MINNEAPOLIS.

AMUSEMENTS.

It is not often that the opportunity is afforded the people of this generation, much less the people of this particular community, to witness the production on the stage of the work of a modern genius. In the opinion of many that opportunity was offered at the Lyceum last evening, where Henry Guy Carleton's play, "The Lion's Mouth," was presented by Frederick Warde and company. Mr. Carleton may not be a genius, but the lines he has written in this play proclaim him as related to that family. This is a play written in blank verse. It is a strong play, abounding in dramatic situations, and affording opportunities for the display of dramatic genius—a complete play in all that that implies. More than that, it is poetry—genuine poetry. Fortunately the stage production of it is in the hands of a capable actor, who has surrounded himself with a capable company. The plot of the play has already been outlined in the columns of the GLOBE. The scene is laid in Venice amid those stormy times that have come to Venice more than to any other spot on earth—to the Venice of old, that is, in the days of the Inquisition. It is a story of love and war. It deals with the strongest passions that animate men, love of country, love of woman, and revenge. With it is told the story of the gentle maid whose heart is torn by the conflict of her love for a man and her sense of filial duty. The story is well told by the author. It is more than told, it is represented by the actors. In the character of Rinaldo Mr. Warde is seen at his best. The part fits him. He grasps the deep passion of the lines and conveys them to the auditor unmistakably. Mr. Warde is, with the exception of Edwin Booth, the only really great tragedian on the American stage. His reputation suffers none by his rendition of Rinaldo, in "The Lion's Mouth." In Charles Herman, Mr. Warde finds an able assistant. He has the part of Friar Angelo, and it suffers none in his hands. He looks and acts the character. Harry Leighton is excellent as Marco, the friend of Rinaldo. Miss Victory Bateman has the leading female part, that of Linora, Rinaldo's love. The good opinions that she won when here last summer are confirmed. Miss Fannie Bowman, the Marcella, is a clever little woman who fills a partly comedy role. As a whole, the balance of the cast is good.

"The Old, Old Story" company opened yesterday with a Sunday matinee at the Bijou to a fair house. The play is a production of the high order of dramatic art, which always challenges the admiration of an audience. It is a beautiful story, written around the wholesome home life of New York city, not omitting some of its caprices and pretensions. The sentiment of the play is happy and enobling, though at times most provoking, intermingled with the sterner realisties of the financial and business life. The vicissitudes and sorrows, which human nature inherits, make them felt throughout the play in natural ways. The sufferings of the people who tell the story are brought about as in life, by the cruelty of circumstances, not the mechanism of of a blood-drinking stage villain, thereby sparing the audience the unnecessary torture of such a presence. The plot upon a whole is somewhere near a picture of real life. It is not a great play, neither is it one burdened with tiresome abnormal ideas or heroic stage rot lines. It affords one a couple of hours' of pleasing entertainment. It pretends to no more. The cast consists of ten competent artists, who have been carefully selected for their parts, among them Messrs. Charles T. Watrous, Emmett C. King, Wilton Deal, Misses Fannie McIntyre, Bertine Robinson, Isabelle Martin. Wilson Deal's presentation of Cyrus Bliss, M. D., is as good a piece of eccentric comedy as one often sees. Miss McIntyre's many friends of this city will be pleased to see that she has become an actress of such real merit. She has a correct conception of her part and the artistic worth to keep within appropriate limits.

To-night at the Pence the Criterion Specialty company, an excellent organization, opens a week's engagement. It comes highly praised, and, the advance sale being big, will have large business.

THEY WERE IMPRISONED.

Fred George Places Some of His Fellow Pythians Behind the Bars.

