WOMAN'S PAGE

NORDICA'S PALACE

THE FAMOUS PRIMA DONNA'S LUXURIOUS HOME ON WHEELS

DISADVANTAGES OF GREATNESS

Singer Longs for the Freedom of Ordinary Folks—Chat With "Brunhilde" and the Wonderful Canary "Bobbie."

Prima donnas have nerves, diamonds, temperaments and private cars! Not all of them have canary birds, caled "Bobbie." Distinction is lent Lillian Nordica by the possession of a live ball of yellow fluff, a ball with wicked black eyes that look like shiny pin tops, and an impertinent stare that is decidedly American. No one can visit Nordica without meeting the flippant "Bobbie." Therefore, when The Globe had the pleasure of exploring the great prima donna's private car yesterday, and of exchanging a few words with its famous owner, Bobbie's acquaintance was made. Nordica has all the reserve of greatness and the North. Bobbie is devil-may-care, hail-fellow-well-met, anxious to please and to be pleased. He hangs in a gaudily gilded cage in the dining room, which is also the living room of the "Brunhilde." Could one imagine a more appropriate name for the great Wagnerian artist's traveling home than "Brunhilde?" And Nordica fits into the spaciousness of this "Brunhilde" as easily as she fits into the character of Wagner's northern giantess. But Bobbie—well, it's different with Bobbie. What does Bobbie care that his surroundings are solid mahogany, if you please? What is it to him that the rugs on the floor are priceless, that their colors combine a rare harmony of tints that would make an artist blink. Therefore when The Globe paused in front of the cage yesterday Bobbie winked, yes, literally winked, as if he would like to say, "All this show is all very well and she may like it, but, confidentially, give me the life out there. Say, look at that cocky sparrow doing the tight rope walk up under that shed! Jingo, but that's life."

And over on the couch her distinctly Brunhilde length, clad in a gorgeous tea gown, her blonde and very Brunhilde features set in a thoughtful frown, was Bobbie's mistress. And wasn't Bobbie's mistress saying very much the same thing that Bobbie's eyes expressed?

Disadvantages of Greatness.

"If I could do things like other people," sighed this 'woman of snow and fire.' But one must keep always in good physical condition! One must be always mindful of one's health, one's appearance. To run out without a wrap—to take the least little bit of a step from the train to one's carriage—these are luxuries not permitted a singer."

But even so successful a Brunhilde as Nordica cannot dwell very long on the disadvantages of being a prima donna, so she talked of the Black Forest where she, to use her own Americanism, "loafed" last summer.

The mention of the Black Forest evidently aroused pleasant reminiscences in Bobbie's yellow breast. He tilted back his speck of a head and trilled a pensive ballad. Brunhilde on the couch listened to him admiringly.

"Yes, Bobbie remembers the Black Forest," she said. "He did not have to spend his time in a stuffy cage there."

Brunhilde's voice was sympathetic and Bobbie assumed a "misunderstood" air and fixed his eye with moody disapproval on a group of rowdyish sparrows that were shrieking near the window.

"My present tour, which is entirely a concert one, will end April 10, when I shall said for Europe to sing at Convent Garden. This recital work is a relief after grand opera, and by spring I expect to be thoroughly rested for my work abroad. At Convent Garden I shall sing the leading Wagnerian soprano roles."

As The Globe withdrew Brunhilde composed herself for a siesta. Bobbie's eyes were still fastened drearily on the wintry landscape and the quarreling sparrows.

Nordica has a piano and an organ in the living room of her private car. The organ is a fixture in the car. eBsides the spacious dining room there are three private bedrooms, three or four sections, an observation car and an ample commissary department. Traveling with the prima donna are her sister, Mrs. Walker, of New York; Mr. Romayne Simmons, the pianist; and Mrs. Stuyvesant Peabody, of Chicago.

Of Social Interest.

Mrs. J. E. Stryker, of Iglehart street, gave an informal tea yesterday afternoon, from 4 to 6. The drawing rooms were decorated with roses, chrysanthemums, palms and mignonette. The dining room was in red, American Beauty roses being used effectively. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. Seabury, Mrs. Abbott, Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Duff, Mrs. Griggs, Mrs. Appleby, Mrs. Richardson, the Misses Davis and the Misses Brill.

Mrs. E. C. Washington, of Virginia avenue, gave a luncheon yesterday afternoon. Covers were laid for twelve, and carnations decorated the table.

Mrs. Wiliam R. Sproat, of Dayton avenue, will give a large euchre party this afternoon.

Mrs. L. W. Maxfield, of Goodrich avenue, will give a luncheon today for Mrs. Reeder, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. E. H. Cutter, of Summit avenue, will give an informal tea from 4 to 6 this afternoon for Miss Edith Abell, of Boston.

Mrs. B. Franklin Forster will give a luncheon today at her home on Dale street for Mrs. John Lambert and Mrs. Harry Thompson.

