OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

Another Big Batch of Caustic Remarks About St. Paul Hash Foundries.

The Festive Bed Bug Comes in For Its Share of Peneil Pounding.

Two Great-Hearted Landladies Who Make Affectionate Pies, So-Called,

Because the Upper and Lower Crusts are Badly Stuck on Each Other.



and ill-natured members of the great army of boarders in St. Paul come to the front again this morning with a big batch of communicatio to the GLOBE regarding the eccentricities of their landladies

and the board they serve. From the testimony given it seems that a boarding house in St. Paul, where palatable food was furnished in pleasing style would look lonesome and akward. In the great rustle, however, several contributors have arrayed themselves as champions of the land-lady and taken her part in true cavalier style. There is reference now and then made to the bronze bed bug that reflects The great object the GLOBE hopes to attain in publishing these letters is to brace up the tables in the boarding-houses and secure for those people who are floaters over the face of the earth better victuals and cleaner beds. The department will be published again next Sunday, and a cordial invitation is extended to every boarder in St. Paul to tell something about his boarding-house in a short, breezy communication.

A PRINTERS' HOME. A Landlady Who Looks on Well-Dressed Men With Suspicion.

To the Editor of the Globe. Your correspondents of last Sunday devoted all their wit and sarcasm to the table and ignored the landlady—the most interesting piece of furniture about a boarding house, at least, ours is. Be it known that our family is composed at most entirely of traveling printers. almost entirely of traveling printers.

In fact, the house is distinctively known as a printers' boarding house, and the landlady has a reputation that stretches from Chicago to the Pacific slope. She is an Irish lady of uncertain age, but very certain temper Whenever a certain temper. Whenever a very certain temper. Whenever a weary pilgrim registers his name on her kitchen door she promptly tells him she expects he will "beat" her, and she is seldom disappointed. She will not admit a well-dressed man, as she considers such either rogues or book peddlers. When a printer applies for board he is put through a regular catechism, something like the following:
"Hey vezenny money? No. ay coorse."

"Hey yez enny money? No, av coorse ot. Hey yez changed yer shurrat this onth? Doubtful. What station house

did yez slape in last, and did yez get anything on yez?"

Without waiting for answers she says: "Well, yez may come in, and if yez are hungry, there's some cold mate in the cupboard." And he is thereupon a boarder in good standing.

boarder in good standing.

One day at dinner a new arrival was telling about carrying the banner two weeks in Minneapolis.

"And didn't yez get anything for it?" interjected our landlady.

"Why, no, of course not," replied the knight of the stick and rule.

"Then phy in the divil didn't yez drop it the first week?" innocently queried the landlady.

At another dinner a boarder goosid.

At another dinner a boarder, considerably in arrears, called for a second spiece of pie. "Pay yer board, ye spalpeen, if you want more pie!" indigenantly exclaimed the leadled."

At another dinner a boarder, considerably in yexperience is so very different, I wish to give a little aid to this question. It was said many years ago "Life is what we make it." It most certainly the provided in the pr At another dinner a boarder, considnantly exclaimed the landlady.

Recently she bought an illustrated
Bible on the installment plan, and has
found much delight in gazing upon the
pictures. The other night after long

found much delight in gazing upon the pictures. The other night after long contemplation of Mary Magdalen and her story she gravely remarked that she thought "Mag Daly was the best woman in the Bible." But nothwith standing these little defects she is a fine old Irish lady and the boys all think a great deal of her and her excellent cooking.

St. Paul, Aug. 27.

AINT SAYING A WORD.

He Has a Marble-Topped Table and That is All He Wants.

To the Editor of the Globe.

In your Sunday issue of the 21st inst.

appears numerous articles by several smart alecks airing their boarding house experiences. Now without any disposition to champion boarding houses, would say that from the admissions of your correspondents, they receive better fare than they are entitled to, and more than equivalent to the price paid. Evidently the writers are of that class that are looking for cheap fare and have found it in the style of houses of which they seem to be the representatives, and are doubtless in their proper elements and would hardly appreciate. elements and would hardly appreany place that would not admit of depositing themselves, boots and dirt upon a clean counterpane, and their cigar stumps, ashes and filth upon the carpets instead of the slop jar and cuspadore. What manner of persons are they who expect first-class hotel accommodations for the paltry sum \$4 per week. The facts are that the average logarding house is fully on a recommodation. average boarding house is fully on a par with the average boarder. Now, if your boarding house critic will write up the average boarder as well they may do justice to all. The writer's boarding house experience is quite the reverse of the foregoing, having been a boarder for five months in one house. I can say without the least exaggeration that my lines have fallen in very pleasant places. The ladies and gentlemen, guests at this house, are such in all that the word implies, and seem to appreciate a well-ordered, well-furnished, clean boarding house. This is a twenty-two room bouse. house. This is a twenty-two room house furnished throughout with marble-topped furniture, upholstered chairs, Brussels carpets, etc. The tables are served with the varieties of the markets, early fruits and vegetables at whatever cost. The writer has been thus favored. A luxuriant room and good board, but not at the insignificant figure, \$4.50, which seems to have been the charm of attraction which has conthe charm of attraction which has captured your boarding house correspond ents.

OBSERVER.

ents. St. Paul, Aug. 27.

A DISINFECTED COOK. Pretty Waitresses in Short Dresses Who Carry Long Memories With

To the Editor of the Globe To the Editor of the Globe.

I was delighted to see so many respond to your call for comment upon the habitation of the sojourner, or our boarding houses, in last week's issue. One reference to the "cross between a hotel and boarding house," made me think of our place, and I will give you a brief sketch of the ways and means of this institution. The office is a neat and comfortable place, but they haven't put comfortable place, but they haven't put up their stove yet and so we have to keep the windows down during this awful weather. The day clerks are the boarders, male and female, this being a necessity because of the absence of any clerk at all, the proprietors doing all the supervising work from office to kitchen. But our night clerk is a "dandy." He goes on duty at 7 p. m. and off at 7 a. m. His duties comprise those of portant of the supervision. m. His duties comprise those of por-ter, bell-boy, lamp lighter, lamp filler,

coal hustler, water carrier, window washer, scrubber, watchman, room clerk and cashier; and he fills them all, in-cluding the lamp, with credit, though he isn't allowed to credit anybody who wants a room, especially couples who come up about 11 or 11:30, looking "kind er shy," and registering as John Smith and wife, Minneaj.olis. These are made to pay for room and breakfast in advance, whether they get breakfast or not they never kick. So much for or not they never kick. So much for our "dandy" clerk. Now for our dining room. We have here a congregation of femininity presiding over our destinies whose combined attractions are equivalent to a "beauty show." They whisk about in short skirts and short aprons, and carry impossible orders in their brains and upon their trays. brains and upon their trays, and never make a mistake, ex-cept in the majority of instances when it is too late to correct, as the next fellow is clamoring for attention. It is amusing to see some of the new boardamusing to see some of the new boarders, who are accustomed to the male "hash slingers"; how they hesitate, blush and grow confused when one of these lovely creatures rushes up to his side presenting her "little bill" that he may take what he likes. Our cook is one of the "biggest" institutions in our house, and if she doesn't bathe, she at least changes her outer habiliaments and puts musk or some other powerful disinfectant upon her immense frame, for she musk or some other powerful disinfectant upon her immense frame, for she presents by no means an unpleasant appearance, nor do the odors of the kitchen cling round her still as she passes through the office seeking the street for an evening's "airing."

