THOMPSON ST. POKER

"De Kitty 'n' Jackers" the Subject of the Club's Last Lecture.

Cyanide Whiffles Frightens Away the New Jersey Moke Guests.

Tooter Williams Pays a Dollar Gladly to Relieve His Mind.

Theory That "De Kitty Am a Leak in the Profit at Pokah."

Henry Guy Carleton, in Once a Week.

Mr. Cyanide Whiffles was disappointed at the meager attendance of invited guests at the Thompson Street Poker club last Saturday evening on the occasion of his lecture. The regular members showed up, however, in force, there being present Messrs. Tooter Williams and Gus Johnson, Elder Jubilee Anderson, Prof. Brick and Rev. Mr. Thankful Smith, who, as usual, occupied the chair. The club was called to order at 8 o'clock sharp.

A recess of one-half hour was then taken, but no applicants for admission appeared. Tooter Williams volunteered to go outside as a committee of one to bark and try to induce some citizens with a thirst for science to come and drink at the pure rills within, but at forty-five minutes past 8 he returned without success, and the meeting was recalled to order.

Elder Jubilee Anderson arose to a question of privilege. The absence of guests might be looked upon with indifference by certain members whom he would not name, but the absence of their half-dollars from the club treasury would be missed at the end of the evening if the janitor should drop in with that long-suffering kerosene bill. He did not wish to make any unpleasant remarks, but the five guests who remained to play after the last meeting had gone home without their ulsters or money, and probably had either to swim to Hoboken or work their passage, and he feared this fact had somewhat dampened the enthusiasm on the other side of the North river. He therefore desired to know what the club was going to do with guests at the next meeting?

"Skun 'em!" exclaimed Mr. Williams.

"Ordah!" commanded the chair.

"Show me a Hoboken niggah, 'n I'll show you my meat!" continued Mr. Williams.

"Ordah!"

"I'll skun anny Noo Jarsey moke outen he salvation ef it's de lass ack er my dissypated c'reer!"

"Tooter Williams am fined a quartah!" said the chair.

"I'm gwinter 'spress my feelin's in dis club ef it costs a dollah!" yelled Mr. Williams, flinging a bill of that denomination on the desk. "Yar I comes wif a wad, 'n bruk a nengagement wif my bess lady, ter rip de hide offen some suckah coon from Hoboken, 'n dar hain't no suckah come. I'm raw, I is, 'n bilious, 'n ef it coss me de lass dollah I got, I say it free."

"Hez—hez yo' got yo' dollah's wuff now?" calmly inquired the Chairman, folding the bill lengthwise and putting it behind his ear. "Kase ef yo' feels colicky nuff ter spress $10 wuff er feelin's I'll give yo' two minutes mo."

Mr. Williams' only reply was to fling himself haughtily into his seat and favor Professor Brick with a prolonged and belligerent stare without any cause which that gentleman could ascertain.

The breezy interlude having thus come to an affable end, Mr. Cyanide Whiffles ascended the dais, and after an elaborate bow to the chair, announced his subject as "De Kitty'n Jackers," and spoke as follows:

"De kitty am a leak in de bar'l ob profits at pokah what oughter be stopped by ack of kungresh. In de good old days befo' de wah de kitty useter be onny a small slice outen de biggest jacker, whad didn't kyount nohow, but now de kitty keepah rakes in a white chip outen a one-par pot, 'n a red chip outen trees, 'n a blue chip outen de jacker, 'n when dey's a big razzle 'n de coons is climbin' one ovah de uder, he steals a blue chip on each rise—"

"Das de lan's troof!" exclaimed Prof. Brick.

"'N bimeby whad's de resulk?" inquired the lecturer. "W'y, de resulk am dat de kitty gits all de boodle, 'n de playahs gits bruk."

"Doan' de kitty pay fer de sassengers 'n cigyahs 'n beer?" queried Mr. Williams.

"Yezzah," responded the lecturer, "'n each moke eats sassengers wen he doan wantem, 'n smokes mo' cigyahs dan would kill a mewl, 'n drinks mo' beer dan would pizen a Milwaukee hog, sozeter git he share. Ef pokah am onny ter skin de membahs, ter set up a free lunch costin' mo'n $2 a head, I'll go ter Delmunniky's 'n feed cheapah."

"Wudjer 'bolish de kitty?" inquired the chairman, under the right given him by article 61 of the constitution.

"Nozah," said the lecturer, "but I'd put de kitty-keepah undah bons not ter blow her into he own stack when de membahs ain't watchin'."

"Whad yo' mean by dat?" queried Mr. Williams, in a voice of war.

"I doan' mean nuffin' pussonal, Toot," said Mr. Wiffles. "Bud I membah dat de lass time yo' kep de kitty, 'n we played twell sun-up, 'n all de membahs got leff ceptin' yo', 'n yo' raked outen all de pots, 'n took two blues outen each jacker, de kitty was onny fo' blues, six reds 'n tree wites at the en' ob de game, 'n de beer bill 'n sassengers was onny $2—dat's what I mean."

