FACES NOW TO SUIT ALL.

Are you satisfied with your face? If not, you can easily have it changed to suit. Is your nose too large? Then have it trimmed, by all means, says the New York Herald. Do you require a dimple on your chin or cheeks? For a few dollars you may have them put in to order, as glaziers put in a pane of glass.

Those who are plain and unattractive today may pose as professional beauties next month, and it is possible that we shall soon find ourselves requiring an introduction to old friends. It will soon become pretty hard to tell just how much of a pretty girl's face was in the original edition and how much has been manufactured.

Whenever you admire a charming young woman's dimples, be sure that they are not a work of art; if her nose is pure Grecian there is a possibility that it has been brought to its present perfection by a surgical operation. The same pertains to cheek bones, chin, ears, eyes, skull and hair.

The proficiency of modern science in altering the human face divine is little short of the marvelous. There is apparently very little that may not be changed to advantage by surgery. Things have gone so far that amputations of the brain have occurrred, with the result that certain functions of the subject have been lost forever. Who knows but in the future the science of surgery will progress so far that a man's idiosyncracies may be amputated, that a homicidal maniac's brain may be so altered that he will become a Christian gentleman, that a drunkard may have his corpuscle of whiskeyology so erased that he will mount the temperance platform, or even the pugilists may have their bump of verbosity and brag made into a hole, leaving them barely enough brains to make a headache.

Well, science has performed many wonders, and such a thing may eventually come to pass. This story, however, is a story of external features. We have all seen ugly girls and know what they look like.

Now, imagine, if you can, an eighteen-year-old young woman, freckled, red headed, moley, hook nosed, blind in one eye, and with a projecting jaw and chin. Of course, blindness is a mere misfortune, but otherwise she is as ugly as a girl can well be and survive. She has unlimited means and wants to become beautiful. Is it possible?

Why, of course it is. In the first place, she selects a surgeon with a reputation. This is absolutely necessary, because a quack would leave her far uglier than before. Many a reputable young man would love her for her money, but there is no satisfaction in that for the ugly girl. She wants to become beautiful, and that settles it.

If she prefers anaesthetics she can have them. If not, she summons all the nerve at her command. The surgeon begins with the high and sinister jaw bones, and for this operation the surgeon places her under the influence of ether.

A QUEER OPERATION.

An incision is made just under the eye and the bone is laid bare. Then the surgeon picks up his small steel burr, which is run by electricity, and which revolves many hundred times a second, and the bone is soon ground down and beautifully rounded off. The other jaw bone undergoes the same treatment, and then the ugly girl rests a month from her ordeal, denying herself absolutely to her friends.

At the end of the month her cheeks are beautifully round, their only fault being two thin straight scars over each cheek bone and a slight flabbiness of the skin, causing a wrinkle at each corner of the mouth. On the whole, the result is not encouraging, but now that she has embarked in the enterprise she proposes to go through with it.

On her next visit the surgeon deals with the nose question. That organ was sharp and hooked, like an eagle's beak. Again the woman is placed under the influence of ether. There are two ways of making a new nose. One method is to take all the bones out, leaving nothing but a soft piece of flesh, and then to build it up with new bones and cork splints into any shape the patient may desire.

The other is the electrical method, and this the surgeon selects as more suitable to the occasion. A vertical incision is made through the skin the length of the nose and the flesh is folded back on either side. Then the steel burr is again called into requisition and the humped shape of the bone rapidly disappears. It is ground into a pure Grecian outline, and the skin is carefully replaced and a bandage put on.

Another month passes before the bandage is taken off. This time the young woman is encouraged. She is charmed with herself, even though the projecting jaw, the red hair, the moles, freckles and blind eye remain. There is another thin scar running down her nose, but that does not amount to much.

On her next visit her jaw is amputated, so to speak. A portion is cut out, with the result that upon her recovery she finds that her lower teeth will fit nicely inside the upper ones. Still she is "not at home" to her friends because much remains to be done.

The next operation is an exceedingly important as well as an exceedingly delicate one. It is very rare, and is both difficult and dangerous. There is a samll white speck in the young woman's eye, which utterly destroys the sight. The disease from which she suffers is cencoma, or the formation of a cicatricial tissue under the cornea of the eye.

EYES AMPUTATED.

The young woman is placed on the surgeon's operating table, and, as in former operations, ether is administered. The eye is bathed in antiseptic fluid, in order to kill any germs or material which might cause suppuration. Then the operator takes a cylindrical knife, which may be worked by either a clockwork spring or by electricity.

With this knife, which is an extremely delicate instrument, the white spot in the cornea is removed and a piece of the cornea of a rabbit's eye, of exactly the same dimensions, is placed in the opening. The eyelid is then drawn down tightly and the eye bandaged.

