MY DEAR LADY'S DAY

The Gowns Her Highness Wears From Morn Until Dewy Eve.

The Morning Dress of White Veiling Relieved by a Blue Ribbon.

Her Carriage Gown a Silk of Blue Shade With a Sash.

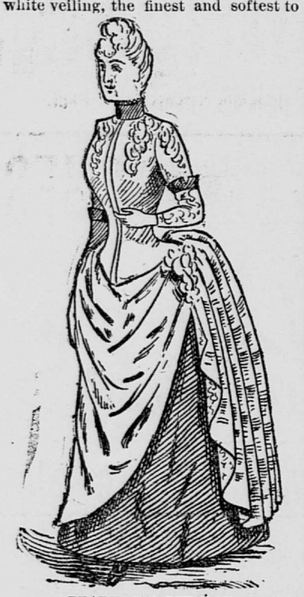
At Tea It Is a Directoire Gown That Clings to Her.

New York Letter: It is 9 o'clock in the forenoon and her eyes have not opened, for the dancers at the Casino kept late hours last night. The sun is high and the day is warm, but Valerie has darkened the chamber without shutting out the breeze. That is Valerie at the door. She thought she heard her mistress' signal. It will come in a minute, for one hand is beginning to stir on the coverlet. Valerie disappears. She is back almost instantly with a silver tray, on which rests a cup of coffee and a roll. It is not the morning for those pink finger tips to be manicured, and Valerie is already preparing the bath of distilled water, into which she throws a bran bag filled with almond meal. Valerie is a skillful masseuse, and she makes the white flesh glow before she has done with her pinchings and rubbings.

Then she lays out the clothes. There is the spun silk undervest that goes next the skin, for there is a chill breeze off the water at Newport sometimes. This is a soft, pale blue affair, light as a feather to the touch, an exquisite bit of daintiness to the eye, knitted to order and tied at the neck and shoulders with knots of blue ribbon. Over this goes the chemise of white China silk, hand-woven and garnitured with delicate Valenciennes. Next comes the black satin corset, very French and altogether chic, to be hidden in turn by the under-bodice of white surah silk, lace-trimmed and ribbon-tied. There are bluish-white, spun silk stockings, embroidered in blue and little bronze slippers, with beaded toes. Next must come the under petticoat, of white silk, short and fitted to the figure about the hips, and over that the costume petticoat of the same material, longer and fuller, with one lace flounce in front and three or four flounces, held in place with ribbons, behind. There is a neglige jacket of white cashmere, which sees the light for fifteen or twenty minutes while Valerie is brushing out and binding up the long, slightly curly hair, and then on goes the house gown.

It covers a pretty wearer and makes a pretty picture—pretty enough to justify a peep in the glass when the breakfast toilet is thus completed. There is a party staying in the house, and the morning's array is correspondingly elaborate. Valerie's mistress is a little above middle height, slender, but with plump arms, which she is not unwilling to show, and a pretty throat. She has brown hair—a blonde brown, with a dash of yellow in it—hazel eyes, and a clear skin just touched with pink. She is not a beauty, but she knows how to make the most of her good points, as witness the gown just donned.

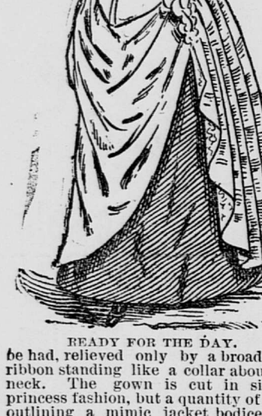
She is going down-stairs in a robe of white veiling, the finest and softest to



READY FOR THE DAY.

be had, relieved only by a broad blue ribbon standing like a collar about the neck. The gown is cut in simple princess fashion, but a quantity of lace, outlining a mimic jacket bodice, and falling thence on either side in a wide cascade to the hem, gives it the semblance of a redingote. The front of the skirt is laid in knife plaits, and is pinked about the bottom. The back of the skirt hangs in full folds without drapery. The sleeves are of lace, and come just to suit the elbows. The costume is a picture of simplicity of the art-concealing-art kind. I nearly forgot to finish it with a sash of blue ribbon striped with white, which is fastened at the waist line behind. She will send Valerie into the garden to see if there are any blue bachelor's buttons or blue pansies in bloom to fasten at the throat.

