Making of Stage Shoes

Footgear an Important Matter.

This question of footgear is a most important feature in the matter of theatrical costumes, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. The shoes of the stage tramp are as much the object of studied care as the jeweled sandals of Cleopatra, or the dainty boots of Siebel. Theatrical shoemaking is quite different in its demands from the conventional call of the trade, and would appall the ordinary knight of the last. Ten years ago there was no such establishment in this city, but in 1888 William W. Aiston, an enterprising and skillful young man, saw an outlook in the field, and, encouraged by his sisters, opened an establishment here that has since been very successful. His father was a theatrical shoemaker in London, and young Aiston learned the trade, that is very exacting in demands for versatile acquirement.

He says: "The first thing we do in making shoes for a big production concerns the plates made by the artist, and make such changes as will make them practical, as some artists make the boot and shoe design beautiful to look at, but almost impractical. These changes must be made without altering the character of the design. After this comes the selection of the material and colors. These we get from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. The time is generally limited in making shoes for a production to about ten days to two weeks. Then comes taking the measures; first is the chorus. The ballet, the extra people, are measured at the first rehearsal, called by the stage manager or producer. The principals, as a rule, are measured at their hotels. Then comes the meeting with the producer to find out what the people are to wear. This arranged, we start our work. We work day and night, also Sundays, as the work must be ready for the first dress rehearsal. We attend all rehearsals, and make note of any changes that may be made, and alter the shoe plot accordingly. Every time a girl in the chorus or ballet has her place changed makes a difference sometimes of ten pairs of shoes. She may be in the first line. She is changed to the third line; the girl in the third line is changed to the first; they both have five changes; one wears a No. 3 shoe, the other a No. 5—that is the reason we have to attend all rehearsals, so as to be ready to make these changes.

GOOD WORK IN STAGE SHOES.

"I have done work for productions when as many as sixty or seventy pairs of boots and shoes that were made were

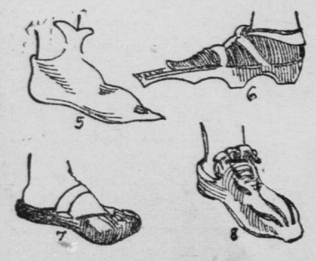
1—Greek military shoe. 2—Assyrian. 3—Persian. 4—Roman.

useless. The longer the rehearsals, the more changes are made; people going out and new ones coming in. All companies have two dress rehearsals. The principals, as a rule, are the most accommodating; they know just what the shoemaker has to do in a short time. Yes, all principals pay for their boots and shoes. Many managers furnish the chorus and ballet with shoes, and others make them pay for everything they wear. There is one thing I have noticed when the shoes are furnished by the managers, they wear out much quicker. A local manager used to furnish everything for his chorus and ballet. He was always at war with his company and shoemaker. The shoes were not kept clean, and had lost their character. One day he sent for me and complained about my work. I told him it was not the fault of the work, it was the fault of the people. He said: 'People! Nonsense, it's the work.' I left him and went back on the stage and made a tour of the dressing rooms; there I found, just as I expected, the shoes thrown all over the floor. Dressing rooms, as a rule, are not very clean. I reported to the manager what I had seen. He went and saw for himself. That evening he put up a notice that from date all shoes worn by the chorus and ballet would be taken out of their salary. There was a transformation at once in the care of footgear.

"Many people think stage shoes are made for show, and that almost anything would be strong enough; such is not the case. They must be made just as strong as a street shoe. There is not a stage in the city that is not rougher than the ordinary sidewalk. Stages are cut up with traps, and abound in splinters made by moving scenery, baggage and properties. The premier toe dancer uses a pair of slippers two performances. Marthe Irmler would use a new pair every night. Extra ladies' and supers' shoes cannot be made strong enough. The ordinary super only studies the quickest way to destroy his shoes. It costs the manager more to keep these people in shoes looking decent by one-half than it does his chorus and ballet.

"How many shoes for an ordinary production? Let me see: Say ten principals, 3 pairs each, 30; 20 chorus ladies, 4, 80; 10 chorus gentlemen, 4, 40; 20 ballet ladies, 4, 80; 10 extra, 3, 30; 10 supers, 3, 30; total, 290. This would be only an ordinary company. 'America' at the Auditorium, had a grand total of 3,700 pairs of shoes. That was, perhaps, the largest shoe contract ever made in this country, except Steele McKaye's Spectatorium production, which never came to a head. That would have been the largest shoe contract in the world.

