For the Fair Sex

MOTHERS' MEETINGS.

A Large Attendance at the One Held at the Bethel Yesterday.

How the Lives of Poor and Lonely Mothers Are Brightened.

Worthy Women's Work in a Worthy Cause That Should Be Aided.

Mid-Winter Society Events and Personals of Those in the Swim.

One of the most deserving charities in the city is that carried on by the women's auxiliary board of the Bethel association, and called the mother's meetings. These meetings are held at the Bethel boat every Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. There are about sixty women, mothers of families, who gather there to get the only glimpse their hard lives allow them of social intercourse with their fellow women. These meetings have been going on for over a year, and the changes in the appearance of these mothers those few months have brought about are wonderful. Only women know how dull and monotonous a woman's life can be, shut up in the house, be it ever so comfortable, and these mothers come from homes that are usually anything but comfortable. So this little peep at another mode of life must make a bright spot in their dull existence. There the room is warm and clean, kindly voices make them welcome as they enter the door. They stand about the stove and chat with each other, or the gracious Christian women who are for the afternoon their hostesses until the hour arrives for the opening exercises. These consist of singing to the piano accompaniment of some one of the gospel hymns, then a short prayer. A short talk on some subject intimately connected with

A Mother's Work

follows. Yesterday it was a talk on the care of the sick by a woman physician, who illustrated her talk by means of a doll and a little bed. Every point about the bed was explained, then the doll was washed just as the doctor would have washed a patient. The manner of giving food or nourishment to a very sick patient was illustrated. An opportunity for questions was given at the close of the talk, or if any one chose she could examine the bed and the doll's clothes.

After the lecture, sewing was brought out, and each of the sixty women there provided with work to do. Each one has a garment to make, and when it is finished, can have it if she pays five cents. Those who do not know how to sew are taught, and encouraged in every way. Then comes a substantial lunch with good, hot tea and conversation, of course. It is a beautiful sight to see these mothers poor and unlearned, but tidy and polite, crowd around these kind sister women who have a word of advice or kindly question for every one. Another hymn and the repetition of the Lord's prayer closes the meeting. Who can tell to what length of good the influence of these meetings may go! These garments and the material for them are all contributed, so if any woman or man feels like adding a mite to this good work, small contributions will be thankfully received by Mrs. Peak at the Bethel boat.

Men's Overcoats.

Men's Tailor-Made Overcoats at very low prices during the 44th semi-annual Red-Figure Sale at The Boston, on Third street.

SOCIETY EVENTS.

The Vega Singing society gave a concert last evening at Vega and Vasa hall, 218 East Seventh street.

West Side Lodge No. 24, Sons of Hermann, installed their officers Thursday night at Martin's hall. After the installation a dance was given, Seibert's orchestra furnishing the music.

The ladies of the Bethany Congregational church gave a reception on Thursday night to their new pastor, Rev. Watson B. Millard, at the residence of Mrs. D. Kribs, 36 West Isabel street.

The Philomathean society held its regular semi-monthly meeting last evening at Van Ellemeet's hall, Moore block, Seven Corners. Mrs. Harriet Van Cleve read a paper on Margaret Fuller.

The ball given Thursday night under the auspices of the Railroad Clerks' association at Westmoreland hall was a grand success, and was attended by nearly eighty couples. The hall was beautifully decorated. The programme of eighteen numbers was carried out to the last dance.

The West Side Turnverein has elected the following officers to serve for six months: President, R. G. List; vice president, Fritz John; corresponding secretary, Paul Lenz; financial secretary, Emil Steiner; custodian, Alfred Lux; deputy custodian, Rudolph Stoll; trustee, S. T. Cloor. Four new members were admitted.

Next Tuesday evening Helen A. Beard, well known among Chautauquans, will begin a "Talk About the Poets" at the People's church. Jan. 17 she will talk about "Poet Humorists." Jan. 20 about "Dante Gabriel Rossetti;" Jan. 24, "Characteristics of Longfellow;" Jan. 27, "Wordsworth—a Colloquy;" Jan. 31, "Vers de Societe."

St. Andrew's Social.

The St. Andrew's society held their second monthly social last evening in the Westmoreland hall, when the following programme was given:

Pianoforte solo .... Miss Ida Smith
Duet—"Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast"—Mlle. Farine and Miss Sadie Morrow.
Recitation .... Miss J. Mae Lewis
Highland Fling .... Misses Adamson
Song (selected) .... James P. White
Irish Padinetta .... Misses Simpson
Song—"Sea Beat Shore" ... T. S. Chamberlin

Refreshments were served, and the dance programme contained a few dances peculiarly characteristic of the Scottish nation. Prof. Kleist's orchestra was in attendance.

A Salad of Orange.

Fruit is so rapidly becoming an essential, and it is so plentiful in every season, that new ways of preparing and serving it are always welcome.

Orange salad is delicious served just before a game course at dinner, as it some way prepares one for a new dish after what has been previously served.

For half a dozen persons, you will use four large or six small oranges, those with a rather acid flavor being preferred; pare them up and down instead of across. Sprinkle a third of a cupful of sugar and two tablespoonfuls of sherry over the fruit, and set it in the refrigerator for about an hour to chill. If the wine is considered objectionable it may be omitted, and the juice of a lemon used in its place.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at J. P. Allen's Drug Store, Corner Seventh and Jackson. Large size 50c and $1.00.

