BENT ON HAVING FUN

What an Advertisement in the Globe Revealed.

Married Women No Better Than Single Ones for a Lark.

Girls Who Scan the Papers In Quest of Personals.

Lessons Which Will Be Appreciated by Several Foolish Virgins.

How Two Strange Gentlemen Were Received Into Society.

Appointments Made and Kept at Restaurants and Public Resorts.

Pauline Pry Inaugurates a Crusade Against an Increasing Evil.

"IT'S awfully mean," said Prudy.

"Nonsense," said I, "think of our noble purpose—to catch fools and teach them the error of their ways. Reform is always painful to the parties operated upon, but it is none the less commendable on that account. Here goes." So saying, it did go, the following personal into the advertising columns of last Sunday's GLOBE:

WANTED—By two young men, strangers in the city, the acquaintance of a couple of jolly girls fond of driving and the theater; no professionals need apply. Address Fun and Frolic, the Globe.

Early Monday morning Prudy and I were on hand to see what the trap contained. Eight had bitten at our cheese, and left their heads in the shape of four letters.

"What colossal fools men must be, if women were made as they are simply to match the men," said Prudy, examining the writing on the first envelope, before she proceeded to read with interpolations of tore it open. "Listen, now," and she her own:

"ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 11, 1888.

"'Fun and Frolic'—Gents: Have read your advertisement in to-day's GLOBE, and deviate from the general rules of propriety (don't do it again, my dear) by responding. We are jovial, respectable working girls (smell perspiry, I dare say), formerly of New England. Altho' we have lived nearly two years in this city, we are like yourselves, comparative strangers, having but a limited acquaintance, and hence

BUT LITTLE AMUSEMENT.

If your motive is true, moral sociability we should be pleased to meet you, as we like fun and true gentlemen's society (sorry; you won't like us, then). Should this letter interest you enough so you desire to meet us, we shall both be at home Tuesday afternoon after 2 o'clock and be glad to meet you. (Thanks, thanks awfully.) If, on the contrary, you should be more favorably impressed with more interesting parties elsewhere (impossible, fair Modesty), please do us the favor to make this note confidential (We will, we will—put it for safe keeping in next SUNDAY'S GLOBE), as trifles of this nature are often deemed detrimental to young ladies' welfare (Right you are—quite detrimental) in a city like St. Paul. We are, respectfully yours,

LOUIE S. and ULLA B.

First flat, No. ——, West Third street.

"Don't you fancy you smell mice, Prudy?" I asked as she finished reading. "What do you think of working girls who are at leisure as early as 2 o'clock in the afternoon and invite unknown gentlemen, like us, to their own apartments; no references required?"

"Rather mousey, I think myself," Prudy answered, opening the second letter.

"Ye Gods!" she exclaimed. "Buy her a correct and complete letter writer; do—look!"

Sunday Eve—Mr. Fun and Frollic noticing your advertisement in the GLOBE this morning and being very fond of the Theater, but fonder of driving, we thought we would improve the opportunity and answer. We live near

the Oakland cemetery, just a lovely walk from the Theater, and we are called pretty and very jolly, being like yourselves strangers in the city, and we have not become acquainted with many. Therefore, we are not professionals, as you term it. If you wish to answer, address

MR. FUN—DOLLY GREY.
FROLLIC—MADALINE BROWN.

"Not any of this in ours, thak you," said Prudy, decidedly. "We are gentlemen of altogether too much culture and refinement to tolerate

SUCH WRITING AND RHETORIC.

I can see Dolly now—freckled, greasy, cabbageous—on bowing terms only with soap and water.

Next," producing the third." Cousin of Dolly's, who has had one term more schooling."

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sunday, Aug. 17, 1888.—Dear Sirs: Pardon the liberty we take in writing to you. We noticed your advertisement in the Sunday GLOBE stating you wished to form the acquaintance of two jolly young ladies. We would be delighted to make your your acquaintance. Hoping to see or hear from you soon, as we are quite anxious, Yourstruly. C. C. AND J. F.

No. — Rice Street, St. Paul, Minn.

"But we are not so anxious," supplemented Prudy. "We believe in caste. Here's one that looks more civilized, stationery very good and writing ditto. Hear!"

Sunday Afternoon—Func Frolic: We are not girls. We are married women (so much the better—a spice of wickedness) known to the best families in the city (so much the worse—for the best families, I fear), but have no gentlemen friends (ah! but you have found us.) Our husbands travel (accommodating of the husbands and most convenient for gentlemen friends.) We are in for a good, quiet, lively time and cannot go unless the parties are considered first-class. If you desire to meet us, write us and appoint a meeting—any respectable place, some afternoon about 4 o'clock, or will go driving as you like (amiable as politicians).

