Special Sale all this week of

PIANOS

To make room for our spring stock of new pianos.

Clearance Prices:

Adam Couse Upright, fine tone $90
Diamond Upright, ebony case, good condition $100
Fischer Upright, ebony case $120
Arion, walnut case, Upright $125
Garland Upright, mahogany case $133
Sample Piano, fine mahogany case, Upright $160
This piano usually sold for $250.
Smith & Barnes Upright, good condition, used but short time $165
Steinway, rosewood colonial case, Upright $195
Chickering, largest size Upright, ebony case, fine condition $200
Bowme & Sons French burl walnut case, Upright $235
Practice Pianos, good ones, see them. $20 to $60
Organs that we have taken in exchange. All in good shape ..... $10 to $35

S. W. RAUDENBUSH & CO.

Sixth, St. Peter and Market Sts.

MRS. SOFFEL TO ACT

Woman Who Helped Biddles Escape Goes on Stage.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Jan. 17.—"A Daring Woman," with Mrs. Kate Soffel in the title role, will open in Connellsville on Jan. 23. Mrs. Soffel is the woman who aided in the sensational escape of the Biddle brothers from the Pittsburg jail and was with them when they were run down and shot by officers. She was sent to the penitentiary for her part in their escape and was recently released.

She has been in training since her release for her stage career, and last night left for Buffalo to pose for her lithographs. On Tuesday she will take up a ten days' rehearsal with the company that has been engaged to support her.

The Star theater in New York has been engaged for rehearsals. Later she will return to Pittsburg with the company, and after a rehearsal at the Duquesne theater will open in Connellsville.

The play in which Mrs. Soffel will have the leading part has nothing in it to recall the Biddle tragedy. The scenes are laid in Montana and California, and Mrs. Soffel will appear in the character of Agnes Gray, a noble but misunderstood woman without a past.

MUST PAPA SETTLE FOR DAUGHTERS' HATS?

Wealthy Mr. Blake Balks at Bill of $148 for Five "Dreams."

NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—Peter Blake, a Brooklyn millionaire, residing at No. 548 Prospect avenue, has drawn the line on the millinery bills of his two pretty daughters, aged twenty and twenty-one. When a bill was presented to him a short time ago for five "dreams" at $146 and two veils at $1 each, he flatly refused to take out his check book and settle the account.

A suit has been brought in the county court of Brooklyn and will come to trial probably Monday morning, in which Mme. Henesey, of No. 286 Fifth avenue, seeks to recover for a black sailor hat at $23, a white and violet hat at $35, a black and white hat at $23, a white hat at $40, and a black hat at $25, together with the veils.

Mr. Blake is a retired merchant, and the bills contracted by his daughters represent purchases up to March, 1902. Then, it is claimed, Papa Blake tightened his pursestrings, said his daughters were buying unnecesary fol-de-rols, and made comments about the girls of his time wearing sunbonnets.

Mme. Henesey then asked Lawyer Abraham Oberstein, of No. 309 Broadway, to bring suit. Mr. Blake retained Congressman Thomas F. Magner, of Brooklyn, to defend the action, at the same time entering a general denial.

RUNAWAY GIRL DONS TROUSERS AND BOOTS

Youthful Couple Arrested After Leaving Grandmother's Home.

HAMMONDSPORT, N. Y., Jan. 17.—Dissatisfied with life in the village of Hammondsport, Leon Baxley, aged eleven years, and Margaret Strehl, aged twelve, ran away from home yesterday and went to Rochester, where they said they intended to work as mesenger boys and support themselves.

Before they reached that city a telegram was received by Chief of Police Cleary asking him to watch for them. Detectives were at the Pennsylvania station when the Hammondsport train arrived, but they did not discover the boy and girl at first. Their suspicions were directed, however, to two small boys who alighted from a train.

