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BY LEWIS BAKER.

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TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—Indications: For Michigan and Wisconsin: Light local snows, slightly colder, variable winds. For Minnesota and Iowa: Light local snows, nearly stationary temperature, variable winds. For Dakota: Light local snows; slightly warmer; variable winds, generally southeasterly.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer...	Place of Obs'vation.	Height of Barometer.	Exposed Thermometer..
St. Paul....	30.18	32	Ft. Buford.	30.08	18
Ft. Sully .	30.12	28	Ft. Custer..	30.08	22
Ft. Totten.	30.34	14	Helena. ...	29.87	14
Duluth....	30.22	32	Minnedosa	30.22	4
La Crosse.	30.20	34	Q'Appelle.	30.10	16
Huron.....	30.22	22	Calgary....	29.76	26
Moorhead.	30.26	20	Medic'e H.	29.90	16
St. Vincent	30.36	14	Fort Garry	......	...
Bismarck.	30.16	20	Edmonton.	30.22	24

THE bachelor mayor of New York keeps a horseshoe nailed to his desk, but it does not always insure good luck or horse sense.

THE La Crosse Chronicle thinks the heat of the senatorial contest will interfere with the growth of ice palace material in St. Paul. It is getting warmer, too.

FOURTEEN of the governors of states are quoted as indorsing, in their messages, 1888 as a prosperous and commendable year. Probably the rest are not heard from, or are Democrats.

THE Ohio papers call for additional legislation to secure the enforcement of the statutes preventing the use of tobacco or cigarettes by persons under sixteen years of age. There is no restriction, however, upon gum chewing.

NEBRASKA has had in operation the past year or two a law imposing a fine of $10 or imprisonment for treating. It is not reported that there have been any violations of it, or it suffers the fate of other statutes adverse to public habits.

THERE is trouble in some of the Wisconsin schools over the forced education of nervous children. Force work with the young is pernicious in any relation, but more so with the mind than body. A sound mind in a sound body is not the fruitage of hot-house processes.

HIGH church authorities and experienced and enlightened missionaries concur in the view that Chinese Christians ought to be allowed to use tea at the administration of the Lord's supper. No very grave objection appears from a secular point of view. Tea is specially adapted to the Chinese system.

THE Australian system of voting is to be considered in the legislatures of New York, New Jersey, Indiana, and perhaps other states. It has been adopted in Massachusetts, to go into effect with the new year. It may be well to see how it operates down there before adopting it elsewhere. It is an experiment as yet.

THE conference of the representatives of the North and South branches of the Presbyterian church, held in New York, was adjourned to Atlanta, April 24, without making apparent progress toward union. It is understood that the African brother is still between them. The churches are the last to reach across the old chasms.

THE year before last was the great railroad extension year, the new lines of rail reaching about 13,000 miles. The year just closed added perhaps half as many miles. The present year will hardly do more. The great losses of Boston capitalists in the Atchison and other Southwestern roads will induce conservatism in railroad building, and to some extent affect the new Northwest.

FOR the relief of the aggrieved ministers, it is noted that the inauguration ball is not very closely indicated by its name. Dancing is a very small feature. It is an enormous jam of all sorts of people trying to worry through the halls of the pension building and struggling to keep some of their good clothes on. There is no chance for the president to display unbecoming pedal levity, if so disposed.

WITH the partial exception of St. Louis and a few smaller cities, the old-time practice of keeping open house on the first day of the year had hardly an intimation of existence on New Year's in any part of the country. In design and early methods it was a very pleasant and convenient social feature, but the rivalries of the entertainers and excesses of the entertained gave it ill-repute, and it is laid on the shelf, for the time at least.

A CONVOCATION of the clergy in the East has reached the conclusion that divorces are too easily obtained. That will be quite readily conceded by all, except those who want the article, or fees; but there would be fewer divorces if the preachers were more careful in administering the marriage service. It is easy to get into, as well as out of the connubial relation. Things that cost little are not to be valued very highly.

AN INDIANA woman, traveling in the East some six months ago, met a young woman who struck her eye, and she concluded that she would have her son marry the fair one. She made her acquaintance, and courted her for her son with such success that the young man has just gone to Brooklyn to carry out the arrangement, although he has never seen his promised bride. That may be a very convenient method for docile sons, but in the West young men generally prefer to do the courting themselves.

THE theatrical managers in Boston seem to be in terror of the municipal legislators, who want to have seats in the high-class theaters by virtue of their official station. As they are a numerous people, the exaction becomes a heavy one upon the managers. One of the theaters is unable or unwilling to fill all their demands, and its application for license is kept on the hook. No doubt the free tickets will continue to them.

If the rule is established that aldermen are to be dead-headed to all shows, it will not be easy to draw a line against any city officers. It is a small species of blackmail, as there is only power to injure and not to benefit.

ST. PAUL PARKS.

In the various schemes under way to induce Eastern capital to select the Twin Cities as a place of investment, too little attention is paid to the development of a system of public parks. In the case of St. Paul this is particularly so. Point after point of great natural beauty in the Saintly City has been permitted to pass under the control of speculators, and, through their manipulations and so-called improvements, become things of beauty no more. In this way, despite the energies of an active park commission, Como lake, the Third street front, Mendota bluffs and interior points are fast passing that point where the expenditure of a comparatively small sum of money could make them beauty spots forever. Public sentiment seems dead to the importance of an immediate enlargement of our park system. There is a ridiculous failure upon the part of intelligent people to appreciate that one of the cheapest ways in which to advance values in St. Paul, to provide a valuable advertisement for her, to retain her natural beauties, is to lay out and construct an extensive park and boulevard system. Chicago, with her park advantages, has never yet found reason to complain of the money invested in them: nor Cleveland; nor Philadelphia. With the example of these elder sisters before her, St. Paul's failure to act thereby amounts to criminal neglect. It is a wanton failure to convert to practical uses a birthright such as few cities possess. It is not saying too much to assert that any other city but St. Paul, to-day the possessor of such natural scenery as she has, would treble its value at once with parks and boulevards. As it is, St. Paul can not much longer remain blind to the necessities of the case. For her to remain a third-class city in this respect means an incalculable loss in dollars and cents, aside from the destruction of garden spots intended by their location to remain forever feasts for the eye and soul. In the language of the commission appointed to locate a state park, and which has selected the valley of the Minnehaha:

"It is yet possible to preserve nearly the whole of this historic region, and we appeal to the state of Minnesota for its own honor and interest," etc.