Write in care of general delivery to Mrs. Jenette Burns, St. Paul, Minn.

"Their poor, deluded husbands! Prudy; I feel almost as if it were our duty to get them a divorce and marry them ourselves."

"A fig for deluded husbands," said Prudy, heartlessly. "Think of

BUSINESS ON HAND.

"Get your pen and paper and answer our correspondence. You write like ten men, so answer for us both. Say I went out of town Sunday and left you to make appointments for the company. Never mind those excrable ones—they are beneath us." Accordingly we dispatched letters only to the married women and the poor but respectable working girls who charitably extend their hospitality to lonely, strange young men within the gates of the city. We told the latter that we were prevented from calling on them Tuesday owing to absence from town, assured the four that we are perfectly respectable, as good as gold and just as desirable, and begged them to meet us at Magee's restaurant at 6:30 Wednesday evening, where we promised them a jolly little supper, to be followed by a drive or the theater, as they might dictate. We humbly asked the working girls to trademark themselves with a bunch of red carnations, and the married women to reveal their identity by a bunch of roses.

Wednesday morning brought Fun and Frolic another letter. "This looks the most like it of any," said Prudy as it was given into her hands. Opening it, she read

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 21, 1888.

Fun and Frolic, St. Paul, Minn.:

Gentlemen: Just returned from the lake and happened to come across Sunday's GLOBE, which contained your ad. It would give myself and my friend great pleasure to meet you on the following conditions, namely: First, if you are gentlemen and are considered such by your friends (alas! we are not); second, if you are fairly well educated. We never did anything of this kind before (Take my advice, dears, and never do it again) and we are just doing it for fun (foolish fun and often dangerous). My name is Polly; my

FRIEND'S NAME IS CARRIE.

I am a young lady twenty-two years old, very highly educated (your modesty fetches me), divinely tall—but alas: "Pity 'tis, 'tis pity, 'tis true," (student of Shakespeare) not divinely fair in the words of the poet. I am long, lanky and brown. Oh! I am fearful ugly, so ugly that nature owes me an apology. My only redeeming feature is my teeth (wears them on the outside, probably.) My friend, Miss Carrie, is eighteen years old, well educated, and a great beauty. (I choose her, Pauline.) She has beautiful laughing brown eyes, chestnut hair of the most ravishing hue, her complexion is lilies and roses, a mouth like Cupid's bow, and teeth like pearls; and, well, I forgot her hair ripples off from a beautiful low forehead just like high tide off the Bay of Fundy (tr'r'r'rah rum! fun—my Barnum missed her). When I read your ad. what took me most was the theater (as I expected, from intimate acquaintance with a woman's nature). Do I like to go to the theater—no? Who dares to say I don't? Why, I could die in the theater, and I don't die easily

either. How I envy the poor old scrub-woman that stays behind the scenes or comes out in the audience if she chooses. Happy woman! Do we like driving? Well, I should say so! If it is the wish of Fun and Frolic to improve the acquaintance thus begun, why Polly and Carrie will be delighted to hear from you. We will wait patiently for an early reply, hoping that we may be favored with one. We remain Two jolly girls, POLLY AND CARRIE.

Per POLLY.

P. S.—I want the taller gentleman (that's you, Pauline) to write to me. You know

I AM THE UGLY ONE.

Ugly—well, yes, the ugliest girl in the world. (Vanity wrong side out.) I have been known to make the clock stop. (Te! he!—joke.) I hope he is not handsome. (He ought to see you, my dear.) I like jolly, honorable men best. Now don't dare to write to Polly unless you are five feet seven tall.

Yours, POLLY D——

No.—— West Fourth street.

Miss Carrie's address is:

Miss Carrie D——

No. —— West Fourth street.

"I wonder if the Fool Catcher has a conscience," said Prudy immediately as she folded up the letter. "I don't envy him his business, if he has."

"Cast conscience to the winds. In a matter of reform, it is the reformer's sole duty to prod the consciences of others. Come, look over my shoulder while I write to Polly."

