MAIDENS, WIVES AND MOTHERS.

How to Guess a Bride--She Is No Longer a Shrinking, Sentimental Creature--Shawls Coming Into Style Again--Stories for the Fair.

"THAT'S a bride," said one woman tourist to a younger companion.

They were passing the International hotel toward the Goat island bridge, says the New York Recorder.

The young woman indicated was walking before them, beside a masculine companion.

"Cousin Anna, thas isn't a bride! Why, she hasn't a flower bonnet or a silk dress, and she isn't hanging to her husband's arm. I believe it's her brother."

"My dear, I've been coming here for thirty years. I've always made a point of looking out for brides, and I can tell you positively that style has quite gone out, and there arn't any affectionate bridal couples nowadays. Don't look so horrified—I mean publicly affectionate. There used to be, but I haven't seen one for ten years. It's time that old joke was dropped."

The Old-Time Bride.

The tourist remembers, back in the sixties, a certain bride of the old order. She was timid and petite. It was before the day of Charles Dudley Warner's tall girl. She lifted the weight of her trimmed and trailing skirt when she tiptoed on her high-heeled shoes. She uttered ecstatic screams at the sight of the "lovely falls," and begged Charlie to hold her tight when they stood on Prospect Point.

She subsisted chiefly upon sponge cake.

"Darling, you have eaten nothing today," her husband would say, bending over her.

"Well, dearest, I'm not hungry. You know my appetite is delicate, but perhaps I could eat a little sponge cake."

"My love, I'll send to the hotel for some at once."

This bride never tired of a sponge cake diet. She nibbled it at the hotel table as well as on her daily trips.

The Indian Squaw's Bequest.

Where can be found now the cooing, fresh-toileted creature clinging timidly to an adoring man? Where can be seen the caressing pair which is supposed to furnish public entertainment?

At Niagara, no doubt, a generation back. The "big waters" had a Mecca-like attraction for newly wedded couples.

Very likely an Indian pair set the fashion years ago. Passing along the side of the great cataract on their wedding journey to the new wigwam, the silent little squaw stepped meekly in the track of her brave, and cast down a spell of submissive dependence on the pale-faced sisters who have followed. But the bride doesn't go to Niagara as often as formerly, and has shaken off much traditional weight. Today it is a difficult thing to "spot" a bride. When she is recognized, the tourist is inclined to note her with a capital B. She seems so sufficient unto herself that he wonders why she brought her husband.

She speaks to him with casual frankness. She is to the fore with her guide book, and comments upon the sights after the way of the tourist world. She avoids the newest attire; wearing a last season's Mackintosh and a hat of her maiden days.

A Modern Bridal Couple.

The couple lately noted by the tourist were of the newest type. They gave the impression of having spent much of their trip on hill and stream. Both were deeply sunburnt, and bore about them the breezy atmosphere of an outdoor life.

The husband was attentive, but not lover-like in his manner. The bride's manner was frank. She did not cling. She was vigorously upright. She did not favor sponge cake, but she took a hearty interest in her dinner. She was close skirted and thick booted, but just as pretty as the bride of the war days.

An amusing bride made a short connection on the Central road one day last week. She was not recognized by any one but the watchful tourist. She had with her a beautiful setter, with whom she shared her seat while her husband read a paper on the other side of the aisle.

The Dog Had the Advantage.

The bride put her arm about the dog's neck and talked to him affectionately, pointing out objects of interest for his benefit. To this attention he responded by licking her face and tearing her skirt. Perhaps the groom was of less progressive mind than his wife, or forgot the part expected of him. He sometimes looked across the aisle as if he would like similar attention.

"My eye hurts me," he remarked pensively, while trying to extract a cinder.

"Does it? Don't rub it. I believe you're getting a sty." To the dog: "Come up here, deary. Keep your nose out of the aisle, Bunny. Oh, I haven't washed your face today."

This she proceeded to do while her husband mopped his eyes in loneliness.

A Mark of Indifference.

A pretty little Southern bride sat opposite the tourists at the hotel table. She gave careful consideration to the menu. She commented upon the dining hall decorations and looked interestedly over the news. Now and then, through a chink in this self-possession, she gave a momentarily forgetful glance at her husband, which told the tale. But the dark eyes were so pretty in their unconscious frankness that the little touch of sentiment has a pleasant remembrance.