"'N didjer spose I swinnle de kitty?" pursued Mr. Williams, still unmollified.

"Nozah, I onny sposed dat de kitty got meanderin, car'less like, 'n crope inter yo' pile."

"Dat's a lie!" yelled Mr. Williams, who felt that his honor was at stake.

"Ordah!" cried the chair.

"I'll pay a fine ob $5 ter lick Cy Whiffles dis minit!" exclaimed Mr. Williams, capering with anger and flourishing his wad.

"Make her ten 'n I'll 'spend de rules," said the chair.

"Come outside 'n I'll make it cheapah'n dat," remarked Mr. Whiffles, preparing to take off his coat.

"I—I done leff my razor home," said Mr. Williams.

"I'll loan yo' one," said Mr. Whiffles.

Mr. Williams sat down, and order was restored.

"Dar's a limmick on de game," said the lecturer, "'n dar should be a limmick on de kitty. Two sassengers 'n fo' bottles er beer, 'n fo' sigyahs cost haff er dollah, 'n six baffs is tree dollahs, 'n dat's enuff for dis club, 'n at de nex' meetin' I'll put in a mendmink ter de rules, puttin' dat limmick on de pussy."

"Hooray!" exclaimed Prof. Brick, who was promptly fined 10 cents for undue enthusiasm.

"Now ez to jackers," pursued the lecturer, "I'se onny dis ter say. De game what hez jackers ebery fo' minnits am a game whad gits a good man to go wrong. Dar's no mo' skyence in a jacker dan in climbin' a greezed pole, bud it's de easiest way ter slide ter de po' house. In de good ole days befo' de wah, dey warn't no jackers, 'n pokah wuz pokah 'n not chuckylucky. Now, wenever a coon gits tree dollahs out, he sez, sezee, 'Less have a round 'er jacker,' sezee, 'n den er cose some odder moke gits low sperritted 'n he sez, sezee: 'Less jacker one roun' mo',' sezee, 'n den deys all jackers 'n no skyence. Lass time I played I was fohty-tree dollahs ter de good aftah nine hours' hard wuk, 'n de perfesser he call fer a roun', 'n Tooter, he arst fer jest one mo', 'n den Elder Jubbly, he howls fer one, 'n in twonny-eight minnits I done loss all my chips n' s'teen dollahs mo'."

"Den yo' wuddent have no jackers?" queried Prof. Brick.

"Nozah, not regular," returned the lecturer. "Make her de rule ter have de jacker come onny wen all de coons draps 'n parses, 'n tree jackers at the lass ob de game, 'n I'se wif de mo'ners at de funeril, but dis yar game whad's one-foth pokah and tre-foths jackers, wud skun Gab'ril hese'f outen he ho'n. Yo' heah my bazoo."

The chairman then announced that at the next lecture Mr. Tooter Williams would give expert views on "De Deal," and the club went into executive session.

THE AGE OF PAPER.

A Wonderful Era Coming When Dishes Will Need No Washing and Steak Will Be Sold by the Ream.

Paper World.

The world has seen its iron age, its stone age, its golden age and its brazen age. This is the age of paper. We are making so many things of paper that it will soon be true that without paper there is nothing made that is made. We live in paper houses, wear paper clothing and sit on paper cushions in paper cars, rolling on paper wheels. We do a paper business over paper counters, buying paper goods, paying for them with paper money or charging them up in paper books, and deal in paper stocks on paper margins. We row races in paper boats for paper prizes. We go to paper theaters where paper actors play to paper audiences. We elect paper men with paper votes on a paper issue to represent a paper constituency in a paper congress and make paper laws.

As the age develops the coming man will become more deeply enmeshed in the paper net. He will awake in the morning and creep from under the paper clothing on his paper bed, and put on his paper dressing-gown and paper slippers. He will walk over paper carpets down paper stairs, and, seating himself in a paper chair, will read the paper news in the morning paper. A paper bell will call him to his breakfast, cooked in a paper oven, served on paper dishes, laid on a paper cloth on a paper table. He will wipe his lips with a paper napkin, and having put on his paper shoes, paper hat and paper coat and taken his paper cane, he will walk on a paper pavement or ride in a paper carriage to his paper office. He will organize paper enterprises and make paper profits. He will go to Europe on paper steamships and navigate the air in paper balloons. He will smoke paper tobacco in a paper pipe lighted with a paper match. He will write with a paper pencil, whittle paper sticks with a paper knife, go fishing with a paper fishing rod, a paper line and a paper hook, and put his catch in a paper basket. He will go shooting with a paper gun loaded with paper cartridges, and will defend his country in paper forts with paper cannon and paper bombs.

