FLOUR CITY SOCIAL.

Sedateness Taking the Place of Action in the Circle of Society.

Balls and Dancing Parties Giving Way to Dinners and Teas.

Hired Readers and Entertainers Amuse While the Amused Rest.

Last Week Marked by No Pretentious Functions or Events.

Minneapolis society has grown sedate. Balls have almost entirely given way to dinner and tea parties. Occasionally a sleigh ride breaks the monotony for the younger people, and occasionally a wedding. Musicales and like functions are increasing in number. As the pre-Lenten season grows shorter, society people begin to settle back in their chairs and hire some to amuse them rather than exert themselves in seeking amusement. Last week was quiet, and the coming week will be equally so.

SOCIAL HAPPENINGS.

Miss Gertrude Gheen, a young lady of marked talents as a reader, who has been appearing of late in parlor recitals before fashionable audiences, read at the home of Mrs. W. H. Hinkle Tuesday evening. The audience was large, containing many persons prominent in social as well as literary circles. Miss Gheen is versatile, as she read selections ranging from the simple to tragic, the sublime to the ridiculous. Among the guests were: F. L. Greenleaf, Capt. J. P. Moore, F. W. Commons, C. M. Garfield, Preston King, A. B. Jackson, W. G. Northrup and their wives: Mrs. A. H. Linon, Mrs. F. G. Winston, Mrs. C. J. Martin, Judge Koon; Messrs. H. H. Robinson, H. E. Barnes, A. Todd, Folds, Hodgman, Arnold and Bacon.

Mrs. Archibald O. Fairbairn gave a pleasant tea Tuesday afternoon, from 3 to 6 o'clock, at her home, 34 Ninth street south, in honor of her mother and sister, Mrs. and Miss Sackett, of Washington, D. C. The prettily decorated and cheerfully lighted rooms were in striking and agreeable contrast to the storm that prevailed out of doors. The invited guests numbered 175, of which nearly all responded. Refreshments were served from handsomely arranged tables. The flowers were choice and were prettily disposed about the reception rooms. The hostess was assisted in receiving by Mesdames G. H. Partridge, J. P. Rea, G. W. Gould, H. V. Dougan; Misses Louise McNair, Wyman and Snider.

Miss Cyche chaperoned a party of young people who went to St. Paul Monday night in sleighs. A supper at the Windsor was partaken and followed by dancing. Among those composing the company were: Misses Helena Young, Etta Kenyon, Bessie Gulwitz, Ege and the Misses Fisher; Messrs. Roger and Harry Hume, Edward McCrony, Jack Woodworth, Harold Wheeler, Arthur Tinker and L. Ireland. The event was greatly enjoyed.

A delightful dancing party was given Monday evening by the ladies of the Kappa Kappa Gamma society at the home of Miss Sadie Glover, 2121 Colfax avenue south. About thirty young women and as many young men were entertained. Next Monday evening and the Monday evening following the Kappas will receive calls at the home of Miss Bird Best, 2318 Pleasant avenue.

About forty well-known young people have formed a social club to be known as the Calumet Social club. The following are the officers: A. M. McDermott, president; B. G. Truesdale, vice president; Miss Bessie Burns, secretary; G. H. Budds, treasurer. Next Tuesday evening the club gives an initial party in the hall in the Bijou opera house block.

Nathan Benjamin and wife celebrated their wooden wedding Sunday evening at their home, 152 East Eighteenth street, with the assistance of many friends, a number of whom were from out of town. The host and hostess were the recipients of many presents. A banquet was served, and dancing served to entertain most of the guests.

Mrs. J. H. Noble, who for the past fifteen years has held the office of treasurer of O. E. S., Chapter No. 9, was presented Tuesday evening at her home, 2700 Hennepin avenue, by members of the order with a handsome jewel emblem. A. C. Clausen made the presentation speech.

A pleasing entertainment was given Monday evening by the order of O. B. A. at the rooms of the Flour City lodge. A number of vocal and instrumental solos were rendered, and several recitations were given. A banquet and ball closed the evening.

Monday night Horace Lowry entertained twenty-four of his young friends with a sleigh ride, which Mrs. Lowry chaperoned. When the party returned to the house a supper was served, and a number of parlor charades were given.

A birthday party was given Tuesday by Mrs. C. M. Carpenter for her little six-year-old son, Thomas King Carpenter. About thirty of the little friends of the young host were present and enjoyed the varied programme of festivities.

About twenty-five of the married friends of C. H. Chadbourn and wife were entertained by them Tuesday night at supper at their home, 129 Oak Grove street. C. H. Rose and wife, of Newhall, Minn., received with them.

Mrs. F. C. Snyder gave a progressive euchre party Tuesday evening at her home, 425 Tenth street south, entertaining about forty friends. The company indulged informally in dancing after the card playing.

H. G. Sidle and wife entertained friends Tuesday at a 7 o'clock dinner at their home. Yellow was the prevailing color of the decorations. The guest cards were of yellow ribbon with the names in gold.

Forty of the lady friends of Mrs. C. F. Crosby partook of her hospitality Thursday afternoon at her home, 3130 Lyndale avenue. Progressive euchre founded the chief source of amusement.

The Columbia Cinch club was pleasantly entertained Thursday evening by Miss Sadie Huntington at her home, 719 Seventh avenue north.

Mrs. J. T. Moore entertained about fifty of her lady friends at cards Thursday afternoon at her appartments in the Summers hotel. It was the second event of the sort given by her this week.

Parties were given at the home of J. F. Wilcox, 524 Sixth avenue southeast, Thursday and Friday evenings. Dancing was indulged in at both gatherings.