The honor and interest of St. Paul are at stake, as well, in this important matter.

THE CAUSE OF IT.

The growing thrift of oculists and opticians, and the frequency with which people are met on the streets of cities wearing glasses—not aged people whose vision is impaired by years, but most numerously young girls—has elicited much inquiry and speculation. Various causes have been assigned for the impairments of the eyesight so notable with the young, some of them of climatic and local character. That these are not the chief agencies, is evident from the prevalence of defective vision in localities in other parts of the country, with quite different natural circumstances. An eminent physician in New York has been investigating the subject, and finds the great cause to be the wide-spread habit of gum chewing. This is more prevalent among young women than men, because the latter use tobacco. The conclusions of the New York authority are that the more immediate effects of gum chewing are dyspepsia, wrinkles and a torpid liver, and eventual impairment of the eyesight. He explains the operation in this way:

The muscles of the jaw connect with the spine, and from the spine there are little fibrous tissues running in all directions. A number of these extend to the eyes and are called the optic nerves. Now, if you will watch a person eating you will notice a palpitation of the temples when the lower jaw moves up and down in the process of mastication. This is caused by the working of the optic nerves, which keep the inner part of the eye in motion and exercise the nerves as much as is needed to keep them in a healthy condition. These nerves are more tender and sensitive to a degree than you would imagine. When they are overworked they become shrunken and enfeebled, and then the process of deterioration in the eyesight begins. Of course the shrinking of the nerve draws the eye back into the socket, and as it is connected by slender threads of tissue to the pupil of the eye, this also becomes affected. The consequence is that the eye becomes weak and loses its color; it becomes an unnatural-looking gray, and the vision is so much impaired by it that eye glasses must be resorted to.

It will not be quite legitimate to conclude that every young person met wearing glasses is a victim of the gum habit, but it may be humbly apprehended that the bright young lady, of any age, noted upon the street vigorously masticating the gum with her jaws, is becoming an eligible candidate for dyspepsia, premature wrinkles and at least partial loss of eyesight.

A POINTER.

The Indianapolis correspondent of a New York paper affords a strong presumption that he did not receive inducements to protract his sojourn there, in the statement that "Gen. HARRISON likes to have professing Christians around him." That may also furnish a solution of the abruptness of the departure of some other visitors, and indicate a test of cabinet material. On this account, the writer says, JOHN WANAMAKER and WARNER MILLER are favorites. No denominational line is drawn, as MILLER is a Methodist, and MORTON, who was graciously received, is an Episcopalian. Nor is it insisted that any deeper tests than professions and church rolls are requisite. Republican politicians are not noted for their piety, but are quick to catch on to pointers that lead to official thrift. In an emergency it is related that one of the most notable, now deceased, joined his home church by telegraph just before a senatorial election in which he was a candidate. As there are several hundred thousand people who want to be liked by the Indianapolis man, missionary workers will note an immense field whitening for the harvest.

COMEDY'S PART.

To the long list of contributors to the COQUELIN-IRVING dispute, W. H. CRANE, the comedian, has added his name. His position is antagonistic to M. COQUELIN, in that he deprecates the dual character in comedy-acting and insists that, far more than the tragedian, the comedian must have his own personality and become for the nonce another being. In other words, Hamlet may be Hamlet and BOOTH at the same time; but a Dromio never aught but Dromio, not CRANE. His assertion that the comedian's fame is not short-lived is barely demonstrable. His citations of the fame of BURTON, the English ROBSON, and LEMAITRE at the present time, are weak proofs for his argument, for outside of the profession they adorned, their names are Greek to the great mass of theater-goers. In the very nature of a comedian's work lies the prophecy of his obliteration from memory after his death or retirement from the stage. The human mind is so constituted that the laugh, the quip, the jest—aye the season with a Dromio, leave the least impression; while the grief of LEAR, the melancholy of HAMLET, the blackness of RICHARD burn themselves forever into the memory at a single sitting. Sorrow rests heaviest upon us; the cross fits better to our backs than the jester's smile to our lips. The BERNHARDT, BOOTH, BARRETT will be remembered when the gayest, brightest comedian of to-day shall have been forgotten for countless years.

CONTRACT PRISON LABOR.

It is surprising that the board of inspectors of the state prison, after a careful investigation of the subject, should report in favor of a return to contract prison labor. In brief, their conclusions are:

"In regard to the question of what shall be done with the convict labor, no special interest should be allowed to interfere with the public good. * * * * Exaggerated estimates of the effect of this labor (contract) on free labor have seriously interfered with the making of contracts in other states."

What the general public will take issue with the board on is their recommendation that the contractors be individuals disconnected with the state. Minnesota and other states have experienced the benefits and evils of such a plan, with the result of educating public sentiment against it. The only contractor for this labor should be the state itself, and the labor performed can well be confined to industries whose products enter the least into competition with free labor, and yet which can yield a fair return to the state.

The object of prison labor must be to open avenues for criminals to demonstrate their willingness to reform, to fit them with trades by which they may become useful citizens when released, and to reimburse the state in part or whole for the burden imposed upon it. The system of contracting the labor of the prison inmates to outside individuals is opposed for the opportunities to commit fraud it offers, and the tendency of the system to be purely speculative, a destruction of the moral lesson to be taught necessarily following. The state cannot, in justice to humanity, consider itself merely a financial agent in its relations to confined criminals. There is a moral responsibility far greater than this.

