be called professional beauties. She was working the simplicity racket both in dress and deportment up to about 2 o'clock in the morning. Her unbleached auburn hair was cut short and left unembellished, except by a quarter-inch velvet ribbon encircling it once. Her costume was that of a peasant, and its material and cut were of the plainest. Her fair face, arms and shoulders disclosed no bogus hues, and even her displayed stockings were of one dun color. But along toward morning I saw her, through the eyeholes of my mask, in a corner of the wine room, in the midst of a rollicking gang of young fellows, drinking champagne and smoking an ordinary long clay pipe. She must have picked up this pipe from where some workman in the building had left it, although it had not apparently been previously used. I imagined that the smoke was that of mild cigarette tobacco, but on my pursuing my investigations closely, I ascertained from the dreadful smell of it that the strongest and vilest of Connecticut weed was

burning in the bowl. She drew this toxic smoke into her youthful mouth, permitted it to cloud her pearly teeth and then emitted it from her red lips without so much as a grimace of disgust. So much for the daisy of the ball.

I don't know that I am altogether down on smoking by women, if they confine it to dainty, perfumed cigarettes, and don't make the indulgence public. As for men, they enjoy smoking so acutely that I am down on any repression of it. I here record myself as wishing that every woman might be compelled to acclimatize herself to tobacco smoke, so that there need be no time or place for a "no smoking" sign to be displayed.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

is a big thing in the air, but its management isn't perfect yet by a considerable majority. A rosy future in the way of facilities, however, is promised by the benevolent board of trustees. The recent public agitation caused by the arrest of a reputable merchant, who insisted on standing upon a car platform to smoke his cigar, is still fresh in remembrance. He got into trouble because the management provided no proper place for the enjoyment of his after-breakfast cigar, and because he didn't propose to have any body of laymen make sumptuary laws for him. The airing the case received in court was not agreeable, and the board of trustees, which includes the mayors of the two cities, promised that after the 1st of April smoking cars will be furnished. These will probably not be run all day, but during certain hours of the morning and evening. The innovation will be an excellent one. To a majority of the toiling thousands smoking is not permitted during the working day, and their only hope and solace is to enjoy the weed between home and office. Now, a half-burned cigar, unlighted, is infinitely more offensive to a lady than one in full blaze, and besides it ruins a decent cigar to extinguish the fire temporarily. By the new arrangement the ladies will be pleased, the men delighted, and an outrage on good tobacco obviated.

The other dark night a glimmer of a cigarette was seen by a bridge official. He went for it. But it was not at the mouth of a man. It was at the pouting lips of a pretty and audacious girl—a real, saucy thing.

"Put out that cigarette," he commanded.

"I won't," said she.

"Don't you see the rule" and he pointed at the placard.

"Yes, and can't you read it yourself?" she retorted.

It was this:

Gentlemen must not smoke here!

"It says gents mustn't smoke," she added, "and it doesn't mention ladies. Now, I'm a lady, and I smoke."

She cocked the cigarette up out of the north corner of her mouth, sent a whiff of smoke curling off on the winds and sauntered along.

HERE ARE TWO GIRLS

of a type seen numerously this spring in New York. They are bordered with unsullied white fur; they are stylish in their way, and they are veiled for March—the month in which raw winds spoil complexions. So this is a month of veils. Observe the wraps, too. They are the latest. For less rakish girls smart little tight-fitting coats are to be much affected by young ladies this spring, and those of thin white cloth will be in the best style. These will be lined with bright-colored satins, red, of course, having the predominance, and will have daint ittle hoods, also lined, after the fashion of those worn some few years ago. Some of these little coats have already made their appearance in the Sunny South. Yet I shudder when I think of the horrible caricatures yet to come of this pretty idea, for if not well made these white coats will be a terrible eye-sore.