NOTES ABOUT WOMEN.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox dances almost as well as she writes.

Miss Helen Gould's boudoir is a pretty room in pink and white.

Mrs. Kemp's beautiful Moorish music room might be a bit of the Alhambra.

One of Mrs. Jordan L. Mott's very particular friends is Mme. Albini-Eye.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord has a massive gold punch bowl with her monogram in diamonds.

Mrs. de Forest has a silver vinaigrette so tiny that it fits into the palm beneath her glove.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's dinners are described as French affairs with an English flavor.

Mrs. Ogden Goelet's two children—a boy and a girl—are always simply but charmingly dressed.

Little Miss Ruth Cleveland is said to be very friendly with strangers and not to object to caresses.

Mrs. Paran Stevens' silver is all handsome enough to be placed in a case in the Metropolitan museum.

The Western Michigan diocese has decided that hereafter, at all vestry meetings women may vote for vestrymen.

Mrs. John Mackay possesses the biggest sapphire in the world. She paid $150,000 for it to an impoverished Russian prince.

Mrs. Edward Cooper goes in for the gorgeous in the way of a coat of arms. Her writing paper as most of her other possessions fairly glow with it.

Mrs. Lindley Hoffman Chapin is a fine elocutionist, and when she was abroad, before her marriage, she made quite a name for herself in literary circles.

Mrs. Sharon has more exquisite tea gowns than any lady in New York. She receives her friends from 5 to 6 and is daily attired in a different "work of art."

The cottage in Hampshire, England, where Jane Austin wrote the books that made her famous, is still standing, and has been but little altered since her day.

Miss Alice Harriman has a most fetching costume fashioned of white gauze with an opalescent stripe, with which she wears a Spanish jacket of black velvet.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has a passion for attar of roses. The kind she uses costs $50 an ounce, one drop of which is a veritable benediction to the senses.

The Empress of Austria does her own cooking, or at least superintends it, and in an emergency could prepare any dish. She has solved the servant girl problem.

New York has a woman dentist, and her name is Neymans. The New York papers are announcing her with a good deal of self-gratification as something very new. Boston has had one for a year or more, Miss Reynolds.

Literary secrets are not long whether they belong to men or women. And so it comes out that the writer of the clever social skits in Harper's Bazar, "Mrs. Wouter Van Twiller's at Homes," is Miss Lillie Hamilton French, of the World staff.

Mrs. Adett, a German woman, who spent fourteen weeks among the poorest class of factory hands, has published a book on their condition, which reveals such an abyss of misery and immorality that the government is to create a commission to inquire into the alleged abuses.

Five hundred hands are at work on the bridal veil of the Princess Margarethe of Prussia. The veil is made of 500 different pieces, all the work being done with the needle, and the pieces, each of which requires ten days for completion, are to be joined by the most skillful lacemakers in a pattern which will appear as the work of the same hand.

It is reported that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is critically ill. Her biography is to appear this month, and it will contain a love letter from the late Prof. Stowe to his wife, in which he says: "There is no woman like you in this wide world. Who else has so much talent, with so little conceit; so much reputation, with so little affectation; so much literature, with so little nonsense; so much enterprise, with so little extravagance; so much tongue, with so little scold; so much sweetness, with so little softness; so much of so many things, and so little of so many things?"

HOME REMEDIES.

A geranium leaf applied to a bruise is healing.

Sponge roughened skin with brandy and rosewater.

One who has experienced insomnia found a cure for it in the practice of going over the whole body with a flesh glove—a quick, dry, vigorous hand rubbing—just before going to bed.

A good salve for burns, scalds, etc., can be made as follows: Take equal parts of yellow dock and dandelion roots, add a good proportion of celandine au plantain, extract the juices by steeping and pressing, strain carefully and simmer the liquid with sweet cream, fresh butter and mutton tallow. Simmer together until no appearance of the liquid remains.

There are few diseases in which nursing is of more importance than in congestion of the lungs. The sufferer should be kept in a warm, well ventilated room at a temperature of 70 deg. The window should be open from the top; a strip of flannel can be tacked across the opening to prevent draughts. Pure air is indispensable. The lungs cannot take in as much as usual, therefore the quality of that supplied to them must be above suspicion of impurity. When poultices are ordered they should be made of flaxseed meal stirred into boiling water until it is a smooth, soft paste, rather softer than oatmeal porridge. Spread this on a large piece of cotton, turn up the edges like a hem, cover with a single thickness of cheese cloth and lay it on the chest, covered with oiled muslin or several folds of newspaper, to keep in the heat and protect the clothing.

Buy five cents' worth of flour of sulphur and by means of a quill or a straw blow a little of it into the throat of any child suspected of a diptheritic tendency.

This simple remedy has saved many a little one's life.

GOOD THINGS TO KNOW.

That, if glace kid gloves are slightly warmed before being put on in cold weather, they will be found much more elastic, as the heat tends to soften the oil in the leather.

That it is better to pay a good cleaner a few cents for freshening gloves than to do it one's self and endure the odor that clings around the home-cleansed glove.

That gloves should always be mended before they are cleansed, as the repairs will show less than if they are made after the cleansing.