Dear Polly: You won't mind if I call you Polly, will you? Your letter, received this morning, takes my fancy as none of the score of other replies did. It betrays culture and true refinement, most desirable qualities in a woman, from my point of view. The two conditions on which you accept my friend and myself—i. e., gentlemanliness and education—are, I am happy to say, no barrier in the way of our friendship. In the course of the next two months we hope to prove to you both that we are born gentlemen and a credit to Yale college. Our names are Bob Downing and Walter Fuller. Our home is Buffalo, N. Y. Bob left town Sunday night and will not be back till this afternoon; consequently I am my own and his amanuensis during his absence. If you insist on the tailer for yourself, Miss Polly, I am yours. Here, take me, six feet in my stock—I mean hose. I am your devoted slave. Your frankness has completely captured me, tho' I don't believe you are all your modesty pictures. I am confident I shall find beauty in you—beauty of intellect, if your physical charms be

AS YOU DEPICT THEM.

I know Bob's tastes well, and, knowing them thus, am persuaded that Miss Carrie has but to give him one glance from those eyes of hers to have him at her feet, a victim. Don't let us waste any time in becoming acquainted in person. Bob will be back at four this afternoon. Now, won't you, with Miss Carrie, meet us at Magee's restaurant, up stairs, at 6:30 this evening. Do, that's a deary, and after a jolly little supper at M.'s, we will go to the theater or to drive, as your ladyship may dictate. Be generous, very ugly little girl, and persuade your friend to come. I shall make Bob jump off the Wabasha street bridge with me if you fail us. But you will not be so cruel—you will come. Both of you wear a bunch of golden rod, so we shall not mistake you. You will know Bob and me by our eager, expectant attitudes. Remember, Magee's, at 5:30, up stairs, this eve. Devotedly yours,

WALTER FULLER.

"You'd be a great deal more of a success as a man than you are as a woman, Pauline," said Prudy.

"An equivocal compliment, lovey. It is a question which role is fraught with greater glory—knave or dupe. Get a messenger and let Polly have our reply at once. I fancy she will come."

The messenger returned with the discouraging information that he was greeted by an old lady, who told him no such psrson as Polly D—— lived in the house. Then she called him back, saying it was a stranger, whose name she had forgotten. "Probably her own daughter, playing under an assumed name, and ten to one, the murder's out, and the girl will be put on bread and

WATER FOR A MONTH."

At 6 o'clock Prudy and I took our seats at McGee's, to await developments. Half past 6 came and went, and Prudy said: "I begin to know how the man felt whose name was Dennis." Finally there was a rustle of skirts on the stairs and a couple of women appeared. As they turned their faces towards us we both started. Prudy walked all over my left foot, and exclaimed in a stage whisper, "For goodness sake, Pauline Pry, that is Mrs. ——," naming a woman who is mistress of one of the prettiest little houses in town, and wife of a well-known traveling man. She and the woman with her wore, in obedience to our modest request, bunches of La France roses. She was plainly disturbed at seeing us, and giving us no opportunity to recognize her by a bow, dashed into one of the curtained compartments. There she called a waiter, whom she dispatched for paper and pencil. Prudy immediately had occasion to

walk down the room, and saw her nervously penciling a note. This she gave to the waiter, and hurriedly took her departure. The waiter was loyal; silver couldn't move him. She was simply unlucky and we were fortunate. He dropped the note, and we without a twinge of remorse appropriated it. It read as follows:

"Fun and Frolic. Have met people here who know us. Dare not stay. My husband will be at home remainder of the week. Write some address and appoint another meeting for next week."

"Upon my soul, Prudy Prim, I shall never more believe a saint on the mere evidence of white robes. What would people say if we published her name?"

"Did you ever!" and for ten minutes we sat speechless and

SENSELESS WITH AMAZEMENT.

Our New England working girls from Third street failed to materialize. Neither did ugly Polly and pretty Carrie appear. But the next evening we had another letter from Polly. "The plot deepens," said Prudy, and it did to the extent of another appointment. Polly wrote:

Mr. Walter Fuller.—Dear Sir: You are, undoubtedly, displeased with us because we did not keep the appointment (which you suggested in your note) this evening; still I have every reason for supposing that your disposition is such that you will not be very "mad," but will kindly overlook it this time after I offer my explanation. Your charming letter was not received until it was too late to go, and well (I might just as well tell the truth), even if I had received it in time, I don't think I should have gone. You see, I never did anything of the kind before, and—W-e-l-l, I wouldn't have had the cheek to go up there. "Cheek Omnia Vincit" is not my motto. Now let me explain how it was that I did not get your letter till long after 6. In order to do so I will have to make a little confession. Polly D—— is not my name, neither is Carrie D—— the name of my friend. I am Polly Somebody—perhaps you will think Nobody. I do not reside at West Fourth street, but the lady that lives there is a friend, and so I thought I would give her number in case I was

FAVORED WITH A REPLY.

