TROUBLOUS GARTERS.

They Are Treacherous and Snap at the Very Wrong Instant.

Straps That Hitch From the Waist or Buckle Round the Knee.

The Old Kinds of Garters That Our Grandmothers Used to Wear.

Yellow Garters, With True Lovers' Knots, the Popular Fad.

New York Sun.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense," said the gallant English monarch Edward III. as he picked up a silken band of blue, clasped with silver, which the beautiful Countess of Salisbury lost as she stepped a stately measure with his majesty at the great court ball more than 500 years ago. "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and he clasped the ribbon about his left leg just below the knee, thus creating himself the first Knight of the Order of the Garter, whose emblem, a dark blue, gold-bordered band with a buckle and pendant of silver, bearing the old motto, has been and is still worn by all the great knights and famous men in England.

A woman's garter seems indeed trivial and unworthy for a symbol and seal of chivalry and nobility, and the modest woman is inclined to be horrified at the idea of dragging from behind the veil of silence the useful but unmentionable little article upon which so much of her comfort and happiness depends, but it must be remembered that in those days garters were not so hidden and sacred. But now the garter must be delicately shrouded in mystery, shielded by common consent in the secret realms of womanhood, where it is the most important, as well as most thoroughly depraved and treacherous bit of the gearing wherewith modern woman secures the complicated toggery which conventionality compels her to harness herself into.

MAN'S WAY.

There is a certain unwritten law in the woman's code which counts the wearing of a wrinkled stocking as among the unpardonable vices. Men judge a woman's neatness by the buttons on her shoes and the tidiness of her gloves. Women have a surer test—the trimness and tidiness of her hose—and an inherent pride in the tasty dressing of her ankles seem to be among the traditions handed down unconsciously from mothers to daughters. The tiniest little maiden will stop in the midst of the merriest game to straighten and smooth the twisted stocking that a little boy would never notice, and the premiere danseuse of the ballot smooths on and secures the silken garments which form the chief part of her costume with little more caution and vigilance than does the stately lady whose well-disciplined petticoats never dare flutter above her instep.

WOMAN'S WAY.

But the interesting thing about it is the individuality and ingenuity girls display in bringing about this great purpose of their lives. There are the decided aggressive girls, who do not believe in trifling and who wear a band of elastic buckled tightly around the stocking by means of leather straps, with which the elastic is terminated at either end. The buckle is finished in the color of the leather, but is an unyielding, reliable piece of property that never plays any false tricks with its owner and never shirks its duty. The elastic must match or harmonize with the color of the costume worn, or life is not worth living to its wearer. Now, this garter, like the knitted ones worn by our grandmothers, and wound round and round the leg tightly, is a wicked little bit of torture, which hinders the circulation and really disfigures the limb it is supposed to adorn. Consequently the aesthetic maiden smoothes her stocken up over the knee, and fastens it there with an octupus arrangement of straps and buckles which encircles the waist and sends down some bisected antennæ to grapple the hem of the stocking and hold it firmly in place. The belt at the waist must be in the shape of a yoke, or extended on the side, that the weight be adjusted to the hip, as the effect is said to be injurious as well as uncomfortable. Little girls who are not supposed to have any waist fasten themselves into a kind of harness that goes over the shoulders, with enough straps and bands to fasten an unbroken colt to a cart, and hold up their stockings with their collar bones. Short-waisted girls fasten the hose straps to the corset with a double purpose—to hold down the ambitious waist and hold up the stocking. Now one would think nothing could be more reliable and absolutely to be depended upon than these complicated affairs, which in no stress of circumstances could be induced to do anything so unconventional and bad form as the countess' garter did so long ago.

AN UNTIDY WAY.

The romance is all taken out of these evoluted garters, but the depravity isn't. Don't they turn and twist at most inconvenient times as servants leave on moving day? Doesn't some wicked little buckle slips its moorings and goes clicking down against one's shoe buttons, while the stocking, seemingly inoculated with its immortality, wrinkles down and down like a Bernhardt glove just as one walks up the aisle at church? And doesn't some strap dissolve partnership with its associates just as one is climbing on top of a coach or mounting one's horse? They are innocent, dainty, demure little inventions, with satin girdle, silver clasps, and silken straps in exquisitely faint colors, but their tendencies are vicious, their motives most mischievous. One lady endeavors to get the better of them by wearing a fancy garter below the knee and the straps above, but even then at times they elude her. And the only real happy girl who can quite have a soul above her stockings is the luxurious girl who can afford to buy the exquisite silken woven stockings that smooth on the feet upward over the body as tight and close as a glove to tie at last securely around the shoulders with a tiny ribbon.