That it is a bad plan to remove gloves by pulling at the ends of the fingers, as it will necessarily stretch them, particularly when they are moist, as they often ar when coming off a warm hand.

That gloves should be dried thoroughly after they are taken off, and laid away smoothly, thus keeping their freshness as long as possible.

That turpentine will drive away ants and roaches if sprinkled about shelves and closets.

That if new shoes pinch in some particular spot, a cloth wet with hot water and laid across the place will cause immediate and lasting relief.

That a lump of fresh charcoal placed in a clothes press will often prevent the unpleasant smell which clothes have when they have long been put away.

That cloth and woolen dresses should be taken out of wardrobes frequently, while the wardrobes are being cleared from dust, and exposed to the fresh air.

That clothes brushes should be kept clean by washing them occasionally in cold water.

Boys' Suits.

Boys' School Suits at reduced figures during the 44th semi-annual Red-Figure Sale at The Boston, on Third street.

LITTLE BITS.

There is (actually) a married man in Washington who goes to theaters and social gatherings and doesn't take his wife along. She is pretty and young, too. Because of this extraordinary conduct on the man's part the University club have blackballed him. Well, well! What are we coming to?

* * *

It would be shocking enough if anybody but Oliver Wendell Holmes should have called those fashionable tea drinkings a place where people "guggle, gabble, gobble and git."

But we fell into the habit long ago of believing that the good doctor knows what he is talking about.

* * *

A number of young men have joined themselves into a "non-swearing club." It meets on Fifty-eighth street, near Third avenue. It costs them 5 cents to use a bad word. I should think the charges would vary according to the strength of the exclamation.

* * *

Baron Rothschild has just given 1,000,000 francs to the board of public charities in Paris. This is to be divided among poor women in the lymph hospital of that city.

* * *

"Genius is death to love," say some philosophers. And then they quote a long string of names of people who found (or made) matrimony a failure.

In the meantime Signor Mascagni, composer of that wonderful "Cavalleria Rusticana," puts his children to bed every night himself. At the first production of his last opera Mascagni was called before the curtain thirty times, yet he never, on account of his "genius," neglects the happiness of his wife and sons, of whom he has three.

There is a great deal too much downright selfishness in people which gets called genius, I believe.

A Simple, Delicious Dessert.

An inexpensive and easily prepared dessert is always appreciated by housekeepers, who get tired in ringing the changes on the every-day pudding.

Take a loaf of stale sponge cake and cut out the center, leaving about half an inch on the sides and bottom; spread this with a thin layer of raspberry or strawberry jam, or line it in summer with the fresh fruit.

Beat the white of one egg, to which has been added one cup of powdered sugar, one tart apple (grated), or two apples if they are small, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. This mixture should be beaten until it is stiff enough to stay on the dish when it is turned. You will find that it has doubled in amount with the beating. Fill the cake with this mixture, turn it into a plate, the crust of the cake uppermost, and put the remainder of the apple and egg over it in the form of icings.

If you wish to vary this dessert, you may make two large cakes, and use the beaten eggs as a filling and frosting. Either way it is nice, and is also a handsome dessert.

What the Names Mean.

There are so many odd names given to colors nowadays that it is well to know just what they mean. These are the names as they come on French color cards with their meaning: Angelique, a pale apple green; beige, really a beige drab; castor, a dark beige; Castille, a bright buff yellow; coquelicot, a bright red, like that of the poppy; diavolo, a bright cinnamon; emeraude, a bright emerald green; floxine, a brilliant light crimson; geramime, a pale geranium red; mascotte, a medium moss green; paradis, a bird of paradise yellow; pivoine, a deep metallic scarlet; vareche, a deep moss green.

Boys' Overcoats.

Boys' reliable Overcoats at Red Figure prices during our 44th semi-annual Red Figure Sale. The Boston, on Third street.

Nothing New in Bonnets.

As yet there have been no changes in the prevailing fashions for millinery. The little airy nothings called theater bonnets still continue in favor, and are made as a rule to match in tone the costumes with which they are worn. However, it is not considered at all an outre to wear bonnets of the brightest possible colors with dresses of plain dark shades. Bright-hued bonnets give the effect in an assemblage of a flower garden, and are much more attractive than the dull, somber shades so long in vogue.

Just Like a Woman.

"Mrs. Goode seems to think a great deal of her husband."

Yes. There was a time when she used to say she would not marry the best man in the world, and now she gets angry with everybody who thinks she didn't."

PERSONAL MENTION.

W. R. Todd, of Canton, is registered at the Brunswick.

John J. Day, of Albert Lea, is registered at the Ryan.

L. W. Lipman, of Milwaukee, is a guest of the Ryan.

H. P. Burdick, of Osceola, is a guest at the Merchants'.

C. P. Fenstermaker, of Breckenridge, is at the Sherman.

D. C. Tufts, of Long Prairie, is a guest at the Windsor.

A. V. Parsons, of Litchfield, is registered at the Clarendon.

E. O. Evans, of Rochester, is registered at the Merchants'.

B. M. Parker and wife, of Milwaukee, are at the Clarendon.

Otto Steiner, of New Ulm, is visiting his brother, Oscar Steiner.

Judge Brown, of Tracy, called upon Adjt Gen. Mullen yesterday.