To the surprise of the detectives they then discovered that one of the boys was really the missing girl. She was dressed in short trousers, rubber boots, and a long ulster. Her companion had clipped her curls short before they boarded the train.

The children told the police they had not been happy at Hammondsport. They lived with the girl's grandmother. The boy's father died in the Klondike six yeras ago and soon after his mother died in a hospital. The girl's parents are dead.

The youngsters were returned to this village by the next train.

The latest novelty in full-dress footwear is a band of diamonds carried across the instep of evening slippers.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER
Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 56 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers in the U.S. Canada and Europe.
Purifies as well as beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it.
FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y.

FOR THE FAIR SEX

SAY TACTFUL THINGS

IT COSTS BUT LITTLE TO BE KIND AND PAYS WELL

There Is One Girl in St. Paul Who Goes Out of Her Way to Be Agreeable—She Is Much Liked, and Others Should Emulate Her.

There is one girl in St. Paul who says nice things to other girls. There may be many more than one, but we are sure there is one. She is quite young, has only been out a year or two, is very popular and it is not difficult to know why. She is charming to everyone; courteous to everyone. Although she is a great favorite socially, she never forgets the small attentions to older people which are so pleasant to them and alas, so rare. And when she hears a nice thing said about another girl she will go a square out of her way to tell the girl. This is evidence of many things; a kind heart, much tact and an absolute lack of jealousy. For a jealous girl would not repeat the pleasant things said of others. This girl is not like your dearest friend who tells you the disagreeable things persons say of you for fear some one else—who doesn't do it for your good—will tell you.

Now one girl who goes about doing good in this way is a veritable charitable institution. So many, many persons need often a word of encouragement that they do not get, and girls are often very peculiar in this way. We all know some one who expects you to tell her how well she looks in her new hat, or how becoming her gown is, but who never, never by any chance returns the compliment. These are small tragedies and some women have been embittered by them. It costs so little to be pleasant, and pays tremendously. The girl we were speaking of above is a positive benefactor of her race. She is not aware herself how generous and kindly she is, because it is her nature to be so. There are many petty jealousies between girls, especially in the same social set, and to meet one who is above all those things, is more than refreshing. The woman who is afraid to spoil her friends, you will find will not inspire great friendships. Why not tell people when they are alive that you are fond of them and admire them, rather than write eulogies to their memory after death and put flowers on their graves? Post-mortem kindness is not appreciated. Death brings home to us all that might have been done and said, and after it is too late we realize our deficiencies toward our friends. But this girl of whom we sing seems to remember that we live a short time and are a long time dead. She smooths the way of whoever comes within her ken and the consequence is she is much liked. Aside from cleverness, brilliance, good looks or magnetism, just being steadily pleasant in time becomes a power. Aside from the fact that it is what we all ought to be, the woman who is agreeable to everyone down to the newsboy who carries her paper, is the wise and politic woman. It is good politics as well as good manners.

Now there are lots of girls in St. Paul who are not well mannered, nor courteous to older people; it is too much trouble and there does not seem to be much fun in it. They do not mean to be rude, but they are careless and strive to be agreeable only to a little clique of girls and men whom they happen oftenest to meet. So this one charming, generous girl, who always tells one the pleasant things and is nice to her mother's friends, stands out brightly like a good deed in a naughty world. Here's to her; may her shadow never grow less.

Marie

Mainly About People

The Good Luck Social club will give a euchre party Friday afternoon at Bowlby hall, Sixth and Robert streets. Those in charge are Mrs. W. A. Boink and Miss Marion Murray.

* * *

Pride of St. Paul Lodge No. 25, Ladies' Society of the B. L. F., will give its first social hop on Friday evening, Jan. 29, at Bowlby hall. The committee includes Mrs. W. A. Boink and Mrs. Frank Roellar and Miss Marion Murray.

* * *

The Assumption Social society will give a progressive euchre party Wednesday evening, Feb. 3, at Assumption school hall, on Exchange street, between Ninth and St. Peter streets.