BROCADES

are to be a great feature of the spring fashions, and the new patterns are marvels of loveliness. This is, of course, the inevitable silver wedding brocade, which will doubtless be greatly in demand for bridal gowns. This is of thick, but very soft, white silk, having bunches of lilies of the valley brocaded upon it in bright silver. But there are others of pure white, with bunches of oats, barley and the larger wild flowers, apparently thrown carelessly upon the material in a different shade of white. The most beautiful, perhaps, are the colored brocades with the quaint old Louis the XIV. and Louis XV. designs upon them. For these that curious shade of light, vivid green has

been revived that was fashionable some little while ago, and upon this ground are scattered the most exquisitely colored clusters or wee rosebuds tied with dainty little lovers' knots in pale blue, so that the wearer becomes like a piece of delicate Sevres. The new silks are not so pretty. Most of them have a spot ground, and nearly all have stripes of alternate moire and satin. On these stripes appear either brocaded flowers or small round spots of different colors, that are somewhat dazzling to the eye. Bright green is, of course, much used for everything else. Vivid colors generally promise to be fashionable. Among them are some charming shades of yellow, which is to be very popular, one or two variations of heliotrope—that is, however, waning in favor—and a most wonderful poppy red of dazzling brilliance.

A MAGNIFICENT DINNER DRESS

has lately been made here for a Vanderbilt lady. It is in white brocade and Sicilienne, the long train and skirt front being in the brocade, the latter bordered with a wide band of otter fur. This is covered by a long drapery in Sicilienne, beautifully embroidered by hand in gold. The corsage is composed one-half of gold-embroidered Sicilienne and the other half of brocade, made bias and with slight fullness. Bands of otter fur passing over the shoulders do duty for sleeves. In striking contrast to this sumptuous toilet is an equally charming dress. The skirt is in alternate half-widths of white watered silk and of white crape, tucked with finger-wide horizontal tucks. On the two side widths of watered silk and on the one at the left side of the front are long garlands of exquisite pale pink roses with buds and foliage. The whole skirt front is veiled in a single thickness of white tulle, caught up in gathered folds at the side of the train, which is in alternate half-widths of watered silk and tucked crape. The corsage in watered silk is trimmed with tulle and roses. Another charming evening dress has the back of the short skirt composed of full flowing widths of white tulle spotted with gold. The skirt front is in plain white tulle, over which is another in white satin with four bands of insertion in white gauze, embroidered in gold, let into it horizontally, beginning at the hem. The strips of white sation that alternate with the insertion are also embroidered with gold, and a narrow pattern in the same embroidery meets the last row of insertion at the top, the whole coming to the height of the wearer's knee. The side panels are in the same style, and at the waist is a wide short sash with straight flat ends, all made with gold embroidery and gauze insertion to match the skirt front.

THE SHOULDER CAPE

has for March been transferred from Newmarkets and ulsters to dresses, and it appears in the streets as here pictured. It is mannish, rather. Speaking of men's fashions aped by women, advocates of the wearing of divided skirts quoted Rosa Bonheur as an example, but I learn that the artist wears a male costume only when working at her own house. She then appears in a blouse, worn over a pair of men's ordinary trousers, and a wide-brimmed hat of felt or straw. It is said that Rosa Bonheur adopted this costume when quite young, because she found skirts so terribly inconvenient when working in menageries and cattle-yards.

"If you should meet her in the streets of Paris," my informant goes on to say, "you would see a large, elderly woman, rather plainly dressed in black, her

abundant gray hair tucked under a close bonnet, and, unless you were attracted by the peculiar strength of her face and by her piercing, attentive eyes, you would not notice that she differed from any lady in the passing crowd, except that she wears the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor."

A CURIOUS CASE

of double life and wifely philosophy recently came under my notice. A certain gentleman of wealth and social standing in New York was credited by the fashionable world with the possession of all the virtues popularly attaching to a pewholder of an up-town avenue church. He owned a beautiful home, an accomplished wife and two interesting children. His dwelling was the scene of elaborate receptions, and his life apparently a pattern. But behind it all was a skeleton in the closet. It was a female skeleton, clothed in elegant attire and stowed away in a luxurious apartment in another quarter of the town. But the wife was cognizant of the skeleton's presence, and condoned it either to avoid a scandal or because she was indifferent. Charity suggests the former theory. The skeleton was wont to purchase bonnets and dresses at fashionable establishments—the same, by the way, patronized by the wife—and the wealthy man's checks paid for both. This, of course, gave dressmaker and milliner a cue to the true situation, but each was discreet, because discretion paid. The gentleman died suddenly several weeks ago. The skeleton at once went into mourning and arrived at the Fifth avenue milliner's before the widow, leaving an order behind. The same afternoon the widow appeared, and her first question was:

"Has Mrs. So-and-So left an order here? If so, I will leave mine elsewhere."