Having lived his paper life and achieved a paper fame and paper wealth he will retire to paper leisure and die in paper peace. There will be a paper funeral, at which the mourners, dressed in paper crape, will wipe their eyes with paper handkerchiefs, and a paper preacher will preach a paper sermon in a paper pulpit from a paper text. He will lie in a paper coffin wrapped in a paper shroud, his name will be engraved on a paper plate, and a paper hearse, adorned with paper plumes, will carry him to a paper-lined grave, over which will be raised a paper monument. The papers will record his paper virtues, while paper angels with paper wings will clothe him in a paper robe and waft his paper spirit from this paper world to the paper gates of a paper paradise where all is paper, and fire-proof at that.

THE DAY OF THE WIDOW.

How She Has Shut Out the Young Girl.

The young girl no longer obtains in fiction; years ago she lost her interest to the French writer, and now the Anglo-Saxon has also found her unprofitable, which means uninteresting. It is the day of the widow. Novels reek with her. Shops cater to her, and the old influence of a widow's cap and veil is stronger than ever before. No man is hard hearted enough to let a widow, especially a pretty one, stand in the jolting street car. Shall he who realizes by her garb that her protector is gone from her, not offer at least the passing protection of a few minutes? Shall he withstand those sorrowful eyes, and shall he not admire the quick rosy flush that comes to her face as he bows his acknowledgement of her low-voiced "Thank you." Undoubtedly clothes make the woman—for take any emotional woman, put the extremely becoming garb of a widow upon her, and she insensibly assumes the half-frightened, half-prayerful, air of one in distress, and one who is yet quite certain that "for dear John's sake" all mankind will be good to her. Matrimony has taught her her power; she knows that it is the charm of the opposite which holds mankind, and that a little seeming to beg for kindness will result in her having an absolute corner of it in the market.

The widow seldom makes mistakes; for that reason her second marriage is often happier than the first. She has learned that there is a time to be quiet and a time to talk; she has learned that a man is never so happy as when a woman tells him she loves him, but that he does object to have her kiss him good-bye in the lobby of a hotel. She has found out that he prefers to instruct her, and yet when he is in an instructive mood she maets his views half-way and has an opinion about them. This makes him feel so intensely comfortable, for he believes that she imbibed that opinion from him, that where we shall spend the summer, and is blissfully unconscious that the possession of a new gown from Worth or the putting a bay window in the morning room are decided by madame herself.

A widow appreciates the value of cuddling. No man ever gets so old that he does not like to have his hands patted, to get a light kiss on his forehead, to have his eyelids smoothed down because the eyes are so tired of looking out on the nasty world, to appreciate a few drops of perfume put on his handkerchief, and a veritable sitting at his feet on a low stool and looking up at him and pitying him. All this comes within the province of cuddling. A man who weighs 200 pounds, who has perfect health, who never can explain a pain, for he never has known one, who is down town about four hours, and during that time consumes a very good luncheon and several fancy drinks, is never so happy as when a small woman, thoroughly versed by experience in aches and pains, who has stood two hours to a dressmaker, who has given the dinner orders and been careful that special dishes were looked after, comes closer to him and sympathizes with him because he has to work to earn her living. This is the art of controlling a husband. To first get him is no trouble, especially to the widow, but to keep him is the real test in marriage, and, according to the novelists and philosophers, and the dramatists, it is possessed in perfection by "la veuve."

Allen's Drug Store

Has removed to corner Seventh and Jackson streets. Large stock, fresh goods, fine store; prescription work a specialty.

Badly Bitten.

Special to the Globe.

DULUTH, Minn., April 20.—Lena Hubbs, eleven years old, was severely bitten by a huge mastiff belonging to D. G. Cash. The dog clung to her forearm so tenaciously that it required the efforts of several playmates to make him let go.

FANCHON'S ROMANCE

A New and Singular Story in Maggie Mitchell's Life.

Married Twenty-Seven Years Ago, but Separated at Once.

They Never Meet Again and She Marries Paddock Afterwards.

No Record of Her Divorce From Her First Husband.

Washington Special to the Enquirer.

The absolute divorce granted to Maggie Mitchell, the popular actress, has again set agog the gossips touching her first love affair, which has about it the flavor of romance and adventure. Away back in the sixties, when the war was well under way, Washington city was an armed camp. The city then had not emerged from its old-time lethargy, and the invasion of a great army in the midst of its people, while it amazed those to the manor born, gave them the first full realization of what genuine activity and bustle meant. It was at this period, too, that Maggie Mitchell as an actress was at her best. Then she had youth to add to the captivating graces which even now, with the lapse of a quarter century, mark her great. Then, too,

