PEN PICTURES.

The Early Days of St. Paul, With Brief Biographies and Anecdotes of Old Settlers.

Checkered Career of George Palmes—His Manhood—Timothy Reardon—John Weber.

An Able Conductor, J. B. Rice--Merrill Ryder on the Frontier--H. S. Temple.

John Summers and His Hotel--Robert Smith--Calvin Uline--E. A. Weller.

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GEORGE PALMES.

A really good man is the noblest work of God, and George Palmes is a good man if there is any such in this or in any other community. A personal knowledge of the man for over a quarter of a century ought to qualify me to judge of his character correctly, and when thoroughly analyzed but few men, in my opinion, are better than George Palmes. I remember him when on Bridge square and carrying on business as Mott & Palmes, tailors; I remember him later when adversity swept the firm out of existence, and still later I remember him struggling for a foot-hold, and all through this he was the same kind-hearted, patient industrious citizen, and so he has lived for over a quarter of a century, and so he lives to-day, plodding on his way with his hair a little grayer, his step a little weaker, but with his manhood unimpaired and his honesty unimpeached. Mr. Palmes is a trim-built gentleman, always pleasant, always attending to his business, always honorable, and by no means rich, yet he is the possessor of a humble, happy home, and has the universal respect of his fellow-men. He was born in Connecticut in 1828; was reared and educated in Michigan; came to St. Paul in 1856, and has resided here continuously ever since. After his dissolution of partnership with Mr. Mott he started in business on a small scale, and has constantly increased his trade until his establishment is now considered the best in the city. His shop is probably the oldest continuous tailoring establishment in St. Paul or in the state. He married Miss Hull in 1853, who died several years ago.

TIMOTHY REARDON.

A familiar name is Mr. Reardon's, well and favorably known in this city, where, for so many years, he has been contractor and builder. Like a good many other able fellows, he came from Ireland, born in Cork in 1857; emigrated with his parents to this country when quite young, and was satisfied with no other place but with the great city of New York, where his father was living in 1871, aged 97 years—since dead. Though one of thirteen of a family, yet Timothy deemed it essentially necessary to his future welfare to know something practically, so he learned the trade of a carpenter, and armed with this weapon of defense he came to the young city of St. Paul in 1856, and in connection with Richard Ireland rustled about and built the residence of H. M. Rice on Summit avenue, which was one of his first achievements. Since then he has done a good deal of work in this city, and has been more or less engaged in politics. He is a man of push, of industrious habits and a good citizen.

J. B. RICE.

Almost as long back as I can remember anything about railroads, especially in this state, "Judd" Rice looms up simultaneously with them, and becomes, as it were, a part and parcel of them. If my memory serves me correctly, he was the conductor who ran the first passenger train on the then St. Paul & Pacific railroad (now the Manitoba), from this city to St. Anthony, and as I was one of the passengers on that occasion, July 2, 1862, or twenty-three years ago, I well remember how proud "Judd" was as the iron horse ploughed his way, as it then seemed to me, over a vast prairie, but now almost a solid city! Mr. Rice, when only 19 years old, began working for the Michigan Central railroad, and after coming to St. Paul in 1856, he was a conductor on what is now the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba road, six years, and then in 1868 was made assistant superintendent of the same road, and holds the position still, having charge of the Fergus Falls division. He was born in Yankee land, Vermont, in 1830. "Judd" is a small or rather spare man, very affable, always pleasant, prompt in the discharge of his business, energetic, and a competent, popular railroad official.

MERRILL RYDER.

A quiet, easy, pleasant man is Merrill Ryder, and when one comes to learn something of his early history he is surprised at his equanimity, for he was among the first to strike out into the Red river country in search of furs, soon after the license of the Hudson Bay company had expired in 1861, and on these trips he endured many hardships and incurred great dangers. He was in the Red river country when the Indian outbreak occurred, and on returning in 1862, all the passengers in the stage that followed him were massacred, while he came through safely. His brother had a store at Big Stone Lake, and one day an Indian called him out and requested the loan of his rifle. Young Rider brought it to him, when some fifty Indians fired at him, and he fell dead. Mr. Ryder was born in Connecticut in 1827; educated at the common schools; was in business in New Hartford for seven years, when he came West in 1854, and to St. Paul in 1856. After his return from the Red river country, as already stated, he continued the selling and buying of furs until 1867, when he added the manufacture of the same and the traffic in game, and has engaged in this business for many years, having been a permanent resident of St. Paul from 1858. One would infer from his frontier life that Mr. Ryder would have some of the peculiar rough characteristics of the border, and yet he is as gentle as a Chesterfield, and as pleasant as a morning smile. He is a man of moderate size, of pleasing address, of eccentric notions, and yet he is a gentleman of good business qualities and a quiet, unobtrusive citizen.

QUITE JUST.

A butcher enters a lawyer's office. "Sir," he asks, "when a dog does any damage is not his owner responsible?" "Certainly." "That being the case, as your dog has just carried a fine leg of mutton from my shop, you owe me $2." "Nothing could be more just, replied, the lawyer." "and as my fee for professional advice is $5, you will please hand me $3, and we will call it square." The lawyer was an old settler of 1849. The butcher left.

ROBERT SMITH.

Born in England in 1828; educated at the grammar school; emigrated to Buffalo, N. Y., in 1855; engaged in the butcher business; came to St. Paul in 1856; in 1857 was steward of the St. Paul club; kept the house for Judge Nelson for a time after the club gave it up; engaged with the firm of Drewry & Scotten in 1861, where he remained seven years; was bookkeeper in the boot and shoe store of W. J. Smith & Co. in 1869, and then was with McCauley and Castner in the commission business; in 1873 became the chaplain of the Bethel mission of the Western Seaman's Friend society; is now engaged in various missionary work.