The milliner put her conscience in her pocket, assured the afflicted lady that such was not the case, and secured the order. Then the widow disappeared quite contented. Assuredly this is a pretty commentary on New York life.

CURES BY PRAYER.

Story of a Negro Woman Who Was "Called" From the Washtub.

Springfield Republican.

Divine healing in any form always excites interest, and the following card has aroused some curiosity:

MRS. C. WILLIAMS,
DIVINE HEALING FREE OF CHARGE.
54 Willow Street, Springfield, Mass.
Meeting Friday Evening.

A knock at the door on the first floor of 54 Willow street brings a rather tall, thin black woman to the door. She is neatly clad, and her appearance is in no way peculiar, except for her nervous energy. There are lots of little ones hovering around her, but they are all "shoed" into the kitchen while the "divine healer" ushers the visitor into the parlor, a small room heated to suffocation by a red-hot stove. The marvelous cures are generally performed there. Mrs. Williams states that she has lived in the city fourteen years, and became conscious of her healing power four years ago, Feb. 10, just after her husband died. Her story is best told in her own words, somewhat as follows: "When my husband died I knew I was mis'able sinner, and I felt so all de time. Once when I was washin' clo's in dat kitchen I heerd de Lord say, 'Now, you take your hands right outen' dis washtub and go to preachin' de gospel and healin' de sick, de maimed and de blind.' Den I argufied, not bein' a Christian, and for free months I din not obey His call. But at last I heerd de Lord say as plain as I hear dat clock tickin', 'Mrs. Williams, you obey my call or you'll be damned.' So I had to gib in.

"Dere was a little girl dat libed up stairs, blind with the scrofula, and seemed as dough de doctor couldn't do nuffin' for her at all. De doctor wouldn't let me touch her, but I just knelt down and prayed as earnest as I could, and when de doctor come next day, says he: 'Who's been a-doctorin' dis child?' 'I have,' says I; 'I done it by prayer;' and dat child she got well in free days. Den I got a call from my cousin in Virginia, who had somefing white over her eye. 'Twasn't a cataract'. I went down, and just laid a piece o' wet linen ober dat eye, and she can see now as well as eber. O, I cure lots and lots o' people in dis city. Der' was an old woman that lib'd on Union street. Her father threw a stone at a cow one day, but it hit her in the hip, so her legs has been shriveled up eber since. I tole dat woman I was goin' to pray for her at such a time, and I did. And just at dat time de woman jumped up and says 'I'm cured,' and she's been able to walk eber since. Before I received de spirit I had a cancer," pointing to a scar on the cheek, "but as soon as I went inter dis work it went right away. I havn't worked for a cent since I 'beyed de voice ob de Lord, but I keeps a box on de do', and people drop money in. Den I don't ask nobody to pay me for curin' 'em, but sometimes dey gibs me presents. I have meetin's ebery Friday night, and like to have any one come, so long as dey behabes de'selves. Dey are held right in dat kitchen. I don't b'lieve in faith cures. I just pray for de sick and dey gets well."

A Blow at Iced Tea.

New York Mail and Express.

"Give me a tenderloin well done, some Lyonnaise potatoes and some celery."

"Yes, sir."

"And, waiter, bring me some iced tea."

"The worst thing you could drink," remarked a doctor who was taking lunch with a reporter.

"How is this?"

"First, the cold water is not good for your stomach, and then as a preventive from any epidemic it is well to boil all fluids used for drinking purposes. Tea taken hot is more wholesome than iced tea. To prove this just look at the Chinese. Their population is enormous, but it could never have increased to the present number if epidemics had ravaged that empire as they have those of the west. The Chinese are a healthy people in spite of their indescribably filthy surroundings. I attribute this to their use of tea as a beverage. This is the only redeeming feature of their lives. They do not drink it iced, but hot, and to make it they have to boil the water. In the presence of an epidemic of cholera, typhoid fever or dysentery the wisest precaution to take is to boil all fluids used for drinking purposes."