I did not call until after 6 p. m., as I hardly expect a reply to my poor little letter. Now, please do not think me a "Jack 'o the Lantern," or a "Will 'o the Wisp," and that I change my abode every time I write. But I will explain all when we meet. Would have sent a note to you, but to where was I to send it? You will remember I did not know your address. Would have sent it to the GLOBE, but I did not think it would reach you. I am very much pleased with your letter and know that I will like you (I hope the liking will be mutual). Six feet. I am delighted. I hate little men, I mean one that is so little that he would defy the powers of a microscope. I am tall myself, five feet six and a half inches, with my shoes on—just one inch taller than Helen of Troy. But I don't know whether history says she had her shoes on or off. It's my belief they knew very little about her height—but who cares about Helen? I don't, do you? Bob's tastes are inclined toward the beautiful. When he sees Miss Carrie he will

certainly lose his heart and his head, too; that is, unless he has lost it (his heart) already. I hope you were not so cruel as to make him jump off the bridge because

HE IS SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

So I missed going to the theater tonight; well, such is life. If this is not a very nice letter you must blame the mosquitous. Oh! how they bother me—I mean love me. I have about 50,000 bites, or rather the mosquitoes have had them. They are the only things that like me. But I do hope you will like me just a little—won't you? When we do meet, if I am as favorably impressed with you as I am with your letter, I will tell you my right name. I think you are real cute—even if you are six feet. Allow me to suggest, if it be not too presumptuous, that yourself and friend meet us in the public library Friday afternoon at 3 p. m. Wear a bunch of golden rod, and you will know us by our "eager, expectant attitudes." Trusting that we may have the pleasure of meeting yourself and friend Friday afternoon and freely shake hands with the best intentions to all concerned. I remain yours until we meet,

AN UGLY DUCKLING.

P. S.—Remember, the public library, corner Third and Wabasha, over Ingersoll's, Friday at 3 p. m. We will wait until 4 p. m., if you can't come at 3. Don't fail. You will come? Yours

POLLY.

I'll be Polly until we meet. Please don't send another note to that number; the lady is very angry with me.

We remembered, but Friday afternoon found Prudy and me parted for the five-hundredth time in the history of our mutual devotion, to be

HENCEFORTH AS STRANGERS.

Solitary and full of bitterness, I proceeded to the public library to meet my "ugly duckling" face to face. It was after 3 when a pretty little girl of eighteen or twenty came into the room, accompanied by a young sister. "Carrie," said I to myself at once. "Where is Polly?" The girl betrayed herself by the way she scrutinized every man in the room. She changed a book she brought and dispatched her sister with it. Then she seated herself at the table where I was endeavoring to appear deeply interested in a review of Irish politics for the past week. Polly's description of her was very true. She was charming and was tastefully dressed in a silver-grey cloth dress, trimmed with passementrie. She took up a number of the Spectator and divided her attention between the stairway and the view about her—a scraggy set to the last man. Presently a long, lanky young woman, clad in white, came up the stairs and joined Carrie. It was, indeed, my "ugly duckling." Truth will not allow me to correct a single statement she had made about her appearance, and her get-up was simply awful. She wore a white Swiss muslin gown that fitted her bony form like paper on the wall. Around her waist was a deep blue moire sash, and the large hat that made her face thinner by comparison was trimmed with red roses that hurt a man's eyes to behold. She and Carrie were both plaintly in a state of intense but subdued hysteria. They whispered a moment or two and then subsided behind their books, Polly had appropriated the last number of Puck. Every man that drew near them gave them inward convulsions. They wanted to giggle at the fun of the thing, and they had half a mind to cry over the wickedness of it. They were clearly enough good girls, with healthy appetites for amusement and

KEPT ON SHORT RATIONS.