* * *

Mrs. James Shiely, Louis street, announces the engagement of her sister, Miss Mary Morrison, to R. F. Faricy. The marriage will take place Feb. 9.

* * *

Miss Gertrude Brown, daughter of William Brown, of Ramsey street, and Dr. Harry F. Frayer will be married this morning at the cathedral.

* * *

Mr. P. R. La Mingue, of Swaledale, Iowa, and Miss Hulda Swanson, of this city, were married last Wednesday morning at the bride's home. Mr. and Mrs. La Mingue have gone to North Carolina, which will be their future home.

* * *

Mr. Will E. Snoter entertained the A. O. L. G. Friday evening at the Snoter residence. More than 100 were present. Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Lifpitz were the chief guests. The others were: Y. Kuhn, Fill Cawey, Wardo Stin, Wick Braw, Carl M. Rawtz, P. J. La Mintze, R. D. Du Point, Mrs. T. J. Mori, Mrs. G. Gyewere, Mrs. Tobi Maniskwsi and Miss Alma Ling. After an hour's dancing refreshments were served and the following officers were elected: Wardo Stin, president, and Y. Kuhn, vice president.

* * *

Mrs. George Kinning gave a surprise party for her brother, Jacob Peifner, Saturday. Prof. Clarence Conzett and George A. Kinning entertained them with music.

* * *

Mr. F. C. Rowz entertained informally Friday night. There was dancing and cards.

* * *

Mrs. Giles Gilbert and Miss Morris, of Duluth, spent yesterday in St. Paul.

* * *

Prof Watson Cooper gave the third in his Shakespearean series of lectures yesterday afternoon at the Odeon. His subject was "Hamlet," but he devoted most of his talk to a preamble concerning the Elizabethan period and a general description of tragedy. He will lecture again on "Hamlet" next Monday.

FASHIONS FROM VOGUE

Prepared Specially for THE GLOBE.

An odd but striking and very beautiful velvet and lace dinner gown is shown by the illustration. The foundation of the robe is of emerald green taffeta and upon this are mounted two flounces of light ecru colored Russian lace which form the greater part of the skirt. The upper portion of the skirt, which is barely more than a deep hip yoke, and the bodice are of emerald green velvet and the tiny sleeves and little bolero of the same lace as the flounces on the skirt.

These flounces, as well as the other lace portions of the gown, are thickly sprinkled with iridescent green spangles of many shades and are edged with full ruffles of a thinner ecru lace. The lace ruffles are of graduated depth, the one at the bottom of the skirt being the widest, and this is inset at equal intervals with oval medallions of the emerald green velvet.

The blending of the green and ecru tints of this gown are exceedingly lovely, as the light lace imparts an airy quality to the gown and too great a contrast is prevented by the generous use of the scintillating green sequins. Worn with this gown were fascinating high-heeled slippers made of green satin covered with tiny iridescent green spangles and finished with a large rosette of ecru lace.

Fancy slippers are more in vogue this season than for several years and almost all smart gowns have slippers to correspond. In the case of light blue, pink and white, this style is not so extravagant, as slippers may always be procured at inexpensive shops in these colors, and they may at home receive any additional trimming that is desired. But when a gown is of a peculiar tint it is necessary to have the slippers made to order, and this naturally is expensive. The trimmings most used are spangles of lace, the latter being appliqued in small detached bits to satin slippers.

German Empress Ailing.

BERLIN, Jan. 18.—The Empress Augusta Victoria is suffering from a slight injury to her foot, necessitating a cancellation of her court for ladies, fixed for Jan. 20. The debutantes will be presented to the empress at one of the court balls.

Czarina Recovers.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 18. — The czar and czarina will return to St. Petersburg from Tsarkoe Selo this week. The czarina has recovered from her indisposition.

GOSSIP FROM GOTHAM.