When the state recognizes that this is so, public sentiment will sustain it in any right effort that it may put forth to give occupation to the criminal. The opposition to contract prison labor has been so wide-spread that it must be recognized as a popular opinion, and popular opinions are usually correct. In Minnesota it is quite evident that it will oppose any return to the old contracting system.

THE lesson given by the Sunday school girl as derived from the incident where ST. PAUL preached a young man to sleep and caused him to fall out of a high window, was no doubt legitimate. ST. PAUL was a great preacher—too great for most of his hearers—and no doubt his sermons were too long for the climate. Persons now living can easily remember when a sermon from one to two hours long was the common thing. The tendency now is rather to the other extreme—to fill the time as much as possible with the musical part, and shorten the sermon so as to be unsatisfying to those who go for instruction and spiritual illumination. This complaint has been heard even in the city that bears the name of the prolix preacher.

THE achievements of modern surgery are often very striking, and exhibit a degree of progress not equalled in medication. In a New York hospital a woman recently has had a new face constructed by science. Some disease caused the removal of nearly her entire face. After the usual antiseptic treatment, small particles of tissue and skin were transplanted from her neck to her cheeks and forehead. A new lip was made by skillful use of the knife, and, with an artificial nose, she looks about as substantial as the average woman, with hardly a trace of the terrible disease extirpated. It is not, however, presumed that science and skill will be able to dispense with portions of the original structure.

THE term Millerites, as used in New York, refers to a political, and not religious sect. The latter is a reminiscence, or merged in Adventism. Those who voted for the grandfather or against him will easily recall the excitement of two or three years later, when the Millerites had a day fixed for ascension, and in many places in the East gathered upon the hill tops, clothed in ascension robes, waiting for the celestial embassy. The modern Millerites don't want to leave the earth. They think its fatness is coming to them, and they "would live alway" if their party could continue in power and have offices enough to go around.

NO OLD almanacs have been discovered containing prophecies of remarkable events for 1889. It is not probable that the world will be wound up or melt with heat, even if there is no winter. There is, however, a somewhat noted prophecy of JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY among the records of years past that in 1889 Ireland will secure home rule. The indications are not quite strong enough to anticipate that desired consummation within the specified time, but the progress making in that direction is marked, and O'REILLY may not prove very far out of time.

AT ST. LOUIS the papers of both parties agree that electoral reform is one of the urgent needs in that section. The Republican organ concedes that in the three St. Louis districts votes were a matter of open and unblushing purchase by both parties. As the Republicans captured all of them, unseating Democrats, it is evident that they had the most money or greater experience and skill in the methods of taking in floaters. It may be noted that the Republicans are indebted to these three purchased districts for the control of the next house.

AT THE term of the New York supreme court, this month, Mr. QUAY has an engagement—not, however, at his own instance—to appear and explain his contract with "gentle ANNA" DICKINSON for campaign speeches. ANNA has sued the Republican committee for $1,200. It is probable that the speeches were mostly unspoken, but the vituperative lady stood with her mouth open, and she ought to have damages for the injury to her feelings by enforced reticence.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The schooner yacht Sachem, Burgess' greatest masterpiece, has been sold to Charles H. Smith, of the firm of Arnold, Constable & Co., of New York.

Herr Most, the anarchist, went shopping last week in New York in disguise. He purchased a white wig from a theatrical costumer, and thus arrayed made his Christmas purchases in a mysterious yet harmless manner.

There was a terrible ending to the Christmas festivities at Austin, Mo. At an amateur performance of a drama, in the course of which the heavy villain commits suicide, Walter Webb, a farmer, took the part. His foot caught under a loose board on the stage and he fell to the floor. The knife pierced his heart, killing him instantly.

The champion buckwheat-cake eater, H. H. Bissell, an employe of the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio railroad, resides in Youngstown, O. Last week, on a bet of $20 with Charles Near, a miller, he ate sixty-three cakes, none being less than five inches in diameter. Near threw up the contest after eating fifty-eight, and Bissell secured the money and championship.

Five shipwrecked seamen were brought into New York on Friday on the West Indian steamer Santiago. They were Capt. Merritt and the crew of the schooner David W. Hunt, which was abandoned in a water-lodged condition off Cape Hatteras while on her way to New York from Cedar Keys. For five days the men lived on half a glass of water and half a biscuit a day.

Plymouth church, in Brooklyn, in calling Dr. Lyman Abbott as the successor of the late Henry Ward Beecher, has decided to dispense with the formality of an installation by a council of Congregational churches. This departure from the usual custom is not so much an indication that Plymouth church desires to place itself outside of the Congregational pale as that it desires to avoid the raking up of old feuds and the revival of old antagonisms.

Five tramps who entered the village of Burlington, Wis., on Christmas day begged money of the citizens and purchased tools generally used by burglars. The residents became suspicious, and the village officers and merchants procured guns and watched at night for the supposed criminals. Notwithstanding the precaution taken, the fellows blew open two safes, securing $250 in notes and $500 in money. They also entered five residences in the heart of the village, and, although the notes were found in a railroad yard, the thieves escaped.

Several young ladies of Mount Vernon, O., among them a few Normal college graduates who have no taste for school teaching, recently concluded to organize a debating society for mental training, as well as for winter evening pastime, and appointed an evening to debate the question: "Is Life Worth Living Without a Beau?" As none of the girls could be persuaded to take the affirmative the debate was deferred, and it was agreed to extend the limit of age of unmarried women to forty years. The question for debate will be taken up when a few more members are added.

