## BEAUTIES IN HAREMS.

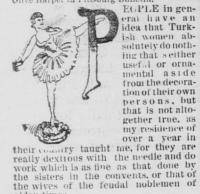
Mysteries Concealed in Turkish Houses Behind the Veil.

Women Whose Favorite Pastime Is the Bath--A Vivid Picture.

Their Embroidery, Their Gossip, Their Jealousies and Their Husbands.

Waists That Are Guiltle's of Corsets--Their Brilliant Jewels.

Olive Harper in Pittsburg Bulleti



The favorite pastime of the Turkish women is the bath, which brings together the wives and slaves of all the Il-to-do Turks, and it is like a pienie of school children.
These wives, most of them very

young—some, indeed, not over twelve and fourteen years old—take their lunch along, and they eat and steam, plune and splash, and play pranks upon each other in the wildest give the whole day

No fear of an angry husband haunts to do anything, and their husbands very rarely enter the harems before 60 clock. By this time they are all back, rosy and sweet from their bath.

At the baths there is often an old woman who has the faculty of relating stories, and she is eagerly listened to by the grown-up children, and the stories are generally of the "Arabian Nights" order, full of genii, beautiful ladies, and charming youths and

Jealous Husbands. Many a fesson is given as to how to outwit the most jealous of men through

these stories-a lesson they are neither slow to learn nor practice. slow to learn nor practice.

The way they are watched and confined always made me think of the woman who cautioned her innocent children not to put olue beans a their noses while she was out. The magic lantern entertainments amuse these ignorant caged birds. Dancing girls, charling and playing the late his top, viny singing and playing the lute, playing with the babies and occasionally quarreling with each other, take up some o their time; the weekly bazars, and once in a while a visit to the harem of some other Turk, still leave much time on their hands that the rare calls of on their hands that the rare canson their husbands, the eating of sweet-meats or the smoking of c garettes cannot fill, and so they give their poor little minds to fancy work. They very seldom learn how to read, or books would help them through, and they never make their own clothes, thouch have do separating descript them eight netimes decorate them elabo-

They have frames made them.

They have frames made on which
Broussa embroidery is worked; and on They have no patterns, but work out graceful and

Beautiful Fantasies, and all done with the most extreme care and fineness, requiring patience and extra good eye dight.

They work in gold and silver threads to a great extent: an they make cust with the finest of gold and silver needlewith the innest of gold and silver needle-work. Their jackets are worked so thickly over with gold and silver ara-besques and other patterns that they are almost as stiff as our corsets.

Their slippers are ornamented as well with gold and silver embroidery over

with gold and silver embrodery over velvet or satin, and seed pearls and fine coral and torquoise beads are lavishly used with beautiful effect. They also work gold borders to their bathing wraps. This is done in outline work in chain-stitch. The little Broussa neck-ties are worked in the same manner, mly that the tourah or natural coat of arms, is always placed at the end with a verse from the Koran worked in gold

thread at the bottom.

They make a very beautiful and durable lace out of silk thread, which resembles no lace I eyer saw. The mesh is thick, but not heavy, and different flowers are frequently made in relief upon it. I have seen a piece of this lace three vards in length a d a quarter of a yard deep. On it ran a rose oranch, every leaf, bud and flower being made separate, and laid in relief upon it, joined firmly and yet loose. The roses were perfect fac-similes of roses with perhaps a hundred petals. Another woman lai made in this lace work a little garden about fifteen inches square. There were the little trees about three inches high, flowers of different kinds and two or three birds, all made of this lace and set in reliet, tiny wires being run through the stems of the flowers and trunks of the trees to

Crape Undersh rts.

or pemhazars, as they are called, all have, around the bottom, on the bottoms of the long, loose sleeves, and around the neck, an edging of the finest work I ever saw, and which renders the edge indestructible. These garments are left unfinished when manufactured for each to finish according to her own

keep them upright. The soft and dur-

under garments, and the jacket sleeves only reach the elbow, so that these flow loose below like undersleeves. They are delicately soft and semi-transparent. The feridiees or out-door wraps look, as far as shape is concerned, about as graceful as a waterproof cloak; they are shaped like a big, loose nightgown, with loose sleeves and a long flap hangee them of the most brilliant colored simply henomed; but these ladies make narrow trimmings to go around the edges of the most exquisite daintiness in the shape of shells, diamond braids and many other ingenious shapes out of the same material as the feridiees, and not over half an inch wide. I remem-ber noticing one which had a trimming made of miniature pears and leaves, which was extremely pretty. Another resembled a flight of swallows done in

ight suppose that these women we might suppose that these women would take pleasure in making and embroidering their baby's clothes as do other women; but as babies are simply swathed in endless rollers, like a mummy, until they are six months old, ornament is unnecessary. At the end of six months boy babies are put into pantalogns and girls into