FLUSHED WITH THE FINANCIAL SUCCESS

of her artistic endeavors, the world unfolded to her as one vast Utopia. Love's young dream was yet before her. It was no wonder Miss Mitchell was a favorite in Washington at this period. The two prominent pieces she then essayed were "Fanchon" and the "Pearl of Savoy." The ghoulish abandon with which Maggie danced the shadow dance in the one, and the pathetic love scenes of the other, awakened among the soldiers who then nightly crowded the theater some of the memories which took them back to the homes they had left behind. Maggie indeed became an idol, and a three weeks' engagement marked from the initial to its close almost a craze. It was in the russet September of 1862, when her professional career found her at Ford's theater. With an eye singly to her welfare, her mother accompanied her as her chaperone. Never was she so inspiring in the graceful little roles, so well adapted to her petite figure and sympathetic voice. Night after night the crowds were turned away. The day she spent largely with her mother, between whom and the daughter the tenderest tie of affection existed. But there were hours when she

ESCAPED EVEN THIS ZEALOUS VIGILANT.

In such an hour hinges the adventure which makes this recital of reminiscence and fact of interest. All actresses, great and small, have hobbies. Many run to dogs, some to kittens, and a few to prudery. Maggie loved a horse. It was her wont before the sun was fairly up to dash over the hills, then encircled with forts and menacing guns, and at break-neck speed rush helter-skelter to the amazement of those less courageous. Many times alone she scoured the beautiful outskirts. Not always thus alone, however. At times it was observed that her escort was a manly youth of sturdy outline and goodly features. Likewise it was noticed that when together speed was not so necessary. Rather did they jog along, side by side, interested both in each other and the beauties of nature such as an autumnal September can alone unfold. The climax came when, upon a return from such a jaunt, Maggie, flushed with some excitement, made a confidant of her mother. She almost shocked her when, in girlish glee, she said:

"Mamma, I was married this morning."

Treating it jocosely, her mother said: "Well, I hope you have married a saint."

"He is," she added, and then in a serious tone she gave the details. A cloud-storm overshadowed the maternal countenance. There was no longer doubt. In a tone of command Maggie was ordered to her room, and next

THE YOUTHFUL HERO WAS FOUND.

The very overturn of his matrimonial career was the malediction of the mother-in-law. The air was surfeited with womanly rage. In a condition fairly wilted he was ordered away with the injunction to never address his wife again, not even by so much as a look or token. Then Maggie became a prisoner. Always under the eye of her mother by day, and guarded by a cordon of her mother's friends by night, the two lovers were kept apart. Even in the marriage there was romance. Five miles away in the direction of the north was the little town of Bladensburg, made historic because of its duels and medicinal because of its spa. It was just an easy gallop from the hotel to the sleeping village. Here the knot could be tied with

NO ONE TO INTERDICT OR FORBID.

A mother's acquiescence was only an incident, for would it not come after the seal of man and wife had pronounced them one? Thus it was that Maggie Mitchell, the then celebrated protean actress, and William Virgil Wallace, on the 27th day of September, 1862, were joined in holy wedlock. Thus it was that Maggie contracted her first matrimonial alliance, which the anger of a mother would not permit to be consummated, and it never was. The objection to Wallace was the fear that he was not exalted enough to win such a wife. He had talent for music in largesse, and often led the orchestra, from which ground of vantage he used his eyes to captivate his sweetheart. The sequel to the alliance was divorce. Time soon healed whatever scars the enforced separation might have imprinted upon the fair Maggie's heart.

THE DIVORCE

is said to have been granted in the courts of Baltimore. Seven years later Maggie Mitchell became Mrs. Henry T. Paddock, being married on July 13, 1869. The foregoing incident of the life of this charming actress is known to but few of her friends. From some of them this account was given me vouched for fully. A few days ago I wrote the clerk of the court at Upper Marlboro, Md., to search the records and give me a transcript of the license. This is the county seat of the county in which Bladensburg is located, whereupon I received the following:

OFFICE J. W. BELT, CLERK CIRCUIT COURT, PRINCE GEORGE COUNTY, UPPER MARLBORO, Md., April 3, 1889.

Dear Sir: The marriage records of this court show that a marriage license was issued on the 26th day of September, 1862, to William Virgil Wallace and Margaret Julia Mitchell, both of New York. The officiating minister's name not given. Yours, etc.,

JOHN W. BELT, Clerk.

William C. MacBride, Cincinnati Enquirer.

IF, HOWEVER,

Miss Mitchell was divorced by the circuit court in Baltimore, its records do not so show. I examined them to-day under the direction of a deputy clerk. A search between the dates of the marriage with Wallace in 1862 and the date of the marriage with Paddock in 1869 fails to note any entry of divorce from Wallace. I also searched to see if the marriage had been set aside by suit in Miss Mitchell's maiden name. It did not appear. Hence the divorce must have been obtained elsewhere.

It will be recalled that when it was first announced that Mrs. Paddock had sued for divorce there were allegations from Chicago of a previous marriage. The foregoing, however, is probably the only truthful recital of her first love affair. She never, however, lived with Wallace in the wifely relation.