Western brides cover their identity with more vivacity than their Southern and Eastern sisters, but are just as successful.

The brides in all parts of the land know well that the trail of a foregone sentimentality is over them, and they are determined to cast it off.

The Only Exception.

There has been but one bride seen this year who took a nap on her husband's shoulders, and she was a bride with toothache. The tourist can state positively that the sentimental couple belongs to a past age; that the bride of a truly modern spirit walks with serene composure through the highways and byways of a wedding journey.

SHAWLS AGAIN IN FAVOR.

Genesis, History and Possibilities of This Ancient Garment.

THE shawl always was and always will be the companion of woman, a sort of friend indeed, says the Boston Globe.

When a woman starts to see her neighbor in a hurry, what does she seize? A cloak or jacket?

Not if she has a shawl handy.

If she wants to meet her lover just around the corner, or, like the fair Juliet, wants to meet him in the garden, what does she wear? A jacket or cape?

No; it is a shawl.

And if she doesn't take a shawl she ought to. It will give the young man a chance to show his chivalry by wrapping it more closely around the shoulders of his inamorata.

Welcome the shawl by all means. With the shawl the mantilla will follow.

Don't fear, my dear neighbor. If the shawl will come it will be received with welcome by the ever quick-witted American girl.

The shawl is the only remnant handed down to us from the graceful Greek draperies so much admired by men and women of today.

The Arab women wear the shawl, only they call it a haibe.

The Arab negroes wear a smaller one, and they call it the futtah.

Well, if the American woman chooses, she could call it a teplum.

Nothing is more appropriate for a woman in the Lenten season than being clad in somber costume, with a shawl and mantilla to match. With these at her disposal, a smart woman will be able to show off her taste.

A hat and a jacket are more fit for a carriage drive. But take, for instance, a lady going to church. Let her wear her shawl drawn close to her shoulders, the rest hanging down. Let her put a black mantilla on her head, just dropped on as she drops a napkin on her breakfast table; let it fall naturally just a little over her forehead, and pinned in front.

That garb will show that her mind is only for things divine. It will give her a charming appearance very taking with men from sixty to eighty.

Later in the day she can draw up the shawl a little closer, so that it will reach only to her waist.

She might tie it with a careless, loose knot in front, or, if the shawl is of crepe de chine the two ends can be drawn behind. In either way the beautiful fringe will set off the dress, be it ever so plain.

The mantilla could now be caught up from both sides above the temples and there fastened with pretty jeweled pins or a dagger.

Give a large fan to this lady, and let Mother Nature do her share.

The city of Boston possesses one of the best public gardens in the world. Why not make it a flowery salon of 1892?

What can be more charmingly romantic than our public garden seen by moonlight, with its boats floating in the silvery lake?

Think what a picture the Boston women would make there, dressed in light clothes, with white crepe shawls thrown loose on their shoulders and white mantillas just pinned at the back of their heads!

Oh, the American girl doesn't know what she will lose by not adopting the shawl, if it should come in style.

A woman never looks so pretty as when she looks down or up from under a mantilla, black or white. The young man cannot resist her.

WHAT IS A LADY?

Ridiculous Misapplications of This Term.

NOT long since I was talking with a person who had been visiting our state penitentiary, and was very much impressed by all that he saw, says the Chicago Herald. After telling me of the various departments visited, etc., he added: "I was very sorry that I did not have time to visit the 'ladies' department;' my train left before I got round to that."

A good man was addressing the convicts at a certain prison last week, and prefaced his speech with "gentlemen."

A colored washerwoman applied for laundry work, and astounded the head of the house by asking, "Where is the woman who advertised for a lady to wash?"

Every day the ridiculous misapplication of the terms "lady" and "gentleman" are brought home to us. The papers are full of advertisements that are as unconsciously humorous as anything that finds its way into a comic almanac. The truth of the matter is, that the label has got shifted, and the tag that once denoted the choice rose and the rare exotic is displayed on the weed and the kitchen leek.