Charlemagne Tower is worth—at a conservative estimate—$10,000,000. He is one of the richest men ever selected to represent the United States in a foreign court of capital. The greater part of his wealth is inherited, but he has added to it by safe investments in iron and steel industries and in iron mines in Minnesota. His wife, who was a Miss Lee, was regarded as one of the most charming and beautiful matrons in the Quaker City. She was received with the highest marks of honor in the Austrian court, and few American women have had the attention paid to them that Mrs. Tower received in St. Petersburg. When Mr. Tower went to Berlin as Ambassador he not only rented the most expensive mansion in that city, but amazed the Germans by turning out a set of equipages that excelled even those of the Count Osten-Sacken, the Russian ambassador—something unheard of up to that time. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Mr. Tower's New York friends who go to Berlin from time to time are thankful that the story of his transference is without foundation.

It may have been affectation or it may have been a genuine lack of knowledge of the subject that caused one of a party of three girls, munching biscuit and sipping tea in a Fifth avenue tea parlor late yesterday afternoon, to exclaim with some consternation, as she glanced over an evening newspaper, "Mercy on us, girls, did you see this? Here is papa put down as worth only $100,000. How perfectly dreadful. Surely that cannot be true. I am quite certain our yacht cost that much, and" (confounding real with personal property) "our town house and the Narragansett Pier house must have cost ever so much more. But, see! Of course the printers have made a mistake! Here is Mr. Astor down for $300,000, and Mr. Morgan $400,000 and Alfred G. Vanderbilt $250,000, when we all know he must have more than twenty millions. Just fancy Mr. Thomas being rated at $100,000. Why, all the newspapers said he paid $60,000 for one horse alone and that his racing stable ran up to something like $200,000. I certainly think it must be a mistake throughout—it is as far as papa is concerned, I am sure," and the sweet thing at once dismissed further scrutiny of estates and went to discussing Mrs. Astor's ball.

The official denial cabled yesterday from Berlin that Charlemagne Tower, our ambassador to Berlin, was about to be transferred to another post, will relieve the minds of scores of society folk in New York, who have been looking forward to a season of enjoyable recreation in the German capital, but from which they would have been debarred had Mr. Tower been shifted to any other part of Europe. It would be a great disappointment to the Stuyvesants, the Rutherfurds, the Rhinelanders and a host of others in the same set, who will make their annual pilgrimage abroad, to be deprived of the companionship—with the wide official range that that implies—of the most versatile diplomat ever accredited to a foreign mission by this country. Mr. Tower was selected by Mr. McKinley for the important portfolio in St. Petersburg after having distinguished himself for his tact and grasp as minister to Austria. It was in Vienna that he first came into intimate social relations with the principal planets that whirl in New York's fashionable universe.

Realizing she was sacrificing her own personal comforts and the joys of home life to the tinsel and glitter of numerous formal receptions to which she was compelled to invite frequently more than 1,000 guests, Mrs. Robert S. McCormick, wife of the United States ambassador to Russia, has decided to abandon the regal mansion formerly occupied by Grank Duke Andrew, in the center of the royal city of St. Petersburg, and install herself and her household goods in more comfortable, if smaller, quarters in the home of Duke Eugene of Leuchtenberg, known officially in court circles as the Hotchoubey house. In fact, Grand Duke Andrew has returned to his former residence, the lease upon which to the American ambassador expired a week ago, while the McCormicks are temporarily at the Hotel d'Europe until their new home can be refurnished in a manner suited to their tastes. Owing to the fact that the Hotchoubey house is much less commodious, it will be impossible for them to give any more grand formal receptions, such as those of last winter, to the Russian diplomatic corps and official society, but this loss in social distinction will not be regretted by Mrs. McCormick, who was tiring of all the festivities. At the last big reception, the invitations for which were prepared by the office of imperial ceremonies, now fewer than 1,800 men and 700 women of noble or official position were present. Upon every guest who attended Mrs. McCormick or her husband had to make a personal call.