THE ICE PALACE.

Written for the Globe.

O, not in Minnesota's woods
Were its stout timbers grown;
Nor from her quarries under ground
Came mantel, lintel, girder sound,
And broad foundation stone.

Not like adobe structures built
Of bricks or sun-dried clay:
But architrave, and post and beam
From Mississippi's frozen stream
Were cleft and borne away.

Not like the Coliseum—once
The pride of Italy,
Upreared by men of form and face
Betokening a suffering race
In hard captivity.

But freemen willing labor gave,
For Western hearts are warm,
And for the carnival to be,
As 'twere a city's jubilee,
Toiled on in calm and storm.

What spectacle could e'er surpass
The scenes within its walls?
Recalling fetes of ancient Rome,
The circus ring, the hippodrome,
Or Nero's gilded halls.

But Comus, god of gayety,
Like man, was born to die;
The pageant autocrat no more
Shall revelry's wild reign restore;
His obsequies are nigh.

The ice is melting—pearly drops,
So like the mourner's tears,
Are dwindling its colossal size,
Until in ruins low it lies
With wrecks of other years.

—Hattie Howard.

Hartford, Conn., March, 1888.

FASHIONS IN THE EAST

How the Lenten Season Was Enlivened by a Dress Auction.

Full Dress in Lent and at Other Times of the Year.

Some Evolutions and Revolutions of the Popular Gown.

The Composite Style Is the Style of the Present Period.

[Copyright, 1888.]

"ONE hundred twenty-five dollars!"

"One hundred and thirty!"

"Hundred thirty, hundred thirty, anybody say 135? Remember, ladies, this is the latest thing out in evening wraps in Paris. Thank you, madam, $135; anybody say 140 for this ivory, white-corded silk raglan, warranted heavy silk, lined with ivory plush, and trimmed with white goat's fur, costliest fur known. Pingat's newest creation; not another in the country; cost $200 to import; anybody say $140?"

Somebody said 140 and somebody after that 145, and then there stepped upon the low platform at one end of an uptown hotel parlor a handsome brunette in a dinner gown. The brisk little French woman who was acting as auctioneer turned her round and about and displayed the costume.

"Petticoat of white watered silk, ladies," was what she said. "Demi-train of antique silver brocade. High corsage, rich old Italian lace draped down one side of the bodice, fichu on the other of the brocade. Bunch of silver moire ribbon loops, sash fashion, on the left side of the waist, fastened by a massive silver buckle set with small diamonds. Imported, ladies, straight from France last week; who'll start it at $175?"

AFTERNOON WEAR.

It was an auction of French and English gowns, probably the first of its sort ever held in New York. An importing modiste whose gowns have that unknowable, desirable, something women wise in dress call a cachet had come back from Paris or Jersey, or wherever importing modistes seclude themselves during their periodic absences, a few days before, provided with the pattern dresses calculated to move in the best society and bent on a vigorous Easter campaign. By the next steamer, or ferry boat, had come the announcement of a near relative's death, and the modiste had cast about her for some expeditious way of disposing of her stock in trade. Madame was known and liked. A few circulars distributed where they would do the most good, and, lo, half a hundred women had been on the spot since morning scrutinizing every scrap of satin and silk and lace, and posting themselves thoroughly as to the proper placing of their bids.

HOSTESS AND CALLER.

It was a curious scene. It was early afternoon, but the shades were drawn, the room darkened and the gas, surest test of evening colors, turned on. The modiste exhibited some of her confections on wire frame Betsys and some on her slender, dark-eyed daughters, who posed in graceful attitudes with a smiling, truly French vivacity at her will. The women present had scented bargains and pressed about with a never-to-be-sufficiently admired business enthusiasm. Some things they got very low, and for others, in genuine auction style, they paid high. They ran each other up shrilly when they got excited, but they were too dignifiedly well-to-do to indulge in more than an occasional ripple of excitement. The dinner dress brought $130, and a dancing dress that came after it of cerise tulle over a slip of satin of the same color, sleeveless, and garnished with picot ribbons and white hyacinths, sold for $85. The thrilling moment of the afternoon came in the bidding for a tea gown, which half a dozen of the early comers had previously examined, and on which they had set each her respective heart. It was a really beautiful thing of delicate gray plush, with long loose front of soft robin's egg blue crepe sprinkled with silver stars, and with a girdle of silver cord hung loosely at the hips and fastening in front. The struggle was spirited, and the prize was carried away by a pretty soubrette actress whom one never thinks of as wearing anything but a short print dress and an apron, against a moneyed woman whose wealth, if new, chinks surprisingly solid.