"Yes, I have made shoes for the most of the stars, such as Mme. Modjeska, Mary Anderson, Julia Marlowe, Ellen Terry, Mme. Janauschek, Joseph Jeffer-

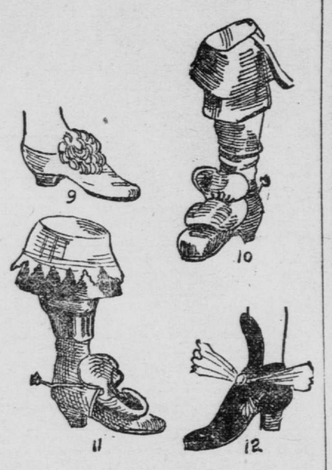


5—German, fifteenth century. 6—French, fifteenth century. 7—German, sixteenth century. 8—French, sixteenth century.

son, Nat C. Goodwin, E. S. Willard, Florence, Francis Wilson, Otis Skinner, Robert Tabor, the Bostonians, leading burlesque and comic opera stars, and always find them agreeable. Most performers are in favor of Chicago becoming a center for theatrical supplies, and becoming to the West what New York is to the East.

MUCH SKILL IN THE BUSINESS.

"Yes, shoemakers have much to contend with in making a production in regard to fitting the people and making them satisfied. Of course we all know no one likes to have large feet, nor do they feel kindly when their feet pain them. We take the measure at the first rehearsal, and we don't try them on until the full dress rehearsal. By that time their feet are quite sore and tender from long, tedious standing around at rehearsals. So the shoemaker has to judge a great deal when he is measuring the feet; he is not al-



9—Netherlands, seventeenth century. 10—Dutch, seventeenth century. 11—French, seventeenth century. 12—French, seventeenth century.

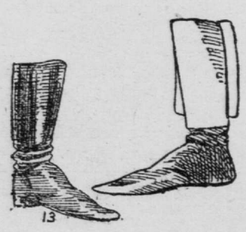
lowed any too much time to take the measure, as every one is in a hurry to get home or go to the costumer or wig maker. He has to judge as he holds the foot to measure if he or she has a hard foot that will harden by long standing, or a soft foot that will become tender and sore. Then he must visit the costumer to see what kind of tights and stockings are to be worn with the shoes. Sometimes they must be underdressed in order to make quick changes. A lady may wear a No. 4 or 5 shoe in the first act and in the last only a No. 3 shoe. That is caused by different thicknesses of tights, which sometimes make a difference of a full size and a half; a half size will make a misfit either way.

"No, Chicago girls do not always have the largest feet. As a rule, we find the English girls have the largest feet. In their country they wear heavier shoes, which are more for comfort; this causes the feet to grow. In this country the girls wear neat-fitting light shoes. This works as do the shoes in China, or on that principle, and the foot does not get a chance to spread. Ida Mulle, perhaps, wears the smallest shoe on the stage; she wears a No. 12 (child's shoe). Louise Eissing has the finest shaped foot I ever measured. E. S. Willard goes in for comfort; most stars do. Julia Marlowe orders her shoes one size larger. I like best to make character shoes. I take great pleasure in finding out the correct points in shoes, and their history. Henry VIII. was a gouty-footed individual. He always imagined it was the fault of his bootmaker making him tight shoes. So he would cut his shoes, and have puffs of silk and satin sewed on them. That is where they got the slashed costume from.

FOR LOUISE MONTAGUE.

Sandals can be made the cheapest, and be made the most expensive in our line. They can be made as low as $1, and as high as $40. The most expensive pair of shoes I ever made for the stage was for Louise Montague. The shoes were a low strap shoe; the goods matched a cape that was worn in the "Crystal Slipper;" the goods were a brocade, and cost $25 per yard. There was $40 worth of jewels, including a pair of diamond buckles.

"Ballet shoes are about the cheapest shoe in a production. Most premier dancers have their own idea about shoes from an Italian shoemaker in the East, and some send to Italy for them. When performers become attached to a pair of shoes they hate to part with them. If they make a hit in a certain kind of shoe, that settles it. They will wear those shoes for years. They would not give them up for a dozen new pairs. I am repairing a pair of shoes for Mr. Barnabee that he wore in the first production of 'Robin Hood.' He would not part with those shoes for anything. They have been worn out some time. When I have finished repairing them I think they will last another six years. When he sees what I have done with them he will be surprised. Yes, I have helped many a performer in a hurry, who was called on at short notice to take the place of another who was taken suddenly ill. We have made boots and shoes on record-breaking time. I remember once Miss Delasore, of Wolf's Opera company, was taken suddenly ill; Miss Dixon was to take her place. We got Miss Dixon's measure at 4 p. m. We had three pair of shoes and a



13—Dutch, eighteenth century. 14—French, eighteenth century.

pair of boots nine inches above the knee to make. We delivered the first-act shoes at 7 p. m., and at 8:35 we delivered the shoes and boots for the last act. So, you see what can be done in our business when we are pushed.