After this operation more than a month elapses before the bandage is removed. Even then a bare glimmer of light is admitted. Eureka! The white spot is gone and the bandaged eye is as dark and liquid and expressive as its healthy neighbor. The young woman cannot see very well with it, but for the purpose of conquest and flirtatious glances it is very effective.

The face is now entirely remodeled. The high cheekbones are gone, the prominent nose has disappeared and the lower jaw is round and beautiful. But there are yet the scars and wrinkles to be attended to. To get rid of the latter the surgeon resorts to a plastic operation. He makes a horizontal incision about an inch long through the skin just at the hair line of each temple. A second incision is then made a little lower down, forming an ellipse. The intervening epidermis is then cut out.

The lower end of the skin is then brought up and fastened, and once more the young woman goes home to recover and to ruminate. But the wrinkles are gone.

The next operation is that of eradicating the scars. There is one on each temple, one on either cheek bone, one on the chin. They do not amount to much in the way of disfigurement, but the young woman would rather be without them. So back she goes again to the surgeon.

This operation, like most of the others, contains the element of electricity. Its use promotes the absorption of the cicatricial tissue, and after a week or so the scars have entirely disappeared. The moles next disappear under the influence of the electrolytic needle, which also shapes the eyebrows into things of beauty by destroying the hair follicles where the brows were too heavy.

By this time the subject is fascinated by her new personality and longs for the time when she can dawn upon her old friends as a handsome daughter of the gods.

There yet remains two serious obstacles to such dawning—the freckles and the red hair. In a month certain lotions have entirely done away with the miniature ginger-snaps scattered over her face, leaving her complexion as fair and as soft as a child's.

DIMPLES, OF COURSE.

The red hair requires no surgical operation. It is softened into a deep rich brown by arts that are known to every woman. But still the girl does not seem satisfied. Whenever she looks in the glass, which is almost all the time, she wonders if further improvements cannot be made. Her teeth? Why, of course. They are as white as snow, but they are so crowded that she appears to have too many. One in particular is a sort of tusk that imparts a sneering look to her mouth.

It is extracted in short order and appliances are inserted in the overlapping teeth to fill the gap. The operation is a decided improvement. The girl is now decidedly beautiful. The instinct of her soul, the instinct peculiar to her sex in all ages, has been gratified. She now has an air of confidence when before she was awkward and diffident.

Nature could scarcely have done more for her than the surgeon. One day, however, the young woman paid another visit to the doctor. "What in the name of goodness do you want now?" he asked.

"A dimple," was the reply.

"A dimple; why, of course. It is strange that we did not think of it before. Just the thing to put a finishing touch to your countenance. You are quite pretty enough already, however."

Of course, the young woman blushed and the blush meant that she agreed with the doctor. But she wanted a dimple, and she meant to have one. She wanted one in her right cheek just where a dimple ought to be.

She seated herself in the operating chair and the surgeon, after adjusting the light, requested her to smile. It was a pretty smile, but it had no dimple in it. Nevertheless, it showed where the dimple ought to be. The surgeon marked a spot on her cheek in the line of a curve.

Then, with a vulcanized needle operated by electricity, he pierced a point inside her mouth, corresponding to the marked spot outside. The electrical needle destroyed the tissue immediately under the epidermis, which, shrinking into the destroyed tissues, formed as pretty a dimple as was ever seen in the cheek of a baby.

Had the sugeon so desired, he might have manufactured the dimple in a different manner. He might, after bathing the cheek in cocaine, have taken a knife, sharp only on the end, and cut a slight angle through the skin and folded it back. After this he would have removed an elliptical section of the flesh, which, upon healing, would have formed a very pretty dimple. Of course, the scar would then have to be dealt with in the manner related above.

Is it a wonder that under the foregoing circumstances a young woman's friends would not know her when she again made her appearance in society?

There are many other wonders that may be performed upon the human countenance by the surgeon's knife and needle. For instance, the scalp may be rebuilt with bits of rabbit skin. Facall muscles may be altered by massage. The mouth may be enlarged or reduced. Drooping eyelids may be made to maintain a normal position, and, in fact, there are numberless other things that may be done to improve and preserve one's personal appearance.

Have you a baby with projecting ears? Then take it to some doctor at once. He will bind its ears to its head and keep them in that position until they are trained to stay there. A baby's skull may also be remodeled. A bulging forehead may be remedied. A conical skull may be depressed into its proper shape. Beetling brows may be moulded into comeliness, and, altogether, there are not many reasons why a young woman should remain ugly if she has money enough and endurance enough to bear the pain of a beautifying operation.

DEVICES FOR CHANGING THE FEATURES.

BUILT TO SPITE A NEIGHBOR.

Tiny House, Four Feet Wide, That a New Yorker Has Erected.