J. W. Pomeroy Jr., of Duluth, spent yesterday at the Merchants'.

J. J. Thornton, an old landmark of Brainerd, is a guest at the Sherman.

F. M. Lytzen, of the firm of F. M. Lytzen & Co., went East Thursday evening, to be absent about a month.

E. J. Gregory and wife, of Alexandria, S. D., are spending a honeymoon in St. Paul as guests of the Sherman.

James Whitcomb Riley, the famous Hoosier poet, was in the city yesterday and stopped at the Windsor.

D. B. Johnson, of Austin; F. H. Peterson, of Moorhead, called at the office of the attorney general yesterday morning.

John V. I. Dodd has been ill for some time, and expects to leave in a few days for Los Angeles, where he will spend the winter.

Mrs. Louis H. Nauman and Miss Aneta Lienau have left for New York, where they will spend the balance of the winter with the former's relations.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Beals spent yesterday at the Clarendon on their way home to Jamestown, N. D., from Vermont, where they have been spending the winter.

In New York.

Special to the Globe.

NEW YORK, Jan. 13.—At New York hotels: Minnesota, J. Conover, S. C. Merrill, Murray Hill; St. Paul, H. C. Jones, Murray Hill; Donald Grant, the Misses Grant, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Finney, W. N. Fisher, Fifth Avenue; Fargo, N. D., B. D. Beal, Fifth Avenue.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Sick Headache! Sure Cure. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

IF IT COULD BE.

If I could hold your hands ton ight
Just for a little while, and know
That only I, of all the world,
Possessed them so.

A slender shape in that old chair,
If I could see you here tonight,
Between me and the twilight pale—
So light and frail.

Your cold white dress its folding lost
In one broad sweep of shadow gray;
Your weary head just drooped aside,
The sweet old way.

Bowed like a flower-cup dashed with rain,
The darkness crossing half your face,
And just the glimmer of a smile
For one to trace.

If I could see your eyes that reach
Far out into the furthest sky,
Where past the trail of dying suns,
The old years lie;

Or touch your silent lips tonight,
And steal the sadness from their smile,
And find the last kiss they have kept
This weary while.

If it could be—oh, all in vain
The restless trouble of my soul
Sets, as the great tide to the moon,
Toward your control!

In vain the longing of the lips,
The eye's desire and the pain;
The hunger of the heart. O love,
Is it in vain?

ABE HALE'S BONE PARTY.

[By Lieut. W. A. Curtis.]

All was still in the Gascoigne Military academy. The evening call to quarters had sounded, and the cadets were in their rooms, presumably studying; at all events, they were quiet, and for this the officer in charge was profoundly grateful.

It had been a day of turbulence. Although it was the weekly holiday, so many cadets had been confined to the school limits for bad conduct and bad lessons that the officer in charge and his cadet assistants, consisting of the officer of the day, colloquially called "O. D.," the sergeant and the corporal of the guard, found their hands more than full in preserving order.

Every walk was occupied by a culprit, "walking beat" for punishment, and the four cells of the guard house were occupied by four prisoners in solitary confinement.

Every hour of the day the little corporal of the guard, who was on his first tour of duty, had been frantically rushing about the grounds in response to calls, "Corporal of the guard, No. 8, No. 4," and many other numbers, only to be assured by "No. 8," "No. 4" and the other numerals that they had not called him, and had heard no one call him.

Every hour of the day the officer of the day had complained that his authority had failed to command respect.

He had discovered the inmates of the guardhouse with contraband tobacco in their possession; this had been conveyed to them in some mysterious way through the bars of the small window seven feet from the floor.

At length he had to report that one prisoner, instead of sitting in darkness and gnashing his teeth, had managed to climb up to the windows and was cheerfully surveying the scenery without.

"Major, major," said the officer of the day despairingly to the commandant, "what are you going to do with that boy Dobbs? He has climbed up to the window and is lookin' out, a-swearin' and a-cussin' and havin' a great time."

In silent majesty and wrath the commandant visited the guard house with a gun stick.

When military punishments failed at the Gascoigne academy the rod was resorted to.

I will not harrow your feelings with an account of how the "great time" of the gaysome William Henry Dobbs was abruptly turned into an occasion of agony and sorrow.

It was at the close of such a day as this that young Instructor Campbell sat alone in his room.

Each member of the faculty served in turn as officer in charge, having supervision of all school routine during his tour of duty. A cadet officer of the day, two non-commissioned officers of the guard and a number of useless sentinels were supposed to assist the officer in charge in the preservation of order.

The officers and non-commissioned officers could sometimes be relied upon; but the sentinels discharged their duties with more satisfaction to the cadets than to the faculty.

Excepting Campbell, all the members of the faculty had gone to the performance of a theatrical troupe playing a week's engagement in the village.

"You must be ready to rush out of the building at any moment, Campbell, for those boys are liable to tip it over tonight," had been the parting injunction of the teachers.

Campbell needed no warning to make him anticipate a disturbance.

The end of the school year was approaching, and the school grew more disorderly every day. A rigid and impartial disciplinarian, he was disliked by the unruly element, particularly by those cadets who, by currying favor with officers and teachers, often escaped reports and punishments.

He knew that tonight would be an excellent opportunity for the cadets to "serve him out."

He was the only teacher in the building. At every moment he expected to hear the crash of a volley of rocks, or the opening note of a grand symphony of yells, screams, roars and groans; yet time slipped by and all was still.