A very good story is told upon some of the delegates who went from Minneapolis to the recent meeting at Duluth of the grand lodge K. of P. It appears that on the second evening of the visit Fred Altnow, William LeMars, A. E. Reuellard and Fred Sumner expressed a desire to see the Duluth police station and Fred George, who had been there on the previous evening, volunteered to be their guide. The party set out and upon arriving at the station were duly introduced to the lieutenant in charge by Mr. George. They were taken through the building and finally came to the cell room, which greatly aroused their curiosity, and as it was empty they decided to to enter and inspect it closely. At this juncture Mr. George left them and took a seat, saying that he had seen it and did not care to go through again; but the other gentlemen, never suspecting Fred's intentions, entered the room with the utmost confidence. Then Mr. George proceeded to put into practice a certain little item of information which he had gleaned in his previous visit, and as soon as his friends had entered the cells sprung a lever which, by means of a mechanical device, barred all the doors and made prisoners of those within. Chuckling with glee Mr. George then sat down outside, lighted a cigar and for nearly an hour enjoyed the discomfiture of his imprisoned friends. When those who had thus been placed on the inside had reached the boiling point, Fred departed, telling the lieutenant to unlock the doors after he had been gone ten minutes. To this day Fred Altnow has not regained his accustomed good temper.

TRAVELING MEN, TOO.

They Will Take Place in the Harvest Festival Parade.

The traveling men of Minneapolis are finding some of their old-time energy. They are preparing to get up and hustle for the harvest festival. They held a meeting at the Nicollet house yesterday afternoon to talk over that very thing. They decided that they wanted to be represented. James H. Reynolds was in the chair as of old. He stirred up the boys to take an interest in the approaching festival. They did not decide yesterday just what they would do, but they prepare to do something. Chairman Reynolds was empowered to appoint a committee to take charge of arrangements for a display by the traveling men. That committee will confer with the main committee on harvest festival at the rooms of the committee in the Masonic Temple this morning. The business men's committee is expected to suggest to the travelers what they are expected to do. One other thing was decided. That was to make the headquarters of the travelers during the festival at the Nicollet house.

When Strychnine Was Discovered.

Pall Mall Gazette.

The suicide, by means of strychnine, of Mme. Weiss, recalls to mind the facts connected with the discovery of strychnine in 1818, by the French chemists Pelletier and Caventon. They called the new poison Vauqueline, in honor of their former master, Vauquelin. But old Vauquelin, having seen the terrible sufferings of the animals on which the effects of the poison were tried, begged the two discoverers not to connect his name in any way with this terrible "new substance," and it was then that strychnine received the name under which it is now known as one of the strongest poisons.

FOR THE SIX DAYS.

Outline of the Exposition Programme for This Coming Week.

Rev. H. M. Simmons Talks of the Religion in Russell's Poetry.

Rev. S. W. Sample Commends the Press Club Entertainment.

Then He Preached on "Woman"--Pick-Ups of a Dull Sunday.

In consequence of the banquet which is to be given by Capt. Payen, the leader of the Mexican band, the second part of the programme for Tuesday evening, the date of the banquet, will not be rendered by the band, but the Sanford Sisters' orchestra will give the second part of their programme at the band stand instead of in the amusement hall. The banquet is to be given by the captain in honor of the birthday of President Diaz, of the republic of Mexico.

On the day which will be set aside by the board of directors for the ladies' special day a portrait of the most beautiful woman in the city of Minneapolis will be made by the pyrotechnial artists of "The Siege of Vera Cruz," and will be shown in fire as the principal fireworks piece of the evening. The date for this has not yet been decided upon, however, by the management.

On the day which will be set aside by the Exposition management as Minneapolis day a giant portrait of Mayor Winston will be given at the conclasion of "The Siege of Vera Cruz."

The Choral union will give a concert in the Exposition building Thursday evening. Great pains have been taken in the preparations for this, and the singing will be especially fine.

The fellows who take their best girls to see the spectacle of the "Siege of Vera Cruz," have a great time in calming the fears of their ladies when the big cannon are fired. Last Saturday night one young man drew the attention of a greater portion of the audience to the manner in which he protected her from the concussions of the guns. When the firing was over he had hugged her so close that she was nearly as thin as a sheet of paper. And the funny part of it was that she didn't seem to notice it at all.

On the night of the great harvest festival the people of Minneapolis will see the finest illuminating that has ever been seen in the Northwest. The entire Exposition building will be illuminated in the evening, and there will be over $2,000 spent in the effort to show the people what can be done for their benefit. The entire roof will be a mass of flame, and each window will be decorated in a different manner.

A great amount of attention is attracted by the exhibit of the new mining machine which is exhibited on the first floor, near the smoking room. The machine takes a piece of quartz and chews it up into dust in a few seconds.

