"O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us,"

Sang Bobbie Burns, and though we hear the couplet quoted, and, in fact, quote it ourselves often and often again, I really doubt whether we would enjoy the sight at all times and under all circumstances. If we could have the "mirror held up to nature" only when we were "acting pretty," as the old-fashioned people call it, we might be pleased with the survey, but it strikes me that if the "giftie" enabled us to see ourselves when we are in a particularly amiable mood and thinking how perfectly angelic we were and wishing that everybody could be "even as we were;" if, I say, at that juncture the "giftie" should show us that our haloes set bias on our heads or were not meant for us at all, but for an entirely different person, I am persuaded that we would privately gnash our teeth at genial Robbie, and, like the old darky, wonder why "de Lord couldn't take a joke;" but sometimes the bitterest medicine is best, and in this spirit we call the attention of our young readers to the following extracts written by a bright woman in the New York Recorder:

Many women, particularly the more youthful ones, commit through carelessness or thoughtlessness, many breaches of good manners which need but a reminder to be speedily remedied. To begin with, the sweet tooth of the average American girl tempts her to eat candy in the street and at the theaters, though she may be quite aware that to do so is not good form. The same girl who would scorn to eat peanuts and condemns those delicacies as "vulgar" munches away on caramels or buttercups in public vehicles, public thoroughfares and public places of amusement.

Many young women, the best-hearted in the world, will wound their parents' hearts by openly correcting or contradicting them, forgetting that their own superior knowledge does not show up to advantage when paraded at the expense of good manners. This habit on the part of the younger members of society is one that should be nipped in the bud at once. Suppose father or mother do mispronounce a word, make a misstatement, or fall into an error of grammar, does it make things any better by emphasizing their faults so openly? The first law of good manners is consideration and respect for those older than ourselves, therefore that, outside of any other promptings, should restrain the flippant correction of parents before strangers at least.

To discuss your clothes, your servants or your domestic affairs is to stamp yourself illbred. General conversation is the only sort tolerated in the best circles. Do not talk and laugh at the theater or other places of amusement, annoying those about you who came to enjoy the performance and not your conversation. Do not stare at people and then discuss them so that there is no possibility of their mistaking the topic of your conversation; in fact, let consideration for others be your watchword and refinement your code, and your manners will improve steadily under such personal discipline.

A WONDERFUL GROWTH

Was That of the Christian Endeavor Societies.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor held a mass meeting at House of Hope church yesterday, in commemoration of its organization twelve years ago. The union meeting was held at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and was under the charge of Miss Lu Fowble, city superintendent of junior work. Miss Blanchard, state superintendent, made a most able address, in which she reviewed the work that the society had done, and spoke of its marvelous history and its wonderful popular increase, which is from one society in February, 1881, to 24,000 societies in 1893 in which there are 1,400,000 members. The societies are not in one church or two, but are in every church of every denomination. Preparations are already begun for the next state convention, which will meet in St. Paul Oct. 20 to 22. The influence for good of such an army of earnest young workers was dwelt upon by the speaker, and each society was expected to use its utmost endeavor to bring others into the fold, and each was solemnly charged to remember and regard the vows they had assumed. In the evening at 8 o'clock the mass meeting convened in the audience room of the House of Hope church, the president, M. M. C. Bregg, being in charge, and opened with praise and devotional exercises, conducted by Rev. W. B. Millard, pastor of Bethany Congregational church, and the following programme was rendered:

Address—"A Survey of the Field"—
Rev. A. W. Ringland, D. D., President of Macalester College.
Trio—"Tell Me the Old, Old Story"....Sudds
Miss C. J. Knight, H. B. Morrison, J. H. Taylor.
Address—"Christian Endeavor, and the Things That Will Make It a Success"—
Rev. R. N. McKaig, D. D., pastor of Franklin Avenue M. E. Church, Minneapolis.
Offering.
Solo—"Meditation".....Chenery
Miss Sadie Morrow.
Mizpah Benediction.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. P. Allen, druggist, corner Seventh and Jackson.

PEMININE TALENT

Entertainingly Employed in a Pleasing Programme.

A charming entertainment was given at Central Park M. E. church last night, at which the following talented young people assisted, according to the programme: Miss Pierce (teacher of elocution in St. Paul High school), reader; Miss May Griffiths, soprano; Miss Louise Taylor, violiniste; Arion quartette, of Minneapolis; F. S. Pratt, first tenor; C. W. Edwards, second tenor; E. C. Kempton, first bass; E. A. Scott, second bass.