Loose Trousers,

both being usually made of large flow-

the furkish women do for their little children was to make toys for them, and they make the most grotesque-looking dogs, lions, cows, rabbits, elephants, camels and doll babies out of rags for their amusement. They never nurse their babies for fear of spoiling the shape of the bust. They are very poor mothers as they are too ignorant them. mothers, as they are too ignorant them-selves to understand their responsibili-ties or to teach their children. They alternately slap them or caress and in-dulge them just as their own humor happens to be good or bad.

The little girls are taught how to sew

and emproider, how to walk gracefully and recline in the most negligent man-ner upon the divans, how to play by ear a little on a lute, and to sing their in-terminable love songs. Their songs are like "Barbara Allen," "Lovely Young Caroline of Edinboro Town," "The Brown Girl," or "Gypsy Dave"—all long and telling a whole romance to a plaintive chant.

I never learned to speak Turkish, but I got so that I could seize upon the meaning of these songs. The singer al-ways puts all the lite and sentiment she can into her music, and often sheds tears as she sings, as do her listeners. I have even seen one or two of them faint away at the most pathetic part. This is a very common trait among Turkish women, and I have not yet been able to decide whether it is the result of a weak will or extreme sensibility, but they taint on every possible

The Turkish women love music passionately, and nearly all of them can play some instrument with taste and feeling, though almost always by ear. Their native music is always sad and plaintive, and often full of such a piercing sorrow that it is no wonder

It Brings Tears. They love flowers, too, and you rarely see one without a flower in her hand when it is possible to get them, and they are fond of birds, and raise a great many themselves. Many of the Turk-ish women show considerable talent in drawing and painting, though the poor things never have any chance to learn.

They simply "pick it up."
As I found the Turkish women—and
I happened to have obtained by a fortunate circumstance, a chance to know them in their homes accorded to very few foreign women, and to absolutely no foreign man—they are gentle, sub-missive, loving and with many natural gifts in addition to their beauty. If they were educated they would be the equal of any women in Europe. It does not seem to me that they are

inhappy in their peculiar marriage re-They reminded me of a lot of irresponsible young girls in a boarding school, and the only jealousy such as might be felt of the "teacher's pet." Instead of the poisoned and vindictive murder I supposed always ready to be inflicted upon each other, the worst they ever do is to pull each other's hair occasionally, or box each other's

I don't think the Turkish women are really lazy or indolent, but for many reasons they appear so. The husband considers his wife as an irresponsible being, prone to mischlef (and he is rarely mistaken), and all he expects or requires of her is to look pretty, be cheerful and pleasant when he is near, and it would be a mark of disresp her to do anything in the way of work while he is present. So these women are early taught to be

Gracefully Idle. Girls reach their majority at nine and are frequently married a year later. out we have been doing well and there is no use taking any chances." I surrendered the clarionet and sat through to imagine—how to walk, sit, look and speak so as to appear the most seducities.

Out we have been doing well and there is no use taking any chances." I surrendered the clarionet and sat through the first part with folded arms.

Browning's Daily Life. speak so as to appear the most seductive in the eyes of the husband who gets

No Turkish wife of the better class is ever expected to do any domestic labor whatever, nor to make any of the household linen, nor to make any garments for herself or member of the household, nor to sew any buttons on, nor, above all, to make her husband's shirts; thereblooms a third the peant ful and durable gauze they embroider with exquisite fineness and taste. The most of their is done away with, and the Turkish idery is done in durable and adhusband never expects his wife to get on her knees and hunt for his collar on her knees and hunt for his collar button, nor scold her if the dinner is badly cooked; so that in many respects life in a harem is not so very bad after all, and one-tenth of a good husband is better than the whole of a bad one.

But the women can decorate, embroider and sew pearls and turquoises all over anthing they want to, and they do it as a labor of love with exquisite care and delicacy of taste and finish. care and delicacy of taste and finish.

Their own garments are such an odd incongruity—bare feet and legs, or socks and slippers, pantaloons of common

gaudy chintz, a shalvar or skirt of which the breadths are not sewed up, a great wad of a shawl tied about a waist guiltless of corsets, a jacket covered with gold and pearl embroidery, jewels-necklaces of coral, pearls, diamonds and other precious jewels, mingled with strings of common beads, earrings, rings and bracelets four inches wide, the brilliant sorvotch above their forehead, stuck full of gay flowers and jewels, and over all the feridjee, with its shape-less folds, and the beauty-giving, refining and mysterious veil or yashmak, which makes of a Turkish woman at once the most ravishing and ridiculous creature in the world. Beautitul in the face as an angel, ugiv and awkward, seen from behind, as a hippopotamus.