THE MAN.

Such is the brief history of Robert Smith, and yet it is not all his history, for, in connection with the material elements of life, he has been a prominent factor in the promotion of good deeds, and like his master before him, mingles with publicans and sinners to do His commands. There is something refreshing in Mr. Smith's mode of preaching, for there is an originality and earnestness in the man which command attention. He is devoid of hypocrisy or mere show, and when he speaks it is from the heart and not from motives of policy in order to gain notoriety or popularity. He is a good representative of the genuine Englishman; has an excellent physical organization; considerable force of character, and has made himself a man and a good citizen by the strength of his will power.

JOHN SUMMERS.

Mr. Summers is an excellent specimen of a self-made man, and it is really through the force of his industry and individuality

that he has attained his present position as owner and landlord of the Windsor hotel. Years ago I knew him as a journeyman carpenter, then as Summers & ——, then he sold out and built and took possession of the Windsor hotel in 1877. He was born in Scotland in 1830; was well educated in the high school of Glasgow; learned the trade of a carpenter in his native city; emigrated to Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1852; to Chicago in 1853, where he worked three years and then came to St. Paul in 1856, with results as already narrated. Mr. Summers shows his Scotch characteristics by his strong and somewhat angular points of character, and what he has made financially has been by that unceasing and indomitable will-power which marks the man. He is industrious, prudent, careful, economical, self-reliant, cautious, yet progressive, pleasant, a solid, business, common-sense citizen.

H. S. TEMPLE.

"Going! going! going! how much do I hear? one dollar! one dollar! one dollar! going—g-o-n-e!" This is the first memory I have of Mr. Temple, who, surrounded with piles of goods and a crowd of people in a store down on East Third street, in the year 1856, was rattling off a lingo of words interspersed with fun, song and poetry. He was a fine-looking man, with a fresh complexion, a pleasant eye and expression and a long, flowing beard. His voice was clear and melodious, and he held his audience by sheer force of good nature. And so he continued for years in that dingy auction room—"Going! going! going! gone!" Originally he was born in Maine in 1823 and naturally fell into the lumbering business with his father; then "went it on his own hook" for two years, and then entered mercantile pursuits and commenced his career in this city in 1856 as an auctioneer. He sold all the property confiscated by the state during the Indian war; all condemned property of the United States, and at one time a warehouse full of hardtack. He then opened what was known as Moffett's Castle and kept a good hotel for a year or so, when he sold out and started a dining-room on Jackson street, and from thence leased the Commercial hotel on Seventh street, where he has been for several years. Mr. Temple is a man of energy and of business tact, and makes an excellent landlord, and is a very worthy, pleasant gentleman.

CALVIN S. ULINE.

Very few men were more popular when in active business life in this city, than Col. Uline. He was a "hail fellow well met," liberal, kind-hearted; always one of the boys, and good nature was a predominant trait in his character. He was a young, sprightly fellow when he came to this city, but years have made him more sedate and have filled out the frame work to a respectable degree of flesh, still he is the same old-time pleasant "Cal." Born in New York in 1833, he received an academic education atCharlottesville, and removed to New Jersey in 1850, but in 1853 took up his residence in Indiana, and became distributing clerk in the postoffice at Indianapolis. Arriving in St. Paul in 1856, he connected himself with L. H. Eddy and C. W. Griggs in the grocery business until 1861, when he enlisted in the Second Minnesota regiment, and served over four years, being commissioned second lieutenant, first lieutenant, captain, major and discharged as lieutenant colonel. He was elected treasurer of Ramsey county in 1868 and held the office up to 1876, or eight years; was married in 1865 to a dear little woman, sister of Mr. Eddy. In 1871 he held the position of salesman of lands for the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad company; engaged in mining and lost considerable money; sold his homestead on Mississippi street for $26,000 and moved to Devil's Lake, Dak., where he now is. The many friends of Col. Uline wish him Godspeed.

JOHN WEBER.

Mr. Weber was born in Switzerland in 1827 and educated in his native land; arrived at New York from the old country and worked at his trade as a stonecutter for four years; came to St. Paul in 1856, and worked for six years for B. Presley, spent three years in the mines of Idaho, traveled through different states and finally returned to St. Paul and opened a grocery store on the old Fort road, now Seventh street, where he now is. He married Miss Catherine Ayd in 1869. Mr. Weber is a quiet, steady man, and has built up quite a nice trade by years of industry and fair dealing.

E. A. WELLER.

Mr. Weller was born in Connecticut in 1818, where he received his education; learned the trade of a cabinet maker; worked at it in New Milford, when, in 1856 he went to New York and engaged in the hotel business; in 1860 opened a hotel in Bridgeport, Conn., for himself; sold out in 1855 and came to St. Paul that year and was superintendent of the old Winslow house—burned; in 1859 took charge of the Winslow house at St. Anthony—building still standing; returned to St. Paul and bought and sold real estate until 1865, when he went East and remained there ten years; removed to St. Paul in 1875; in 1878 opened a grocery store on upper Third street, and continued it three years; since then he has been in the real estate business.

REAL ESTATE.

He purchased forty acres in Ramsey county, just this side of the Hennepin line, some years ago, for $1,200; sold for $1,600; worth $40,000 now; bought two lots on the corner of Third street and Pleasant avenue, for which he paid $3,300; worth now $15,000; with improvements $25,000. He has been married twice and has two sons and a daughter.

A BALLOON GOES UP THE WRONG WAY.

When in Bridgeport he agreed to bring 20,000 people into the city by the ascension of a balloon, and for this purpose the great French balloonist in New York was engaged with a balloon of the capacity of 3,000 yards. The 20,000 people came, the balloon went up, but it was the wrong way, for it struck the side of a barn and disappeared as a good many other things have—in gas! Still, on second trial, it was a success, and so were the 20,000 people.