A very pleasant dancing party was given Thursday evening at Mahtowah hall by the sub-letter carriers.

The German club was delightfully entertained by Miss Gale Tuesday evening at her home on Harmon place.

MATRIMONIAL MENTION.

Miss Birdie Phelps and Henry W. Pratt were married Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, 124 East Sixteenth street. Rev. J. H. Tuttle performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by members of the contracting families only. The bride was simply but becomingly attired in a gown of white, and carried flowers. She is a daughter of H. W. Phelps, while the groom is the son of the late H. W. Pratt. After spending a short time in Chicago, where the young folks went immediately following the ceremony, they will make their home at the Cordova apartment house, on Sixteenth street and Fourth avenue south.

Sunday evening Miss Sophie Rifkin and Z. Shoresman were married at Plummer Post hall, in the presence of a large company of relatives and friends. The ceremony was performed by Rabbi Lass, of Minneapolis. The bride was attired in a gown of pink silk, with white crepe, and carried flowers. Her maid of honor was prettily attired. The groom wore the conventional dress suit. The hall was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flags. A banquet, customary at Jewish weddings, was served after the ceremony and reception. The young people have gone to housekeeping.

Miss Louise Henry and Harry B. Huntington were married Wednesday evening at the appartments of Oscar F. G. Day and wife, 1117 First avenue south. Only relatives and a few personal friends of the contracting parties witnessed the ceremony, performed by Rev. G. L. Morrill. After Feb. 15 Mr. and Mrs. Huntington will be at home to friends at 1117 First avenue south.

Miss Margaret Bell Morin, of Albert Lea, Minn., and M. D. Purdy, a young attorney of this city, were married at the home of the former at noon Saturday. The young people are well-known in this city, especially in university circles. They will make their home in Minneapolis.

Lillie D. Hertogs and Frank Knowlton were married Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Joseph Hertogs and wife, 1123 First avenue south. Relatives and a few friends witnessed the ceremony.

Charles Kinkle and wife, formerly Miss Clara Schniesow, of Columbus, Wis., will be at home to friends after Feb. 10. They arrived in the city Monday.

COMING EVENTS.

An attractive social event of the coming week will be the annual ball to be given at Mahtowah hall next Thursday evening by Company "B," First regiment, M. N. G. The committee in charge consists of Lieut. Johnson, George Horton and N. J. Nelson. Tickets are $1. Company "B" has an enviable reputation for social hospitality, and the occasion will doubtless be highly successful and enjoyable.

The John A. Rawlins post will hold an open meeting next Tuesday evening at their rooms in the Masonic Temple in honor of the anniversary of Lincoln's birth. Judge Fish will deliver a lecture on Lincoln.

A joint recital by B. S. Dodge, dramatic reader, and W. I. Nolan, character reciter, at Century hall next Thursday night promises to be an interesting affair.

The Ladies' Social Circle of the Church of the Redeemer will give their annual New England dinner the 14th of this month.

GOING AND COMING.

J. M. Jenks and wife are in the South on a pleasure trip. They will visit New Orleans and the City of Mexico.

R. B. Langdon and wife, W. T. Brooks and wife and A. H. Linton and wife are on the Pacific coast.

Mrs. Z. P. Vose went East last Wednesday evening. She will return about the 10th of March.

Mrs. G. A. Armstrong and daughters, Grace and Cora, are in the South.

F. B. Semple, wife and children have gone to California for the winter.

Mrs. T. J. McElroy is visiting friends at San Antonio, Tex.

C. S. Bell and wife have returned from New York.

Mrs. A. C. Haugan and Susie Antson are at Ocala, Fla.

Dorilus Morrison and wife are in Santa Fe, N. M.

E. B. Rowles and wife are in Jacksonville, Fla.

F. D. Dibble is in Galveston, Tex.

C. P. Hunter is in Boston.

The Minnesota Loan and Trust Co. Allow five per cent interest on six months' deposits.

HOW TO MANAGE A WIFE.

The Best Way Is to Let Her Manage You.

As a good many of our young readers have been married during the last twelve months, and a still larger number hope to be in the next twelve, we trust that the subject we have chosen for this morning's meditation may prove interesting to them, says the Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier. It is related that a young man who was about to be married recently called on Rev. Dr. Deems, of New York, and requested his advice as to the best method of managing a wife. "You manage a horse, sir!" the doctor replied indignantly, "but you do not manage a wife." As the good doctor is somewhat of a humorist, he doubtless added mentally, "though they often manage us."

We are not informed whether the inquisitive youth slunk away abashed or remained to put his question in some less offensive form. If he pursued the latter course we would be glad to hear what advice he received from the reverend gentleman, whose opinion on any subject is so well worth attention. Interest in this subject is by no means confined to the newly married, however. Even though we be about to celebrate our silver wedding, or have long since done so, it is probable we might gather a few hints from the doctor's talk with his young friend, since it is very sure that no man ever succeeded in answering that question to himself in a perfectly satisfactory manner.

From time immemorial the problem of how to manage a wife has been a matter of anxious thought with husbands of every land and age, and we have yet to hear of one that made a complete success of it. Bluebeard, who is generally held up as an example of ferocity and sternness, imagined he had solved the difficulty when he cut off the heads of his various wives and hung them in his closet; but that was only a brief triumph of brute strength over womanly weakness, and he found in Fatima, his tenth or twelfth bride, a wife who was more than a match for him. Mythology assures us that even the gods themselves, with all their supposed wisdom, were quite as powerless as mortals when it came to this matter. Despite Jove's frowns and ever-ready thunderbolts, he made but a sorry figure in his efforts to manage Juno, and whenever he was particularly anxious to gain his point it was necessary for him to resort to some crafty means of coercing or deceiving her. Where he failed it would have been presumptuous for Homer to have made any of his heroes more fortunate, and so Clytemnestra, Helen, Penelope and the rest of the Grecian wives followed their own sweet wills and kept their husbands in hot water continually.