LOWELL'S POETRY.

What Kind of Religion Rev. H. M. Simmons Finds in It.

Yesterday morning Rev. H. M. Simmons' subject was "The Religion of James Russell Lowell." In the course of his sermon he said:

"Much of Lowell's poetry is deeply religious. It abounds in grandest thoughts of God and in broadest and most charitable sentiments toward mankind. But, in those years while he was a zealous reformer, this charity was naturally narrowed somewhat, and he became most severe toward all forms of inhumanity. For supporters of slavery he had no mercy. Toward the unjust rich he was full of rebuke, and corrupt politicians he covered with ridicule. He tells the hard-hearted world that even the fallen woman, "starved to more virtue by thy savage ban," is "more free to enter heaven than thou wilt ever be," since her "foulest vice more godlike than thy virtue is." In his severity he does not even spare religious forms. In one poem he pities even the prisoner less than "the closer captive of a creed cooped up from birth to grind out endless chaff," and in another he scorns those who "worship the dead corpse of old King Custom, where it doth lie in state within the church." In another poem he calls the church "Christ's tomb," where men "on stated days themselves imprison, mocking with bread a dead creed's grinning jaws;" and, in still another, he makes Christ Himself accuse them of worshiping only a dead image of Him, while the starved and stunted poor are the real "images ye have made of Me." He charges Christians with crucifying Christ anew and with stealing from the tombs of old prophets the funeral lamps to light the faggots round the prophets of to-day. He derides the Bibliolaters who think "the cisterns of those Hebrew brains drew dry the springs of the All-knower's thought," and who out of the two Bible covers would "make a jail to coop the living God."

But this severity is always used by Lowell only as a foil to bring out the largest and most reverent religious thoughts. Above this book, he sings "the Bible of the race," to which "each age, each kindred adds a verse." Above the Christ of the church, he shows the eternal Messiah, ever "toiling up new Calvaries with the cross that turns not back." Above the worship by rites, he ever tells the true worship of righteousness. Above the God of theology, he sings infinite Deity, in whose swift circulation suns and systems are but as the unseen blood discs in our own veins, but who is not the less with man, "walking They garden still," ever working in all life and love, though "missed in the commonplace of miracle." And both in Lowell's earlier and later poems, before and after his years of zeal, these larger religious thoughts are marred by no harsh words. "The Cathedral," with its profound thought, broad sympathy and beauiful expression, is perhaps the finest religious poem in our language. Even in that Catholic cathedral, the radical Lowell joins in worship with the old beldame with her beads—"reverent of whatever shrine guards piety and solace for my kind"—since "God is in all that liberates and lifts,
In all that humbles, sweetens and consoles."

But he loves the larger worship best:

"One feast, of holy days the crest,
I, though no churchman, love to keep—
All-Saints—the unknown good that rest
In God's still memory folded deep—
The bravely dumb that did their deed,
And scorned to blot it with a name,
Men of the plain heroic breed,
That loved heaven's silence more than fame."

"WOMAN."

Rev. S. W. Sample Discusses This Very Fertile Topic.

The second of the people's meetings, which took place last evening, was even better attended than the first, Century Music hall being crowded to its utmost capacity. Among the announcements, Dr. Sample called attention to the approaching Press club benefit, speaking approvingly of its object, the provision of a place and facilities for the entertainment of distinguished visitors of the city and for social intercourse among the newspaper men of the city, without resorting to bar rooms and saloons, and recommending the entertainment itself as a meritorious one.

Dr. Sample devoted his discourse to that festive and almost inexhaustible subject, "Woman," with particular reference to her influence for good or evil over man.

He held that, while the influence exercised by woman over man is frequently for the better, man should not blindly allow himself to be governed by woman. He made a strong and positive argument in favor of woman suffrage, and in this connection cited the one matter of the laws in the various states fixing the age of consent. He stated that in Utah, where woman suffrage exists, the age of consent had been fixed at eighteen years and in Kansas, where woman is allowed greater privilegies than any other state excepting Utah the same, while in the other states it ranges from sixteen years down to twelve, and in some cases even seven years.

