

THE WRONG MAN MOST APT TO FIND FAVOR WITH WOMEN.

The Wrong Man Most Apt to Find Favor With Women.

She Didn't Know He Was Married, You Know.

Tragedies on St. Anthony Hill Impossible Because of Form.

As a Matter of Fact, Lovers Change Like Wardrobes.

RDY dear, can you tell me what kind of a man a woman is most likely to fall in love with?

"The wrong man," promptly replied Prudy, without waiting up from the day's record of divorce suits that she was perusing.

Speaking generally from matrimonial consequences Prudy does not come far short of the mark. Look over the list of married acquaintances and it is surprising how persistently women have loved and married the wrong man.

There is Mrs. Smith, of decided intellectual tendencies, who for the sake of a handsome, well-dressed, but unscrupulous man, never gets above pork, and who has about as much appreciation of his wife's yearning for the unattainable as would have one of the heasts, dead, and dressed in the unscrupulous upon which his soul is centered.

There is Mrs. Brown, who was without doubt, born in full dress, her graceful figure and her most perfect manner with the professor who would trip to his death in one of his wife's favorite waltzes, and sits tongue-tied and uncomprehending in the midst of the small talk she thrives upon.

On the other hand Mr. Thompson, who gets his clothes direct from London, and is posted on the latest scandal if not on the latest news, is a man who is a most agreeable to her, and who is the most perfect teacher, who wears spring-heeled shoes, no corsets and glasses, and evidently adores him, though what she can see in him is more than a little mysterious.

But all instances of MISPLACED AFFECTIONS. Miss Prudy furnishes the strangest, if Mrs. Jones's case can be forgotten. Miss Prudy had a very nice young man, who was married when she first met him, and he was altogether interesting—no body can deny that. Neither can any one say he did not lay himself out for her, and when inadvertently one night he mentioned the existence of his wife, of course there it was too late. The murder was done, she loved him and certainly there was no wrong in a platonic union. It is such a simple task for one woman to make an exception of herself and love quite differently from the other 99,999 women who are so inclined to marvel, as no doubt is Miss Mary herself, to see the sad result she has made of the attempt.

With tears in her eyes, and a very pitiful expression on her face, she told Prudy the other day she didn't think she would care to marry Harry if Mrs. Harry were dead; she is almost positive that she would love some one else, but she has no consideration of matrimony, still it would be a great relief to have Mrs. Harry out of the way and be able to know the exact truth of the matter. Prudy has a doubt but some day there'll be a murder and suicide, and a large number of the 400 will be called upon to send flowers, or what is worse, all St. Anthony will be obliged to know in which direction the couple eloped and just how Mrs. Harry is going to sustain the shock.

have danced ourselves into actual existence again, and begin to take notice of the matrimonial market. Not that we really mean to marry; no, indeed; still a lot of new clothes and a pair of new shoes would not be bad, after all.

At twenty-four we're beginning to know people, and Diogenes-like, we set out on a man. We want one now whose situation has been accomplished, whose brains are not in his heels, whose one could recognize on the street without an apology to anybody, and last, but not least, our whose finances are assured. At twenty-six—if a woman lives to be twenty-six and keeps her heart and head from serious injury she is prepared to take the world, men included, as it comes and for what it is worth. This blissful flow, whose pressing need of redemption was her mission on earth at eighteen, she can hardly enjoy; there is both time and place still in her affections; for the leader of the cotillon she once exclusively adored; the animated gold bags not not without his charm in her hands, the all-around man, her own companion, but, above all others, she adores the man who makes a graceful play of loving—earnest enough to be interesting, wise and substantial, and fond, as he is of her, is equally fond of giving charming dinners with plenty of rare wines. If she does not run to brain, hennings, cats or canaries, the bachelor woman, like the bachelor man, worships at the shrine where the best feeding is to be found. For the bees and the sweets of sixteen are exchanged the wiles and substantial of twenty-six, and the first question about a new man is, not how does he look, but how does he entertain?

PAULINE PRY.