If we turn from fiction to reality we are forced to conclude that the early writers were drawing upon their own experience of human nature in depicting the lives of their heroes and heroines. This inability to manage their wives has been inherited by men through hundreds of generations. The very first husband on record made a miserable failure in his attempt to govern Eve, and ended, as his countless descendants have always done, by allowing Mrs. Adam to twist him around her little finger with disastrous consequences to them both. Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were all notably incapable of ruling their households, and if their kinsman Lot had had his wife in better training he never would have allowed her to look back at Sodom. But it is useless to enumerate any more especial cases when we remember that Solomon, so renowned for his wisdom in everything else, never discovered the secret of how to manage his multitudinous wives, but allowed them to lead him into all manner of heresy and schism. And as it was in the days of Solomon so it has been without exception ever since, until it has ended in men universally acknowledging this weakness and always speaking respectfully of their wives as "my better half." And the fact of their subjection to home rule has embodied itself in many a homely proverb synonymous with "the gray mare being the better horse."

It is very amusing to any one who is familiar with the ways of the world to hear how particular some young men are that their bride should pronounce distinctly the little word "obey" of the marriage service. We have even known ministers when they had not heard it clearly or had any suspicion that the lady was intentionally evading the obnoxious word, pause and repeat it significantly. Alas, how vain are all such attempts to change the course of nature! As well might one try to stop a crevasse on the Mississippi with a single sod as to oppose a little word like that to the course of a woman's will. And that man makes a fatal mistake at the very outset of his married life who allows his wife to perceive that he is more anxious that she should "obey" him than about her loving and honoring him. To realize this is enough to arouse all the opposition in her nature, and he may be very certain that whether she said "obey" or not she has not the slightest idea of doing it unless it happens to suit her pleasure occasionally. Should any venturesome youth, outside of North Carolina, think to play Petruchio to his wife's Katherine, he is more likely to land in a divorce court than to induce her to say with the latter:

> I am ashamed that women are so simple
> To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
> Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway
> When they are bound to serve, love and obey.

From all this it would seem, then, that the very best way to manage a wife is to let her manage you, since she is bound to do so whether you like it or not. Or, if you are a domestic Machiavelli, you may possibly succeed in deceiving her into the belief that she is doing as she likes, when in truth she is obeying your unexpressed will. This policy is so difficult, however, and requires such consummate tact and eternal vigilance, that it is perhaps easier to submit to man's common lot and do as your wife wills.

A NOTED FIGHT AT SEA.

The Encounter Between the United States and the Macedonian.

One of the Greatest Gunnery Feats of the American Navy.

The Display of Courage on Both Sides Most Remarkable.

Picture of the Terrible Slaughter on the British Vessel.

The fight between the United States frigate United States and the British frigate Macedonian is looked upon in the American navy as one of the greatest gunnery feats in the history of the service. The engagement took place Oct. 25, 1812, and though an affair of many years past, the records on the American side are well preserved at the navy department. They are, in fact, much fuller than in the case of most reports. Decatur taking the pains to hand down for future use all the benefits of the experience he gained that day. From the British side of the fight the records are more or less incomplete, though much that was valuable has been learned in later years through the private letters written by the British captain subsequent to the affray.

Recently the Messrs. Knoedler had on exhibition in their gallery, says the New York Times, Davidson's battle piece representing the engagement at the moment just previous to the hauling down of the Macedonian's flag. It was the climax of the fight, for it was then that 112 British men-of-war's men lay dead, dying, or wounded on the Macedonian's deck.

The fight between the United States and the Macedonian occurred at a point some 200 miles to the southward and westward of the Azores islands. The Macedonian, Capt. John Carden, royal navy, commanding, was on an outward-bound cruise to the West Indies. His ship was a brand new frigate, fresh from Portsmouth dock yard. This yard the Macedonian had left not more than two weeks previously. The morning of Oct. 25 the British frigate had about 300 men aboard. Her battery consisted of thirty-eight carronades, with a pivot gun on the forecastle and a small boat gun on the quarterdeck. Because of this she earned the title given her in America of being a forty-gun ship.

The crew of the Macedonia were for the most part trained men-of-war's men. There were some twenty impressed men aboard who had never seen service on a war ship, but, aside from this number, all hands had done duty three years and more under the British flag. Capt. Carden always had the greatest admiration for the Macedonian's crew, and it was this very reliance in the personnel under him that caused that maneuver in the fight which lost him his ship. Good men as the bluejackets of the Macedonian were, they were still somewhat green in working together when they met the United States. The Macedonian had been hurried off from the Portsmouth yard, and now, not more than a couple of weeks out without any opportunity for target practice and with only the training which came from the daily exercise at quarters, the Macedonian's men went into the fight without a murmur against the seasoned, well-shaken-down crew commanded by Decatur.

The morning of Oct. 25, 1812, was logged aboard the Macedonian as opening up clear and cool, with a heavy swell running, the frigate standing along under topsails, topgallant sails and courses. It was proposed to give the day to the men in the enjoyment of whatever sport they chose, and, to make time fly all the more merrily, Capt. Carden instructed the executive officer to see to a little extra allowance of grog being issued. At 8:45 o'clock in the morning Capt. Carden was seated in his cabin engaged in reading when he distinctly heard the call of the lookout at the foretopmast head call out: "Sail, ho!" Without waiting to hear the counter hail of the officer of the deck Capt. Carden sprang up his cabin companionway and himself hailed the lookout: "Can you make her out?"