Nobody who is common and coarse has any right to be called a lady. I don't care if she is well-dressed and rides in a carriage with a coat-of-arms as big as a tea tray. If she used bad grammar, or flaunts pretentious jewelry, or displays a toothpick on the streets, or chews gum, or is vulgar and slangy of speech; if she talks in a loud and offensive tone at the theater when people around her wish to listen to the play, if she enters a place of amusement purposely late to make a sensation, if she is untidy in her habits or offensive in her manners, if she domineers over the weak and toadies to the rich and influential, she is no lady, and eternity itself will never make her one.

If a man spits on the floor, or on a public stairway, or in a car, or anywhere but in a cuspidor, or in the remotest confines of a dungeon cell, he has no more right to be classed with gentlemen than a sprinkling cart has to be classed with works of art.

A genuine lady is modest, sweet-mannered, spirited, unobtrusive, kind and without malice. Browning describes her in the prettiest tribute to womanhood ever penned—"Made her of spirit fire and dew."

Another instance of the multiform phases of every expressed idea or topic. When I said in my heads of a recent issue that heredity and environment allowed to every man his place and his destiny, I did not intend to advance the doctrine of fanaticism, but I do believe and maintain that both heredity and environment largely shape an individual's power to choose, and his record both here and in heaven.

If a child born of correct stock and reared amid delicate surroundings turns out a credit and a blessing to the age in which he lives, is there much praise to be given him as a free agent? Why should he not choose to be noble when all his environments tend to make him so? If he goes astray and commits a criminal offense do we not immediately quote the Bible text about the "sins of the father," etc., and put him down as marked with the evil brand of remotely inherited sin?

So I hold, in the face of all charges of maintaining a pernicious doctrine opposed to free agency, that it is time the majesty of the law asserted itself against the evil and infinite perpetuation of bad blood. If you allowed mongrel breeding in stock the world would soon be full of curs and hacks; why not interpose some obstacle in the way of perpetuation of bad human stock?

AS TO NECKLACES.

They are to be no longer worn clasped about the throat of beauty, but rather draped across her bodice as a decoration. Of course, while the Princess of Wales extends her gracious influence over feminine fashion the collarette and festooned necklace will never go quite out. Indeed an odd little necklace may be said to be just coming in as an adjunct to the collarless gown. This is an inch-wide black velvet ribbon on which is sewed a collection of old jewels of divers kinds, quaint crosses from ancient abbeys, old medals of forgotten sovereigns, miniatures, and all manner of interesting curios which make a trinket necessitating so much trouble and expense in collecting, as well as skill in arranging, that it will not be liable to become vulgar through too great popularity. Mrs. Astor affects this velvet ribbon collarette covered thick with her magnificent jewels. But you will not see it worn by the young maids or matrons. The woman who is lucky enough to possess a smooth round throat, with those two soft creases under the slope of the chin known as the "Venus collar," and the exquisite depression at the base of the throat that the poets call Cupid's kissing place, leaves her white neck and shoulders unadorned, save by their own beauty, and festoons her necklaces among the lockets, pins and pendants that blaze upon the corsage of her evening gowns, or shine in glittering array upon the bodice of her dinner dress.

It is hinted that Lady Brooke is responsible for this new fancy, for the lily column of her justly celebrated throat is rarely adorned with either necklace or chain. Among the revivals are the old-time rings in hoop shape set with diamonds. The diamonds are placed in a row with just gold enough to form a setting.

NOVELTIES IN PARASOLS.

Some Very Stylish Ones With Wide Range of Prices.

SPEAKING of some of the very chic and handsome designs in parasols reminds me of a pretty white silk one I saw the other day, having two rows of real lace insertion set on in points on the top, says the New York Fashion Bazar. A lace rosette ornaments the top at the center and a handsome silk fringe finishes off the edge.

The more serviceable ones, however, are in the dark shades. There are some very pretty ones in these, too.

A beautiful one in lavender had the silk top trimmed in points, with a lace ruche of a paler shade.

Another very handsome one was of retwilled silk and trimmed with black gauze. The trimmings consisted of a full puff of gauze all around the edge and on top of the center. This had a black stick resembling a gentleman's walking stick.

One other pretty one, somewhat similar, and intended for real dry weather occasions, was of red glace silk, trimmed up each rib with black ostrich trimming, and also around the edge. A very handsome black silk fringe formed an extra finish around the edge. A very pretty handle accompanied this; it was of natural wood, with four gold bands a quarter of an inch in width at the top of it.