But I musn't thre you any further with the peculiarities of the personnel of our "foundry," nor anything else in connection with it, at least for this time but if you offer any further on-

time, but if you offer any further op-portunities I may tell you something of the boarders. "CALIFORNIA."

A PLENTY OF EVERYTHING

A Nice Little Boarding House on

the West Side.

boarding house and hotel, and is situ.

ated on the West side. If anybody
wishes to enjoy life, he ought to come
and live with us. We have enough to
eat, if we do not want to eat too much.
We also have anything we wish, if we
don't wish for wore than we get and of

don't wish for more than we get, and of

pleasure we have a lot. Here is one kind: It certainly is a pleasure to come home after a day's labor and find the landlord

eulogizing his ability to do up the town, or hearing him tell some other drunkard that he will let his fist fly, or swearing

at the help or at his wife, or curse some unlucky customer that may happen to come in, or telling the boarders that if they wanted strong coffee, to pay extra for the same. These are all items that will be a pleasure to anybody, and it will cost only the small sum of \$4 per week. I do not see

small sum of \$4 per week. I do not see how people can give so much chin mu-sic for so little pay, bed bugs thrown in, and the absence of water, towel, soap

and other appurtenances, of course wash-dish is not required when you have no water. I do not see why people are not satisfied, the world would get along a

satisfied, the world would get along a great deal better if the people were more pleasant. If you hear of any more of them kickers I hope you will send them over here to enjoy themselves, for the pleasures are great and plentiful. Our landlord has been indulging red eye for two weeks and the house is there yet, but if he keeps on I am afraid that he will not be there: I mean the landlord, not the

be there: I mean the landlord, not the house. In the meantime I do not know whether the house is running the land-

lord or the landlord the house, but we

don't care, we have a plenty, even of bedbugs. Satisfactorily yours,
On The Wing.

AN OLD FASHIONED YANK.

He is Satisfied With Victuals,

Landlady and All.

throws a little responsibility, at least, on both parties. But for the boarding house fare on our street; For breakfast—With two kinds of meat,

potatoes, good bread and butter, tea or coffee well made, answers anybody for a solid meal for business life. Dinner—

Two kinds of meat, from three to four kinds of vegetables, two kinds of pie or pudding and fruit of some kind, makes a bill of fare that answers me, at least.

a bill of fare that answers me, at least. Supper—Cold meat or eggs, or both, if ordered, good bread and butter or hot rolls, with always some kind of sauce; does not go bad, and the dining-room always clean and neat, table linen and napkins in perfect order, also our dining-room girl is one of the quietest unseeming yet always.

the quietest, unassuming yet always ready persons you would wish to see. The cook must be the embodiment of

perfection, judging from the looks, taste and smell of the victuals as they come upon the table. But when you go with me to the sleeping apartments

you will be constrained to say truly they are always in order. Everthing clean, and as to bed fellows you will

clean, and as to bed fellows you will have none unless you get one. About our mistress, I would like to give you a description of her but as she is a widow, I fear it will not do, fearing if her merits were fully known, all the widowers in St. Paul would be on tiptoe and bother her to death, for we understand she is not in the market. Being an old.

she is not in the market. Being an old-

fashioned Yankee from York state, perhaps we have not been West long enough to learn the art of fault finding,

so we still look on the bright side of the boarding house question. YANK.

IT BREEDS DYSPEPSIA.

That is What Mephistopheles Says of Boarding-House Hash.

sia; dyspepsia engendereth sarcasmand an evil temper; an evil temper de-lighteth to vent itself in public print

under the protection of a nom de plume. Hence I looked for a page or more of eruptions of anonymous spleen directed against our landladies. On the contrary no single one of all the emaciated and

bilious persons who have revealed the story of their oppressions seems to have "set down aught in malice," while many have striven to extenuate. This unexpected moderation and forbearance dissuades me from a half formed nurroses to average from a half formed nurroses to average.

oarding house question. St. Paul, Aug. 27.

To the Editor of the Globe.

St. Paul, Aug. 27.

To the Editor of the Globe.

Our house is a conglomeration of

St. Paul, Aug. 27.

To the Editor of the Globe.

THE LANDLADY A JEWEL. A Man Who Has No Fault to Find With His Boarding House.

St. Paul, Aug. 27.

To the Editor of the Globe.

I am happy to say that I have one of the very best boarding houses that mortal man ever had. It is on West Tenth street and the landlady is a "perfect jewel." I have boarded there ever since I have been in St. Paul, and the probabilities are that I shall remain there for some time to come. Ever since I can remember we have had chipped toast and coffee for breakfast, varied occasionally by the addition of eggs or stewed tomatoes. For dinner we have tenderloin or veal steak, game in season, and always either pudding and pie or fruit also vegetables of various kinds. For also vegetables of various kinds. For supper we usually have boiled or roast meats, and some kind of jelly or sauce. The bedrooms are kept constantly supplied with clean linen and towels; the pitchers are always full of water. If it happens, as it often does, that I am not obliged to arise in the morning in time for the regular 7 c/clost. morning in time for the regular 7 o'clock breakfast, I am always sure of having the meal kept warm and palatable for me when I do come down. We have no vocal or instrumental music in the house, but amuse ourselves principally by reading and talking. Being a printer it often happens that I am unable to meet my board bill promptly. but to my "gem" of a landlady, it makes no difference, and if I waited for her to ask me for pay, the probabilities are that I never would have to "ante." All the guests are supplied with latch keys, so we can come and go as we please. Usually when any of us are delayed down town and do not get "home" till late at night, we find a nice pitcher of lemonade with some fruit and cake on the dining room table for us. I have boarded at many different places and know whereof I speak when I say that ours is as good as they make 'em'. Sympathizing with my less fortunate fellow creatures, I am very truly yours,

TYPOGRAPHICAL TOURIST.