Mr. Weller is a small man, but possesses great energy of character, and has been all his lifetime an indefatigable worker. He accumulated a good deal of wealth, but lost it through others. Yet he has surmounted all obstacles, and now owns land and four houses worth $25,000. He is a quiet man who minds his own business and looks out for his own interests.

THOMAS M'MAHON.

A native of Ireland, born in 1833; came to America in 1850; lived in Chicago six years, when he removed to St. Paul in 1856; was Wall street commissioner of St. Paul one year, and was appointed on the police force in 1874, and has been on the force a number of years. Mr. McMahon, coming here twenty-nine years ago, saw a good deal of the hardships incident to pioneer life, but he has maintained his manhood and has proved a faithful servant of the city.

JOSEPH MINEA.

Came to St. Paul in 1856; born in Indiana in 1832; engaged in wagon-making and blacksmithing in 1858; entered partnership with Michael Eaton in 1867; bought out his partner and carried on the business alone for four years; made a partnership with his brother; in 1881 became sole proprietor and has carried on the business in West St. Paul successfully, demonstrating what can be achieved by earnest, hard labor.

WILLIAM MOONEY.

A native of Wisconsin, born in 1852, Mr. Mooney removed to St. Paul in 1856, and commenced learning the wagon trade in 1874, serving three years as an apprentice with Minea Bros.; worked for A. Perkins; became a partner with his old boss; sold out but continued in his employ.

TERRENCE O'BRIEN.

Born in Ireland in 1832, Mr. O'Brien at the age of 14 years, removed to Montreal, Canada, then to Vermont, then to New York and Pennsylvania, and came to St. Paul in 1856; was a joiner and carpenter by trade: worked on the Wabasha bridge; formed a partnership with M. Roche in 1861, and continued it until 1879, when the present partnership was formed. The firm is now carrying on a large business.

M. HOKANSON.

Born in Sweden in 1824, Mr. Hokanson moved to America in 1853 and to St. Paul in 1856, and here he became the owner of the building used as the North Star mills, and is a shareholder and director in the Anchor Manufacturing company. He is a thrifty, industrious man and a worthy citizen.

LIFE IN NEW YORK.

The Great Metropolis not Invaded from the Country Nor Evacuated By Presidents.

A Handsome Belle's Hansom and the Probability of it Becoming the Swell Vehicle.

Safe Deposit Vaults and the Millions They Contain--Precautions Against Burglary.

The Burlesque Likely to be Very Popular Next Winter--Spangled Tights of the Past.

People seem fond of the town this year. The streets still present a bright and well-populated appearance, the houses seem in the main occupied, and those resorts which are open are thronged by people who show in their clothes and manners that they are well-to-do and in "society." There seems to be an entire dearth of those strangers and bucolic visitors who formerly trooped into New York as regularly as June came around. A number of ingenious theories have been advanced to account for the absence of the countryman. Hotel keepers, who feel the loss of them most severely, have adopted the ingenious idea that the change of administration has so unsettled the farmers and storekeepers of the backwoods, and the rush for office is so great, that they are all

GOING TO WASHINGTON

and their state capitals instead of New York. It seemed difficult for the leaders to realize that the regiment of big booted, black coated, bewhiskered and sun burned men, who are content with any sort of accommodation and pleased with any fare, has permanently disappeared. Long rows of chairs stand out in front of the Sturtevant House, the Park Avenue hotel and the Metropolitan to welcome the surburban pilgrim; but he cometh not. The seats are nicely cushioned, comfortable and numerous, but only an occasional city guest or a sleepy cab driver occupies one. At the few theaters open the audiences are composed of men in evening dress, women in fashionable garments, visiting Englishmen, dudes, talky clerks and men about town. At Delmonico's the tables are occupied by people who dine there all the winter through. Coaches are often seen on the avenue. In a word, all of New York that is here in the winter is here now. Even the falling off in the annual rush to Europe is causing comment. A widely accepted idea is that all this is the result of the races.

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A prominent society woman here has just started the fashion of having a private hansom. This is the first result of the hansom craze. The streets are literally alive with hansoms bearing well dressed, flowerly decorated and laughing women. The papers have seriously discussed the propriety of driving about in hansoms, and many of them have decided that the conspicuous position in which a woman is naturally placed in one of the two wheelers should be distasteful and obnoxious to a lady of refinement and a good idea of the proprieties. Nevertheless, good and proper girls, well dressed women and mature and highly respected matrons go rattling about town just as pleasantly as though no one had ever thought of finding fault with their sport. Women may gengrally be trusted in matters of this sort. Their natural instinct keeps them from rushing into harm. At all events, they make the laws themselves, and if they choose to consider it proper to drive about unattended in hansoms, why it is proper, and that's end of it.

HANSOM DRIVING

having been established as a custom, it of course followed that some woman would rise superior to her companions, and that woman is a very handsome and independent young widow who has managed to keep in the best society, despite a number of curious escapades. She is more reckless than vicious, and she is a beauty of even more than local fame; hence she leads rather than follows the fashion. Her own hansom is very far ahead of the cumbersome yellow vehicle with which the New Yorkers are now familiar; it is as graceful in outline as the beautiful old fashioned cutters were, of a polished bottle-green shade, with bevel-plate glass, stamped leather and silver trimmings, and monstrous wheels with stripes of diabolical red along the spokes. The man who sits up behind is a square shouldered and correctly dressed coachman, and the horse is a high-stepping bay, with no end of fire and go. What with the crest, the white horse-collar and reins, and all the trappings, the equipage is one that attracts unusual attention. It is evidently quite satisfactory to its owner, for any one more placid than she appears when bowling about the streets in her conspicuous vehicle would be hard to find.