Miss Emily A. Corning, of Summit avenue, will give a luncheon this afternoon.

Miss Otis, of Summit avenue, will give a dancing party tonight for Miss Marion Sanbord and Miss Winifred Brill.

Judge and Mrs. O. B. Lewis will give an informal card party tonight.

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Miss Clark, Goodrich avenue, is in Madison, Wis.

Miss E. R. Reagan is in Kimball Prairie, Minn.

Mrs. C. G. Collins, Carroll street, is in Peoria, Ill.

Miss Maude Lane, of San Francisco, is a guest at the Aberdeen.

Mrs. Homer Johnson, of Chicago, is the guest of Mrs. J. W. Bishop, Mackubin street.

Mrs. Orrin Kipp, Dayton avenue, is in Chicago.

Miss Rose Murphy, of Duluth, and Miss Anna Johnson and C. J. Johnson, of Grand Marias, were the guests the past week of the Misses Davern, of Mackubin street.

Miss Nelson, Iglehart street, is in Milwaukee.

Mrs. T. R. Kane, Dayton avenue, has returned from a visit to the East.

Mrs. Garrita Nash, of Milwaukee, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. J. Watson, Arundel street.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. C. Ruff have removed from their summer home at Bald Eagle lake, and are at the Colonnade for the winter.

CLUBS AND CHARITIES.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the First M. E. church will give a doll sale Thursday, Dec. 12, afternoon and evening. Mr. Rehse, a local cartoonist, will give a chalk talk, and the Men's league will aid in the evening's entertainment, which will be a reception to the twenty-nine new members, who joined the church last Sunday. The committee in charge of arrangements consists of Mrs. Brill, Mrs. C. D. Risser, Mrs. C. H. Slocum and Mrs. W. A. Lansing.

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The Minneapolis Methodist ministers were guests of their St. Paul brothers Monday afternoon at Central Park M. E. church. Dr. Hutsonpillar, of Minneapolis, read an excellent paper on "The Cultured American, James Russell Lowell." A discussion followed and the ladies of Central Park M. E. church served a supper. Dr. Manly S. Hard, of Philadelphia, one of the secretaries of the board of church extension, was present at the meeting.

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Mrs. Adamson, 674 Selby avenue, St. Paul, will hold her Christmas exhibition of hand-painted china and water colors, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 10, 11 and 12, 1901, from 10 a. m. to 9 p. m. each day. She will be assisted by Miss Florence Owens and Miss Frances Kelly.

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The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the House of Hope church met yesterday afternoon in the parlors of the church. The president, Mrs. Johnson, presided, and the meeting was given to Dr. J. R. Jewett, of the state university, who gave a very interesting talk on "The Life and Work of a Missionary in Syria."

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The Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society of Christ church met yesterday in the church parlors. The programme was under the auspices of the St. John's society. The subject for study was "Chinese Missions and Chinese Religions." Mrs. Olmstead and Mrs. Follett read paper, a discussion following. Miss Wood, the president, presided over the meeting.

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Miss White will entertain the None Such Euchre club Friday afternoon at her home in the Virginia.

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Mrs. J. N. Mounts, of Lincoln avenue, entertained the Night Hawks last night. She was assisted by Mrs. T. F. F. Hayes and Mrs. J. Lenihan.

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The Ladies' Guild of St. Clements' Church opened their annual sale of fancy articles yesterday in the guild rooms. Mrs. O. W. Gibson and Mrs. C. L. Caldwell have general charge. Mrs. French is the treasurer. Mrs. R. H. Walker and Mrs. David Brown have charge of the fancy articles, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Colbourn and Miss Sauvinet, of the aprons; Mrs. Oliver Crosby, Mrs. J. C. Michael and Mrs. Kellar, of Christmas bags; Miss Alice Dawson and Miss Kate Williams, of the candy; Mrs. F. H. Painter, Mrs. Lowell and Mrs. Gozzola, of the home cooking. The tea table is in charge of Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. F. I. Whitney.

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The first social meeting of the Success Club of Atlantic Congregational Church was held last night in the parlors of the church.

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The Columbia Social club gave a masquerade dancing party last night at Hedman's hall.

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The Ladies' Social Union of the Universalist Church of the Redeemer met yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. W. Nelson, of Summit avenue. Plans were completed for a reception to be given to the new pastor, Rev. Taylor, Thursday evening, Dec. 12, at the home of Mrs. Rothschild, 653 Marshall avenue. Those in charge of the affair are Mrs. Rothschild, Mrs. Lamb, Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Nelson.

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The Ladies' Aid Society of the Church of the Redeemer will give a sale of fancy articles and serve luncheon from 11 to 2 o'clock today and tomorrow, at 63 East Seventh street.

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Mrs. Peter N. Kirk, of East Ninth street, will entertain the Ladies' Aid Society of Memorial English Lutheran Church this afternoon.