## ALONE IN WILD DAKOTA.

Terrible Surroundings of an Illinois Girl on the Desolate Prairie. As the Sioux City passenger train came to a standstill in front of the Webster street depot Monday morning, says the Omaha Republican, a bright, intelligent looking young woman with a pretty, girlish face, surrounded by a mass of dark, clustering hair, descended from the platform of the rear coach. She was about the medium height and rather slight, but the natural comeliness of her form was con-cealed in a sort of jacket made of un-tanned sheep-skins which she wore over a dress of some dark material. Her head was covered by a jaunty little fox-skin cap, while her feet were encased in

coarse leather moccasins. Notwithstanding her uncouth exterior there was an air of culture and refine-ment—a certain indescribable something about her walk and manner which spoke of better days and showed she was not in harmony with her attire. A gentleman and his wife, who live on Thirteenth street, chanced to be in the room at the time, and to them the stranger told this pitiful story—a tale so full of rare dramatic incidents as to read almost like a romance.

Her name, she said, was Margaret Conner and her home was at Rockford, Ill., where she had lived from childfill., where she had lived from chind-hood. Her father was dead and she had for several years supported her mother, her brother and herself by teaching in the public schools. About a year ago her mother died, and Miss Conner and her brother Willie, who was now a lad of sixteen, finding themselves alone in the world, sold their little homested and, with their worldly effects, emi-grated to Dakota with a view to taking up a timber claim and going to farming. They settled on Turtle creek, in Spink county, about twenty miles east of Reafield.

Going into a new country, and being ignorant of its ways, they found it necessary to buy many things, the need of which they had not anticipated, and they saw with alarm their little stock of money dwindling rapidly away under these repeated drains. The neighbors were kind, in their rough way, and lent willing hands to give the young people a start. A warm sod house for them-selves and outhouses for the stock were built, the requisite number of trees were planted, the stubborn prairie broken and the spring sowing done. The story at this point is so full of startling incidents that it is best in Miss

Conner's own words.
"The crops," said she, "as every one

show for our hard summer's work was a few bushels of corn and wheat, hardly enough to furnish us food for the win-

Well, the fall dragged on into winter, and Christmas, the season of glad tidings and good cheer, found us reduced to our last bushel of grain. What we should do when that was gone was a problem beyond our power to solve. Oh, the gloom and terror of those long winter nights, without fuel and without light. For hours and hours we would lay, huddled in each other's arms, listening to the howling of the wolves and the shrieks of the tempest as it howled about our cabin door.

our cabin door.
"About this time," she continued, her voice choking with a sob, "poor Willie took sick and died, and then it seemed as if my cup of sorrow was full to the brim, and I thought for a time I should brim, and I thought for a time I should go mad from the very horror of my situ-ation. There I was, alone with my dead brother, in the midst of a desolate Dakota prairie, without the barest necessities of life and not a friend or neighbor within ten miles. I clearly saw that I could no longer remain where I was, for to do so was to perish, and my only hope was to get to Redand my only hope was to get to Red-field, and there by interesting the railroad officials in my story obtain transportation to my friends in Illinois. Slowly and sadly I dug a hole in the hard ground of our cabin floor and laid poor Willie away, and after kissing his sweet pale face many times I covered sweet pale face many times I covered the body with the cold frosty earth and left him.

Then, collecting a few things in a little hand bag, I bade a long farewell to the home which had been the scene of so much sorrow, and started on my way to Redfield in the face of a howling blizzard, but reached that place in safety. After remaining there a few days I decided to come to Omaha."

### MINSTREL SUPERSTITIONS.

A Yellow Clarionet Makes an Excitement in a St. Louis Theater. Tom Haley, a minstrel man, tells the Globe-Democrat: "If the audience at Pope's theater last Thursday night had known the real cause of the delay in the raising of the curtain after the signal of all ready had been given there would have been some very genuine laughter. I need not tell you that show people are as superstitious as gamblers. They have an abiding faith in 'mascots' and 'Jonahs.' If business is bad the company begins to look around for a 'Jonah.' suspecting first this man and then that. But, should they find in the orchestra a vellow clarionet, they Globe-Democrat: "If the audience at the orchestra a yellow clarionet, they look no further, and ten to one the company will demand his discharge.