Many very odd handles are formed of crooked sticks, twisted apparently without method or reason, but withal they are very stylish and look real chic.

We sometimes see handles of carved ivory and mother of pearl, and also some of the finest hand-painted china ones; but they are very delicate, and almost too expensive to become common.

And have you seen those stylish parasols of printed fabrics, which will probably be carried on shopping expeditions and for running about use in general?

Ruffles and puffs, ribbon and lace and flowers, all form the chief attractions in the way of ornamenting the new sunshades.

I will tell you, girls—those of you who bought a pretty new silk parasol last year and do not wish to purchase another this season—just how to transform your old one into the sweetest kind of a this-year's style.

If it be a plain one—say in white—get some cream-colored chiffon (for your parasol will probably not be pure white by this time), and put a broad puff, say eight inches wide, all along the outer edge. Buy some cream moire ribbon and sew it artistically around the top a little above the chiffon, in points or in a scallop design—anything to make it odd and thoroughly original.

Make a large rosette of chiffon and ribbon and sew it around the stick at the top. A large silk tassel or bunch of ribbon gives a pretty finish to the stick.

Some girls who greatly love flowers would put a small bunch of buttercups or violets (artificial, of course,) here and there, all around in the chiffon puff, and mingle a few in with the rosette on top.

So much for sunshades of the future.

A PAPER RACK

That will make a handsome and useful gift can be made by purchasing a strip of transparent celluloid thirty-two inches long by twelve inches wide, and a piece of cream white satin eight inches wide by nine long.

On the satin embroider in Kensington stitch with filo floss of the natural colors, a bunch of yellow tulips and thin, long, slender leaves. Four inches from one end of the celluloid strip cut an opening eight inches long by seven wide, leaving a space of two and a half inches on each side; four inches above and twenty below.

In the frame so made place the embroidered satin and make it fast by pasting the edges to the under side.

Fold the celluloid strip so that the ends meet and a roll is formed midway. Then cut slits for the ribbon, as indicated in the drawing, and tie fast with a bow of yellow satin ribbon. Lastly, paint with gold bronze the words, "The daily news," and the rack will be complete.

The scissors case which is suggested in the illustration can be made either a simple or a more costly gift, according to the sort of scissors used. If furnished with a pair of the best steel, even though the handles be the plainest possible, the case makes an attractive trifle, but if provided with shears with handles of wrought silver it becomes a comparatively costly object.

To make a case suitable for scissors of ordinary size, cut a piece of stiff cardboard eight inches long by four wide. Curve the upper end slightly, and slope the lower as the drawing shows. Then cut a second cardboard piece three inches deep so that it will exactly fit the smaller end of the larger piece.

Embroider in gray chamois or suede pansies with a simple conventional border for the smaller pieces, and a bow of ribbon matching one of the lighter shades used for the flowers for the larger.

Cover the two pieces of braid very neatly, using soft gray silk for the back of each, then baste the two firmly together. Finish all the edges with close, fine buttonhole stitch done in gray twisted silk, and slip the scissors under the edge of the smaller piece of board.

AN AMERICAN BELLE.

The Daughter of Senator Brice Considered the True Type.

MISS BRICE, the daughter of Senator Brice, is probably the girl who has made the most marked sensation of the winter. She is the forerunner of a new type. Her wealth has, of course, made her a figure for unlimited attentions from all the available men, but Miss Brice seems almost unconscious of her own attractions. It is generally conceded that she is fine looking, and those who only see her casually imagine that she is beautiful. Her greatest attractions are her eyes and a magnificent suit of soft brown hair that rolls back from a low, broad forehead, being caught in a peculiar knot at the nape of the neck.

Many girls have tried to imitate that coil, but without being able to produce the desired effect. Her eyes are deep and soft, and their power to fascinate is shown in the number of young men who stand about waiting for a chance to speak to her. This has been the case especially at her mother's receptions, and it has been the means of winning for Miss Brice the affection of many of the matrons, who find her always looking after their pleasure and comfort before turning her attention for a moment to the patient waiters. She is just a sensible, well-educated girl, with anything but a modern attitude toward her mother, whom she thinks is the only woman in the world.