"There is the raising of the actor's shoes. We can make a man two inches taller, without spoiling the shape of his foot; this enables many an artist to hold positions that he could not fill without these raised shoes. Some of our leading artists wear them. The giants in the museums wear them to make them still taller. I remember once a friend of mine, an actor, came to Chicago to join 'The Burglar' company. The manager noticed at rehearsal that he was shorter than the leading lady—that would never do. He came to me and told me his troubles. I told him to cheer up—sit down and let me take his measure. In short order I had his measure, and explained to him the process of raising shoes. On the opening night he was one inch taller than the leading lady, and every one was happy. It may be remarked that many people resort to this device in their street shoes."

Be Seasonable

And use Bock Beer—Hamm's. On draught, or telephone 935-2 and have a case sent home.

QUANTRELL IN KENTUCKY.

A Favorite Rendezvous of the Noted Guerrilla and His Followers.

LAWRENCEBURG, Ky., April 1.—During the war and for some months after the close Nelson, an adjoining county to this, was a favorite rendezvous for guerrilla bands. Such noted outlaws as William Clark, Quantrell, Frank and Jesse James, Sue Mundey, Tom Coulter, Bill Magruder, Bill Davidson, "One-Armed" Berry, Dick Mitchell, Tom Henry and Capt. Marion were members of bands that would be quartered for weeks in the fastnesses of the hills about Chaplain and Samuel's Depot and only a few miles from here, and many are the stories told of their bloody encounters with Federal troops and home guards, and their numerous deeds of reckless daring.

Aside from the James boys, perhaps the most noted personage engaged in guerrilla warfare in this section was Quantrell, "the terror." A number of his followers are still living in Nelson, and they all seem devoted to their old commander, and recount many incidents of his gentle consideration for his men. Quantrell, before the war, was a school teacher, and it is aid that he was naturally a man of refined nature. He was a native of Ohio, descended from good Maryland stock, and had his talents been directed in legitimate channels he would have been an honor to his country.

The man who stood closer to Quantrell than any other man in this part of Kentucky was the late Capt. A. D. Pence, for many years Sheriff of Nelson county. He possessed many relics and mementos of his old commander, the most notable among which was the sash worn during the war by the famous guerrilla chief. Quantrell captured the sash from the Federal general, Blount, near Lexington, Mo., in 1862. He prized it highly and wore it until he was fatally shot in 1865. It was a custom with the guerrillas, when one of their number was killed, to divide his possessions, each of the guerrillas receiving something as a memento. When Qantrell was shot his effects were divided, and his sash fell to the lot of Frank James, who afterwards gave it to Capt. Pence. It was made of fine, heavy silk, and the ends were richly ornamented with beautiful tassels. Quantrell was wearing the sash when mortally wounded, and the silk was stained in several places with his life-blood.

Another interesting memento of Quantrell was long in the possesion of a lady living near Bloomfield, only a short distance from Lawrenceburg. It was a poem written in an autograph album by the noted outlaw shortly before he received his death wounds. The album belonged to Miss Nannie Dawson, and the stanzas were written at her request, on an occasion when Quntrell was a guest at her father's house. A few years ago Quantrell's mother made a length visit in Nelson county, in search of information and relics of her son, and the original album was given her by Miss Dawson. However, before the book was taken from the county, a gentleman at Samuel's Depot was permitted to make a copy of the poem. It reveals a phase of Quantrell's character that has never been touched upon. The verses, borrowed from Byron, are as follows:

My horse is at the door,
And the foe I soon may see;
But before I go, Miss Nannie,
Here's a double health to thee.

Here's a sigh for those that love me,
And a smile for those who hate,
And whatever sky's above me
Here's a heart for every fate.

Though the cannons roar about me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though the dark clouds be above me,
It hath springs which may be won.

In this verse, as with the wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be peace with thine and mine,
And a health to all indoor.

Feb. 26, 1865. —W. C. Q.

It is said by those who knew Quantrell that a braver man never lived. He was reckless to a fault, and as blood-thirsty as a lion. On one of his raids through Nelson county he committed one of the most daring deeds in the annals of the war. About three miles north of Bardstown there lived during the war one Dr. Evans, who was a Confederate sympathizer, and who had two sons in the rebel army. For this reason the old man was subjected tomany indignities at the hands of the Federal troops. All day long on Christmas, 1863, Buell's army passed through town and swarmed the country. Evan's residence was situated near the Louisville pike, and a squad of soldiers stopped there and ordered dinner. They had taken their places at the table, with guns thrown across their knees and pistols beside their plates. Their horses were hitched at the yard fence, a short distance from the house. About 200 yards away a solid stream of Federal soldiers was pouring along the pike. While things were in this state, Quantrell, accompanied by half a dozen members of his band, suddenly dashed out of a strip of wood, and, unnoticed by the vast army, swept up to where the soldiers' horses were hitched and proceeded to shoot the animals. All the horses but one were killed. This remaining one was a magnificent white gelding, to which Quantrell took a sudden fancy. Quickly dismounting and shooting his own horse, he sprang upon the white animal. Then firing a parting volley through the windows at the soldiers, who were eating, the guerrillas galloped off unmolested.