A Cannibal Idyl..... Tabor
Arion quartette.
Scene de Ballet — Violin and piano.....De Beriot
Miss Louise Taylor, C. W. Edwards.
Recitation.....Selected
Miss Pierce.
Mendelssohn's Wedding March—
—Baby Marie Edwards
Harmony on second piano by C. W. Edwards.
Solo.....Selected
Miss May Griffiths.
(a) Hunting Song
(b) Test of tone perception } ..... Gurlit
Baby Edwards.
"Sadly Let the Rolling Drums"—
Arion Quartette
Recitation.....Selected
Miss Pierce.
"Pantaisie Pastorale"—Piano and violin.....Singelee
Baby Edwards, Louise Taylor.
Solo.....Selected
Miss Griffiths.
"Cavatina".....Raff
Louise Taylor.
Male quartette.....Selected
Arion Quartette.

Miss Louise Taylor is a marvel. At the age of fifteen years she is rendering the tones and qualities of the violin in expressions equal to a master. Last night she executed the "Scene de Ballet" of BeBeriot with a sympathy and technique which was astonishing. Her "Fantasie Pastorale" was charming, and her "Cavatina," solo by Roff, was a rendition which must teach us the wonderful skill of this young St. Paul artiste. Miss Taylor embraced the intricate, arduous study of the violin in her childhood. She is now the accomplished pupil of Herr Emile Straka, who is today without a peer in the Northwest. Miss Taylor is certainly destined for a glorious place among the masters of the country.

MILITARY GOLD FALLALS.

They Are as Dear to the Heart of the Small Boy As to His Big Sister.

The love of brass buttons and gold straps and "soldier-boy" effects is a part of every human soul. The boy's costume shown in this cut will be almost as welcome to a little chap as his first trousers were. It is military in effect, and should be in dark blue green with braidings of black.

A charming costume for a fair-haired little girl is of frost-blue bengaline. The skirt is perfectly plain, but a trifle full, to show the lights of the silk. The waist is pointed slightly back and front, and has a girdle effect of ribbons to match the silk. The yoke, collar and cuffs are of beaver-colored velvet edged with jeweled gimp. The sleeves are very full and wide bretelles of the silk go over the shoulders.

Another quaint little couple is in velvet and China crepe.

The youthful gentleman is resplendent in dark Russian blue velvet. The jacket turns back in straight lapels, with imitation buttonholes and black buttons. The soft cambric waist, with its dainty ruffles, is "all buttoned up before," a la Old Grimes, with pearl bullet buttons.

The little lady is bewitching in a plaited frock of pink crepe hanging straight from the neck. A ribbon belt is brought loosely about the waist and lifted slightly in a point in front. The sleeve is a perfectly straight flounce, plaited closely in at the shoulder and finished like the neck with a wide frill of lace.

TALKS TO MOTHERS.

A Sensible Little Chat Upon the Care of Little Folks.

Some mothers, in their cleanly zeal, attack the scalp of the little folks that belong to them with the fine comb as a weapon and dandruff as the arch enemy, which they proceed vigorously to exterminate. If they only knew it, they are stimulating the accumulation of the patches that so annoy them, and in many instances lay the foundation for a severe case of eczema, which is the direct outcome of the vigorous onslaught. The comb has but these offices, and they are to open up the hair so that the brush may reach all parts of the scalp, to part it and to disentangle snarls. A properly made comb has long, thick, wide, perfectly smooth teeth with well-rounded ends and set wide apart. To remove the dandruff a little oil or grease should be rubbed into the scalp and the head carefully washed with warm water and soap. If this treatment does not prove successful a physician should be consulted.

* * *

Just a word here among ourselves and on our own conduct. The example we set is the one the children will follow; therefore, if we get up cross and grumpy in the morning, ready to find fault with this, that and the other, we need not be surprised if the little ones' manners are fashioned on the same model. To be cheerful and smiling at breakfast is to strike the keynote of the household behavior for the whole day, and no one appreciates the happy morning hour more than the sharp-eyed critics that are so easily influenced one way and another by the temper of "mother." Endeavor at breakfast time to be interested, and to assume a happy air, though you feel it not. It will set the pace for the day, and is not so hard to acquire if you only determine on your line of conduct, and do not deviate therefrom though the steak is burned, the coffee clouded or the baby cross.