"Can't make her out, sir," was the reply.

Capt. Carden took two or three turns along the deck, and a minute later sang out:

"Masthead, there!"

"Sir!" came the reply.

"Can you make out that sail?"

"She is a square-rigged vessel, sir."

"Here, Mr. ——," said Capt. Carden to the officer beside him, "send a lookout to each masthead and an officer into the top and keep a close eye on that fellow," and then a minute later came the cry from the masthead:

"The stranger's a frigate, sir, and bearing down this way."

"Can you make out his rig?"

"He looks like a Yankee, sir!"

This last hail was sufficient. Capt. Carden was now surrounded by his executive and navigator, and by two or more of the older officers, while on the lee side of the deck a knot of junior officers were assembled, all of them having tumbled up from below on hearing the captain's voice.

Turning to his executive, Capt. Carden said very quietly: "Clear ship for action, sir, and get the people to the guns."

In an instant the boatswain's pipes were ringing out their calls, and 300 bluejackets were knocking down bulkheads, reeving off preventer braces, swiftening down rigging, securing boats, rigging boarding nettings, unshipping ladders, piling hammocks here and there as breastworks, and all the details which enter into preparing a ship for battle.

The Macedonian's men, though for the most part strange to one another, were too old to man-of-war duty not to work at such time quickly. The Macedonian was ready for the fight in three minutes. Her people then went to the guns to the long roll of the drums. The frigate was now under foresail, fore, main and mizzen top sails, main clew garnets hauled up, royal yards in the rigging, and topgallant sails furled. Her jib, foretopgallant staysail and spanker were set. The strange frigate was now distant about 2,000 yards and flying American colors. Capt. Carden thought he recognized the United States, but was not sure. Both vessels were gradually closing, with both wary. On the Macedonian the captain and executive officer had just made a tour along the decks, with pleasant words right and left to the men. It is known that the British captain felt at this moment the lack of training in target work which his hurried and early departure from Portsmouth had brought about, but he nevertheless felt a certain reliance in the training the majority of the men had had before coming aboard.

At a distance of 1,500 yards from the American the officer in charge of the pivot gun forward received permission to open up with a shot or two. The fire was short, and Capt. Carden ordered the firing ceased. The Macedonian now edged in a little closer and opened up with three guns of the port battery. The fire was short. Again Carden edged in, the United States also closing in. When at a distance of 1,000 yards the American opened fire from his gun-deck battery. His fire was directed at the sails, and the sound of his shots was not unlike the swish rip of canvas rending.

The Macedonian was now firing from every gun that could be brought to bear, but without apparent effect. Carden ordered the firing ceased and the vessel run closer in. At 500 yards he again opened with every gun. Ten minutes later and the mizzentopmast went by the board. The enemy's fire now appeared to be directed at the mainmast, for the slaughter among the marines drawn up in the waist was beginning to be something frightful. Carden ordered the marines shifted forward and then dispersed as sharpshooters. The maintopmast now went by the board, and wreck clearers were called away. The fighting at this point was something terrible. The American fire, from being directed at the mainmast, was now playing along the gun deck. Its effect was not unlike the crash and booming of a thunderstorm. The whole heaven was obscured by smoke, and from the American ship the constant stream of fire made that vessel look as if on fire.

On the gun deck of the Macedonian the slaughter was awful. One shot had killed outright and wounded seven men. A sponger in handing his rammer to his opposite was cut in two. Two powder monkeys rushing to the ammunition hatch together were bodily lifted by a shot and their mangled and lifeless bodies dashed against the carlins overhead. One bluejacket stooped over a group of seven dead men in his search for a mate, and after turning each body found the object of his hunt at the bottom of the heap. He gave one cry of "Oh, Tom!" when his division officer ordered him back to his gun with the shout to avenge his mate's death. On the main deck some thirty marines lay dead or writhing in their wounds about the mainmast, while down in the cockpit the wounded lay in heaps about the door, their yells and cries reaching clear to the quarter-deck despite the terrible roar of the guns.

Throughout it all the British captain stood at his post on the quarter deck giving orders. He felt that the only hope for the Macedonian was close action. The guns of the enemy were too heavy for him and her crew too well practiced in their service to admit of long-range work. With this belief in mind, the Macedonian's captain kept constantly closing in, with the American keeping well off. The sea and wind were in the Macedonian's favor, and Decatur, fearing that the latter might get too close aboard of him, shot out of the smoke and heat at a time when the Macedonian was distant not more than a pistol shot. Every sail on the British ship was completely gone save the foresail, and Decatur, with the view of destroying this canvas, ordered sections of chain and bags of bolts fired through it. This was done by some of the forward guns of the United States, with the result that the foresail was completely blown to pieces. Having the Macedonian thus crippled, Decatur luffed up into the wind and shot under the stern of his adversary. He raked the Macedonian just once, and, being now in a position to do the greatest destruction, the Macedonian's flag was hauled down.

When Lieut. Allen, of the United States, boarded the Macedonian, he found the decks of that vessel fairly running with blood, and on the gun deck there was to be heard a constant drip, drip of the blood from the slain overhead. At least twenty bodies had been thrown overboard by the British sailors early in the fight to give more room about decks, and of this number there is a certainty that some were only pushed through the ports to put them out of misery. In the cockpit the two British surgeons were still working with a zeal that knew no rest. The frightfully mangled limbs were amputated in a quick, merciless fashion. There was a slash of the knife, a sawing of the bone, a turning back of the flap, and then the application of hot pitch or tar to sear all. No wonder Lieut. Allen called the Macedonian a slaughter pen. Out of 300 men the British ship had lost 112. The mizzenmast and maintopmast had been carried away, and over 100 solid shot had pierced the hull.