LOVING TRIBUTES TO WOMEN. Gems From the Poets, Preachers and Sages of Many Lands. Confucius—Woman is the masterpiece. Herd—Woman is the crown of creation. Voltaire—Women teach us repose, civility and dignity. Lessing—Nature meant to make woman the most agreeable of beings. John Quincy Adams—All that I am my mother made me.

Ruskin—Shakespeare has no heroes—he has only women. Whittier—If woman lost us Eden, she should restore it. Boucicault—I wish Adam had died with all his ribs in his body. Lamartine—Woman is the most perfect of all creatures.

E. S. Barrett—Woman is last at the cross and earliest at the grave. Butler—In a gentlemanly lady woman is a lady in right of her sex. Saadi—A handsome woman is a jewel; a good woman is a treasure. Lamartine—There is a woman at the beginning of all great things. Nechefoucauld—A fashionable woman is always in love with herself. Cowley—What is a woman? Only one of those agreeable blunders.

Victor Hugo—Women detect the serpent before a professional jealousy. N. P. Willis—The sweetest thing in a wife is the unlooked welcome of a will. Francis I.—A woman changes oft; who trusts her is the softest of the soft. Shakespeare—There never was a woman but she made the glass. George Elliot—A passionate woman's love is always overshadowed by her fear. Helme—Handsome women without religion are like flowers without perfume. Voltaire—All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of a woman.

Leopold Schefer—But one thing on earth is better than a wife—that is the mother. Beecher—Women are a new race, recreated since the world received Christianity. Cervantes—Between a woman's "yes" and "no" I would not venture to stick a pin. Luther—Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of pity. Shakespeare—For where is any author in the world teaches such beauty as a woman's eyes. Michelet—Woman is the Sunday of man; not his repose only, but his joy, the salt of his life. Margaret Fuller Ossoli—Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it. Louis Desnoyers—A woman may be ugly, ill-shaped, wicked, ignorant, silly and stupid, but hardly ever ridiculous. Lord Lansdale—If the whole world were put into one scale and my mother and the other, the world would kick the beam.

Malherbe—There are only two beautiful things in the world—women and roses; and only two sweet things—woman and nations. Bulwer Lytton—O woman, in ordinary cases you are a mortal, but in the great rare events of life dost thou swell into the angels! Saville—Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws and more power by their tears than we have by our arguments. Emmett—A beautiful woman is a practical poet, tending her savage mate, planting tenderness, hope and eloquence in all who she approaches. Anna Cora Mowbray—Love is a plant whose seed is sown in the heart of the woman and brings forth germs of strength of which she herself had no conscious possession. Anna Cora Mowbray—All women will give a sympathetic hearing to men who are in love. Be they ever so old, they grow young again in that conversation and renew their own early time. Men are king too generous.

King Milan and the Bishops. "The reproach which the Serbian bishops administered to their sovereign by refusing to meet him on his return to his capital has evoked from King Milan a characteristic outburst of temper." "The king," said the monarch, "has upon most of the prelates shortly afterward, assembled in the house of the metropolitan, he gave vent to the following sarcasm: 'I am glad to find you are all here, but I am disappointed to find you were all on your death-beds.' The king then said: 'I will no longer tolerate such conduct; if you are displeased with my government, refractory I will compel you to obedience.'"



than the woman who has given her time and energy for more than her share in the house. From the woman's standpoint the financial question is how to meet constant wants with an inconsistent income, whereas there should be an intelligent woman who would administer the household and regulate the outgo to the best advantage.

In recent years feminine inventiveness shows marked progress. For instance, from Jan. 1, 1888, to the 25th of June last sixty-six patents were issued to women, while during the same period 73 patents were issued to men. The latter is the largest number ever issued to women in a single year.

Widows and unmarried women belonging to the ranks of labor proprietors in Austraria are to be given the right of voting in the elections of the landtag. A Journal for Australian women, called The Dawn, is published monthly in Sydney, New South Wales.

THE LOVE OR THE LOVER? Woman's Heart is Like an Eolian Harp, Which Every Breath of Emotion Sets Vibrating. We stamp love with divinity by declaring that God is love, yet how can we reconcile this affirmation with the fact that the love which we are ever so often attracted to is a young man brought to his home a corpse, his life un-lived—the woman who loved him "better than existence" has sent a bullet through him.