Mr. Isaac Hall, of Samuel's Depot, was in all the campaigns in which Quantrell attained his notoriety. He and Donny Pence were the guerrilla chief's close friends up to the time he lost his life. The former was with him in his last hours, but Pence was laid up with a broken leg, the result of a shot received in skirmish near the close of the war. It was on this occasion that Frank James saved Pence's life. The later's horse was killed under him, and James, seeing his friend's peril, rode back under the full fire of the enemy, and, lifting the disabled man upon his horse, mounted behind him, and, holding him in his arms, escaped to a place of safety. No friendship was ever warmer than that which existed betwen Pence and the James boys, who always found a hearty welcome at Pence's home. Last year when Sheriff Pence died, Frank James came from St. Louis to be present at the funeral.

To return to Quantrell, though the closing chapter of his life is full of interest. He was still in his prime when he was taken unawares and attacked by Terrell's men whlie quartered on the Wakefield farm, where he was mortally wounded, after which he was conveyed to the house of James Wakefield, near the line of Spencer and Mercer counties. From there he was removed to a military hospital in Louisville, where he died after a month of intense suffering. His remains now lie in an unmarked and weed-grown grave, in a little Catholic cemetary in the suburbs of Louisville. It is said that while Quantrell lay dying of his wounds in the hospital he purchased the plot of ground where his remains now rest. It is said that he also left sufficient money with which to procure and to have placed over his grave a suitable tombstone. This money was entrusted to a priest, who frequently told others that he intended to have the dead guerrilla's last wishes carried out, but before this was done he met with a fatal accident, and today Quantrell's resting place is neglected and unmarked by any stone.

QUEEN NATALIE'S SECRET.

Why Her Neck Is the Most Beautiful to Be Seen in All Europe.

Not every woman can follow Queen Natalie's method of keeping her neck the envy of nearly every woman in Europe, but her majesty's plan will furnish a hint which may easily be applied by all. Natalie is regarded as the most beautiful queen in Europe, and her greatest beauty is her neck. The world has just been let into the secret of the method which has largely enabled her to develop this charming feature. The queen takes frequent and regular exercise with a heavy pitcher on her head. The result of this is to straighten and strengthen the neck and to give it the form which the highest standard of female beauty requires. Not only does the exercise add to present beauty, but it arrests the ravages which time makes more quickly in the female neck than in any other place.

If you could obtain admission to the grounds of the queen's residence, near Belgrade, at about 8 o'clock in the morning, you would see her majesty taking a brisk walk with her pitcher on her shapely head. She is accompanied by a dame d'honneur, who is not herself an expert in the art of pitcher-carrying. Queen Natalie has very abundant black hair and a rich coloring. She is a very finely developed woman. Her figure is very strong and erect and her carriage is perfect, for her favorite exercise tends to develop the latter quality as well as to beautify the neck and shoulders. These are adorable and beyond all criticism. She takes care to dress in a way to show these to the best advantage.

From chin to bust Queen Natalie's flesh has the firmness of marble, although, unlike that substance, it is full of life and blood. Her head is placed on her shoulders after the manner of that of the Venus of Milo. There are no protruding bones, no wrinkles, no hollows; neither is there any superfluous fatness. The whole is a beautiful poem of form.

The exercise to which Natalie owes so much of her charm is one which has been practiced by women of the poorer classes in many countries from the earliest ages. Rachel, it may be remembered, met Jacob when she was going to the well with her pitcher. The women of Oriental countries, of Greece and of Italy have always been accustomed to carry pitchers and other burdens on their heads. They have little idea of beautifying themselves when they do this, but nevertheless they are doing so. The American woman who worries about the shape of her neck probably never thinks that its defects are due to lack of exercise tending specially to strengthen this part.

A STRANGE BOARDING HOUSE.

Filled With People Whose Looks Are Being Artificially Improved.