The household masculine has had its breakfast, but there are three or four ladies who sit at table with her. There is the morning mail to look over, and the sun is not too warm—it really tempts to a drive. Dolly and Polly, her pretty ponies, were sent from the city last week, and they are by this time in spirits for a spanking spin. Valerie rings for the coachman to have them put to, and then she lays out a carriage gown.

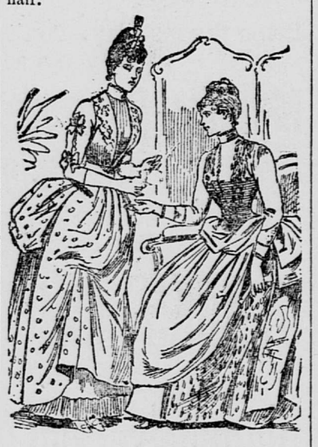


SHE GOES TO DRIVE.

Her lady is not long in dressing, for Valerie is a model maid. Everything is ready to the hand. It is a charming silk of a blue-green shade, of the color of a hedge-sparrow's egg, that she puts on. Crescent figures of a paler yellow-green and of a dark green, almost black, are dotted over its ground. The bodice is cut with vest and pointed jacket, with a very wide sash belt about the waist. The shirt has some scalloped apron drapery in front, and two broad ribbon bands of the same silk without the black figures encircling it at the bottom. There is very little drapery behind, and the finishing touches are given by a long sash of pale green ribbon. A wide collar of real lace is the neck ornament, and there is more lace at the sleeves. The hat is a big poke projecting over the face, matching the gown in color and trimmed with white plumes and bows of blue-green ribbon. This blue green is repeated once more in the coaching parasol, whose handle is oxidized silver, and which is made gay with fluttering bows. The gloves are of a lighter shade of blue-green, embroidered with black. She has a big bunch of mignonette at her waist as she takes her seat, the footman climbs to his place, and the ponies are away.

It is not a long drive that she takes, for there is lunch at 1:30, then Mr. Van Voorhis and young Charlie Talbot, from Boston, must consult with her about arrangements for the yachting party on the morrow, and then it is time to dress to receive the guests she expects at afternoon tea at 4. She rather prides herself on her taste, or Valerie's, in tea gowns, and it is with reason, for a prettier tea gown than Valerie has ready for her is not often seen. It is a work of time, though a labor of love, to get into it, for Valerie did not thoroughly approve of it, as it came in the box from Paris, and she has been retouching it here and there with artistic fingers, and must call her mistress' attention to the results achieved.

It is a Directoire gown, with skirt of white Irish poplin. The short bodice and the cunningly hung draperies are of poplin embroidered with sprays of blue flowers. There is a belt of tan leather, with a large bronze and silver Chinese buckle, in the shape of a fan. The skirt is embroidered with a brown and blue silk ruching, wide and full, around the bottom. The sash is of blue ribbon, there are puffed sleeves of the embroidered poplin, and a wide collar tied with white ribbon of Irish lace. Long tan gloves are supplied by the watchful Valerie, as well as a handkerchief of lace matching that about the throat. Valerie has also adjusted slippers of chamois skin with silver buckles. Antique silver pins, with a small blue algrette, are the ornaments she has chosen for her mistress' hair.



SHE TAKES A CUP OF TEA.

Valerie's mistress is in her element at a tea drinking. She is an adept at putting guests at their ease, and she knows just who ought to meet just whom. She enjoys using the delicate tact which she possesses, but she is more than a little tired when all is done. She begs to be excused at dinner, for she is going out that evening, and does not feel equal to more than one other toilet for the day. It is a reception in honor of a high embassador from heathendom to which she is bound, and she has time to read a French novel entire before it is late enough to dress. Valerie does her hair very carefully, letting it come low down on the forehead and arranging ostrich plumes in it high on the head. Valerie dresses her even tenderly, so great is her delight in and reverence for the rich materials which she handles, and in which she pleases herself by thinking her lady looks like a queen.