As I sat watching them I knew exactly how a cat with a heart feels when it has a couple of mice in a hole. They were too much impressed with the impropriety of their proceeding to talk. Polly recklessly bit her best handkerchief, and Carrie absent-mindedly kept rumpling her "high-tide-off-the-Bay-of-Fundy" hair. At the end of half an hour they began to look silly. Each hated to meet even the gaze of the other, but at this stage of the game Fate, Providence—something sent a tall man in their midst. He was very well dressed, and he was not long in the room until the smothered actions of the girls attracted his attention, and he determined to find out what they meant. He brought his book with him and sat down at the table beside Polly, whereupon both girls had severe inward convulsions again. Of course they thought it was Walter and were prepared for an attack. The man couldn't understand them, and would every now and then direct his inquiring gaze to me, when I would drop into a Robert Browning attitude and see only the unseeable. At last he picked up a paper, wrote something on the margin and placed it before Polly. She wanted to read it, but was to shy to pick it up. Carrie, on the quiet, was nudging her under the table, urging her on. She began gradually to slide her hand up to it. I waited and watched patiently, but her movements were so gradual that by careful calculation I found it would take her 129 years, 10 months, 16 days, 23 hours, 40 minutes and 19 seconds to accomplish her end. Life was too short. I came off. I gave my mice up to a terrier. If he failed to eat you, my dears, take Pauline's advice and never, never, never, if your love of fun lives on crusts through eternity, be such foolish little mice again. PAULINE PRY.

Not What He Wanted.

Aakansaw Traveler.

"Do you know of anybody who has a good dog for sale?" asked one traveling man of another.

"Yes, I've got one myself. Fine animal. I think he would just suit you."

"What kind of a dog is it?"

"A setter."

"A setter?"

"Yes. Shall I bring him around to show him to you?"

"No, thanks. I've got a whole back yard full of hens. I want a dog."

NO BUSINESS OF MINE.

Written for the Globe.

The senate has made a big fool of itself;
Of course, it's no business of mine;
When it laid the fish treaty way back on the shelf,
Of course, it's no business of mine.
It has carried its partisanship pretty far,
With the Briton Grover Cleveland is now forced to spar.
The result is, some day we'll be plunged into war,
But, of course, it's no business of mine.

The question of tariff is making things warm
Of course, it's no business of mine;
The "Reps" want protection, the "Dems" want reform;
Of course, it's no business of mine.
"Beware of free trade!" shouts the great G. O. P.,
And terrible things in the future they see;
They don't mean what they're saying, between you and me,
But, of course, it's no business of mine.

Albert Scheffer is running away with the prize;
Of course, it's no business of mine;
In Ramsey he gave Bill and Mc both black eyes;
Of course, it's no business of mine.
Let the old party name any one of the three,
It makes little difference who he may be,
"Gene" Wilson will best him this fall, wait and see;
But of course, it's no business of mine.

Can a low-license man ride a high-license horse?
Of couse, it's no business of mine;
He can, but he's thrown as a matter of course;
I admit, it's no business of mine.
Can a man buy up voters like cattle or sheep?
He probably can if their price ain't too steep,
And the 4th of November he'll be like Bo-Peep,
But, of course, its no business of mine.

Doc Ames at Mike Doran, I'm told, is quite sore;
Of course, it's no business of mine;
As they pass on the street they don't speak any more;
Of course, it's no business of mine.
The breach is as wide as a gulf with a yawn,
And the man who leaps in, well, he surely is gone.
Let us hope for them both a new era may dawn;
But, of course, it's no business of mine.

Lily Langtry, the beauty, is going to wed;
Of course, it's no business of mine;
'Tis rumored her choice is none less than Dude Fred;
Of course, it's no business of mine.
Two husbands, at present, appear quite the rage—
We live in a very degenerate age.
Can she marry her Fred and be wed to the stage?
Of course, it's no business of mine.

A great many people saw Barnum's great show;
Of course, it's no business of mine;
They said it was good, 'tis presumed they should know;
Of course, it's no business of mine.
St. Paul by P. T. was done up pretty brown,
Thirty thousand round dollars he took from this town;
In the face of such figures hard times won't go down,
But, of course, it's no business of mine.

Des Moines gave our ball club a swat in the neck;
Of course, it's no business of mine;
Our chance for the pennant is now but a speck;
Of course, it's no business of mine.
When our boys go away they most always get tired;
With fear for their foes they are always inspired,
To fan the soft breezes, 'twould seem, they are hired,
But, of course, it's no business of mine.

A seat in a street car is rare, you'll admit;
Of course it's no business of mine;
The men all stand up, while the ladies all sit;
Of course, it's no business of mine.
When a fellow is tired and footsore, as well,
To rise for a school miss is meaner than——;
Etiquette at such times should retire for a spell,
But, of course, it's no business of mine.

A woman can talk with ten pins in her mouth;
Of course, it's no business of mine;
When she faces due north, then her bustle bears south,
Of course, it's no business of mine.
At a match game she don't know a strike from a ball;
In front of a mirror she ne'er tires at all;
She likes to be told that her pedals are small,
But, of course, it's no business of mine.

—M. J. D.

For Nice Key West Cigars
Go to Kennedy's, Grand block.

