If one has courage enough to wait, they will find that by and by other people are likely to come round to their way of thinking. This view may be of some comfort to those misjudged mothers who, by keeping the confidence of their daughters, have been able to prevent by their loving care those foolish entanglements that so often mar a woman's life, and keep what is of such inconceivable value to them, the companionship of their daughters, until they are old enough to have some idea of the importance of a wise choice in marriage. A writer in the Chicago Times has this to say on the misunderstood subject—managing mothers:

The world appears to have an idea that mothers with marriageable daughters are ever on the alert for wealthy husbands to carry away their offspring to palatial homes. Much is said of the scheming and plotting that goes on toward this end. Many there are who firmly believe that a daughter's choice in the matter is quite out of the question, and that the maternal guardian arranges everything from the first meeting to the wedding breakfast.

This idea has been fostered to a large degree by the many unions of spring and December that seem to offer no other explanation unless, indeed, the girl is as mercenary as the parent is supposed to be and accepts old age in lieu of youth on account of the ducats in his coffers.

In this country there are very few of the generally accepted type of match-making mothers. Mothers there are—many of them, too—who are desirous that their child should benefit by her marriage than have to assume another and plainer mode of living than the one she had been accustomed to. Isn't this natural? Does any right-minded woman wish to see her child thrown from ease to hardships; and certainly, if hardships have been her lot, how much more excusable the desire that the rest of her life may atone for the tribulations of her girlhood? No mother is anxious to get rid of her child. Of course, in the earlier years of the girl's life there is a protecting sort of love. There is the ever-watchful care, the anxiety that the womanhood of the daughter will be a bright fulfillment of the mother's hope, and ever before that mother's vision comes the thought that when the school days are over she will have gained the sweetest, dearest companion on earth. Then do you suppose that it is pleasant, just as soon as that time arrives, to give up these cherished dreams and share with another the treasure she would have all her own? It is always painful to the mother to part with her child, but, as is only natural to expect, what more worthy than that she should watch the moths that flit about the candle, weigh the virtues and vices of the suitors, and be desirous of getting the best for the child of her heart? It may sound very undemocratic, but if there were more match-making mothers of the right sort there would be far less unhappy marriages. Is not a mother's judgment more clear-sighted than that of the girl blinded by the infatuation of a first attachment? If the daughter would only appreciate the wider experience of the mother the matches made in heaven would increase in number through the care and foresight of the human agent in the business on earth.

"VERS DE SOCIETIE"

Forms the Theme for Mrs. Beard's Pleasant Lecture.

Mrs. Helen Beard gave the last of her series of talks on the poets at the People's church last night to a very appreciative audience. The subject was "Vers de Societie," and gave scope for a greater display of sentiment and lightness than on any former evening. She gave the credit for the founding of the modern school of society verse to Charles, Earl of Dorset, who wrote, in 1665, the brightest, gayest rhymes to his lady love at home while he was off at sea, and on the eve of a naval engagement on whose issue the honor of England was staked. The English poets of this school were Sir Charles Sealey, Winthrop Mackworth Praed, Matthew Prior, W. Makepeace Thackeray, Andrew Lang, Frederick Locker and Austin Dobson. Mrs. Beard quoted from each of these English authors delicate little bits that were as gay and full of sentiment as it is possible to put into words. The American poets who sing in society's lightest vein are Clinton Scollard, H. C. Bunner, Frank Dempster Sherman, Eugene Field and James Whitcomb Riley, from whom selections equally delicate and dainty were read. Mrs. Beard's manner is pleasant, and she shows that thorough appreciation of the subjects of which she speaks possible only to one who, if she has not had the poet's full baptism, has at least received a sprinkle from the mystic fount.

TALKED ON AUTHORS.

Miss Sandford's Pleasant Lecture Last Night.

Miss Sandford of the university, began a course of lectures at the Dayton avenue church last night on English and American authors. The subject last night was Tennyson, whom she considers the embodiment of the nineteenth century. She looks upon him as a great poet in a mere mechanical way, that is as one who has the power to cut and polish the marble into a beautiful form, but not able to breath into his finished statue the breath of life. She thinks that had Tennyson possessed Mrs. Browning's feeling, his poems would have been perfect. She read the oft-quoted poem, "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," in which she found an ideal of manly manhood in all that was highest and best, and in the proud beauty Clara she saw an epitome of all unwomanliness. The series of lectures will be given after this order: Feb. 7, "Mrs. Browning;" Feb. 14, "Robert Browning;" Feb. 21, "Robert Burns;" Feb. 28, "Shakespeare;" March 7, "James Russell Lowell;" March 14, "Nathaniel Hawthorne;" March 21, "Mark Twain;" March 28, "Minor English Poets;" April 4, "Minor American Poets."