W. C. MACB.

SAINT PAUL.

CORRIDOR CHAT.

Hon. L. H. Hershfield, of Helena, passed through the city yesterday on his way home from Washington. Mr. Hershfield is a pleasant, heavily-built man with a very massive chin and small blonde moustache. He does not feel at all bad about his unsuccessful gubernatorial aspirations. "Some of my friends," said he, "wanted me to be governor; I did not care, but placed myself in their hands. I was unsuccessful, but it does not trouble me at all." Asked what he thought of Prince Russell Harrison, he smiled, and replied that Mr. Harrison was ambitious young man, and thought he found a good field for his ambition. "He is a very good friend of mine and a fine young fellow. He owns two newspapers in Montana, and is liable to exert considerable influence in the politics of the new state. I guess he is on his way home now."

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Andrew Strong, of Winnipeg, is staying at the Merchants'. Mr. Strang is a prominent wholesale grocer and possesses all the geniality of the average Britisher. "Winnipeg," said Mr. Strang, "is looking up. That boom set us back very much, but we are recovering from its disastrous effects, and are going ahead rapidly."

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Two other prominent Manitobans passed through the city yesterday in the form of Messrs. J. M. Graham and H. Swimford. They are both in the employ of the Northern Pacific & Manitoba railway. This road is a series of extensions, at present operated in connection with the Northern Pacific. They were projected by the Manitoba government, and are run in opposition to the Canadian Pacific. According to the opinion of these gentlemen, and many other Manitobans, they will be of the very greatest benefit to the province, as they will relieve it of the gigantic burden of the Canadian Pacific railroad's monopoly.

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H. B. Moore, collector of customs at the port of Duluth, sat in the Ryan yesterday bemoaning the defeat of the Knife Falls boom bill. It is hard to get a Duluth man to discuss any other subject, but Mr. Moore was asked who he expected to succeed him in the office. "My term is not up for over a year yet," replied he, "a number of men are after it, and it is altogether too early to make predictions. I don't believe in civil service reform myself and have paid $3,000 a year more in salaries to Republicans than to Democrats during my term." Mr. Moore takes the situation very complacently and does not expect to be fired till his term is up.

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D. D. Mann, of Montreal, passed through the city yesterday on his way to Winnipeg from Chili. Mr. Mann and his wife spent a great part of the winter in Chili, investigating the railroad problem in that country. Mr. Mann had nothing to say on the subject.

CHRIST IS RISEN.

Services of Song and Praise in the City Churches.

The Easter music at St. Mary's church will be of an exceptionally high character. The programme follows:

High Mass—10:30 a. m. Vide Aquani, Gregorian; Chorus—Mass Haydn's military mass, No. 1 solo quartette, chorus and organ; Offertory—Sancta Maria, Gounod violin obligato, Mr. Von Goetzen, Miss Sue Farrington.

Evening—7:30 p. m. Grand Grogorian Vespers: O Salutary, McLuchland, Miss Elsie Shawe; Tantum Ergo, Verdussen; chorus, Laudati Dominum, Amen, Henry MacLachlean, organist.

The chorus choir of the Dayton Avenue church, consisting of forty-five voices under the direction of Charles De Lacey, choir master, will render the following programme of Easter music this morning:

Processional, 432, "Golding harps are sounding;" Venite, Robinson; Te Deum, Dykes; anthem, "Christ our Passover," Goss, solo by Miss Gilbert; 411, "Christ, the Lord is risen to-day;" anthem, "Break forth into joy," Barnby; 439, Crown Him with many thrones;" postlude, Bach, Garret.

St. Peter's chapel, corner Fourth and Maple streets, Dayton's Bluff, Rev. S. Mills, priest in charge; services will be held to-day as follows: Celebration of the holy communion, 8 a. m.; morning prayer, sermon and celebration of the holy communion, 11 a. m.; evening prayer, 7:30 p. m. The following programme of music will be rendered at the morning service:

Processional hymn 99, by Carey; anthem, "Christ Our Passover," by Danks; solos by Messrs. Hillyard and Harmequies; glorials by Danks and Smith; te deum landaumus in G, by Pease; solos by Mrs. Belden, Mrs. Pease and Mr. Harequies; jubilate dio, by Smith, with solos by Mrs. Belden, Mrs. Pease, Messrs. Hillyard and Harmequies; hymn 103, from Palestrina; Kyrie Eleison, by Stainer; gloria tibi, by Paxton; hymn 105, by Tours; offertory "Calosry," by Rodney, Mr. Harmequies; sanctus, by Comidge; eucharistic hymn 207, Hodges; gloria in Excelsis, Old Tune. The choir on this occasion will consist of Mrs. A. Belden, Mrs. C. H. Stevenson, Mrs. E. F. Horst, Mrs. B. F. McIver, Mrs. W. F. Peace, W. A. Hillyard and H. F. Harmequies; organist and director, W. F. Pease.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. will conduct the Easter song service at the rooms of the Temperance union, 70 East Seventh street, to-day at 3 p. m.