OUR GRANDMOTHERS' WAY.

Another fashionable way of gartering one's stockings is to strap them about the waist tightly. The stockings in this case are divided at the feet, but one in purpose at the waist, and remind one vaguely of tulle and tinsel, and the charm of "woven paces and waving hands," but our conventional proper young women, are wearing them if they can afford it, all the same, with the finest, sheerest, and daintiest of muslin trunks over them, edged with frills of filmy lace.

Now that most people have adopted the side straps because a congress of doctors decided that the old-fashioned round garter was injurious, along comes another congress of doctors arguing that the side elastics are harmful, and only a spiral wire affair should be worn, clasped above the knee, not below it. Probably about five women in fifty could keep those squirming, wiggling garters on.

But the yellow garter is the garter par excellence now—the yellow garter with its true lover's knot of soft ribbon. The girls are all wearing them. Just one, you know, above the left knee. "Some are in rags and some are in shags" because they've been worn ever since last Easter, but we can't take them off until the next Easter eve, lest the mystic charm be broken. We mustn't wear two, we mustn't lose the lover's knot, and we must have them given to us by some unknown friend if we would wear a symbolic ring on the left hand in the near future, and then if there is as much as a shred left of them and a grain of humanity in our make-up we must twist them about our bridal flowers and give them to our best girl friend to don the day of the wedding.

QUEER MRS. WESTINGHOUSE.

The Rich Inventor's Wife and Her Dresses, Which Made All Lenox Talk.

Lexox Letter to Chicago News.

All last summer Mrs. Westinghouse, wife of the rich air-brake inventor, sat alone in her gorgeous house and not a woman in the place crossed the threshold or sent her a single square of pasteboard intimating the owner's desire to feed her or to amuse her in any way. But they talked about her. They talked about very little else. She was the standing topic of conversation, and not a dinner party of the whole season escaped at least one anecdote about the woman whom all reiterated should never be allowed to share their high-bred festivities. And she gave them something to talk about, too—precious food for gossips for which they were profoundly grateful. Perhaps no other aspirant for social honors ever dared be so eccentric before.

Personally she is rather a handsome woman, but she dresses in so remarkable a manner that one loses sight of her face and can only regard her clothes in dazzled astonishment. Upon head she wears the weirdest of brass-colored wigs; not a "front," nor a "wave," nor any of those bits of additional hair with which women conceal the ravages of time, but a whole, entire wig of the theatrical sort, and with not the smallest attempt to conceal its aggressive wiggishness or making any artful effort to cause it to seem other than it is—a very cheap-looking yellow wig. Her friends say that is worn by the physician's advice for the cure of neuralgia: that her own hair has been almost destroyed by the remedies used to allay the pain; that the slightest touch of cold brings on cruel twinges, and that since she must wear this head-covering she is determined to make no effort to deceive others as to its exact nature. Her ideas of the fitness of things kept the New York woman—whose one desire in life is absolute and faultless "correctness" in dress—in a chronic state of speechless astonishment.

Mrs. Westinghouse is a clever horsewoman and rides frequently a beautiful blooded mare, whose pedigree rivals the Plantagenets. Whenever she took her rides abroad last summer she got herself up in the most perfect of London-cut, Quorn-cloth habits, with a silk hat and dogskin gloves of the approved type, but she invariably hooked into the belt of her habit skirt a large silver chatelaine with twenty or more belongings, so that she tintinnabulated upon the way much after the fashion of the celebrated lady who wore rings on her fingers and bells on her toes. To complete the picture, she carried over her head an expensive and expansive white lace parasol, whose carved ivory handle fluttered with white satin ribbons. When she appeared with these little additions to her toilet upon the favorite drives the Lenox cottagers did not hesitate to openly stare and comment, and girls in correct driving costumes who were going about in their own chapel carts would even go so far as to draw rein and stand still in the road as this queer figure went by. Her toilet on the drive, when she appeared in her own handsome, London-built equipage for an afternoon airing, was equally peculiar. Her dress might be the most perfect creation of Parisian couturieres, and yet with it she would wear a large white knitted hood tied under her chin, with a long pink ostrich feather thrust into its meshes, with the end waving in the wind. Some astonishing eccentricity of the sort made every costume noticeable, and her appearance was always anticipated with interest, for it was known that she would not disappoint the public of some novelty impossible to forecast.