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Private vaults in the Stock Exchange building are rented to members. One of the tenants mistakenly opened somebody else's safe, and only became aware of the blunder when he began to handle securities which he did not recognize as his own. Then he reported to the officials in charge, the occurrence was hushed up so successfully that it did not get published at the time, and additional precautionary measures were taken to guard the receptacles of wealth. Nevertheless the subject of risk in safe deposit vaults has been a general topic in Wall street. Of course a good portion of the deposits consist of papers which would not be valuable to thieves, but the aggregate of negotiable securities, actual money and such portabilities as jewelry and plate is so great that nobody undertakes to estimate it. The president of one establishment guesses that his vaults contain $3,000,000 in stuff that

PLUNDERERS COULD NOT USE.

The guardianship seems perfect as against burglars and sneak thieves. The lessees of safes must bring evidences of identity every time they wish to enter and must be able to repeat their individual passwords to the proper official. Then they must open a lock in each of two gateways, the combination being divulged only to tenants. The rules and devices vary somewhat in the different places, but substantially they amount to the sure exclusion of merely interloping thieves. Fire and force are practically impotent, too. But the managers are compelled to admit that a conspiracy among employes might result in the complete cleaning out of any safe deposit stronghold in town. All is done that can be in this manner. The humblest porter's antecedents are carefully examined before appointment, and his conduct afterward is scrutinized by means of spies. This rule is applied to the more important officers. Recent thefts by well-reputed handlers of treasure, however, have demonstrated that real character is not discoverable until events divulge it, and there is a genuine agitation over the apparently unavoidable risk, even in the vauntedly impregnable vaults. Three to six persons could conspire for the biggest burglary in the history of crime.

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What to do with wealth after one's got it? That is a serious question. I saw a young woman who was about to start for a tour in Texas and Mexico. She wished to take plenty of money along to those regions of highway and in a way which would baffle them. So she had a traveling dress trimmed lavishly with buttons costing five to a hundred dollars each. The cheaper ones contained gold pieces neatly laid between the wooden molds, which were covered with cloth in the usual fashion. The costlier buttons were similarly stuffed with United States notes. As fast as she requires cash she will clip off these adornments, replacing them with ordinary ones of the same outward pattern.

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Burlesque has come into renewed theatrical favor and the chances are that it will be as popular next winter as in the fall of 1863, when Lydia Thompson and her British blondes took the town by storm. That was the golden era for that style of entertainment, and Wood's museum—where the company had been compelled to open through failure to get into a more fashionable house—was crowded chiefly by the same sort of audiences that are now drawn by comic opera. "Ixion" was the principal piece, and to this day, whenever a manager contemplates burlesque, he hunts out a copy of that punster work with a

view to injecting timely humor into it for revival. Lydia was brought here by an Englishman named Henderson, who afterward married her. Along with her were Pauline Markham, Ada Harland, Lisa Weber, Harry Becket, Belle Howitt and Rose Massey. The manager of the theater (now Daly's) was George Wood. The glories of these burlesquers is a favorite topic with the white-mustached and red-nosed contingent who

LIKE TO GOSSIP

on a hot afternoon in a club. And what has become of the fair ones who disported so takingly in spangled tights only sixteen years ago? Lydia Thompson is living privately in London and is cruelly neglected by her husband, who has grown rich in theater management. Pauline Markham, whose "voice of vocal velvet" was extravagantly praised by the late Richard Grant White, is a star in emotional parts before dinner audiences. Ada Harland became the wife of Brander Mathews, the rich and well known literary man, and lives quietly here in New York, the center of an admiring, congenial circle. Harry Becket became the comedian of Wallack's theater and died four years ago in London. Lisa Weber passed me in the street the other day and I barely recognized her, so fat and old had she gotten. Belle Howitt is still living in New York, I believe. Three years ago I spent a day inspecting the public institutions on Blackwell's Island. The convalescent hospital patient who acted as guide for our party pointed out in the ward through which we were passing an inebriate who, he somewhat grandiloquently asserted, had been one of Lydia Thompson's blondes. She was Belle Howitt. Rose Massey exploited herself in a breach of promise suit against Henry J. Montague and then disappeared from public view.

BATTLE WITH RATTLESNAKES.

Perilous Adventure of a Party of Young Men.

Port Jervis (N. Y.) Cor. N. Y. Times.

Last Sunday morning a party of three young men, W. P. Hall and two brothers named Westfall, had a lively encounter with a lot of rattlesnakes and blacksnakes at Rose's switch, about six miles west of this village. The locality is wild and romantic. It is in the center of a blue-stone country, and every spring the quarrymen, in blasting the rock, come across large quantities of snakes which have ensconced themselves in the blue stone ledges to escape the rigors of the long winter months. They emerge in the spring, and after basking in the hot sun for a few days they leave the spot for feed and water. Just above Rose's switch is a thick ledge or succession of ledges of rock known to almost every quarryman as the snake den. The young men had this place in view when they started out. Providing themselves with stout green clubs, they advanced cautiously upon several large rattlers found sunning themselves, and quickly dispatched them, not, however, before they had given the peculiar ratting noise for which they are so well known. This had the effect of bring out countless numbers of reptiles, and before the young men were aware of it they were surrounded on all sides by a hissing, rattling lot of snakes that made them shudder with fear. Fortunately they had on stout boots, and the snakes were not in as good condition to bite and do harm as they would be later in the season. The number of snakes kept increasing to such an extent that the young men in their terror maintain that they must have encountered 150 or 200 snakes of the rattlesnake and blacksnake variety. Finally it was noticed that the snakes were fighting among themselves, and on inspection it was seen that the blacksnakes were attacking the rattlers, and vice versa, both being warmed up to their work by the beating they had received from the young men. Although blacksnakes and rattlers mingle with each other during the long cold winter months, yet on the approach of spring they separate after a deadly combat, wherein the blacksnakes are sometimes victorious and the rattlers on other occasions. A Spitz dog which followed the young men was an object of especial hatred, and was soon covered by the reptiles, which wound themselves about his body and bit him to such an extent that he swelled to twice his natural size. After a fight of about fifteen minutes the men had everything their own way, and over fifty were gathered up and carried away as trophies of the affray. They were sold to an old medicine man, who extracts the oil from the fat to sell to persons afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains and other ailments. As high as $5 per ounce is paid by those who believe in the wonderful curative qualities of the snake oil. The young men cut off the rattles of many of the snakes, some having as high as fifteen or twenty, and the snakes ranged in size from sixteen inches to six feet, one large black snake, a perfect specimen, measuring a trifle over six feet. Had it not been for the fight between the rival snakes, the young men might have been dangerously bitten.