Rev. W. S. Vail will preach in the People's theater Sunday morning, as usual. The canton of Patriarchs Militant will attend in uniform; and the service will include as music, "Consider the Lilies," "The Resurrection," and an Easter carol embracing a solo and the juvenile chorus.

The service of the House of Hope church this morning will comprise the following: Easter Anthem, Schrueckee; humn, "The Strike Is O'er," Vogrich; offertory, (a) "He Shall Feed His Flock," (b) "Come Unto Him," Handel, Mr. Curtiss and Mr. De Wolf; "The Magdalene" (by request), Warren.

There will be a special Easter service at Unity church at 11 a. m., the Sunday school meeting with the congregation.

The services at Memoral English Lutheran church, Sixth street, below Exchange, will be as follows:

Service in F, H. Knauff; Easter Introit and Hallelujah; Gloria Patri, Greatorex; Kyrie Gloria in Excelsis, Darley's arrangement; anthem, "He Who Slumbered," C. T. Steele offertory chant; anthem, "Christ Has Won the Victory," Danks. Evening, 8 p. m., Easter Vesper service, J. F. Ohe.

Easter services at St. Luke's Catholic chapel on Summit avenue, Rev. J. J. Lawler, pastor, will consist of the following:

10:30 a. m., high mass; farmers' mass in B flat; "Veni Creator, sermon; "Regina Coeli," Lambillotte. 7:30 p. m., vespers; Gregorian chant; benediction; "O Salutaris," Verdi; "Tantum Ergo," Rossi. Solos: Soprano, Mrs. Williams, Miss Williams; alto, Mrs. Feeley, Miss Cayoux; tenor, Mr. Murray; bass, Mr. Shea, Mr. O'Brien; C. J. Williams, director and organist.

Evildoers Get Their Deserts.

There was a light docket in the municipal court yesterday. Several disorderlies, two men and a boy arrested for "guying" street car drivers, and a miscellaneous assortment of vags and bums constituted the crowd of prisoners. James J. Nolan, proprietor of a saloon at 145 East Seventh street, who was arrested for keeping his place open after 12 o'clock and maintaining a disorderly house, was granted a continuance until Monday under $100 bail. The cases against Frank McCaffrey, his bartender, Lizzie Blodgett and James Martin, arrested in the place, were also continued. James Moore, the pal of Ed Flannigan, went out for ninety days for aiding Flannigan in the larceny of a quantity of clothing from a Seventh street store.

PERSONALS.

A. Myers left for Billings yesterday.

J. H. Stoddart left for Butte yesterday.

W. Cooper left for Bozeman yesterday.

W. J. Keating, of Aurora, is at the Ryan.

P. J. Mabelle left for Portland yesterday.

J. A. Lambert, of Boston, is at the Ryan.

L. H. Goddu left for Milwaukee yesterday.

Julius Ullmann left for Chicago yesterday.

Dr. Sperry, of the state institute, will resume lecturing in the institute, beginning May 6.

C. A. Brondwater, of Helena, is at the Ryan.

V. E. Colby, of Albert Lea, is at the Ryan.

Capt. F. H. Presonell, of Duluth, is at the Ryan.

C. H. Dishman, of Henderson, Ky., is at the Ryan.

A. W. Fimple, of Duluth, is at the Merchants'.

F. H. Culver, of Chicago, is at the Merchants'.

D. D. Mann and wife, of Montreal, are at the Ryan.

Edwin M. Wright, of Fergus Falls, is at the Clifton.

Capt. O'Brien left for Spokane Falls yesterday.

L. C. Patterson, of Brockport, N. Y., is at the Ryan.

Miss Victoria Keyser left for Miles City yesterday.

Mrs. C. R. Davis, of St. Peter, is at the Merchants'.

W. R. Bagley, of Madison, Wis., is at the Merchants'.

Campbell Chapin, of Springfield, Mass., is at the Ryan.

Mr. Freeman, of Faribault, left yesterday for Chicago.

John Grace and wife, of Prairie du Chien, are at the Merchants'.

Ralph Berg and W. B. Rice, of Montana, are at the Merchants'.

Mrs. Sweett and Mrs. Smyser, of Glyndon, are at the Merchants'.

Andrew Strong, a prominent merchant of Winnipeg, is at the Merchants'.

A. Mackenzie, advance agent for Fanny Davenport, left for Chicago yesterday.

Supt. S. B. Wilson, of Faribault, will lecture at Granite Falls institute this week.

Hon. L. H. Herseifield, of Helena, passed through the city yesterday on his way home.

Capt. Potter, a prominent lumberman of Aitkin, Minn., called upon Auditor Braden yesterday.