Her costumes, however, were trifles compared with the anecdotes that were related at the Lenox dinner tables of her management of her household. She had a French chef, and was particular that he should always present for her inspection every day, whether she dined alone or not, a carefully thought out menu. If this met her views she signed her name at the bottom, and the dinner was served according to the programme, but if it did not appeal to her imagination she drew a cross mark down the list, and the whole dinner had to be composed again from the very beginning.

She always dined with a butler in evening dress in attendance, and many lackeys in plush to aid him. Even if she sat down to the meal quite alone the whole place was lit with wax candles, the tables loaded with flowers, and all the plush clad lackeys with knee-breeches and powdered hair ranged around the room. Every time she passed to or from her carriage all the footmen were in attendance, ranged along in a double row from the front door down to the carriage. They all came out and bowed solemnly as she passed between them, until the last footman shut the door of the vehicle; and as soon as she was sighted returning the lackeys were summoned, and she gained the threshold again between an avenue of plush coats and breeches. But the central figure of the Westinghouse household is the boy George, who is eight years old. There is a daughter, too; but she does not seem to count for much, all the splendor of the household being lavished on the son and heir, who is, by the way, an Italian marquis, as well as the prospective owner of millions of money. The small marquis evidently finds the title such a bore that he is only required to wear it after 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

NOT WHOLLY WICKED.

A Woman's Sin, Committed Because of Love for Children.

St. Louis Republican.

Otto Dittmar lived up to last January with his wife, Josephine, at Spring and Hudson streets, when he discovered irregularities in his wife's conduct which led him to begin proceedings for a divorce. He has letters written by Mrs. Dittmar in which she admits her infidelity. Mrs. Dittmar has answered those charges through her lawyer, August H. Wagner, with a counter charge of conspiracy on the part of her husband and his friends to procure the divorce. She married Otto Dittmar she says, in England, in 1855. The following year they came to New York. They have never had any children. For this reason Mrs. Dittmar has been unhappy. Her husband names as correspondents Herman Brinks and William Schaefer. A letter which was written to him after he left his wife, and which is produced in evidence, is as follows:

"MY DEAR GUS: I entreat you to take me back. Do not be hard. I shall never deceive you again. I call to heaven to witness my promise.

"On the evening of that ball you know we quarreled. It was for that reason and also because I could not dance that I did not go with you. I lay down and wept until your return, and then I asked you not to be angry with me on account of the quarrel.

"To the other ball at the opera house I did not feel like going only because I could not dance; otherwise I would surely not let you have gone alone. I talked to the man in the park about London and matters that every body might hear in broad daylight. He was the only one I talked to, and that only once. Believe me, I spoke to no one else. With S., I fear, once. Dear Gus, forgive me; I had no wicked thoughts; I was persuaded on account of the child. I did not, dear, think it so bad; I only wanted to make us happy, because all our quarreling was always on that account. Had anybody shown it to me in the light in which you afterwards showed it to me I would not have done it under any consideration. S. only strengthened my idea, and so it happened. Ask him Yourself. My dear Gus, I am not quite as bad as you think. I was not specially intent on wickedness. I beg you not to write anything about it to your parents abroad. Forgive me. I shall be faithful to you in the future, and there shall be no better wife than you will find in me. Dear Gus, you know how I love you. I left home secretly because I could not be without you, and now I shall never see you again in all my life. Have you any idea what that means—to love a person and never to see him?

"Dear Gus, my offense is great, but I was beguiled into it. You have also wronged me often and treated me harshly, so that my heart is almost broken. Dear Gus, I beg you let both of us atone for the wrongs we have done to each other. I shall do everything for you—shall live for you only. Be kind enough, Gus, to send me mother's things—let me have a keepsake from her, I entreat you.

"Forgive me, forgive me, my dear Gus, and take me back. It is impossible for me to forget you. Don't be heartless, Gus, but let yourself be moved. With anxious longing, I remain your unhappy FINCHEN."

There are a number of other letters of the same character, one of which begins thus:

"My Dearest, Most Beloved Gus: Forgive, oh, forgive me. Forgive me if you ever loved me. But, Gus, what drove me to it was the love of children. Because you were always so cold toward me. I wanted to have one human being that would love me. That is certainly nothing bad. I have done wrong, but not wickedly. I am not wicked; am no snake; my motive was not bad. I was too unhappy without children."