It is a surprise even to her most intimate friends how thoroughly English in taste, gesture and pronunciation Mrs. Bradley Martin has become. Before her marriage she spoke, not with a nasal twang, but with a decided, clear enunciation, that has left her entirely in these later days. She affects the broad "a" and the air of indifference, which she has been taught to believe is the hall mark of the cultured English gentlewoman. She sailed last week for Europe, and had reduced the baby stare and the general "not-seeing-anything" to a perfect science. Mrs. Martin is a mistress of the past grand rank in her imitation of English mannerisms, but her French has so many holes in it that the garcon spills the soup when it is thrust upon him.

When Alfred Vanderbilt desires the attendance of a favorite friend at a house party in his beautiful camp in the Adirondacks, the fact that a special train is required to run a hundred miles or more through snow-clad mountains to fetch him is a mere incident in the life of the young millionaire. That the guest desired fails to receive the telegram announcing the coming of the special, and misses it and the house party altogether, is simply an aggravating miscarriage of friendly offices which is not to be considered from a pecuniary point of view. Willing Spencer, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson Spencer, of Philadelphia and Newport, was the recipient of this special attention from Mr. Vanderbilt, whose expensive courtesies send cold chills up and down the backs of Russell Sage and other close students of domestic economy every week or two.

Knowing Mr. Spencer would add to the pleasant composition of the large house party he was entertaining in his Adirondack camp on New Year's, Mr. Vanderbilt invited him.

"I can't accept, because I am scheduled to play in the intercity racquet matches in the New York Racquet and Tennis club on the Saturday following New Year's," replied Spencer. "However, I would come over Saturday night only I can make no train to the camp from Utica on Sunday morning, unless a special is sent."

"I will send a special for you," wired back the young millionaire.

Delivery of this message was delayed, and when the special reached Utica Sunday morning young Spencer was still in Manhattan.

That Mrs. Helen Potts Hall, who had claimed the $2,000,000 estate of George F. Gilman, had agreed to accept $60,000 in full settlement, was a statement in a petition presented to Surrogate Thomas yesterday by counsel for the administrators. Three-fourths of the heirs-at-law and next-of-kin are willing to make the compromise, it is said, but the others contend that $60,000 is too much. They assert it is improbable that Mrs. Hall would succeed in her suit, which is on the calendar of the supreme court for trial.

The petition set forth that the case was bound to go to the court of last resort; that litigation would be costly and of long duration; that there were several claims against the estate, one for $300,000; and that Mrs. Hall had promised to supply valuable testimony in fighting this claim. Mrs. Hall offered to accept $40,000 in stock of a tea company of which Gilman was the head, and $20,000 in cash. Surrogate Thomas reserved decision on the petition.

Mrs. Hall's claim to the estate was based on an alleged agreement whereby Gilman bound himself to make a will leaving everything to her if she would take the place of a daughter to him for the rest of his life. This she said she had done. Gilman died in Black Rock, Conn., on March 3, 1901.

PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Punto tagliato is a new and fascinating variety of embroidery, which does not resemble lace or drawn work or embroidery, but is a blending of all three. The stitches are taken on the material, and then the ground is cut away from the back of the stitches, leaving a filling of openwork lace designs on a solid foundation. The work is done with silk on linen, velvet, cloth or silk, and is suitable not only for home decoration, but for personal adornment. As every part of the design may be carried out in a different stitch, and the skillful needlewoman may invent stitches of her own, the work is relieved of monotony and the worker has plenty of scope for originality.

The old-fashioned pinafore of childhood has been adapted for modern use in a very smart and convenient fashion. The modern pinafore is of Japanese silk cut in one piece, with a lace yoke and some gathers. It is intended to protect a more elaborate gown, and can be drawn in with a sash if desired. It perfectly serves the purpose of a pinafore without imparting an appearance of dowdiness.

THE MODERN LOCHINVAR.