A niece of Senator William Stewart, of Washington, Miss Letitia Aldrich, is one of the last society favorites to enter stage life. She left for the West last week with Palmer's "Jim the Penman" company. She is described as a persevering and talented girl, with dark eyes of wonderful brilliancy. She has a strong likeness to Senator Stewart's daughter, Mrs. Bessie Hooker, who is considered one of the beauties of the American colony in Paris. Miss Aldrich appeared in Washington last spring as Galatea in a charity performance, of which Mrs. George Hearst, Mrs. Leland Stanford and Mrs. Whitney were patronesses.

At the birthday celebration of Prince Regent Luitpold, of Bavaria, Dr. Von Dollinger delivered an interesting oration on the part of North America in literature. He thought that the main hindrances to literary and scientific progress in America were due to the want of a great central university and to the slipshod character of the American press. In addition to these, he said, the negro and immigration questions are a possible source of some great dangers. Nevertheless, the intellectual primacy would be certain some day to fall to the Anglo-Saxon race, as it anciently fell to the Greeks and Romans. The Germans would also have a share, but indirectly, through the medium of the English language.

Twenty years ago Ezekiel Fogg, of Oxford, Me., went to seek his fortune in the far West. He drifted from place to place and gradually forgot to send home letters to his family. They searched for him and at last came to the conclusion that he had been murdered on the plains. A tombstone was erected to his memory in the little village graveyard and in time his existence became forgotten. On Christmas day an old man with gray hair and beard, bowed down with years and feeble, was seen groping his way slowly, like one partially blind, among the graves in the old churchyard. In spite of his years his frame showed great strength and power of endurance. It was Ezekiel Fogg, and as he stopped before an old stone, crumbling with the frost of many winters, he had the unusual experience of witnessing his own name engraved thereon.

SPARKLES.

Ted—Why do you think Miss Euclid is of such a very logical turn of mind?

Ned—She once tried to prove that I ought to marry her.

***

Brown—I say, old chappie, why do the girls in the big stores cry out "Cash" when you make a purchase?

Jones—Oh, my boy, it's only a buy word.

***

Miss Brown (at 10 p. m.)—Well, Mr. Smith, you have been here since 7, and I am a little tired. I will see you later.

Smith—Thanks, awfully; what time? Will I come in the basement way?

***

Consoling:

Miss Gushington—You ought to have been at the Daterarchs' ball last evening. I had a lovely flirtation with your brother.

Miss Snapshot—Oh, he'd flirt with anything, dear.

***

First Politician—Do you really think that Mr. Blaine aspires to a position in the cabinet?

Second Ditto—Aspires to it! Why, my dear fellow, he fairly perspires to it.

***

Miss Sentimente—It's awful to think your husband never comes home when you expect him.

Mrs. Rapidde—But it is not as bad as to have him come home when you don't expect him.

***

Bud No. 1—Going to wear white at your coming out, I suppose?

Bud No. 2—Not till I get to be an angel. I loathe it.

Bud No. 1—Don't worry then, dear, you'll never have to.

***

Lover—I adore you, Alice!

Alice (embracing him)—Oh, it is sweet!

Lover—When shall we marry?

Alice (haughtily)—Never, sir. The count proposed to-day, and I accepted him. I was practicing on you.

***

Tom—So Al thinks he writes funny poems?

Dick—Yes, and he has a great and appreciative audience for them.

Tom—Where?

Dick—At the Zoo. He reads them near the cages until the hyena laughs, the lion roars, and the eagle screams.

***

Smith—So, your wife has broken off with you?

Brown—Yes; I've tried twice to get into her room and make up.

Smith—Well?

Brown—Useless. She's got a policeman in there, and he fires me out.

—The Smiler.

***

New Year's night.

Tipple—Have a drink, old man?

Topple—No.

Tipple—Just one.

Topple—No.

Tipple—Swore off?

Topple—No.

Tipple—What's the matter then?

Topple—Fell asleep last night by the grate and my breath caught fire and burnt my tongue so badly I can't swallow.

***

Tommy—What is that thing in the window, mamma?

Mamma—That is a type-writer, Tommy.

Tommy—Where does the champagne go in?

Mamma—Why, what are you thinking of, Tommy? No one puts champagne in it.

Tommy—Oh, yes, they do. Papa told Mr. Goitt last night that it often cost him $10 to fill his type-writer with champagne. So, now.

Mamma—I will ask your papa about that, Tommy.

***

At a matrimonial bureau:

De Shyster—Got just the wife for you.

Greenly—Aw? Capital! Is she—aw—English?

De Shyster—No.

Greenly—French?

De Shyster—No.

Greenly—Irish?

De Shyster—No.

Greenly—Well, what the dooce is she, then?

De Shyster—Why, American, of course. Has lots of money—just got $25,000 damages in a breach of promise suit.

Greenly—Yaas—nice sum. But—aw—I don't think I should like one quite so—aw—so badly damaged as that.

—The Booby.

***

A MODERN INSTANCE.

She's past the age of caramel,
But not the age of gum;
When out her teens she'll be a belle,
As riper years shall come.
A dress of dainty drab she wore,
A hat of modest gray;
She has admirers by the score,
But chews her time away.

"My pretty maid,"
I gently said;
"Your name, what may it be?"
Her eyes she dropped,
Her chewing stopped,
Then mumbled back to me:
"Begum, yum-yum,
Yum-yum, begum."

I heard the sounds in wonderment—
'Twas Choctaw or Chinese;
But there she sat in calm content
As sober as you please.
I said with palpitating heart,
"O speak again, dear girl,
But keep those rosy lips apart
And still those teeth of pearl.

"What is yum-yum,
And what begum?
What language can they be?"
With drooping head
She blushed and said,
Or mumbled back to me:
"Be gum, yum-yum,
Yum-yum, begum."

MRS. SORRELL'S PHILOSOPHY

The Haste of Life. In the haste and confusion of life many absurdities are apparently countenanced and unobserved that when scrutinized in a moment of calm are recognized as enormous. Acts and manners are overlooked and unrebuked that we may push on to our individual goals of hoped-for success or pleasure.