A woman, with all the charms and graces of a goddess, is ever so often awaiting a dedication—robbed of life and honor by the man who loved her. With our meaningless play upon words, are we giving a holy name to an unclean thing, if the love which we really have is not earthly existence? The love that is current among us, for which hearts and souls are brought to a feverish, sensual, morbid, reasoning passion; its first desire is the desire for possession; it maintains as its inalienable right the right to possess, to monopolize, to bless or to curse, at the least, to control.

Victor Hugo—Women detect the serpent before a professional jealousy. N. P. Willis—The sweetest thing in a wife is the unlooked welcome of a will. Francis I.—A woman changes oft; who trusts her is the softest of the soft. Shakespeare—There never was a woman but she made the glass. George Elliot—A passionate woman's love is always overshadowed by her fear. Helme—Handsome women without religion are like flowers without perfume. Voltaire—All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of a woman.

Leopold Schefer—But one thing on earth is better than a wife—that is the mother. Beecher—Women are a new race, recreated since the world received Christianity. Cervantes—Between a woman's "yes" and "no" I would not venture to stick a pin. Luther—Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of pity. Shakespeare—For where is any author in the world teaches such beauty as a woman's eyes. Michelet—Woman is the Sunday of man; not his repose only, but his joy, the salt of his life. Margaret Fuller Ossoli—Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it. Louis Desnoyers—A woman may be ugly, ill-shaped, wicked, ignorant, silly and stupid, but hardly ever ridiculous. Lord Lansdale—If the whole world were put into one scale and my mother and the other, the world would kick the beam.

Malherbe—There are only two beautiful things in the world—women and roses; and only two sweet things—woman and nations. Bulwer Lytton—O woman, in ordinary cases you are a mortal, but in the great rare events of life dost thou swell into the angels! Saville—Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws and more power by their tears than we have by our arguments. Emmett—A beautiful woman is a practical poet, tending her savage mate, planting tenderness, hope and eloquence in all who she approaches. Anna Cora Mowbray—Love is a plant whose seed is sown in the heart of the woman and brings forth germs of strength of which she herself had no conscious possession. Anna Cora Mowbray—All women will give a sympathetic hearing to men who are in love. Be they ever so old, they grow young again in that conversation and renew their own early time. Men are king too generous.

King Milan and the Bishops. "The reproach which the Serbian bishops administered to their sovereign by refusing to meet him on his return to his capital has evoked from King Milan a characteristic outburst of temper." "The king," said the monarch, "has upon most of the prelates shortly afterward, assembled in the house of the metropolitan, he gave vent to the following sarcasm: 'I am glad to find you are all here, but I am disappointed to find you were all on your death-beds.' The king then said: 'I will no longer tolerate such conduct; if you are displeased with my government, refractory I will compel you to obedience.'"