Her husband wrote her one letter in reply. He said that he was firmly determined not to live any longer with such a "bad woman," and wished that the rest of her life might be a slow death.

Mrs. Dittmar, in her defense, says that she did not intentionally wrong her husband, and pleads condonation. These letters, she says, were written at his dictation to enable him to procure a divorce. She says that she lived with her husband after the time he claims to have discovered her infidelity. He then told her they must get a divorce in New York and then go to Chicago and get married again. The case will be argued in the court of common pleas Dec. 16.

HOW TO KEEP A STRANGE CAT.

Cut Off the Tip of Its Tail and Bury It Under the Doorstep.

Washington Post.

A lady in the northwest section has recently taken possession of an old house. To her great sorrow, she found the place overrun with rats and mice. Rats and mice of the wariest and most suspicious kind, too. Traps were set in profusion, and in vain. She dared not use poison, for fear the rodents would die in the walls. Her kitchen was presided over by her old mammy, a colored woman of ample proportions and great age.

"I don't know what I am to do, Maum Becky, with these rats and mice," said the lady, in despair.

"What matter wid er cat?"

"But we have no cat, and before we raise a kitten large enough to catch rats they will have eaten us out of house and home."

"What matter wid sen' Jim out er alley, ketch strange cat? Plenty of cat in alley. Nobody keer 'bout one cat."

"But what is the use of talking such nonsense, Maum Becky? A strange cat wouldn't stay in the house five minutes, if Jim should catch one."

"Miss Lizzie, Maum Becky's 'sprised 'n 'shamed to year you talk so. Is I done raised you f'um lil' baby, 'n den year you 'fess such ign'ance? Not kip strange cat in 'e house minute? You don' know how kip strange cat in house! Lemme tell you, an' don' you nebber furgit. Fus' you catch de cat. Den you tak' er ol' boot laig, 'n' put de cat head fus' dowd 'e boot laig. Pull de cat hin' laigs froo de straps, des so he kyarn' use he claw. Den you put cat laid un'r yo ahm, so, an' walk back'ard to the firs' step ob po'ch. Den tek er kyarvin' knife er a sissors 'n' snip off tip er cat tail. Den tek yo finger 'n' dig lil' hole un'r step 'n' bury tip er tail in 'e hole. Fo' God, dat cat nebber leab er place so lang dat cat tail stay in 'e hole."

Jewelry for Men.

Haberdasher.

A pin for the Ascot scarf is a long, narrow or fine safety pin of gold or silver.

A scarf pin of good value is shown that is made on a thread, so the solitaire can be removed at will, and worn in the shirt front.

Plum-black, bronze and green tinted pearls are much sought after for full dress. A set containing the three colors is quite the fad.

Spats are coming out again this fall. Shoemakers have laid in large stocks, which they are now exhibiting.

The untanned leather and buff-colored ones seem to be the favorites.

Men's watch guards are cut very short. You should have only enough length to go between the buttonhole and pocket. These chains are, as a rule, very light, weighing from ten to twelve pennyweights.

For full dress the solitaire pearl, from eight to ten grains in size, on split drill mount, is the most popular. This mount is invisible, and lets the pearl rest upon the shirt studs with no visible means of support.

The better class of dressers are wearing medium-sized pins of expensive stones. Solitaire pearls on visible mounts, moonstones surrounded by diamonds, rubies, opals and sapphires are some of the stones used.

An Insulted Woman.

Life Insurance Agent—My dear madam, allow me to suggest that you get your husband's life insured for $3,000. Suppose he were to die suddenly.

Indignant Woman—Get out of here. Do you think I am capable of murdering even my own husband for the paltry sum of $3,000? What's the matter with a $10,000 accident policy on his life?—Texas Siftings.

THE SPORTSMAN'S SONG.

The heavy mists have crept away!
Heavy swims the sun:
And dim in mystic cloudlands gray
The stars fade, one by one;
Out of the dust enveloping
Come marsh and sky and tree,
Where erst has rested night's dark ring,
Over the Kankakee.

"Mark right!" Afar and faint outlined
A flock of mallards fly.
We crouch within the ready blind
Instantly at the cry.
"Mark left!" We peer through wild rice blades
And distant shadows see,
A wedge-shaped phalanx from the shades
Of far-off Kankakee.