Thus it comes about that many transactions are called by the wrong names and many people dignified by the wrong titles. In this free, democratic country of ours, the proudest title a man can bear should be Gentleman.

But what a mockery we have of it! How vast the number of men of all sorts of characters that claim its ægis, but how few there are who support the claim with honor.

***

St. Paul's Position. St. Paul is no doubt a fair sample of an American city of its size. We are no longer on the frontier. Here we have every facility for educating our children, and we are surrounded by luxuries and comforts not attainable at remote frontier settlements. We are as civilized as any other community in the nation. We have made our full share of attainments in the arts and sciences, in grace of manner and in all the decorums of life; and yet we have in our midst a full complement of men who are devoid of all the characteristics of real gentlemen, and yet loaf about calling themselves such and demanding to be so considered by others. We have a class who seem to think that the circumstance which accord to them a large amount of leisure also confers on them the honors of a gentleman. These same men do not think that the red nose, the bleared eye, red, puffed-up, swollen face and foul whiskied breath are elements at all to be considered as deteriorating from their characters. They have leisure, dress well, move in the best circles of society, and hence they consider themselves gentlemen. It is amusing to hear these creatures talk when they assemble in squads. They are gentlemen; but the man who follows some honest industry, pays his debts and supports his family, is no gentleman. Stand up, every red-nosed, bleareyed gentleman, and let us look at you. Some of you are married men. Why not be at home with your wives? Is the boarding house table, or the scanty table at home good enough for her, but not good enough for you? Shame on you; you have not been home all day, but you are a gentleman. You have taken a half-dozen drinks of whisky for appetizers—that is to appetize a gentleman—and now a bottle of wine for dinner (not at home with your family). Why, a bottle of wine for a gentleman with his dinner is a necessity, of course. Then that cocktail language—those choice expressions—oaths, of course—for you are a gentleman. All gentlemen must damn their fellows and familiarly invoke God, glibly people hell and gibe at heaven and angels. Yes, yes, you are a gentleman.

***

What About the Wife? I see you on the streets tidily dressed, far better for a man than your wife can afford to dress as a woman. Can afford, I say, and you know what that means and why she cannot afford more. You carry a cane, perhaps, and you loiter along leisurely, with an air of superiority and entire satisfaction with yourself. Then inside at those bars, how lordly you are. How freely you pass your money over the counter—perfectly indifferent as to change: never look at it to see if it is correct. For shame, for shame! How do you treat the money question at home? How does your wife save and spare money? Probably at this very moment she is engaged in making her children dresses out of one of her old ones, which was twice turned before she cast it aside. But you are a gentleman, and she—why, she is only a woman, a sort of necessity, a tolerated sort of a body, to whom you go when tired of all others and when the saloon doors are closed. Now, be honest: What do you really amount to in this world? What are you good for? What do you produce? To whom are you a comfort? If your dear old mother is living she is never free from anxiety about you. Your wife is never really at rest in her mind about you. She will never know for certain where you are, or who your companions are, until she buries you and commits your body to the worms.

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What You Are. You are simply a loafer, a guzzler, a feeder. You are really no gentleman. You do not deserve freedom nor political rights, and it is a shame that any poor woman must call you husband. You are the worst sort of a tramp, for you are a hypocrite in the matter. You are a pretentious tramp, and circumstances happen to enable you to escape punishment. You are a disgusting creature, and it is repulsive to a woman's pen to write about you. Would that our city could be free from you. With all your other faults you are a railer, a scoffer. You spit at churches between your cocktails. You tip lying slanders at pure women, at the same time and with the same elbow you tip brandy punches down your stench-full throats. Gentleman! Oh, what a farce to call you such. There are many young unmarried men in this city who aspire to the title of gentlemen. At some future time I may refer to that class more minutely.

MRS. J. T. SORRELL,
Summit Avenue.

A CHRISTMAS BILL—YET DUE.

It was only an envelope large and square,
Which came by post on Christmas day,
And I turned it over and wondered who
Had remembered me, an old bachelor gray.

Who cares for a poor old withered man?
I asked myself, and my eyes grew dim,
As I thought some child, in her merry home,
Might have murmured, "Let's send a card to him."

And the tears rolled down my rugged cheeks
As I kissed the missive, and pondered, till
I broke the seal, and withdrew the note,
Then found, oh Lord! it was only a bill.

THE MATRON'S EXCUSE.

FOR THE SHOULDER SHOW AT THE METROPOLITAN.

I've three daughters to marry. The men are all there,
Looking on from box, circle and parquet.
They must show their forms, or the men wouldn't stare;
That's the way we mammas bare the market.

ST. PAUL'S GRACES.

Great Women. The Pall Mall Gazette, in a recent article on the twelve greatest women in the history of the world, gave rise to a new fad for society, which is rapidly gaining in popularity. The Gazette selected twelve women of history and grouped them under the two heads of "Women of Thought" and "Women of Action." Among its selections were Sappho, George Sand, Joan of Arc, George Eliot and others equally well known to students and more than casual readers. In this country the families of cabinet officers set the fashion by formulating a list of the twelve greatest living women in America. Their final decision rested upon such women as Mrs. Jenness Miller, Mrs Frank Leslie, Mrs. Langtry, Amelie Rives-Chanler, Mrs. Stowe, etc. New Yorkers are about to decide what twelve represent the highest in their burg, and Chicago may be expected to follow suit.

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St. Paul's Twelve. The uniqueness of the thing attracted the attention of a party of St. Paul gentlemen one evening last week, and without consulting their wives, they took a ballot on the twelve ladies of the Saintly City who, in their opinion, led in intellectual and social circles. Six gentlemen voted and each was permitted to cast two names, thus securing the proper number for the list. On the ballots being examined, the following names were revealed:

Thought.	Action.
Mrs. H. C. Burbank.	Mrs. W. R. Merriam.
Mrs. Emily H. Miller.	Mrs. F. B. Clarke.
Mrs. H. S. Fairchild.	Mrs. D. A. Monfort.
Miss Sturgis.	Mrs. Pascal Smith.
Miss Austin.	Mrs. D. D. Merrill.
Miss Hawkins.	Mrs. H. P. Upham.