I have been for several months sitting in the first part as "dummy," holding in my hand a cornet, which I make believe to play. The manager sent it out to be plated last Thursday, and when evening came I had no horn. In haste I ran to one of the "musical team" and asked him to lean me a cornet. As his asked him to loan me a cornet. As his instrument is a very costly and delicate one he demurred, but told me I could have anything else in his trunk. There was no time to be lost, so I grabbed up the first instrument that came to hand and marched to my seat. I gave it a-preliminary toot just as the curtain was about to rise, when the first part all cooked around and saw me with the uncley clarionet in my nand. One and all they jumped to their feet, and there was a subdued tempest of pro-tests. "Don't play that, Tom!" "None of that!" "Here! here! we can't stand that!" Barney Fagan, the stage man-ager, came to me and said: "I am not superstitious about yellow clarionets, but we have been doing well and there

Mr. Browning was able to take life quietly and easliy. He was able to enjoy himself. He had the rarest of modern possessions—the possession of leisure. His body servant has recently described how Mr. Browning spent his days, "He used to get up at 7 o'clock every morning and stay in his bedroom till 8 o'clock. He read during that time, generally French and Italian works, and he invariably ate a plate of fruit which had been left in a plate of fruit, which had been left in his room over night—strawberries or grapes by preference, oranges and other turn his chair to the fire and read the morning papers till 10 o'clock. He had the Times and Daily News in the morning and in the evening he read the Pall Mall and the weekly and fortnightly reviews. From 10 till 1 he spent the time in his study writing. After lunch, to which he sat down at 1 o'clock, he would go out to pay afternoon calls or to the private views, frequently walking across vate views, frequently walking across Kensington garden. He came back at 5:30 or 6 o'clock to dress for dinner, which was at 7 o'clock, and he went to bed at 10:30 or 11. During the season he dined out a great deal."

## A Monster Tombstone.

St Louis Republic The largest tombstone in the world nonuments erected to distinguished persons excepted) is probably that of the late H. Scarlett, of Upson county, Ga. Scarlett was very wealthy, and noted for his misanthropic ten-dencies. He led the life of a dencies. He led the life of a hermit. Why, no one knew, but it was hinted that he was a victim of disappointed love. Several years before his death, which occurred in the spring of 1888, he selected a monster bowlder, a miniature mountain of granite, 100x 250 feet in dimensions, for a tombstone, and had it appropriately lettered by a marble cutter. A cave fitted up marble cutter. A cave fitted up as a roomy tomb was excavated under the huge bowlder, Scarlett himself superintending the work. After his death neighbors, relatives and friends carried the remains and deposited them under the rock according to ante-mortem directious, and to-day the mortal parts of Henry Scarlett repose under the most gigantic tombstone in

## Coming Styles in Gowns.

March Ladies' Home Journal,
The question is not yet settled beyond a peradventure as to what the prevail-ing styles in gowns will be. There are rumors that a little more bouffancy will be given to the skirts of summer gowns, and some of the latest importations show the hip paniers of a decade ago. Sleeves will be more moderate in their proportions and plainer in their outlines, a modified, reduced gigot being most favored.

most favored.

It is rumored also that side forms in the back will run to the shoulder instead of the arm scie and in line of darts, there will be one seam in front also running to the shoulder. Bodice seams will be corded again on dit.

Ruffles will spear in various widths Ruffles will appear in various widths, netimes arranged in groups up the

Mauve and amethyst shades are exceedingly fashionable, both in tulle and light textures. Black is always fash-ionable, and many gowns have a colored front, which is edged with flowers or a ruche or the color, and the color is repeated as trimmings for the neck and sleeves—a tashion which has much to recommend it, since the dress is completely altered by the substitution of a different color.

## SAFE AND EFFECTIVE.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the safest BRANDRETH'S P'ILLS are the satest and most effective remedy for Indigestion, Irregularity of the Bowels, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Malaria, or any disease arising from an impure state of the blood. They have been in use in this country for over fifty years, and the thousands of unimpeachable testimonials from those who have used them, and their constantly increasing sale, is incontrovertistantly increasing sale, is incontroverti-ble evidence that they perform all that BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vege-

table, absolutely harmless and safe to oth being usually made of large flow-red chintz.

About the only thing I ever noticed knows, on account of the prolonged droughts in the South and West, were a total failure, and all that we had to either plain or sugar-coated.

When the Demon of Strong Drink Actuates Them.

Women Are by Far the Worst Sufferers From Inebriety.