The "tough third floor" of the academy building was inhabited by a number of youths whose interest in rolling up demerits was in inverse ratio to their industry in studies.

They were of that class found in every military school—boys who, not being able to get along at home, are sent to a military school to be reformed.

All the evening through forms had been flitting silently about the passageway from room to room on that floor, until at length nearly all of the boys had gathered in Abe Hale's room, the big room under the tower.

"Jonesy," the little corporal sitting in the passage on guard, ventured a feeble remonstrance to this violation of paragraph 49. But upon being assured by several stalwart privates that they "would beat his head in" if he reported them, he ceased to interfere.

"I tell you what it is, boys," said Abe Hale to the assemblage in his room, "that man Campbell must be made to understand that the fellers don't want him here. I wrote him a letter signed 'Snooks' two days ago tellin' him the boys wished he would clear out.

"Now I propose that tonight we give him a 'rock party'—a good one—none of your fizzles like we had last term.

"We can stand out on the fire escape of the left wing and throw rocks through his window slick. We want to have somebody turn off the electric light head at the power house, and then we'll give Campbell a hint of how we feel."

"I don't like to throw rocks. It's dangerous," said a tall creole, Frenchy Le Maitre. "Let's throw wood."

"Where you goin' to get any wood? There isn't a wood pile about yere," said Abe Hale.

"I can tell you what to throw," piped up little Blackburn, the smallest boy in the crowd. "Throw bones. They will make a noise and won't hurt anything."

"Bones? Where are you goin' to get bones? Skinny Byers is the only bones about yere. Goin' to throw him?" asked Bob Dawson.

"No, sir. Me and Jim Bushrod were out walkin' over yonder, on the flats, where the river rose this spring, and we came on a place where the water had washed out a spot where old Judge Gascoigne used to bury the horses that died on his stock farm. Leastways, I reckon that's what it was, for there were lots of bones there. It's just down below the old mill. We can get bushels of 'em yere in no time at all."

The bone proposition took the fancy of the gathering. There certainly was less danger of injuring any one in throwing bones, and they would make just as much noise and break just as glass as rocks.

Guided by Blackburn, the band stole out of the building and took its way to the long-deserted stock farm on the river flats. The night was not dark, and there was no difficulty in finding the location of the bones.

"I reckon these were Normandy horses," said La Maitre. "These are mighty big bones."

"Before we go back, fellers, we want to decide exactly what we're goin' to do," said Abe Hale. "Benson, Rogers and Dawson better stand at the head of the main staircase on the third floor, and Smith and Thompson at the back stairs, all five ready to throw down onto the second floor. Le Maitre and I will stand on the fire escape ready to heave our bones through the window. Byers, you sneak down to the power house and turn off the electric light. When the light goes out we'll all begin to pelt."

"What are Dalton, Harris and me goin' to do?" asked Blackburn.

"You're goin' to run home and go to bed before we start. We don't want you three little fellers along. Slide now."

And the three small boys did start, but they did not go beyond a clump of bushes near by, and when the others had passed they emerged and returned to the place of bones.

"My gracious," suddenly said Blackburn to his companions, "what's this?"

The little fellow was digging and prying at a huge white object which was partly covered by driftwood and sand, and by dint of much pulling he presently extricated a great skull.

"What kind of a horse had a skull like that? It's big enough to be an elephant's skull," said Dalton.

"I tell you what," exclaimed Harris, "we'll carry that skull along and stay down on the first floor with it, and when the bones are thrown we'll watch to see if Campbell runs out, and if he does we'll cut in and lay this skull on his bed, and when he sees it he will be scared to death."

Nine o'clock and no sound had disturbed the peace that reigned in the barracks.

Instructor Campbell sat in his rooms, three letters lying on the table before him. He had read them many times before this; now he was pondering upon their contents.

One was from the superintendent of the academy, telling him that his salary of $800 a year would be reduced to $750 for the next school session. Another was from the president of the university where he had graduated the year before, offering him a fellowship in geology, with a salary of $400 a year.

The third was a miserably worded epistle, informing him that the boys didn't like him, and he would "get his hide tore off" if he dared to stay at the academy another year.

Glad enough would he have been to accept the university fellowship in geology. His life at the academy was decidedly unpleasant. It seemed to him as if all the incorrigible boys in the Southwest were enrolled in that military school.

He was certain that the fellowship would lead to an instructorship, and the instructorship to a professorship. But he had promised to assist his old father on a mortgage which would fall due the next year, and the salary of $400 would not enable him to do this.

If he only had a sum of money to tide him over one year at the university, he would the next year be earning a larger salary and one sufficient for his needs. Two or three hundred dollars would open to him the life of great possibilities; but he could not get it, and he felt himself condemned to the same old drudgery at the academy.

All at once the light went out over his head, and a storm of missiles smashed through the window. He heard the crash of other missiles in the passageway without.

He stepped out of range of the window and waited. He knew that to rush into the passage would be to run the risk of being struck, and also utterly useless as far as any hope of catching the miscreants was concerned. The throwing could not last beyond two or three volleys.

After that his duty would be to inspect the rooms of suspicious characters in search of unexpended ammunition.

When the throwing ceased he opened his door and started out, forgetting the hall was dark. He returned to light a lamp, and was feeling for a match, when he heard tip-toeing steps creak along the hall, pause before his doorway, then enter.