* * *

A few words about the pleasures of "The Seventh Day" may not come amiss, as so many of us make the mistake of giving our small men and women the impression that there are no pleasures for Sunday, only a continual "Thou shalt not" that makes the day irksome and to be dreaded. Let there be some especial dainties for the evening meal, not necessarily expensive dishes, but certain childish favorites that appear on no other day. Stories can be read that leave their own moral, yet are not of the goody-goody type that children soon learn to abhor. There can be an hour of singing, and this, with the pleasant duties of Sunday school, should turn the day into a very bright and happy one. It is a wise parent that, through some simple means, marks this day in the week as one set apart in anticipation from all the rest. The influence of these happy Sabbath days will leave their mark long after the little ones have left the home nest and its teachings behind.

FLORAL BEAUTIES.

Fish Net and Roses a New Combination—A Word About Violets.

Detroit Free Press.

Floral decorations are fast coming to be considered the all-important feature of an entertainment. No matter what the function may be, an informal luncheon, a ball or cotillion, there is the most lavish use of flowers and greenery. The intense cold of the past two weeks has made it impossible for florists to do much in the way of embellishment with tropical plants. The removal of plants from the warmth of a greenhouse to the open air has resulted disastrously in several cases, though all sorts of methods have been employed to protect them during the transfer. To preserve the effect of a woodland scene many ingenious contrivances have been resorted to. At a wedding which took place Wednesday the orchestra was hidden from view by a tall network of wire which was interwoven with smilax, and fringed with palm leaves in such a manner as to produce not only the desired result, but a most artistic result.

Fish net makes an easily arranged foundation for a floral curtain when one is desired in decorating a room. At a reception where the house was decorated in white and gold, yellow roses with long stems were woven in and out of the meshes of the net. The netting in somewhat finer mesh, that comes in colors and also gilded, may also be used with exquisite effect for the same purpose. Such a curtain is not only pretty between the doorways, but draped back from a large mirror. Almost any flower can be used against these curtains, or the greenery of smilax or other vines with a few flowers.

At a recent dinner party the center of the round table was massed with maidenhair fern and pale pink roses, and thence the decoration continued in a curving spray, graduated to a single blossom. In the vacant place left at one side by this decoration a large bow of pale satin ribbon in the color of the roses was placed, trimmed with dark Parma violets.

All decorations for the dinner table are kept as low as possible. There is always, of course, a centerpiece, and from this centerpiece the cloth is sprayed with ferns of fine flowers. It is the object of the hostess that her table shall be decorated in as individual as well as elegant a manner as possible.

One centerpiece is enough for a small dinner, and the favorite way of lighting a table is from a huge lamp suspended above it, and shaded in some color, soft, delicate and becoming to the complexion. For a large dinner a centerpiece of flowers and a smaller arrangement at each end will be necessary. The favorite dinner table now is round or octagonal, and with this there is either a ceterpiece of flowers or a shade lamp in the middle, with little vases of flowers all round. A pretty one has twelve little burnished silver open-worked pots, each holding a tiny fern plant, and grouped under the lamp with excellent effect.

The modest violet has outlived its reputation as a neglected, unnoticed flower. Its odor finds place in my lady's boudoir, toilet water, scent sachet and perfume bottles. Her dainty clothing is embroidered with violets. Her pretty gauze fan is strewn with them. A tiny bunch of their purple sweetness is tucked in the puffs of her hair, and a large cluster adorns her throat when she walks down the fashionable avenue. Not one of all the flower sisterhood has claimed so much attention in recent years or been so persistently imitated for general use.

A DAILY TRIAL.

The Woman Whose Every Thought Is of Her Ailments.

As this is an age in which woman is trying to improve herself, I hope my criticisms on a certain type that has come under my observation in almost every walk in life, will add to the abundance of food for thought that has heretofore been suggested. I wish to speak of the grumbling, complaining, imaginative woman; the woman who has always got an ache or pain, and who has not the moral courage to bear such trifles herself, but will persist in making every one who will give her an audience as miserable as herself; the woman who will corral you for an hour or two and compel you to listen to her family troubles. When will this selfish, sympathy-craving individual realize that hers is not the only troubled life? that perhaps the heart that she expects to respond to her misery has a heavier burden to bear than her own? How much we love and admire the woman who has always a kind word and pleasant smile, even though her heart is bleeding from a wound that is more deeply centered than mere bodily ailment, and she is always the bore's victim. My dear reader, if you belong to this class (and have the common sense to know it) forget yourself, and look around to see where you can alleviate the suffering of some one else. This is an epoch where we have women conducting free dispensaries, free hospitals and free lunch rooms for the poor, the professional woman, business woman, etc., and therefore we have no time to spend with the idle, complaining gossip.