St Paul Ang 29

St. Paul. Aug. 29. PIE IS AFFECTIONATE. The Crusts Seem to Be Stuck on

Each Other. Special Letter to the Globe.

I will relate what I had to contend with for one month at a Como avenue boarding house. I called one afternoon at a little brown house on the avenue. After making my business known I was asked into the parlor by a lady who presented anything but a neat appearpresented anything but a neat appearance, who afterwards proved to be my landlady. I mentioned the fact that it would not be convenient for me to make any payments before pay day. She, trusting I would not betray her confidence, I was admitted as a boarder. I was not favorably impressed by any means with the lay out. But, as the saying goes among the boys, I was not fiying very high and taking into consideration the stand-off and my strong constitution, made up my mind to To the Editor of the Globe.

It has often been said that there are two sides to every question, and we could not help thinking this true when we read your "Boarding House Hash" last Sunday morning. If what is there recorded is a fair representation of St. Paul boarding houses the impression is a bad one, but thinking there may be as much difference in boarding houses as there is in anybody, we dare not criticise the report of your correspondent, although somewhat dreary. Now, as I am a stranger in St. Paul and my experience is so very different. I tution, made up my mind to make the best of it. The landlady is a young widow of twenty-six. I afterwards heard through "J," to whom she revealed all secrets. She is also blessed with a promising young son, William by name who has powerful lungs, and he name, who has powerful lungs, and he came by his temper honestly. His squalling can only be stopped at meal hours by the good mother taking him under one arm as she administers to the wants of the hungry boarders with the other to the best advantage. It was an every day occurrence for William to get his dirty little bare feet into some one his dirty little bare feet into some one of our plates, while the mother was supplying the boarders with some of our home-made, heavyweight light biscuits. The screens are so arranged that the flies have no trouble in getting in, but could not get out if they tried. In fact it is a good model for a fly trap. Now my room would pass, but the bugs were never known trap. Now my room would pass, but the bugs were never known to. They always took a hand. In a short time she found her boarders reduced in numbers from seven to three, and in weight all the way from ten to twenty-five pounds. Some of them had been there five weeks. I put off saying anything about our victuals as long as possible because we had so liftle to eat. possible, because we had so little to eat. For breakfast, a small piece of beefsteak, tough as sole leather, coffee as black as tar and strong enough to float an egg, and cold fried potatoes. For dinner, corned beef and cabbage, some of the same coffee from breakfast, and boiled potatoes. The potatoes were all right. Affectionate pie is a very good name for the pastry. The crusts were invariably stuck on each other. And for supper we had, in addition to what was left from dinner, blueberries or strawberry shortcake. sible, because we had so little to eat. addition to what was left from dinner, blueberries or strawberry shortcake. I am exceedingly fond of the latter, but could not go Mrs. "F's" cakes. They were too "fly" entirely. At last pay-day came to my rescue. I was not long getting a new boarding house. My landlady, who is a good woman and takes great interest in her boarders, noticed I had a wonderful appetite and she asked where I had been boarding. After telling her the plain facts in the case. she recommended watermellons arter terming her the plant facts in the case, she recommended watermellons for a few days. After thinking all danger had passed, I was allowed full rations. At present I have a boarding house that is considered above the average and am happy. At last accounts of Mrs. "F." she had one boarder, who was only too glad when Saturday night was only too glad when Saturday night came around so he could give her credit with \$4.50 on a furniture bill which he

A melancholy experience of some seven years as a victim of boarding houses enables me to appreciate your published communications upon the subject in Sunday's Glode. This gen eration was not so savagely satirical as might have been looked for by any-one knowing "whereof they affirmed." Boarding.house hash breedeth dyspep-sia: dyspepsia engendereth sarcasm and

was boarding out. My sympathy is with him. As he is an elderly gentleman I consider his case doubtful. T. J. W. St. Paul, Aug 28. A SCHOOLBOY'S STORY. He Says One Pudding Goes a Good Ways at His House. You are a daisy and are doing an aw ful noble act in letting poor people that board tell the public what a hard time they have of it and how they are imposed on, and I guess maybe they will lice," while many have striven to extenuate. This unexpected moderation and forbearance dissuades me from a half-formed purpose to expose with a pen dipped in gall some of the horrible treatment to which my digestive aparatus has been these seven years subjected, and prompts me instead to pay a just tribute to a certain establishment under the shadow of the capital dome, on Tenth street, where board and rooms are to be had for a consideration. We are a numerous brood who find shelter and sustenance there, and are blest with not one landlady, but two. While they have their little faults,' item, a stubborn belief that the boarders' lamps need refilling not oftener than quarterly, a fallacy which the parable of the foolish virgins to assert that the steak is never tough, the butter powerful, the salt-cellars empty, the coffee debilitated, nor the liced tea seasoned with deceased flies, I simply maintain that, week in and ry and do better when they see what

week out, there is less incentive to a lonely and dyspeptic old bachelor like me to commit suicide or get married, than any other place I ever patronized. There are no false pretenses about this place. You are promised nothing, and you get everything you could reasonably expect. I often get little delicacies which you could not reasonably expect. For instance, peaches and cream, grapes, prairie chicken a la mode, ice cream, clean napkins now and then, etc., etc. It is a good thing. It reconciles me to my "unmated lot" to stumble upon a little oasis like this in the great desert of boarding houses. If it were not for overstepping the prescribed limits of space I might be tempted to speak of the graceful nymph with a nickel-plated punch in her girdle who distributes provender to our family of fifty hungry people with dexterity and dispatch, and a bright smile for some of the good looking boys thrown in, but to praise her as my admiration moves me might be regarded by the other fellows as a subterfuge to win her affections and induce her to punch my meal ticket twice in the same place, and so I resome more to eat. We get awful grub, and we never get cakes enough for breakfast. She only bakes one at a time and a fellow has to wait a terrible long time between his cakes, all but one fellow who cuts wood for her when she long time between his cakes, all but one fellow who cuts wood for her when she asks him ahd he never has to wait for she keeps him a going in cakes all the time. We call him "the pet," but he don't mind it so long as he gets all the cakes he wants to. Dinner is just the same, only a good deal worse, and is always the same thing except on Sunday's, when we have pie instead of pudding for desert. The puddings we have every day are made of bread and other things, and are economical to the boarding house because no one eats it, and one pudding will therefore last a long time. I know this for a fact, for one day we all put a lot of salt in it, and every day we would just taste it and it was always the same old pudding, saltier than a mackerel. Supper is what is left over from dinner, and it aint much. If it was not for the toboggan sildes and skating rinks and parties and the girls I guess we would all starve. If she sees this and knows it is about her we wont get no more pie on Sunday and maybe no more ginger snaps for breakfast too. Yours truly, Rich Valley, Minn., Aug. 29. D. O. and induce her to punch my meal ticket twice in the same place, and so I refrain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