White watered silk makes the waist of the evening gown, and the skirt is white lace over white satin. There is a puffing of white tulle about the low bodice and a trailing spray of honeysuckle blossoms with foliage hangs from the left shoulder across the bust. Honeysuckle blossoms in profusion catch up the front of the skirt, and the bouquet carried is fragrant with the same flowers. The court train is of antique white brocade.

Valerie accompanies her mistress to the reception. She lifts the lace scarf from her shoulders and hair in the dressing room. She looks her over, pronounces her perfect and dismisses her for conquest. She herself waits, lest she may be wanted to repair a rent or fasten a flower, embroidering a strip of lawn under the gaslight in the dressing room. When the evening is fairly under way she goes home and again waits, this time till the lights are out and she is wanted to disrobe her lady and put her to sleep with long and gentle rubbings that soothe fatigue away. The day is over for the lady and the lady's maid.

EVENING SPLENDOR.

Maupassant's Balloon Journey.

Paris Dispatch.

Guy de Maupassant, the novelist, has given a most graphic account of his journey to the clouds with M. Jovis the other day. The writer was no doubt impressed in exactly the same manner and saw the same phenomena as hundreds of aeronauts, professional and amateur, before him, but he describes his impressions and his discoveries in the air with a vividness all his own. First there was the usual panoramic view of Paris with the inevitable "Tower of Babel"—Notre Dame de la Chaudronnerie—planted on the Champ de Mars like a stack of sticks. The noise of the lower world ascended to the aeronauts like a condensed buzz, which was broken every now and then by the sharp and strident whistles of steam engines. Ascending higher they saw, through the drifts of clouds, streaks of mysterious light that came from overhead. The waves of vapor gradually became more permeated with this strange illumination until they burst into glorious space, radiant with the dazzling rays of the sun. The most curious spectacle observed by the aerial travelers was, however, the "Fata Morgana" that was formed by the balloon. The phenomenon is well known to sky sailors, as well as to the mariners who plow the stormy seas and behold phantom ships. M. de Maupassant saw a phantom balloon rising with the Horia into space, and when he lifted his hand, lo! his Doppel-ganger in the ghostly balloon did the same.

"HO, FOR SLUMBERLAND."

A little song for bedtime, when robed in gowns of white,
All sleepy little children set sails across the night
For that pleasant, pleasant country where pretty dream flowers blow
Twixt the sunset and the sunrise.
"For the Slumber islands, ho!"
When the little ones get drowsy and heavy lids droop down,
To hide blue eyes and black eyes, gray eyes and eyes of brown,
A thousand boats for Dreamland are waiting in a row,
And the ferrymen are calling
"For the Slumber islands, ho!"
When the sleepy little children fill the boats along the shore
And go sailing of to Dreamland, and the dipping of the oar
In the sea of Sleep makes music that the children only know
When they answer to the boatman's
"For the Slumber islands, ho!"
Oh! take a kiss, my darlings, ere you sail away from me
In the boat of dreams that's waiting to bear you o'er the sea;
Take a kiss and give one, and then away you go
A-sailing into Dreamland
"For the Slumber islands, ho!"
—Eben Rexford in the St. Nicholas.

ODD WATCH CHARMS.

Pendant From Chains of Well Known Saintly City People.

Curio Hunters Will Always Take the Most Desperate Chances.

Presence of Mind Evinced During an Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

Archie McLeod's Souvenir of His Visit to the Queen's Stables.

HAVE you ever been to the world-renowned pyramids of Egypt? Probably not. Well, if you ever go there and ascend the middle or grand pyramid, you will find the summit, a space some twenty feet square, completely covered with names, which have been carved there by enthusiastic tourists. Those people who have a penchant in that direction are the same who make a business of mutilating celebrated statuary or other objects which have a history surrounding them, that they may have it to say that they have been to this or that place of interest. They have a fondness for curios of all kinds, as they call them, and in order that others may see them besides themselves, they are often worn dangling from their watch chains.

Chief Clark used to wear a curious little watch charm, but in late years he has discarded it for a common stone setting. It was a miniature policeman's club, highly polished and richly ornamented. It was made from a piece of the first club worn by him when he became a member of the St. Paul police force, nearly twenty years ago.