Bruin Coaxed a Fight.

A Port Jervis dispatch says: On Sunday morning Mrs. Snyder of Glen Wild, Sullivan county, stepped to her back door to shake her table-cloth, when she dropped the cloth and screamed, for approaching the house with all the coolness and deliberation of a lightning-rod agent was a bear as big as a yearling heifer. It had come up out of the deep gully below Bowers' saw-mill. Mrs. Snyder's screams brought others to the scene, and the bear, after loooking on in apparent enjoyment of the scene his appearance had made, turned and walked slowly to the road on the opposite side of Snyder's field. He took his way down the road, and then went off into the woods. There were no real bear-hunters at Glen Wild just then, it being a good day for trout, but there were six men left in the place who knew something about coons, and they concluded to learn something about bears. They got their guns, called five dogs together, and away they went. They followed the trail for three miles. The dogs were ahead, and evidently eager for a fray.

By and by the hunters heard a great commotion, and in a short time four out of the five dogs came tearing back. They never stopped when they reached the hunters, but kept right on in the direction of open country. From the expression of their eyes the amateur hunters concluded that the dogs had seen something. Presently there came from somewhere beyond them the sound of a heavy body approaching through the brush, and the next instant the huge form of the bear appeared, and it kept coming right on. The hunters turned and followed the dogs, and soon left the bear far in the rear. The bear, however, followed, and shortly after the young men reached Snyder's house bruin appeared on the edge of the field, and afterward walked composedly across it within ten rods of the house.

When he got opposite the house he stopped, and the hunters fired a volley at him. A shot or two took effect, for the bear made off, limping badly, and disappeared in the gully below the mill. The hunters hadn't the courage to follow him, and at last accounts he was still at large. The fifth dog was found in the woods at the spot where the bear had evidently fallen foul of the five. It was dead and every bone in its body broken.

Reciprocity.

Detroit Free Press.

A well-known and wealthy resident of Woodward avenue recently united by marriage his large interests to those of a fashionable and wealthy widow.

When Woodward Avenue was courting Widow the latter said to him one evening:

"Mr. A., they do say that you are the meanest person in Detroit."

"Why, dear me, Mrs. W.," was the undisturbed reply, "they say the very same thing of you. Come, now, don't you think we'd make a good match?"

And they did.

CHILDREN OF HEAVEN.

In heaven we shall be children again;
Children of One from children of twain.

None but children shall come into heaven;
Children of seventy, children of seven.

So it is said, and so it is sung;
As we grow older we shall grow young.

THE WOMAN'S GLOBE.

Suggestions Concerning the First Meal of the Day and How It May be Served.

Women Losing the Poetry of Motion--How Fashions Originate--A Youth's Mistake.

Some Things That Everyone Should Know--Household Novelties --Decorations.

There is probably no meal that requires more thought on the part of the careful, housekeeper than breakfast, and none that as a general rule, receives less consideration. It is an obvious fact in most households that a little more consideration given to the first meal of the day would very materially increase not only the comfort, but also the kindly feelings that it is so essential to cultivate in the home circle. A great many are apt to serve up odds, ends and scraps left from previous meals in a slipshod sort of fashion, placing it upon the table before those who have a capricious appetite at best and taking away the desire, rather than gratifying it by some dainty dish arranged by deft fingers, aided by a little forethought.

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To be sure many do not require aught but a light breakfast, as hot rolls, coffee, chocolate, or tea, with the now necessary accompaniment of oatmeal, cracked wheat or grits of some kind, and eggs in one form or another. Again, there are those to whom the morning meal must be substantial, being the one most enjoyed of all three and necessary to fortify them for long hours of labor, and for these appetizing and strengthening dishes in which discretion as to choice and quantity is used should be chosen. We do not absolutely condemn the practice of using cold meat left from the previous day's dinner, or poultry and game, but let these be arranged to look tempting. Many delicious dishes can be made out of cold meat, with potatoes or bread-crumbs added, while poultry can, if served cold, be carefully cut up, placed in the center of a dish garnished with water-cresses or a mound of delicious mashed potatoes browned to a delicate shade; Saratoga chips will also serve for a garnish, and these cold fragments nicely served will prove a useful side dish, and not revolt the eye by their untidy and unappetizing appearance, as, alas! is so frequently the case in morning meals.