He quickly struck a match, and the light fell on the startled faces of Harris, Dalton and Blackburn, just as they had dropped on his bed some strange white object.

Approaching the bed, the teacher started in surprise. "Well," said he, "what in the name of glory is this? If I'm not a digger Indian, it's the skull of a mastodon. Boys, where did you get this? Hello, here is some more of him," and Campbell picked up some of the bones that had been thrown through the window.

The story of the horse burial place was related, and Campbell learned that bones, not rocks, had been the missiles hurled about the barracks.

"I'll make a proposition to you fellows," he said pleasantly, after a moment's thought.

"If you will go around the barracks and pick up all the bones and bring them in here, and then go with me and show me where you found them, so that I can get the rest, I'll promise not to report you."

The three young imps gladly accepted the offer, and in twenty minutes Instructor Campbell had in his room a considerable part of the skeleton of a mastodon.

"We'll go after the other bones in the morning," he said, kindly. "You may go now, boys."

The wondering lads filed out, and the instructor came very near executing a war dance as the door closed on their heels.

"That skeleton is worth a thousand dollars if it is worth a cent, and I'll accept the fellowship in geology."

So, though Abe Hale's bone party did bring about Instructor Campbell's departure from the Gascoigne Military academy, it was not precisely in the fashion Abe Hale had intended.

WHO'S IT.

The boys who race before my door
With ringing strokes the laggard hit,
And shout the while his back stings sore,
"Aha! You're it!"

My neighbor asks me out to dine,
Beside his loaded board I sit,
And think while freely flows his wine,
"Heigho I'm it!"

But when the weeks brings round the day
On which with recognition fit,
I will his courtesy repay,
"Ha! Ha! He's it."

—Evening Telegram.

A New Process

The Lemon, the Orange, the Vanilla, contains more or less of a delicate flavoring substance, and the separation of this substance in a manner so as to retain all its freshness, sweetness and naturalness, requires the greatest experience and care.

DR. PRICE'S DELICIOUS FLAVORING EXTRACTS are prepared by a new process that gives to them the natural flavoring qualities, and are so concentrated that it requires but a small quantity to impart to a cake, pudding or cream, the delicate flavor of the fresh fruit. The leading chemists endorse their purity. The United States Government uses them.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

STILLWATER NEWS.

The Row at Forest Lake—Other Events.

The row at Forest Lake Wednesday evening was a serious one, and chances are that Andrew Erickson, who was shot by Peter Eckstrom, will lose his life. Eckstrom appeared in the municipal court yesterday and was charged with attempting to shoot Aaron Johnson, this complaint having been made for the purpose of holding him until the outcome of Erickson's wound is known. Erickson talked freely in the court room and said that three of his neighbors and himself had been drinking in Smith's saloon. Later they went to the home of Aaron Johnson, where they emptied two small bottles of whisky. Eckstrom made a remark which the other members of the party resented, and they ordered him out of the house. He picked up his hat to go, when they followed him out on the road and began abusing him with sticks of wood. He commanded them to halt, but they refused to do so, and pulling his revolver he fired one shot in the air. Erickson was bolder than the others, and he ran and grasped Eckstrom by the throat, at the same time tripping him. At this turn of affairs Eckstrom again pulled his revolver, and sent a bullet into Erickson's abdomen. The next day Eckstrom walked into the constable's place of business and gave himself up to justice. His story is accepted as true by many who have known him for years, and sympathy is largely on his side. Eckstrom's face is badly battered up, and he received one blow on the left side of his head which pains him greatly. His case was continued until next Tuesday to allow him to consult an attorney.

Judge Williston filed an order yesterday directing that George E. Peters, the murderer of V. C. Steward, be taken to the second hospital for the insane at Rochester. The order directs the superintendent and trustees of the hospital to keep him safely until such time as he regains his mental faculties, if ever, and then return him to the sheriff of this county so that he can be brought back here for trial on a charge of murder in the first degree. Sheriff Marty has not decided when he will take Peters to Rochester, but it will be done either today or early next week. This practically ends the matter for the present, and if Peters' mental faculties are not restored he will spend the remainder of his life in Rochester, and will never be required to answer to the charge of murder.

Marshal Hokinson, Marine Mills, was in the city yesterday searching for two young men who are suspected of passing a forged check for $20 on a merchant in that village. The check was drawn on a bank in Oshkosh, Wis., and was left at the Lumbermen's National bank in this city for collection. Marshal Hoskinson does not know positively that the check is a forgery, but thinks it is, because the two men who passed it acted suspiciously.

Charles Rudolf, who was arrested at Hudson, Wis., Thursday, for altering a time bill drawn on the Musser-Sauntry Logging company, was arraigned before Judge Nethaway yesterday in the municipal court. Rudolf did not know whether to waive examination or to demand a hearing, and the judge gave him until next Tuesday to decide. He admitted having changed the figures, but said it was only $5.

At the meeting of the chamber of commerce Thursday evening W. R. Lehmicke resigned as treasurer, and C. M. McCluer was chosen as his successor. A committee was appointed for the purpose of securing a bonus for one or two manufacturing concerns who are desirous of locating here.