"Mark overhead!" A canvasback!
"Mark! Mark!" A bunch of teal;
And swiftly on each flying track
Follows the shotgun's peal;
Thus rings that call, till twilight's tide
Rolls in like some gray sea
And whip-poor-wills complain beside
The lonely Kankakee.

—American Field.

WOMEN WHO TIPPLE.

Cocktails and Cigarettes Growing in Favor With the Ladies.

Umbrella Handles Now Sometimes Contain a Whisky Flask.

How the Fair May Obtain Stimulants in Wicked Gotham.

An Alarmingly Large Number of Women Have "Smoker's Throat."

WOMAN are not only not half as bad as men," says the social philosopher, "but they are not half as bad as men may think them," says the New York World. And the social philosopher's sound judgment is borne out probably by the observation of most men and women of the world. In their "small vices," however, the two sexes are getting to more and more alike every day. The woman who tipples is by no means as rare in New York to-day as the woman who smoked cigarettes was ten years ago. Drunken women are unusual sights except in the slums. The tippling matron and the exhilarated maid are to be seen any day on upper Fifth avenue, which is the New York milliners' paradise; on Twenty-third street, between Broadway and Sixth avenue, and on the latter thoroughfare from Fourteenth street up to Twenty-fifth.

The personal advertisement columns of a New York newspaper had an agonized sort of a paragraph a day or two ago in which a woman of wealth begged for the return and "no questions asked" of a gold-headed umbrella. Her name and address in full were on the handle and the umbrella was an expensive one; but that wasn't the reason the owner was willing to pay so well for its return. The fact was that this apparently useful articles was one of the new Parisian fancies and had a sherry flask deftly hidden away in it. The gold-mounted umbrella handle wasn't as long as a man's thirst the day after a feast or "as deep as a well," but it held a pint of sherry, or brandy for that matter, quite comfortably, and there are plenty more such Parisian fancies doing duty for fashionable shoppers.

Having the fair owner's name and address on it, a sherry flask inside of it, the combination was compromising enough to induce her to offer a fat reward for it. These umbrellas are not believed to be on sale here yet, but they are vastly admired and highly prized. Everybody knows what odds forms umbrella handles have been taking on of late, some of them resembling a toilet box, some a golden calf, some a book, some a dagger, a ram's horn, a scent bottle and what not. They are big enough to accommodate in their hollow interior, with ease, a half-pint and over of their owner's favorite tipple. And it's the work of a moment only to unscrew the flask, take a nip, return it to the umbrella handle and go serenely on.

"Seven out of ten women who come here to be treated," said Dr. Hamilton Burch, the throat specialist in the free dispensary on South Fifth avenue, "have what is called 'smoker's throat.'" That is a percentage of smoking women that seems positively alarming to thoughtful students of the humanities. Throat specialists are, of course, most likely of all medical men to detect smoking and tippling women. Among the better classes who consult physicians and who send for them to make family visits, the percentage of smoking women is of course much smaller, say three in ten. But nobody is so absurd nowadays as to say that it is a crime for women to smoke. What has this to do with tippling?

Just this: The smoking man generally tipples; so does the smoking woman. The odor of liquor of some kind is perceptible about the persons of the smoking women of South Fifth avenue. The odor of cachous, the unsteady step, the flushed face and a suspicious fondness for their umbrella handles are perceptible about most of the fashionable smokers of Fifth avenue proper. It is absurd to say that a woman can't smoke without drinking, but it is probably accurate to say that nine women out of ten who smoke cigarettes are not averse to a nip between meals, and take it pretty regularly.

When you see the glittering neck of a crystal flask, or the sturdier shoulders of a reliable bottle peeping out from the velvet-lined pocket of a handsomely appointed carriage or coupe, you may be reasonably sure that there is a dainty little silver or crystal cup down at the bottom of that same pocket, and that Mrs. Van Slammacken Slash or Miss Pocklington Jones knows what's good in the way of a pocket pistol and likes it too. The tippler's coupe is a recognized pattern of vehicle now. Ask Brewster if he knows the brand and he'll say no; that it's none of his business what his customers put in their carriage pockets. But some of the quieter shops on Sixth avenue curious stories could be told of the pockets made specially for tipplers' coupes and equipped, regardless of expense, with brandy, sherry, absinthe and chartreuse; of how Mrs. A's monogram adorns two pint flasks in chased silver made to fit into that pocket, and how Mrs. B has actually had a little locker made in the front of her coupe, and keeps a half-dozen bottles, a lump of ice, hard crackers and bonbons besides in it. The New Yorker who keeps his eyes open in the shopping district or on the avenue or in the park needn't wait long to spot tipplers' coupes.

