Woman's Globe

A TRUE STORY.

How Jo's Wife Succeeded in Managing Her Husband.

Come, girls, if you want to know,
I'll tell you "how I kept in line" your Uncle Jo.
He was fond of sport, in a reckless way;
Would drink (he knew "where to stop," he'd say),
Gambled ("would risk but his own in play"),
Not a safe way, girls, not a safe way.

To a brute the most loving may grow by drink,
And cursed by this vice and gambling, he'll surely sink.
So 'round him love's meshes I sought to throw,
To hold him fast.
While I cheered him to rise,
To leave the unprofitable past;
For manhood never without a struggle dies;
Never without a struggle dies.

The years crept wearily by,
Whilst I waited as only the stricken may,
Hiding his faults from the public eye,
Patiently hoping from day to day
I smiled, so the world never knew,
How I tried to be brave,
And his honor to save.
He'd say, "I love you and some day!"
Alas, some day!

You wonder, "I'd with him stay,
And never a divorce was sought!"
Well, I've always thought,
"We are husband and wife,
Not for an hour, not for a day;
We are wed forever in life"—
'Tis the old-fashioned way;
True wife way.

So I bore my burden alone,
With none to hear my moan;
Through the long, long night
Sitting and waiting the morning light—
Waiting and dreading the morrow;
My heart breaking with its sorrow,
Till, like a thing, to hide,
Into the home so desecrated he'd glide.
Still, I served everything each day
In the gentlest, daintiest way;
Then shame-facedly he'd spy
"Sweet wife, it shall be better some day!"
Ah, me! Some day! some day!
"Yes," I thought, "while he's wasting his life,
And throwing his honor and manhood away,
'Tis not the time for strife,
Nor for crossness and scolding;
'Tis not well bitter things to say,
For who will help, if not his wife,
And love is best for holding,
Things will be better some day!"
Sweet day.

At last it came,
I feraed there was no chance to save his name.
He'd gambled more and more,
Other's money and his own the same.
"Oh, my heart! Wake up and do,
'Tis no time to sit and sigh;
Who will help, if not you?

Surely now the fault he'll rue."
"The money loss is sore,
But 'tis the loss of your manhood I deplore."
Well, we managed somehow—
It matters not now;
The blind began to see!
The vice-cursed man was free!
Happily, happily free.

So I laid my youth and ambition in the grave
While I did the duty that next me lay,
For it were belier my dear one to save;
And your Uncle Jo will always say,
His nobleness and worth are mine,
For I had the way of "holding a man in line."
So I'm glad today!
Glad a day!

—JO'S WIFE.

NOT GOODNESS ALONE.

The Best of Women Have Often the Worst Husbands.

As the contest thickens, I have read with attention the various views advanced by the daily readers of the GLOBE as to how best to keep a man in line! And I take it for granted the question is to be practically handled.

"Simply to catch a man, and then let him alone," is begging the question. The writer who confesses to being "up a stump" had better left her confessions unsaid. Every woman has a right to make an honest effort to keep her husband on the line, even if she fails to do so.

Sermons on the evil nature of man also seem "out of line" in this discussion.

Mere goodness will not always prevail, else why is it that the best women often have the worst husbands? Too great perfection revolts a man's imperfect nature, and we all object to that goodness which elevates every trifle into a crime.

Beauty is potent, but there is always some crisis in a man's life when mere beauty fails to avail. Physical charms even disgust when a man finds them to be linked with weakness or deception.

Love, a forgiving disposition, neither will always reform a man. I knew a drunkard who expected forgiveness "until seventy times seven," but it did not reform him.

Ideal wives do not produce ideal husbands.

People marry for various reasons—for convenience, for love, for caprice, for money—and they are surprised when they find, as find they must, that other things are necessary to a perfect union.

Now, whilst entirely opposite, there must be some common bond of union—congeniality, a sympathetic taste, interest or opinions. If these are lacking, then patience and tact must take their place.

The woman who yields is the one who wins in the long run.

"Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she beckons, she will follow."

Many a man is made by his wife. Most boys who rise to distinction in later life have had good mothers. The influence of women is potent for good or evil.