M. F. G.

A PITIFUL THING.

That a Child Should Have No Home But in a Boarding House.

"My heart always bleeds for a child who is brought up in a boarding house," said a motherly woman with a little brood of her own, who understood fully all that the word "home" implies. This remark set us to thinking, and as there are so many families that board, the subject appeared to be one that could most easily be studied, and the real life of little folks whose home means the routine of boarding, learned from observation.

After watching half a dozen small men and women the conclusion was arrived at that the motherly lady's heart had good reason for all the sympathy that emanated from that organ. To begin with, the child soon ceases to be other than a child in name. Surrounded by grown people, the feminine portion of which spends its time in gossip of a nature that has no tendency to improve either the morals or the manners of the youthful listener, the little son or daughter soon prefers the talk that goes on in "mamma's" room to any blocks, dollies or tin soldiers that ever were manufactured, and though ostensibly engaged with its toys the player on the floor is not so engrossed in its own occupation as to forget to say "Go on" when mamma or some of her friends pause in the recital of something of which a child should be kept in ignorance.

Outside of this dire influence of the mind and instincts of the children whose parents live their lives in boarding houses comes the deprivation of enjoyments that belong to the child brought up in a home of its own, no matter how humble that roof tree may be. There is no messing in the kitchen, no gay revels in the garden or rare frolics in the nursery or play room. They must toe the mark or be put out. Signs read that they must not run through the halls; there can be no merry shouts of welcome for father or mother. The spirits of childhood must be crushed out lest the effervescent flood annoy the lady underneath or the gentleman next door.

If young married people find it economical or less trouble to board, let them do so, and may they manage to get all the joy out of such an existence that they can; but when the little ones arrive, for the sake of their future, the parents should take up their abode in a little house of their own, so that the child's earliest memories will not be associated with the hot-house atmosphere of a boarding house.

Are Not Ambitious Enough.

A typewriter employed in the office of a prominent real estate firm in St. Paul has such accurate knowledge of the realty of the city that she is often consulted in preference to her employers. One of them said that, if she were a man, she would be the office boy himself, so great is her business ability; yet she receives only the regular typewriter's salary.

Another woman in the West has for fifteen years conducted a large insurance business for the regular agent. He receives the agent's profits, she a meager salary.

Men clerks and stenographers claim that their chief reluctance to women's entering these different lines of business is that the women reduce the salaries paid, not because of their number, but because they are too easily satisfied with small pay, and are not ambitious enough for promotion.

SOCIAL BRIEFS.

A "toe" social was given at the Atlantic Congregational church last night. It was something entirely new and unique.

The members of the Rose Leaf Social club are leaving nothing undone to make their fourth social hop, which occurs at Martin's next Tuesday evening eclipse anything of the kind so far undertaken this season.

Mrs. Alice M. Judd, of Minneapolis, and Misses Birdena Farwell and Emma Hause, of St. Paul, will leave next Wednesday morning for a three months' sojourn in California. The first named will go to Los Angeles, the second to Oakland, and the third to Bakersfield.

Miss Thompson's demonstration lesson in cookery at the Y. W. F. A. rooms, Seventh and Jackson streets, this morning at 10:30 will be in the line of making chicken, cabbage, potato and fruit salads, French mayonnaise and cooked mayonnaise dressings.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Judge D. B. Searles, of St. Cloud, is at the Windsor.

C. H. Mayo, of Rochester, son of Senator Mayo, is at the Metropolitan.

Henry Simmons has gone to Milwaukee, to be gone the balance of the winter.

Miss Edith Rodgers, of Minneapolis, visited friends on the West side Wednesday.

W. H. Bennett and wife, of Stillwater, are among the guests at the Merchants'.

Charles T. Miller and family, of Central Park, left for a trip to California last night.

Hon. Thomas Simpson, of Winona, visited the office of the attorney general yesterday morning.

At the Clarendon—Charles A. Bush, Willmar; J. O. Brien, Winona; E. L. Hall, Riverside, N. J.; Thomas Driscoll, Jamestown.