It is Lent and one indulges in all sorts of freaks, even a dress auction, in Lent.

SEMI-DECOLLETTE.

Lent. The social wheel revolves slowly and irregularly. It is possible to count the spokes and see them turn. Fashion makes one decided distinction at this time of year. In Lent one wears no decollette gowns. One still dines and receives, and the dinner or reception dress need not be made too high. There are a dozen little semi-decollette devices by which one continues to exhibit shoulders and yet recognizes penitential obligations, making peace with the church, and winking, so to speak, at the adversary, too. A tulle scarf thrown over one shoulder is a recognized way. It is caught just above the arm, fastened with a jeweled pin or a ribbon knot to the strip which does duty for a sleeve, and is carried diagonally across and tied girdle-wise at the waist under the other arm, the loose ends hanging very likely to the hem of the gown. Or, over one shoulder of a regulation low bodice is thrown a shawl of crepe completely veiling that side. The shawl permits the sleeveless arm to penetrate its folds and is gathered, smocked, they call it now, front and back at the waistline, then falling loose in long soft draperies. Or again, and this is the complex contrivance of all, a bodice of, say old pink surah, is cut moderately low, the shoulder straps meeting a collarette of the same trimmed with gold braid, which passes round the throat, fastening in front with long pink ribbons, gold-bordered, which partially cover the bodice. There is a full vest of surah gold embroidered and a wide pointed girdle of pink ribbons.

Fashion. Fashion has abdicated. Or she is disguising herself as queen of misrule to play her subjects some pranks. There is no fashion. There is every fashion. You are at a masquerade, without masks, or a fancy ball where every lady wears her costume in earnest as the fit and only garb of the hour. The sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were never so grotesquely, so brilliantly mingled before. On the floor of the ball room your grandmother, nobody knows how many generations removed, whisks her skirts against your mother and both of them feel themselves every whit as well garbed as you. Your head is turned in the melange. How like you yon slim girl in the Puritan gown? She is quaint, simple, demurely bewitching. Will you go back to the days of Priscilla; hold a minute, first. There is a grand dame from the court of the Medicis. Look at her white satin petticoat, "honeycombed" with pearl and silver beads, with the broad galloon of pearl and silver at the foot. Look at her sweeping train of black velvet, edged with embroidery of silver and pearls, caught high on the hips. See the body of her gown of velvet in long points, with "stomacher" of white satin. Look at the high Medici collar, covered all over with pearls and silver, and the slashed sleeves. She is not out of sight, but there behind her is Mme. Pompadour herself, just as Boucher painted her, leaning on a couch in all the opulence of her splendid beauty, robed in

EVENING VARIETIES.

blue gown widely opened at the throat, trimmed with sparkling silver laces, through which is seen the blush of a shower of pink roses. Nothing was ever gayer, Frenchier, more frivolous. Notice the flounced skirt, the brocaded overdress, covered with great flowers, the paniers on the hips, the watteau plaits behind, the hair, that lacks only a dash of powder, gathered in a curly knot on top of the head with a bunch of feathers nodding over it. Like you that? Don't choose till you have have weighted the claims of a directory belle. See, there she comes all in soft white silk, low neck, waist just under the arms, skirt falling in straight clinging folds close about her body, not a flower, not a bow or a ribbon to break the calm of her pose. Have you dreamed of a dead past, and are these choice mixed as emblages of ghosts? No, there is an ass debutante, look at her before you faint. There she is all one cloud of white floating tulle, her slim, trim bodice rising above the billows like a small-waisted naiad floating on the waves. This is a mixed up world, and fashion is more mixed than any other thing. Perhaps order will come out of chaos and individuality out of grotesqueness by and by.

ELLEN OSBORN.

ROUGH ON RHYMESTERS.