HE IS AN UMPIRE. He Tries to Find Out Who Is Boss

of the House, Man or Wife. To the Editor of the Globe. For experience of hash-foundry inmates I answer as follows: So here goes, with a very uncomfortable seat on the wood box, as umpire between man and wife to see who is boss. First one is under the stove; then the other. The impire loses his hat in the melee and reumpire loses his hat in the melee and re-fuses to take part on either side, and gets curses from both right and left. The umpire goes out for a drink; time, 14 minutes, returns and finds the hostile minutes, returns and finds the hostile parties hugging and kissing like new lovers. All hands retire for breakfast next morning as per bill of fare, nothing for dinner, warmed up; cold for supper. This bill of fare repeated week in and out. Boarders growing beautifully less and will be still lesser. Yours in haste, St. Paul, Aug. 27.

HE PROBABLY STANDS IN.

He Thinks There Are Too Many Boarders that Are Given to Kicking.

To the Editor of the Globe. It is now ten years since I left my father's house and became a wanderer on the face of the earth. During all those years I have eaten and slept in boarding houses. Some of them have been good, some of them have been bad, and, perhaps, one or two of them have been worse. All things considered, however, I have fared well enough. Usually I have received 100 cents' wor.h for every dollar I have paid the landlady and, when I have not, the landlady has always been a not, the landady has always been a man. In order to avoid opportunity for a doubtful construction it will perhaps be proper for me to say that I have always paid the agreed price, and have never left a place in debt for my board. There are two sides to this question, the same as to any other. There are good boarding houses and agreeable landladies, and there are poor boarding houses and disagreeable landladies. There are also agreeable boarders and detestable ones. I suspect that, if all landladies and all boarders were put into the same bag and shaken up there.

the same bag and shaken up, there would as many landladies come out first as there would be boarders, and I think it quite probable that a clos of those dropping out last would dis-close among the number a due proportion of boarders. My observation is that, as a rule, the boarder who treats his landlady with the same consideration he expects from her, and who bears in mind that she is under no obligations to give him \$2\$ worth of food, comfort or attention for \$1\$ in money is well treated. attention for \$1 in money, is well treated, well fed, well housed and well satisfied. It too often is the case that it seems to be the "proper caper". For the boarder to indulge in "flings" at his landlady for no other reason than to show his wit. And it is not quite an uncommon And it is not quite an uncommon thing for him to expan the same contemptuous air toward the landlady, and to treat her with the same insolence that parvenus usually do their servants, and for much the same reason, id est, because he is conscious that his manners and conduct are not such as to insure and conduct are not such as to insure him the treatment and consideration which is involuntarily and universally accorded to the well-bred-gentleman, and because he is conscious that his manners and conduct are not such as to re-strain undue familiarity—in short he feels that the landlady is his equal or superior, and, lest others will think the same, he attempts by his conduct to re-move all grounds for any comparison of himself with her. He succeeds, for he very soon makes it evident to all that he very soon makes it evident to all that he cannot compare with her in either good sense, good temper, or good breeding. For more than two years I have been boarding and rooming in one place in the city. Now, the landlady is an elderly lady, and has a husband who lives with her. I am not in love with any of her daughters, and do not pay any devoted attention to any of them; neither am I in any way related to them, but came to the house an utter stranger. So there is no cause for my stranger. So there is no cause for my receiving any other attention than every other boarder in the house receives, and I do not. I pay the same price and take the same fare and the attention that every other bearder wets. I above the same fare and the attention that every other boarder gets. I chose the place and stay here because I get all I pay for, and can't afford to pay any better. During the two years I have usually had good, fresh victuals, well cooked and well served. There has been no more warming over than is done in any family where people live in comfort, but not in luxury. If I sleep late and get down to breakfast at 9 a. m., or later, I can always get a piece of bread, with butter and coffee. If I am sick, toast and tea are prepared as a matter of course, and I am consulted as to whether anything else would be more palatable. The landlady looks after sending my clothes to the laundry and after my board bill, and does it all fairly and to my interest. If I am short of funds she allows my board bill to run longer than I'd like some of my friends to know, and never grumbles in the least. I've not at any time been bothered with bed bugs. Two or three times I've seen a stray one, but always he was half starved, and it was evident he had not fed at our table. However, all I had to do to have my room and bed thoroughly cleansed, was to go quietly and say I had captured a murderous bed bug and executed him. The parlor and all conveniences of the place are at my disposal. She does not sew on my buttons or do my mending, but a man never gets that done without taking the garment to a tailor, any way, whether he live at home or in a boarding-house. There is no reason why she that every other boarder gets. I chose ing the garment to a tailor, any way, whether he live at home or in a boarding-house. There is no reason why she should do my mending or buttons. I do not pay her to do them, as there is no peculiar relationship by reason whereof it becomes her duty to do them, and she certainly has enough else to do. She is perhaps a little confidential, and tells me more of her private business than is necessiry, and at times is given to repeating for the fourth or fifth time the same story of former better times

than is necessify, and at times is given to repeating for the fourth or fifth time the same story of former better times and easier life, or some other chapter of family history. But that does not hurt me, and it seems to make her feel better. It is a slight fault. There is not a boarder in the house, and there has not been for two years, who has grumbled who has not more disagreeable faults than the landlady.

To hear some of the witticisms, so-called, of some of the boarders when the landlady is out, a stranger would think we were paying \$50 or \$60 a month for accommodations instead of \$25 or \$30. And not long since one of our boarders, with a contemptuous wave of the hand, rudely and insolently stopped her in the middle of a sentence by "Give me some bread Mrs. B——!" She was simply explaining to him that she has not neglected him and that he need not have gone without his breakfast, though he had come in very late in the morning. There are enough disagreeable landladies and

come in very late in the morning. There are enough disagreeable landladies and poor boarding houses, and there are too many disagreeable—and grumbling

boarders. Nobody is compelled to live with a disagreeable landlady or at her house if he can afford to pay for better. If he can't afford to pay for better he has no right to grumble at the house or landlady. If he can afford to pay for better and has either good sense or good breeding, he will quietly go to a better place, pay for it and enjoy it. Gosh.

P. S.—I haven't made any attempt to be witty in this epistic or to "ring in" a lot of chestnuts. I suppose I could say a lot of disagreeable things and work in a few stale jokes, but, as I am not paid anything for my advice in this case, I don't feel called on to do anything more than state the facts and my views touching them. This letter may be a little long, but if you make an equal division of space between "for" land "forninst" the "boardin' house keeper," you will probably have ample space for this. Yours, etc. "Gosh." ours, etc. ot. Paul, Aug. 30.