At the Ryan—E. M. Raworth, Fargo; A. L. Amhlith, Helena; C. A. Hunter, Omaha; J. B. Henderson and wife, Winnipeg; W. Van Brant, Duluth.

At the Windsor—H. H. Phelps, Duluth; George Lurdsay, Winnipeg; J. B. Dunn, Shakopee; Thomas Bohen, Waseca; J. M. Rahelly, Duluth; Pat H. Rahelly, Lake City; Fred Widell, Mankato; A. Y. Merrill, Aitkin; G. L. Nye, Shakopee; George M. Crove, Albert Dea; F. K. Holmberg, Duluth.

At the Merchants'—George C. Pollock, Fergus Falls; R. L. McCormick, Haywood, Wis.; T. A. Dodge, Le Sueur; William Westerman, St. Cloud; F. Windson, West Superior; S. B. Clorg, Fargo; J. Noxon, Winona; John W. Moher, Devil's Lake; George D. Lay, Grand Forks; J. H. Johnson, Winona.

At the Clifton—P. F. Connelly, Barnesville; J. A. Schleuter, Aberdeen, S. D.; J. W. Sweder, Helena, Mont.; C. S. Guderian, Anoka; Miss Mamie Hillespie, Robert R. Weis, Joseph Rolfe, Milwaukee; A. P. Larson, Sprague, Wash.; A. C. Keene, Chicago; A. C. Wilkinson, Crookston, Minn.; R. H. Moore, Lake City, Minn.; J. G. Redding, Windom, Minn.; H. C. Whitney and wife, Eau Claire.

In the East.

Special to the Globe.

NEW YORK, Feb. 2.—At New York hotels: Minneapolis—C. T. Fox, Imperial; J. P. Hay, St. James; C. V. Loudon, Murray Hill; John P. Hoy, Fifth Avenue. Duluth—C. S. Seargent, Astor; S. L. Selden, Murray Hill. St. Paul—A. J. Cummings, St. Dennis; W. S. Lutchfield, Imperial. Deadwood—M. J. Wertheimer, St. Cloud; M. Liebman, St. Dennis.

Closing Out Sale.

A rare opportunity to buy at auction the choicest Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware. Everything to be sold. Sales today at 10:30.

MYERS & Co., Jewelers,
71 East Third Street.

Doing Anything.

Detroit Free Press.

A sharp boy struck a Jefferson avenue merchant the other morning for a job.

"So you want to be an office boy, eh?" queried the merchant good-naturedly.

"Yes sir."

"What can you do?"

"Anything."

"That's the same old answer," said the merchant. Do you expect to get paid for doing anything?"

"You bet I do," snapped the boy. "You don't expect me to do anything without pay, do you? That's what the other man expected, and I got out."

The boy took the job.

Going to Nicaragua.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 2.—A colony is being formed in Cincinnati to go to Nicaragua and establish an American agricultural community. Citizens of Cincinnati, Newport, Dayton and Covington are pushing the project. The colonists include river men, carpenters, blacksmiths and other craftsmen.

What Is It?

In point of fact it is the freedom from poisonous and spurious ingredients, the excellence in flavor which gives to Dr. Price's Delicious Flavoring Extracts of Vanilla, Orange, Lemon, etc., their wide popularity and increasing sale.

The retail grocers are learning that quality rather than price is necessary to retain the confidence of customers and make a successful business.

LIFE AND DEATH.

What's for the babe?
Why, mother's eyes,
Twin patches of those summer skies
That beamed on him in Paradise.

What's for the child?
With fays to skip,
To taste the honeysuckle's lip—
The butterfly's companionship.

What's for the boy?
The haunted wold,
The squirrel's nest in leafy hold,
The rainbow's fabled pot of gold.

What's for the youth?
To dream of fame,
In shifting sand to write his name,
With sighs to fan a passion's flame.

What's for the man?
Courage to bear
The load of wisdom and of care,
And some true heart its weight to share.

And what's for age?
Pain's prison bars,
Comfort that every trifle mars,
Dimness and fear—and then the stars!
—George Horton in Harper's Weekly.

MY FIRST DUEL.

Translated from the Spanish of Paul A. Tebareo from Romance by Amalia Solano.

"Who is that pretty girl who bowed to you?"

"That is Carmen Ellauri de Garcia."

As he spoke an amused smile passed over the face of Carlos Gonzales.

This short conversation was held between two young men one afternoon as they stood under the arcade of La Confiteria del Aguela, in Calle Florida, in the city of Buenos Ayres.