J. F. Wolgamot, wife and daughter, Mrs. M. Brown and Mrs. Snigg left for Spokane Falls yesterday.

Miss L. M. Banks, private secretary to the United States minister to Peru, left for Callao yesterday via New York.

Prof. Maria L. Sanford, of the state university, will lecture at the teachers' institute at Blue Earth City next Tuesday evening.

Miss Mattie Ward, of Waseca, Minn., daughter of Senator Ward, is visiting Misses Millie and Anna Campbell, of McBoal street.

M. R. Roche, the well-known St. Paul newspaper man, who has been in the service of the St. Paul & Kansas City road at Boston for the past year, will return to St. Paul early in May and become a journalist once more.

Assistant Clerk of the Supreme Court Helm, returned yesterday from a very successful fishing and hunting trip in the northern part of the state. He reports having caught 200 of the speckled beauties out of the streams and brooks along the route of his meandering—not at a fish market as his envious sportsmen friends may venture to presume.

WHITE BEAR.

The White Bear Dramatic club will present "Above the Clouds" at Firemen's hall, Monday evening, with the following cast of character: Philip Ringold, J. F. Mackey; Alfred Thorpe, C. W. Thompson; Amos Gaylord, Frank Conroy; Howard Gaylord, E. G. Jackson; Titus Turtle, H. E. Garman; Curtis Chipman, C. L. Jackson; Nat Naylord, Willis Drummond; Grace Ingalls, Miss Annie Conroy; Hester Thorne, Mrs. J. B. Murray; Susy Gaylord, Miss Hester Clewett; Lucretia Gerrish, Mrs. Hugh O'Neil.

Charles Reif, of this place, and Miss Flora Bentley, of Minneapolis, will be married in that city Thursday morning, April 25. They will reside on East Fourth street in this city.

A. E. Verity, who is connected with the American Press association, St. Paul, with his family, are now occupying their cottage on Fifth street.

Bishop Gilbert came out yesterday and held services in the Episcopal church. The rites of confirmation was performed upon a large class.

Mrs. W. T. Donaldson and Mrs. Ogden, of St. Paul, were in the village to-day, getting their cottages ready for early occupancy.

Special Easter services will be held at the St. John's Episcopal Church in the Wilderness this afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The White Bear Dramatic club goes to North Branch Saturday evening, April 27, to present "Above the Clouds."

The cantata to be given for the benefit of the Presbyterian church will take place at Hotel Leip May 7.

T. J. Walters, who has been running a train on a railroad in Mississippi, returned home this week.

Special services were held at the Catholic church yesterday afternoon, and others will be held to-day.

The White Bear fire department will give a grand ball at Hotel Leip Friday evening, April 26.

Mrs. O. G. Hospes, of Stillwater, was the guest of Mrs. A. Wilkinson a few days this week.

Mrs. S. A. Thompson Jr. returned Saturday from a visit to her parents at Wayzata, Minn.

R. C. Wight and family, from St. Paul, are now occupying their cottage in this village.

Mrs. H. E. Smith and her sister, Mrs. Bromley, are visiting with friends in Duluth.

Charley Burbank has returned from his Norther trip and will remain for the summer.

Mrs. L. S. Wheeler, of Chicago, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Murray this week.

C. A. Reed and family, of St. Paul, have moved into their cottage on Lake avenue.

George Youngblut returned Friday from New Ulm, where he is attending college.

Otto J. Troseth, the new grocery man from St. Paul, is now a resident of the village.

Miss Julia McGrath, who is attending school at Lake City, is home on a visit.

Mrs. Ed. Digie, of Duluth, visited friends in this village a few days last week.

Miss Hester Clewett visited friends in Minneapolis this week.

HAMLINE.

Perhaps in no suburban park of St. Paul is so much time devoted to lawn tennis as at Hamline. Besides its containing the club grounds of the Minnesota Lawn Tennis club, there are many other local and much smaller clubs, and chief of these is the Star Lawn Tennis club, which has passed through one year of vicissitudes with a constitution and by-laws, sworn to the exclusion of all gentlemen members and a fidelity to all feminine interests. These rules proved at times a little irksome for some of the members, and have resulted this spring in a division of the members of the club, a few going to join a number of other ladies in the formation of a club with principles which will admit of the membership of gentlemen. The new club has not yet been christened, but it will contain a happy lot of boys and girls. Among the members of this new club, which will devote much of its time to archery, are Misses Hurdt, Woods, Warner, Breitung, Sumbardo, Lou and Bessie Blackwell.

The Hamline Chautauqua circle has had a very prosperous year, and the members will have their closing performance on next Friday evening at the residence of Mrs. A. A. Clark. No special programme will be pursued. The music will be in charge of Mrs. E. Church, Mrs. L. J. Dobner and Miss Lilly Fitz, who have prepared a number of choice selections. Supper will be served, and a number of toasts given. Those graduating this year are Mrs. E. B. Higgins, Mrs. A. Clark, Miss Ellen Clark, Miss Lilly Fitz, Dr. S. G. Innis and Misses Etta and Lizzie Higgins.