There's a boarding house uptown with a collection of inmates as queer in their way as ever was gathered under one roof, and the landlady doesn't shelter museum freaks, either, says the New York Press. People come thousands of miles to be star boarders here for a time. Many of them would like to travel incog. That being impossible, they keep to themselves and their rooms constantly during their stay. All these folks are patients who come to New York to have their eyes made less prominent, the nose made more or less Roman, their extra hair or unsightly moles and birthmarks removed. While being treated they stay at their boarding house for weeks. From the babe to gray-haired grandpa, all ages are represented. Though the operation costs money some pretty poor people manage to save and scrape enough together to pay the doctor.

Protruding ears is the most common disfigurement, with misshapen noses a close second. An army lieutenant came all the way from the Pacific coast recently to have his ears laid flat on his head. That was done so easily that he had his nose tinkered with, its shape not pleasing him. Then his vanity got the upper hand of him and he wanted to have all his beard burned out. He represented that it was a case of killing his beard or his beard killing him, as it was so heavy that shaving was worse than a surgical operation. Perhaps he had in mind the saving of time involved in a hairless face. If his courage had equaled his vanity he would have returned with cheeks as innocent of the possibilities of beard as most young girls. But his grit left him after the electric needle had been applied a few times.

Noses with flat bridges or no bridges at all are built up, and these patients the while, like most of the others, have to submit to a bandaged head. For days and weeks they are wrapped up, and, being rather unsightly objects, they keep in seclusion. While a fair share of these made-over folks were actuated by a desire to increase their attractions by having slight impediments to beauty removed, some came to get rid of positively ugly appearances. An unfortunate woman, whose jaw was frightfully distorted by a burn received in early youth, is the latest boarder. Cutting, pulling, pushing and grafting will have to be resorted to in her case.

One of the most distressing disfigurements is a growth of hair on a woman's face. "The bearded lady from Borneo" may not care, for she gets more money because of her appearance than she possibly could were she natural and commonplace. A married woman came to the boarding house some months ago to stay while each separate hair on her heavily bearded face was being pulled. Her husband never had mentioned her appearance in her presence. She was supersensitive, and, imagining that everyone she met had eyes and mind fastened on her continually, withdrew from society. One day her husband saw a notice in a paper of a dermatologist's work in removing blemishes. Without a word he pointed out the paragraph to her. It was the first allusion he had ever made to her unfortunate condition. She understood, and in a few days she announced that she was going to New York. When she returned introductions were necessary.

On Draught, Also!

Send a case of Hamm's Bock Beer home. Telephone 935-2.

Her Letter and His Answer.

"Would you be kind enough to return my photograph?" she wrote. "I gave it to you in a moment of girlish folly, and I have since had occasion to regret that I was so thoughtless in such matters."

Of course she pictured that photograph framed and hung up in his room, and was inclined to think that he would part with it with deep regret. Just why she wanted it returned is immaterial. Of course he had offended her in some way, but it is unnecessary to inquire how.

The answer to her note came the following day.

"I regret," it read, "that I am unable at this late day to pick out your photograph. However, I send you my entire collection, numbering a little over six hundred, and would request that you return all except your own by express, at my expense."—Chicago Post.

Unfortunate Love of Mutton.

Love of mutton has just proved deadly to a bear down in Williamsport, Pa. Bruin caught sight of a butcher's wagon belonging to Dilliam Delong, of Cammal. He followed the wagon up and presently caught sight of a leg of mutton hanging on the inside. The rear door of the wagon, which was covered, was open, and bruin calmly raised himself into the vehicle and set to work to devour the mtuton. Presently, however, one of his great paws struck the lever that closes the door of the wagon and in a second he was a prisoner. Between the seat of the driver of the wagon and the interior of the vehicle is heavy glass. The bear set to work to demolish this, and partially succeeded, for he made a hole big enough to stick his head out. He could get no further and Delong succeeded in driving four miles to Cammal. When the destination was reached the bear was shot. He weighed 300 pounds.

Knowing Dog.

There is a dog at Paris, Tex., who can tell the time of day, and calls his master for breakfast every morning. He belongs to H. C. Peterson, a workman of the cotton seed mill at Paris. It is Nick's duty, besides waking his master in the morning, to take his dinner to him in a little pail every day. Should Mrs. Peterson, by any mischance, overlook the matter, the dog is sure to remind her in proper time, by bringing the pail to her and urging her to fill it. At first it was supposed to be the dog's intuition which enabled him to know the hour, but he has many times been seen watching the clock, and once, when Mrs. Peterson set the hands ahead to test the matter, Nick brought the dinner pail promptly on the stroke of twelve, although in reality it was only 11 o'clock.

MERCHANTS HOTEL!

THOROUGHLY REFITTED,

Opened under the management of the proprietor,

COL. ALLEN,

APRIL FIRST.