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But before the meal is served it is a most important matter that the table should be arranged with the utmost care. A soiled and stained table-cloth, a smeared goblet, or a sticky plate will spoil the most luxurious meal. So let the linen be spotless, and then whether it be of the finest damask or coarsest homespun will be a matter of minor consideration, so that it is pure and smoothly laundried: have the glass bright and shiny, the china white and glossy, and your first great points are gained, so that the delicacy of the food placed before the most fastidious will be doubly relished. Always have flowers upon the breakfast-table—the one bright spot that so frequently gladdens the eye. Many exclaim that these are not always attainable, but such is not the case if a little care and forethought are used. In summer blossoms can be purchased at a small outlay. Autumn brings its many-hued leaves that rival art in the beauty and richness of their coloring, while in winter ivy, holly, and evergreens look well with brilliant red berries shining against the vivid green. Ivy planted in a fancy vase will grow rapidly and form a pleasing decoration for the table during the winter season, the only attention required being careful watering and training of the vine into graceful curves. Fruit is also a needful accessory to the breakfast-table. In summer small fruits and melons are best; in the autumn golden pears and rich clusters of grapes, while winter brings its varieties of apples and oranges from home and foreign climes.

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Put under the damask cloth upon the table a sub-cover of thick Canton flannel, if you cannot afford the heavier "table-felt" sold for this purpose. Or an old blanket, darned, washed, and kept for this use only, will answer the purpose. The upper cover will lie more smoothly, look like a much better quality of napery, and keep clean a third longer than if spread over the bare table top. Have mats of some kind, spun glass, basket-work or crochet, under the dishes. Besides these have a knife and fork laid straight upon either side of the plate, an individual butter-plate and salt-celler for each person, with fancy cut-glass, silver, or gilt bottles for the two kinds of pepper used at the table. Castors are a thing of the past and are never used now, a servant handing the condiment needed when requested, salt and pepper alone being placed upon the table.

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The fertile brain of woman can devise so many ways and means to improve her personal appearance at small expense and labor that for her own self-respect and esteem she ought to feel in duty bound to make herself as neat and as attractive as possible at all times. A simple morning dress can be made in summer of percale, gingham, or batiste, with snowy linen collar and ribbon tied at the neck to look neat and suitable for ordinary wear, and not be too elaborate to see to the daily duties that so many housekeepers find incumbent upon them, while a more dainty robe can be of white India mull or cambric that is always new and becoming when freshly laundried. In winter, cashmere or some of the many wool goods always to be found can be made serviceable if dark chintz or sateen is considered too commonplace.

Feminine Deterioration.

New York Mail and Express.

"Women, these days, I think, are losing the poetry of motion," said a prominent artist. "They are not exactly gauche when walking the streets, but they do decidedly lack freedom of physical action. High-heeled shoes and tight-fitting garments prevent them from carrying themselves except in a straight-ahead way. There is no undulation, no motion whatever, aside from that which is necessary to preserve the center of gravity. It is frequently asked, 'Why don't artists paint madonnas and emulate the old masters? The madonnas are not to paint. They expired when civilization began to hamper physical development with dress. The beauty of the female face still remains, but that is all. The Roman and Athenian maids who draped their classic robes around their bodies, grew as nature intended, and in spired Phidias and Praxiteles to perpetuate their forms. Alas! their chisels have been supplanted by the instantaneous process of photography. The modern madonnas who promenade Fifth avenue are preserved for futune times by the aid of the camera." The dancing masters are becoming seriously alarmed at the falling off in their business. Only those who teach the latest London and Paris dances are doing well. The roller skating craze has paralyzed Terpsichorean sport, and as a French master put it, "ze butiful valze and ze divine polkairs are deserted for ze petits veels vich roll ze body around like mad." He said further that the attendance of regular scholars had fallen off at least 40 per cent. The pupils invariably went to the rink, and if they came back to finish their course of instruction he found he could do nothing with them, as their minds were on roller skating. The dancing masters are prepared to go in league with theatrical managers and fight the rinks.

The Birth of Fashion.

Mme. de Pompadour once had an ugly pimple on her chin. She was vexed, and, at last, in despair, pasted a piece of black plaster over the offending spot. Result: All the ladies in the court appeared the following week with pieces of plaster on their faces. A fashion was established, and it was kept up for a long time, The same lady, as I suppose you know, was exceedingly diminutive in stature. To remedy this defect she invented high-heeled boots. They were unknown before her time. Result: The ladies of the court took to high-heeled boots, and another fashion had birth.

Marie Antoinette had enormous quantities of hair. She didn't know what to do with it. She was waiting for a barber one day with the intention of being shorn, and had piled up her hair in a careless manner,

when she suddenly found that this style of head-dress set off her small features to advantage. Result: Monstrously high coiffures came into fashion, and were worn for a very long time. Anne of Austria had exquisitely formed arms. Result: Short sleeves came into fashion.

The Princess of Wales is the unfortunate possessor of a limp. No sir; not a little amble, but an ugly, unprepossessing limp. Would you believe it? Some time ago a large number of ladies had one heel of their shoes made lower than the other. Result: The "Alexandra limp" became the height of fashion. The "Grecian bend" was another result of the unfortunate defect. Well, this same noble lady has some slight deformity in the neck which prevents her wearing dresses cut low. Result: The fashion which still rages among English ladies for bodices reaching almost to the ears, which fashion is much ridiculed among the Parisians.

He Understands the Sex.

Chicago Tribune.

To the average youth I don't know any more unprofitable or endless study than womankind. Yet every young man goes through that extraordinary phase of life when he understands the sex. He knows all about them. He can write a book about them, and all their little idiosyncrasies are clear before him. It is a glorious time of life. It lasts two or three years. He grows to 30 and his analytical powers are so intense they practically paralyze his reason. A flash from his intellectual lantern-eye lights up the innermost recesses of woman's soul, and shows all its hidden strength and weakness. He looks around with a proud, patronizing air upon the inferior mortals who don't profess to understand women and claim no divine power of analysis. He fixes his great heart and brain on some one woman he has studied. He knows she worships him, and he tells her how thoroughly he has sounded every depth of feeling and sentiment in her nature. He feels that he has only to speak and she is his. At last he speaks, and sky and sea and earth get all mixed up when the gentle voice tells us to go to thunder.