Henry Ubelhor is a tailor, and has lived all his life in the Twenty-third ward, says the New York Herald. His father amassed a competency there in the same occupation. Then he retired from active business and his son succeeded him.

The elder Ubelhor owned, among his other possessions, a fine plot of land on One Hundred and Sixty-first street, upon which he intended building a home, but, unfortunately for him, somebody conceived the idea of extending a thoroughfare from One Hundred and Forty ninth street and Third avenue running north. This is known as Melrose avenue now, and in construction took all of Mr. Ubelhor's plot but a strip thirty-seven feet long and three feet eight inches wide. This strip is on the avenue, with the corner at One Hundred and Sixty-first street.

Henry Ubelhor bought the land a few months ago for $600. It was a big price, his friends said, but property is dear in that neighborhood. It was his intention to build a tailor shop on the corner, next to the property of William Delmudt. The latter owns a lot 50 feet wide and 100 feet deep. He has lived on it for years, and it was not until recently that he learned that Ubelhor owned the small strip outside his fence. However, he did little worrying over the matter.

"What can he do with the land? It is too small to build on, and he will have to sell it to me in time. Then I will have a clear corner," he told his friends.

When Ubelhor heard this he declared he would build, but first he offered Delmudt fifteen feet of the strip extending to One Hundred and Sixty-first street for twelve feet of land back of the remainder of the strip. Delmudt saw that if he exchanged Ubelhor could build a house 15 feet 8 inches by 22 feet and spoil his view of the avenue. He refused the offer. Then Ubelhor found that his thirty-seven-foot strip was to lose several feet by the widening of One Hundred and Sixty-first street.

Once more he went to Delmudt and tried to effect a compromise, but the latter refused to sell or exchange any of his yard, but offered Ubelhor $500 for his property. This offer the tailor scorned, because he could buy nothing as good for this sum in the neighborhood.

"I'll build a shop, if it is no larger than a dog kennel," he declared, and sought out Louis Falk, an architect, who designed a building 22 feet long, 3 feet 8 inches wide and 19 feet high. When the plans were drawn it occurred to the tailor that he had not sufficient room for a workshop. The architect found he could utilize the space under the sidewalk, so an excavation 10 feet deep, 15 feet wide and 22 feet long was dug. Iron girders were used unsparingly, both in the construction of the house, and the underground apartment. The first floor of the store is merely a show case, the second a storeroom, while the work will be done under the glass sidewalk.

The tiny house shuts off Delmudt's view and impairs not only the value of his property, but the appearance of it. The house will have cost Mr. Ubelhor $2,700 when it is completed. The little shop can easily fit on a double truck, and could readily be carried off at night but for the iron girders that hold it securely to the ground. A watchman will sleep in the place at night. In appearance it is attractive. It is painted yellow, with dark red trimmings. A flag pole adorns the south end.

Mr. Delmudt makes no secret of his chargin at the tailor's enterprise.

FIELD INTRENCHMENTS IN WAR.

Harper's Weekly.

Hasty intrenching, as far as America is concerned, originated with the Indians, and was used by our soldiers in the revolution, but it was only perfected in our civil war. It came to be imperative, as rifle fire increased in range and accuracy, so much so that Col. Francis Greene tells us that Gurko's troops carried heavy picks and shovels, by individual preference, through the Balkan campaign; this, too, when they were freezing, starving and had their feet done up in rags. All the European armies are now provided with intrenching tools, concerning the relative value of which there is endless discussion. Various ones have been tried experimentally in our modern army, but none adopted. This is a bad business.

The drill now is to take the knife bayonet and the top of the Russian meat tin, with which every soldier is provided, and while loosening the dirt with the knife to scoop it out with the tin. This might be difficult in frozen or hard ground, and is bad for both tin and knife. Where I saw it tried the ground consisted of loose loam, and within a few moments Capt. Febiger's company of infantry were out of sight in the flat prairie. They had literally sunk into the earth, and so dry and light was the dirth that it was almost invisible at 200 yards; to a casual sight it might have been gopher diggings.

The enormous penetration of modern bolts makes soldiers throw the dirt forward for nearly four feet in order to afford any protection, and modern infantry must, in the face of an enemy, go about the country like a mole—just under the sod line. With the command to "Halt!" the digging begins.

Our national guard could not dig up armory floors, but they could do this drill at the state camp, and, aside from cooking, outpost work and shooting, it is most important to a soldier to know how to get out of sight quickly.

Principle Will Win.

Martin County Independent.

The National Democrats have already opened state headquarters in St. Paul, and are preparing for a vigorous campaign. State and congressional conventions will probably be called. The silver syndicate will fail by the use of money to prevent true Democrats voting for men representing principles or get them to bow at the shrine of their silver god.

Trains Change Time on Great Northern.

See page 7.

A Letter of Love.

