

BOGHAIN.

DEED FOR IRELAND, 1788.

In the hillside graveyard lonely, Resting with forgotten dead, Grass and weeds above his bed; Age unknown—no record—only That he met the patriot's fate 'Mid the strife of '88.

HENDRICKS AND BURDETTE.

The Statesman's Wonderful Memory Serves to Embarrass the Humorist.

Bob Burdette at that time the "funny man" of the Burlington Hawkeye, a few years ago wrote the following about a meeting he had with Mr. Hendricks: "Do you know, I have a very, very pleasant recollection of Mr. Hendricks? The only Mr. Hendricks in the world just now, of course. I never met him but once, and then I had the honor of dining with him."

salt into my coffee, and 'hoped he would find rest and returning health in California.' I also hoped that I would die in a few minutes, but I didn't say so. He thanked me in his courteous manner for the wish I expressed, and then went on: "There was another, a good one; I can recollect only the second stanza. How did the first one run?"

Couldn't Stand the Test.

"Who is this young fellow who has been sparring you for the last six months?" suddenly inquired the old man Foraker the other evening as he looked up at his daughter. "Willie Blank," she demurely answered. "Worth anything?" "Not much, but he has prospects."

Woman's Wages.

All these evils, overwork, under pay, starvation during periods of illness or "slack times," with their consequences, the impossibility of obtaining even the smallest amount of leisure for amusement or instruction, the wretched home destitute of any approach to decency much less comfort, neglected children, growing up without care or restraint, and graduating in the streets for a life of crime, and the temptation to supplement inadequate earnings by selling themselves, all these might be greatly alleviated were female labor properly organized. It is by reason of the terrible competition among the operatives that employers can get the work taken at the prices they offer. If the first comer refuses to make a shirt for two pence less than cost of cotton, there are hundreds of others ready to accept such terms. It is only when union shall be substituted for isolation, and co-operation for competition, that we can see "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," and female labor paid at a rate somewhat in proportion to its value.

OPIUM IN CIGARETTES.

Terrible Experience of a Boy of Fourteen.

A remarkable instance of juvenile depravity was brought to the notice of Justice Kilbreth at Jefferson Market Police Court during the past week in the person of James Clarke, aged fourteen years, whose place of residence was on West Thirty-ninth street. The boy lived with his mother until a few weeks ago, when she died, leaving the lad alone with his married sister, Mrs. Alice O'Brien, as his guardian. Clarke, the married sister soon found out after the mother's death, was a confirmed cigarette smoker. The woman chided the lad and cautioned him to stop the practice, and even went so far as to take from him any money by which he might procure the cigarettes. This plan she found useless, for upon inquiry of some of the neighbors it was learned that young Clarke had succeeded nevertheless in getting the cigarettes and smoking them alone in the apartment which he and his mother had occupied. He then gave up attending school to devote his time to his daily course of cigarette smoking, and it was through this last custom that the sister discovered he had taken the feather pillows and mattresses from his dead mother's house and sold them for a trifle in order to secure means for gratifying the cravings of his insatiable appetite. At last, finding her young brother had become a perfect slave to the cigarette, the sister determined on having him placed where his remarkable weakness could be cured. With this purpose she went to Agent Henry A. Stocking, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and through the efforts of that official secured a warrant for the lad's arrest. Officer McCormack of the Twentieth Precinct, early next morning went to West Thirty-ninth street with a warrant to get the boy. When confronted with the charge of having taken his mother's bedding and sold it to get more cigarettes, young Clarke began to cry and admitted the charge was true. The lad's eyes were greatly swollen and the pupils dilated, while his nervous system appeared considerably impaired. Even on the way to Court little Clarke's weakness asserted itself, and Officer McCormack was appealed to by the boy pitiously to procure him a cigarette.

A prominent member of the medical profession and a chemist of known repute was questioned as to the case, and he attributed the craving and symptoms as described to the presence of opium in the cigarettes. "That many of the cigarettes upon the market contain some extract of opium in a tinctured or light form," said the gentleman, "goes beyond question, for at almost any place of public entertainment where smoking is allowed the well-known smell of the drug is at once distinguishable. In these low dives and concert halls the very atmosphere is heavy with the fumes of the drug from the cigarettes smoked there. Cases like that of this boy are more and more frequent each day, and I would also add the same habit is noted among females. With these it first reveals itself in the eyes and complexion. The skin becomes ashy and sallow, while the eyes grow dull and dilated. You see these symptoms are identical with those of the opium habit. I had a case of a boy not long ago like this lad's you mention. But he was of wealthy parents. This little fellow first contracted the habit through companions at school. When his mother discovered that he was smoking she took the precaution of sending a servant to and from school with him each day. I found the boy's system badly shattered. I was at first surprised to hear him tell me how he had tried to smoke cigars to get off his cigarette practice and could not. Like your boy who has been locked up, he only felt the pleasure in the papered article. I got some of these cigarettes, and found in two lots different qualities of paper that each contained arsenic and a faint trace of opium in a diluted form."