the inhabitants of an ant hill. Even now, a cold wave of remorse runs through me when I remember how many of the poor laborers were unintentionally murdered, for it was impossible to move my feet without stepping on one or a dozen of them. To escape detection, I threw their dead bodies to the swine. In the afternoon the "runners" were cut off the strawberry vines, the currants must be picked and the water pumped for the cows. Thus every day in the week passed, and I did not read a line of the poetry, the drama, the novel, or the history of the day. The memory and the odor of those dreadful Mondays still hover about me. The recollection of one is particularly vivid, when the boiler emptied its hot contents over my feet. There were only two days in the week that brought me any real pleasure. On Thursday came the weekly paper, and in the evening we all sat in the kitchen while my father read aloud the politics, the poetry, the "Sharps and Flats" and the continued story. That was a red-letter day in my system, and during the following week, while my ears were "boxed" because the meat burned, or "silk" was discovered on the corn when it came to the table, I comforted myself with the thought of the coming Thursday, and lived an imaginary life, in which I was a wonderful heroine, surrounded with admirers, and in the evening my father cut off his head at my command. Then came Sunday, the blessed day of rest, when, dressed in a blue and white striped calico dress, spotted with yellow and calico shoes, carrying my brown cotton parasol, I walked the school house, where we had Sunday school. I heard and read the stories of the Bible, and what I shuddered at the tale of the lions eating little children who called Elisha a bald head, I recited the ten commandments and the twelve tribes of Israel, and when the teacher solemnly assured us that God saw everything our thoughts would revert to the dead chickens I fed to the pigs. Sometimes, in a fit of religious fervor, I almost resolved to tell my aunt, and receive the whipping which I knew would follow the disclosure; but after Sunday school was over I took a more rational view of the matter, and thought that although God knew he couldn't tell on me, and on this day the sin has never been confessed. Sunday afternoon I changed my dress, donning a dark blue, and put my shoes away, so they would keep nice for fair time. The county fair was the great event of the year in the country—and then I wandered to the county fair, where I met my Bible and Aurora Leigh, the two books I had. I passed the hours with the cows. Both of the books were beyond my comprehension, but I studied the lives of Moses and Joseph, wept over the sad fate of Absalom, and learned my verse for the next Sunday. Although I understood very little of the book, Aurora Leigh, however, I felt that she was a kindred soul. She had lived with her aunt, and I lived with mine. To me to live with an aunt, and to be so dependent on her, was a life I had sympathy for Aurora. One sentiment in the book I fully understood, and it struck me very forcibly. It was: "A heartless life, it is said, is a virtuous life. A quiet life was not life at all."

After reading that, I laid the book down and said to my aunt: "That's just like me and my aunt; we don't live any life at all."

To some people the idea of country life is to be sweeter and less from all earthly cares—where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest; but to me, rural existence means a continual round of bare feet walking in the mud, and the wearing of the feeding poultry and stringing "boxes" on my ears. POLLY POLLOCK.

TO PLEASE THE WOMEN. New York Mail. Red in all shades is more than ever in vogue. French ladies wear bracelets on the outside of the dress, and the material of the rage for oxidized silver has extended even to glove buttons. Ostrich feather bows are now in vogue in most of the fashionable toilet shades. There is a decided tendency to revive the use of laces as a finish to the neck, the front of the corsage, and the sleeves. Ruches of raveled silk, passed around the back of the neck and pointed in V shape in front, are a fashionable neck dressing. Very large cravat bows of lace, made with two great loops without ends, are worn with tea gowns, jackets and blouse waists. The rich dark shade known as Russian blue is popular just now. The blue is universally becoming to women of either fair or dark complexion. Some of the new ribbon waists have wide ribbon ends hanging below them, while black net is shirred over the entire front, drooping over the hands at the side. Ladies' cloth holds the first position among woolen dress fabrics. It is made in checks and stripes, as well as plain. The latter is made up in the dressiest toiles. Newly imported French gowns are edged at the neck with a strip of colored ribbon, finished with a bow at the left side. A similar finish is also seen upon the sleeves. Pierrot collars of finely plaited wide lace are turned down about the neck of the corsage. These collars are sometimes made of lisse, or silk mixed in both white and colors. Blue in its deep tones is a durable color. It does not fade when produced in all wool fabrics, and may be effected in all redolent with silver, gold, red, ecru or tan color. Wool jerseys are now preferred to silk, but have silk trimmings. Stylish jerseys have black and white, or other colors, green, Gobein blue, rosewood, gray or copper red wool. The figures in some of the newest brocades are so large that often a single one covers the entire width of the material. A pretty new baby robe is made of white India silk, the waist and hem are edged with black and white, and the whole trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

ABLE TO LOSE ALL SHE HAD WAGERED. Chicago Tribune. "Mandy" almost sickened the elderly aunt, as she entered the parlor unexpectedly and found the young lady clasped in the arms of a young man who was kissing her, and exclaiming that he had considerable practice, "what on earth does this mean?" "Nothing but an election bet, auntie," remarked Amanda, with a look of heroic martyr-like resignation on her face. "I lost. Go on, Mr. McPelican. How many was that?"