He also proclaimed himself in favor of dress reform, counseling the women, howe ver, not to adopt masculine attire.

He devoted some moments to advising the young men in their choice of wives, admonishing them not to select a mere piece of furniture, one who would look well at the head of the head of the table and appear to advantage in society.

THIS IS OFFICIAL.

Just What the Press Club Entertainment Will Be.

"Secure your seats early and avoid the rush" is usually looked upon as a good deal of a joke in the way of an announcement. In this case it is a piece of good advice that would be better acted upon. The seats to be secured are the seats for the press club entertainment at the Lyceum theater next Friday afternoon. Those who have already purchased tickets can have the seats reserved this morning at the Lyceum box office. Those who have not purchased tickets can get them from members of the club or at the theater.

The committee on the programme went to St. Paul yesterday afternoon and met the people that will come from that town to assist at the entertainment. The programme is now complete. It is as good as can be arranged in any city in the country. Here it is, although not arranged in the exact order of presentation:

Overture by an orchestra of thirty pieces, conducted by Oscar Ringwall.

Minstrel first part arranged for the occasion, in which the following artists will be seen: Willis Sweatman, Burt Haverly, Luke Schoolcraft and Charles V. Seaman; end men: J. P. Witmark and J. C. Miron, baritone and bass soloists, respectively: Dan Daly, the funniest interlocutor on earth; W. S. Mullaly, the veteran minstrel orchestra leader.

Fred Warde and company in the forum scene from "Virginius."

"The Old Old Story" company in the second act of that play.

Nelson Wheatcroft, of Pitou's stock company in a recitation, "The Marseillaise at Sebastopol," with orchestral accompaniment.

Amelia Glover, from the "City Directory" company now playing at the Metropolitan in St. Paul, in a Spanish dance.

Harry Gilfoil, of "A Trip to Chinatown" company from the Grand of St. Paul, in whistling specialty and imitations.

Miss Minnie Seligman, of the Pitou stock company from the Grand in Minneapolis, a recitation, "Aux Italiens."

A double act introducing Queen Mab, the roller skating skirt dancer, and a club swinger.

Gus Frankel, of the Pitou stock company, in a comic character song.

Miss Jane Stuart, of the Pitou stock company, from the Grand in Minneapolis, song.

George Backus, of the Pitou stock company, from the Grand, Minneapolis, a recitation.

There is a programme that cannot be improved upon. It is a veritable "all-star cast." E. P. Hilton will be stage manager, assisted by Fred A. Pride and Theo L. Hays. There will be no waits between acts. The entertainment will be fast and smooth. The minstrel first part will open the programme, the forum scene from "Virginius" will come at about the middle, and the second act of "The Old, Old Stoiy" will close the show. The individual acts will be interspersed. An elegant souvenir programme is being prepared by the club for distribution.

LOVED THE LIGHT.

Five Years in a Coal Shaft She Thought Was Enough.

Youth's Companion.

In parts of Missouri nothing is commoner in out-of-the-way places than a solitary "coal shaft." In one of these remote mines there was kept, 100 feet below the surface, a little old mule, whose business it was to draw the loaded cars up the inclined plane to the foot of the shaft.

Back and forth, back and forth it made its dismal journeys during working hours, and at night was left alone in a corner fitted up as a stable to await in the silence and utter darkness the return of its human comrades.

For five long years it had never breathed the upper air, or seen the light of day. It was a great pet with the miners, who used to bring it bunches of fresh grass in summer or lumps of sugar and apples in winter.

One night, when the mule was being unharnessed, some one proposed taking "Jinny" up in the cage. It was done; her tremor as the cage began to ascend was soothed by the assuring words and caresses of her companions, and soon she found herself restored to a mule's natural privileges.

The next morning when the time came to go to work "Jinny" positively refused to return. Neither persuasion nor threats could induce her to approach the shaft and step into the waiting cage.

A council was held. The miners, touched by what the poor brute had suffered in her five years of isolation, and reproaching themselves that her imprisonment had been so long, at length solved the problem by subscribing on the spot enough out of their scanty earnings to buy "Jinny," and she was immediately loosed and "turned out to grass."