And with all these old-fashioned notions she is full of life, is a bright talker and fond of pleasure. This is just the type of society girl the American girl will make when she knows herself better and reaches her majority. Miss Brice only left the Sacre Cœur at Paris last fall, and the designers are working on a stained-glass window for the Ohio school from which Mrs. Brice graduated, in which one of the figures has Miss Brice's face and head.

WHAT'S A KISS?

SOME time ago London Tid-Bits offered a two-guinea prize for the best definition of a kiss. Seven thousand answers were received, among them the following:

Cupid's sealing-wax.

The soul's ambassador.

The report at headquarters.

The striking of a love match.

Nothing divided between two.

The essence of tulips (two lips).

An unspeakable communication.

The poorest mother's richest gift.

The acme of agony to a bashful man.

The missing link between body and soul.

Woman's food, man's luxury, boy's physic.

The sweetest labial of the world's language.

A good impression made by the seal of love.

That in which two heads are better than one.

The lover's privilege and the pug dog's right.

Draughts of nectar from the lips of innocence.

The only known "smack" that will calm a storm.

Nature's Volapuk—the universal language of love.

Printing without ink, leaving no visible impression.

The sovereign tincture in our household dispensary.

Everybody's acting edition of "Romeo and Juliet."

It is like the wind that blows; it is felt but not seen.

The safety-valve to an exuberance of tender feelings.

The only gift a generous lover likes to get back again.

The best plaster for the wounds given in domestic tiffs.

The drop that runneth over when the cup of love is full.

Love's happiest expression and sorrow's tenderest balm.

Contraction of the mouth due to enlargement of the heart.

The dew gathered from the lip's of earth's fairest flower.

A lip salve, often tried as a specific in affections of the heart.

Cupid's cruising smack, the crews of which are generally lovesick.

The only delight of the gods that mortals are permitted to enjoy.

A simple thing in which a whole world of meaning is sometimes hidden.

A telegram to the heart in which the operator uses the "sounding" system.

The only really agreeable two-faced action under the sun or the moon either.

That which you cannot give without taking, and cannot take without giving.

A kiss resembles a short sermon, consisting of two heads and an application.

Woman's passport to her husband's purse, and man's passport to a woman's heart.

What man struggles for before marriage, what woman struggles for after marriage.

A thunder clap of the lips which inevitably follows the lightning glance of the eyes.

The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction.

What the child receives free, what the young man steals and what the old man buys.

The sweetest fruit on the tree of love. The oftener plucked the more abundant it grows.

A kiss is three parts of speech—a transitive verb, an invisible noun and a visible conjunction.

What the chimney-sweeper imprinted on the rosy lips of the scullery maid when she told him she favored his soot.

Of use to no one, but much prized by two. The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parent's benison and the hypocrite's mask.

A woman's most effective argument, whether to cajole the heart of a father, control the humors of a husband, or console the griefs of childhood.

An old-fashioned telegraphic arrangement for transmitting from one person to another various sensations that cannot be transmitted correctly by any other medium known.

That which is exchanged between two persons, is something while in the act of exchanging, nothing after the exchange is made, and for which neither can show value received.

A SOCIETY GIRL'S DAY.

She Works Just as Hard as Do Her Poorer Sisters.

DO YOU know that a genuine society girl or woman commences the day not earlier than 9 a. m.? She has probably been out pretty late the night before, and even three or four hours later than the rest of the world is astir is early enough for her, says the Philadelphia Times.

Before breakfast her hair has been brushed thoroughly. A cold bath and brisk rubbing down have put her in condition to begin her labors, and while she sips her chocolate she reads her letters and settles her plans for the day.

With the last round of toast and drop of chocolate her maid appears, and a tailor-made walking gown is donned. She writes half a dozen notes in answer to invitations, etc., then descends to her mother's apartments preparatory to her morning rounds, and the clock strikes 10.

Once in the street she must hurry to the manicure's for her daily rubbing and polishing, from there to Prof. Dinklespeil to brush away the cobwebs in her German, as the greatest catch of the season is Baron ——, whom she must captivate, but who only speaks the tongue of his fatherland.