THE FASHIONS.

The Eaton jacket, with vest and sash, is a jaunty design for young girls. The soft gathered vest remains in favor for slender girls, and is crossed by a belt at the waist line. The long Newmarket coat of Beaver or of boucle cloth is worn by misses, and is long enough to conceal the dress skirts. Smooth cloth dresses combined with plush or velvet are considered sufficiently dressy for afternoon visits and day receptions. English homespun, serge and Cheviot gowns prevail to the exclusion of nearly all others for the street, and at day entertainments. Very few light bonnets are shown at the milliner's, as they are not worn at the opera, and young ladies do not wear them at day receptions. English hats of felt are chosen for misses; these are in the high-crowned shapes, or else they are lower turbans with the brim turned up all around. The latest importation of bonnets are combinations of velvet with fur of the same shade, the fur being used on the brim, and the velvet for the soft crown. The revival of curled ostrich tips and flower clusters is predicted for visiting bonnets that require something more dressy than plain ribbons and smooth leathers. Flowing tresses are less used than formerly, and when worn by large girls they are confined by a ribbon at the nape of the nape of the neck instead of falling straight from the crown. Milliners make the distinction of putting set bows on the small close English bonnets, especially those of felt or cloth, and adding strings to more dressy French bonnets. Velvet and corduroy are liked for youthful toilettes, and there are elaborate combinations of silk with velvet or plush for gay occasions, but tasteful mothers prefer simple white muslin and wool dresses of light, delicate colors for school girls to wear at Christmas dinners, family parties, or in a box at the opera.

Which is the Best Meal.

A correspondent has written to ask which of the three daily meals we consider most profitable and enjoyable. It is an important question, for what we eat is either the corner-stone of human happiness or the cap-stone of human misery. The heart, the brain, health and long life may be humiliated, but it is true. Lunch with most men is a farce. A

dozen quick movements of the jaw, and the sandwich has disappeared. Coffee, ham and business are so mixed that pleasure is not thought of. Lunch is a physical necessity, and generally counted, is a nuisance.

Dinner occupies rather a formal and stately hour. It is the one meal when strangers are present. Your client, or the purchaser of goods from the West, or a few choice friends, give it a ceremonial character and rob it of its homeliness, using the word in its old English sense. From the soup to the coffee you are on your good behavior.

But breakfast is marked by domestic abandon and delicious family gossip. You are fresh after the night's sleep; you have a sharp appetite; you are in your dressing gown and slippers—those two greatest blessings of civilization; the sun is streaming in through the windows; the morning Herald has just arrived with news from every corner of the world; the steaming coffee fills the room with its aroma; the steak, smoking hot alone in the apartment, is done to a turn; you have a half hour of leisure before the day's work begins; you sip your coffee, read the paper, listen to the children's prattle and the wife's plans, and you feel yourself a very King in Paradise.

The man who does not enjoy such a breakfast has something wrong in his make-up—is "fit for stratagem and spoils." By all odds the breakfast is the best meal of the day.

What is difficulty? Only a word indicating the degree of strength requisite for accomplishing particular objects; a mere notice for the necessity of exertion; a bugbear to children and to fools; but often stimulus to men.

Wanted a Civil Answer.

"What is this about the President's message?" he confidentially asked of a man occupying a window-sill in the Post-office corridor. "Why, the President has written a message."

"He has, eh? Writes a purty good hand, I suppose? Got the message?"

"It was sent to Congress."

"Exactly. That was purty white in the President, eh? I'll be hanged if I would do it unless they paid me purty well. What did Congress want of the message?"

"Why, don't you know what the President's message is?" exclaimed the man.

"Of course I do! Haven't I been Overseer of Highways in my town for the last thirteen years? You needn't snap a man's head off because he asks a civil question! Was the message in poetry?"

"No, sir, but I don't claim to have seen the hull earth! The message hasn't any thing to do with a play, has it?"

"See here—you go home! You don't know enough to pound sand!"

"You're a liar!" was the prompt response. "I come up to you in a gentlemanly way and ask a civil question, and you fly mad and abuse me! You are no gentleman, sir! I didn't know but the message was to be dramatized."

"Well, did I ever?"

"There you go again! Seems as if you don't know 'nuff to answer a civil question! I'll bet a bushel of 'taters to a cent that you don't know nothing about the message yourself!"

"I won't talk with you."

"Neither will I talk with you! You go your way and I'll go mine, but don't you try to bluff or bulldoze me any more or I'll crack your heels acin the ceiling. I know what the President's message is as well as you do, and don't you dare to feel yourself higher'n I am."

Maggie and Mamie.

