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VOL. IX.

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Goods for Your Own Wife and Another.



braided or beaded rivals. Boucle and tufted seem to have lost their hold on tufted seem to have lost their hold on the popular fancy, and plain cloths in solid colors seem to be superseding them. The jersey is in truth a shapely garment, if the human filling be shapely, I saw a fair huntress of the sort who use perfumed gun powder and fire at glass pigeons. She was on exhibition at the Country club the other day, and was so handsome a figure that I sketched her on the spot. Tailor-made jerseys appear to be coming to the front; also, jerseys having reversed fronts covered with jet shells. Outside of black, tan and brown seem to be the favorite colors in jerseys. Corduroy for stylish walking costumes for autumn, in dark blue, dark green, bronze and steeldark blue, dark green, bronze and steel-gray colors bids fair to prove quite fashionable.

THE STYLES OF THESE COSTUMES will be exceedingly simple from the fact of the fabric being rather heavy and inflexible. The basque will be similar to that of a riding habit, and has a very high collar and tight sleeves. The only trimmings permissible will be the use of silver buttons, ornamented with fantastic devices. While the jersey thus retains high favor, it is also abused by audacious girls. A creature in a white jersey, contrasting with long black gloves and hat, was an object that I saw posing on a bench in Central black gloves and hat, was an object that I saw posing on a bench in Central park, while beside her stood a scarcely less exaggerated girl. But these are exceptions. Sightly costumes are in a majority. Cashmeres are also going to be largely used in forming neat and dressy gowns for young ladies. The new goods of this description are very finely finished, and can be found in all the tints. the neutral shades, and the bright colors. They will be made up alone, or combined with surah, or other soft silks in either another tone of the same hue as the cashmere or in a consame hue as the cashmere or in a contrasting color. Lace sacques and shawls are in requisition. Lace flounces are also in high demand

RIBBON IS THE FAVORITE OFFSET of these dresses. Cashmere shawls, with fringed ends, are still fashionable, also the Algerian, striped with tinsel and bourette. Then there are the In-dua chuddah square shawls for greater warmth. Beautiful little wraps for warm days or evenings are also square-shaped and of embroidered China crape with long, fringed ends, while close akin are embroidered China scarfs, also

ith long ends. What of the autumn dandy? He has just donned his fall overcoat, and you often see him in his best afternoon make-up. Collars started on a vigorous growth several seasons ago, and they



have not yet reached the limit. Two styles will be eminently correct this fall, and the choice may depend considerably upon the taste of the wearer In general, however, one style will be

BY YOUNG MEN, and the other by elderly men. The first is high, with sharply turned points, leaving a triangular opening below the chin. This is like the last style, except that the points are longer and the open-

ing, therefore, larger.

If collars will persist in growing, this opening and the turn-back points are necessary to stow away the extra material. The other style looks higher, but that is the result of an illusion arising from the fact that the points are not turned back. They do not meet under turned back. They do not meet under the chin, there being about half an inch

the chin, there being about nair an inch between the points.

As to scarfs and ties, there is yet time for the introduction of many new designs; but it is certain that the popular style will be the Four-in-hand. Butlar style will be the Four-in-hand. But-terfly ties will find favor, and are cor-rect. One may wear the flat or the puffed scarf and not break any law of fashion, but he will not find himself in a numerous company if he does so. The rage for fancy colors and pronounced effects will find congenial expression in neckwear, and it will be difficult to over-dress in this respect. Autumn visiting and church toilets for women show the natural reaction from summer extravagainer of style. Smooth cloths will be used again for dressy suits, two colors in rather marked contrast appearing in one costume. For these combination cloth costumes the lighter color will be used for the lower skirt and yest with a used for the lower skirt and vest, with a dark basque and drapery. Plaid and plain cloths will be seen together

IN AUTUMN GOWNS in the way so popular for summer ging-hams, sateens, etc., with the basque of the plain, smooth-faced cloth, and the