MARVELLOUS MEMORIES.

People Who Could Read the Globe Through Once and Then Write It All Out Without Hesitation.

Mr. Stanton, the United States war minister during the great Civil war, had a very retentive memory, and was especially well up in Dickens' works. One evening in the early part of 1868 Dickens, then on a reading tour in the states, was dining with Charles Sumner, when Mr. Stanton and some others were present. The war minister was put to the test, and when started could repeat from memory a chapter from any of Dicken's books, showing a much greater knowledge of the works than their author could boast. Mr. Stanton accounted for this intimate knowledge of Dickens by mentioning the habit which he had formed during the war of invariably reading something by the author of "Pickwick," before going to bed at night.

The late Bishop Prince Lee, first bishop of Manchester, was similarly gifted. It is reported of him that being once, at an evening party, started by a lady with a line quoted from "Marmion," he went right on with the poem from memory, and could have recited the whole. As a further test the same lady quoted a few words from a conversation in Ivanhoe, whereupon the bishop repeated the whole chapter correctly from memory.

But greater than any of these was Lord Macaulay. From a very early age the retentiveness of his memory was extraordinary. When only three or four years of age his mind mechanically retained the form of what he read, so that, as his maid said, he talked "quite printed words." Once as a child, when making an afternoon call with his father, he picked up Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" for the first time, and quietly devoured the treasure while his seniors were engaged in conversation. When they returned home the boy went to his mother, who at the time was confined to her bed, and sitting down by the bedside repeated what he had been reading, by the canto, until she was tired.

Later in life his wonderful memory was always a subject of interest to his friends and occasionally was put to searching tests. One day at a board meeting at the British Museum Macaulay wrote down from memory in three parallel columns on each of four pages of foolscap a complete list of the Cambridge senior wranglers, with dates and colleges attached, for the 100 years during which a record of the names had been kept in the university calendar.

"On another occasion," says Trevelyan. "Sir David Dundas asked, 'Macaulay, do you know your Popes?' 'No,' was the answer, 'I always get wrong among the Innocents.' 'But can you say your archbishops of Canterbury?' 'Any fool,' said Macaulay, could say his archbishops of Canterbury backward,' and he went off at score, drawing breath only once in order to remark on the oddity of there having been both an Archbishop Sancrost and an Archbishop Rancroft until Sir David stopped him at Cranmer." Macaulay once said that if by any possibly chance all the copies of Paradise Lost and the Pilgrim's Progress in existence were destroyed, he could write both out again complete from recollection.

When O'Connell made his motion in 1834 for the repeal of the union Mr. Tennant, member of parliament for Belfast, delivered a speech lasting for three and a half hours, full of figures and calculations entirely from memory, in which he trusted so completely that he sent the manuscript of his speech to the newspapers before he delivered it. His confidence was not misplaced, for the oration was spoken without a single mistake, or even a momentary hesitation.

Another Irish M. P., Robert Dillon Brown, member for Mayo, had the same useful faculty. He would dictate a speech to an amanuensis, and twenty-four hours afterward, without looking at it or thinking of the matter in the meantime, could repeat it word for word.

Woodfall, the editor of the Morning Chronicle and brother of Junius' publisher, was able to report accurately in the morning the debate of the previous evening without taking any notes.

In some cases the mental action involved in feats of this nature would seem to be quite mechanical and unintelligent. In the newspapers of January, 1820, there are accounts of an extraordinary man, who was known as "Memory-Corner Thompson." This man, although he could hardly remember anything he heard, could yet retain perfectly the names and descriptions of large collections of objects that met his eye. He could take an inventory of the contents of a house from cellar to attic merely by surveying them, and could afterward write it out from memory. He could draw from recollection accurate plans of many London parishes and districts, with every street, alley, public building, public house, etc., duly noted, down to the minutest topographical details, such as pumps, trees, bow-windows and posts, all correctly marked.

Conspicuous instances of this mechanical kind of memory are to be found among the famous mental calculators. Jedediah Buxton was a celebrity of this kind about the middle of the last century. He had but little education, and indeed was not able to write his own name. But in arithmetic and in abstruse calculations his powers were wonderful. The following is a specimen of the problems which when put to the test, he solved mentally in a few minutes: Find how many cubical eighths of an inch there are in a quadiangular mass measuring 23,145,789 yards long, 2,642,732 yards wide and 54,965 yards thick. When in London in 1754, he was taken to see Garrick as Richard III. at Drury Lane. The play did not interest him, but he occupied himself in reckoning the number of words he heard and in counting the number of steps made by the dancers.