First, here it may be said that this list is not arbitrary, being only the reflection of opinion of half a dozen gentlemen who selected their own ideals of the first intellectual, social and charitable types of St. Paul. The list came into my possession with the suggestion from the giver that through it I introduce a new amusement into social circles. The ladies are not forbidden to utilize it, and by selecting a dozen representative gentlemen they might prepare some such list as this:

THOUGHT.	ACTION.
R. W. Johnson,	A. B. Stickney,
Rev. Dr. Vail,	J. J. Hill,
Robert Christie,	Dennis Ryan,
S. G. Smith,	Frank Clarke,
Bishop Ireland,	T. F. Oakes,
C. E. Flandrau.	William Bickel.

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Mrs. H. C. Burbank. The mental soil of a pioneer country offers but few temptations to the lovers of art in any form to become proselytes; and I think for this reason, if no other, that the work undertaken by Mrs. Burbank has been of a heroic stamp. Her personal devotion to art, augmented by the talent of knowing how to expound, has given her first rank as one of the intellectual princesses of St. Paul. By an indefinable charm of manner, a conscientious devotion to principles and an enthusiasm none the less attractive because usually confined to her sex, Mrs. Burbank has drawn around her a circle of art lovers and students whose influence is already felt in the cultured circles of the city. I think that it was Charles Noel Flagg who once said to me: "I seriously doubt if women will ever contain within themselves the entire capacity for becoming masters in painting. But as exponents of art work accomplished, teachers of primary principles and critics, they may, when they choose to exert their faculties, take high rank. A woman devoted to art is apt to be more conscientious in her work than a man, although lacking the breadth of mind which produces Raphaels."

Much of what Mrs. Burbank has done and is doing comes within the scope of this tribute from an artist who was nothing if not appreciative of the talents of womankind.

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Three Bright Minds. So much has been written of Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller that I hesitate to add what would only be repetition, although complimentary. Among the women of mind in St. Paul her position is a foremost one. In Chautauquan work Mrs. H. S. Fairchild has, I believe, undertaken literary enterprises designed to quicken and build up the minds of the young. Chautauquan influences in St. Paul are of great magnitude, including in their scope nearly all the different classes of society. Miss Sturgis hardly feels yet that she is even a debutante in a world where brains make the aristocrat and the pen is more autocratic than Madame Grundy. "The king is dead!" exclaimed a cynical Frenchman at the end of a revolution. "But, thank God, the dogs did not dare to destroy us men of letters." So Miss Sturgis, applying the remark to certain social conditions of the day, may feel that, while we have not destroyed the monetary king of the republic, men and women of letters must live on without fear of death and with constant persistency in endeavor. The pen never had such a field for power as in America, and there never was a time when all branches of literature needed pure, cultured men and women in them as now.

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Elocution and the Stage. Without the voice of Miss Lenora Austin, the literary circles of St. Paul could hardly be called complete. Miss Austin herself is identified with the history of the state and city in such a manner as to make her an inseparable factor of both. Her work in the high school, particularly in the development of the dramatic instinct in the pupils, has borne its good fruit; and her own part on the local stage has been an admirable exposition of the merits of voice culture. I remember some years ago standing on the capitol grounds behind a couple of old G. A. R. men while Miss Austin was reciting some piece appropriate to the day. She had nearly finished, when one of the veterans, looking at the other, while the tears trickled down his face, asked:

"That's Gov. Austin's daughter?"

"Yes."

"Well," with a prodigious sigh, "She's scrumchiest."

I was unable to define the meaning of that last word, but the tone accompanying it was sufficiently complimentary to please a prima donna.

Miss Ada Hawkins, if I am not mistaken, has had much of her dramatic talent developed by Miss Austin. Whether we are ever to see her on the stage as a professional or not, is a question. That she is capable of meritorious acting, that she is gifted with boundless enthusiasm, and that the stage would be benefited by both goes without question. It was one of the cherished opinions of the author of "Our Foreign Correspondent" that the modern stage needs to be relieved of a number of skeletons upon it, and freshened by an enthusiasm born of unalloyed devotion to the dramatic art, before it can rise to a level somewhat higher than the standard of "A Tin Soldier" or Jarbeau.

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Ladies of Society. The authority of the Pall Mall Gazette classifies under the head of women of action, social, charitable and religious lights. Those who make their best bow to Mrs. W. R. Merriam next Wednesday evening at the state capitol, as the wife of the governor of Minnesota, will hardly deny to her the social leadership befitting her station. Mrs. Frank B. Clarke, while as conspicuous a society leader as Mrs. Merriam, is also notable for charitable work, the newsboys' home being one of the institutions with which she is prominently connected. Mrs. D. A. Monfort is one of the wittiest ladies of any social circle in the city; a keen observer of life and a well-posted authority in current literature. If the time ever comes that St. Paul is graced by a salon where the cultured lights of the city may meet, I am quite ready to predict that Mrs. Monfort will be one of the first to accept the innovation, and to create a literary circle of high standard. She possesses to a remarkable degree the quality of arousing to its highest pitch the mind she comes in contact with—a characteristic of Recamier often dwelt upon.

Mrs. Pascal Smith's good deeds have been those of charity far-reaching. When St. Paul was somewhat smaller than it is now, and not so many hands ready to do charitable work, I can remember her as the executive factor of half a dozen institutions, giving to them an attention and care such as must have sorely taxed even her generous impulses. Mrs. D. D. Merrill, like Mrs. Smith, is best remembered by those to whom she has come in the hour of sorrow and need as a ministering angel. Mrs. Upham has decided literary tendencies, but is conspicuous in charitable works as well. To a great extent the two impulses seem to go together. I never met a truly great man or woman of letters but what their charitable instincts seemed to be keener than those of the less cultivated. The right acquisition of knowledge appears to bring in its train the sweet influence of a broader human relationship. I have seen Sullivan, the pugilist, knock an inoffensive newsboy down with his cane, and I have seen Beecher step from a train, which was starting, to hand a coin to a ragged little beggar.