Cleopatra wrecked Marc Antony. Miss Millbank was the last woman in England to reform Lord Byron. Compatibility of temper should always enter into the married choice. Jane Walsh, with all her wit, failed to soften the rugged nature of Carlyle. His "Aydime" came too late to yield him that sympathy his egoism craved! D'Israeli's wife helped her husband to the premiership, and I might multiply examples. Men and women are the compliments of each other. Back of every failure or success in life we generally find a woman or a man. Harriet Martineau's and Hannah More's literary careers were decided by the blighting of their affections. Home comforts, a clean establishment, well-cooked viands, well-aired linen, well-behaved children, all go to make home attractive—of course all this care involves sacrifice—but this is in her very nature, where she loves! Tennyson sings:

"One will walk this world
Yoked in all exercise of noble end.
* * * * *
Yield thyself up;
Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself."

LADY ROSE.

THE ROPE WALKER.

Rhea Frederic Likens Life to Niagara's Whirlpool.

Law givers, law breakers and law counselors were members of ancient monarchies, and are members of modern republics.

Noted among law givers is Aristotle, who has given laws of thought among law breakers; William Tell, who broke Gesler's law among law counselors; Cato, who pleaded for Rome's safety by means of Carthage peril. Laws are given, broken and mended. A law is a line of thought or action, therefore the law giver and law receiver need to have some virtue in common in order that the regulations of one will moderate the passions of others. A law or a line of action is kept or broken in proportion the law giver is loved or feared by the law receiver. Many men have given laws which some keep and others violate, therefore it has needed centuries of time to harmonize several laws into one line of regulations which the majority of men keep.

Have you, reader, ever thought of the rope walker—how he when crossing from one stake to the other accomplishes such with ease and grace? How thoroughly need the performer understand to be on the line or not to be. The rope walker fulfills a double purpose, firstly to guard against danger and secondly to gain admiration.

Permit me to introduce Signorina Spellerini, who crossed the Niagara rapids, and for the present to be one of the bystanders who witness the deed.

The line or rope stretched across the water has been tested, the stakes are set with forethought, and the time of the event is published in the leading papers. Thousands of people are drawn thither, each impressed with the importance of the occasion, to wit: A line will be kept by an individual, be it man or woman; the deed is worthy of admiration.

The time for crossing the rapids is present. See how the Signorina courtesies: how she waves her hands to the multitude who are gathered wheresoever human foot can find support. After the greeting the crowd is lost sight off; the slender rope is her stronghold; the balance-pole her one earthly possession. She moves onward slowly but surely—the danger ignored, the admiration unnoticed. Perhaps a prayer for the daring person from one of the bystanders; perhaps her balance pole or lightness of step has aided her, or all elements combined have brought her across the rapids. The deed is accomplished; the end has been reached; great admiration for the rope-walker; thanks to the signorina, who has set an example which is worthy of imitation.

To lay down a general line of conduct, which each individual can keep, is futile, but of this be assured that if the line has been tested by love, the balance-pole named good-will, the multitude be reduced to the home circle, and roaring rapids becomes an abyss ready to devour whosoever misses a step, and a prayer whispered by the one nearest and dearest to the performer, the line will be kept and honor given to the one who induced the action.

RHEA FREDERIC.

IT FETCHES HIM.

He Fears to Be Left With Nine Children on His Hands.

Of course, "man" means husband; few are interested in refractory brothers, and sweethearts are very tractable creatures, but wait until they become husbands. I have a specimen I consider a shining example, and yet even he becomes fractious, and then—whisper it low—dark and crafty subterfuges must be resorted to; such as packing all the children off to mother's, inviting his best friend to dinner, cooking his favorite dish, putting on your most becoming dress and curling your hair up to courting day standard; it is troublesome, but a good recipe for husbands with slight attacks of distemper.

My neighbor, with ten children, has another way. She threatens to take the baby and leave. The poor man, who had feebly tried to assert his rights, looks at the other nine, thinks how quickly they could demolish him were nobody around to feed them when they all yell at once, as he has often heard them, and immediately takes to rocking the baby as he had been ordered.

Most women like a master, and are happiest when imagining they are martyrs, and yet all like their own way, too. There is only one plan for reaching this end; always let him "think" that he is running things, and by a little cleverness you can get your way. My husband thought my new suit should be dark red and green satin. My very false hair stood on end at the prospect, but I laid fashion notes slyly in his way, and dropped hints, until I bought a dark blue serge, and so careful was I that he tells his friends he selects my clothes, and he actually thinks he does. I keep him home evenings by sitting patiently and listening to columns of politics from the GLOBE (wish they would only publish advertisements, the tariff question will be the death of me). Sometimes I catch "imported silks and hosiery" and prick up my ears to find "he'll skip that" and return to American tin (about which I understand as much as our yellow dog), but I reflect upon the merits of fringe or ribbon for that dress, and thus keep as intelligent a look as possible.