George Sand's Passionate Appeal to Her Italian Lover, Dr. Pagello

One of the finest love poems in any language has just come to light. Though prose in form, it is a poem in spirit; though apparently a mere impassioned love letter, it is, in its way, a work of art, and, as such, may well be placed in the same category with the wonderful letters of Eloise and Abelard, says the New York Herald.

George Sand is this nineteenth century Eloise, and the Abelard to whom her fiery words are addressed is Pietro Pagello, an Italian doctor. The great authoress was passionately in love with this ponderous Italian, and some curious stories have been published in regard to her intimacy with him. How he attracted her is rather a mystery. Some writers claim that the magic lay in his broad shoulders and general physical robustness. But can any one account for a woman's tatstes? Can any one explain why Mary of Scotland fell in love with the brutal Bothwell?

Pagello is still living—ninety years old he is—and from him Dr. Cabanes obtained a copy of the fine letter.

A hearty old man Pagello is, and greatly flattered he seems to be on account of the attention which is being paid to him at present. Among his treasures are a few porcelain cups out of which George Sand used to drink, and these he always shows to visitors. Talking of the woman who has made his name famous, he says that she was fond of Turkish tobacco and used to make her own cigarettes, that she was always sweet-tempered and content with her lot, that fish was her favorite food, that she exceled in making sauces and that she drank a good deal of tea as a stimulant to work.

Young Pagello, his son, adds further details. "This was a mere episode in my father's life," he says; "nothing more. George Sand, wearied with Alfred de Musset's caprices, fell in love with my father, who was a fine, handsome, broad-shouldered young fellow. My father loved the handsome French woman for her genius, her kindness—indeed, to tell the truth, he was captivated with her. But this little incident was soon forgotten by him."

How cold, nay, heartless, these words seem as we read George Sand's outburst of passionate adoration! Would she have written thus if she had forseen that this idyl in her life would be in time regarded as a "little incident" in her lover's life?.

HER DAUGHTER PROTESTS.

She would, perhaps, be as much opposed to the publication of this love letter as some members of her family are now to the publication of her private documents. Her daughter, Mme. Clesinger, was very angry when she heard that this letter had been published, and she at once asked the courts to interfere in her behalf. Lawyers, however, are of the opinion that she has no case. A letter, they say, belongs partly to the author and partly to the person to whom it is addressed, and under ordinary circumstances no third party has any claim to it. Moreover, George Sand bequeathed all the letters relating to herself and De Musset to M. Emile Ancante, a member of the Calmann Levy firm of publishers, with full instructions to publish them whenever he might see fit. M. Ancante says that he will carry out her desire, and that her letters to De Musset will be published shortly. Mme. Clesinger and other members of George Sand's family, he claims, have not a shadow of title to her letters. He will publish them, and the originals will then be deposited in the National or some other great French library.

Even admitting, however, that the members of the family have some rights as regards the letters to De Musset, it is difficult to see what claim they can have on the letters written to Pagello, and which are, apparently, in his possession.

Now for the famous letter itself:

A PASSIONATE LOVE SONG.

"Since we were born under different skies, we have neither the same thoughts nor the same language, but have we not, at least, the same hearts?

"The warm and foggy climate of my native land has left in me sweet and melancholy impressions; what passions do you owe to the generous sun, which has bronzed your brow? I know how to love and to suffer, and you, how do you love?

"I do not know if you really love me. I shall never know. You are only able to speak a few words in my tongue and I do not know your mother tongue sufficiently to enable me to frame questions so subtle. Perhaps even if I knew your language thoroughly, it would be impossible for me to make myself understood.

"The places in which we have lived, the persons who have instructed us, are doubtless the cause why we cannot explain, each to the other, our ideas, our sentiments, our needs. My weak nature and your fiery temperament must necessarily give birth to thoughts that are widely different. Of a surety you either ignore or despise the thousand pangs that assail me; of a surety you laugh at that which brings tears to my eyes.

"Perhaps you do not know what tears are

"Will you be for me a helpmate or a master? Will you console me for all the ills which I suffered before I met you? Will you understand why I am sad?

"Do you know what compassion, patience, friendship mean? Perhaps you have been nurtured in the conviction that women have no soul? Do you know that they have one? Are you neither Christian nor Mussulman, neither civilized nor barbarian? Are you a man? What is there within this manly breast, this leonine eye, this superb brow? Is there in you a thought noble and pure, a sentiment fraternal and pious? When you sleep do you dream that you are winging your way toward heaven? When men do you wrong do you put your trust in God?

"Do you know what I am, and are you trembling yourself because you do not know it? Am I in your eyes something unknown, which fills you with longing and possesses your thoughts? Do you know what the soul's desire is—that desire which time cannot satiate and which no human caresses can weary or lull to sleep?

