

HOMES ARE DESERTED

St. Paul's Social Butterflies Are Now Hovering About Summer Resorts.

Artificial Perfumes Left Behind for the Scent of the New Moon's Rays.

Drawing Room Flirtations Develop Into Love Under the Moon's Rays.

Such Are the Changes Which Are Fast Coming Over Society.

The spring social drama has reached the stage where "executed omnes" is the direction. All the principal actors in the great play of St. Paul life are seeking "green fields and pastures new," where they can rusticate and experience that "dolce far niente" found only in the many summer resorts around St. Paul.

Linked in Hymen's Bonds.

SHIRAZ-DELETERIED. Miss Phillis Biss, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Snie, of Chicago, and Joseph Deleteried, of St. Paul, was solemnly married at 5 p. m., and after the customary religious services, the bride and groom were escorted to the residence of the bride's parents, Rev. Dr. Norton officiating.

Mr. Charles McCarthy, of this city, and Miss Katie E. McNamara were married at 10 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. J. J. McNamara and H. M. Mellet, of St. Paul, officiated as bridesmaid and best man respectively.

Mated, Not Married.

The announcement is made that Miss Florence Marvel, daughter of Allen Marvel, of St. Paul, and Charles E. Schaeffer, of Chicago, will be married early in June.

At the First Presbyterian church, June 11, Mrs. J. C. O'Neil and Miss Mary E. Jones, of John street, will be united in marriage.

At the First Presbyterian church, June 11, Mrs. J. C. O'Neil and Miss Mary E. Jones, of John street, will be united in marriage.

At the First Presbyterian church, June 11, Mrs. J. C. O'Neil and Miss Mary E. Jones, of John street, will be united in marriage.

At the First Presbyterian church, June 11, Mrs. J. C. O'Neil and Miss Mary E. Jones, of John street, will be united in marriage.

At the First Presbyterian church, June 11, Mrs. J. C. O'Neil and Miss Mary E. Jones, of John street, will be united in marriage.

At the First Presbyterian church, June 11, Mrs. J. C. O'Neil and Miss Mary E. Jones, of John street, will be united in marriage.

At the First Presbyterian church, June 11, Mrs. J. C. O'Neil and Miss Mary E. Jones, of John street, will be united in marriage.

At the First Presbyterian church, June 11, Mrs. J. C. O'Neil and Miss Mary E. Jones, of John street, will be united in marriage.

At the First Presbyterian church, June 11, Mrs. J. C. O'Neil and Miss Mary E. Jones, of John street, will be united in marriage.

At the First Presbyterian church, June 11, Mrs. J. C. O'Neil and Miss Mary E. Jones, of John street, will be united in marriage.

THE EIFFEL COSTUME FROM ETELKA.

Dray, D. Montoro, B. J. Marlowe, W. Chaplin, Walter Hewitt, William Rodger and L. P. Richardson. There is going to be great rivalry between the Cottage Park and the White Bear clubs.

Arrangements have been completed where by White Bear will have a series of midsummer night concerts to take place in the beautiful grove of White Bear Wednesday and Saturday evenings, commencing June 22.

PRETTY POSY; Or, the Old Crow's Nest.

"What have you got there?" said Dr. Plimpton, as his daughter, Posy, entered the room with a strange object in her hand.

"Well, I dare say it's all right, my dear; only a mother-in-law can't be too careful how she gives occasion for gossip. Now, I'll take my tea, and tell Bessie to bring in the soup."

"But the chorus of the evening was gone for Posy; she was silent and distracted during supper. She looked solemnly at the crow's nest, as some simple young savage might gaze at a mystic talisman which incomprehensibly wrought her evil.

"I'll burn the old thing," she said to herself. "I hate the very sight of it!"

"Oh! thought Posy, "why can I not always be a child?"

"And when Dr. Plimpton was deep in some medical book, Posy burst out of the room and making her way into the frosty night, at the back of the house, set about kindling a fire of dry sticks, leaves and mosses. Upon this she contemplated for an hour, the tickle, useless crow's nest, and watched it burn with a sort of savage satisfaction.