AND IT CAME TO PASS. He Tells of Butter That is Horny-Headed. To the Editor of the Globe.

And it came to pass when I had en tered into the gates of the city, I straightway began search for a place of rest and refreshment, for I was aweary and did hunger and thirst. And as passed upon the streets of the city. I passed upon the streets of the city, I came unto an house of humble design. Upon the porch thereof there sat a multitude, and the faces of the people were drawn with hunger, even nigh unto starvation. And seeing thus, I communed within myself saying: "This is the place I long have sought; I will enter and speak with the owner." And as I approached the house, a woman came forth to meet me, and she was of large size and great girth, and the hairs large size and great girth, and the hairs of her head were of diverse and many hues. And when I had made known hues. And when I had made known my wants, she spoke unto me and said: "Stranger, thou art welcome. Enter into mine house, eat, drink and be merry, and I will be a mother unto thee and care for thee." And I answered and said unto her: "Verily I say unto thee, if I ask for bread wilt thou give me a stone?" And she made answer thus: "Nay, thou shalt have the best my table canst afford. And thou shalt have a bed of down whereon to rest thy weary head." And I answered and weary head." And I answered and said: "I will abide with thee for seven days, and if thy food and shelter please me, then will I remain with thee forever." And she bade me enter the house, and take refreshment. And when I had entered the door of the privation of the property was when I had entered the door of the principal chamber, there smote upon mine ear such fearful sounds that I paused, afraid to go on. For the noise was of great volume and full of discord. And I beheld before me a maiden, seated upon a stool, and with her hands the content of the stool of the seated upon a stool, and with her hands she smote violently upon an instrument before her, which caused fearful sounds before her, which caused fearful sounds to issue therefrom. And she cried aloud in a fearful voice at the same time. And I said unto the woman of the house: "Who is this maiden, and wherefore does she cry aloud in such manner. Is she sick or in pain that she maketh such noise, or is she sore in anger?" And the woman spake and said: "Nay, she doth but sing, and, in her vain and feeble mind she calleth it music." And I began to repent me that I had entered the house.

I had entered the house.

And likewise there lived there, a man of great wisdom, and the things he knew not, were known to no person. He was a man of many ways and full of knowledge and conceit. And he was a physician who attended to the fil of equines, and, likewise, he was a prophet and soothsayer, and the things he knew were many.

were many. And there was a scribe likewise, who dealt there, and his forehead was high, approaching even unto the back of his neck. And likewise there came unto the house, at diverse and many times, a man of great stature. And his height was nigh unto many times, a man of great stature. And his height was nigh unto six and one-half cubits, and his bulk was great. And it came to pass that a courier arrived from a foreign land with a message, and when he had read it he was full of joy, and when the day was nigh spent and night was upon the land, he was full of hilarity and complaine, for he had received glad tidings from the land of his birth, saying into him: "Thy father's wife's brother's inother is dead, and hathbequeathed unto you great wealth."

And he sallied forth and painted the city a deep crimson hue.

And as he passed along the streets of the city he chanced to meet one of the

city's guards. And when the guard saw his condiwould have seized upon him and yanked him unto the cooler, but when he saw his great size he was sore afraid. And he stood by the path and let him

pass by.

And when morning came he was found asleep in a bypath, and they removed him unto to his home. And lo; his head, that was of large size, had grown still larger, even so large that his hat would not suffice to cover it. And there also came unto him another courier, who brought him news that made him tear his hair and smite his breast, for he was not the man of wealth of for he was not the man of wealth of the day before, and his mother's sister's brother's mother had be-queathed her fortune of gold and silver and precious stones for a great and noble purpose. For it came to pass that she was of kind heart, and, with her wealth had built a townle where in her wealth, had built a temple where imbe-cile dogs and attenuated cats might find shelter and rest. And lo! and behold the man was mad. And it came to pass that when we assembled at the morning meal, and all with one accord did try to break our fast, there were murmurings of anger, for there could be found no means wherewith to accomplish what

we sought. And, after I had masticated a piece of meat until I no longer had strength to proceed. I cried aloud: "Alas, woe is me, for I am but weak in strength and cannot proceed, and, alas, I can get no strength from that which is by me, for my coffee is weaker than I."

And I looked across the table, and behold, the physician who attends to the ills of horses, and lo, and behold! he was masticating his food with exceeding great joy and comfort. And I said unto myself: "How is this thus." And I looked once more, and behold! the mystery was made clear. For unto his jaw he had fastened a string, which he worked with his foot, and the mastication of his food was done with great and exceeding ease. And the food and meat the people who dwelt in that house ate, was exceeding strange. The fish and flesh were of an ancient time, and the butter of great strength, and its hoary hairs did give it a most aged and venerable appearance. And there were many viands of which no man daredoto eat, for to eat thereof was death. Therefore, many things were upon the table whereof no man knew the name, and which were exceedingly rare. And I looked across the table, and rare.in

the name, and which were exceedingly raire. It is a control of the land. I hied me unto my bed-chamber, And is and behold! the bed was not of down, but broke down, and I was cast prone upon the floor. And I arose from the ground in great anger. And when I had composed myself to sleep there came from the four corners of the earth a multitude insects; and they fell upon me, and would have devoured me, but I fought and beat them so that they died. And I set my foot upon them and crushed them, and gave them a poke. And is and behold! I did most sorely regret that I had crushed them, for they were lepers and unclean. And I held my nose for I was sore offended. And when the daylight began to approach I was full of joy; For I said unto myself: I will gather together my worldly goods, and this day will I depart from hence, never to return again. And when the woman of the house appeared I went unto her and said: "Good woman, I must leave thy house to-day, for in my stomach there is a great vacancy, and growlings of discontent. Therefore must I leave thee and get me hence, for I fear that I shall enter into my eternal rest many years in advance of the regulation time. And, verily, I say unto you, I am not ready to die."