All men are more or less selfish and stubborn, and woman must learn to give in gracefully if she wishes to make a happy home, and it is usually her fault if an ordinarily fond lover doesn't make a good husband. Feed them well; always look and act your prettiest, and don't think yourself wax and that one harsh word will decimate you. Above everything, never ask favors before meals, always after.

I hope Aunt Polly is really a woman, or these suggestions of matrimonial (mis) management will lose some girl a husband.

E. H. R.

DON'T HAVE SECRETS.

And Don't, Like Most Women, Say I Told You So.

The best way to keep a man in line, is, first, make sure that you are in line yourself. You must treat him with consideration and love, put yourself in his place, and treat him exactly as you would wish to be treated if your places were changed. Make yourself his companion and friend, take an interest in all he does, give your advice when you think it will help him.

If he should not take your advice, but think his own idea the best, and the result should prove unsatisfactory, console him in his disappointment and forget to say, I told you so.

Be true to him always and never deceive him in anything. Have no secrets from him. Don't be too anxious to find out all his failings, but let him see that you trust him even though he disappoints you sometimes. If you think he needs a little lecturing once in a great while reason with him earnestly and then drop the subject and be your own sweet self again. Don't make him dread to go into the house for fear you will tackle him again.

See that his food is well cooked and on time, don't let him come home tired and hungry and find no sign of anything to eat. Dress to please him and always have a welcome for him whenever he comes. Be economical, but not too close. Let him see that you are pleased when he does anything for you, and you will find in a very short time he will be watching for every opportunity to please you.

Make the house bright and cheerful, and teach the children to love and not fear him, and to watch for his coming and meet him with a glad welcome. He will then feel that the lines that keep him in line are so sweet and so firmly wound around his heart, that he would find no pleasure out of line.

L. A. E. L.

BE POSTED.

But Remember That No Man Likes a Blue-Stocking Wife.

First—To thine own self be true, be honest in your convictions, and allow him to be the same. Do not try to pin his broad and liberal faith down to your narrow belief in creeds, and while he would aspire to do good acts and deeds, do not insist that they count for naught because he is not a worshiper at your own little chapel. Be broad in your ideas; encourage him in all good works, works that will help the world, help to make it better and purer, and encourage him to do his part towards making better laws, to be just in his dealings, and that by living up to the "golden rule" he is doing God's work as much as if he donned his "best Sunday go-to-meeting-suit" and trotted off to church (being coaxed by you to go) to hear a sermon that neither interests nor appeals to his better self.

A man does not simply need a wife to keep his house and linen in order, though, sad to relate, many a man's heart lies in the pit of his stomach, but certainly a well ordered home, well served and well cooked meals tend towards making a man happy, and if he is happy he is very apt to be good. Make him feel that all the good deeds done by him besides making him happy (as the most exquisite happiness is in making others happy) add so much to yours. While I do not think men as a general rule like their wives to be "veritable blue stockings," still I think they want them posted in current literature and topics of the day, for as a rule men, unlike women, get very weary of always talking over domestic affairs, baby's last tooth, etc. But above all "be to their faults a little blind." We none of us like to have our faults detailed. If every home would only keep two little bears, "Bear and Forbear," in their midst divorce courts would have less to do. Keep your tears and expostulations to yourself; I think instead of inspiring a man to be good they give him the feeling that he would like to jump into the Mississippi and pull you in after him. Strive to keep him in line; you may die in the attempt, but you will have the consolation of knowing that "She hath done what she could."

DORA.

AFTER MARRIAGE

You Must Demand and Give Respect and Love.

We will take the average man,
From the age of twenty-one,
Till he fully reaches three score years and ten,
How to manage through that time
To keep that man in line
Is a subject worthy of a Solon's pen.

At twenty-one, you know,
He's perchance a dashing beau
Who expects all girls to worship at his shrine;
A friendship pure, refined,
With the best of womankind,
Is what's needed now to keep that man in line.

Be not flippant, nor a flirt,
Make him realize the worth
Of a noble woman's friendship and esteem:
To attain your standard high
Believe me, he will try,
And enthrone you in his heart its beauteous queen.