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The women of Court Alpha No. 11, U. O. F., will elect officers at their regular meeting today.

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The first dancing party of the Butchers' union, No. 114, A. F. of L., will be given this evening at Federation hall. A cake walk and a prize waltz will be numbers of the programme.

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Miss Rohn, of Summit avenue, will entertain the Marshall club this afternoon.

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The Twentieth Century club will be entertained this afternoon by Mrs. Fish, of Minneapolis.

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The annual meeting of Plymouth Congregational church will be held this evening in the lecture room of the church, Summit avenue and Wabasha street.

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The board of managers of the Day nursery held its monthly meeting yesterday. Mrs. E. H. Judson and Mrs. G. N. Nelson were named visitors. The attendance was 345 the past month.

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The Central Woman's Christian Temperance union will give a book social Monday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. M. J. Russell, East Ninth street.

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The Ladies' Aid Society of the Church of the Good Shepherd will meet this afternoon with Mrs. Young, 50 Aurora avenue.

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The missions class of the Church of the Messiah will meet in the guild room this afternoon at 3 o'clock. Archdeacon Haupt and Mrs. Osborn will speak on the triennial meeting of the woman's auxiliary.

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Mrs. Judson W. Bishop, Mackubin street, will entertain the Distaff chapter, D. A. R., next Tuesday afternoon. The chapter is studying "Territorial Minnesota."

MACCABEES' SUPREME COMMANDER

Mrs. Lillian Hollister, a Prominent Organizer, Is in St. Paul.

Mrs. Lillian Hollister, of Detroit, supreme commander of the Ladies of the Maccabees, is the guest of the local hives in the city. Mrs. Hollister is an exceedingly bright woman, on the pleasant side of fifty. She is one of the oldest organizers of the Maccabees, and has held every office in the order. Now, as supreme commander, she occupies the highest office that it is in the power of the organization to bestow on her. Besides being prominent in this organization, Mrs. Hollister is an earnest worker in the ranks of the Women's Christian Temperance union, having held a number of important offices in the state association. Mrs. I. H. Harger, state supreme commander, and Mrs I. N. Chellew gave a reception yesterday afternoon at the Buckingham, in Mrs. Hollister's honor. The guests included over 100 Minneapolis women, members of the Minneapolis hives. The rooms were decorated in the colors of the order—red, white and black. The hostesses were assisted yesterday by Miss Mabel Tiere, of Minneapolis, and Miss Bess Harger, of St. Paul. Last evening Mrs. Harger and Mrs. Chellew gave a dinner for Mrs. Hollister at the Colonnade. Covers were laid for ten. This morning Mrs. Hollister will go to Minnneapolis. This afternoon Mrs. Anna Welch will give a luncheon for her at the Colonnade hotel in Minneapolis, and later a box party will be given in her honor by the state supreme commanders at the Metropolitan theater.

Mrs. Hollister is on her annual tour of inspection. During this tour she will visit every impoortant city where there is an organization of Maccabees. St. Paul has three hives, Queen of St. Paul, just organized; Unite No. 33, and Pride of St. Paul.

For a Graceful Figure.

No figure can be lithe and graceful if there is an excess of circumference below the waist. This is a problem over which many a woman with an otherwise shapely figure has worried herself. Inordinately large hips will spoil the effect of an otherwise good figure, to say nothing of disastrous effects to smart gowns, for no perfection of cut will hide the presence of over much flesh. To reduce the girth of the hips one exercise is suggested which can be taken without any appliances. It is to stand erect on a slight elevation from the ground, with the weight on one leg. Relax the other leg and with the power from the thigh first swing the relaxed leg forward and backward; then swing it in a circle around the strong leg. During these swinging-leg movements keep a steady poise; the body from the hips upward must be quite motionless. The quite interesting statement is made that a woman has reduced the size of her hips no less than four inches by this and similar exercises. Another one may be mentioned. Bend the knees and rise on the balls of the feet rapidly half a dozen times or more. Do not strain or push with the body; it must be easily maintained erect and free from tension. Do not work the arms. These exercises cannot be practiced too often if reduction of the size of the hips is desired. Too large a waist is also another lion in the path, but rather too large a waist than one too small; rather the generous inches of Venus than a waspish vision. If it is desirable to reduce the size of the waist or improve its shape try swaying back and forth as far as possible without losing the balance; the body must be erect, with the arms extended vertically above the head, the hands touching. For a variation, raise alternately the right and the left foot, holding the knee bent at a small angle.

Work for Colored People.

The W. H. M. S. of the First M. E. Church met yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. John Grove, on Dayton avenue. The subject of the meeting was "Work for Colored People." Mrs. Christian Dougherty and Mrs. Wagner read leaflets on the subject, and Mrs. Dunning extracts from a paper. Then the meeting discussed the question. "Would the fact of President Roosevelt's entertaining Booker T. Washington injure the future prospects of the colored people?" The general opinion was that it would not. Little Miss Inez Grove, a tot of four years, sang a couple of "coon songs" very effectively, and Mrs. Grove, assisted by Mrs. Guy Grove, served refreshments.