For years afterward she could be seen nibbling the grass near the shaft, or sheltering herself behind a liberal haystack that somehow was always there for her. When working hours were over she was sure to be near the shaft, where she could mutely testify to her liberators, as they came up, that she was the happiest mule in Missouri.

THE COMING WOMAN.

"What will the coming woman do
To plague, nerplex, and interfere with us?
Will she forbid the festive chew
And cuspidor for ages dear with us?
Will she invade, with uplifted nose,
Retreats where female foot ne'er went till late,
Barroom cozy and court room close,
And force reluctant man to ventilate?"
Brother, and so I hear.

"Will the dear haunts where manhood played
At euchre bold and frisky seven-up—
Haunts where so oft our reason strayed—
To conversation teas be given up?
Must we, then, all go home to dine?
And must a friend in soda pledge his mate?
How shall the coming man get wine
At all, if she's allowed to legislate?"
Brother, the case looks queer.

"Speak, O friend! has the woman's sphere,
The soft-soap rainbow sphere we kept her in,
Burst and vanished, and left her here
With the world at large to wield her scepter in?
Is she up to our little game?
And can she bind us, in reality,
Down to the precept, much too tame,
We've preached to her for pure morality?"
Brother, the worst I fear.

"Friend of my youth, I can no more,
O fly with me this land iniquitous.
Nay, for I see, from shore to shore
The enfranchised female rise ubiquitous.
Partner of purse she'll claim to be,
Logic of business she'll outwit us in;
Lost from life is the dead-latch key,
And lost from earth the white male citizen!"
Brother, the end is near.
—Mrs. Eliza Sproat Turner.

MEMORIES OF THE ALTA.

The Early Days of the Oldest San Francisco Newspaper Recalled.

The demise a few weeks ago of the San Francisco Alta California, the oldest newspaper of the Golden State, and for many years the most powerful and attractive, calls up many reminiscences, one of which is the fact that it took a stand in favor of the first vigilance committee by its printers "jeffing." John Nugent, who, before going to California, was a Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, was the editor and proprietor of the San Francisco Herald, which in the early days of San Francisco was the best money-making paper on the Pacific coast. The Alta was owned by an association of printers, who just managed to make both ends meet. It was known what course Nugent would pursue. He was an out and out "law and order" man, a Democrat from the word go and a virulent opponent of the vigilant methods. The printers on the Alta were about equally divided, the majority being opposed to the methods of the committee, however. But one of them, with a little Talleyrand in his make-up, said:

"Now is our chance to forge to the front. Nugent will oppose the vigilance committee, but the people are with it."

"But," cried another typo, "there is a leader already on a galley denouncing the vigilantes."

"I move that one from each side jeff whether we come out for or against the committee," suggested the foreman.

This was agreed to, and the em quads were got and the "jeffing" commenced.

In a few moments the contest closed, those in favor of sustaining the committee being the winners. The next morning the Alta came out virtuously for heroic measures and the Herald against the committee. There were two sides, but one was like a pigmy looking up at the pyramids. There was only a sickening minority. It was the grasshopper in the turkey gobbler's mouth. Nugent was known to be as true as steel to his principle and to his friends, but whole broadsides of big advertisements went from the Herald to the Alta. The latter was enlarged and became the organ of the people, and the chivalrous Herald sickened and died.

The Alta went on and upward and made many a man rich, continues the New York Times. One of its proprietors made over $1,000,000 and lost it all in stocks, and afterward borrowed $100,000 from Leland Stanford. He died a few years ago a total wreck, and his paper was resuscitated by James G. Fair, the Central Pacific Railroad company, some friends of Justice Stephen J. Field and a man named McLaughlin, and for about eight years the dear old Alta has eked out a precarious existence by getting a little out of the railroad, the water company and the Sharon estate, off and on, until, all forsaking it, on account of its loss of circulation and lack of power and influence and generally turgid ways, it died a solemn and almost unnoticed death.

But it had been a great paper in its day, and made many millions of dollars. It had two of its editors killed in duels. It followed Boderick, Baker and T. Starr King to their graves. It stood out for the Union all through the war and died at the age of forty. During the last five years it has been edited by a man named Irish, who has thrown just so much time away, as he received only small pay, yet is one of the most delightful writers upon the Pacific coast, and by far the foremost orator.