Broadway's Gilded Palace of Whisky and Bowery Dens.

A Wife-Beater Who Will Not Soon Forget His Punishment.

Owing to their familiarity with one

emarkable phase of New York's

lendor, the citizens of this town metimes forget that we have the cost iest saloons in the world. New York is badly equipped in pavements, but when it comes to corner groggeries, it is all there. People who visit the city from all quarters of the globe are astounded at the superb manner in which the multiplicity of beer saloons are fitted up. There is a veritable craze among the saloonkeepers to see which can excel his neighbor in lavish decoration, and the end is not yet. The first boom in this direction was started in a Broadway hotel, but there has since been a good deal of rivalry. It is worth noting that the newer places have given up decorations in what is known as the Queen Anne and stained glass style, and are giving their attention to heavy queen Anne and stained glass style, and are giving their attention to heavy crystal plate mirrors and the most extensive and mahogany and cherry carvings. It would be pleasant, but a blamed lie, to write that the drinkers are as polished as the woodwork in their manners. Yesterday I counted no less than five little news-girls clustered in a big saloan on Park Row, and than five little news-girls clustered in a big saloon on Park Row, and they were ten, twelve or fourteen years of age. Three were decidedly pretty and attractive children. They were larking and playing with the heavily-built and beefy loafers in the saloon, and their talk in many instances showed a shocking familiarity with profanity and indecency. The men around the room chaffed them, and, in one or two instances, romned clumsily with two instances, romped clumsily with them. Every time a newcomer en-tered the girls flocked around him and begged him to buy their papers. It was a sort of spectacle that ought to interest the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Cruelty to Children.

That was by daylight in Park row, at a time and place where civility, if ever, should be found in a barroom. Of course, if you go to the Bowery for your object lessons you expect to get rough material. And you need never be disappointed. A party of brute-faced, frowsy, inebriated men stood at a dilapdated bar in a saloon on the Bowery at 1 o'clock in the morning. While the air was ringing with blasphemy, the air was ringing with blasphemy, the side door of the saloon opened, and a white-faced, frail, little woman stole in and stood to one side, gazing with great dry, blue eyes into the face of one of the drinkers, a young man with

A Harsh Face.

Who was at that moment cursing a companion for having a different opin on on the subject of bull pups. covering the trembling woman at his side the fellow stopped short in his gument and demanded what she

"I want to speak to you alone, Jim."
"Well, yer can't," growled the man;"
and now you get out o' here or I'll slug yer."
"I must speak to you, Jim," went on

"I tell yer no," shouted Jim.
"I must," continued the wife.
The man took a step forward and lowing up the blow with a command to get out as quick as she could get on her feet. The little woman arose from the floor, and, drawing her hand from under ner shawl, extended it toward her hus-

band.
"I was only to give this to you, Jim." said she softly. "I thought you would not want these men to see it."

Jim took her hand and she opened the fingers, revealing a crimpled one dollar bill in the palm. The brutal husband pounced on the money, and then num-bled a sort of apology to his wife for having struck her, and even invited her to have a glass of beer. This she re-fused, and went quietly out into the night, leaving her man in possession of the money she had earned, he cared not

Such things make one feel like preaching total abstinence — even against the mild and foamy beer. A physician said to me: "Some men may drink without harm, while others should let alcohol alone. Persons who are heavy or lethargic should never touch beer—I do not mean physically, but for its mental effect. If I drink half a glass of beer at dinner nothing on earth interests me for an hour afterwards but an easy chair, slippers and a quiet nap. If my wife, on the other hand, drinks a glass of beer, it sets her newes tingling, and she wants to dress and go to the theater or a dog show. There is no telling exactly what the effect of drinking beer will be on a man, but it is always interesting to me in traveling to note the difference in the faces of people who drink various bev-erages. In the West, for instance, whisky is the staple, the men are sharp, active, nervous, lean, thin, and intense. They work night and day. They can get along with six hours' sleep, because