Until suddenly, a hand fell lightly on her shoulder.

"Are you making a Rembrandtesque pose of yourself, Posy?" asked a cheerful voice. And there in the rising and falling shadows stood Capt. Rolf Cardigan before her.

"No!" said Posy, crisply.

"Then what are you doing?"

"I am burning that howid old crow's nest," Posy calmly replied, giving the flames an additional poke with the forked stick that she held in her hand.

"Burn the crow's nest, Posy?"

"Because I'm sick and tired of the sight of it," said Posy. "There! And I wish I'd never climbed for it. But—only I wanted people to know I could climb, and that I wouldn't be dared."

"Posy!" said the captain.

"Well!" dolefully retorted Miss Plimpton. "It is that you are angry with me, the crow's nest."

"Well!" said Posy. "And if it is?"

"I shall accept Lieut. Commander Goring's proposal and go up to the Polar sea with him. It's a dangerous expedition, but I don't suppose I shall ever see him again."

"Posy came close up to him. She ventured to put one little hand on the slender sleeve of his frock coat.

"But—did you really love me, Rolf?" said she.

"Better than the whole world besides, my dear," replied Rolf.

"Do you love me now?"

"Desperately!"

"Then," said Posy, resolutely, "you shall stir one step to the Frozen Straits."

He bowed his head.

"Admiral Posy," said he, "you and you alone, are my chief commanding officer, and I receive my orders from you. But don't you think that it's almost a pity that—"

"That what?" said Posy, almost hysterically.

"That you burnt up that beautiful crow's nest?"

Dr. Plimpton was still puzzling what he had to do about the insoluble problem of a Posy when the door opened and the young lady herself came in, with Capt. Rolf Cardigan at her side.

"Oh! you don't mean—"

"Please, sir," said Capt. Cardigan, with mock gravity, "may I have Posy?"

THE EIFFEL COSTUME FROM ETELKA.

Dray, D. Montoro, B. J. Marlowe, W. Chaplin, Walter Hewitt, William Rodger and L. P. Richardson. There is going to be great rivalry between the Cottage Park and the White Bear clubs.

Arrangements have been completed where by White Bear will have a series of midsummer night concerts to take place in the beautiful grove of White Bear Wednesday and Saturday evenings, commencing June 22.

PRETTY POSY; Or, the Old Crow's Nest.

"What have you got there?" said Dr. Plimpton, as his daughter, Posy, entered the room with a strange object in her hand.

"Well, I dare say it's all right, my dear; only a mother-in-law can't be too careful how she gives occasion for gossip. Now, I'll take my tea, and tell Bessie to bring in the soup."

"But the chorus of the evening was gone for Posy; she was silent and distracted during supper. She looked solemnly at the crow's nest, as some simple young savage might gaze at a mystic talisman which incomprehensibly wrought her evil.

"I'll burn the old thing," she said to herself. "I hate the very sight of it!"

"Oh! thought Posy, "why can I not always be a child?"

"And when Dr. Plimpton was deep in some medical book, Posy burst out of the room and making her way into the frosty night, at the back of the house, set about kindling a fire of dry sticks, leaves and mosses. Upon this she contemplated for an hour, the tickle, useless crow's nest, and watched it burn with a sort of savage satisfaction.

Until suddenly, a hand fell lightly on her shoulder.

"Are you making a Rembrandtesque pose of yourself, Posy?" asked a cheerful voice. And there in the rising and falling shadows stood Capt. Rolf Cardigan before her.

"No!" said Posy, crisply.

"Then what are you doing?"

"I am burning that howid old crow's nest," Posy calmly replied, giving the flames an additional poke with the forked stick that she held in her hand.

"Burn the crow's nest, Posy?"

"Because I'm sick and tired of the sight of it," said Posy. "There! And I wish I'd never climbed for it. But—only I wanted people to know I could climb, and that I wouldn't be dared."

"Posy!" said the captain.

"Well!" dolefully retorted Miss Plimpton. "It is that you are angry with me, the crow's nest."

"Well!" said Posy. "And if it is?"