Though the many tempting snares
Met with during youthful years,
Your image in his heart will keep him pure.
Trials great will but refine.
He will follow duty's line,
By love made strong to conquer and endure.

After marriage, ah! 'tis then
Careful training must begin.
As you prize home happiness all else above.
Be pleasant, yet be firm:
Let your husband quickly learn
You demand, as well as give, respect and love.

Let your house and family dear
Claim your constant thought and care.
Labor hard to make your home a haven sweet.
Be industrious, prudent, brave,
But never be a slave
To husband, or to children, I entreat.

Be kind, but wisely so,
For the average man, we know,
Will impose upon good nature if he dare.
In the cares of family life
Man should oft assist his wife,
And thus he learns how much she has to bear.

In his every joy and care
Strive to have an equal share,
Perfect sympathy and love should you combine
With tact, good common sense,
A perfect confidence,
And thus you'll help to keep that man in line.

When old age comes creeping on
And life's active work be done
You are still his "guide, philosopher and friend;"
Treat him with all kindness now,
Smooth the care-worn, wrinkled brow,
Led by love, he's kept in line unto life's end.

—"Aunt Betsy."

LOVE HIM.

Genuine Affection the Indispensable Consideration.

In idle wishes fools supinely stay,
Be there a will, then wisdom finds a way.
—Burns.

O let us walk the world, so that our love
Burn like a blessed beacon, beautiful,
Upon the walls of life's surrounding dark.
—Gerald Massey.

Make genuine affection the first thing. This is absolutely indispensable. Never let him escape from the realms of your affection for a single moment; always keep him there, in the first and highest place. Love him with pure, unselfish, loyal love, and strive to increase that love by acts, deeds and words of kindness, so that you love him better today than yesterday, and will love him more tomorrow than today. It is your privilege, your duty to make your love of its purest and best nature. Let your affections have natural expression. Let him know and feel how much you really love him—that your love for him is ever increasing. Love, then, is the essential thing, and yet love is only one thing.

Have a perfect understanding with him, make him your confident, trust him and interest yourself in all his undertakings, his successes and his adversities. Constantly strive to secure entire harmony and good will. Identify yourself with him in objects, desires, sympathies, fortune, position—everything. You are to know no closer friend than he.

Be his helpmate, use his money economically, and aid, so far as you can, in saving and accummulating it. Do not part with it for anything but such values as are consistent with his means, fairly considering the cost of every cent to him; then he will feel that he is honored and loved. Very likely he will understand this better than tasteful comforts and tender demonstrations of a lighter nature—demonstrations that involve no self-denial.

Have a pleasant look and word ready for him when he returns from the toils of the day. Be dressed to receive him; always dress neatly and becomingly. Have good and wholesome food, well prepared, for him; have his meals on time. Have system and regularity in doing everything, and everything in order. Be a good manager. Your ability to manage your house well will do much towards keeping him in line.

Do not try to monopolize all his leisure time; he needs some of it away from you.

Never indulge in fault finding. Do not tell of his faults to others. If he has grave ones help him overcome them by being pure, gentle and firm. Stimulate him to progress and goodness. Inspiration to a higher and purer life always comes from above a man; your society will elevate him, when it is higher and purer than he is. Soften his resentments, assuage his disappointments, pour balm upon his wounded spirit and harmonize him.

Make his home attractive, pleasant and comfortable; have it tidy and neat. Its arrangement should, so far as your means will permit, be the outgrowth of finest ideas and expression of your your best tastes and practical ingenuity.

Make it the abode of healthfulness, dignity, propriety, beauty, grace, love, hopor and happy associations, and fill it with all good influences. Glorify and sanctify that home by leading a healthy, happy, dutiful and morally worthy life. Strive to be a pure, intelligent and well-bred woman, an angel of grace and goodness.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."

And thus you will invite into finest demonstrations all that is good in heart. Have something to talk about better than scandal to interest and refresh his weary mind. Strive constantly to improve your mind by reading good books and interesting yourself in the topics of the day, so your conversation may always be instructive, then he will delight to talk with you in preference to others.