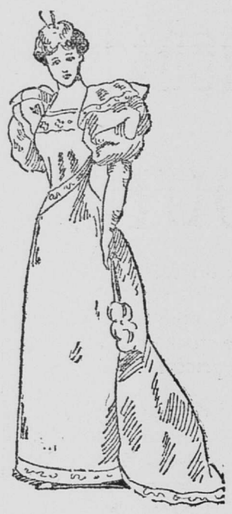
Empire Dresses.

Empire dresses are in great demand for evening wear, but a word of warning as to these will not be out of place. They require, more than any other style of dress, to be made only of good and costly materials. If the overdress is of gauze the foundation or underdress must be of firm silk or satin of good quality; neither cheap woolens nor cheap silks and satins of thin, flimsy texture should ever be employed for these dresses. In the matter of ornaments, too, Empire dresses should never be trimmed with any but the very best; all the lovely new galons and embroideries of the richest and most costly description are intended solely for the decoration of Empire dresses. Young ladies who cannot afford expensive clothing must not let their thoughts stray in the direction of Empire styles, pretty and fascinating as they are.

LET'S TO THE DANCE,

Since Dancing Costume Is the Prettiest a Young Girl Can Wear.

This is the season when the world that skates—or, perhaps, one should say the world that sleighs—by day dances by night. And, as a rule, the world, at least the feminine part of it, looks far prettier dancing than it does sleighing.



A BEAUTIFUL BALL DRESS.

It has to array itself with an eye to comfort when it goes sleighing, and comfort, alas! is rarely beautiful. But when the same portion of the world dons its dancing costume it is transformed. And then the rosy flush of excitement and warmth that one puts on with one's ball dress is so much more becoming than the purple pinchedness that is almost always a part of a sleighing outfit.

Surely this member of the sleighing and dancing world did not look half so pretty this afternoon, done up in furs till she was well-nigh invisible, as she does in her ball dress of pearl white satin. It is cut princesse, with a very long train, and the decollette neck is cut squarely across back and front in a very becoming fashion. The gown is laced up the back. Canary yellow mirror velvet covers one front of the corsage, forming a point just below the waist line, and thence sloping diagonally up to the center of the neck in the back. This and the huge shoulder frills, also of velvet, are finished with a plain border of Venetian point lace, and the four-inch band of velvet which edges the skirt is covered with the same. The satin sleeves (works of art in themselves), which reach to the elbow, are tufted with yellow roses.

Daily Hint From Paris.

New York Herald.

A DINNER DRESS.

The above stylish toilette de diner is made of tea rose bengaline. The corsage is in the "empire" style, and made of cloth of gold, with a pink gauze scarf falling from the bosom to the bottom of the skirt, which is encircled by a wide band of fur. The sleeves are of gauze, and the decollete of the corsage is edged with a wide band of fur.

Women's Meetings.

The regular monthly state meeeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of Minnesota will be held Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 10 a. m., Room 504, New York Life building. It is hoped that all chairmen and those interested in furthering the cause of the world's fair business will be present, as this will be the last state meeting held. Designs for a badge for the members of the Minnesota auxiliary will be shown; those desiring to purchase a badge may leave their order.

The regular monthly meeting of the Queen Isabella association will take place at the home of Mrs. Weller, 60 Summit avenue, Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 2:30 p. m. All ladies cordially invited.

Lambrequin Draperies.

There is a tendency to revive the old lambrequin draperies formerly used above the lace curtains. There is nothing to commend such drapery except that it is said to be in harmony with the French fashions now in vogue in house-furnishing. These lambrequins are chiefly remembered as dust-collectors. They have neither artistic merit nor use to recommend them. As a matter of hygiene the draperies of a bedroom, wherein there is now the attempt to introduce the lambrequin, should be as simple as possible.

A Dinner Dance.