"I shall accept Lieut. Commander Goring's proposal and go up to the Polar sea with him. It's a dangerous expedition, but I don't suppose I shall ever see him again."

"Posy came close up to him. She ventured to put one little hand on the slender sleeve of his frock coat.

"But—did you really love me, Rolf?" said she.

"Better than the whole world besides, my dear," replied Rolf.

"Do you love me now?"

"Desperately!"

"Then," said Posy, resolutely, "you shall stir one step to the Frozen Straits."

He bowed his head.

"Admiral Posy," said he, "you and you alone, are my chief commanding officer, and I receive my orders from you. But don't you think that it's almost a pity that—"

"That what?" said Posy, almost hysterically.

"That you burnt up that beautiful crow's nest?"

Dr. Plimpton was still puzzling what he had to do about the insoluble problem of a Posy when the door opened and the young lady herself came in, with Capt. Rolf Cardigan at her side.

"Oh! you don't mean—"

"Please, sir," said Capt. Cardigan, with mock gravity, "may I have Posy?"

THE EIFFEL COSTUME FROM ETELKA.

Dray, D. Montoro, B. J. Marlowe, W. Chaplin, Walter Hewitt, William Rodger and L. P. Richardson. There is going to be great rivalry between the Cottage Park and the White Bear clubs.

Arrangements have been completed where by White Bear will have a series of midsummer night concerts to take place in the beautiful grove of White Bear Wednesday and Saturday evenings, commencing June 22.

PRETTY POSY; Or, the Old Crow's Nest.

"What have you got there?" said Dr. Plimpton, as his daughter, Posy, entered the room with a strange object in her hand.

"Well, I dare say it's all right, my dear; only a mother-in-law can't be too careful how she gives occasion for gossip. Now, I'll take my tea, and tell Bessie to bring in the soup."

"But the chorus of the evening was gone for Posy; she was silent and distracted during supper. She looked solemnly at the crow's nest, as some simple young savage might gaze at a mystic talisman which incomprehensibly wrought her evil.

"I'll burn the old thing," she said to herself. "I hate the very sight of it!"

"Oh! thought Posy, "why can I not always be a child?"

"And when Dr. Plimpton was deep in some medical book, Posy burst out of the room and making her way into the frosty night, at the back of the house, set about kindling a fire of dry sticks, leaves and mosses. Upon this she contemplated for an hour, the tickle, useless crow's nest, and watched it burn with a sort of savage satisfaction.

Until suddenly, a hand fell lightly on her shoulder.

"Are you making a Rembrandtesque pose of yourself, Posy?" asked a cheerful voice. And there in the rising and falling shadows stood Capt. Rolf Cardigan before her.

"No!" said Posy, crisply.

"Then what are you doing?"

"I am burning that howid old crow's nest," Posy calmly replied, giving the flames an additional poke with the forked stick that she held in her hand.

"Burn the crow's nest, Posy?"

"Because I'm sick and tired of the sight of it," said Posy. "There! And I wish I'd never climbed for it. But—only I wanted people to know I could climb, and that I wouldn't be dared."

"Posy!" said the captain.

"Well!" dolefully retorted Miss Plimpton. "It is that you are angry with me, the crow's nest."

"Well!" said Posy. "And if it is?"

"I shall accept Lieut. Commander Goring's proposal and go up to the Polar sea with him. It's a dangerous expedition, but I don't suppose I shall ever see him again."

"Posy came close up to him. She ventured to put one little hand on the slender sleeve of his frock coat.

"But—did you really love me, Rolf?" said she.

"Better than the whole world besides, my dear," replied Rolf.

"Do you love me now?"

"Desperately!"

"Then," said Posy, resolutely, "you shall stir one step to the Frozen Straits."

He bowed his head.

"Admiral Posy," said he, "you and you alone, are my chief commanding officer, and I receive my orders from you. But don't you think that it's almost a pity that—"

"That what?" said Posy, almost hysterically.

"That you burnt up that beautiful crow's nest?"

Dr. Plimpton was still puzzling what he had to do about the insoluble problem of a Posy when the door opened and the young lady herself came in, with Capt. Rolf Cardigan at her side.