Let him see that you really have a strong desire to make him happy, and to retain forever the warmest place in his respect, his admiration and his affections. Enter into all his plans with interest. Sweeten all his troubles with your sympathy. Make him feel that there is one ear always open to the revelation of his experiences; that there is one heart that never misconstrues him; that there is one refuge for him in all circumstances, and that in all weariness of body and soul there is one warm pillow for his head, beneath which a heart is beating with the same unvarying truth and affection, through all gladness and sadness, and the faithful chronometer suffers no perturbation of its rythm by shine or shower.

"Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
In man, perchance sleeping, never dead,
Will rise in majesty to greet thine own."

And thus you will keep him in line.

MILLIE.

DON'T FRET.

Don't Scold, Don't Be Extravagant.

First—Don't fret.

Your nerves are rasped and tried many times, but so are his. You must control yours if there is to be a happy home.

A bridle like the one spoken of in the Thirty-ninth Psalm, first verse, will do wonders in keeping a man in line.

If his every-day greeting is, "John, you have tracked mud into the kitchen;" "John, you are spilling coffee on the table cloth;" "John, you are letting in the flies," he gets tired and cross, and may utter words that will give you a heartache long after he has forgotten them.

Just wait and keep sweet.

After he has gone whistling to his work you can repair the slight damages that sometimes look so large to you.

Take the third verse of the 141st Psalm as your daily and hourly prayer.

Second—Don't be extravagant.

When a child I was invited to spend a few days with a young married couple residing on a farm which is now one of the suburbs of St. Paul. Before driving to her home the young woman stopped at a Third street store to do a little shopping. I remember to this day the sigh that came from the heart of the big, broad-shouldered young farmer who met us at the door of the pretty home, as the little wife displayed her treasures, carelessly remarking that "she had them charged and the bill was $17."

Child as I was, I could not help noticing the foolish extravagancies of that foolish wife and the discouragement of the hard-working young man, who was trying to pay for a home.

It was hardly a surprise when years later I learned that their matrimonial bark went down in the sea of divorce.

Many times a foolish girl with no realization of the value of money, with no thought that a $60 a month salary has its limitations, will order dress goods, furniture and knick-knacks to be sent home with the bill," until sheer desperation drives a discouraged man to the saloon.

Dear women! Can you not endure poverty, privations, even thoughtlessness and unkindness on his part rather than even help him one step on the way to that devil's door, the saloon?

AUNT KATE.

SHE IS PERFECT.

The Womanly Woman Is Never Either Slangy or Vulgar.

A womanly woman means a woman who is lady-like in all of her sayings and doing, and one that never uses slang nor vulgar language, and one who has always a smile for her husband and family. In fact, a kind word and smile for everybody, and uses common sense and good judgment, and is entertaining in her conversation; one that is modest and polite, in fact, perfect in all of her ways.

R. M. K.

Needle Work Guild.

The women interested in the work of the Needle Work guild are requested to remember that all garments promised to the association must be handed in by the section presidents on Nov. 5. The officers of the charity are especially anxious for its success, and desire all persons who have agreed to give garments to send their contributions as soon as possible to the women to whom they pledged their donations.

For the Fair.

The usual monthly meeting of the World's Fair Auxiliary will be held on Wednesday, Nov. 2, at 10 a. m. in the New York Life building. It is expected and especially desired that all chairmen be present, as there is important work to be done. All women interested in the work are invited to attend the meeting.

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The women of Redwood Falls are preparing a novel and interesting exhibit for the fair. They have collected shells of all kinds to be found along the streams in that part of the state, and have mounted them in various designs. The shells are highly polished, and are said to be very decorative.

ST. PAUL AMUSEMENTS.

Theatricals for the past week have been sadly interfered with by the enthusiasm of the local campaign. With a splendid bill at the Metropolitan interpreted by a good company, the attendance fell far short of actual merit. Business at the Grand was still smaller, though perhaps fully as good as the merit of the attraction would warrant. For the current week both leading houses will play strong attractions, and business will improve, notwithstanding the fact that the campaign is growing in fervor. The bill at the Metropolitan will be the famous and successful comedy "Jane," and at the Grand Manager Litt will play his strongest card in the "Ensign." The only drawing number outside of the regular theaters will be the "Whitney-Meckbridge" concert at the People's church on Thursday evening.

"JANE."

Charles Frohman's at the Metropolitan Opera House This Week.

Presenting the great comedy success, "Jane," which has enjoyed remarkable runs in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia.