After the skirmish with German tenses comes the fifteen minutes' gymnastic drill, an appointment at the dressmakers', a hurried call on an intimate friend, then a luncheon.

By this time you would imagine that she would have no energy left, but wait, the day has just begun. After wading through eight or ten courses of unpronounceable French messes, consuming caviare, olives and truffles with the appetite of a hero undaunted, she enters on the afternoon. From three to half-past a sitting for the famous artist, who is doing all the beauties of the season; 3:30 to 4, with the class in French conversation that she must attend, for that charming attache admires her accent so much and it will never do to get rusty.

At 4 she reaches home, puts on a loose gown and practices Chopin for twenty minutes. Then comes the afternoon toilette, the carriage is ordered and she makes half a dozen calls, drops in to three or four teas, and arrives home at 6:30. A glass of wine and a biscuit fortifies her for the next ordeal, that of dressing for dinner.

At 7 she meets at table the baron and the delightful attache, and endeavors to keep up a sustained conversation with both, while a little man across the way is boring her with his hobby, which she must humor and which she read up in the carriage, as he has money enough to cover all his faults and has been heard to remark that "she is a sensible woman and knows what she is talking about," praise which, coming from him, means a great deal, and she determines tomorrow to scour the libraries in the neighborhood and wade through this especial theme if she has to buy his latest works in order to do so.

A little later they drop in the theater for the last act, and then are whirled off to Mrs. Ponsonby Smith's ball, where she dances every dance, and is driven home at 3 a. m., tired out.

Not then is she allowed to rest, for the tyrannical maid, with bath prepared, insists upon the beauty-giving plunge, and almost too sleepy to see, she is rubbed down and massaged until worn out with the day's labor the society girl closes her eyes in slumber.

HER MOST FASCINATING AGE.

Dangerous to Say When a Woman Becomes Passe.

AT what age under the old regime a woman was considered passee it would be dangerous to say—presumably soon after she had quitted her teens. Swift wrote with cruel candor of Stella's fading charms, and sent her as a birthday gift a rhymed "Receipt to Restore Her Lost Youth," at a period that we should consider the prime of life. The caustic dean of St. Patrick's wondering

How angels look at thirty-six

proves a sharp contrast to a more modern writer, Prof. Lewes, who, in his "Life of Goethe," speaks of thirty-three as a fascinating period of a woman's life, being that in which he considered her to have reached the full development of her powers of mind and body, says the Chicago Herald.

Such a sentiment would once have been considered a rank heresy, yet thirty-three was the age at which Frau von Stein proved dangerous to the heart of the poet who had survived the more youthful charms of a Gretchen, a Charlotte and Lili.

Prof. Lewes' view seemed to be based on the old French idea of each age having its distinct and honorable position and limitations. No people, perhaps, appreciate more perfectly the innocent flower-like beauty of adolescence than the French. Like the loveliness of childhood, it is to them a joy and delight to be made much of while it lasts, and, like that period, it is expected to have its definite limits.

The line between jeune fille and vielle fille is in that polite land drawn with a sharper and more merciless hand than in our own; yet it is the glory of that French life, with its clear and practical limitations and its adoration of youthful beauty, to have presented the finest flower of courtesy that the world has ever known, to women who had lost the charms of early youth and ruled the minds, and even the hearts of men, by their wit and their wisdom, their vivacity and their grace.

It is impossible to read any description of salon life in Paris without realizing the immense power that such women as Mme. de Rambouillet, Mme. Deffand, who could tolerate everything but the commonplace, Mme. Necker, her brilliant daughter, Mme. de Stael, and her cherished friend, Mme. d'Houdetot, exercised in literary and political, as well as in social matters.

Our Peculiar Language.

Detroit Free Press.

They stopped to look in the store windows, and she remarked that she must soon have a new dress.

"And I must have a new suit," said her husband; "the one I have on is worn out."

"How can that be?" asked his wife. "it looks as good as new."

"But I have worn it out all the same," he said, and she tumbled to the situation.

HE PLAYED SHERIFF

And Arrested a Gay Party of Poker Players.