THE JERSEY WAIST

In front, with the exception of the tailor-made, and the latter will have narrow flat garniture, in the shape of smooth vests and slender revers. I have already said that jerseys seem to be restored to all their old-time favor. They are not so plain as formerly, but are made with yokes, plaits and trimmings of various kinds, which keep them to shape and serve to conceal defects of the figure which plain ones emphasized so strongly. Wraps are made of cashmeres, in dark shades, with loose sleeves, and lined throughout sith bright satin, are very stylish. The trimming is Chantilly lace about three inches wide, gathered as fully as possible, and stitched on in four rows close together. This makes a pretty ruching that is very becoming. It encircles the throat, goes down the front and about the sleeves, and sometimes when the back is slashed up it is decorated with a row. A claret-colored cashmere, lined with a satin of salmon-colored pink, a myrtle green laid with pistache, a granite gray lined with blue, or mulberry-colored garment showing here and there a crimson gleam of satin, are among the beautiful things offered.

OLD SMITH HAS A LARGE HEART.

offered.

OLD SMITH HAS A LARGE HEART.

After bestowing a proper share of affection on his wife, he found he was carrying more stock, which he went and unloaded at the feet of a miss of twenty, who was fond of balls, fast horses and other amusements which the staid wife of his bosom frowned upon. A certain store on Broadway imported a style of brocaded velvet robes, and the first lot of them was limited to a dozen, each of different color. It was Miss Lottie Russe's birthday (she was the Tootsie of of old Wootsie's affections), and Smith bought a lovely lavender for her. In a burst of remorseful generosity he purchased the mulberry-adorned robe for Mrs. Smith. Both were sent to h's office. A messenger then conveyed the office. A messenger then conveyed the mulberry to the wife, and old Smith carried the lavender himself. Mrs. Smith's dress was greatly admired, and an old lady side-partner of hers was desirous of getting something like it. The two went to the emporium and explained their errand to the gentlement alore. two went to the emporium and explained their errand to the gentlemanly clerk. He could duplicate the lavender but not the mulberry. Mrs. Smith was aghast. What had become of the lavender?

"Of course the dark robe was much the more desirable," discoursed the counterjumper; "the lavender was only fit for a ball costume."

"I have no use for such a costume, as I never go to balls," bristled Mrs. Smith. "I have certainly put my foot in it," thought the clerk.

Mrs. Smith went home and kept her counsel, but kept a close watch on the

unsel, but kept a close watch on the old man.
"I find I shall have to run down to the



It was the last big ball of the season down there, and the boat was over-

Mrs. Smith went by the train.

The Smiths had a multitude of friends spending the early autumn at the Branch, and Smith is a close, well-behaved man Miss Latie was staying at naved man Miss Lettle was staying at a cottage with some people connected with the races at Monmouth, and Smith went on the strict q. t. to see her.
"Your wife came down on the train with me," said a gentleman to Smith, on

the avenue. "The deuce she did," said Smith to himself, as he took a carriage and drove to the house of a friend, where, much to his good woman's annoyance, he found

her.
"I thought I'd give you a little surprise," said she," and perhaps it will be a greater one. I've brought down my new dress, and am going to the hop to-

night."
Smith put a good face on it. He sent a note to Lottie to say the wife had come, and there must be not even a speaking acquaintance between them that evening. She must go with the French Poole family. Mr. and Mrs. Smith made a fine appearance, and he Smith made a fine appearance, and he was so devoted that she began to think she had suspected him unjustly, but all at once a lively party entered, and among them the sharp-eyed old lady spied a mauve dress brocaded in helio-trope-colored velvet. From a distance it looked like her mulberry and black. When Smith was out of sight Mrs. Smith and another dowager took a bee-line for the corner where the Smith and another dowager took a bee-line for the corner where the lavender was ensonced. The pattern was exactly the same, but executed in different colors. Mrs. Smith heard one of the party address the lavender-clothed young woman as "Lottie," and with these bare and meager statistics she opened the campaign. "Now, Smith," said she, "don't add any lies to your other crimes. I know all about this Lottie business, and that's what brought me down. That

know all about this Lottie business, and that's what brought me down. That hussy has confessed the whole—shown me your presents—even the last, the lavender robe you bought on the 20th at Plush & Cretonne's."