The usual way of giving a dinner dance, which is quite the "swagger" thing in entertaining now, is to fill the dining room—and the drawing room, too, if the house is small—with round tables, each of which seats about eight people. After the dinner has been served and eaten the tables are removed, the men congregate in the dining room for a smoke, and after a short interval the dancing begins. This fashion insures a "small and early," which otherwise is an impossibility where people are so fully engaged otherwise.

SOCIAL BRIEFS.

Mrs. John Fisher entertained the West Side Euchre club Monday evening at her home on Prescott street, and a very enjoyable evening it proved for those present, among whom were: Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Doran, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Clifford, Mr. and Mrs. George Doran, Mr. and Mrs. Will Doran, Mr. and Mrs. John Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. Noe, Mr. and Mrs. O. B. Lewis, Mrs. C. E. Wright; Miss Peabody; Messrs. John Dale and Sole. The prize winners were: Ladies' progressive, Mrs. C. E. Wright; gent's progressive, John Thayer; ladies' lone hand, Mrs. Lewis; gent's lone, George Doran. After the prizes were awarded an elegant lunch was served. The arrangements were of the best.

A sleigh load of young people from Minneapolis stopped in the ladies' ordinary of the Windsor at 9:30 Monday night. The party of seven couples was chaperoned by Mrs. Seip. The young people were Misses Bessie Buyets, Helena Young, Bertie Atkinson, Etta Keyon, Lizzie and Minnie Fisher, Mamie Ege; Messrs. A. A. Tinker, E. L. McGrorey, Harold Wheeler, Lou Ireland, H. J. Hume, R. S. Hume, J. Woodworth.

The St. Paul lodge of I. O. O. F. gave a delightful dance at the hall on Wabasha street last evening. A large majority of the members and their wives and daughters and sweethearts enjoyed the evening in the pleasant social intercourse encouraged by the order. St. Anthony orchestra furnished music for dancing.

Next Tuesday evening will be held a meeting of the Twin City Methodist union at the Clinton Avenue Methodist church. Several of the lights of Methodism will make addresses, and the event is looked forward to with great interest.

The fourth social hop of the Rose Leaf Social club will be given in Martin's hall next Tuesday evening. Efforts will be made to have this eclipse anything of the kind which has preceded it.

Some time this week or next will occur the wedding of Miss. L. Lehman and Nicholas Gludt, of Lake City. Miss Lehman is well known and has many friends on the West side.

The first of a series of hops to be given by the society people of Fort Snelling occurred last night. A delegation of St. Paul young people participated.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Olivet Methodist Episcopal Church met yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Henry Clark on Juno street.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. John's parish met yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the home of Mrs. W. H. Herrick on Holly avenue.

Miss Carpenter gave a large progressive euchre party at her home on St. Peter street yesterday afternoon.

The Two to Five Euchre club will meet this afternoon with Mrs. Dr. Richardson, of Grove street.

PERSONAL MENTION.

The funeral of Mrs. Mary Pratt, who died Sunday evening at the residence of Robert N. Hare, at the Clinton flats, occurred yesterday at 2 o'clock from the Hebron Baptist church and was largely attended. Mrs. Mary Pratt was eighty years of age and was well known on the West side for the past thirty years. Most of the time she had lived alone, but owing to sickness the past winter had lived with Mrs. Hare. She was a widow, her husband having been killed in the Sioux outbreak at New Ulm.

H. A. Johnson, of Chicago, has arrived in the city to take charge of the dress goods department of Mannheimer Bros. He is a guest at the Metropolitan.

County Judge Thomas A. Dyson, one of the two Republican county officers of La Crosse county, Wisconsin, was a guest at the Hotel Ryan Monday night.

Capt. Maynard Rogers and wife, of Ottawa, Canada, occupy a suite of rooms at the Hotel Ryan. Capt. Rogers is a superintendent of the Canadian Pacific.

Mrs. R. H. Cotton, of St. Peter, has removed to the West side, and occupies the residence formerly inhabited by J. V. I. Dodd.

Adjt. Gen. H. Muehlberg has arrived in the city. He is entertained at the Merchants'.

John A. Moore, one of the leading contractors of Duluth, is at the Clarendon.

J. D. Munger has severed his connection with the Ide-Thompson company.

Horace Fair, of Wabash, was on the West side Monday on business.

Miss Frank Davis, of Stillwater, is visiting friends on the West side.