The "Spartan Base Ball Club" is one of the latest fully organized clubs at Hamline. Its members are mostly ex-college players, and they have a good opinion of their abilities as base ball players. The club is under the management of G. M. Morris, and John F. Merrill is acting captain. The players have been selected and are as follows: E. A. Montgomery, catcher; G. M. Morris, catcher; A. F. Drew, 1b.; C. A. McCann, 2b.; Mr. Smith, 3b.; J. F. Merrill, ss.; W. Pravitz, lf.; J. Chamberlain, cf.; Dr. Carothers, rf.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Rich gave a dinner to a number of friends Tuesday night in honor of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hoyt. Among the number present were Senator and Mrs. Hoard, Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Bridgman, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Hodgson, of St. Paul, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Akers, Miss H. Shoemaker and others.

The cantata of "Ruth" is being prepared under the management of D. H. Tandy. It is to be presented as a benefit for the Young Ladies Missionary Society, early in May.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Wright are visiting friends in Brainerd.

President and Mrs. G. H. Bridgman gave the seniors a dinner on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Evelyn Church is visiting friends in Winona.

Secretary Blaine's Fortune.

Philadelphia News Washington Special.

Secretary Blaine is a much richer man than he is generally credited with being. He is more than a millionaire. Probably the luckiest investment Mr. Blaine ever made was in the Little Hope mine at Leadville, Col., which has alone made the secretary rich. That mine has paid $4,500,000 dividends in the last five years, of which large sum Mr. Blaine's share has been about one-seventh. "That mine appears to be mismamed," said a friend to him recently. "It should be called Great Hope instead of Little Hope." "Yes," replied the secretary. "Great Hope would be better. I have already got from that mine $1,100 for every one invested, and have the stock left." Mr. Blaine is also a large stockholder in the Pride of Erin mine at Leadville, which is paying dividends of $25,000 a month.

A DRUMMER AT CHURCH.

And the Surprise He Met With There.

Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

The Sunday-school convention held here this week brought to Lewiston some of the brightest and most interesting ministers in New England. And it was not surprising to find that among these earnest and successful preachers were some unusually good story-tellers—for a man who can't tell a story well at the dinner table can't reach people well from the platform. One brilliant conversationalist and story-teller, who took an important part in the convention was the Rev. A. B. Dunning, D. D., the manager of the Congregationalist Publishing house and Sabbath-school work, and one of Boston's busiest men. Dr. Dunning is an off-hand approachable man, with a bright, winning face, easy manner, and personal magnetism that contributes much to his success. He has none of the outward signs of the clerical calling, but looks more like a business man. He travels nearly all of the time, and he says that in the cars he generally passes as a drummer, and is recognized by the fraternity as one of their number. On going into Minneapolis one Saturday evening a smart young fellow approached him in a free-and-easy way: "Going to stop over Sunday?" "Yes," replied the doctor. "Stop at the Blank hotel, I suppose?" "No, I am going to stop with a friend." "Come round to the hotel to-morrow afternoon. Quite a number of the boys will be there." "But to-morrow is Sunday." "I know it, and that's why we can have such a good time." "Oh, I think that we fellows who are traveling all the time ought to keep Sunday," said the doctor. "Yes," assented the drummer good-naturedly, "but I'll bet you won't." "I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll go to church to-morrow if you will." "I'll do it. Where shall we go?" "To the First Congregational. It's the best church in town." "All right. I'll be there, but I'll bet you won't." The drummer was there according to his promise, and could hardly believe his eyes when he saw his friend of the night before ascend to the pulpit. Dr. Dunning tried to find him after the service, but he had fled. One of the doctor's stories was that of a quaint old townsman who once said to a well-known divine: "Parson, the Bible says that the Lord made the world in six days; do you believe it?" "Yes." "Now do you think that He finished the whole thing up in that time?" "Yes." "Well, all I can say is that He could have put in one more day to mighty good advantage right here in this town."

House Cleaning.

Nothing, perhaps, is such a wear and tear upon the system and disposition as the process of house cleaning. The chaos it brings, added to the many unpleasant phases and experiences, are most annoying; but they are inevitable, for the house must be cleaned every so often, especially in the spring. Wives and husbands like to have neat homes, whatever comes. They like good railroads, too, and therefore every sensible person takes the St. Paul & Duluth Railroad, the "Duluth Short Line," to and from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, West Superior, and other points. Information furnished cheerfully by A. B. Plough, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., or by ticket agents.

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The Ryan Bazaar!

128 East Seventh St.

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TO EXCHANGE—$2,300 in house and lot on Clinton ave., Minneapolis, for equity in house in or near St. Paul; will add some cash or other good property or larger equity; moving to St. Paul reason for exchanging. 111

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