Oh, young Lochinvar came from out of the West,
And of all the swift autos his 'mobe was the best.
He sped to the house where his lady love sat,
And he gave her no time to pack up dress or hat;
But: "Jump in my auto! Come just as you are.
We'll skip in a hurry!" quoth bold Lochinvar.
The girl to her seat by the chauffeur he swung—
Himself was the chauffeur—the warning bell rung;
Then off and away with a zip and a scoot
They fled, with her relatives hot in pursuit.
"They follow us, Love, like a lame trolley car,"
Observed the impetuous young Lochinvar.
There were puffings, and pantings, and tootings, and whoops,
And bumping, and bursting, and looping-the-loops,
And jolting, and jarring, and many a wall
From afar in the rear on their hotly chased trail.
"They will do pretty well if they follow us far,"
Was the confident speech of the bold Lochinvar.
The followers stopped every once in a while,
Until there was none at the twentieth mile.
Young Lochinvar said, with a satisfied mien:
"It was lucky we stole most of their gasoline
I know it will give all my rivals a jar,
But you auto belong to the bold Lochinvar."

—W. D. N., in Chicago Tribune.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Travel in State to the Golden State

On the Golden State Limited.
Newest, handsomest and most luxuriously equipped train crossing the continent.
Leaves Chicago 7:00 p. m., Kansas City 9:50 a. m., daily, December 20 to April 14. Arrives Los Angeles 1:45 p. m., third day thereafter. Through cars to Pasadena, Santa Barbara and San Francisco.
Southern Route—No high altitudes.
Noteworthy features of the

Golden State Limited

Every car is new and was built specially for this service. Every car is lighted by electricity and cooled by electric fans. In the Observation and Buffet-Smoking-Library cars are the latest magazines, illustrated weeklies as well as the Chicago, Kansas City, Topeka, El Paso and Los Angeles daily papers. There is a pair of powerful field glasses in the Observation car. Five o'clock tea is served every afternoon in the Observation car.

Call or write for copy of "The Golden State," an 80-page book describing the notable scenery, cities and resort places of California.

Rock Island System

F. W. SAINT, City Pass. Agt., Sixth and Robert Sts., St. Paul.
F. D. LYON, Dist. Pass. Agt., 322 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis.

HER COUNTER-PLOT

REALLY, Kitty, I think you are getting unreasonable," said Howard Lisle, with an injured expression of countenance.

Mr. Lisle was a tall young Apollo; Katherine Willett was a rosy brunette with jetty hair and dark eyes.

"I don't call it unreasonable," said Kitty, with a toss of her head. How would you like it, sir, if I were to go off to Pelham, in Westchester county, with a party of young people and leave you solitary and alone?"

"Now, Kitty, do listen to common sense," pleaded Lisle, half vexed, half laughing. "When Charlie asked me to join them, I hadn't any idea the party was to include more than one or two gentlemen. How was I to know he was going to invite Kate Aubrey and Miss Sauvitelle?"

"You can withdraw from it now," with a pout.

"Well, if I really must, I'll give it up, mia carissima. Come, let me hold that skein of pink floss for you to wind, and then you must sing 'Kathleen Mavourneen' before I go."

The pink floss was wound, the sweet old-fashioned ballad sung, and Mr. Lisle took his leave, but still Kitty Willett was only half satisfied.

"He's playing a double game with me," thought the little brunette. "He is only pretending to give up that party, so as to pacify me with the least possible amount of time and trouble. I wonder if he thinks he can outwit a woman?"

And Kitty's eyes scintillated mischief as she sat at the window.

It was 3 o'clock on a golden July afternoon when the four-in-hand started from New York city, and among those on the vehicle Kitty recognized her recreant lover.

"He has played me false after all," she said to herself. "Well, I think I can manage to equalize matters."

And, springing up, she tied on a bewitching little pink crape bonnet, with a tuft of sweet peas waving on its front, and caught up a white lace parasol.