New Auxiliary Entertains.

Queen of St. Paul Hive, Ladies of the Maccabees, have issued unique invitations for a hard times ball to be given Friday evening, Dec. 13, at Central hall. This hive has recently been organized in St. Paul, and this will be the first party given by it. The invitations request the guests to wear their old clothes, as those who "dress up" will be fined.

MENU FOR THURSDAY.

BREAKFAST.

Stewed Dates. Cereal.
Panned Ham. Cream Sauce.
Baked Potatoes.
Toast. Coffee.

LUNCH.

Liver at la Terrapin.
German Fried Potatoes.
Popover. Cocoa.

DINNER.

Mock Turtle Soup.
Breaded Veal Cutlets. Brown Sauce.
Rice Croquettes.
Fresh Mushrooms, Grilled.
Chocolate Souffle. Orange Compote.
Coffee.

CARLTON WILL WIN OUT

REPRESENTATIVE NOYES THINKS HE HAS THE RIGHT HUNCH.

Representative Barnum, after a long conference with the board of control relative to the additional state training school to be erected shortly, thinks the board is favorably impressed with the claims of the town of Carlton. He says he has great hopes that Carlton will land the coveted prize.

"The citizens of Carlton have offered two sites to the board," said Mr. Noyes. "One of them comprises 255 acres, and is situated about a mile and a half from the town. The other contains about eighty acres, and is a half a mile further out. The sites are all that could be desired.

"There are about a dozen places after the school. Of course many of these will not be considered, and it is not probable that the board has given or will give a serious thought to more than six of them. Carlton is among the latter, and as far as I can learn her claims to the institution will be among the very first considered."

The training school will be a big thing for Carlton. The cost of erecting it would be about $100,000, and its maintenance would require an outlay of many thousands of dollars yearly.

The other towns which want the training school have been working hard for success, and are still keeping at it, and every pressure possible is being brought to bear, but nothwithstanding all this, Mr. Noyes says that Carlton seems to have a lead over all its competitors at present.

Christmas FURS!

Thirty-six years' experience in selecting skins and making Fur Garments enables us to give the

Best Fur Values.

Men's Fur and Fur-lined Overcoats....

Women's Jackets, Scarfs and Collarettes.

Children's Boa and Muff Sets......

Complete line of Scarfs in all popular designs at low prices...

Chas. A. Albrecht,
The Wabasha Street Furrier. **384 Wabasha.**

Sparkling With Newness

Is our stock of presents for Holiday gift giving.

TRIPLICATE MIRRORS

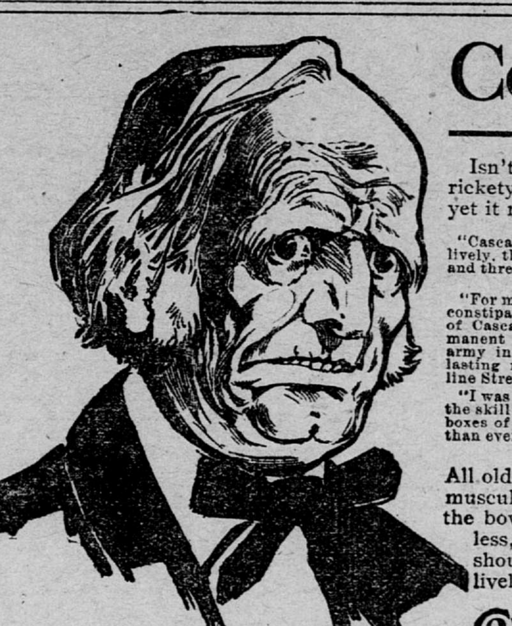
And other "dressings" we are showing for the dressing room. The most attractive to be found in the city.

GENTLEMEN AS WELL AS LADIES

Appreciate a triplicate mirror, and nothing is more appropriate for a present.

German china novelties for smokers.

Parker, The Druggist,
Corner Fifth and Wabasha.



Constipated Old Age

Isn't it too bad that so many people, when they get old, get cranky and rickety and mean, and don't feel right toward themselves or anybody else; yet it need not be so.

"Cascarets make me feel so light-hearted and lively, that though I have seen three score and three, a few more scores I yet may see." —James S. Millar, Villa Park, Cal.

"For many years I have been troubled with constipation. I used one 25c and two 50c boxes of Cascarets, and they have effected a permanent cure. Since my discharge from the army in 1865, I have never before found a lasting remedy."—H. J. McGwern, 949 Chapline Street, Wheeling, W. Va

"I was troubled with something that baffled the skill of physicians for 35 years; I used five boxes of Cascarets and am in better health than ever before." —C. C. Redick, Chase City, Va.