Things Worth Knowing.

That a bag of hot sand relieves neuralgia.

That warm borax water will remove dandruff.

That milk which stands too long makes bitter butter.

That salt should be eaten with nuts to aid digestion.

That it rests you in sewing to change your position frequently.

That rusty flatirons should be rubbed over with beeswax and lard.

That tough meat is made tender by lying a few minutes in vinegar water.

That a hot, strong lemonade taken at bedtime will break up a bad cold.

That a little soda water will relieve sick headache caused by indigestion.

That a cup of strong coffee will remove the odor of onions from the breath.

That well-ventilated bedrooms will prevent morning headaches and lassitude.

That a cup of hot water drunk before meals will prevent nausea and dyspepsia.

That consumptive night sweats may be arrested by sponging the body nightly in salt water.

That one in a faint should be laid flat on his back, then loosen his clothes and let him alone.

That you can take out spots from wash goods by rubbing them with the yolk of egg before washing.

That a fever patient can be made cool and comfortable by frequent sponging off with soda water.

That cold tea should be saved for your vinegar barrel. It sours easily and gives color and flavor.

That to beat the whites of eggs quickly add a pinch of salt. Salt cools, and cold eggs froth rapidly.

That the hair may be kept from falling out after illness by a frequent application to the scalp of sage tea.

That white spots upon varnished furniture will disappear if you hold a hot plate from the stove over them.

DOMESTIC NOTES.

Novelties in the Housekeeping Department.

A handful of salt sprinkled once a month on the tops of fire bricks will prevent them from cracking.

A pretty design for a lamp-shade, which must be painted in water-colors or oil, is a spray of honeysuckle with moths fluttering about it.

Linen draperies embroidered with any desired design are used for mantels, portieres and curtains, and are a pleasant change from wool.

Japanese and Chinese cotton rugs are very pleasant for summer use, being so much cooler than woolen ones. The combinations of color are soft and harmonious.

A cushion for a cane chair is of pale blue upholstery serge with a darned background of cinnamon-colored silk, having a branch of magnolia embroidered upon it in Kensington stitch.

An effective table-scarf is made of old-gold satin sheeting, having discs with wheel designs embroidered on it. Branches of conventionalized olives in the natural colors are embroidered across these in outline stitch.

Plush towels are a novelty in the housekeeping department. They have a soft, lustrous surface like silk plush, and their drying qualities are equal to the Turkish towels, while for decorative purposes they are far more effective.

A careful housekeeper says that badly-rusted smoothing-irons may be made fit for use by soaking them in kerosene oil for two or three days. Rub off all the rust possible, then rub with sapolio or scouring sand, polishing afterward with emery powder or emery paper.

Five O'clock Tea.

Envelopes to which an imitation red wax seal with crest is attached are seen, and, no doubt, save people a deal of trouble.

Little bonnets hold their own very well, and the high, peaked front affairs are not destined, so the milliners say, for long popularity.

The better class of maids now refuse to wear caps because they are "common," and milady realizing the fact, does not insist, you know.

Housekeepers are said to take kindly to the newest silver ice pitchers, which are china lined, and additionally, "just the nicest thing you ever saw."

The latest thing in glass berry dishes are in the shape of a boat very nicely modeled. It can now be said that one family eats a whole boatload of strawberries.

Now that the tourists' season has come again, many of the young lady travelers wear a dainty satchel slung over the shoulder with a natty embroidered strap.

Warm weather induces eight out of every ten ladies to substitute silk for kid gloves, they being cheaper in the first place and far more comfortable in the second.

Families on whose tables the newest of everything in glass and china is seen, now use the cut glass tumbler, half of which is covered with raised stars, for water instead of goblets.

A good number of mothers have yet to decide how old their boys must be before they can discard knickerbockers for trousers. An oversized boy dressed in the former looks silly.

Gray and brown seem to be the two favorite shades for ladies' traveling suits this season, and nearly all are "tailor-made." The majority are severely plain, but none the less stylish.

Sunshades are as elaborate and parasols as "superb" as ever, notwithstanding the depression in business and the resignation of Gladstone. Some women prefer a fine sunshade to a new pair of shoes.

Tennis rackets are now made of sandal and other choice woods, and have bows of the brightest kind of red ribbon on the handle, not to assist in striking the ball, but to enhance the general effect of the holder.

MAY.

All maiden lives that waned in their young prime—
Since the first beating of the heart of Time—
Re-live, I dream, in May's mysterious grace,
Sing through her birds and blossom in her face.

—Independent.

THE GIFT OF BEAUTY.

Young Ladies With Shapely Hands Not Popular at Glove Counters.

Wanted--A Pretty, Blue-Eyed Clerk as a Drawing Card for Trade.

"My hands were too small and pretty and I was discharged."

The speaker was a pretty, modest girl of about 19, who had been connected with a prominent and popular glove store on a street not far from Nicollet avenue. She had only been there a short time when the proprietor discharged her. "I am very sorry," he said, "but we would lose many of our lady customers if you stay. Your hands are entirely too small."