THE LAZY MAN. I'm the laziest man, I reckon, that a mortal ever sees. Got money? Nary a dollar! I wasn't built for greed. Fer grubbin' 'er grippen' where the revenue is found; I'm what you call a lazy 'un—jes' built for 'er.

Constable: Mightly right I am; when spring winds whistle sweet, In the meadows where the daisies make a carpet for your feet, Where the 'nights' birds are chirpin'; where the brook, in watchin' play, Goes leavin' on a pushin all the lilies out of his way, You'll find me almost any time a lym' at 'er.

With the 'lows' song o' the loonest and the drowsy drone o' bees Above, and aroun' me; I'm a poet in my way. An' I'd rather hear the birds sing 'an to shoot 'em any day. "Jes' laziness" they tell me, an' 'I reckon they're right; But the world's so full o' beauty, an' you can't see it, unless you're a lym' at 'er. But different folks have different minds, nor drink from the same cup; When I'm in 'er to the lilies, they're plowin' 'er up.

My field's a pasture for the cows, an' though it never pays, It's a source o' pleasure to me 'es' ter see the creature graze! The tinkie, tinkie o' bells is such a pleasin' sound, But I'm a lym' at 'er, you know, jes' built for lym' chup! —F. L. Stanton.

improvement in his vocal work has created great astonishment in the

SCHUNEMAN & EVANS BEGINNING TUESDAY WE SHALL PLACE ON SALE 487 French Satin Corsets At \$2.50 Each.

This is exactly half value, \$5 being the usual price all over the country for an Imported Satin Corset, and the price we have been selling the same quality for before we received this lot. They come in all the most desirable colors, such as BLACK, CARDINAL, GOLD, CREAM, PINK AND LIGHT BLUE. Remember, Only \$2.50 for a \$5.00 Corset.

All first-class fresh goods, sizes from 18 to 30. The way we are enabled to sell you a \$5.00 Corset for \$2.50 is in the way we buy goods. We are always on the lookout for a drive, and when we find a real bargain we give our customers the benefit of the same. We came across an importer who was overstocked in Fine Satin Corsets. We made him an offer on the lot in cash. Our offer was accepted. Of course, it was a big loss to the importer, but what was his loss is your gain. We shall continue to give our customers bargains weekly as long as Ready Cash and a Keen Watchfulness will secure them. Our great sale of 52-inch Trialet at 49c Friday and Saturday was an immense success, and that it was appreciated by our customers was evidenced by the crowd that gathered around the counters both days. The people found the goods as advertised, and everybody went away well pleased after supplying themselves liberally. Ladies will find these Corsets just what we claim for them. They can be seen in our Large East Window to-morrow. Remember.

Sale Begins Tuesday Morning. Price \$2.50. Those who come early will avoid the rush, besides will have the choice of the stock while assortment of colors and sizes is complete. We carry at all times full lines of C. P. a la Serene Corsets, Royal Worcester Corsets, Thomson's Glove-Fitting Corsets, Dr. Warner's Corsets, French Woven Corsets, Misses and Children's Corsets.

SCHUNEMAN & EVANS, 55, 57, 59 East Third Street. LINDEKE & LADD, 13 East Third St., St. Paul, Minn.

Change of Firm! SLAUGHTER SALE DRESS GOODS! ---OF---

Two Big Job Lots! LOT 1 contains about 5,000 yards of all-wool Dress Goods, in Serges, Camel's Hair, English Mixtures and many other fabrics, all at one price, 58c per yard. These goods have been reduced from 75c, 85c and \$1 per yard. LOT 2 is made up of 40-inch all-wool Fuelle, French Mixtures and Cashmeres, and some broken lines of Dress Goods, at 42c per yard. Worth from 50 to 75 cents per yard. These two lots at the price named will last a short time only, as they are rare bargains.

DIG OUT PRICES! Plush Cloaks, Plush Jackets And Plush Modjeskas. Novelties in Ladies' and Misses' Newmarkets!

Children's Cloaks Sold at a Sacrifice. Our stock must be reduced, and we have made prices to make it an object for every one to examine our stock before buying. Mail orders carefully filled. Agents for Butterick's Patterns.

LINDEKE & LADD.