Take a Cocktail

Before breakfast, which stirs up the energy which the short hours of sleep have taken away. In Berlin, where they drink beer all the time, the men are heavy, stout and loggy. They sleep nine hours a night, and very frequently take an hour's nap in a chair in a beer garden during the day. In France, where they drink wine, the men have sallow skin and wrinkled faces. The wine has a slightly stimulating effect, but not as much a one as the whisky of our nobility in the West. The best thing for a man to drink is water. Never make any mistake about that. Never make any inistake about that. I am not a teetotaler, but I am able to look at the thing clearly, and I know, as every other man of the world does, that nine-tenths of the mischief in society comes from drink. Many a woman goes wrong who would never have thought of it had it work the or for the preliminary chamwould never have thought of it had it not been for the preliminary cham-pagne. Besides, it is the best opinion of medical experts everywhere in the world that a man is healthler without

vines or liquors of any sort than he is There is one sort of drunkard whom everybody despises, and he is the wife-beater. Just as one of the big Boston boats threw its gang plank out over the pier on North river a weary and pale man came flying ashore considerably faster than his legs would carry him The fact is he was assisted on his jour The fact is he was assisted on his jour-ney by the stout hands of several of the

steamer's officers.
"Well, that brute has had a good lesson," said another of the passengers, as the unfortunate man hurried up the pier, without making-any objection to the rough treatment he had been made

Struck Her in the Face with his fist. He was preparing to hit her again when one of the officers sprang on him and pinioned him. Without being allowed to say a word in his defense he was rushed down into the hold of the boat and thrown into a cell called the "glory hole." He was kept there all night, and nothing was given to him but a cup of water. When the steamer was drawing in to the dock he was brought up from his prison and the officers and crew arranged themselves was brought up from his prison and the officers and crew arranged themselves in two lines on the deck. The fellow was then started through this gauntlet, and, as he passed along, every man in the line contributed an enthusiastic kick upon the most available part of his anatomy. A humbler or more miserable wretch it would be hard to imagine the wife heard to imagine than the brave wife-beater as he sub-mitted to his humiliating punishment.

I'll warrant he will not strike his wife A'll warrant he will not strike his wife again, not when anybody is by to see."
The man who comes up before the police justice and gets thirty days for knocking down his wife while drunk, crawls away with a smile on his face and a determination in his heart fo supplement the exercise when he returns from his trip to the Island. But I fancy that the chap who gets a good kicking from twenty or thirty of his fellow-men is brought to a pretty stern realization

is brought to a pretty stern realization of the brutality. The elastic laws of the high seas are, it seems to me, often more purifying than those of metropolitan civilization.

Alas, it isn't merely by a fist stroke that women are leveled out by alcohol! I saw a girl flushed by champagne at a Fifth-avenue "tea." Anabel's lovely eyes swept the room swiftly, and finally fixed themselves upon a young man who was hastening across the floor toward her. "Ah, how do you do this afternoon?" said the gentleman, extending his hand to Anabel. "This is a pleasant surprise Lassure you." Anabel made a murmuring reply, and the two withdrew to a corner together.

She was tipsy.

"I don't dare to start away at once, Dick," said Anabel when they were alone. "People might notice it. Suppose you go first and Let Me Pick You Up

a block or so away from the house. "But it's only an hour altogether that I see you," responded Dick warmly, "and I can't bear to leave you for one

instant."
"But you must," went on Anabel. "The first word of gossip that gets to mamma's ears will ruin our whole affair. And suppose your wife should

hear of it?"

"I will go at once," said Dick, hastily, as though Anabel's last words had convinced him of the wisdom of discretion. He vanished. Five minutes afterward Anabel bade her hostess good-bye and tripped away to her cerriage. At the entrance of Central park the coachman drew up his horses, and a young man sprang through the door that Anabel held open. held open. One more horrible example and I am

done. There is one variety theater in New York where its dressing rooms are situated in a stone house just around

the corner from the entrance of the the-ater itself. This house forms part of the stage, and if the shades were not drawn over the windows strange and fascinating sights would be revealed to passers-by. In passing through the street one night, not long ago, I noticed a little knot of people, most young men and boys, gathered on the sidewalk opposite this stage entrance with their posite this stage entrance with their eyes turned to a window on the second floor. Glancing up, I was met by a vision that was decidedly startling. A young woman, manifestly inebriated, whose name I will not give, was outlined against the curtainless window in a state of neglige that was more than interesting, and as I halted in surprise at the sight of her I was struck aghast by the realization that she was not putting clothes on her, but still taking thm off. clothes on her, but still taking thm off. The unfortunate and deplorable situa-tion was not unrelieved by humor, for swept his big, rough hand through the tacle that was in progress, the fair and air, letting it fall with a whack on the cheek of the woman, upsetting her as though she had been a child, and following up the blow with a command to made out the crowd on the sidewalk believed. sit on the floor, and then clutched wildly at the string of her window curtain. Down came the shade with a rush, and in less than ten seconds the gathering on the sidewalk had dispersed, and the free spectacular performance was a thing of the past.

thing of the past. MONKEY AND MIRROR. How the Clever Little Animal Met

His Curious Counterpart. Washington Post. If any one of a biographical turn of mind wants to have a large chunk of pure white fun he ought to go over and watch the monkeys in the Zoo. The monkeys' powers of reasoning are limited, but he uses what brains nature gave him for all there is in them. A gentleman recently passed in an ordinary five-cent mirror with a tinfoil back. the fell to the lot of a long-tailed monkey with ecu points and Watteav plaits around his ears. He looked in and got mad. It was the first time he had ever seen himself, and the imagined rival was so darned handsome that a pang of involuntary jealousy shot through his ous bosom. He went on a

quadrumanous bosom. He went on a hunt. Holding the glass very still, he would suddenly jerk it down and look for the rival. No rival.