A GLOBE reporter who had heard the girl's bitter expression, asked the glove dealer about it, and received the following reply;

"We never had a nicer, more modest and satisfactory girl in our store, and if there was a single place vacant we would have kept her. But there was not. She was a glove fitter, and her hands were entirely too small and pretty. You seem astonished, but I will explain. Nine out of ten ladies who come here for gloves have hands neither as small nor as pretty as that young girl's. The result was they found it distasteful to buy from her and went elsewhere for gloves. Nothing pleases a lady more than to find, in buying gloves, that her hands are smaller and more shapely than those of the saleswoman, and my experience has taught me that women will, other things being equal, buy where they find that to be the case. That young lady has the hands of a duchess and put to shame half of the fashionable young ladies who come in here. Yes, I agree with you that it is a decided shame, but we could not help it."

BEAUTY AT A DISCOUNT.

The statements of this merchant were confirmed by a lady who changes her gloves at least twice a month. She wears a six-and-a-half Jouvin herself, but says: "Now my hand is about medium, neither large nor small, but I know how it is to go into a store and have a six-and-a-half handed you by a dainty saleswoman who can easily stretch five-and-three-quarters over her hand. I would not be so foolish as to withdraw my patronage on that account, but I know of ladies who would. It is too bad that a girl should lose her place on that account, yet I don't doubt the story you tell me."

At some of the millinery stores, however, pretty girls are in demand and stylish ones are paid extra prices. The reason is obvious. A lady customer goes in to look for a hat. The stylish shop girl covers her pretty head with a desirable article, and turns herself about to display the effect. Everything looks well on her and the customer is enraptured with the bonnet. She fondly imagines it will look as stylish on her own cranium, and perhaps never learns that it does not. But sales are quickly made and the pretty lay figure reaps her rewards. Handsome girls are also used to display cloaks and shawls and other wraps, which appear to best advantage on their Jundesque forms and salaries to correspond are paid them. These are cases in which

BEAUTY IS AT A PREMIUM.

A case came under the observation of a GLOBE reporter last week, that showed very forcibly how mankind, in the masculine sense, is "led by beauty by a single hair." The proprietor of a literary depot wanted an assistant, and was inquiring where an eligible person might be found. The reporter suggested that an abundance of such talent was lying around loose, but the quantity was diminished when the proprietor said:

"Oh! I want a young lady, and a pretty one, too."

This newsdealer was a sharp one and a deep student of human nature. Only a pretty girl would do him, and his course of reasoning was this: "The patrons of my depot are all men. Not one lady in a hundred wants the daily papers of the country or even the illustrated periodicals. A pretty girl is an attraction and men who come once will certainly come again. Once pleased they are steady patrons. Oh, I've tried it and know all about it, and I can give you several cases in point. Last week, while the Mexican editors were here, one of them came in my store and bought a Chicago paper. I had a pretty girl there then and this descendant of Montezeuma became interested in her. He came again, and, sir, during the short stay of that delegation in Minneapolis he was in there six times. He not only made a purchase each time, but a liberal one, and directed his compatriots to my place. I was sorry when they left the city. This case is only one of many I could give you. I know very well of dozens of young men who came in and bought papers or stationery only as

A MERE PRETEXT

to get to see and talk to my pretty clerk."

"Does she chat with customers?"

"Only on business topics. If she went further than that it wouldn't do. A customer will sometimes come in and want a seaside novel without knowing exactly what he wants. This may be a pretense, but it results in my pretty clerk discussing the merits and demerits of certain authors. That is about as far as she goes in a conversational way. But, my dear sir, don't you know a man likes to simply look at a pretty girl. Take my Mexican customer for instance. He could scarcely speak ten words in English, but he makes it up in looking with those bright black eyes of his."

"What other points of advantage are there in a pretty girl for a clerk?"

"They are too numerous to mention, as you newspaper men say. When you are at leisure come around to my store and see how it works. But wait until I get my pretty girl for clerk, any sprightly, attractive girl will do—pretty blue-eyed angel of about eighteen years of age preferred."

Lookin' Fer B'ar.

They have bears in the West, says the Merchant Traveler, that are hard to subdue, and so they have need of strong men and women. A settler's wife of this class, on the outskirts of civilization, overhearing herself described as "half human, half an alligator," resented it, and said she had "feelings," but she was not this woman—the story teller whom the hunter met.

A New Yorker on a hunting expedition in the far West rode up to a mountain cabin and hailed a woman hanging out clothes in the front yard. "Good-morning, madam," he called out to her.

"What yer lookin' fur? You must be lost, or sumpin'," she replied.

"Thanks, no; I'm a hunter and I understood there were bear up in this neighborhood, and would you give me some points?"

The woman dropped the white garment in her hand and came down to the fence.

"Hit's b'ar yer lookin' fer, is it?" she inquired, craning her thin neck forward in an eager way.

"Exactly, madam," he answered, straightening up in his stirrups.

"Well, stranger, yer in the right neighborhood. Thar's b'ar here in plenty."

"Have you ever seen any?"

"I shed say I hed."

"Tell me where I can find a den. I'm looking for a dozen or so. I'm not particular as to numbers."

"Oh, hain't yer? Thet's what my ole man said, but he's changed his min' now, I reckon."

"Is he afraid of the brutes?"

"Not now he haint."

"Tell me about it."

"Well, yer see one day me an' the ole man seen a b'ar climbin' in the hogpen, an' he sed he'd just put an end to that b'ar with a club. I told him to get a gun, but he sed b'ars wuz no great shakes, nohow, an' he'd go with a club."

"And did he?" inquired the hunter, as the woman stopped talking.

"I reckon he did; I went in and clim up to the roof, an' purty soon I heerd a mighty racket out in the pen. After a while it got powerful still outside, an' I clim down to see how it come out."

"Well," inquired the hunter, anxiously, "did he get the bear?"

"No, he didn't, the b'ar wuz clear gone."

"And your husband?"

"Well, the funeral tuck place the next day. Hit's b'ar yer lookin' fur, is it? Well, stranger, that same b'ar is 'round here yit."