Dr. Day, the ex-postmaster, has an eye for the curious. Two years ago this fall the doctor, accompanied by several of the court house commissioners and other interested parties, went over on the court-house square, and there, after a short parley, it was unanimously decided that he should break the ground for the new court house, which now looms up in such magnificent proportions. A dozen strokes with the pick, and soon the doctor had reached hard, flinty rock. He gave another stroke, and succeeded in breaking off a small piece of the rock. Unobserved the doctor stooped down, picked up the piece of rock and put it in his pocket. Shortly afterwards he had the rock nicely polished, and on one of its plain surfaces had inscribed the date of breaking ground. The doctor thinks a great deal of his little treasure, and wears it linked to his watch chain.

"I'll tell you who used to wear a peculiar watch charm," said a gentleman to a GLOBE reporter, who was seeking information on this subject, "and that was the late Capt. Barney." "About fifteen years ago he was visiting friends in Westmoreland county, Virginia. Being distant only ten miles from the village where the immortal George Washington spent his early days, he was seized with a desire

TO VISIT THE SPOT

"Accordingly he did so, and had the pleasure of witnessing and noting all the points of interest surrounding the Washington homestead. One thing that interested him most was the cherry tree of historical fame, and the temptation to secure a piece of it being strong within him, he out with his jack-knife and hewed off a goodly chunk of it. Many years after this occurrence Capt. Barney, who prized his little curio very highly, had the piece of cherry tree cut down to proper proportions and ornamented in silver and gold. From that time he wore the curio suspended from his heavy gold watch chain."

Archie McLeod is a lover of horseflesh. He is also a lover of the curious, and he catches on to anything in that line with great avidity. Two years ago, while he was in London, among other places of note, he visited the celebrated queen's stables. He did not want to leave this place without carrying off with him some remembrance of it. So, while the attendant's back was turned for a moment, he stooped down, and, gathering up a handful of straw, placed the same in his pocket. When he reached home he had a small glass cube made that would hang on his watch chain, and had inserted half a dozen or more small pieces of the straw that he had secured.

While Mr. Fairchild was doing sunny Italy he went up in the cars from Naples to Pompeii. After spending a few hours sightseeing and exploring around Pompeii and Herculaneum, he took a horseback ride to Vesuvius, distant about five miles. He states that he rode half-way up the mountain, but was obliged to tramp it afoot, knee-keep in cinders, to the summit. Of course he must see the crater, and, contrary to the expectations of the guides, he ventured farther up than he should have done. He had got within twenty feet of the crater when a terrible eruption occurred. The molten lava was thrown fully fifty feet in the air, and large boulders of it fell all around him. He was scared, but not so badly that he didn't have presence of mind enough to imbed a nickel in the plastic

LAVA, YET RED-HOT.

When the lava cooled he broke off the piece containing the nickel and placed it in his pocket. He now wears this curio on his watch chain, and he says it is a continual reminder to him of the narrow escape he had from death on Mount Vesuvius.

Postmaster Lee has a very pretty little curio in the way of a watch charm. It was presented to him on his last birthday. It is a miniature mail pouch of gold. The postmaster prizes it very highly.

Dr. Wheaton has an odd though ghastly souvenir for a watch charm. It is nothing less than a piece of the cranium of an individual who suffered a severe fracture of the skull. The case was one that required the utmost care and delicacy of operation. About the time it happened the doctor was not as skilled as he is now, but he pulled the man through just the same. He was so proud of his skill that he saved a small piece of the bone, which is now replaced by a piece of silver of corresponding size, and had the same converted into a watch charm.

It is the boast of "Bill" Erwin, the noted criminal lawyer, that no client of his charged with murder was ever hanged, but one. The case was tried in Davenport, Io., and though "Bill" pleaded as only he can, and argued with all the force of a Henry aud power of a Gladstone, the fates, as well as the evidence, were against him, and he had to succumb. The criminal expiated his crime at the end of a rope, a piece of which "Bill" managed to secure after the hanging. If you notice his watch chain you will notice a diminutive strand of the rope hitched to a link of it.