And she made answer in anger and said: "Sure, an' I'd lolke to know what in the divil yez expict of a boardin' house for \$3 dollars week. Do yez want poi ivery day, and the lolkes of that? The quicker yez takes yerself

away from here the better it'll be for And it came to pass that I went. St. Paul, Aug. 27. Rox

COULN'T WRITE A CHAPTER, He Has to Eat Steak That Would Make First-Class Trunk Hinges. To the Editor of the Globe:

With your kind permission I shall endeavor to give my friends and fellow-

"boarders" my experience in a "pay-for-what-you-don't-get" house. For the

past eight months I have been strug-

gling in one of the above-styled man

past eight months I have been struggling in one of the above-styled mansions. As some of my fellow-sufferers mentioned in the columns of your newsy journal in last Sunday's issue, it is useless to mention the "steak," or what I generally call "trunk hinges." But as I remarked to my room-mate last evening that there is a saying, come to think of it, guess it is in the Bible, that "all flesh is grass," but added that I thought that this must have been bailed prairie hay. At breakfast we are called from our two-by-three rooms, and after arranging our toilet we grope our way through a dark hallway to a sort of ladder stairway and descend two flights, which takes us to the basement; here you behold a lot of hungry, half-starved human beings, with glaring eyes, and one not used to the premises, the surrounding circumstances, etc., would think he had "emigrated by chance to another planet." An old, dirty, shaggily dressed "Svenska" maid comes in, and with the usual, "Yout you hef, beekschtake or pickled poark?" A cold chill plays through my veins at the very thought. The coffee is always brought in on a stretcher, and then is hardly strong enough to lie on our stomachs. The bread is home-made, and, I'll wager my month's salary, is the champion heavy-weight of the eity. Their pies my month's salary, is the champion heavy-weight of the city. Their pies are what are termed "affectionate" pies—the top and bottom crusts are so affectionate nothing can get between them. The butter pies—the top and bottom crusts are so affectionate nothing can get between them. The butter and one of my fellow-martyrs had a "setto" one day. The butter knocked him out in the first round. After we have finished our tussel-through the day with food that would kill, in time, an Italian vagabond, we pursue our regular evening rounds to some our regular evening rounds to some billiard hall or to hear the sweet strains of the female orchestra at the Bodega, except on park nights, where in a measure we forget our troubles. At night, or early in the morning, we ascend those memorable steps and retire. We have patent beds, which we might describe as follows: Bedstead of softest pine wood—about the softest thing there is on the hed mettrasses stuffed with pine wood—about the softest thing there is on the bed, mattresses stuffed with old coffee sacks; sheets, also used for table spreads, which have not taken a bath since last carnival season; other things to correspond. The landlady is a widow with three children. I have made quite an impression on her by admiring her and her children, and by praising the fare and the execution in general of her ability as a boarding house manager. You see I have a new place eneraged, and have not paid for six weeks. My present place of "chewing" is on Tenth street. I almost forgot to mention the bugs which have their to mention the bugs which have their rendezvous in my room. They take the closet as their private office, where they closet as their private office, where they hold council in plotting an attack on the whites. Pardon me for occupying so much space, but this only a line of a chapter I might write. Yours for sympathy.

TEA R. COFFEE.

St. Paul, Aug. 22.

HIS LANDLADY SINGS.

And When She Does Her Boarders Wear a Tired Look. To the Editor of the Globe.

il am stopping at a "fair" boarding house; i. e., the landlady is "fair" as regards her complexion, but she is not at all "fair" in regard to her charges for her hearth "fair". her beastly "fare." I pay \$5 per week for bed and board. I liked the "grub," the grub she set out, well enough until I learned one day how and where she pro-cured it. You see, we usually have coffee, dry toast and meat stew for coffee, dry toast and meat stew for breakfast; meat stew, dry toast and coffee for dinner; and dry toast, meat stew and coffee for supper. I learned from a fellow boarder who was unable to pay his board bill, and attempted to "work" part of it out, that she was in the habit of sending him to the butcher shop every morning to ask the butcher to "please give Mrs. Q. what old bones and meat you have under the counter; she wants it for her hens!" I also learned from the aforesaid delinquent that the "meat stew" the boarders were so fond (?) of three times a day was made out of the old scraps given by the butcher and which by all manner of made out of the old scraps given by the butcher, and which by all manner of justice and right belonged to her hens. The "clay to art" was also purloined in the same manner from the baker shop, under the same excuse, viz: "She wants it for her hens!!" How she got the apology for coffee is a mystery to us all. My landlady is from the bogs of Ireland. As neighbors we are blessed (?) by having a boarding house presided over by a German woman, and another commanded by a sable daughter of Africa. What a jabbering the three hash foundry generals do have the three hash foundry generals do have once in a while "over the garden wall." Over the entrance of our land lady's house is a huge motto "God bless our home." The landlady's voice is anything but melodious. She only attempt to this land.

home." The landlady's voice is anything but melodious. She only attempts to "sing" one song and only two lines of that (thank heaven).

"As I listen to the nightengale sing, tra-la, As I listen to the nightengale sing."

But to hear her rasping voice from early dawn till late at night is simply awful. I must "give the devil his due" and acknowledge that I omitted "potatoes" from the bill of fare. We generally have the above-named fruit for dessert at Sunday dinner. Yours in dessert at Sunday dinner. Yours in despair,
St. Paul, Aug. 27.

ON SUMMIT AVENUE.

A Boarder Tells a Tale Which Leaves One in Doubt as to Whether He Is Happy or Otherwise.

To the Editor of the Globe.

Ours is not one of your ordinary, typical boarding houses. It is typical in that we have "spells" of high living, only to be followed by a menu that a St. Anthony hill policeman would laugh you to scorn for looking upon. It is very much like unto other boarding houses in the make-up of the family, the landlady having two daughters. But there the similarity ends, for both are pretty and young—which is directly the opposite of what is generally the case—and, oh! ye gods, how I grieve to tell it, they are both spoken for. Pretty girls that know how to keep house generally are. To the Editor of the Globe. The aforesaid odd combination is lo-

cated on Summit avenue, and not many blocks from St. Peter nor Rice. Our cuisine is, on the whole, pretty many blocks from St. Peter nor Rice.
Our cuisine is, on the whole, pretty
fair, but sometimes it goes on a strike,
and, when it does, and the landlady
takes a hand herself, the boarders generally know it. We have too many
types of character here, some of which
are decidedly interesting. We have
the too-too girl, and the sedate old girl; and some wretch was profane enough to remark, on the advent not long since of a new delegation of boarders, that we were going to start a kindergarten. But, bless you, the dear little things are so cute and sweet that the man who failed to fall in love with them should be stamped as a crusty old bachelor, and forever tabooed by all fond young mammas who so lovingly dote mammas who so lovingly dote on their little pets. One type of character which is altogether too numerous around our humble hearth too numerous around our humble hearth is the young man who is the "fresh" arrival—"fresh" in more ways than one—who takes it for granted that boarding at the same house confers upon him the privilege of addressing any lady at will, regardless to him, apparently of the useless formality of an introduction. He has read Bunyon's "Pilgrim Progress," and is a regular reader of Puck, and consequently what he don't know about the arts and sciences is, in his opinion, scarcely worth learning—though it would make several large books. There are a number of other interesting features about our boarding house that I should like to both "cuss" and discuss; but the unsympathetic public might bebut the unsympathetic public might become too well informed as to our domestic relations, which I think ought to be held sacred. So, "excuse me, I'll tell you no more."