A poet sings: "A little further on I shall find rest." Keep him moving.—Puck.

A versatile poet is one who writes a stanza about a plug hat.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

It is a cold day for the poet when he has no fuel in the house except his poetic fire.—Boston Courier.

What is poetry? Poetry is stuff with feet on for editors to fill up waste baskets with.—Kentucky State Journal.

The young poet who signs himself "More Anon," indicates that he will send more anonymons poetry.—New Orleans Picayune.

He was about thirty years old when he wrote a poem on "The First Gray Hair," but now being sixty and wholly bald, he is preparing another on the last one.—Texas Siftings.

Shakespeare's immortal sentence, "He who steals my purse steals trash," would indicate that in his day, as in modern times, the poetry business didn't pay.—Washington Critic.

DO YOU WONDER

That our Children's Department has fairly swarmed with eager buyers every day during the week? Well, its no surprise when you know the bargains we are giving in

KNEE PANTS! KNEE PANTS! KNEE PANTS!
50 cts. $1.00. $1.50.

Boys' knee pants that are worth double the money. If you want some of them, don't wait; they can't last long.

HATS! HATS! HATS! HATS!

Silk Hats, Derby Hats, Fur Hats, Cloth Hats, Fedoras, Crushes, in fact every style known to the hat maker. Hats for old men, Hats for young men, Hats for boys, Hats for children, Hats to fit every head and every pocket-book at about 25 to 40 per cent less than the prices charged by hat stores.

SPRING OVERCOATS! SPRING OVERCOATS!

Our assortment this season is immense in quality and great in variety. All of the popular shades and colors, made of the finest fabrics and in the latest and most approved styles, are shown by us. Some are silk-faced, some are plain, some are full silk and satin-lined, and all of them are made up in the hsight of Tailoring art. Our prices for these coats are $7, $10, $12 and on up to $23. You'll make money by seeing us before buying.

—THE GREAT—
MANHATTAN ONE PRICE CLOTHING CO.,
161 to 167 East Seventh Street, Corner Jackson.

RANSOM & HORTON,
COMPLETE LINE
—OF—
HATS!
IN
SPRING SHADES.
Sole Agents for
Christy's English Hats.
AND
KNOX NEW YORK HATS.
RANSOM & HORTON.

ANYMAN

Who is WEAK, NERVOUS, DEBILITATED, who in his FOLLY and IGNORANCE has TRIFLED away his VIGOR of BODY, MIND and MANHOOD, causing exhausting drains upon the FOUNTAINS of LIFE, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, Dreadful Dreams, WEAKNESS of Memory, BASHFULNESS in SOCIETY, PIMPLES upon the FACE, and all the EFFECTS leading to EARLY DECAY and perhaps CONSUMPTION or INSANITY, should consult at once the CELEBRATED Dr. Wood. Established 20 years. Dr. Wood has made NERVOUS DEBILITY, CHRONIC and all Diseases of the GENITO URINARY Organs a Life Study. It makes NO difference WHAT you have taken or WHO has failed to cure you.

☞ FEMALES suffering from diseases peculiar to their sex can consult with the assurance of speedy relief and cure. Send 4 cents postage for works on your diseases.

☞ Send 6 cents postage for Celebrated Works on Chronic, Nervous and Delicate Diseases. Consultation, personally or by letter, free. Consult the old Doctor. Thousands cured. Offices and Parlors private. ☞ Those contemplating Marriage send for Dr. Wood's celebrated guide Male and Female, 15c., (stamps). Before confiding your case, consult Dr. WOOD. A friendly letter or call may save future suffering and shame, and add golden years to life. ☞ Book "Life's (Secret) Errors," 20c, (stamps). Medicine and writings sent everywhere, secure from exposure. Hours, 8 to 8; Sundays, 9 to 12. Address,

N. E. WOOD, M. D.,
418 Fifth Street, Sioux City, Iowa.

Girls who wash or cook or iron
Should advertise and get the hirin'.