Henry Feig, of Atwater, is at the Clarendon.

T. W. Teasdale, of the Omaha, is in Hannibal.

AT THE HOTELS.

At the Ryan—J. D. Pryor, Mankato; G. W. Martin and wife, West Superior; Alex McDougall, Duluth; D. Drummond, Eau Claire; H. B. Batchelor, Miles City.

At the Clifton—T. T. Corrigan, Duluth; G. G. Warner, Jamestown; E. G. H. Lane, Wahpeton; H. J. Kroenke, Bowling Green, Md.; H. J. Rupel, E. P. Wagner, Chicago; R. Hayes, Murphysboro, Ill.; M. J. O'Laughen, Watausha.

At the Windsor: Hon. W. P. Dunnington, Redwood Falls; W. A. Finkelnburg, Winona; L. J. Rochall, St. Cloud; Thomas Mills, Superior; Joel P. Heatwole, Northfield; H. R. Wellman, Duluth; J. A. Sampson, Excelsir; S. Southworth, Shakopee.

At the Clarendon—John A. More, Duluth; Pat Bray, Henderson; Henry Letez, Chicago; John O'Brien, Thomas Hunt, Winona; Patrick Fitzgerald, New Paryton; David Noble, Helena; C. Coppinger, Grantsburg, Wis.; William McCorackin, Red Wing; R. Debble, Common Falls; Paul Burne, Shackopee; William Christie, Oakland.

At the Merchants'—Charles T. Orton, Duluth; J. B. Lost, S. W. Champton, Green Bay; W. E. Bryant, Detroit; M. L. Parker, Jamestown; James McCluenhan, Duluth; A. E. Weber, Wahpeton; John Grant, Fairbault; John Palm, Litchfield; O. H. Shriver, Helena; W. E. Webster, Hudson; Irwin Shepard, Winona; D. A. McDonald, La Crosse; James Parks, Barnum; D. E. Morgan, Devil's Lake; D. E. Myers, St. Cloud.

These Are Traveling.

Special to the Globe.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31.—Minneapolis—G. A. Pierce, Metropole; A. Goldsmith, Broadway; P. Lees, Gilsey; W. R. Gregory, N. E. Rosenan, Imperial; M. L. Rothschild, Plaza. St. Paul—Mrs. Kahn, St. Denis; M. Healey, Broadway Central; G. H. Sanney, A. G. Staples, Grand; F. S. Weidenberner, Albert. Minnesota—W. H. Vanderburg, Gilsey.

LOVE'S SEASON.

In the sad sweet days when hectic flushes
Burn red on maple and sumac leaf,
When sorrowful winds wail through the rushes,
And all things whisper of loss and grief,
When close and closer bold Frost approaches
To snatch the blossom from Nature's breast,
When night forever on day encroaches—
Oh, then I think that I love you best.

And yet when Winter, that tyrant master,
Has buried Autumn in walls of snow,
And bound and fettered where bold Frost cast her,
Lies outraged Nature in helpless woe,
When all earth's pleasure's in four walls center,
And side by side in the snug home nest
We list the tempests which cannot enter,
Oh, then I say that I love you best.

But later on, when the Siren Season
Betrays the trust of the senile King,
And glad Earth laughs at the act of treason,
And Winter dies in the arms of Spring,
When buds and birds all push and flutter
To free fair Nature so long oppressed,
I thrill with feelings I cannot utter.
And then I am certain I love you best.

But when in splendor the queenly Summer
Reigns over the earth and the skies above,
When Nature kneels to the royal comer,
And even the Sun flames hot with Love,
When Pleasure basks in the luscious weather,
And Care lies out on the sward to rest—
Oh, whether apart or whether together,
It is then I know that I love you best.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in February Lippincott's.

DEAD TO HOME.

Brandon Banner.

Oil lamps swung dismally under the smoky ceiling, sending out yellow rays of quaking light. The place reeked with the smell of oil, and Latakia, and wine. From the smoke and reek that hung over the room, undulating about the ceiling like a serpent striving for a hole, the faces of the men shone out in ghastly lights and shades.