St. Paul, Sept. 3.

WHOLESOME FRUITS.

When You Patronize Fruit Stands be Sure You Get Good, Healthy Fruit.

It is Liable to Be Too Green and in Many Cases Over Ripe.

Stocks of Partly Rotten Fruit Sold on the Streets by Italian Venders.

They Are Perfectly Satisfied With Quick Sales and Very Small Profits.

ICA sweeta bananas 20 centa for a dozen," is the cry, in tolerably fair English, of the Italian fruit vender, who pushes a twoloaded cart up and down the wooden sidewalks on several back residence streets on the

consumption of fruit might be in this city. Chatting with a Third street commission merchant developed the following:

mission merchant developed the following:

"I could not say just how much fruit is brought into this city during the summer. The only way to get at it, and it would be very laborious, and may be impracticable, is to find out the number of carloads unloaded into this city, and then fix upon the average value of a carload and make a total of the lot. But I should say, as a random guess, that at least \$200,000 worth of fruit is sold in this city during the hot summer months—I mean for street consumption. Of course you haven't got any idea of the amount of fruit that is purchased by frugal people and put up for the winter. If I should say over \$2,000,000 worth of fruit was required to satisfy the wants of this city for one year, considering its direct consumption and its use in various ways, I suppose you would foster a doubt as to my veracity. You collect statisties upon it, though, and I guess you will see that my figure is very modest.

And vet. with all the amount of fruit upon it, though, and I guess you will see that my figure is very modest.

And yet, with all the amount of fruit consumed, Dr. Jones, the health commissioner, says he has not been able to trace any bad malady to it, nor even to the eating of partly spoiled fruit. True, some persons are so constituted that the

EATING OF OVERRIPE fruit may give them bowel troubles, and the eating of unripe or partly rotten fruit will cause cramps, colic, cholera morbus and various troubles of the stomach and bowels, but there are some

stomach and bowels, but there are some people who would be similarly affected by the eating of simply the most wholesome fruit. Cholera, the dread epidemic, requires a specific poison, a specific germ, so no one need be troubled on that point.

Now any one can pass along the most frequented thoroughfares and notice large quantities of unwholesome, unripe and partly decayed fruit. The safeguard, however, against any disease

guard, however, against any disease which might result from an injudicious and indiscriminate devouring of fruit is common sense. The most natural incommon sense. The most natural in-teligence revolts against taking into the mouth anything like a rotten banana or pear, although there are some unnat-ural epicures who do not seem satisfied with anything not already over-ripe and ready to rot. Another safeguard against the consumption of unwhole-some fruit is that to bring into the mar-ket anything liable to spoil, would hurt the

PECUNIARY INTEREST

of the dealer and retailer. The fruit merchant or commission man couldn't get it off his hands, for the retailer wouldn't buy it, simply because he couldn't sell it—it would spoil—while in the show window, or probably even in the crate while on the truck, and that would be nothing more nor less than a would be nothing more nor less than a dead loss. At least such is Dr. Jones'

theory.

It's a curious thing, though, that in the city health code the word fruit was the city health code the word fruit was left out altogether. The leaving of rot-ten fruit upon any premises, however, may come under the words "any un-wholsome substance or thing, whatever," in section 33, or the words "or vegetable excrementative or other substance which is offensive, or which by process of decomposition may become offensive" in section 35, in the part of the ordinance ni section 35, in the part of the ordinance relating to nuisances; and it may come under the head "vegetables * * * not being healthy, fresh, sound, wholesome, pure and safe for human food," in section 61, which prohibits the sale of any adulterated or unwholesome food. The framer of the code seems to have regarded fruit as of the vegetable king. regarded fruit as of the vegetable king-dom, which, while correct for the con-venience of the student of science and philosophy, is quite contrary to the conventional notion. If such be the case, any owner or occupant of a building, under section 64, in which unwholesome fruit is stored, or on sale, is

LIABLE TO PROSECUTION, and a fine of not more than \$100, nor and a fine of not more than \$100, nor less than \$25.

But the health department is vested with general authority in all matters of city sanitary, and has the power to condemn any bad fruit, and any person who refuses to obey the mandate of that department is liable to the penalties mantioned. Accordingly, Dr. Jones mentioned. Accordingly, Dr. Jones, assisted by Meat Inspector Lamb and his corps of assistant health inspectors, have condemned several quantities of fruit. A close watch is kept upon the commission merchants, and a sharp eye upon the Italian fruit stands, and the agon the Italian fruit stands, and the groceries, small stores and stands run by a more popular class of people. Formerly it was the custom to dump all decayed fruit and vegetable matter and other garbage at the foot of chestnut street, where it was quite handy for the cheap vender to go and pick up

CAST-A-WAY FRUIT. and sell it upon the streets at "ten cents and set it upon the streets at the cents a dozen," but the city dumping ground became such a nuisance that it was decided to remove it to about a mile below the Mintzer farm, down the river, on the south, or "west," side- There all the refuse is now taken, and a mounted sanitary policeman, Officer Conway, is stationed there ever on the alort to see

sanitary policeman, Officer Conway, is stationed there, ever on the alert to see that every bit of garbage is dumbed into the river. Any person who fails to dump his load of disgusting rottenness into the river, is very liable to prompt arrest imprisonment and punishment.

Nevertheless, despite every official precaution, fruit, which is on the verge of decay, is sold. When the dealer sees that he has fruit on hand which is liable to get too ripe, he is anxious to sell it, according to Dr. Jones, although he would not criminally sell rotten fruit, and an easy customer is found in the Italian proprietor of a small stand, or cart, who, being proverbially a very thrifty person, satisfied with quick sales and small profits, leaps at the inducement of securing

A GOOD BARGAIN,

ducement of securing

A GOOD BARGAIN,
and purchasing a big lot at low figures,
places it upon the street, and eagerly
watches every passer-by. It is an interesting study to watch the average Italian bargaining for heated bananas, or
half rction peaches and pears, and it is
equally interesting to notice the
same fruit soon afterward, nicely
displayed, and lying "right side up with
care." And the Italian has not the exelusive privilege of this thing. Apple
that are wormy, peaches and pears with
a diseased look on the under side,
bunches of grapes which are only a a diseased look on the under side, bunches of grapes which are only a third eatable, and bananas as black as funeral crape, all find their way into the hands of the cheated consumer, but the money circulates, and, strange to say, mortality keeps down and sickness is only a harmless, passing affair.