"Six month's ago I took Cascarets for constipation contracted during the War of the Rebellion. The result is wonderful and I advise all old soldiers to try them." —Jas. Putman, late Capt. 53rd Ill., Haney, Wis.

"I was feeling bad, losing flesh, had dull headache, cold feet, and couldn't sleep well. I took Cascarets, and in four weeks gained 15 pounds. Am feeling fine now."—A. B. Story, veteran Mexican and Civil Wars, Epworth, Ia.

"I have been using Cascarets for some time for constipation, and their greatest benefit has been to cure me of asthma. I am in my 86th year and had been suffering with asthma for years." —T. M. White, Bob Lee, Georgia.

All old people's muscles get weak and flabby, and it's the same with the muscular walls of their intestines as with the muscles of their arms. When the bowels grow weak, the old folks get constipated, bilious, sick, helpless, irritable, and that's the chief cause of their death. Old folks should take Cascarets Candy Cathartic bowel tonic, keep their liver lively, their bowels regular and strong, and live to be a hundred.

Cascarets

Best for the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y. 511

The Globe's Daily Short Story

A Winning Wooing.

BY CHARLES HENSLEY.

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You axe me ef I love 'oman? Well, I tell you I does. Why, dat 'oman kin cook! Dem chicken, en dem pie, en dem stew, en dem good messes! Lordy! En dat 'oman des got a natchul tas'e fer nussin' en coddlin'. Dey ain't nobody dat kin nuss en coddle no better den her. Well, now, ef she kin cook dat a way, en kin nuss en coddle dat a way, how you rackon dat I he'p but love her?

Dey ain't no gem'man dat kin ac' mo' honubbler by a lady den I done ac' by her. But fer aller dat honubbleness what you rackon she gi me back? Ev'y time I git a good start ter tellin' her love tales, she make up her moufs at me en hunch wid her shouders; en ef I des so much es say ma'y, she des th'ows back her head en laughs. Hit des look like she tryin' her beatines' for ter scannerlise me. "Mandy, gal," sez I, "when you gwine ma'y me, when you gwine say de wud; sholy I bin co'tin' you time a plenty."

En wid dat she des look way off over my hed, like she lookin' at a bird up dar in de a'r. "Some times, I rackon," sez she, "when I git ready; when I git good en ready, en, maybe, dat time nebber come."

Times en aginst I axes her dat a way, en dat de ve'y bes' wud I gits back. Atter whiles, I gits mad. "'Oman," sez I, "all I axes er you is des de straight wud. Ef you gwine ma'y me, well en plenty, I ready an' willin'. Den agin ef you ain't gwine ma'y me, fer de goodness sake, des say so, en I find me anudder lady, who got senses enuf ter know what ter say, when a 'sponsible man, wid his own mule en dray, axes her for ter ma'y."

En what you rackon she say ter aller dat? "Ef," sez she, "dey is enny lady's company dat you likes ter keep better den my company, I rackon you des better keep hit."

Dat did'n' suit me so better. Kase dey ain't no udder lady's company dat I likes ter keep like her company, en dey ain't no udder lady dat kin cook en nuss en coddle like her.

I tink, en I tink, en I tink, what de bes' ting fer ter do, ter make dat 'oman ma'y me. I tink twell I lays awake in de night wid de tinkin'. I sez ter myse'f, "You got ter do sumpin' ter pleasure dat 'oman, sumpin' big en fine, so dat she cyan' he'p herself but love you. Ef you do dat she ma'y you sho'." Den I tink ter take her on one er dem 'scussions. Dey is one er dem 'scussions runnin' outer de town on de railroad mos' ev'y week. But dem 'scussions don' suit me so ve'y better. Dey cos'es a heap er money. Before you kin hol' yo' bref, hit's two dollar gone, th'ee dollar gone, fo' dollar gone. I don' min, spendin' money when I gwine git hit back, but I don' like dis takin' er chanstes. Ef I des ded sho' dat Mandy gwine ma'y me fer takin' her on dat 'scussion, I des put my han' in my pocket en lay down my money free. But sposin' I spend my money en den don' git her? Den whar is I?

Right den en dar, right des at dat ve'y time, es I step offen my dray atter haulin' two bales er cotton f'om de depot, right den en dar my luck change, my bad luck 'gun ter flicker, en my good luck come a bilin'. Den en dar come a podner er mine dat I ain't see dese many a days. He stop ter say howdy, en ter pass de time er day. He des hardly had de time ter open his mouf good befo' he say: "You gwine ter de hangin'?" "Who's hangin' wuz dat?" sez I. For de goodness sake," sez he, "you livin' right yere in de town, en you ain't hear er de hangin' er dat little shoemakin' man fer de killin' er his wife?"

"When dey gwine hang him?" sez I.

"Termorrow," sez he, "'long about de middle er de day."