Both young men belonged to the gilded youth of our city, and, having very little to do, were amusing themselves by watching all the pretty girls pass along the Calle Florida.

"Why do you smile?" asked Dr. Federico Pinares, who had been the first one to speak.

"You would also smile," answered Carlos, "if you had made a fool of yourself about a woman, sent her enough flowers every day to adorn a church, stayed awake all night to write a few lines of poetry to send her; danced with her so often that every one said, 'Oh, yes, they are going to be married;' fought a duel for her, and then had that very same woman pass you in the street with a cool bow and completely ignore you otherwise."

"You fought a duel, why?" asked Federico.

"It is a long tale, and it happened while you were in Paris studying medicine. I presume you never heard of it?"

"If I did, I do not remember now," answered Dr. Pinares. "Now, Carlos, tell me all about it."

"It is nearly 6:30. Let us go to the Cafe de Paris and have dinner. There, after dinner, I will tell you the story."

The two young men proceeded toward Piedad street and entered the brilliantly lighted restaurant of the Cafe de Paris.

After a costly dinner, for in Buenos Ayres everything is costly, they asked for their coffee and chartreuse, and Carlos Gonzales commenced his story:

"Three years ago I would have gone fighting windmills, a flock of sheep, or worse, like Don Quixote, had any one told me that Carmencita Ellauri was not the prettiest girl in Buenos Ayres; but for that matter I could name you half a dozen men who thought the same thing, and among them was Ernesto Frias.

"You perhaps remember what great friends Ernesto and I once were, but when we both began courting Carmen all our friendship flew away upon the wings of the wind.

"Carmen certainly gave me reason to think that she was serious, and I suppose she did the same to Frias, for many people believed she would marry him.

"One night—it was really 2 o'clock in the morning—we were playing cards at the Club de Progreso, when between two games one of the men remarked: 'By the way, Frias, when does the wedding come off?'

"'What wedding?' he asked.

"'Why, your marriage with Carmencita Ellauri.'

"'Now, don't be foolish,' Frias calmly said; 'go on: give me my cards.'

"All the men laughed, and one of them said:

"'Silence gives consent, and so we may believe that you are engaged to her. Well, let me congratulate you.' And so saying, he slapped Frias on the shoulder.

"Frias only smiled complacently, and they continued their raillery until I could stand it no longer, inasmuch as I had been on fire during all the conversation, so I lifted my head and said as calmly as I could:

"'Gentlemen, it is in very bad taste to thus use the name of a lady, and any one who does it or allows it without resenting the insult is a coward.'

"Eernesto turned pale, and pushing back his chair, rose to his feet.

"'Am I to understand that this insult is directed to me?' he asked.

"'I care not what you understand,' I answered; 'I expressed my sentiment.'

"'And do you know what my sentiment is?' he asked. 'I think you are the greatest coward for daring to take that lady's name as a basis for a scandal and a quarrel.'

"Blind with fury, I advanced toward Frias, and with my open palm smote his cheek lightly. Ernesto cliuched his fists and made a move toward me, but some of his friends held him back, as others were holding me. Ernesto took out his card case, and with trembling fingers opened it, got a card, threw it on the table and said: 'I hope Senor Gonzales will not be coward enough to refuse to meet me. Tomorrow, or rather today, at 10 o'clock in the morning, I will send him my seconds.'

"'Mine will be ready to meet those of Senor Frias,' I ceremoniously answered.

"'Well,' I thought on leaving the club, 'here I am engaged in a duel, but I don't care; I was defending her; besides I shall have the choice of weapons, and certainly I shall choose swords.'

"I was an expert with the sword, as I had taken lessons from the celebrated Italian professor, Sgr. Spadachini, so my mind was perfectly at peace.

"When I reached home I wrote two or three letters to friends of mine, who I knew would be my seconds, ordered my servant to take the letters to their respective addresses as soon as it became light, and then went to bed and slept calmly until 8 o'clock.

"At about 9 I saw my seconds, and gave them my instructions. I was rather excited until I saw them again, nearly four hours later, when they acquainted me with the result of their interview. We were to go to Montevideo to fight, for, as you know, dueling is forbidden on Argentine soil. The meeting would take place next day at 2 o'clock p. m., in the country house of a friend of one of my seconds.