The American boy, Zerah Colburn, who came to London in 1812, was a similar phenomenon. He had no knowledge of the rules of arithmetic, and was quite unable to explain how he arrived at the answers to the problems submitted to him. Mental power of this nature would seem to imply an unwholesome development of one part of the brain at the expense of the rest. The retentiveness of such a memory as Lord Macaulay's is greatly to be preferred to the abnormal mental activity of an animated calculating machine.

Louisville Again Safe.

Louisville Times.

They have departed. The trio of girl book agents have shaken the dust of Louisville from their No. 2's and have sought other fields and pastures new. They have also "shaken" several scores of susceptible dudes, who were wont to flit around them as thick as butterflies in a country road after a summer shower. They came here to sell books, and they did it. Their stock in trade consisted of three pretty faces, three petite figures, three pairs of soft, languishing eyes—blue, brown and black—which wore a sort of "Do-come-and-hug-me" look, three little heads that were altogether "level," and three dispositions that were just modest enough and just chic enough. It may be incidentally added that the books they sold were "Red Handed Mike, the Scalp Taker," and "The Life of Jesse James." These books are really worth about 10 cents per car load, delivered, but this trinity of graces disposed of them at $2 per copy to thousands of Louisville's young men, and old ones, too, as to that. They have been working this city for several months and go away with plethoric purses, and many a man has only a little book and the memory of soft glances, sweet smiles and honeyed words to recompense him for his two good dollars.

FROM HEINE.

Dost thou really hate?
Art thou changed so sadly?
Thou who hast of late
Treated me so badly.

O red lips—ungrateful!
Thus to speak unkindly
Of him who kissed them fondly,
Worshiped you so blindly.

—Bennett Bellman.

THE RYAN BAZAAR

THE GREATEST EXHIBITION AND SALE OF

PLUSH GARMENTS!

Ever Held in St. Paul to be Opened

To-Morrow, Monday, Aug. 27th.

500 Guaranteed Genuine English Lister SEAL PLUSH SACQUES, JACKETS, WRAPS, etc., offered at wholesale prices during this sale.

A Sample Line displayed in our show window.

A deposit of $5 will secure a Plush Garment and its free storage until wanted to Dec. 15, 1888.

It may be said with truth of this sale that it is the result of judicious expenditure of cash at the time when trade is dull and material and labor cheap, while our contracts with the best English manufacturer have secured for us the finest English Lister Seal Plushes at bottom prices.

Hence we are here in the presence of summer to offer to our patrons the benefits of this method, which places before them facts and figures about which there can be no mistake. WE GUARANTEE—

1. That all the garments contained in this offering are made of the finest English Lister Seal Plush that can be produced.
2. That they are perfect in shape and fit.
3. That they are lined with superfine quilted satin lining, with chamois pockets and seal loops.
4. That they are finished in the most careful manner, in full lengths, sizes 32 to 44.

WE FURTHERMORE GUARANTEE that the winter price for those Sacques which we

Now Sell at $19.75, will be $25.00
Now Sell at $24.75, will be $30.00
Now Sell at $28.75, will be $35.00
Now Sell at $34.75, will be $42.50
Now Sell at $38.50, will be $47.50

No competition from whatever source can offer values equal to those we here present. Other retail houses may try to follow our lead by offering a cheaper class of goods, made in imitation of the reliable qualities guaranteed by us, but a comparison will in every instance demonstrate the fact that we have the cheapest and best Plush Garments to be found in the market.

A sample line of these goods is displayed in our large show window. If any skeptic happens our way and sees these elegant garments, let her not mournfully shake her head and venture the opinion that these specimens are only for show—not for sale. That party would oblige us by pointing out the garment she wants, and she will see how quickly we take it out of the window and change her doubting mien to a pleasant smile.

THE RYAN BAZAAR,

128 East Seventh Street, St. Paul.

RELIABLE GOODS

—AT—

Low Prices

IS OUR

PLATFORM!

We want the stir they make, the crowds they attract and the dozens of other advantages which only rock-bottom prices can accomplish.

To-day we are cracking the whip of low prices livelier than ever.

The goods to be placed before you are staple stock, new, fresh, just coming from our workrooms, where they have been manufactured on the smallest outlay that cash, good management and the closest economy would admit.

The goods are in our store, open for your inspection, and the prices are marked on them in plain figures. Every garment is guaranteed to wear just as represented, and the money will be refunded to any dissatisfied purchaser when so desired.

AND NOW WE WILL ASK YOU A PLAIN QUESTION.