LIKE A RAILROAD KING.

The Luxurious Manner in Which Queen Victoria Inspects Her Dominions.

Frank Leslie's Weekly.

Many times I have seen items in the American papers which said that the queen of England traveled very plainly; that her private carriage was no better than any other first-class English carriage. I wish right here to say that these reports are based upon no authentic evidence. An official of the Midland road took me into the queen's carriage as it stood in St. Pancras station, and I must say that it is as fine as any Pullman car ever built—and that is saying a good deal. The walls of the saloon are of satinwood, highly polished. The cushions are of white silk embroidered in gold thread. A garter containing her motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," surrounds her initials, V. R. Her large chair—and it takes a large one, too—is at the back of the carriage and faces the engine. At her hand is a silver plate in which are electric enunciators, pressing which she can call her different attendants, who occupy another compartment. Three other easy chairs are in her compartment, besides a satin-wood table about six feet long and three feet wide, upon which were piled the latest English, French, German and American periodicals. The carpet is of velvet, and in a good state of preservation, considering it has been in use over fifteen years. The curtains at the windows and a portiere are hung on silver poles. The door handles are solid silver, and the whole saloon has the appearance of solid luxury. Victoria, herself, selected the furnishings, which are said to pattern after the white drawing room at Windsor castle. The whole saloon, with fittings, cost between $30,000 and $35,000. The carriage is about half the length of an ordinary American railroad car. At first sight the carriage impressed me as being gaudy, but this idea wore away in a moment.

The railway official informed me that the queen paid about $1.90 per mile for traveling, besides first-class fare for each of her party. As the official from whom I received my information was in a position to know, this explodes other reports that the queen and her suite always travel free.

GETTING RID OF SUNBURN.

A Method of Disposing of the Tan From the Summer Vacation.

Just now the women are returning from seashore and country-side, and most of them bear with them the marks of their outing in the shape of a more or less deep shade of tan. A writer who seems to know what she is talking about talks to the women about how to remove the sunburn. "Select an hour," she says, "when you are not going to be interrupted by anything at all, for the process is rather a long one and is decidedly a solemn one. Begin by pinching your face all over. Pinch even your precious nose until your whole face is just as red as it can be and the blood seems bursting through the skin. Do not make it sore, you know, but pinch it thoroughly. Next take a pan of boiling water and set it on something low, so that you can hold your face over it and get the full benefit of the steam. Renew the water three times during the twenty minutes in which you hold your face over the basin, and, if necessary, put a towel around your head to keep in the steam. The perspiration should drip from every pore.

"Now, when you have done this, rub the skin lightly with lemon juice. This will smart at first, and should be applied very cautiously, or the tingling sensation may be more than a woman cares to endure, even though she be willing to make a martyr of herself for the sake of her looks. Rub the face lightly with the lemon juice, and when this has been done, apply some cold cream quickly to the face, and then, while the cream is getting in its softening process, go to bed and take a little nap.

"This can be repeated as often as three times a week, and is bound to make the reddest or the brownest skin rival the lily or the peach inside of six weeks."

It Turned His Heart to Praise.

Jewelers' Weekly.

Deacon (of the Mt. Pisgah Colored Methodist church to the retiring pastor)—De flock hab tuk up a c'lection an' bought yer dis heah 'stantial timepiece to show de lub dey feels to deir pas-pasture.

The Pastor (examining the Waterbury)—Brederin an' sistern, I's ovah. come wif gratitude, an' can't find words to express my feelin's. De congregation will jine in singin' "Dere Nebah Endin' Spring Abides."

ONLY TWO WEEKS MORE!

OF THE

OF THE CROWNING GLORY OF THE YEAR

THE MARVELOUS

MINNEAPOLIS

EXPOSITION

For on Saturday, Sept. 26, it will be as a tale that is told. Remember, that four supreme factors, viz: Energy, Enterprise, Money and Brains, have combined to make this the best exhibition of the

INDUSTRIES, ARTS

—AND—

SCIENCES

Ever witnessed in the Northwest. And they have succeeded, so

You Can't Afford to Miss It!

Tuesday Night!