Dat ve'y night I sez ter her, "Mandy, I bin tinkin' er doin' sumpin' ter pleasure you; I bin tinkin' er axin' you ter go somewhar wid me. I bin studyin' er one er dem 'scussions; what you tink er dem 'scussions?" She tink a while en scratch her hed. "Dem 'scussions," sez she, "ain't so bad, ef dey go far enuf en stay long enuf."

"En den," sez I, "dey gwine ter have a fine hangin'."

"What dat?" sez she, "who dey gwine hang?"

"Hit's a little w'ite shoemakin' man dat dey gwine hang fer killin' er his wife," sez I. "We kin go dar early en git a good place en see de whole er hit. But ef you like de 'scussion de bes'," sez I, "we suttinly take de 'scussion, de longes' en de furderes' dat dey is."

"My," sez Mandy, "dem 'scussions is good, but we git one mos' enny day; but a hangin' we don't git a hangin' mo' den wunst a year; we go ter de hangin'."

De nex' mornin' we git a good start des after breakfus'. You know whar dey does dey hangin'? Down at dat little park, right nex' ter de pa'ish prison. We suttinly did git a good place; under a little tree, no mo'n ten steps f'om de gallus, en right in front; des whar we could see ev'yting dat come. Dar we stood, lookin' at de peoples dat kep a comin' ticker en ticker; lookin' at de prison, wid de iron bars over de winders; en aller de time eatin' some er dat good grub dat Mandy brought wid her. Atter whiles, 'long about de middle er de day, de peoples in de crowd 'gun ter whisper: "Yere dey come! yere dey come!" En sho' enuff, outer de do' er de prison, yere come de pussession. Fust dey come fo' er dese yere consterples, two en two, en den two pries'es, en den de man dey gwine hang, 'longsider annudder pries'. Den come de high sheriff en fo' mo' consterples. Dey all walks up de steps onter de platform en dar dey stops. Den one er de pries'es pray a little, en den anudder er de pries'es, he pray a little, en den dey sing a little, en den dey axes de man dey gwine hang ef he got ennyting ter say.

"Yas, suh," sez he, "I des suttinly is." En wid dat he step ter de front er de platform des es spry es de nex'.

"Gem'men en feller cit'zens," he 'low ter commence, en wid dat he des kep' on, talkin' des es easy es ef he diden have nuthin' mo' ter do aller dat day, but des talk. He say dat he was natcully a wuckin' man en a good man, des sitting' on his bench peggin' shoes wid his peggin' hammer all day long, ev'y day en ev'y day, des talkin' er nuthin' at all but des er de shoe befo' him en er hittin' de peg squar on de hed. He live in a little house 'long wid his wife, en dey had no chilluns. He sez dat de 'oman wuzen so bad. She des a putty good 'oman, but she got a soft spot in her hed, en a mighty thusty mouf fer beer. Hit come one hot summer day. He sittin' dar in his bench des peggin' away wid his hammer. Den hit come inter his min' how dat he got two bottle er beer coolin' on a piece er ice up stars, en he kep on tinkin' er hit twell his mouf got right dry, en he des bleedzed ter go up en tas'e dat beer. He in sech a hurry dat he got up stars two steps at a time, en he still holdin' dat peggin' hammer in his han'. When he got up stars what you rackon he foun'? He foun' dat dat misubble 'oman, his wife, bin dar befo' him en drunk up all de beer. Es he come up she des dreenin' de bottom er de las' bottle. When he see dat he des so outdone en scannerlise, for wid aller his thu'st he bin tinkin' en 'lowin' dat he gi' de 'oman part er a glass outer de two bottles, he des so grieved dat he up wid his peggin' hammer en hit her over de hed wid hit. "En wid dat," sez he, "yere come some mo' er my bad luck, er my sorry bad luck, er my cruel bad luck. Hit wuzen enuf dat I lose my beer, dat bad luck boun' ter do me wusser yit. When I hit her wid my peggin' hammer I hit her right on dat soft spot in her hed. I bin hittin' dat 'oman over de hed wid dat peggin' hammer times en aginst befo' dat; a hund'ed times, two hund'ed times, yas, des hund'eds er times, but I allus mighty keerful not ter hit her on dat soft spot. But dis time my bad luck, my dog mean bad luck, hit des tummine dat hit gi' no chanst at all, en des pinted dat hammer right straight fer dat soft spot. En den what you reckon dat 'oman done? She des drap over ded in her tracks en den de peoples run in en says dat I kilt her. But hit wuzen me, hit des my mean bad luck. Gem'men," sez he, "en feller cit'zens, you des all right des es long es dat bad luck don't git you."

En wid dat dey tie his han's en wrop up his head in a piece er black cloth, en den dey tu'n him loose. En atter he spun roun' a little dat wuz de een' er hit.