H. I. C.

DRAMATIC DRIFT.

Home Doings. At the Grand Frederick Warde, the tragedian, gave a series of excellent performances, but not to very good houses. The prevalent dullness in social and business circles has even affected theater-goers.

Joseph Murphy in select Irish comedy will have possession of the Grand this week.

The People's has enjoyed a more than good week with the old standard "Ticket-of-Leave Man."

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Sarah In Egypt. Sarah Bernhardt is making a triumphal march through Egypt, playing to houses where standing room is at a premium. The land of the Sphinx is heaping glory and gold upon her, and Sarah's Egyptian adorers may be counted by scores.

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Fanny Kemble is now eighty years old. It was over sixty years ago that she made her first appearance upon the stage as Juliet.

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Dr. Karl Szass, a Hungarian bishop, has entered the field as a dramatic author. He has written a tragedy entitled "The Death of Attila," and the play will go on the stage of the National theater at Buda-Pesth this winter.

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Mrs. Potter Suffers. New York society people are "cutting" Mrs. Potter in such a way that the lady is very much disheartened. In no part of the country has she been criticised so harshly as in New York, where only a few years ago she was a brilliant figure in society. She and her leading man, Kyrle Bellew, have been given the name of "a pair of wax dolls."

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An Electric Fad. "The Penalty Under the New Law" is the title of a new comedy drama to be put on the stage this season. Ella Wilson, the daughter of Fred Wilson, is the author. The play will illustrate the advantages and disadvantages of death by electricity. The stage will be divided into two apartments, one in which the electrical appliances can be seen at work, and the other representing the execution room. The play, if put on properly, is likely to prove a great attraction, especially in New York.

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Julia Marlowe. Eastern dramatic critics say that Julia Marlowe has a brilliant future before her, and is destined to become the leading dramatic artist of America. She is described as having a fine figure, a beautiful face, and the advantage of being young and robust. She has the voice of Bernhardt, the personal magnetism of Neilson, and the grace of Mary Anderson. Miss Marlowe has just made her debut in Philadelphia in "Romeo and Juliet," and is thought by some to be the ideal Juliet.

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A Silly Crusade. Many of the leading American actors and actresses think that the American stage should be protected against foreign invaders. Fanny Davenport, though not in favor of excluding foreign actors altogether, thinks that they should not be allowed to receive better prices than American actors. Says Miss Davenport: "We should force the English star to charge only the price that a home article can charge. In that event, we would strike at the real evil, and the speculators and commercial drummers of managers would no longer impose upon the good-natured public, and English talent would rank with American in worth. Why should Irving charge a premium for seats and our own Booth play at $1.50? Stop paying premiums for foreign artists, and they will no longer come."

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"The Charity Ball" is the title of a new society comedy which will be put on the stage by Belasco and De Mille next season. The play is a satire on the hobbies and foibles of society women.

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A New Rosalind. Marie Wainwright will soon appear in Philadelphia as Rosalind in "As You Like It." Rosalind generally wears high-top boots when she dons male attire, but Miss Wainwright has declared her determination to discard them. It is given as a reason that Miss Wainwright is shapely, and she does not approve of hiding the gifts of the gods.

BOOK NOTES.

Mrs. Burnett's juvenile Sarah Crewe has passed its thirtieth thousand.

A third edition is printing of Thomas Nelson Page's first story for the young, Two Little Confederates.

Early in January Belford, Clarke & Co. will issue Edgar Fawcett's new novel, Miriam Balestrier, in book form.

That gossipy book, The Five Talents of Woman, by the author of How to Be Happy Though Married, has gone into its second edition.

A new portrait of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, with a sketch of her literary career and methods of work, will appear in the January Book Buyer.

Mr. Gladstone and Lord Randolph Churchill recently purchased over fifty copies of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" for presents among their youthful friends.

Edgar Saltus has given to Lippincott's his latest novel. It was originally offered to Belfords, but Mr. Saltus differed with the management of that magazine about certain criticisms of its editor on his writings, and so concluded to change publishers.

A four-page supplement to the number of Harper's Weekly issued Jan. 2 contains a paper by S. Bayard Dod on the evolution of the modern ferryboat from the canoes of over two centuries ago on the North and East rivers. The text is elaborately illustrated with drawings by Fred S. Cozzens and others.

In the number of Harper's Young People, issued Jan. 2, Mrs. Burton N. Harrison takes up an account of expenditures made by a boy "In the Days of Good Queen Anne," and draws from it an entertaining sketch of school life in that time. In the same number Felix L. Oswald has the second paper in his series of "Home Studies in Natural History."

At the recent dinner in London given to the contributors of the Encyclopædia Britannica, the interesting fact came out that of the 50,000 copies sold of the work, 40,000 went to the United States. The Americans, therefore, have bought four times as many copies of the encyclopædia as the English themselves have, although the work is of English conception and publication. This country has thus absorbed a million quarto volumes of this work.

FACT AND FANCY.

At Strasburg, the construction of a pate is a serious, and even a solemn affair. Six fattened livers are the ordinary pabulum for a pie; they must first be washed in many waters and then parboiled, and are next scrupulously trimmed so as to free them from all fibrous substances and from any matter approaching bitterness in flavor. Each liver is then cut in two and out of the dozen three are chosen to be beaten in a mortar and passed through a sieve with bacon, shalots, parsley and mushrooms, so as to make a "farce" or forcemeat, which is boiled, and forms the basis of the pie. The other half livers are then larded with the finest Perigord truffles, cut in the shape of dice, and the contents of the pie are made to consist of layers of liver, truffles and forcemeat. Two hours are sufficient to bake this dainty dish, fit to be set before a whole congress of kings and emperors. When the pie is withdrawn from the oven, the top crust should be delicately lifted and a large glass of Madeira poured into the interior. Then it should be hermetically closed, so as to be fit to be packed and dispatched to the uttermost ends of the earth.