Then he held the glass still and ducked his head quickly. The rival ducked as quickly as he did. Then he grew cunning. He would peep slyly. The glass was allowed to glide imperceptibly to one side. It was of no avail. Then the monkey reached one of his hairy paws stealthily up to the glass and made a sudden snatch behind it. No game. That monkey brain was doing great work. It was a Napoleonic monkey great work. It was a Napoleonic monkey that was conspiring against the apparision. It was evident that the monkey in the glass was an active dodger—that he the glass was an active dodger—that he could not be caught by activity. He must be trapped by strategy. Placing the glass on the floor of the cage the monkey pressed it firmly to be sure nothing could be beneath it. Then he looked; there was the other chap as large as life and as impudent as ever. He pointed a finger; so did the other. Number one grinned, chattered and frowned; likewise did number two.

It was no use. It was as if a human being were confronted with indisput-

lt was no use. It was as it a human being were confronted with indisputable evidence of a fourth dimension in space, and were trying to mentally grasp a conception of its exact significance. But the ecru philosopher never said surrender. After his gray matter had rested a bit he picked up the glass and looked again. There was that extra old monthey looking ways thought and looked again. There was that same old monkey, looking very thoughtful and morose. He held him a prisoner against his stomach and carefully picked the tinfoil off the back of the glass. This did not reveal the prisoner. But he was equal to the emergency. That infernal monkey, he argued, was evidently between the back and the front of the glass. He might be flatter than a paneake, but there he be flatter than a pancake, but there he was. A long black finger worked around to the rear of the enemy. A vicious scratch with a grimy fingernail. That did it. The monkey showed up with, a gash straight across the nose. Another! The pit of his stomach was gone.

Homeseekers Beginning to Turn Their Attention to Northern Alabama.

The Wonderful Bluffs of Iron Ore Around the Town of Bluffton.

A Company Which Proposes to Build a Manufacturing Center There.

Lots to Be Sold at Reasonable Figures and on Reasonable Terms.

HURON, S. D., April 18.-The prevailing low prices of grain and cattle, to gether with drouth and the consequent inability of the farmer in some cases to pay the principal, and in many cases the interest on the mortgages which cover these Western farms like a mantle, have caused the capitalist and the homeseeker to look South in search of a field for his enterprise, his toil and his money. With these thoughts in mind the writer some weeks ago turned his face toward that marvelous section Northern Alabama. The quickest and most convenient route from this section is over the Northwestern to Chicago, the Panhandle to Cincinnati and the Cincinnati Southern, which pierces the very center of the coal and iron region

On the East Tennessee, Virginia Georgia railway, on its line from Chattanooga to Seima, twenty-six miles from Rome, Ga., and thirty-seven miles from Anniston, Ala., is located the town of Biuffton, in Cherokee county, Alabama, the town taking its name from the wo derful bluffs of solid iron ore which here tower from the valley. The town site company owns 1,200 acres o town lands, beside mineral lands which contain immense deposits of brown hematite iron ore. The ore banks, o more properly bluffs, because instead of being deposits beneath the surface they stand above it, are without an equal in the entire South. These bluffs rise in some places to an altitude of eighty feet above the surface soil, and the only work required to mine the ore is to drill and blast it off in carload lots at a single discharge. A gentleman largely connected with the manufacture of pig iron in the South said that as boy and man he had been engaged in the furnace business for eighteen years and had visited the largest deposits of iron ore in the Union, but had never seen such a massive ore bank in all his life, nor one that could compare with it in all its magnitude. The quality of this ore is being shown