Dr. Pratt, the physician attending County Commissioner Bloomer, said yesterday that his patient was some better, and that he had strong hopes of his recovery. The inflammation of the bowels is passing away, and Mr. Bloomer is able to take nourishment.

"Where Am I At?"

City ticket office of "the Milwaukee" now at 365 Robert street, corner Fifth street.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

With nerves unstrung and heads that ache
Wise women Bromo-Seltzer take—10c.

You can always depend upon a bargain in jar butter at our butter counter. "Try it."

Good dairy butter in 5-lb. jars, per lb. 22c
Fine dairy butter in 5-lb. jars, per lb. 25c
Fine mild cheese, per lb. 8c
Fine Swiss cheese, per lb. 12½c
Fine brick cheese, per lb. 11c

MICHAUD BROS.

DIED.

QUINN—In St. Paul, Mrs. Bridget Quinn, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Margaret Quinn, 254 West Fifth, Jan. 11, at 3 o'clock p. m. Funeral from the residence at 9 a. m. Saturday morning.

PULLE—At Eau Claire, Wis., Jan. 13, 1893, Elizabeth, beloved wife of Frank Pulle, formerly of St. Paul, Minn.

Funeral carriages $2; Hearse, $4. E. W. Shirk's, 284 East Ninth st. Telephone 455-

Gain in Internal Revenue.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—The complete returns will show that there was a gain of $7,000,000 in the collection of internal revenue for the first six months of the present fiscal year over the receipts for the corresponding period of the last fiscal year.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

DR. HALE, LITT'S GRAND OPERA House Block, fills teeth without pain.

HOUSE OF HOPE PRESBYTERIAN Church—Corner Fifth and Exchange Sts.—Services ever Sunday at 10:30 o'clock a. m. and 7:30 o'clock p. m. Rev. A. W. Ringland, D. D., president of Macalester college, will preach tomorrow morning and evening; Sabbath school and Bible classes at 12:15 o'clock p. m.; Society of Christian Endeavor meets in the lecture room at 6:30 o'clock p. m.; mid-week lecture and prayer meeting, Wednesdays, at 8 o'clock p. m. All are welcome.

TRY DR. E. B. HALLIDAY'S BLOOD Purifier for scrofula, salt rheum and syphilitic diseases. It is pronounced by competent druggists the best blood purifier the world ever produced for all poisonous diseases of the blood. Sold by all druggists. Office, 274 East Seventh st., St. Paul.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of the St. Paul Gaslight Company for the election of directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting will be held at the offices of the company in the New York Life Insurance company's building, St. Paul, Minnesota, at eleven o'clock a. m., on Saturday, the 28th day of January, 1893. B. F. Ellison, Secretary. St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 13, 1893.

THE SPECIAL CONTRACT HERETOFORE existing between David K. Osbourne, of St. Paul, and this company having been cancel'd, the said Osbourne is not authorized to sell or make contracts for the sale of our goods, nor to make collections for us or on our account.

DIEBOLD SAFE AND LOCK CO.

All business with the St. Paul agency of the Diebold Safe and Lock Company can be transacted at their new quarters at 317 Jackson st. GEORGE C. GARROW, Special Agent.

Canton, O., Dec. 15, 1892.

MARRIAGES, BIRTHS DEATHS,

DEATHS REPORTED.

Edith J. McKnight, 467 Aurora .... 1 year
Thomas Fitzgerald, city hospital .... 48 years
Ernest A. Colenius, city hospital .... 52 years
John Grady, 660 Cherokee .... 4 years
Estella R. Bomoell, Central avenue .... 2 years
Heinrich Seuf, 1017 Reany .... 38 years

BIRTHS REPORTED.

Mr. and Mrs. John S. Balles .... Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Holmes .... Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Boescht .... Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stalze .... Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Tolck .... Girl
Mr. and Mrs. P. Necoddono .... Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wilzek .... Boy
Mr. and Mrs. William Martoshi .... Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Gust Peterson .... Boy
Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Amon .... Boy
Mr. and Mrs. John Peterson .... Two girls
Mr. and Mrs. Karl O. Jackson .... Boy

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

Mat Fankenhoff .... Rosa Chechlman
H. Lavin .... Ida Barovsky
Robert Read .... Lizzie Haggerty

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN.

Last Two Performances Today.

MODJESKA!

Supported by Mr. Otis Skinner.

Matinee 2:30 .... HENRY VIII.
Tonight 8:15 .... MACBETH

Sunday Night,

Twelfth Subscription Performance—Theo. Bolimann's German Co. in the

"Milkmaid of Schoeneberg"

Sale of Seats and Boxes now open for

STUART ROBSON.

Monday and Tuesday nights and Wednesday matinee, "The Bachelor." Wednesday and Thursday nights and Saturday matinee, "Married Life." Friday, "She Stoops to Conquer." Saturday night, "Henrietta."

GRAND

Today and Tonight, HOYT'S A HOLE IN THE GROUND

Tomorrow night McKee Rankin in A Kentucky Colonel.

AUCTION SALE

Of Building to Be Removed.

The St. Paul Trust Company, executor of the last will and testament of the late Norman W. Kittson, will sell at public auction on the premises at 10 o'clock a. m. on Wednesday, the 25th day of January, 1893, the building known as No. 155 Pleasant avenue, and situated on lot 10, in block 61 of Irvine's Enlargement of Rice & Irvine's Addition to St. Paul. Terms cash; the building to be removed from said premises by the purchaser within 10 days from date of sale.