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The following comes from the Paris library: These are the reasons why men fast on Friday: 'Twas on Friday that Adam sinned; that he was chased from Paradise; that Christ was crucified; that Cain killed Abel (other traditions say this was the first Monday in April); that Etienne was stoned; that the innocents were killed by Herod, 24,000 of them, because of Christ; that Peter was crucified and Paul decapitated; that John the Baptist's head was cut off; that the Children of Israel were chased across the Red sea; that heaven will close and hell open; that marriage was first consummated; that Lamech took two wives; that all but one-seventh of the fruits of the earth and of the light of the sun and moon were taken away; that briers, spiny and venomous plants issued from the ground; that the deluge covered the earth; that the confusion of the tongues occurred; that the tower of Babel was begun; that the plagues came to the King of Egypt. Many incidents are cited by believers in support of the idea of ill-luck in a Friday voyage. The English turret-ship Captain sailed on this fatal day, and was lost with all her crew. The Amazon, a West Indian packet; the troop-ship Birkenhead, and the packet Golden Gate, all sailed on Friday, and were lost. The United States steamer Huron put to sea on Friday, and more recently the sailing of the Arctic relief ship Bear was changed on account of the superstitions of the men. The United States steamship Idaho sailed from New York on Friday, much to the disgust of the men, caught fire three weeks afterward, and subsequently encountered a terrific cyclone that wrecked her. Columbus, however, sailed on Friday.

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The annual banquet of the thieves of London, given the other day by the St. Giles Mission, was a most brilliant affair. The lord mayor bravely presided in defiance of the old proverb. To this banquet, rare par excellence, none but thieves fresh from jail are admitted, except, of course, the members of the mission and their friends.

This mission has a curious history. It was founded about twelve years ago by a thief nicknamed the "Fiddler," who abandoned his old profession and took to religion for a living. Since that time it has increased in power and usefulness. Every morning when the doors of the four prisons of London are opened to let loose the individuals who have discharged their debts to society, members of the mission come forward and invite the crooks to breakfast. Out of 18,000 of these worthies set free in 1887, 15,200 accepted the invitation.

At the close of the repast a temperance pledge is presented to the guests, which they may sign or not, just as they choose. About one-third of the number sign the pledge, and about one-fourth of that third keep it. The mission furnishes money, tools and clothes to the crooks, who display sincere intentions to lead better lives, and it finds employment for them, too.

At the banquet in question about 200 guests sat down to table. There were some queer faces among them and their costumes defied description. They ate in silence—that is to say without speaking—but the rattle of their knives and forks during the engagement gave noisy evidence of good appetites. Gradually the din subsided until there were only a few stray rattles left, like the close of a well-sustained infantry fire. Then the speeches began, but the members of the truly silent profession held their tongues. The lord mayor's speech was interesting. He said that ten years ago the population of the prisons of London numbered 20,833. It is now reduced to 14,536, and he attributed the reduction to the work of missions like that of St. Giles.

When his lordship left the banquet hall, he felt for his watch and he was happy to find that it was there.

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There is on exhibition at Worcester a portable house, to be used by the Harvard astronomical party in their South American exhibition. The building is made of heavy paper and canvas sheets being stretched upon a frame of pine scantling three-quarters of an inch wide and half an inch thick. It is built in small sections, so that it can be easily and cheaply transported.

The building when ready for occupancy is eighteen by twenty-two feet, with eight-foot posts, and covered with a third pitch hip roof, thus raising the center of the roof about fourteen feet above the floor.

The top is surmounted by a handsome galvanized iron cupola, in the center of which is a large pipe, which can be used as a stove funnel in cold weather. The cupola is made in movable sections for the purpose of affording ventilation. The sections are worked with chains, and can be regulated as the occupant wishes. The building is divided into three rooms and is lighted by six large windows, and has two entrances, one on either side. The building will be taken down, packed and shipped to New York, where it will be shipped to Peru, South America, as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made with the Peruvian government to allow it to pass through the custom house in bond. This is the largest paper house ever constructed.

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Much interest was taken yesterday by Chicago Catholics in the honors to Bishop Spalding at Peoria, and in the general talk about him some well-authenticated gossip heretofore unpublished came to light that puts in a queer position a distinguished fellow-townsman of the bishop—one who in burleque at least has even greater ecclesiastical distinction—Col. "Pope Bob" Ingersoll. According to the report the great infidel is in the attitude of hiding behind his wife's skirts after challenging Bishop Spalding to public combat. That the scrimmage was not to be with rapiers, pistols or fists, but an intellectual fight to a finish in attack and defense of religion, gives to people who know both the bishop and colonel added zest to the incident. This is particularly true in Peoria, where each of the two celebrities have resided for years. The facts are given on the authority of the pastor of one of the largest churches in Chicago, whose name can be furnished if necessary.

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There never has been, since the day when the stars sang together in their courses, a more gentle and altogether lovely Christmas story than that old piece of folk-lore which relates the prayer of a famous California character of the gold-digging days. In runs, in a sort of rude, barbaric verse, after this fashion:

O why don't you do like ole Jerry Dunn,
A-standin' by the sea?
He laid his hand on his knowin' old head—
O Lord, remember me!
Remember the rich, remember the poor,
Remember the bond and the free,
An' when You've foun'
You've remembered all roun',
O Lord, remember me!

Injured Husband—I don't want you to meet my wife in the street any more.

Tom Flitaway—Then you prefer my calling on her at your —