There were Arabs who had followed Arabi Pasha, Sepoys whose fathers had been in the Indian mutiny, and white men from all ends of the earth. When the light from the lamps streamed upon one side of a man's face and left the other a black blank it was like a yellow specter. There were drunken mutterings in all manner of tongues. When men from the farther borders of the world come to Cairo and seek for amusement they must expect to find it a swarthy, evil-looking thing. Unless they happen to stand in with the gentlemen who frequent the palaces. In that case——

They were making free a space in the middle of the room, and the eyes of the men began to shine and their lips to moisten. Donald Frothingham, who was on his way back from Hong Kong, wandered into this place because he had seen a particularly vicious-looking Arab enter, and had wanted to sketch the man's face for a picture he had in hand. When he found what kind of a place he had come to, he congratulated himself and proceeded to enjoy the murky color, the evil language, the bad wine, just as he invariably enjoyed every new experience that came in his way. When the keen-eyed servants began arranging the open space under the oil lamps Donald lit another Egyptian and waited, indolently, for what might come.

Into the dim, yellow light there came presently six girls, with flames in their eyes and the quickness of fire in their limbs, and began to dance. The kohl under their eyes accentuated the brightness of their pupils; the gauzy, scarf-like garments that floated tempestuously about their swaying forms enhanced rather than hid the voluptuous litheness of their figures. They had strings of coins about their throats, their ankles, and their wrists; they flashed them scornfully about, as if they hated the gold they danced for. Now they were half in shadow, half in light; now the murky, copper-colored light hung just over them and threw its color upon their faces; and now they danced all in darkness, naught save the chinking timbre of their ornaments disclosing their presence.

It was in moments like these that exclamations of approval came from the onlookers, and orders went out for more wine. Donald was viewing the grim picture with something of scorn succeeding his first feeling of curiosity and interest; his eyes were half-closed. He was wondering in what strange, unfathomable grooves the minds of these girls might be running; a speculation that has never anywhere, at any time, been answered, that never will be answered.

Into his thoughts came a soft voice. "This," said the voice out of the darkness, "is a strange place to choose for a brown study." He started and looked about. There was no one near who looked the least like an Anglo-Saxon. Besides it had surely been a woman's voice. In front of him the tinkle of coins told him that one of the dancers was swaying in the dusk there. But surely that was impossible, surely—no, he must have been dreaming.

A soft, perfumed strand of hair whisked across his face, he felt the flutter of feet close to him. Then out of the dimness he saw two eyes burning into his, eyes that were promises of heaven, eyes that were mirrors of his own suddenly awakened wishes. He heard the soft voice whispering again: "I wear an amber bracelet;" but when he put out his hand, only a little ripple of laughter came to him.

Now he fastened his eyes upon the brightly lit middle space, and presently, as some of the others danced into the farther dimness, he noticed that a grim ray of light was falling upon one girl, who swayed and flashed about with the suppleness of a half-tamed tiger, velvet-footed, cruel-eyed, and wearing a circlet of amber on her wrist. Donald peered fiercely at her, and then his senses for an instant wavered. The girl was white, white as he himself. His eyes met hers and the cruelness in hers suddenly spun into delicious invitations; he remembered that the accent of that English-whispering voice had been as pure as his own; horrible wonder as to how an English girl came to be there mingled with the fascination in which the girl's dancing, her voice, her face, her mystery enveloped his senses. Curiosity, the precursor of much earthly torment, was awake in Donald.

He flung her a coin. She caught it and smiled with her eyes. The smoke swallowed her up again. Some of the girls were disappearing. Men went away also. One greasy Arab poured a handful of coins into one girl's tambourine and looked at her with heavy, shaking eyes; they passed out together. By Donald's side there was again a whispering. "Curiosity is dear; will you pay for the answer?"

He caught a hand that dropped warm in the darkness. "Who in the name of all that is wonderful are you, and what?" he asked. The hand went up to his mouth and pressed gently upon his lips.

"It is not good to know things. It is better to dream. But if you will—"

The stars that enviously eyed Cleopatra were hanging in the blue canopy like Chinese lanterns in a garden. White outlines of minarets were penciled against the soft spaces of azure. Donald's eyes held the picture lovingly. "I shall always remember Cairo," he said softly.

* * * *

Donald went through his old pastor's house with memories springing into being at every nook and corner. He was full of exclamations and pleasant chatter of long-ago days. The white-haired rector smiled in that loving, indulgent manner of his, replying to the younger man's questions with a kind of paternal grace, a charming pride in the house, the place, its associations.