It took Decatur's men two days to rig the Macedonian up as a bark. Under this rig Lieut. Allen carried the vessel into port, both ships going to New London. When Capt. Carden boarded the United States he was shown every deference and respect by the gallant Decatur.

Both men had met each other prior to the war, and had learned to respect one another mutually. It was consequently with no little feeling that Decatur advanced, his both hands outstretched, to meet Carden. In stature both men were much alike, powerfully built, yet wiry and active. The British captain, the tears almost rolling down his face from the sad sight of his men lying torn and mangled aboard the Macedonian, advanced toward Decatur and mutely held out his sword. The warm-hearted Decatur was just the man to do at such a time a noble act. "Capt. Carden," he said, "I could never forgive myself if I took the sword from the hands of a man who has used is with the bravery and courage you have displayed. I decline to take it."

There are a number of descendants of Capt. John Carden in the British navy today. The name is one that has long been associated with the British colors, and to the writer's own knowledge every man of them bears in mind the magnanimity once shown a member of the family by an American naval officer.

Capt. John Carden remained at New London, Conn., under parole until exchanged. Up to his death he cherished the warmest affection for Decatur. The two men, in fact, were much alike in spirit. Decatur always allowed in argument that his battery was the heavier, and, though he contended that the act of the British captain in seeking close action was more courageous than prudent, he himself admitted that he saw no other course for a man of honor and high mind to follow if he proposed fighting. Capt. John Carden died at about seventy years of age. Despite his loss of the Macedonian, the British admiralty showed him marked consideration, it being deemed that the fight he made atoned for the loss of the frigate.

During the civil war, 1861 to 1865, a descendant of Capt. John Carden, and the only one ever known to become an American citizen, served throughout the war as an officer in the Union army.

A LEANING TOWER.

An Ancient Relic to Be Pulled Down.

The Torre Nueva, or new tower, of Saragossa, is to be pulled down. This tower rivals that famous one at Pisa in its inclination from the perpendicular. It has gone so far in the four centuries since its erection that it has become dangerous and is now in course of demolition.

The tower was built in the market place of Saragossa, known as the Plaza San Felipe, in 1504, and at the time the workmen began tearing it down leaned ten feet out of the perpendicular. In general style the tower is Moorish, yet coarser in detail than the genuine Saracenic architecture of Spain. The fact that it was dangerous was reason enough for pulling it down, but it should have been rebuilt on a proper foundation, not totally destroyed.

The tower before demolition began was 230 feet high. The walls for the first two stages on the leaning side were 18 feet thick, and on the opposite side 12 feet thick. The extra thickness on the south, or leaning side, was made in 1860. The central staircase is 12 feet wide, and is built in a closed well to the top of the structure. The tower is 42 feet wide at the base, diminishing to 30 feet at the top. With the destruction of this old watch-tower Saragossa loses, next to the relics of the Inquisition, its greatest curiosity.

Theater Clubs.

Theater clubs are very popular just now as the season commences to wane, and undoubtedly will be the favorite form of amusement among young people during Lent. Every person who is invited to join a club of this kind subscribes a certain amount, which covers the whole expense of six entertainments, comprising theater tickets, stage and supper or dinner, as the case may be. For the latter, however, it is customary for each lady member to be responsible, and the collation, whatever it is, is given at her own house.

A NEW YEAR'S CAKE.

—Margaret Johnson in January St. Nicholas.

> The twelve merry months once decided to make
> For the New Year approaching a wonderful cake;
> Contributing freely each one, more or less,
> And sharing the pride of the final success.
> September, who through her acquaintance with schools
> Was up in the latest grammatical rules,
> Wrote out, in a lovely Spencerian hand,
> A recipe any one might understand.
> November—as usual, busy and hurried,
> And with her collection cake specially worried,
> For fear it would burn while her mind was so flurried—
> From what she had left on her generous hands
> When her Thanksgiving cooking, with all its demands,
> Was finished, the milk and spices supplied;
> While April the eggs was o'erjoyed to provide,
> All colored, of course, with indelible dyes—
> "My choicest!" said April, with tears in her eyes.
> March furnished the sugar, and though I admit
> 'Twas maple, still that didn't matter a bit.
> He mixed the cake, too, being sturdy and stout,
> And accustomed to stirring things briskly about.
> The flour was from May—her particular brand
> (You've heard of the "Mayflower?"), and white as her hand,
> Dear June sent the flavoring—extract of rose,
> The sweetest and purest, as everyone knows;
> And August the butter, in cups of bright gold,
> Which seemed all the sunshine of summer to hold.
> February gave cherries, quite dried up and brown,
> From the tree that George Washington said he cut down;
> And October declared with a laugh and a frown
> (Understand, this is slang which I do not commend!),
> That to vie with his gift she could never pretend,
> Though she, too, had nothing but chestnuts to send!
> July did the baking, and skillfully, too;
> 'Twas done top and bottom, and all the way through.
> Her oven was steady and right to a T,
> January's crisp icing was lovely to see;
> December, quite ready to part with her best,
> Declared, what with stockings and trees and the rest,
> Everything that she owned she had given away,
> Save a bonbon or two and a bright holly spray.
> So these, for adornment, arranged with much taste,
> On the top of the beautiful structure were placed.
> "Feb." dashed off a rhyme—he was quick with his pen
> From writing of valentines now and again:
> And, boxed up with care, and addressed in red ink,
> By the Lightning express, which is quick as a wink,
> (Engaged by July), this delectable cake—
> Whose like I defy any baker to bake—
> Was sent New Year's morning, in triumph and glee,
> From the twelve merry Months to their dear Ninety-three.