"Oh! you don't mean—"

"Please, sir," said Capt. Cardigan, with mock gravity, "may I have Posy?"

MAHEIMER BROS.

Fine Cloth Garments, Silk Umbrellas, Parasols, Hosiery and Underwear. Special Clearing and Closing Sales THIS WEEK!

We continue our Clearing Sale of Cloth Garments at reduced prices, as it is absolutely necessary to reduce stock in order that we may have room for the effective display and arrangement of our immense variety of Summer Washing SUITS and WRAPPERS in time for the approaching hot weather.

We beg to remind our patrons that these medium and light-weight long garments are admirably adapted for the cool days and evenings of autumn, and that no later styles will be shown until next spring, as the manufacturers of this country, and Europe, are already giving their attention to the preparation of winter styles, and how they will

ing we might be to supply our patrons with more novel designs, we should be unable to procure them. We therefore recommend those who think they will require a Fall Wrap to take advantage of this sale. As a leading feature of the sale this week we offer 50 stylish NEW-MARKETS, of All-Wool Cloth, made in the latest and most perfect fitting shapes, with loose fronts, and backs adapted to the new modified skirt draperies, at

\$8.50.

200 elegant Cloth Traveling Garments of exceptionally fine materials, reduced to prices that make them rare bargains.

SHORT WRAPS, JACKETS and PELERINES! At prices low enough to arrest attention and secure purchasers. 75 Colored Jackets at Closing Prices that do not represent One-Half Their Actual Value.

CHILDREN'S CLOAKS and WOOD DRESSES ALL REDUCED.

Just Received—A new line of Accordion Skirts, made of Sateen, Henrietta, Brilliantine, India Silks, Plain and Fancy Surahs.

SPECIALTIES IN Silk Sun Umbrellas and Parasols! THAT WILL REPAY ATTENTION.

We close out a line of \$4 Silk Umbrellas, with Silver, Gold, and Natural Wood Handles, for \$2.50.

We will sell a line of \$5 Silk Umbrellas, 26 and 28 inches, with Heavy Silver and Natural Wood Handles, for \$3.50.

An attractive assortment of handsome Black Gros Grain and Surah Parasols, with Carved Ebony Sticks, will be sold for \$3.50, \$4.50 and \$5, and with Black and White Plaid Linings for \$6.

One of the most Stylish Parasols of the season, Black with Colored Stripes, and Long Black Ebony Stick, for \$4.50. A great variety of Gen's Black Silk Umbrellas, with Natural Wood Sticks, at \$3.50, and with very Heavy Half-Marked Sterling Silver Handles, at \$6, \$7 and \$8.

Stylish Fancy Silk Parasols, to match Suits, can be had for \$2.25, \$3, \$3.50, \$4, \$5, \$6.50, \$7, \$8 and \$10.

BARGAINS IN UNDERWEAR. LADIES' RIBBED VESTS—We offer Genuins Imported French Balbrign Ribbed Vests, with Hand-Crochet Finish in Neck and Arms, color Cream, at 25c, worth 50c.

French Lisle Ribbed Vests, Hand-Crochet Finish Neck and Arms, Silk Tapes, color Cream, at 35c. This garment sold readily at 65c last season.

For 45 cents we will sell a French Lisle Ribbed Vest, finished in the same way as the best Silk Vests, in White, Pink, Blue, Cream and Fast Black. It would be cheap at double the price.

The high standard of our Silk Underwear is so well known that the Low Prices awaken astonishment, but it is explained by the fact that we buy direct from the European manufacturer, and thus save the Jobbers' and Importers' profits. This is the reason we can sell them as cheap as we do.

OUR SHIRT WAIST SALE Will be continued till all are closed out. Only thirty-eight dozen left, all sizes, King and Star Parca Waists at 75c.

SPECIAL VALUES IN Alpaca, Brilliantines and Fancy-Printed Mohairs for Accordion Skirts.

MAIL ORDERS receive prompt attention, all selections being made under the most careful supervision at the Lowest Special Prices.

Third and Minnesota Streets, ST. PAUL, MINN.