Funny is the correct adjective to affix to "Jane." Its situations, to say nothing of the words, are so ludicrous that the auditor, unless he is almost incredibly grave, is kept in constant laughter. This is the story of "Jane:"

Charles Shakleton is a young man with prospects, left a fortune by his aunt on condition that he marries before securing any of the money. So long as he is able to conduct his business by correspondence he succeeds in making his guardian believe that he has a wife and child. He has involved himself in debt and has blamed it all on the extravagance of his wife, when Mr. Kershaw, the old guardian, desires to visit him and remonstrate with the lady. This startling announcement makes it necessary for the young man to provide himself with a wife at short notice.

He and his clever man servant, William, agree upon the idea that he must borrow a wife for the occasion to carry out the deception. They are not so happy, however, in their selection of the wife, and each working on independent lines prepare for the other surprises that are startling in their developments.

William selects Mrs. Chadwick, a widow of mature years, to play the part, and when Kershaw arrives introduces her as Mrs. Shakleton. She, not averse to becoming Mrs. Shakleton, accepts the situation with the hope of becoming in reality his wife. But Shakleton, having thought of everything, and finding no better way out of his embarrassment, notices his bright housemaid, Jane, and proposes that she play the part for a consideration of £100. She accepts, and he at once sends her out to fit her dress to her new position.

Jane plays her part to the perfect satisfaction of her master and his guardian, but to the great consternation of William, whose wife she became that morning. The situations become more ridiculous with each of the three short acts, and Jane has the ready wit to meet every emergency, even to the borrowing of a baby when the old guardian asks after the hopeful heir, whom his young scapegrace of a ward has pictured in his correspondence. But this display breaks down William's patience and he unsets the whole game. Jane is driven to confession, is forgiven for her cleverness, and Shakleton, having been forgiven by his sweetheart, Lucy Norton, becomes a married man in truth and received his fortune.

"Jane" will be presented with a cast of superior excellence. "Chums," the New York Herald prize comedietta, in one act, will precede "Jane" as a curtain raiser.

"THE ENSIGN."

Litt's Great Play at the Grand This Week.

"The Ensign," William Haworth's new naval play, in its present condition will be seen here for the first time at the Grand opera house tonight, where it will remain for one week. The play comes strongly indorsed by the Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia and other critics and naval men generally. It scored a pronounced hit in all the leading cities of the East last season. The author has invaded a new field in his search for a purely American drama—that of recent naval history—and if one-half of the complimentary things that have been said about the piece are true, "The Ensign" is certainly a creditable play. In addition to a story of absorbing interest and a strong cast, it is splendidly put upon the stage. Indeed, a great deal is claimed for it in a scenic way. Artists and mechanics were engaged on the scenery for months under the direction of an ex-United States naval officer, and it is said that not a detail has been overlooked in the staging of the play. The gun deck of a man-of-war, with its big guns looking curiously through the immense port-holes, with its lines, ropes, shot, cutlasses—in fact, all the implements of war—in place, the guns manned, and the crew ready for action, is one of the startling bits of realism promised. The characters—some of them—were conspicuous figures in the chief events of the war. Among them are President Lincoln, who, by the way, is introduced in a sort of tableau only; Secretary Welles, Admiral Farragut, Capt. Wilkes and Lieut. Fairfax. The hero, however, is a young ensign attached to the San Jacinto, and it is with his fortunes that the play deals. It will be remembered that the capture of the Confederate commissioners by Capt. Wilkes, of the United States frigate San Jacinto, on the high seas, almost involved this country in a war with Great Britain. In the plot of "The Ensign" Lieuts. Allen and Blythe, of H. M. S. Warrior, stationed at Havana, were confidentially instructed by their superior officers to prevent Capt. Wilkes from accomplishing his purpose. To effect this some plan must be devised to detain the United States man-of-war. Lieut. Blythe took the nearest method, and attacked the reputation of an American officer's sweetheart, under the impression that the American would assault him, and that the resultant quarrel would cause the detention of Capt. Wilkes and his ship by the Cuban authorities long enough for the escape of the Confederate commissioners. The young officer selected for the purpose is an ensign of the United States man-of-war, but through the calm courage of the young sailor, the scheme failed. Driven to more deperate straits the British officer tears down our flag at the American consulate, and, avenging an insult to his country he would not resent for himself, the ensign kills the insulter on the spot. For this rash act the hero is tried by court martial and is sentenced to death. He is to be hanged at the yard-arm of his ship, but at the last moment he is pardoned by the president of the United States, through the intercession of a little child. The company is an unusually strong one.