"Oh, When I find your countenance calm, shall I learn whether you are thinking or simply reposing? When your eyes grow languishing will it be through tenderness or weariness?

"Perhaps you think that you do not know * * * that I do not know you. I know neither your past life nor your character nor how you are esteemed by those men who do know you. Perhaps you are the first, perhaps the last, among them. I love you without knowing if I will be able to esteem you. I love you because you please me; perhaps I will soon be forced to hate you.

"If you were a man of my own country I would question you and you would understand me; but I would perhaps be still more unhappy, for you would deceive me.

"You at any rate will not deceive me. You will not make me vain promises and false vows. You will love me as you know how to love and as you can love. What I have looked for in vain in other men I shall perchance not find in you, but I can always believe that it is in you. The looks and caresses of love, which have always lied to me, you will allow me to explain at my pleasure without adding to them any deceitful words. I will be able to interpret your reveries and to turn your silence into eloquent speech. I will attribute to your actions such motives as I may desire. When you look at me tenderly, I will believe that your soul is holding communication with mine; when you look at the sky, I will believe that your intellect is speeding back to the eternal center from which it emanated.

"Let us remain then as we are. Do not learn my tongue; I have no desire to find in your language the words which would tell you of my doubts and fears. I desire to remain in ignorance of what you are doing with your life and of what part you are playing in the world of men. I would be willing even not to know your name—nay, hide from me your very soul, so that I may always be able to believe it is beautiful."

It is said that on the back of this letter George Sand wrote the words:—"To the stupid Pagello." The wonder is, were these words written in pleasantry or contempt? Did the gifted woman merely mean to jest with her big shouldered lover, or had she learned too late that all her fine frenzy was being wasted on a man who, instead of proving himself the Apollo of her dreams, had at last shown himself to be of very ordinary clay?

A NEW FAD.

Hand Spinning and Weaving Revived in Europe.

A spinning wheel in ebony, with silver mountings formed one of the marriage presents of a high-born Scottish bride recently, and the wheel was intended for use, not as an ornament or an heirloom. Since the Princess of Wales and her daughters and other titled personages have revived hand-spinning and weaving as a pastime the occupation has become popular among women of fashion in the United Kingdom. Whether made of woolen, silk or cotton articles, when hand woven, are not only more durable but far more satisfactory from an aesthetic standpoint than those produced by the gross or dozen at a manufactory. Then, too, a pretty woman must perforce assume such delightfully picturesque poses at a spinning wheel! Bright ribbons, too, must needs to be used to hold the yarn in place on the block, and the whole is a fascinating picture, even more satisfactory than the much-lauded seductiveness attributed to a fair dame or damsel, engaged with harp or guitar. There is an element of homely practicality, of sound usefulness attending the process of spinning which unconsciously adds much to its grace.

To the votary of fine weaving the prospect of possibilities in the perfection of the art is enchanting. Most of the teachers now come from Sweden, bringing with them quaint individual Norse designs, distinctive and beautiful in character, but more than one gray old homestead is still shown where schools devoted to the teaching of this art flourished in former generations.

In some retired "wynd" or "row" or "crescent" of an ancient town these time-honored landmarks are like to be, and many are the reminiscences of famous dames who received their first lessons in "white seaming," sampler-stitching and weaving from a certain renowned preceptress. Spinning wheels then took the place that pianos occupy in schools of the same standing today. The pupils, aging from twelve to eighteen, occupied the wheels, one each day, in regular rotation. Their work was afterward reeled and criticised by the mistress. If rejected, it was relegated to form part of an ordinary web; if approved it was "hanked" and hung up, marked with the spinner's name, and was used in the making of sewing thread, possibly carried on by some genteel relative or feminine adherent of the proprietress. Linen thread in those days was much in demand, cotton thread discarded or only used when necessity dictated.

It was held that practice and perseverence might do much, but that the true spinner was born and not made. Some are described are having spun with the touch, speed and grace of the good princess in a German idyl, and the thread resulting from their labor to have been of the fineness of that made by the fabled Lydian Arachne. Thread so satisfactory was made into a kind of Flanders lace, much coveted for wrist ruffles and laced cravats, because in addition to its beauty, it was said to resist a world of washing and wear. The needlecraft of that day (fairly abreast with the art needle work revival of the present) included drawn linen and lawn thread work, archaic tapestry stitches on canvas and pictures sewed on satin, the same that are now so eagerly bought by art connoisseurs.

Trains Change Time on Great Northern.

See page 7.

SHORT TALK ABOUT TALKING.

Art of Conversation Not Decaying, but Needs Cultivation.

St. Louis Mirror.

In several papers recently editorials have appeared dealing with the "decay of the art of conversation." They were not written by ironists or humorists, either. They are serious productions, so serious as to excite the risibilities of people rightly constituted.