For the purpose of prosecuting a study of this kind a young New Yorker some days ago hired a second-story front room on Fifth avenue and sat at the window from 11 a. m. till 6 p. m., watching the doors of the swell bonnet shop just across the street. That there were tipplers' coupes in abundance there should need no assertion; there were. But if there hadn't been, the pretty creatures in their rustling silks and voluptuous velvets needn't have gone thirsty. They knew the way to the sideboard in a curtained alcove in the rear room of that bonnet shop as well as the man tippler knows the way to his favorite art gallery. They knew what they'd find on the milliner's sideboard, too—vichy, and ice in a bowl of hammered silver, brandy, Jamaica rum, sherry, a half-dozen cordials, a sandwich or two, a plate of water crackers and a dish of olives.

Most of the fashionable milliners keep a decanter of sherry and a biscuit for the refreshment and delectation of their best customers; the milliner's sideboard, however, is comparatively new in New York, and like the brandy-flask umbrellas, is of Parisian origin. Ladies have been known to faint after a long siege at trying on new dresses, and dressmakers found it advisable to have a dish of spirits handy to revive their overcome customers in an emergency. Once introduced for such emergencies, smart women have never found any difficulty in making emergencies to fit the milliner's sideboard and the dressmaker's spirit decanter.

Drinking at dinner is a matter, of course, for many women of the world, and as such, is a matter for their physicians and their pocketbooks. Tippling between meals, resorting to well-known milliner shops to get a glass of dry sherry, taking a flask of cordial along for the afternoon drive in Central park, walking boldly up to the milliner's sideboard, keeping bar in an elaborately upholstered carriage—these are diversions of a different color, and their spread in New York, even their toleranee here, must furnish food for thought.

The young man who sat all day opposite an aristocratic bonnet shop on Fifth avenue was rewarded towards afternoon by seeing a box of pints carried in, and a befuddled woman almost carried out. The lady might have been ill, and her tottering step might have been due to sudden indisposition, but they weren't anything of the kind. There was a gleam of jollity in her eye, and a flush of brandy in her cheeks; and she told "Thomas" to drive her a bit in the park before going home. She needed a bracer and she knew it, and went to the park for a few draughts of the "eager and nipping air."

LADIES TURNED MILLINERS.

The number of women of social position who have of recent years gone into trade has infused a new and more distinctively sportive element into the shopping and shopkeeping side of woman's life, and a very important side it is, too. If Mrs. Langtry, for example, were to lose all her money and turn milliner, she'd sell stacks of bonnets to society people and all sorts of people, who would go to her from curiosity. Her shop would no doubt be one of the tastiest in town. But, continuing the hypothesis, which everybody hopes, or should hope, will never become an actuality, Mrs. Langtry as a milliner would undoubtedly retain the tastes and to some extent the habits of Mrs. Langtry, the rich woman of the world and actress. The Jersey Lily's fondness for a lemon squash is well known to her intimates; as a milliner she would be apt to have a lemon squash, which is indeed a most innocent and praiseworthy drink of the "softest" character, served now and then in the back parlor of her shop. If she had lemon squashes why should not her customers?

PERSIMMONS.

The Fruit, When Ripe and Slightly Frosted, Is Delicious.

Philadelphia Times.

Persimmons are now at their height, and may be seen on the street for sale, particularly by the enterprising colored women from New Jersey. The persimmon, when fully ripe and touched by early frosts, is a delicious fruit, with a peculiar, agreeable flavor; but when green, or even half-ripe, there is nothing in the world worse for puckering up the mouth, sometimes to an extent positively painful. The persimmon is at its best when it "squashes" into jelly in handling or eating. The persimmon is about the size of an apricot or plum, generally globe-shaped, although sometimes elongated like a plum. When ripe the fruit has a transparent purplish bloom on the outside, while within it is of a rich flame color deeper than orange. It grows on a large, handsome tree, scientifically known as the diospyros Virginiana. There is only one species known in this country, and stands as the sole representative here of the ebony family. Like the ebony, it has hard, black wood.

As is often the case with a single species in the United States, its nearest relative is found in Japan. The Japanese persimmon is a smaller tree, with larger fruit than the American. A specimen of the Japanese may be seen in Horticultural hall in the West park.