Whiles we wuz walkin' home, sez Mandy ter me, "I is had a fine day, I suttinly is had a fine day; lookin' back er tinkin' er hit over, I disremember ef I is ever had es fine a day es dis. I wuden take nuthin, naw, suh, I des wuden take nuthin'," sez she, "ter hear him tell how he come ter hit dat 'oman en how he come ter kill her. Whiles he wuz talkin' hit seem like hit mus' ter been dat he des pettin' en coddlin' dat 'oman wid his peggin' hammer, en hit des his bad luck dat he kilt her. Yas, suh, I des has ter tank you fer de fines' day dat I had yit."

"Mandy," sez I, en I speak ter her mighty soft en tender, "ef you des m'ay me, I gi' you plenty er sech days, yas, plenty er days des es good es dis. Say de wud, honey, fer dis wunst."

"I rackon I got ter," sez she, wid a sigh. "I des don' see how I kin he'p myse'f. But look a-yere," sez she, "how I know dat you aint gwine try some er dem tricks ed dat little shoemakin' man, en hit me over de hed wid a hammer en kill me like he done wid his wife?"

"Honey," sez I, "dat cuden happen; dat des cuden happen. Kase why? Kase day ain't no soft spots in yo' haid."

PROPHETS, MUSQUASHES AND WOODCHUCKS.

This fall has been so amiable that the bile of the prophets of evil is stirred. They purse their lips to indicate sagacity. They shake their heads as if there were something in them. They are too old birds, they think, to be deceived by a little fine weather. We shall have to pay for this by and by, they tell you, and they have ordered a hard winter. It is the desire for a reputation for superior wisdom, a cautious temperament or a sour delight in gloom that makes so many weather sages foresee a hard winter? "Man an' boy," said an old Maine farmer once upon a time, "I've watched the weather for more'n fifty-five year, an' on the everidge, it's been darn bad." Probably the crops were short that year and the impartiality of the observer suffered. But every year the augurs foresee something unpleasant. Spring is too cold and backward. Summer is to be unusually cold or intolerably hot. Winter is inhumanly wintry. Just as soon as there are a few snow drifts in the Adirondacks or a few snowflakes fall in Virginia, the weather wizards come out of their houses, shiver ominously and begin to see signs of a hard winter.

A ghost seer is a reasonable and collected person by the side of these hard-winter seers. "What makes you think it's going to be a cold winter?" "Well, I feel it in my bones. I can tell it by the way the wild geese fly. I know it by the electricity in the corn on my left little toe. I know it by the way the butter 'comes' in the churn. There was only about half an apple crop this year; and when the cider's short, the winter's long." And so on. You must trust the soothsayer's intuitions. He has nothing else to go by unless it is the desire to be disagreeable and to spoil sport. If he dealt in coal or wood or furs and mittens, his passion for frigidity would be intelligible. But he is wholly disinterested. He has nothing to make by a hard winter save a reputation as Mr. Weather Wiseman; and he is scarcely likely to make, that as he has been foretelling snow, ice and an increased area of low temperature for years. He ought to have been an arctic explorer; he might have been happy in the ice cream line; and he is an unregarded oracle.

This year he appears in Templeton, Mass., and in a hundred other places. He is "one of Templeton's oldest citizens," according to the Boston Advertiser. This slight disguise cannot hide our valued, our invaluable friend, the oldest inhabitant. "This fall he noticed that the muskrats were building mounds of unusual size, and that, going out into his pasture, he found that the woodchucks had been digging their holes down deeper." He has never known the woodchucks and the muskrats—ah, why has that more engaging word "musquashes" or "muskquashes" gone out of fashion—to show this extra industry since the fall of 1841; and the next winter was a terror, "the hardest known ever in the United States." The water in many ponds froze to the bottom, the snow "hung on" almost till June, lots of people perished. Thus was the wisdom of the musquash and the woodchuck justified.

The Templetonian forgets that, in nearly sixty years, times and even muskrats and woodchucks may have acquired the habit, necessary to their preservation, of getting farther away from the boys and fortifying themselves more effectively against them. If the winter of 1844-45 was cold in New England there was reason for it. It was a cold winter for the Whigs, and probably the muskrats and woodchucks of Templeton wanted to get as far away from Polk and Dallas and Texas as they could.—N. Y. Sun.

His Reasons.

"No!" exclaimed the eloquent orator at the meeting of the Society for the Suppression of Other People's Foolish Habits. "No, indeed, at my establishment we will not employ a man who smokes while he works."

As the hum of approval went around a curious person in the rear of the hall arose and inquired:

"May I ask what line of business you follow, sir?"

"Powder making," replied the eloquent orator in embarrassed tones.—Baltimore American.

YOU ASK WHY

Huyler's COCOA CHOCOLATE are THE BEST

Best beans only are used.
Extra care exercised in blending.
Cocoa shells and dirt are removed.
Adulterations not permitted.
Use of most improved machinery.
Standard of merit - our watchword.
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Cost no more than others.
Once tried - always used.
GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

Couldn't Locate the Fire

SO THE BUILDING WAS DESTROYED.