"Are you ready, Jack?" she cried.

"Ready to do or die!" dramatically responded a deep voice from the shady recesses of the parlor beyond.

"Come then!" said Miss Willett with the air of a general commanding a main division of battle.

And as the glittering four-in-hand coach bowled along the sunshiny country road its occupants never dreamed of noticing a pretty little phaeton a few rods back of them, whose projecting top concealed a handsome masculine face and a pink hat crowned with a garland of sweet peas.

It was late when the party entered the hotel, and then Howard Lisle discovered a jetty-haired brunette and a handsome young man with a rosebud in his coat.

"Dear me," said a young lady somewhat petulantly, "what is the matter, Mr. Lisle?"

"N—nothing," stammered Howard, still staring at the brunette beauty, who with a palm leaf fan in one hand and a big strawberry balanced on a spoon in the other, was chattering away with the most delicious vivacity. "Confound it all!" he added to himself, "who is that fellow? And how dare he bend so devotedly over Kitty? 'Excuse me,' he spoke aloud, "but I see some friends opposite. "I'll just go and speak to them."

Springing up, without waiting for an answer, he strode hurriedly across the floor and stood at the table with flushed cheeks and indignant eyes.

"Kitty!" said he. "Miss Willett!"

But Kitty looked with eyes of unrecognized surprise.

"Kitty," reiterated Mr. Lisle, surprise and anger striving together within him, "don't you recognize me—Howard Lisle?"

"But that can't be possible," said Miss Kitty, the repressed dimples coming and going around her cheeks and lips. "Howard Lisle told me he was not coming to Pelham today!"

"I—I changed my mind!"

"So did I!" And the deep black eyes sparkled mischievously. "Jack, have you finished? You know the horses will be impatient to be on the road again."

"Kitty," pleaded Lisle, "will you not allow me to drive you home?"

"And leave Kate Aubrey and Miss Sauvitelle?"

"Hang Kate Aubrey and Miss Sauvitelle!" cried out poor Howard in desperation. "Kitty, do let me take you back to the city."

"Thanks, I needn't trouble you," said Miss Willett, indifferently. "I have a friend who has placed his horses at my disposal!"

Unheeding this disagreeable piece of information, Howard Lisle pushed past her into Kitty's presence. Mr. Marchmont, fortunately, was just taking his leave, and Lisle could hardly wait until the door closed upon him before he burst out:

"Katherine, what does this mean? Who is that young man? Forgive me this time, Kitty."

"He is Jack Marchmont, and is to be married to my cousin Kate next week, so I thought I'd make him useful, but I'll forgive you for this once," and Kitty knew that she had gained the victory for life.—New York Weekly.

MYTHS.

(An Eastern minister recently asserted that the story of Adam and Eve is a myth.)

Adam and Eve were only a myth,
According to what I've been readin';
The apple they swallowed was only a dream,
And there wasn't a Garden of Eden.

The snake our first mother declared that she saw
Resulted from faulty digestion,
And Cain and his wife were merely a dodge
To provide an embarrassing question.

Old Noah knew nothing of building a ship,
Or of training a dove as retriever;
And Solomon never existed at all,
And Sheba was but a deceiver.

In short, of the hundreds of names that we know,
There's but one we can properly tie to,
And he is Elijah, once more on the earth,
Who creditors ceaselessly cry to.

—Portland Oregonian.

Political Prestidigitation.

"Don't you feel embarrassed with the eyes of the world upon you?"

"No," answered Senator Sorghum, as he signed another check, "the quickness of the hand deceives the eye."—Washington Star.

One serious mistake many mothers make is to give the children too much pastry between meals.

CHIDLOW BREAD

pleases them just as well and is wholesome, nutritious, light and flaky, and easily digested.
They smack their lips for more of it. If you have never tasted CHIDLOW BREAD, try it. You will like it—you can't help it.

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