The name diospyros literally means "pear of the gods." A tree of the order of persimmon was known to the ancients. It is believed that the lotus-eaters fed upon the fruit of such a tree, differing, however, from the common persimmon in having narcotic properties. The lotus proper was something quite distinct. It was, in fact, the nymphala, allied to the well-known water lily.

The name persimmon is probably of Indian origin. In some sections of the country the fruit is known as the date plum—in fact, it does taste a little like dates. If ever the persimmon was largely used in domestic economy the fact is scarcely known to-day. The tree is hardly common enough to be depended upon for any abundant supplies. According to the old nursery rhyme, however, it might seem that persimmons had a place in the festivities of the winter season. The rhyme is as follows:

"Pumpkin pie, 'simmon beer,
Christmas comes but once a year."

FACTS ABOUT FLOWERS.

Natural flowers have been more elaborately and extravagantly used for decorative purposes during the past season than ever before, among others the much-despised cabbage roses, shy moss rosebuds, bluebells and larkspur.

Most picturesque and pleasing effects have been, and are still, produced by the garden hats woven of green and brown rushes or braided grasses. They have no foundation of wire, but may be bent and fashioned in any shape suggested by the wearer's fancy.

Vick's Magazine says of roses: "If the long shoots of the past season's growth are pegged down to the ground they will flower their whole length; whereas, if left standing, only the upper buds will break, and, if pruned hard back, beauty is literally and needlessly sacrificed."

An English grower gives the following directions for growing hyacinths in glasses: "Fill your glass with water, throwing in a small piece of charcoal, and let the lower part of the bulb just touch the water. Put them into a cool, but not a damp place, away from the light, and leave them till the glasses are filled with roots and the leaves have begun to develop: then give them as much sun and light as you can."

Fall finds most shrubs in need of a judicious pruning, if we would have them take on a shapely form. Therefore, when getting ready to give them the winter protection, which most of them require to a greater or lesser extent, symmetrical. It is well to do this before give them a good pruning and make them the coming of very cold weather, so that the fresh cuts on the bulbs will have a little chance to heal.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Change of Heart.

New York Weekly.

Socialistic Mob—Bring him out! Hang him! Down mit monopoly!

Inventor (putting his head out of the window)—Goodness me! What does this mean?

Mob Spokesman—You moost die! Ve hear you invent a machine what do de work off von hoondret men. You dake breat out of dere mouths; you——"

Inventor—This machine of mine is an attachment for breweries, and will bring beer down to one cent a glass.

Mob (wildly)—Hooray!

A Shrewd Move.

Texas Siftings.

A—You see that fine house? The man who owns it made all his money as a cab driver.

B—How did he manage to do it?

A—Easy enough. He made it a rule to know the exact minute when the train left in which his passenger was going, and reaching the station at the very last moment, the passenger could not dispute with him, no matter what he charged.

MY LADY'S BOUDOIR.

The brightest paper on the walls I see;
The richest carpet is upon the floor;
A quaint carved easel stands anear the door,
O'erhanging it, rich folds of tapestry;
The wealth of China quite o'erpowers me,
For there are dainty plates and plaques galore.
There, too, the trifles that maids hunger for
Are spread about the room most tastefully.
I note a programme with pink ribbon bound,
A jewel case beside a bonbonniere,
An ivory fan that's resting on a shelf.
Admiring all, I hear a grateful sound,
The tread of fairy feet upon the stair—
The prettiest thing of all appears—herself!

—Munsey's Weekly.

CLOSING-OUT SALE!

The residents of St. Paul and Minneapolis should bear in mind the above sale if in search of

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

Parlor Suits, Six Pieces, $25.00

AND UPWARDS.

Children's High Chairs,

Rockers and Low Chairs

In Profusion at Prices never before offered. A Large Assortment of Odd Chairs, Sofas, Divans and Corner Chairs, in variety of coverings and finish. Antique Oak Book Case, $3.75, worth $6.00.

THIS DESK,

ANTIQUE OAK,

ONLY $7.65.

Three-Piece Chamber Suits, $10.50 and Upwards.

GEO. H. LAINS,

THE HOUSE-FURNISHER,

448 Wabasha Street.

FIELD, MAHLER & CO.

SPECIAL SALE

—OF—

KID GLOVES.

A few days ago we received from the American representatives of MESSRS. JOUVIN & CIE., a large invoice of Kid Gloves. They are of the same high standard as those in our regular stock, which is a sufficient guarantee of their excellence. They were bought at a great reduction from regular prices, and will be sold accordingly.