Truth compels the statement here that the curse of this time is too much conversation. Everybody talks, and the worst of it is that everybody will listen. People are actually getting into the habit of talking to themselves on the street. If there ever was a time when talking was more of an occupation no man remembers it. The talkster is on top everywhere. We have a man running for president upon no other plea in the world than that he puts up a good "con" talk, "con" being an abreviation for confidence game. An art that can elevate a man to that high honor is certainly not in decay. Look at the newspapers. They are full of what Tom, Dick and Harry, wise or foolish, learned or unlearned, decent or indecent, say upon all sorts of subjects. There is no one too puny and insignificant to be interviewed or to have his talk printed.

No; it's all a mistake to say that the art of talking has decayed. The art has been refined to such a point that it is all art and no nature. Human conversation is becoming almost as meaningless as the patter of parrots. Men talk of everything—and of nothing. Reticence is a thing unknown. Everything is discussed. Our talk grows as loose as some of our popular literature. People talk to be interesting. Men say things they do not believe, that are not true, in order to attract attention to themselves. They are sacrilegious in that they will talk of things that ought not to be talked of. This fills the papers with idle and malicious gossip. There are too many people who talk for effect, not for truth; who talk to gratify their own vanity, not to instruct others. They waste their own time and time of those who have to listen to them. The art that has decayed in this country is the art of correct thinking upon things worth thinking about. The people are enamored of words, not of ideas. There is a decline in the number of people who have anything to say worth saying. That is why conversation is so generally a bore. It has come to pass that one's dearest friend is not the man upon whose words one would hang breathless. The person one likes to be with is the person to whom he does not have to listen, and who does not expect one to talk.

The man I can walk with or ride with for an hour, without feeling the necessity of keeping up a gabble, is the man who will say something when he does speak, and who will make me think I'm saying something when he listens. The trouble with the converser is that he rarely has more than one subject. That subject is generally himself; his merits, or worse, his troubles. Conversation, as we know it, is the escape valve for egotism. The converser deals in half-truths, which are worse than lies, and he puts you to the trouble, if you're a man of any moral sense, of correcting him. You don't have to do this with a liar. A lie is a clumsy thing that defeats itself. You can "let it go." Men talk about themselves; women about each other. The former may discuss women, but always with that air of being invincible with them. The women talk of men as if they wearied of their worship.

When men and women should talk best they talk worst—when they are in love. The talk of lovers is absolute vacuity, inanity. They develop what Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton says, in a recent issue of Harper's Magazine, is a sign of mental degeneracy. They deal in diminutives and what is known as "baby talk." Men swear in their talk. That is a sign of poverty of words or ideas. Women gesticulate for the same reason. But men and women are alike satisfied with the result—themselves. Results are everything, we are told. An art that produces satisfactory results cannot be in decay. Conversation is not an interchange of ideas. It is an elaborate device for the concealment of their absence. Talkers are agreeable. The man of ideas makes one uncomfortable. A woman ought not to have ideas. Men will not give heed to them, anyhow, and if they do they will forget she's a woman. This is what a woman does not want. The real art of conversation is in "brilliant flashes of silence," in knowing when and how, to remain silent. In this sense one may admit that the art of conversation has decayed, but in this sense only.

GEORGIE'S LETTER.

Tells How the Policeman Shot the Dog and Strikes His Uncle.

Dear Uncle Fred the dog's ded. He died a Horrabul deth. When deacon Mallory got down frum the telegraft Pole he went to Mrs. Edmunds and sed He wasent agoin to stand it. She sed she dident thing he Had stood it. She gessed he clum it, so then he went fer a peaceman. When Pa herd the Cop was acomin he told ma and the rest of us to Hurry and git in the seller, becos thay was no knowing what might Happen. All the time the Dog was howlin' awful pitiful I felt real sorry fer Him. I wont never treat no more dogs that way. Sometimes he would be standin on His hed, and sometimes he would take a start and run around like Crazy. Then you aught a seen the nabers scatter and clime fences.

So purty soon the pleaceman come and Got reddy to shoot. Then every buddy run agin. i sneaked out of the seller and watched from behind a tree. The furst shot Hit the Gordons cat in the Hind leg so they was some more exsitement.

Then the pleaceman seen the dog comin' straight fer Him and he bolted into the Bakers and dident stop till He got to the attick. That's what they sed ennyhow. When He come out again he took another shot and it went into the Dawsonses barn and nearly hit their horse. By that time the dog was gettin so weak He couldent stand up and Howled and sumbuddy hit Him with a Club. i Couldent bare the sight of it enny more. They say He died dredful Hard. That's the last Dog i'll ever feed pounded Glass to.

We've been having a big Time Here with the sentennial this week parades nearly every day and all kinds of things goin on. i Got nearly killed in the Crowd trying to see the flotes. Two farmers stept on my toes and i Cant git my shoes on, they was sich a crowd. Pa says it surved me right I Had no bizness to git in the Jam.