Do you intend to buy a Plush Garment for next winter? Yes or no?

To those who will answer in the affirmative, we say

BUY IT NOW.

NEVER MIND THE HEAT.

This is your opportunity to secure such garment at a money-saving price, a saving so considerable that it must necessarily interest those who desire to dress well at the most inexpensive outlay of money possible.

TAKE A LOOK

At what we are putting before you this week. We have shaped the prices so that economical buyers not only can, but that they will, buy from us.

MAIL ORDERS.

We will cheerfully forward any of these garments to out-of-town parties, subject to approval, on receipt of $1 to cover express charges

NORTHWESTERN FUEL CO.,

General Office: National German-American Bank Building,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Shippers of Best Grades of Anthracite and Bituminous

COAL!

SOLE REPRESENTATIVES IN THE NORTHWEST FOR

Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railway Co.'s Scranton Coal.
Pardee's Hazelton Lehigh Coal.
Youghiougheny River Coal Company's Celebrated Ocean Mine Youghiougheny Coal.
Spring Valley Coal Company's Third Vein Illinois Coal.
Chicago, Wilmington & Vermillion Co.'s Streator, Illinois, Coal.

STORAGE AND SHIPPING WHARVES, With Capactty for Receiving and Forwarding 2,000,000 Tons Annually, at MILWAUKEE, GREEN BAY, WASHBURN, WEST SUPERIOR, DULUTH.

We operate and control all of the above-named wharves exclusively, having a daily shipping capacity of 600 cars, which is sufficient guarantee of prompt shipment to all points in the West and Northwest.

MINNEAPOLIS OFFICE—No. 5 Nicollet House Block.

H. W. ARMSTRONG & L. H. WATERS. Agts. | E. N. SAUNDERS, President. E. L. BOOTH, General Salesman.

THIS WORD

INSTALLMENT

Means from us much more than it usually does. By it we mean that we offer you your choice from one of the largest and best selected stocks of Furniture, Carpets and Stoves in St. Paul, on easy terms and very close prices. We trust you will call and give us an opportunity to prove to you that we mean just what we have said. SMITH & FARWELL, 339, 341 & 343 E. Seventh Street.

HIGH ART JEWELRY!

DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND SILVERWARE.

E. A. BROWN,

111 East Third Street, - St. Paul, Minn.

CONTRACT WORK.

Grading Flandrau Street.

OFFICE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 21, 1888.

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 3d day of September, A. D. 1888, for grading Flandrau street, from East Seventh Street to Stillwater 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,
235-245 Clerk Board of Public Works.

CONTRACT WORK.

Sewer on Ramsey Street.

OFFICE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 21, 1888.

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 3d day of September, A. D. 1888, for constructing a sewer on Ramsey street, from Pleasant avenue to Western 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,
235-245 Clerk Board of Public Works.

Public Notice.

Found running at large within the city of St. Paul, in violation of the ordinances of said city in relation to impounding animals, and taken up by the Pound Master of said city, on the 21st day of August, 1888, and not redeemed, the hereinafter described animals.

Now therefore, in accordance with law, I will sell at public auction, in front of the public pound, on Margaret street, in said city, on the 27th day of August, 1888, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to the highest bidder for cash,

ONE GRAY MARE.
ONE BAY YEARLING COLT,
ONE TWO-YEAR-OLD BLACK MARE COLT, white stripe in face, two hind feet white.
ONE SORREL MARE, two hind feet white, and her colt.
ONE BAY MARE, two white hind feet.

JOHN CUNIFF,
Policeman and Acting Pound Master.
Dated Aug. 24, 1888. 237-239

PATENTS!

Caveats, Designs, Trade Marks, Labels, etc. Write or call.

F. W. LANE,

Room 52, German-American Bank Bldg.
ST. PAUL, MINN.

CONTRACT WORK.

Sewer on Louis Street and Summit Place.

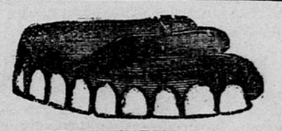
OFFICE OF BOARD PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 24, 1888.

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 4th day of September, A. D. 1888, for the construction of a sewer on Louis street, from Marshall avenue to Fuller street, and on Summit Place, from Iglehart street to Rondo street, in said city, together with the necessary catchbasins and manholes, 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,
238-48 Clerk Board of Public Works.



BEST TEETH, $8.

Cullum's Painless Method of Tooth Extraction,

FILLING, - $1 UP.

Cor. 7th and Wabasha, St. Paul.