A MIDNIGHT MYSTERY.

Home and Country.

In a cheerless apartment on the sixth floor of a New York tenement one cold, bleak November night sat a young woman whose face bore evident marks of intelligence and refinement.

Two small rooms comprised the narrow domain to which she gave the name of home. Their cheerlessness was increased by the absence of everything except the most necessary furniture and by the wailing wind, which found entrance at a hundred crevices, sending icy currents across the wretched garret. The young woman, crouching close to the dying fire of a small stove, was lost in sad reflections, from which she roused herself at intervals to glance at a little crib, wherein lay an infant, all unconscious of its mother's anxiety and distress. Her husband, Robert Desmond, the second son of an English nobleman, had fallen in love with Victoria St. Clair, the pretty and intelligent American governess of his younger sister, and married her in opposition to the wishes of his family. The English aristocracy look with much disfavor on mesalliances of this kind.

Soon after their marriage the regiment in which he was a lieutenant was ordered to India. The young man resigned his commission, and, untrained as he was in any business or profession, found himself at twenty-five thrown on the world without a penny and with a young wife to support. His father, a proud but but generous man, had disinherited him, but offered his son a sum sufficient, if properly invested, to maintain him in comfort for life, saying that all further intercourse between them must cease.

This money was accepted. The young couple went to Paris, where he soon plunged into the most luxurious life of that gay city. Though a man of generous impulses and a loyal and affectionate husband, Robert had an unfortunate passion for gambling. His little capital was soon lost at the card table. By the sale of Victoria's jewels and some money she had prudently saved, they were able to accumulate little more than enough to pay their passage to New York.

After weary weeks spent in futile efforts to obtain work, the little family, which had been increased by the birth of a daughter, drifted from moderately comfortable lodgings to this cheerless tenement house. Their little capital, gradually diminishing, was now gone.

For several weeks it had been Robert's regular practice to leave their poor quarters at nightfall, without telling his wife where he went or at what hour he would return, and reappear in the early morning. He evaded her questions, or only answered in nonosyllables.

Night after night she was kept awake by anxious fears and suspicions. If she could but know his destination, comprehend his work; but not being able to fathom the mystery her imagination pictured the near approach of even greater misfortunes than those to which she was already accustomed. It was plain that her husband's work was laborious, for, although he never referred to it, he came home every morning completely exhausted. He grew daily more taciturn, careworn and morbid. Can it be wondered that Victoria suffered all the torture and anguish that such a condition of affairs can bring to a sensitive woman?

The child, turning uneasily in its little crib, began to cry. Victoria took a tin cup from the stove and gave its contents to the baby. It was the last drop of milk, the last morsel of food she had. What grief wrung the mother's heart as she tried to soothe and comfort the little one, uncertain that she would be able to procure sufficient food to keep it alive.

Toward morning Robert returned, evidently very tired, and was surprised to find his wife still awake. Throwing himself on the poor cot near the wall he was soon fast asleep. For some moments Victoria gazed at him through her tears, mentally asking if this was the man who had charmed her girlish fancy and won her young heart with promises of a bright future?

At length, from sheer exhaustion, she sank on the dilapidated lounge near her baby's crib and her weary eyes soon closed. For three hours she slept soundly. Awaking unrefreshed, she was conscious of a sickening feeling of faintness, the cause of which she knew too well, and then came the dull misery of remembering that there was no money to buy provisions for breakfast.

It had been Robert's custom to give her a little money every week, which she had accepted in silence, neither asking for it nor questioning its source; but the last supply had been spent the day before, and it was too soon to expect another. She had tried to eke out their scanty income by sewing for a clothing manufacturer, but even this laborious and wretchedly paid employment had almost failed her, as it was a dull season, and the little work she had on hand could not be finished for several days.

The clock in a neighboring steeple had just struck 9, when, in answer to a knock at the door, a letter was handed her addressed to "Robert Desmond, Esq." It bore the London postmark and the family coat of arms; recognizing the handwriting of Robert's father, she placed the letter on the table, where her husband could find it when he awoke, then busied herself for a time about the poor apartment trying to make it seem a trifle less comfortless, before turning again to her sewing.

After a short interval she was again summoned to the door, where she found a man in soiled clothes, with which his dirty face and unkempt hair was in keeping.

"Does Robert Desmond live here?" he asked abruptly.

"He does," replied Victoria.

"Well, give him this, and don't forget it, for it's important," and the rough visitor quickly disappeared down the ricketty stairs.

Victoria's curiosity was aroused. Wonderingly she unfolded the soiled scrap of paper and read these words: "Tonight, at 11 o'clock." Laying the note beside the letter, she quietly resumed her work without disturbing Robert, who still slept soundly.

Her suspicions of his associates were confirmed. What repulsive companions he must have if the man who brought the note was one of them. Toward evening Robert awoke. He found in his pockets a few cents which he gave Victoria to buy food with. After they had broken their fast she alluded to the note, which Robert said he had read. When she ventured to speak of the letter from London he said: "I shall not open it. I have enough trouble and annoyance now, and do not intend to be further harassed by reading a sermon." That night he went away earlier than usual.

Victoria, again left alone, reflected still more on his mysterious occupation. She longed to follow him, but could not leave her child, and even if she could what good would come of playing the spy? Sooner or later the truth must come out. She both desired and dreaded its disclosure. The fear that it would bring disgrace and sorrow increased.