"In the meantime the story of our quarrel had become public property, and the afternoon papers were full of it. I managed to elude all the reporters, and, safe from annoyance, took the steamer bound for Montevideo that evening. Next morning I landed in that city very much the worse for a terrible storm that we had encountered in crossing over.

"I slept nearly all the morning, and at noon they called me to dinner. I could not eat a mouthful of anything, and by 1:15 I stepped into the carriage that was to convey me to the meeting place.

"We arrived there all too soon, it seemed to me; but no, Ernesto Frias, with his seconds, was there, and also a physician ready for whatever emergency might arise.

"When all the usual formalities had been observed we began our duel.

"Ernesto is a good swordsman and so am I. We both went through the forms of attack and defense with such skill that it would have made glad the heart of our teachers had they seen us.

"One mortal hour elapsed, and not a scratch had either of us received. The thing was getting to be, to say the least, slightly monotonous, and so I began to charge more impetuously. Frias defended himself in a masterly manner. I bigan to lose my head. Presently I felt something cold and sharp pierce my upper arm. In drawing out the sword blood followed it. Our seconds immediately stepped between us, and the doctors tore off the sleeve of my left arm and disclosed to my eyes a small wound between the elbow and the shoulder.

"Frias declared that he was satisfied, and so was I; so our seconds solemnly said: 'The honor of both gentlemen is vindicated.' Our courage was now unquestionable. We shook hands, and so ended my first and only affaire d'honneur."

"Yes, but what of the rest, the lady, etc.?" asked Dr. Pinares.

"Oh, the papers were full of it—some praising, a few censuring, but on the whole it was very flattering to Frias, and a little to myself. As for her—well," laughing, "that is what amused me. She would not see either of us after the affair, and a month later she married Don Pablo Garcia, a very wealthy merchant. It seems that she was engaged to him during all the time when she was making fools of Frias and me."

The Largest Kitchen in the World.

Housewives the world over will be interested to hear that at the Columbian exposition the kitchen which is to be erected by the company who has gained the restaurant concession at the fair, will be the largest concern of its kind in the world. Every day there will be cooked in it food enough to supply from 75,000 to 100,000 people. The latest and most improved forms of culinary apparatus in every shape and design will be used, and this gigantic cuisine promises to be one of the most interesting sights of the exposition, though only a privileged few will ever see it in its entirety.

Worrying Mothers.

Ladies' Home Journal.

Mothers who worry should fight the bad habit as if it were a physical enemy. Bear the troubles of today bravely and do not borrow those of tomorrow. In climbing a mountain we sometimes come to what looks like a wall of rock. There seems no way past it; our progress is stopped. Looking closer we see a narrow path on the face of the cliff, wide enough to lead us to safety. Look sor the path. There is always a way.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

The most comfortable hotel in the Northwest, is the verdict about Hotel Metropolitan. Its fine, warm rooms, elegant cafe and choice evening "table d'hote."

Before breakfast Bromo-Seltzer
Acts as a bracer—Trial bottle 10c.

MARRIAGES, BIRTHS DEATHS,

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

William Manuel.....Carrie Riebel
Swan Ecklund.....Emma C. Anderson
William L. Beyl.....Bertha Schultz

BIRTHS REPORTED.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Hoar .....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. John Matthews.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. John Wisderitz.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. John Tung.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Carle Kargo.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Jerolin Tuchner.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. George Tung.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Klein.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Phillip McQuillan.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Martin Swenson.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Steingrebb.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. James Maudra.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. James Cavanaugh.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. John. J. Ryder.....Boy
Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Richardson.....Girl
Mr. and Mrs. Gust Kroger.....Girl

DIED.

BENNETT—In St. Paul, Minn., Feb. 2, 1893, at family residence, No. 28 Iglehart st., Margaret Bennett, aged twenty-six years. Funeral Saturday, 4th inst., at 2 o'clock p. m. Friends are invited.

CONWAY—In St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 31, 1893, Isaac H. Conway, aged fifty-seven years. Funeral services at the chapel, Oakland cemetery, Saturday, 4th inst., at 10:30 a. m. Friends are invited.

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 100, Davidson Block. Telephone call 1313.

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PIANOS!

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around with you, but it would be inconvenient. The best way to keep warm is to put on good, warm Furs; then you can live out doors with comfort. There will be many cold snaps before the Winter is over. Fortunately we are receiving new supplies of Furs weekly.

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Our Boys' All-Wool School Suits that have been reduced to

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and our Boys' Overcoats that have been reduced to

$5.00

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