Before a miniature pastel portrait Donald stopped and grew suddenly afraid with a terrible fear. But he nerved his voice to evenness. "That," he said, looking at the old rector, "is—h'm, now, which of you is that? I've been away so long I really—"

"That is Rosa, our eldest daughter," said the minister gravely. "She was a child when you went away."

Those eyes! Where—where had Donald seen them before? Those burning, melting eyes!

He still looked at the portrait. The pain on the rector's face was visible. "She," Donald went on, "she is not with you?"

"No, poor child, she was married eight years ago. The engagement was a very short one; we opposed the marriage, but Rosa was always impulsive. She had only known him six weeks when I married them. He was very well off. He was appointed to a position in China, and there—" the old man's voice thickened a little as he continued, "there the climate, the new life—she—" He stopped and looked away.

"She died in China?" asked Donald gently.

His companion nodded.

DO YOU KNOW

That eggs covered when frying will cook much more evenly?

That if you heat your knife you can cut hot bread as smoothly as cold?

That a little flour dredged over the top of a cake will keep the icing from running?

That the white of an egg with a little sugar and water is good for a child with an irritable stomach?

That clear, black coffee diluted with water and containing a little ammonia, will cleanse and restore black clothes?

That a large slice of raw potato in the fat when frying doughnuts will prevent black specks from appearing on their surface?

That by rubbing with a flannel cloth dipped in whiting the brown discoloration may be taken off cups which have been been used in baking?

That a little powdered borax in a baby's bath water prevents the little one's skin from chafing, and he is not so liable to "break out with the heat?" —Ella B. Simmons in Good Housekeeping.

Psyche Knots for Little Girls.

New York Tribune.

Fashionable mammas are twisting up half of their little girls' hair in a Psyche knot on the crown of the head, leaving the rest of the chevelure either floating on the shoulders or tied with a bow at the neck. With this arrangement the hair in front is worn either brushed straight back or with a little curled fringe, which is more becoming.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

MARRIAGES, BIRTHS DEATHS,

DEATHS REPORTED.

Baby Stiles, 81 South Robert.....2 months
Carl Carlson, 305 Williams. . .....3 years
Thea Anderson, St. Luke's hospital .19 years
Mary Pratt, 132 East Congress.....80 years
Elizabeth Crawford, Maria avenue...72 years
Will C. Deverell, 263 Smith avenue..31 years
William Stockton, 791 Cedar ... .54 years
Stanislaus Matuszak, 705 Farrington..2 years
John Deng, 906 Hudson avenue.....56 years
Catherine O'Grady, 289 Banfil .....60 years

BIRTHS REPORTED.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward McConnell.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. George Sirk .....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. William Beigel.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Haupt.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Bolt.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Laplerr.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Gust Mauke..... .....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. John Nowak .....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Mike Larken .....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. George Mandler. .....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Walker..... .....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. James Cane..... .....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. George H. Addison.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Lendemann.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Beaudreau . ...Girl

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

George W. Martin.....Olive A. Swenson
Frank Zajanezkeowski.....Mary Demagalska

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

NOTICE.

TO THE PUBLIC—ALL REQUESTS for the removal of garbage will be promptly attended to by notifying the St. Paul Garbage Co., Room 109, Davidson Block. Telephone call 1313.

DIED.

FUNK—In St. Paul, at family residence, No. 278 Goodrich avenue, Jan. 30, at 8:30 p. m., Charles L. Funk, aged 32 years, youngest son of Mary and the late Frank Funk Sr. Funeral Thursday morning, Feb. 2, 1893, from residence, at 9:30 o'clock. Services at Assumption church at 10 o'clock. Friends invited to attend.

RANDALL—In St. Paul, Monday, Jan. 30, Mrs. Judith Randall, aged eighty-three years. Funeral Feb. 1, 1893. Services at family residence, 995 Marshall avenue, at 2 p. m. Friends invited.

HULL—In St. Paul, Mrs. Hattie E. Hull, at the residence of her sister, Mrs. Orson Jackson, 295 Sherburne avenue. Funeral at house, 2:30 p. m., Feb. 1. Friends invited.

O'LEARY—In St. Paul, at family residence, 657 Conway street, Arthur O'Leary, age seventy-two years. Notice of funeral hereafter.

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

AMUSEMENTS.