A rather funny incident occurred on the line of the Union Pacific railroad Sunday last, in which some of the male members of the Roland Reed company and the talented comedian participated, says the Denver News. It appears that the said male members are rather fond of a little social game of draw-poker, of course, strictly confined to their own members, and in which, when time hangs heavy en route from town to town, they indulge. Now if there is anything Mr. Reed abhors more than another, it is card-playing, especially when it is carried on for filthy lucre, and he has much conscientious scruples against its being indulged in on the Sabbath.

But to proceed: On Sunday the company left Kansas City for Denver on the 10:35 a. m. train. Towards noon one of the company proposed their usual railroad game, and, as they were quartered in a magnificent Pullman, they requested the porter to furnish them with one of those handy little tables sometimes placed between the seats. Prompted by Mr. Reed, the conductor of the car, informed the anxious players that it was one of the rules of the Pullman company that there must be no card-playing in their cars on Sunday. So it was agreed that they adjourn to the chair car, where they we told they could play. And with a little tip to the porter, they succeeded in getting fixed nicely for their little game.

The party consisted of Mr. Marsh, the leading man; Mr. Pennoyer, the treasurer; Julian Reed, stage manager; Mr. Smiley and Mr. Davidge. The game being rather an interesting one, through the jokes and facetious remarks of the party, it attracted the attention of the balance of the male occupants of the car, who surrounded the party, enjoying it hugely. At Lawrence the train was detained some little time, but the players continued the game, which was interrupted rather suddenly, and, to their horror, by the appearance of a rather tough looking specimen of humanity displaying conspicuously a huge Colt's revolver in a belt about his person.

This unwelcome individual informed the party that he was the sheriff of the county, and he proposed to put them under arrest for gambling within the town limits of Lawrence, where card-playing was strictly prohibited, and the train conductor entering just then, he (the sheriff) demanded in the name of the law that the train be held till he could take the party from the car, or until such time as they could pay him, as representative of the county, the amount of the fine to which they were liable, $10 each.

Consternation seized the party, who with blanched faces were wondering how they were to get out of the scrape they were in. They pleaded in vain, and as the sheriff was inexorable in his demand they were forced to shell out, and it is safe to say it broke up that party of poker players as they never were broken up before.

Last night, after the performance of "The Club Friend" at the Tabor Grand, Mr. Reed extended a cordial invitation to E. B. Jack, his manager, and the company to a little champagne supper at his rooms at the Metropole, when, after a most delightfully jovial time, he informed the members of the party that they were indebted to themselves alone for the blow-out, as the proceeds of the little Sunday poker game had furnished the money.

Roland had put up a little job on the boys, having the consent and assistance of the conductor and the help of a fellow-passenger, who, with a little prompting by Reed, had personated the county sheriff in such a manner as to prove himself to be as good an actor on the stage as any of the party.

Moral: Never play poker on Sunday unless the sheriff takes a hand.

A False Report.

It is hinted that Superintendent Byrnes, of the New York police, will inaugurate a new Sunday closing movement, beginning with Dr. Parkhurst.

DICKINSON'S!

FOURTH, FIFTH AND ST. PETER STREETS, ST. PAUL.

WE CLOSE EVERY DAY AT 6 P. M.

OUR GUARANTEE—We will cheerfully take back anything we sell, and *refund* the money, if the goods are returned in perfect condition within one week of date of purchase. We know that we sell nothing but the best goods, which cannot fail to give satisfaction; hence our confidence as shown in our guarantee.

Special Cut Prices —ON— **Granite Ironware** FOR THREE DAYS.

Granite Ironware cut to almost half-price. These are regular goods, not "seconds." Every piece warranted not to chip.

Granite Iron Teapot, 1½-qt., worth $1, cut to 68c..

Granite Iron Coffee Pot, 2-qt., worth $1.25, cut to 78c.

Granite Iron Coffee Pot, 3-qt., worth $1.50, cut to 89c.

Granite Iron Sauce Pans cut to

9	10	12	14	16	18	20	22	24
½-qt	¾-qt	1-qt	1½-qt	2-qt	2½-qt	3-qt	4-qt	6-qt
18c	20c	24c	27c	33c	39c	49c	58c	63c

Granite Iron Wash Bowls, with rings, worth 50c, 65c and 75c; our cut price for this sale, 35c, 39c and 45c.