It needs hardly be said that we will not be able to fit Kid Gloves during the next few days; but all Gloves purchased here may be brought in to be fitted after Christmas.

4-Button Suede "JOUVIN" Gloves, Tan, Brown and Grey Shades, worth $1.75,

AT $1.00.

6-Button length Mousquetaire and 6-Button "JOUVIN" Suede Gloves, Brown, Tan, Grey and Mode shades, worth $2,

AT $1.25.

8-Button length Mousquetaire "JOUVIN" Suede Gloves, Brown, Tan, Mode and Grey shades, plain and embroidered, worth $2.25,

AT $1.50.

12-Button length Mousquetaire "JOUVIN" Suede Gloves, Tan shades, worth $3,

AT $2.00.

16-Button length Mousquetaire "JOUVIN" Gloves, Tan shades, worth $3.50,

AT $2.50.

This is without doubt the greatest offering of fine Real Kid Gloves ever made in St. Paul. Every pair is made by the celebrated "JOUVIN."

SILKS.

The following memorandum is prepared specially for the benefit of gentlemen who may desire to purchase Silks for Christmas Gifts:

Ten Combination Silk Dresses, full patterns in new and fashionable shades, at $20; actually worth $30.

Elegant 24-inch American Black Gros Grain Silks:

16-yard pattern, $16.
18-yard pattern, $18.

18 yards ALL-SILK Black Rhadame for $14.40.

18 yards Black Surah, splendid quality, for $13.50.

Beautiful colors in an excellent quality of Faille Francaise, 18 yards, for $16.20.

INDIA SHAWL.

We have one very fine Camel's Hair Shawl at $400.00, which would have sold at a higher price in London at the last sale.

NOVELTIES.

In our Lace Department is shown an exquisite assortment of Fancy Articles, suitable for Christmas Gifts. They can not be duplicated in the city. In order to close them out in the next two days, liberal concessions in prices will be made.

HANDKERCHIEFS.

Novelties in French and Irish Embroidered Linen Handkerchiefs.

Embroidered Handkerchiefs, scolloped edges, from 25 cents upward.

Silk Handkerchiefs for gentlemen, plain or with initials.

Hemstitched Handkerchiefs of our own importation, for ladies and gentlemen.

SILK-WARP HENRIETTAS.

The Special December Sale of Silk-Warp Black Henriettas will be continued. A shipment expected to arrive to-morrow morning will again make the assortment of qualities complete.

These Henriettas are the only ones we know of which are WARRANTED to wear; and we are positively certain that they are the best made, without any exception.

All numbers, even the lowest, are FULL FORTY INCHES WIDE.

December prices:
$1.25 quality at $1.04.
$1.50 quality at $1.25.
$1.60 quality at $1.35.
$1.75 quality at $1.47.
$2.00 quality at $1.67.
$2.25 quality at $1.87.
$2.50 quality at $2.10.

DRESS GOODS.

Those All-Wool Imported Dress Goods, worth 85 cents, which we're selling at 50 cents, may last another day.

Mail orders receive our best attention.

We close at 6 o'clock every day.

FIELD, MAHLER & CO.,

3d and Wabasha Sts., St. Paul.

Henry Bockstruck

LARGE ASSORTMENT

—OF—

Diamond Eardrops

DIAMOND RINGS,
DIAMOND PINS,
DIAMOND CUFF BUTTONS,
DIAMOND SCARF PINS,
DIAMOND LOCKETS,
DIAMOND STUDS,

Finest Line of WATCHES. Gorham's SOLID SILVERWARE. Fine line of OPERA GLASSES and novelties of every description at

LOWEST PRICES.

11 East Seventh St.,
Two Doors Below Wabasha Street.

FOR SALE -- $7,800!

New House, nine rooms, St. Anthony Hill, near Cable Line; has all modern improvements--water, sewer, gas, bath, laundry, furnace, electric bells, mantles and grates, hardwood finish first floor, natural pine on the second, built in best possible manner. TERMS TO SUIT.

BACON & COLEMAN,
REAL ESTATE AND LOANS,
313 Jackson St.

$30,000!

—FOR—

75 Lots On and Near W. 7th St.

Only $5,000 cash, balance in one, two and three years at 7 per cent, with release clause in the mortgage. Non-resident owner anxious to sell. For further information apply to S. M. MAGOFFIN, Attorney, 1011 Pioneer Press Building.

Help wanted ads. in the GLOBE are seen by the most people.