J. J. WATSON, BRO. & HYNDMAN,
National German-American Bank Building, St. Paul, Minn.
—AND—
I. C. SEELEY & CO.,
Tribune Building, Minneapolis, Minn.
REPRESENTING THE
MERCANTILE FIRE and MARINE - - - GIRARD

MERCANTILE FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE COM'Y
PRINCIPAL OFFICE, Boston, Mass.
Organized in 1823.
George R. Rogers ..... President
James Slimpson ..... Secretary
CASH CAPITAL, $400,000.

I. ASSETS.	
Loans secured by mortgages on real estate	$26,841 66
Market value of bonds and stocks	574,567 00
Loans secured by bonds and stocks as collateral	5,000 00
Cash on hand and in bank	14,229 12
Premiums in course of collection	14,138 97
All other assets	30,009 26
Total admitted assets	$664,786 01
II. LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid up	$400,000 00
Reserve for reinsurance	108,721 86
Unpaid losses	29,813 05
Other liabilities	8,647 83
Total liabilities, including capital	$547,182 74
Net surplus	$117,603 27
III. INCOME IN 1887.	
From premiums received	$174,128 26
From interestand dividends	31,255 76
Total income	$205,384 02
IV. EXPENDITURES IN 1887.	
Losses paid	$101,899 02
Dividends	32,191 00
Commissions and brokerage	29,201 84
Salaries of officers and employes	23,532 31
Taxes	8,321 52
All other expenditures	284 11
Total expenditures	$195,429 80
V. MISCELLANEOUS.	
Total risks in force Dec. 31, 1887	$18,135,979 00
BUSINESS IN MINNESOTA IN 1887—FIRE.	
Risks written	$581,314 00
Premiums received	6,655 56
Losses paid—Fire	3,344 86
Losses incurred—Fire	3,409 63

STATE OF MINNESOTA, DEPARTMENT OF INSURANCE, ST. PAUL, January, 1888.
I, the undersigned Insurance Commissioner of the State of Minnesota, do hereby certify that the Mercantile Fire and Marine Insurance Company above named has complied with the laws of this state relating to insurance, and is now fully empowered through its authorized agents to transact its appropriate business of Fire Insurance in this state for the year ending January 31, 1889.
CHAS. SHANDREW,
Insurance Commissioner.

GIRARD FIRE AND MARINE
INSURANCE COM'Y
PRINCIPAL OFFICE, Philadelphia, Pa.
Organized in 1853.
Alfred S. Gillett ..... President
Edwin F. Merrill ..... Secretary
CASH CAPITAL, $300,000.

I. ASSETS.	
Value of real estate owned	$346,000 00
Loans secured by mortgages on real estate	618,535 27
Market value of bonds and stocks	281,527 50
Loans secured by bonds and stocks as collateral	6,400 00
Cash on hand and in bank	114,357 18
Premiums in course of collection	48,619 19
All other assets	3,465 15
Total admitted assets	$1,418,904 29
II. LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid up	$300,000 00
Reserve for reinsurance	468,195 04
Unpaid losses	24,597 37
Other liabilities	15,667 92
Total liabilities, including capital	$808,460 30
Net surplus	$610,443 96
III. INCOME IN 1887.	
From premiums received	$360,145 43
From interest and dividends	49,399 48
From rents and all other sources	10,225 59
Total income	$419,770 45
IV. EXPENDITURES IN 1887.	
Losses paid	$133,043 23
Dividends	72,000 00
Commissions and brokerage	74,004 06
Salaries of officers and employes	45,737 88
Taxes	14,379 88
All other expenditures	27,503 53
Total expenditures	$366,668 58
V. MISCELLANEOUS.	
Total risks in force Dec. 31, 1887	$57,803,687 00
BUSINESS IN MINNESOTA IN 1887—FIRE.	
Risks written	$742,636 00
Premiums received	10,829 73
Losses paid—Fire	5,708 59
Losses incurred—Fire	3,715 54

STATE OF MINNESOTA, DEPARTMENT OF INSURANCE, ST. PAUL, January, 1888.
I, the undersigned Insurance Commissioner of the State of Minnesota, do hereby certify that the Girard Fire and Marine Insurance Company above named has complied with the laws of this State relating to insurance, and is now fully empowered through its authorized agents to transact its appropriate business of Fire Insurance in this State for the year ending January 31, 1889.
CHAS. SHANDREW,
Insurance Commissioner.