No. 7 Granite Iron Tea Kettles, worth $2, cut to $1.39.
No. 8 Granite Iron Tea Kettles, worth $2.50, cut to $1.68.
No. 9 Granite Iron Tea Kettles, worth $3, cut to $1.98.

Granite Iron Milk and Pudding Pans from 19c up. Granite Iron Pie Plates 15c.

10-qt. Granite Iron Water Pail, worth $1.50, cut to 37c.

MAGAZINES.

In spite of the efforts of the local newsdealers to compel us to raise our prices on Magazines, by letters and complaints to Eastern publishers, we still continue to sell Magazines for less money than small dealers have to pay, and at much less than subscription prices.

TRY US.

CUPS AND SAUCERS

Your choice of Decorated China Cannelle Teacups and Saucers in 3 decorations; or Decorated China Ovide Coffee-cups and Saucers in 6 decorations, all choice and traced with gold. Our regular low price is 40c; special two days,

25c.

LAMPS.

Heavily Nickel-Plated Central Draft Lamps, complete with 10-inch white dome shade; regular price $1.85; special two days,

$1.39.

PLAYING CARDS.

"Rambler" Playing Cards with new finish: can be sponged clean when soiled; worth 15 cents. For two days,

9c.

CUSPIDORS.

Austrian China Cannelle-Shaped Cuspidors, decorated in shaded tints and flowers; cheap at our regular price of 69c. Cut for two days to

39c

Knives and Forks.

A set of Sterling Silver Triple-Plated Knives and Forks, consisting of six knives and six forks; equal to any sold at $4; our low price,

$1.50.

BABY CARRIAGES.

A full-sized, all-reed body, upholstered in Damask, with plush roll; has Sateen Parasol with lace edge; either wood or wire wheels; well worth $7.39; our low price,

$5.00.

Tea Sets.

English Underglaze Tea Sets, 56 pieces, choice of two decorations; warranted not to crackle or craze; worth $5.00. Our usual low price $3.98. Special Two Days,

$2.75.

Perfumes.

Delettrez's Concentrated Essence, much superior and more lasting than their triple extracts. Sold everywhere at 50 cents an ounce. Special Two Days,

25c.

Woodworth's well known Triple Extracts, choice of twenty odors. Cut for Two Days Only to

22c oz.

Jardinieres.

Handsome decorated 9-inch Jardinieres, choice of three decorations, worth $2.00; our regular low price, $1.69. Special Two Days,

$1.10.

Calling Cards.

We engrave Calling Cards to order. We furnish a copper-plate and fifty cards for

$1.25.

Baby Carriages.

Handsome, all-reed, fancy body, upholstered in Damask, choice of four colors, Brussels Carpet mat, curved axles, celebrated Novelty spring, wood or wire wheels, combination rod; well worth $8.98. Special Two Days,

$6.98.

Special Bargains —ON— **Japanese Goods** —FOR— TWO DAYS.

(Or while they last.)

CUPS AND SAUCERS

A. D. Coffees and Teas in Kaga, Tokio and Yokohama ware, none worth less than 35c; sale price only

19c.

Sugars and Creamers

In six different styles and decorations, well worth 75c a set. Sale price only

42c Set.

BREAD BOATS.

Bamboo Work and Lacquered Ware, the price all over the country is 20c each, but our sale price will be only

12c

BOWLS,

Good size, old-fashioned blue and white decoration, worth 35c. Sale price only

15c

ST. PAUL FIRE AND MARINE

INSURANCE COMPANY,

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA.

Office in Company's Building, Corner Third and Jackson Streets.

Cash Capital,	$500,000.00
Reserve for Unearned Premium,	$746,819.84
Reserve for All Other Liabilities,	112,916.25
Net Surplus Over All Liability,	658,158.44
Total Cash Assets,	$2,017,894.53

Policies of Insurance issued against Fire, Lightning and Tornado. All losses promptly adjusted and paid. Losses paid policy holders since organization, $8,789,498.73. Agencies in all the principal cities and towns in the United States. We solicit a share of your business.

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If you suffer with lame back, especially in the morning ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS are a sure relief.

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If you use them once you will realize why so many plasters have been made in imitation of them. Like all good things they are copied as closely as the law allows. Don't be duped by taking an imitation when it is as easy to get the genuine.

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