The house will be run as formerly when Col. Allen was in charge of its affairs, with the addition of the latest improvements and comforts pertaining to modern ideas of hotel keeping. The management will be pleased to entertain its friends of former days, and will make it agreeable for them when they visit St. Paul.

Prices Per Day, $2, $2.50; with bath, $3.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL AFRICAN.

Missionary—Tell me, M'bango, where is my predecessor?
M'bango—He has gone into the interior.
Missionary—How do you know?
M'bango—I have inside information.

He Remembers Washington

Inmate of a New Jersey Poor Farm Who Is 125 Years Old.

Noah Raby, an inmate of the poor farm of Piscataway township, New Jersey, claims that he is the oldest man in the world. He says he will be 125 years old on April 1, and no living man has any knowledge that his story is not substantially true, as related by him. The overseer of the poor farm, Henry G. Hummer, has known Raby for half a century, and he is positive that the old man is at least 110 years old. Throughout the township, where he is well known, there is scarcely a person who doubts his great age, and he is a universal favorite.

Seated in an old fashioned arm chair in front of a comfortable open fire in the sitting room of the poor house, the old man looks every bit a centenarian. He is short in stature and much bent with age. He is totally blind, having lost his sight about ten years ago, and yet his eyes sparkle as though he could see. His shoulders are somewhat contracted, but the muscles of his arms and legs are as firm as they were thirty years ago. Raby has no teeth, and in talking he emits a sharp, whistling sound, that has has a weird effect upon his hearer.

In telling the story of his life, a couple of days ago, the aged man said:

I was born at Eatontown, Gates county, North Carolina, on April 1, 1772. My mother, Sarah Raby, was born in South Carolina, while my father, Andrew Bass, was a North American Indian. My mother was very poor and when I was seven years old I was bound out to a man named Mills Field. I began to smoke when I was six years old. I used to fill my mother's pipe and take a few whiffs of it before giving it to her. I have used whisky as long as I have tobacco, but I have only been drunk three times in my life.

When I was twenty-one years old I decided to look for work elsewhere. I started down the road towards Widow Parker's plantation. As I was passing she came to the gate and said:

"Noah, how far are you going?"

"Until I find work," I replied.

"Well, you have found it," she said, "so come right in. I have known you since you were a baby."

I worked for her for five years as overseer for $200 a year. Then I left to work for her daughter-in-law, also a widow. Her name was Sarah Parker. I thought in time I would have no trouble in marrying her, and then her plantation and all her slaves would be mine. It was a good scheme, and for a time everything went all right, and then I spoiled it. The fact of the matter was I was so madly in love with the widow that I was afraid to tell her how much I thought of her. Everybody on the plantation knew how matters stood. One day Uncle Mingo, an old colored man, who thought a good deal of me, said:

"Massa Noah, why don't you tell missus what you think of her? You go tell her what you think, and if she won't listen to me, I'll charm her for you."

It was all in vain. I was already charmed myself and was afraid to speak to her. I tell you sir, she was one of the prettiest women I ever saw. She had cheeks like a wax doll and lips as red as red apples. My half brother came to see me one day, and he asked me if I was in love. When I told I was he said the only way to cure it was to take a voyage in the Constitution. I left the next night, without saying good-bye to anybody or settling up. I went back to see the widow sometime after, and when I told her about being in love with her, she said, "Faint heart never won fair lady." It was too late then, as the man who took my place as overseer had married her, and it was only a week after the wedding.

Raby made a good ordinary seaman, but was glad to leave the navy when his time expired. He said he did not like the idea of going to war. Raby declares that he heard Gen. Washington speak at Norfolk.

He is not sure what the general was talking about, but he is positive that he was indignant about something.

"Yes, sir," said Raby, "I shall never forget it. He said: 'Keep right on, fellow citizens, as you have been going, and I assure you there will be the devil to pay in this republic, and no pitch hot.'

"That's what he said, and no mistake," reiterated the old man.

Raby claims that he worked three years in the Brooklyn navy yard after he left the Constitution. Then he came to New Jersey. For a number of years he worked on a farm near Elizabeth, and then he came to Middlesex county. About thirty years ago he was sent to the poor farm, and he has remained there ever since waiting for the time when he would pass from the scenes of this world.

The old man enjoys excellent health. He has had no serious illness since he was eighteen. Then he was sick with a fever. He sleeps sitting up in a chair, as he fears a rush of blood to the head. On pleasant days he finds his way to the well in the yard by means of a wire stretched from the back door to the well house. His mind is wonderfully alert for a man of his advanced age, and he emphasizes many of his remarks by saying "certain, sir." His diet is very simple, consisting of boiled fish or rice and bread and milk. Raby only weighs about one hundred pounds, but when he was at his best he weighed about one hundred and thirty. For miles around "Uncle Noah," as he is familiarly known, is a prime favorite with all of the farmers and his birthday never passes without many tokens of remembrance from his many friends.