One of the converts of the Catholic church for which Mrs. Gen. Sherman is credited is none other than classical Mary Anderson. This event took place just previous to her debut, and it required the most earnest persuasion of her friends to keep her from becoming a nun in 1876 and 1876. Her Kentucky relatives rallied and gradually induced a milder consideration. So she contents herself by carrying as much of the devotional paraphernalia as practical on her touring. An altar of rare wood, placed at the head of her bed, is laden with two wax candles, a crucifix, a Dresden urn for the holy water and a prayer-book constantly in demand.

Margaret Mather liver very privately in the Union Square hotel, receives no visitors, makes no calls, and has no interest outside her profession. She drives through the Central Park every day, but always in a close coupe, recognized by no one. She is a very hard student, works incessantly and is ready to take lessons from any professor that will tend towards her improvement. She cannot only ride and drive, but rows, fences, is a splendid shot, a skilled archer, a capital skater, and is capable of more evolutions in dancing, swimming and gymnastics than the average professor of the same. She dines alone with her maid, and even old residents in the hotel are ignorant of her vicinity. Truly there is no royal road to learning.

Rich & Kaemmerer, dry goods merchants of Milwaukee failed Thursday with \$3,000 liabilities.

THE OHIP BASKET.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

Every day brings with it some opportunity to do good.

We all praise contentment, but how few of us practice it.

The world is more apt to reward appearances than deserts.

Wrongdoers are never secure of their greatness and gain.

Individual improvement is the best remedy for social evils.

A clear conscience is sometimes sold for money; but it is never bought with it.

Opinions grounded upon prejudice are always maintained with the greatest violence.

A great purpose nerves the life it lives in, so that no personal terrors can assail, nor any minor woes afflict it.

There is no virtue in the human heart that so adorns the life and character of an individual as that of forgiveness.

Coleridge compared experience to the stern lights of a vessel which illuminate only the track over which it has passed.

Manners are the ornament of action; and there is a way of speaking a kind word, or a kind thing, which greatly enhances their value.

We must strive to make ourselves very worthy of some employment or other; rest is no business of ours; it is the business of other people.

It is not enough in this world to "mean well." We ought to do well. Thoughtfulness, therefore, becomes a duty, and gratitude one of the graces.

In every life there comes a time when the sprigs of joy dry up, when the days drag wearily by and the nights are one long season of sleepless gloom.

"Why, the President has written a message."

Everybody is making mistakes. Everybody is finding out afterward that he has made a mistake. But there can be no greater mistake than the stopping to worry over a mistake already made.

He who never changed any of his opinions never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

The more our gifts and graces are exercised, the more they are strengthened and increased.

It is true of many persons that their memory is nothing but a row of hooks to hang up grudges on.

In matters of consequence first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.

Throw life into a method, that every hour may bring its employment, and every employment its hour.

What is called selfishness frequently consists in not doing what the selfishness of another wishes you to do.

Whoever anticipates troubles will find he has thrown away a great deal of terror and anguish to no purpose.

The tender, warning voices of our guardian angels are ever striving to hush the siren tones of the tempting world.

It is the principle, and not the manners, that make the man. The principle is the mainspring; the manners are only the figures on the dial.

If there were no enemy, there could be no conflict; were there no trouble, there could be no faith; were there no fear, there could be no hope.

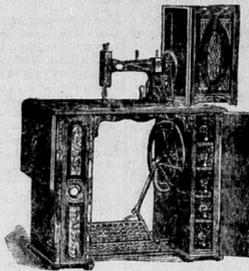
It is an easy thing to accept as true or best what we wish to be so, without sifting the evidence; but to judge wisely takes both labor and time.

The command of one's self is the greatest empire a man can aspire to, and consequently to be subject to our own passions, the most grievous slavery.

Sorrow itself is not so hard to bear as the bitter thought of sorrow coming. Arty ghosts that work no harm do terrify us more than men in steel with bloody purposes.

THE WHITE IS KING.

THE GREAT DOUBLE FEED SEWING MACHINE.



THE BEST SATISFYING SEWING MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

Repairing all makes of Machines a specialty. Call and see us.

114 Nicollet Avenue.

F. W. BARRETT.

Go-Operative Shirt Factory!

ROOM 36, WOOD'S BLOCK.

319 Nicollet Avenue, Minneapolis,

GUARANTEE

GOOD WORK! PERFECT FIT!

MANUFACTURERS OF

CENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

Dress shirts a specialty.

IRISHMEN!

--READ--

The Northwestern Standard

The Only Irish-American Paper West of Chicago.

ADVERTISERS!

USE THE COLUMNS OF THE

Northwestern Standard!

Subscription, Price \$2 Per Year.

PREDERGAST BROS. New Carpet House

DEALERS IN

417 Wabasha St., Michaud Block,

GARLAND STOVES

ST. PAUL.

A CHOICE NEW STOCK!

CARPETS, CURTAINS, DRAPERIES, WALL

PAPER AND WINDOW SHADES,

BOYNTON

FURNACES,

62 East Third Street.

OLIVER BAKER,

ST. PAUL

MINNESOTA.

417 WABASHA STREET