The Boston St. Paul

ESTABLISHED 1870.

A WINTER GAME!

Billiards, pool and the many other indoor games are extremely popular during the Winter months, affording, as they do, sufficient exercise, combined with amusement.

Our Red Figure Sale is affording considerable pleasure to the many shrewd buyers who are taking advantage of the

Big Bargains

we are offering in every department. Men's and Boys' and Children's Overcoats, Suits, Trowsers, Furnishings and Hats at RED FIGURE PRICES.

BOSTON

One-Price Clothing House,

Third Street,

St. Paul.

Out-of-Town Orders solicited and given prompt attention through our Mail Order Department.

MANNHEIMER BROTHERS.

GENERAL

REMOVAL SALE!

In the general reductions

Gloves and Handkerchiefs

are not forgotten. Many lines of Gloves and Mitts have been cut down to one-half of the regular selling price.

Men's Suede Kid Gloves, sizes 6¾ to 7½, formerly $2, are now $1.

Men's Kid Mitts, both fur and fleece-lined, formerly $2.50 to $4.50, are now reduced to $1.75.

Ladies' 4-button Empress Kid Gloves are now $1.

Notions and Druggists' Sundries

are included in the general clearing sale.

La Parisienne Glycerine Soap is reduced to 19c for a box of three 5-ounce cakes.

Best prepared Ammonia for toilet and general household use, 3 bottles for 25c.

8-ounce bottles of best Florida Water for 21c.

Superior quality Imported Bay Rum, 8-ounce bottles for 19c.

Solid back English and French Hair Brushes, the best goods made, will be sold for just half-price.

Men's Furnishings.

Cartwright and Warner's Natural Wool Shirts and Drawers, all sizes, go at $3.00 each. Our former low prices ranged from $3.75 to $5.50. Furnishing men get much more.

All our White Shirts for men are reduced; and they are the best ready-made shirts in the market. They are as good in every respect as most of those that are made to order. We can give you any length of sleeve required with open back or open front and back.

We sell Shirts with pure linen bosom, reinforced front and back, and continuous facings, for 45c. They are good, durable Shirts, and worth a great deal more money.

We sell the "Silver" Shirt, with three-ply linen bosom set in, any length of sleeve, unlaundered for 67c, laundered for 89c.

Perfect-fitting "Gold" Shirts, of quality equal to those made to order, with open back or open back and front, unlaundered for 89c, laundered for $1.13.

Night Shirts at 48c, 69c and 92c; all worth much more.

Lace Dept.

The balance of our stock of GAUZES and NETS in evening shades are cut down to one-half the regular price.

An assorted lot of Ladies' LINEN COLLARS, small sizes only (12 and 12 1-2), worth from 25c to 75c, for 8c each.

Muslin Underwear.

The Removal Sale in this stock is the most attractive we have ever had. The character of the goods is well known. To understand just how low the prices are you will have to examine them. A list of prices has very little meaning unless you have the articles by you. Come and see them.

We have CORSET COVERS at 15c, 25c and 30c.

We will sell you a good Muslin Gown with V-shaped neck on Mother Hubbard yoke of fine tucks back and front, for 75c.

Exceptionally good Gowns at $1.25 and $1.35.

Have you seen our Gowns of Printed Irish Dimities? They are very pretty, and just as cheap as they are pretty.

Our Combined Removal and Annual

Linen Sale

Is the event of the season in dry goods circles. The prices are probably the lowest ever known in St. Paul for goods of equal quality.

Damask Napkins that cost us $1.10 to import them are on sale at $1 a dozen.

Hemstitched Huckaback Towels, of pure linen and good quality, measuring 19x36, are on sale at 20c.

Fringed Huckaback Towels, 22x44, are on sale at 22c.

A list of several columns might be made of just such prices.

The opportunity is one that ought to commend itself to those who use quantities of these goods. The Linens we offer are all of a distinctly better class than those that are usually sold at special sales. We are closing out a stock the reputation of which is second to none in America, and there are none of the low-class goods in it that are simply made to sell.

The Reductions in Cloaks

are the most radical and sweeping we have ever made. Our prices on COLORED and BLACK COATS are the lowest ever named for garments for equal quality and style.

This Store, Southeast Corner

Third and Minnesota Sts.,

IS FOR RENT.

PROPOSALS FOR HOSE

Fire Department, City of St. Paul.

OFFICE BOARD FIRE COMMISSIONERS, ST. PAUL, Jan. 11, 1893.

Sealed bids will be received at this office until Monday, the 23d day of January, 1893, 5 o'clock p. m., for furnishing the City of St. Paul with two thousand (2,000) feet of rubber steam fire engine hose 2½-inch internal diameter, four-ply, with five-ply capped ends, fitted all complete with Caswell's Automatic coupling, Highbee patent thread; said hose to be delivered in the City of St. Paul, and guaranteed to perform three years' service (from date of going into service) under any pressure that may be applied to it by any steam fire engine in the service of said city during said term of three years. Said Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Proposals to be indorsed Proposals for Hose, and addressed to George W. Freeman, President Board of Fire Commissioners. By Order of the Board.

GEORGE W. FREEMAN, President.

WILLIAM O'GORMAN, Secretary.

Jan 1 5t