WOMEN CAN GO TO WAR.

Colorado Will Enlist Them in the National Guards.

DENVER, April 9.—If the state militia of Colorado ever falls short of its complement of men the women can be expected to recruit the ranks. Should they so desire they needn't wait for their brothers to come to the front. They can join the militia at their own sweet will, providing Gov. Adams signs the bill passed by the legislature today. The governor says he will sign the bill; in fact, he is believed to be afraid to refuse to do so, in view of the numerous and advanced advocates of equal rights in the state.

Nobody ever suspected that the legislature was possessed of the spirit of gallantry to such an unheard of degree as was revealed in the passage of the bill for the reorganization of the state militia today.

It was accomplished very little up to this time in the way of legislation, but when it got down to work it got there with both feet, so to speak. Perhaps it was negligence or a clerical error that made the women of Colorado eligible as warriors. Who can tell?

Whatever the explanation—if any is necessary—the fact remains that the new law permits the fair sex to join the state militia; to carry a knapsack, wear brass buttons and gilt epaulets, and shoulder a rifle if they have the strength and courage. They may be captains and colonels and generals, and who knows but some ambitious woman may not become a brigadier general and ride a prancing steed! Strange things have happened in Colorado!

There is nothing wanting in the new law for the reorganization of the national guard of the state. The bill now in the hands of the governor provides for "such uniforms as may be necessary," to use the identical language. Of course this may lead to some embarrassing situations when the women begin to enlist.

It will be necessary for them to consult with the quartermaster sergeant when they want nice, new uniforms, and then the quartermaster sergeant will have to seek the counsel of the adjutant general in regard to fashions.

It is feared by some of the women of Denver, who are not quite up to the spirit of the times, that trouble will follow the enlistment of their sisters. On the other hand, the bloomer girls and others who cut their hair short, hail with joy the prospect of being entitled to the privilege of marching down the streets to the strains of martial music. They are waiting for the chance to join the First regiment of Colorado Amazons and show the country what they can do toward saving it by force of arms.

Whether they will seek to enlist in separate companies or prefer to join the companies already formed is a question of considerable moment. The average militiaman considers it a mighty delicate question, and surveys the future with dismay. He realizes that the new order of things will bring about such unlooked for complications that he is on the point of asking for an honorable discharge.

Hamm's Bock Beer! Bottled! On draught, or telephone 935-2! Act!

HAUNTED BY A DEADLY VAMPIRE.

California Railroad Man Who Is Pursued by a Relentless Enemy.

John Santine, a well-known brakeman employed on the local narrow-gauge system, formerly for many years under Conductor Robert Owen on the Alameda broad-gauge line, says that he is the victim of a most extraordinary, relentless and supernatural enemy, which robs him of rest at night, and for several years has made his life a horrid nightmare.

"For about three years and a half I have been fighting ghosts at my house, 2544 Clement avenue," said he today. "A mysterious, uncanny intruder has kept me in a constant state of nervousness at night when I wanted to sleep. I thought for a long time it might be some 'varmint,' and set all sorts of pitfalls and snares to catch it. I had my bedroom, where I sleep alone, just filled with traps—mouse traps, rat traps, 'figure 4s' and deadfalls big enough to kill an alligator, but nothing ever came of it.

"As these singular nocturnal disturbances continued I came to the conclusion finally that I must be afflicted with a ghost. I bought a pistol and increased my watchfulness. At the least noise I would jump up and grab my pistol, but I never saw anything in the room.

"The curious thing about the affair was that after each disturbance, usually some time about the middle of the night, I would wake up to find myself covered with strange insects that died when exposed to the light. I bought all kinds of insect powder to beat the deuce—you ask the druggist—but it didn't do any good. Then I tried putting two cats in the room, but not a rat or mouse could be discovered.

"I feel sure now that the creature is a vampire, which comes to my bed and lays itself on my neck, for what purpose I can't tell.

"It was only last Monday morning, about 2 o'clock, that I awoke suddenly and felt an object resting on my left shoulder. In a twinkling it flited away. I heard it pattering along the pillow as it went, and I am certain that it was a creature, vampire or what you will, that has haunted me so long. It always has the most horrid smell, just like something from the grave, and I think it is the odor as much as anything which wakes me up.

"I have always left my windows open at the top to have plenty of air, but it never occurred to me that the cause of my continual annoyance might find ingress in that way. Those vampires are awfully cunning creatures, and as soon as they see the least movement they are off like a flash. Sometimes the thing wouldn't come near for a week, so that, though I tried to be on the watch all the time, I could never catch it. I have fixed up a lot of snares which hang across my room, and I hope to get it so tangled in them some night that I can shut the window before it escapes.