There are two classes of fruit-sellers among the Italians, which should be borne in mind. The one class is established in attractive little stores, the other class satisfies itself with temporary

stands upon the street corners. The cheapest and probably the least eatable fruit is sold at the street-corner stands, with the exception of one or two like those along East Third street. The proprietors of the stands along Third street are pretty well established and may be found year after year. Among them and the little storekeepers seems to be a common understanding as to what the price of fruit shall be. Pears and peaches are set down at "four for 25 cents." Now, none of these shrewd poolers expect to see any pedestrian purchase four pears at a time, so each "four for 25 cents" pear and peach is obligingly sold for 10 cents straight, netting the cunning swarthy immigrant from the beake of the "uning swarthy immigrant ting the cunning swarthy immigrant from the banks of the Tiber 40 cents for from the banks of the Tiber 40 cents for four or \$1.20 a dozen—a pretty good price by the way. The fact is if the aforesaid peaches and pears were sold at 5 cents each it would still be a very profitable business and the price reasonable. But there are several curious ways among the average vendor of doubling his profits at the expense of the unsophisticated buyer.

C. F. J.

Conjuring in the Family. Philadelphia Call.

Tommy Bagley-There was a wizard at the show, maw, and he did the wonderfullest trick you ever saw. He took a silver dollar, moved it around a little a silver dollar, moved it around a little while and turned it into 2 rose."

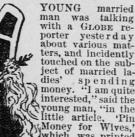
Bagley-That's nothing, Tommy, beats all the wizards in existence. He can make \$20 disappear in a single night so completely that it is never heard of again."

It suggests a thought as to what the PIN MONEY FOR WIVES.

A Married Man Explains How to Arrange Home Money Matters.

PAY YOUR WIFE A SALARY.

She Is a Good Business Manager and Will Make a Dollar Go a



porter yesterday about various mat-ters, and incidently touched on the subtouched on the subject of married ladies' spending money. "I am quite interested," said the young man, "in the little article, 'Pin Which was printed in last SUNDAY'S GLOBE. I have iderable attention to the subject of the subject o

given considerable attention to the subject at one time and another, but the matter came up for serious consideration something over two years ago, when I was married. I appreciated the fact that a woman has her little expenses as well as a man, and of course that is perfectly right and proper, but at first I felt something of the same sort of embarrassment about offering money that I suppose a woman feels about asking for it. On the other hand, I knew in stinctively that before my newly-made bride would ask me for funds she would bride would ask me for funds she would go without many little luxuries, and perhaps necessities, the want of which could not be anticipated by even the most thoughtful and devoted bridgeroup Sol bit upon the bridegroom. So I hit upon the scheme of taking occasional private looks at my wife's pocketbook, and whenever the treasury appeared rather low I quietly replenished it; but I have since learned that my many taking the since learned the since lear that women regard their pocketbooks as a kind of sacred property, not only be-cause they don't like to have a fellow know every time they spend 10 cents for a rosebud or a quarter for caramels, but because they oftentimes stuff their purses half full of private memoranda and items of interest to females only. I gradually perceived all this and one day determined to make a clean breast of the whole matter; and I did.

I hinted about the requirity of having

I hinted about the propriety of having some sort of system about these confounded money matters, perhaps an allowance or something of that kind, and the result was like uncorking a champagne bottle. In the next fifteen minutes

I RECEIVED OPINIONS for reflection for a considerable portion of my natural life. I wonder whether of my natural life. I wonder whether women discuss these things together, or how the deuce they think up so many overwhelming arguments in favor of allowances. This is a part of what my sensible little wife told me: Most every woman likes to dress nicely and have pretty things, and sometimes they want to buy flowers and candy and ice cream and soda water and-well, lots of little things. Now I like all those things just as much as anybody does, and if I can have them I want them; if I can't I'll make up my mind to go without. I never want you to say I've been
extravagant or that my expenses have
hurt your business. Give me whatever
regular allowance you can afford and I
will make it suffice. You can increase
it when you feel you can afford to, or
you can reduce it if it becomes necesyou can reduce it if it becomes necessary. I can spend \$5,000 a year or I can clothe myself on \$5 a month—only let

me know what I can depend on. "Well, I thought the matter over, and I'll tell you what I concluded to do.
My business was new, and we could
only afford to live quietly and modestly. I deducted the estimated cost of our ordinary expenses from the total amount I felt we could afford to spend during the year, and the remainder gave me the sum we could use for clothes and incidentals. This sum I halved—one half for my wife and one-half for me. Then I divided my wife's share into twelve equal parts, and on the first day of each month I laid her allowance on her dressing table, and I can assure you the result was highly satisfactory to both of us. In the first place, I never have to give a thought to my wife's financial needs, and I know to a cent what she spends—or, at least, what she I deducted the estimated cost of our or 'inancial needs, and I know to a cent what she spends—or, at least, what she has to spend—and I know she enjoys the independence; she is certainly entitled to it. She knows exactly what she can depend upon, and

MAKES HER CALCULATIONS accordingly, but the best of its it.

accordingly, but the best of it is that cash is paid for everything—no unexpectedly large bills come in to bother me. It was a surprise to me to see how much she could do with her allowance. She made every dollar go a long ways. At the end of the first year my business At the end of the first year my business had begun to be more profitable, and as I wanted my wife to share my prosperity I doubled her allowance. I supposed she would buy more new dresses and bonnets and other things, but she did nothing of the sort. On the contrary she did not increase her personal expenses one penny, but has so far put every dollar of her extra allowance into our home—pretty pieces of furniture, rugs and other articles for use and ornament. We have now had two years' experience with the monthly allowance scheme and I can assure you I am a most ardent advocate of the system. I not only believe that it is right and just most ardent advocate of the system. I not only believe that it is right and just that a wife should have her indepenent allowance, but I think it is the most satisfactory method for both parties, and several young married men who have adopted the system at my suggestion have assured me of the happy results of a few months! trial." a few months' trial."

WAITING.

Once in the twighlight of an autumn day, I stood upon a beaten path that led The shepherd lads to where their charges fed,

The snepherd lads to where their charges fed,
In pastures high above the upland way;
Solemn, and lone, and still the mountain lay;
And, like a dome above a temple spread.
The blue sky stretched its beauty overhead,
With not one floating cloud to preach decay.
Always—above the hush through the soft
light
Slow waning—the wide solitude was fraught
With mystic impulse from the silence
caught—
Half intonations heralding the night—
That to my heart, awebound, conveyed a
sense
Of calm expectancy and questionless sur
pense, —Chambers' Journal.