"Baz" Armstrong is a member of that jolly fraternity that call themselves "Elks." His membership in this order is the proudest feather in Baz's cap, and he gives emphasis to this feeling by wearing on his watch cain a handsomely-carved elk's tooth, embellished in gold and silver.

An Object of Compassion.

New York Sun.

"My dear, said a lady, who was sitting on her frent stoop, "do you notice that poor man coming up the street?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"How I pity sueh people," she went on gently. "Their life must be hard, indeed. Insufficient food and clothing, no money to buy even the simplest necessaries of ——"

Just then the wretched object of her compassion vociferated:

"Pay cash clo!"

UNITED, YET DISTINCT.

Outline of the Federation Scheme of the Quartette of Brotherhoods.

Special to the Globe.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 11.—The convention of engineers adjourned last night and the federation scheme was carried, notwithstanding the protests of Chief Arthur and the conservative Eastern engineers. The effect of the Burlington strike has been to increase the radical element in the order, and this federation scheme is their pet project. The scheme of co-operation is something like this: A grand advising committee is to be formed, composed of two members from each of the four brotherhoods. When a grievance against a railroad is submitted and a conflict comes, a strike can only be ordered by a majority of the advisory board and a majority of the four brotherhoods employed on the line. Each of the brotherhoods will remain intact in their organization, but will co-operate. This plan will be submitted to the annual conventions of the engineers, firemen, switchmen and brakemen, which takes place in a few weeks.

LUCKY LEARY.

The Joggins Raft Reaches New York in Safety.

Special to the Globe.

NEW YORK, Aug. 11.—James D. Leary's raft, which started from Joggins, N. S., on Aug. 1 in tow of the Boston tugs Underwriter and Ocean King, passed under the East river bridge at 1:15 p. m. There was a large crowd on the bridge at the time, and the people cheered lustily as the cigar-shaped raft passed. Several thousand people were also standing on the docks on both sides of the river, and gave cheer after cheer for the plucky commanders. Her probable destination is Erie Basin.

Out of Balance.

Detroit Free Press.

Dusenberry came home in the "wee, sma' hours" of the night. He had been to a political meeting, and was full of patriotism and beer. His wife challenged him from the top of the stairs:

"A nice time to be coming home, indeed! Those clubs—"

"S'my dear (hic), s'wasn't at the (hic) club," declared Dusenberry, with a suspicion his tongue was a little thick.

"At the lodge, then, which is a bad," rejoined Mrs. Dusenberry.

"Nor (hic) at s'lodge, neither," hiccoughed he. "I wash at office balancing the—the books."

He made a lurch, grabbed for the banister, missed it and went sprawling on the floor.

"Balancing the books, indeed," sneered she. "You spent the time trying to balance yourself."

From a Professional Point of View

Washington Critic.

"Does the Washington nine play ball on Sunday?" asked a Y. M. C. A. of a man who had backed the club.

"No," was the gruff reply.

"Oh, I am so very, very glad," said the Y. M. C. A., rubbing his hands.

"Well, you needn't be," responded the backer, "they don't play ball on week days, either."

LOCAL MENTION.

McAuley's Meat Market,
474 Jackson street, above Eighth. Try it.

Rich Cut Glassware.

Wemott, Howard & Co., 385 and 387 Jackson street, are headquarters for above goods. They have the largest stock, the greatest variety of designs, and the lowest prices of any house in the city. Call and see them; no trouble to show goods.

A New Family Hotel.

The people of St. Paul will be gratified to learn that the establishment formerly known as the Commercial hotel has fallen into the hands of a gentleman who has spent the greater portion of his life in the European hotel business in the principal cities of Scotland. Mr. R. K. McNiel, who will preside over the affairs of the Hotel Carlyle, is a thorough hotel man, and will very soon bring the new establishment up to a standard of excellence. The hotel will be run on the European plan. The work of refitting the entire house is now about complete, and a handsomer, more homelike and comfortable family hotel is not to be found in the country. The office and lower hotel are elegantly decorated, and show refined taste in their appointments. That Mr. McNiel's efforts will be appreciated by the public is already very evident from the fact that the rooms are being taken as rapidly as they are refitted. Mr. McNiel does not wish the public to imply from the name he has chosen that his establishment will be similar in any respect to the ancient and obsolete "inns" of the old countries, but on the contrary that it will be modern in every sense of the word. It is lighted with electricity and gas throughout, and electric bells will be put in at an early day. The Hotel Carlyle is situated opposite the Ryan Annex on East Seventh street, a location which is convenient to both the retail and jobbing districts of the city.