DRAMATIC DATA.

Edwin M. Royle, the author of "Friends," who spent his summer vacation on his brother's ranch in Utah, claims to have discovered a remarkable young man among the Indian herders on the ranch. His name is Tabuane, son of the old Peace chief of the hills. Mr. Royle taught the young Ute to recite portions of "Othello," and he showed so much talent that he believes the young savage will create a sensation in a play which he is writing for him. Another season will probably add a full-blooded Indian to the list of stars.

Alexander Salvini, accompanied by William Redmond and a strong company of players under the direction of W. W. Wilkinson, is now playing an engagement at the Baldwin theater, San Francisco. The repertoire consists of "Don Cæsar de Bazan," "The Three Guardsman," "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "L'Amica Fritz."

The staging of "Capt. Herne, U. S. A.," the new military play recently produced with such great success, is claimed to be most magnificent. One of the scenes represents the storming of the earthworks of the confederate redoubt near Vicksburg. The cast is said to be admirable.

Charles Frohman is engaging a special cast for the production of Augustus Thomas' new American play, "Surrender," at the Columbia theater, Boston, on Nov. 14. The production is to be under the direction of Eugene W. Presbrey, late stage manager of Palmer's theater.

Digby Bell and his merry crew in their great success, "Jupiter," are playing to large business in Boston for the past month. The company includes Laura Joyce Bell, Louise Montague, Josephine Knapp and John G. Belden.

"The American Minister" gives W. H. Crane great opportunities, and is generally considered the best thing he has done. His support is excellent, and the staging of the play most elaborate.

Miss Marie Parisette, a pretty and talented young lady member of a wealthy family of Akron, O., will begin a stage career this season with the Mapleson Opera company.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, in their great success, "That Girl From Mexico," have been doing a large business during the past week in Louisville, Ky.

R. D. MacLean and Marie Prescott, now playing with success in Texas, announce this their last season. They will settle down on a farm in West Virginia.

Charles Dickson, in his great success, "Incog" and his one-act piece, "The Man About Town," has been playing in Chicago during the past week.

Miss Fanny Davenport has just purchased a house in the suburbs of Boston, and will probably look upon the Hub henceforth as her home.

Daniel Sully, in "The Millionaire," has been playing to a large business in the southern part of California for the past two weeks.

Stuart Robson has no equal on the American stage in his peculiar style of humor. That squeaky voice of his is a fortune in itself.

Etta Storms, a Cincinnati girl, formerly for four years with the "Night Owls" company, has joined E. E. Rice's "1492" company.

"Across the Potomac," Augustus Pitou's new play, has been pleasing large audiences throughout the East this season.

Maida Cragen, now with Thomas W. Keene was formerly the leading lady of the Boston museum and is a clever actress.

Otis Skinner is rehearsing for his tour with Modjeska. He is to be featured as the leading actor of her company.

W. H. Crane did fine business with "The Senator" and "The American Minister" in Chicago.

Charles Alfred Bryne is to write an opera which John Stetson will send out next year.

Al Lipman in "By Proxy" played to a large business in Buffalo the past week.

BBB

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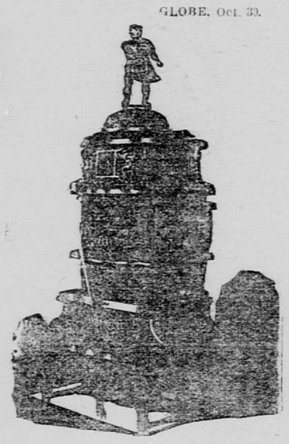
GLOBE, Oct. 30.



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75c Buckles	39c	6 Fancy Wings for	25c

All colors and so on. Don't delay, or you will regret it. Now is the time to buy.

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38-inch wide All-Wool Dress Flannels, plain colors and mixtures, retail all over at 50c; our price for this sale only 33c

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100 doz. Ladies' All-Wool Seamless Hose, regular price 25c, this sale only ..... 15c Pair.

50 doz. Ladies' All-Wool Seamless Cashmere Hose, regular price 35c, only ..... 22c Per Pair.

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200 doz. Gray Wool Vests and Pants, worth $1, this sale only 69c

300 doz. Knit Skirts, all kinds and colors, at 59c, 75c, 98c, $1.25, $1.50, and $2. These prices are very low; you should see them.

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