She took up the letter from the earl and looked at the envelope with some curiosity. Why not open it? No! Robert had broken all family ties for her; there could be no good news or loving message in the letter for either of them, or for their child. She replaced it on the table without breaking the seal.

Victoria retired early that night, for prolonged anxiety and hard, unaccustomed work had completely exhausted her. She awoke at daybreak to find that her husband had not returned. Terrible fears crowded on her mind, and a deeper dread oppressed her when, at 10 o'clock, he entered the room, his hand bandaged, his clothes torn and spattered with mud, and a look of despair on his once handsome face. He did not greet Victoria or the child, but sank on the cot and closed his eyes. Though tortured with anxiety Victoria asked no questions, feeling it would only distress him. After sleeping heavily for an hour, Robert opened his eyes and said: "Victoria, do not admit any one who may come to inquire for me. I am not going out tonight and I must sleep undisturbed. Do not be anxious on my account, nor save any food for me, but bandage my hand and I will try to sleep again."

At noon, as she went to make her few purchases at the store, she heard reports of a daring burglary that had been committed the night before. One of the robbers had been killed, and another wounded in the arm. The police had the clue, but had not arrested all who were concerned in the crime. She bought a newspaper, and began reading the details on her way home. Fear and anxiety almost overwhelmed her.

Robert was still sleeping when she entered their lodgings. The police had not yet arrested him, but how long would it be before their home might be invaded by officers of the law? Seating herself by the window, she continued to read the details of the burglary, her eyes suffused with tears, her heart beating painfully, her head in a whirl. The words seemed to dance up and down the page as she read that one of the robbers had been wounded in the left arm. It was Robert's left arm that was bandaged. A description of the criminal followed, in which Victoria was sure she recognized her husband. The police were said to be on the trial, and it was predicted that within twenty-four hours all the burglars would be in custody.

A knock at the door made the poor woman tremble so violently that she could not respond; she pressed her hand to her heart; her limbs almost refused to support her. The knocking was repeated. Nerving herself to the effort and opening the door, she encountered a middle-aged man of gentlemanly appearance. Victoria felt sure he was a detective.

"Is Mr. Desmond at home?" he asked.

"He is not," answered Victoria, coldly.

"Can you tell me where or when I will find him?"

"I cannot," replied the wife. "Will you not leave your message with me?"

"I regret," said the visitor politely, "that I cannot do so. My business is of a private nature. I will call again."

He turned away. Victoria listened breathlessly until he reached the foot of the stairs, then she turned frantically to the crib and clasped her baby close to her breast. "Better, far better for us to die now and be beyond all the crime and suffering and punishment of this world." Then she thought of awakening and warning Robert, that he might escape while there was time. It was the most anxious moment Victoria had ever spent even in that garret room.

Overcome by the strain she sank to the floor in a swoon. When she awoke she was surprised to find her husband gone. For the moment she thought only of him and was glad that their humble lodgings would not be the scene of his arrest; she longed never again to be able to think or feel, and to be where anxiety and fear were unknown. Her glance happened to rest on her sleeping baby's face, and a revulsion of feeling swept over her. "I must be brave for the child's sake," she murmured.

Another knock at the door startled her. She opened it to find standing there the same man who had asked for her husband a few hours before.

"Is Mr. Desmond at home now?" he anxiously inquired.

"He is not," replied Victoria.

"You are his wife, are you not?"

"I am."

"I came from B— Brothers," he continued, naming one of the largest banking houses in the city. "Quite a sum of money has been deposited in our London house to your husband's credit, and we would like to have him call at the office. This is our address," handing her a card. "Please request your husband to come during banking hours and as soon as possible."

The stranger bowed and retired.

Victoria hardly knew whether she was awaking or dreaming. The earl must have sent money, she thought; but it was "too late—too late, now," she passionately cried.

Snatching the letter from the mantel she broke the seal, and read as follows:

Through my banker I send you £1,000. More will follow should it be impossible for you to make suitable business connections with the first installment. I thought you unworthy of trust after you had brought misfortune and disgrace upon wife and child by indulging your passion for gambling. But I have the feelings of a father, and have not lost sight of you. I have heard of your energy and self-denial, your honesty and pride. Work is no disgrace, not even the kind that you do. I hope you will profit by your experience, now you see that others must bear the consequence of your recklessness and extravagance. Your wife and child have had to suffer keenly for your folly.

"Too late," sobbed Victoria; "this help is of no use now." Then the thought came to her, "Robert will now have means of escape." He had not yet been home. Perhaps he had left the city and was wandering about, lonely, hungry, cold, without shelter or money, and yet with $5,000 at his disposal if he but knew it. The contrast with their abject poverty made the sum seem greater.

Once more a visitor's summons interrupted Victoria's thoughts. She opened the door mechanically, but retreated when she saw before her the man who had left that mysterious letter for Robert a few days before.

"Is Bob in?" he inquired.

"No," answered Victoria, he has gone away. What do you want?"

"How is his hand?"

"It is better, I think."

"Oh, well, then he's all ready for work again, isn't he? We are short of help just now, and the boss told me to come around and ask how he was."

Grasping the man by the arm she said excitedly, almost fiercely, "Who is the boss? What is he? Who sent you?"

"Why, the boss of the sweeping gang! Bob and me works in the street cleaning department. Didn't you know that?"

"Come in and sit down," Victoria continued eagerly. "Tell me how all this happened to my husband."