Say you used to know Pa a long time ago. Was he ever little like me? He talks like he was born the Same size He is now and never cared for nothing that boys likes. Sometimes i think he's jist putten on. The sho's goin to last all Snmmer. i seen McKinley and he jist wears the same kind of close other People does. i thot he'd have on one of them funny Hats and a youniform like Napoleon the way the Papers has Him pictured out. If you could send me a dollar ther's lots of Things i'd like to buy. That's all for this time.—Georgie, in Cleveland Leader.

PRIME MINISTER

In England Is an Office That Does Not Pay a Salary.

Chambers' Journal.

The prime minister is the head of the government, but as such he receives no salary, for his position is unknown to and unrecognized by statute law. Some state office with nominal duties, such as first lord of the treasury, is accordingly held by the premier. Lord Salisbury, however, departed from the almost invariable practice by associating the secretaryship for foreign affairs, perhaps the most arduous and responsible office in the government, with the premiership in his own person.

The first lord of the treasury, or, as he is more fully described, "First commissioner for executing the office of the lord high treasurer of her majesty's exchequer," has associated with him the chancellor of the exchequer and the three junior lords of the treasury in the control of her majesty's exchequer; but the post is now a sinecure in the department sense, and carries with it a salary of £5,000 per annum. The famous house, 10 Downing street, in which cabinet meetings are held, is the official residence of the first lord of the treasury.

Trains Change Time on Great Northern.

See page 7.

Phillips' California Excursions.

Two through cars weekly from St. Paul via the Minneapolis & St. Louis railroad, "Albert Lea Route." Tuesday's car runs via Kansas City, and thence through Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. Thursday's car runs via Omaha and through Colorado and Utah. For full particulars apply ticket office, 396 Robert street, corner Sixth street.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

ST. AGATHA'S CONSERVATORY Of Music and Art.

26 East Exchange St., St. Paul. Piano, violin, guitar, banjo and mandolin taught. Lessons given in drawing and painting. Call or send for prospectus.

HER SECRET.

How a Lady Who Was Thin Became Plump and Healthy.

Few ladies wish to become abnormally fat, but there are thousands of women who would give nearly all they possess to increase their flesh and look plumper, more robust and healthy. They realize that a little more flesh would greatly improve their looks.

"It is certainly strange how difficult it is to increase your weight," said a lady recently. "I know it by my own experience. For months I took various patent foods and other preparations, but it was all useless. I kept as thin as ever. Finally a friend persuaded me to take a little pure stimulant at meal-time, and the result was I decided to try pure malt whiskey. The result was simply marvelous! I could notice an increase in my weight the first week, and what is more, it greatly improved my health. I am completely cured of the weak, tired feelings from which I used to suffer, and I owe it to Duffy's pure malt whiskey."

Thousands of ladies tell a similar story to that related above. By the use of Duffy's pure malt they have gained new life, vigor and strength. Its great stimulative nourishment has built them up and endowed them with a stock of health such as they never before enjoyed. For rounding out thin figures, and giving a fresh color to pale worn faces it is unequaled.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Par Excellence California Route.

Phillips' excursions, every Tuesday and Thursday, to California points via Albert Lea route. Through cars, finely upholstered, polite attendants, cheap rates. Apply 396 Robert street, corner Sixth street, for full information.

Do You Want a Home.

The Wisconsin Central Lines will sell excursion tickets to the South and Southwest on December 1st and 15th at one fare for the round trip, plus $2.00. Great opportunity for cheap rates. For particulars call at City Ticket Office, 373 Robert street.

THE ONLY TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

Every Week in the Year to San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Leave Minneapolis 7:40, and St. Paul 8:15 every Thursday night via Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha railway and Sioux City.

In addition to the colored porter, one of our own employes accompanies the car as conductor from Minneapolis and St. Paul to Los Angeles, and as they have made these trips every week for over a year, they can make themselves useful and take good care of your family or friends if committed to their care.

Tickets and information at 13 Nicollet House block, Minneapolis; 395 Robert street, opposite Hotel Ryan, St. Paul.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

Via "The Milwaukee."

On December 1st and 15th the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell homeseekers' tickets to points in the South, Southeast and Southwest at half fare for the round trip. For complete information call on "The Milwaukee" agents in St. Paul or Minneapolis, or address J. T. Conley, Assistant General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

Phillips' Upholstered Tourist Cars Are the Most Popular.

More California passengers travel in these cars under Mr. Phillips' management than any other way. The Minneapolis & St. Louis railroad has the exclusive right to the Phillips Tourist Cars, which make this favorite line. They combine all the ticket rates, superior finish and high class of patrons, excellency of service, best route and gentlemanly and experienced managers to look after the travel.