You Can Get Repairs
For your stoves at 186 and 188 West Seventh street.

Parrots and Mockers.
North Star Seed Store, 21 West Third st.

Western Wire Works,
290 Jackson street; an endless variety of plain and fancy Wire Goods, Elevator Guards, Bank and Office Rails, Window and Skylight Guards, Flower Stands, Tree Guards; anything and everything that can be made of wire.

Furniture,
All styles, prices and novelties, at H. H. Schroeder's, 16 and 18 East Sixth street.

H. H. Schroeder,
Furniture, 16 and 18 East Sixth street.

Budweiser Beer Hall,
John Paulus proprietor, 343 Robert street, formerly with Grote's Tivoli for the last ten years, has the finest, the best and the coolest beer sold in the city.

Miss McFaul
Has opened a Dressmaking Shop at 136 East Third street. First-class work and orders promptly attended to. Apprentices wanted.

Just Received,
A lot of fresh California Plums, at corner of Seventh and Wabasha, for $1.25 per box.

Buy Furniture Now
And save money, at H. H. Schroeder's, 16 and 18 East Sixth street.

You Can Get Repairs
For your stoves at 186 and 188 West Seventh street.

A Good Place to Buy
Reliable Shoes at low prices. Treasure's closing out cash sale. 423 Wabasha street, near Seventh.

Dr. N. H. Conger, Dentist,
Has removed his dental office from the Mannheimer block to Room 4 in the new Schutte building, corner Seventh and Jackson streets.

Monarch Gasoline Stoves
Still in the lead. See them in operation at 186 and 188 West Seventh street.

Spring Lamb,
Sweetbreads and Calves' Liver, at McAuley's, 474 Jackson street.

St. Paul Wire Works.
Bank and Office Railings.
De Cou & Co., 21 West Third street.

Telephone 940-2,
Or send your orders to the St. Paul Steam Laundry, at 118 West Tenth street, for first-class work. Branch office 443 Broadway. A. H. Newland.

The Choicest Steaks
And Roasts at McAuley's, 474 Jackson street.

Monarch Gasoline Stoves
Still in the lead. See them in operation at 186 and 188 West Seventh street.

Flower Stands.
At reduced prices.
St. Paul Wire Works,
21 West Third street.

Grote's Tivoli
Concert this afternoon from 2:30 to 7 o'clock.

Cabinets $2.00 per dozen at Gilmartin's elegant new gallery, 412 Wabasha street.

DIED.

BARRETT—In St. Paul, on Aug. 11, at the family residence, 788 Payne avenue, Anthony, only son of Mrs. James Barrett, aged twenty years. Notice of funeral hereafter.

BRYAN—In St. Paul, Minn., August 10, 1888 at family residence, No. 451 Goodhue st., Robert Bryan, aged 57 years. Funeral from Christ church to-day at 4 o'clock p. m. Friends are invited to attend.

DENOYER—Thursday at 10 a. m., at his residence, 75 State street, West St. Paul, Louis Denoyer, aged eighty-eight years. Funeral at Belle Plaine, Minn., Monday. Remains will leave the union depot at 7:50 a. m. St. Louis papers please copy.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Great Northern Elevator Company will be held at the office of the company, in St. Paul, Minnesota, on Tuesday, August 21, 1888, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, for the election of a board of directors, and the transaction of such other business as may come before it. W. C. Farrington, Secretary.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway company, for the election of a board of directors and transaction of such other business as may come before it, will be held at the general office of said company, in St. Paul, Minn., on Thursday, Aug. 16, 1888, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Edward Sawyer, Secretary. St. Paul, Aug. 4, 1888.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.

CANADA ST., 594—Large furnished alcove and one side room; bath, etc.; near cars; reasonable. 225-26