"I have awakened in the morning many a time with a sickness at the stomach, and I believe that it was that vampire's presence during the night that caused it. There are lots of cases of children that pine away under the care of a physician, and I believe that night visits from these hideous creatures are responsible for it. I don't know whether my case is an isolated one or not, but I think people should know about it and take necessary precautions."

"Do you drink, Mr. Santine?" he was asked.

"Not a drop.—Alameda Letter to San Francisco Chronicle.

Where the Chicken Originated.

Jones had invited a friend to dinner and asked him to carve the chicken that was placed before him. The guest set to work with a good will, but after a deal of muscular exercise was compelled to acknowledge himself beaten.

"Where, in the name of leather, did you get the bird?"

"I don't know," replied the host, "unless it should prove to be the offspring of some hard-boiled eggs."—Pick-Me-Up.

The Sacrifice Too Great.

"No, it's no use talking to me," said the young man with the violent necktie, waving the evangelist aside. "I don't intend to become religious until after the Corbett and Fitzsimmons fight. I've got a bet of $15 on it."—Chicago Tribune.

AMUSEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN.....
L. N. SCOTT, MANAGER.
Tonight. Prices, 25c, 50c and 75c.
DANZ Symphony Orchestra. 40——Musicians——40
In a superb concert under the direction of Mr. Frank Danz Jr. The Talented Child Pianiste, Margarethe Milch, will appear at this concert.

METROPOLITAN....
L. N. SCOTT, MANAGER.
2 NIGHTS and Wednesday Matinee. April 13 and 14.
DE WOLF HOPPER
And his excellent company in the first presentation in St. Paul of John Philip Sousa's brilliant opera,
...EL... CAPITAN
Cast, chorus, costumes, scenery and every accessory in strict keeping with the well-known reputation of the favorite organization. Seats now on sale.

3 Nights and Saturday Matinee. Beginning Thursday, April 15
WM. H. CRANE In His Greatest Successes.
Thursday and Saturday Nights, Friday Night and Sat. Mat. A FOOL OF FORTUNE. HIS WIFE'S FATHER.
Seats now on sale.

GRAND POPULAR WITH THE PEOPLE...
A Real Hot Comedy Show. 'The Prodigal Father' Matinee Wednesday.
Easter Week—Grand Opening of Summer Vaudeville Season.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY—District Court, Second Judicial District. In the matter of the assignment of Emil F. Sternberg, Insolvent.

Upon reading the petition of John Fisher, assignee in the above entitled matter, and upon examination of the final account of said petitioner, which petition and account have been filed herein:

It is ordered, That said petition be heard and said final account be examined before the court at the court house in the city of St. Paul, in said Ramsey County, on Saturday, the 8th day of May, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., and that at said time the assignee's fees and attorney's fees will be fixed, and after payment has been made by the assignee of the amount then ordered to be paid to the creditors, judgment may be ordered forthwith, without notice, discharging the assignee and his bond, and discharging the insolvent from the claims of persons who have duly proven their claims and duly filed releases herein.

Let a copy of this order be mailed forthwith to each of the creditors of said insolvent who have filed their claims herein, and to said insolvent, and let the same be published for three successive weeks prior to said date of hearing, on Monday of each week in the St. Paul Globe, a daily newspaper published in said County of Ramsey.

HASCAL R. BRILL,
District Judge.

Dated April 10, 1897.

DIED.

SUDEITH—In St. Paul, Minn., April 11, 1897, at 6:30 p. m., at St. Joseph's hospital, Alloe M., beloved wife of George B. Sudeith. Notice of funeral hereafter.

TOLAN—In St. Paul, Sunday, April 11, Miss Rose Tolan, aged 55 years. Funeral from residence of her cousin, John Lynch, 147 Nina avenue, Wednesday, April 14, at 8:30. Service at St. Joseph's church at 9 o'clock.

A NEW IDEA—E. W. Shirk, having added undertaking to his livery, thus having his own hearses and carriages, enables him to make lower prices than any other undertaker in the city, with the best of service. Undertaking rooms, 322 Wabasha st. Tel. 508. Livery, Seven Corners. Tel. 339.

PILES.

SAFE, LASTING CURE.

Itching piles, bleeding, blind or protruding piles, safely and permanently cured by the PYRAMID PILE CURE. Absolutely safe, contains no opium, cocaine or injurious drugs. 50 cents and $1 at druggists. Book on cause and cure of piles sent free by addressing Pyramid Co., Albion, Mich.