by the daily output of the four adjoining furnaces, whose ore lands lie in the same belt and adjoining the deposits of the Bluffton company; all of these fur naces bear an enviable reputation for the high grade car wheel iron which they have been producing for the past few years; one, the Ætna, shipping its entire output to the Pullman company. Bluffton is in the same mineral region with Birmingham and Anniston, both of which have had so marvelous a development and growth in the last there were many impromptu wits in the | half-dozen years, and is more favorably assemblage that grew larger and larger each moment along the sidewalk. Just as an old gentleman, after taking a very long look at the unconscious and tipsy netress, was hurrying across the way to tell the man at the stage door of the spectagle that was in progress, the fair and that used at Birmingham is shipped from the impredict vicinity of Bluffton. from the immediate vicinity of Bluffton

low; and then occurred one of those alarming physical convulsions that an innocent woman makes when she is struck by the consciousness that profane eyes are examining her. She jumped into the air, twisted spirally downward, as though she intended to give the floor and then clutched wildly distributed by the floor and then clutched wildly other point in the South. Here, too, are inexhaustible supplies of other point in the South. The Bluffton Company has laid out a portion of its land into town lots, and

purposes to build up a great manufacturing center for the development of its mineral property. Handsome avenues and wide streets have been laid out, and a large force of men and teams have been employed for weeks in grading and otherwise improving the town site. A bank with \$50,000 capital has been organized; a rolling mill, for which the entire capital stock of \$500,-000 has been subscribed, will be built at once; an elegant and commodious hotel has been completed and furnished at a cost of \$40,000, lighted with elec tricity and heated with steam; an electric light plant and a wood-working establishment are already in operation and a foundry and a firearms manufacturing company are assured. Several fine brick blocks, a substantial church and many hand-ome residences are already completed and occupied.

This sale will open on April 30, and lots will be sold at reasonable figures and on very liberal terms. There will be no auction sale nor hurrah about the matter, and sales will be conducted quietly and on business principles. The projectors of this new town are

substantial capitalists from Maine, Mas-

sachusetts and New York, together with

H. R. Shorter, president of the Alabama railroad commission, and Col. Cary Wilson, an Alabama railroad mag-nate. The reputation which the pro-moters of this enterprise bear in their moters of this enterprise bear in their respe tive communities is a sufficient guarantee of the success of any undertaking they may have in hand.

Bluffton has been selected as the site of the new university which, under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal church, is to be the leading educational institution of the South. The main building, which is to be constructed of stone and brick, will be 300 feet long and five stories high, and without doubt one of the finest educational buildings in the country. Selected, as Bluffton was, after several years of careful investigation by Dr. C. years of careful investigation by Dr. C. L. Mann, superintendent of education of the Methodist church, because of its superior advantages in climatic, sani-tary and scenic conditions, there will-be drawn to it thousands of people to

tary and scenic conditions, there will be drawn to it thousands of people to take advantage of this institution of learning. Here men can engage in profitable business enterprises and provide homes for their families.

The great tide of immigration and investment that was formerly Westward has now fairly turned to the South, and happy will be he who goes in the van. Homes and fortunes can be made in the next five years with less exertion and less risk than in any other section of our country. Sectional prejudice has worn away, and Northern people are cerdially welcomed and royally treated. It is confidently believed that investments made in Bluffton at the coming sale will double in value within ninety days; the policy of the company will be yery liberal, and free sites will be given to manufacturing enterprises wishing to least the sections. bier, without making any objection to the rough treatment he had been made the victim of.

"He will never strike another woman with impunity, I guess," exclaimed still another passenger.

"Why, what has he done?" asked a gentleman who had just greeted some friends that had arrived on the steamer.

"He tried to beat his wife last night," was the reply. "The little woman was sitting with him in the cabin. He was left of the mirror in the straw and went off in triumph to hang from the perch by the tip of his ger d'arme blue tail.

"a gash straight across the nose. Another locate here; the company will also take locate here; the company will also take stock in any meritorious enterprise which will establish a plant at Bluffton. Excursion rates will be granted on all roads on the 22d at one fare for the round trip, good to return in thirty days. For further particulars address the hose. Another was gone. All four fingers at once. The battle locate here; the company will also take stock in any meritorious enterprise which will establish a plant at Bluffton. Excursion rates will be granted on all roads on the 22d at one fare for the round trip, good to return in thirty days. For further particulars address the hose. Another was gone. All four fingers at once. The battle locate here; the company will also take stock in any meritorious enterprise which will establish a plant at Bluffton. Excursion rates will be granted on all roads on the 22d at one fare for the round trip, good to return in thirty days. For further particulars address the hottle had him. In less that had arrived on the steamer.

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The eeru monkey had what was left of the mirror in the straw and went off in triumph to hang from the perch by the tip of his ger d'arme blue tail. ST. PAUL

**SPRING 1890.** 

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ory, etc., are theroughly and permanent cured.

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