Reproduction of the

SIEGE of VERA CRUZ

With new and sensational features.

Be Sure to See the Great Attractions in the Exposition.

25c ADMISSION 25c

A PORTUGUESE COURTSHIP

Laborious Processes by Which an Acquaintance Is Achieved.

The Portuguese are very conservative in their ideas of the position of women in society, and they got their ideas from their Moorish masters in bygone centuries. Consequently girls lead a very shut-in life; they go regularly to mass Sunday mornings and take occasional walks during the week, always accompanied by one or two chaperons. Young men never call at the house, and if they did would not be admitted "except on business." The strictness leaves but one way open for an interchange of sentiments, and that is the window, and it is quite the thing to make use of it. It is not considered ill-bred to stare in Portural; a man may stare at a girl he does not know as long as he likes; he must not do so to a girl he has been introduced to unless she gives him some encouragement by returning his glances. A girl will sit at her window all the afternoon looking into the street, and her adorer from the street looks at her, and this is so much the custom that it attracts no attention from the passers-by. From looks they proceed to bows, to smiles, to a few words, then he follows her to church, finds out if she is going to the theater, and goes too, serenades her with his guitar on moonlight nights, and finally makes an offer to her father. He is then received by the family, and allowed to come to the house in a quiet way till the wedding, and after that the young couple usually live either with her parents or with his, and the even tenor of their life continues.

WATCH CLUBS ILLEGAL.

At Least They Are Held to Be Lotteries According to New Hampshire Law.

Jewelers' Weekly.

A jeweler of Grafton county, New Hampshire, recently wrote to the attorney general, inclosing the prospectus of a watch club which he was about to organize, and inquiring whether or not conducting business on the system he had adopted would be a violation of the laws.

Attorney General Barnard replied as follows: "I have no hesitation in saying that the scheme is a lottery within the meaning of the laws of New Hampshire. It involves substantially the same sort of gambling as any other lottery. It appeals to the same disposition for engaging in hazard and chance with the hope of a great return for a small outlay."

His Latest Acquisition.

Life.

Stillman—Jay Gould is altogether too grasping. He seems to be trying to get possession of the whole country. He owns all the railroads and telegraph lines—

Dewitt—And the actors.

Stillman—The actors?

Dewitt—Yes; they are almost all jays.

Racing authorities in Australia will not allow any horse to start for a stake or purse after his tail has been banged or docked.

RECIPE FOR NEW DRESS.

1 last year's gown, faded and dingy; 1 spool thread, 1 spool silk, 2 packages Diamond Dyes.

Rip the dress and clean thoroughly. Put into the dyebath while wet, as directed on package. After dyeing, wash, dry and press. Then make in some new style.

The result will surprise those unaccustomed to the use of Diamond Dyes, for no one could tell the dyed dress from a brand new one.

LOCAL MENTION.

Save Time, Trouble and Loss

By taking title insurance instead of an abstract and attorney's opinion.

AMUSEMENTS.

LYCEUM THEATER.

One Week, Beginning Sunday, Sept. 13. Saturday Matinee Only.
THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN,
FREDERICK WARDE
in a Grand Production of the **"Lion's Mouth."** Saturday Night, Only Time, **"The Bonnebank."** Seats Now on Sale. Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.

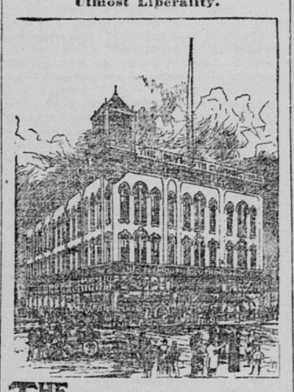
BIJOU!

Both Play and Players Make A HIT! | The Old, Old Story.

Matinee Wednesday at 2:30. Next Sunday matinee, "A Trip to Chinatown."

FALL STYLES READY.

Suits, Overcoats, Furnishings, Hats and Caps, Furs, Boots and Shoes. Complete Outfits for Men and Boys.
Largest Variety.
Lowest Prices.
Utmost Liberality.



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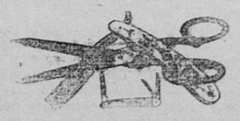

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