"Well, said the man, seating himself, "we got one of them new-fangled sweepin' machines which is drawded by horses. Last night one of the horses stambled, became frightened and jumped in among the men who sweep and shovel the kit. Your husband seized the bridle and the horse bit him, but he didn't let go. He's a plucky dog, he is. Then others came up to help manage the brute. The overseer won't send out that horse any more. Of course Desmond gets his allowance for sickness because he was hurt while at work. Our superintendent promises that he shall have an office job. He must have a heap of schoolin', for he writes mighty fine. I guess they'll let him boss the job some day. We boys won't mind his good luck. We all likes Bob; he's a good fellow, only too proud for us. Well, I must go now. Goodby, mum."

Victoria offered her hand to the man in perfect silence, and escorted him to the door; then she turned to the crib. She felt impelled to press the child to her heart. But the strain had been too great. Her limbs failed to support her, and she fell fainting upon the floor.

When Victoria recovered consciousness she found herself in Robert's arms. Instinctively he drew her closer to him as the thought flashed through his mind that this distress was probably due to the contents of his father's letter.

Between her sobs the wife confessed all her fears, anxieties and wretched suspicions. Robert in turn explained his reluctance to inform her of his occupation, hoping it would be but temporary, and that work more suited to his birth and education would soon offer; but day after day passed and no chance for a better position presented itself. His clothes grew shabby and his entire appearance was becoming repulsive. "And yet to tell you," Robert said, "that I was a street cleaner would have humiliated and distressed me even more than did the menial occupation itself. This suffering has taught me many things and I value it now that I see my way to make suitable business connections. Although father has forgiven me, and is so generous, I shall not have him support us. With the money we have now we can establish some business, and will have a neat and comfortable home."

"Can you forgive me for doubting you?" said Victoria, looking up into his face, "for being so wanting in faith as to suppose you were a—a—"

"Not another word," he cried, lifting his baby on his lap and drawing his wife closer in a fervent embrace.

FASHION'S DRIFT.

The Langtry coiffure, the low, loose coil on the nape of the neck, has returned, and is again favored by those who want to appear real chic.

* * *

The proper caper for adjusting ribbon belts is to fasten them on the left side with stiff, upstanding bows. If you use a buckle, place it diagonally.

* * *

Gray, needless to say, is always a favorite color, but it will be more so than ever this year. It is never unbecoming, and is always neat.

* * *

Japanese embroidered silk table covers are seen in white, pale green, yellow and pink.

* * *

Aprons are coming in again. The dainty little housewife, whether she has any work to do or not, will always be found, when in her room, with a neat little fancy apron on.

* * *

Wide and narrow diagonal serges, dotted with single stitches of a light color, which may be of wool or silk, are seen just now.

* * *

Black and green, navy blue and tobacco are the four favored shades for winter dresses.

* * *

In Paris the ladies are just now quite gone on the pretty filigree daggers, which are such pretty ornaments for the hair.

* * *

There is a faint whisper that bustles are coming in again. Let us hope not.

A Mere Detail.

Punch.

Friend of the Family—Weel, Mrs. M'Glasgie, and how's your daughter doin'; the one that was married a while ago?

Mrs. M'Glasgie—Oh, varra weel, thank ye, Mr. Brown, varra weel, indeed. She canna abide her man. But then, ye ken, there's aye a something.

CHRONIC CATARRH CURED.

History of a Case That Needs No Argument.

Similar Cases by the Thousand.

The efficacy of Pe-ru-na in the cure of chronic catarrh of long standing can not be told in greater eloquence or more convincing argument than by simply making extracts from letters received from grateful patients. The following interesting extracts from a correspondence with Mr. Peter Hattenberger, of Porterfield, Wis., tell their own story:

Porterfield, Wis., Aug. 1, 1890.—The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Co.—Gentlemen: I have been suffering with chronic catarrh about nine years, and it has now settled on my lungs and I have all the symptoms of consumption.

August 19, 1890.—I have taken the Pe-ru-na now for three weeks, as you advised, and I feel a great deal better. The cough has nearly left me, and my appetite is getting better every day, and my sallow complexion is almost gone, and my skin is getting white. The catarrh in my head still troubles me so much that I get almost crazy.

September 11, 1890.—I am improving very fast now. The cough is gone, and the catarrh is commencing to leave my head and throat.

December 18, 1890.—I am still following your advice, and am getting along well.

April 27, 1891.—I am still using your medicine. My health is improving right along; my appetite is good, and I feel better than I have for five or six years.

August 28, 1891.—I am rid of the catarrh now, and feel perfectly well and happy. You are at liberty to publish my case for the benefit of others, and, if there is any one who has any doubt about your medicine curing catarrh, let them write me, and I will be very glad to answer them. God bless you and yours. PETER HATTENBERGER.

It is to Pe-ru-na that he owes the life and health which he enjoys today, without the shadow of a doubt. Thousands of similar cases are cured every year. This case was an unusually chronic one, and hence it took longer to cure it. It is only exceptionally difficult cases that requires anywhere near such an extended treatment. Pe-ru-na rarely fails to cure any catarrhal affections of the head, throat or lungs, from the slightest cold to the most pronounced type of catarrhal consumption.

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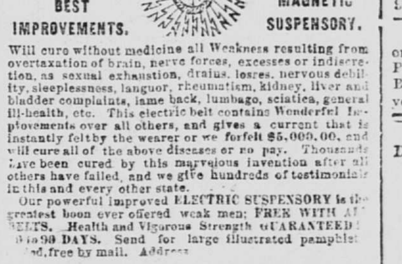

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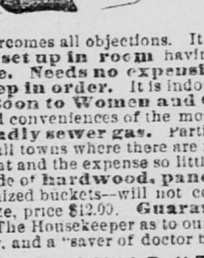

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