Cars now leave St. Paul at 8:15 every Tuesday, via the Southern route, and at Los Angeles Saturday afternoon at 7 p. m. every Thursday via the Southern Pacific of the World, reaching California in five days.

To insure good accommodations arrangements should be made as far in advance as possible. Consult J. H. Whiteaker, C. T. A., Ryan Hotel Block, before concluding arrangements.

THROUGH CALIFORNIA SERVICE

Via "The Milwaukee."

A fine Pullman Tourist Sleeping Car now leaves Minneapolis at 8:25 and St. Paul at 8:35 every Saturday morning and runs through to Los Angeles, Cal., via Kansas City and the Santa Fe System, without change, arriving at destination 1:25 p. m. following Wednesday.

The journey via this route is through a very interesting portion of America, and the hardship incident to winter travel through the more northerly climate is avoided.

Rate per double berth $5.00 through. For berth reservations, further information as to rates, etc., apply to "THE MILWAUKEE" agents, or address J. T. Conley, Assistant General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN,
L. N. SCOTT, Manager.
A Superb Musical Success.
TONIGHT—Matinee Wednesday.
The Exquisite Operatic Comedy,
DORCAS,
By Harry and Edward Paulton, Authors of "Erminie." The Incomparable Cast Includes:
Eva Davenport, Charles O. Bassett,
Marie Millard, William Broderick,
Drew Donaldson, Fred Frear,
Minnie Jarboe, Arthur Seaton,
Marie Davenport, Charles Meyer.
Beautiful Gowns, Magnificent Stage Investiture, Largely Augmented Orchestra, Perfect Ensemble.
Matinee prices, 25c and 50c.
Seats now on Sale.

METROPOLITAN,
L. N. SCOTT, Manager.
4 NIGHTS! COMMENCING Thursday, Dec. 3.
The Legitimate Irish Comedian,
JOSEPH MURPHY,
Thursday and Friday Nights he will appear in the companion drama to "Kerry Gow," entitled..... "Shaun Rhue,"
Introducing Mr. Murphy's wonderfully successful song, A Handful of Earth.
Saturday Matinee and Night and Sunday Night, he will appear in the greatest of all Irish Dramas, "The Kerry Gow."
Sale of Seats opens this morning.

GRAND POPULAR WITH THE PEOPLE.
IT IS FULL OF FUN.
Never Better Than Now.
The Dazzler.
Matinee Wednesday.
Next Sunday Night—The Girl I Left Behind Me.

MARKET HALL
ALL THIS WEEK.
Miss Fay and Company will present Her Weird, Wonderful, Interesting and Amusing Entertainment, including Her Latest Oriental Sensation,
SOMNOLENCY
19th CENTURY WONDER,
ANNA EVA FAY
And Her Clever Company.
Most Marvelous Performance Ever Witnessed in St. Paul.
Reserved Seats, 25c and 35c. On sale till 5 at P. C. Lutz's Drug Store. After 7 at hall.

ITS HISTORY.

How Texas Charlie's Life Was Saved by the Indians.

THE ADVENTURES OF A UNITED STATE GOVERNMENT SCOUT. THE SAME REMEDY THAT EFFECTED HIS CURE NOW USED THROUGHOUT THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

SOME years ago Mr. Chas. Bigelow, now one of the proprietors of the famous Kickapoo Indian Remedies, was acting as a government scout in the Indian territory. He was known at that time as "Texas Charlie," and while on one of his expeditions was taken sick with a severe fever, and for a few days lay at death's door. During his sickness he was cared for by an Indian Chief and his family, in whose lodge he lay, so weak that he could hardly raise his eyelids. An Indian doctor visited him, and gave him that now most famous of Indian remedies, Indian Sagwa, and by its use he was snatched from the jaws of death and restored to health, owing his life to the wonderful efficacy and curative power of this medicine. He then endeavored to persuade the Indians to give to him their secret of its ingredients. This at first they refused to do, but after much persuasion and many discussions they at last partially yielded to his request and the Chief of the Tribe sent East with Mr. Bigelow five of his most renowned medicine men, together with an ample supply of the roots, herbs, barks, gums, etc., used in the manufacture of their medicines. What started thus in a small way has ever since increased, and to-day there is manufactured from similar materials gathered by the Indians themselves, their famous remedies, which have done so much to alleviate suffering of every description. Throughout the civilized world there is no more potent remedy known for diseases resulting from a disordered condition of the kidneys, liver, stomach or blood than Kickapoo Indian Sagwa. This together with then Kickapoo Indian Worm Cure, Kickapoo Indian Salve and Kickapoo Indian Oil, makes a list of remedies that will accomplish a cure in all classes of sickness. These can be obtained at any druggists.

DEFECTIVE PAGE