The press recently described a baffling fire. Smoke came pouring from the windows of a large warehouse. Engine after engine came dashing to the spot in response to the alarm. Streams of water seemed to fairly flood the burning building, but all efforts were useless. The structure was a total loss. "We couldn't put the fire out," said the chief, "because we couldn't discover where it was located. Smoke curled from the roof and poured from the windows, but we had to work by guess. We couldn't find the real source of the fire so we couldn't put it out."

Now, what does that remind you of in everyday life? Have you ever seen a man or woman taken down suddenly sick? A doctor is called. He tries to overcome the disease, but it gains on him. He calls in another doctor. They

study the symptoms, which appear in heart, liver, kidneys, or other organs, and are baffled like the firemen by the smoke from the various windows of the building. They can locate the symptoms, the smoke of disease, but they can't locate the disease itself, the real fire centre.

A 4-11 CALL.

Then there goes out the medical 4-11 call. A half dozen doctors are called. They try their best, but they can't find the hidden source of disease. That generally ends it. The fire of disease destroys the building of the body. But it isn't always so. Sometimes somebody suggests trying Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and to the general amazement the fire is put out—the disease is cured.

"Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best medicine made," writes Mr. Michael Maher, of Littlefalls, N. Y. (68 Centre St.). "I had yellow jaundice and liver trouble in November, 1900. Was almost dead, lost sixteen pounds in three weeks and my whole body was as yellow as gold, and I was sick at my stomach all the time. I gave up to die. I tried three doctors and they gave me tablets and pills, and another one some other stuff, but I went to Messrs. O'Rourke & Hurley's drug store and got your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' One bottle cured me, and I thank it and God that I am a well man.

"I am a believer in God and I know that your medicine with my prayers to God cured me. You may publish this, and my name and address."

THE COMMON SENSE OF IT.

Now, how is it that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured when everything else failed? Because it went right to the source of the disease. It found the fire and put it out. It wasn't like an engine shifting its hose to play on a new point every time a new cloud of smoke came out. It wasn't diverted by symptoms in liver, lungs, heart or kidneys. It went right for the spot where the fire probably started—*in the stomach*.

When a fire breaks out in a building the most natural place to look for its origin and force is in the neighborhood of the furnace, or along the line of pipes and flues by which the sparks and smoke are conducted. There's just as sound a philosophy in Dr. Pierce's location of disease as probably originating in the stomach. The stomach is the nutritive center of the body. When the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are diseased every organ suffers, first from lack of nutrition which causes physical weakness—and next from a corruption of the blood which is made from food, because undigested substances are received into it and poison it. Symptoms of this condition may appear in heart, liver, lungs, kidneys or any organ, while the cause is in the diseased stomach. When the stomach is cured by the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" the symptoms in heart, lungs, liver, etc., disappear, just as the smoke dies down when the fire is put out.

"I feel it my duty to tell of the wonderful good Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription' have done me," writes Mrs. Ada D. Way, of Waterbury, Dixon Co., Nebr. "They have cured me of liver complaint, female trouble and rheumatism. A year ago I was so miserable I felt as though life was not worth living, but to-day I feel quite different. After eating I would be taken with terrible cramps and distress in stomach and right side, which would last from three to four hours—I was almost afraid to eat anything. To-day can eat anything I want. In taking the 'Golden Medical Discovery' for stomach trouble I was entirely cured of rheumatism, which I had had for almost ten years, and had tried almost everything I ever heard of to get cured, but if I did get a little better it would only be for a time and the least exposure would bring it all back on me again. I think the 'Favorite Prescription' the best medicine ever known for women, and the 'Pellets' have no equal to my notion. I keep them in the house all the time. They are all the doctor we have had for two years. Words cannot express my gratitude."

IT PUTS THE FIRE OUT.

There's no denying the fact of the cures effected by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures through the stomach diseases of other organs remote from the stomach, but which have their origin in disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It puts out the fire of disease because it goes to the source of disease, and cures the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. Life is sustained by food and food alone. But food will not sustain life except it is properly digested and assimilated. Blood is digested food, and is food in its nutritive form. Diseases which prevent digestion affect the quality and quantity of the nutrition extracted from food. As the food is affected so the blood made from food is also affected, and through the blood the whole body dependent on the blood for its vitality is affected. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and its allied organs, and enables the perfect digestion and assimilation of food. It purifies the blood, increases it in quantity and improves it in quality, by enriching it with the red corpuscles of health.

Sometimes a dealer, tempted by the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious medicines, will offer the customer a substitute as being "just as good" as the "Discovery." It is better for him because it pays better, but it is not as good for you, if you want the medicine that has cured others, and which you believe will cure you.

THIS IS FREE.

A 1008 page book, free for the asking. You can get the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, the best medical book ever published, *free*, by sending stamps to pay expense of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.