Smith's memory failed—he did not remember he had bought the dresses together. Smith could not see a loophole. He admitted everything. He was skillfully led on to a full confession, and imagine his consternation then, after disgorging damaging facts for two consecutive hours, that wily wife astonished him by telling him she



skirt with its long drapery of large-plaided, softer twilled cloth, The draped and folded vests or vest-coats so much in favor at present will remain a feature of antumn and winter gowns. All bodices will be elaborately trimmed

FOR THE WIND.

Pen Pictures of Some of the Beards That Adorn St. Paul Faces.

Congressman Rice Wears a Sable Silver Affair That is an Honor to Him.

City Comptroller Roche's Auburn Chest Protector Excites Envy.

Judge Flandrau's Mustache and Goatee Give Him a Dignified Air.



As the hair of the head is the adornment of women, so the beard of men may be regarded as the glory of the sterner sex. This proposition, as a general rule, is true, but at the same time it eral rule, is true, but at the same time it is liable to many exceptions. Every beard is not a glory. Some are thin, and spare, and scraggly, weak, consumptive and forlorn. Others are course, rough, backwoodsy and hard. Others are stiff, short-cropped, ugly and repulsive. These all lack that quality of beauty and symmetry, that glossy, silky richness, and voluptuousness that makes the beard of man a glory and honor like the beard of Aaron. St. Paul is well supplied with the glory kind.

the beard of Aaron. St. Paul is well supplied with the glory kind.
Congressman Rice has a noble beard, a kind of a sable-silver beard that has for years been a glory and an honor to its owner.

Judge Flandrau does not wear a full heard. He doesn't believe in being

Judge Flandrau does not wear a full beard. He doesn't believe in being full. When he visited the fount of renewed youth in South America, the managers directed him never to wear a full beard and he has followed the instruction religiously. He sports only a moustache and goatee which give him a very aristocratic appearance.

W. P. Murray wears nothing but a moustache after the style of Napoleon III. The corporation attorney says he is not particularly proud of his French ancestry, but sometimes when he is talking with Capt. Berkey he is compelled to talk French, in order to make the captain understand him, and it comes awkward to talk his native language without a moustache. uage without a moustache.
Capt. Berkey, like Daniel in the lions

he goes back to Europe," said Smith, a few days after, and he departed that He says both have grown gray in the great work which he has been engaged in for so many years of getting Murray into the paths of rectitude and virtue.

John W. Roche, the city comptroller, is said to be exceedingly proud and not a little vain of his beautiful auburn whiskers and mustache which are heavy whiskers and mustache, which are heavy and massive. All the ladies in the city are striving with salaratus water to give their hair the beautiful auburn hue of Mr. Roche's whiskers and mustache, so

lovely.

The weight of business and the cares of life are causing the large, dark, flowing beard of Thomas Cochran, Jr., to become flecked with white.

When Col. Allen was an alderman, and before he went out of the hotel business, he wore a magnificent heavy black beard ond would be wearing it now but for a little trick that he undertook to play off on President Cleveland. A few months ago he made a trip to Alaska over the Northern Pacific road. On that occasion he wore his beard out as far as Glendive when he had it all shaved off and from there on to Alaska. shaved off, and from there on to Alaska he successfully passed himself off as the president, and was feasted and honored as the chief magistrate at all the chief cities and lived all the way in

Judge Chandler used to wear a full beard, but he says it gave him so much trouble with the ladies that he sacrificed it a together.

W. H. Dixon formerly wore a beautiful auburn beard upon his classic face, but he sacrificed it. He left his mustache, though, because, as he says, a mustache is so much more distingue.

A. T. C. Pierson, the well-known Mason, wears the most flowing drapery of the face of any man in St. Paul. The beard that adorns Dr. Day's

handsome face is the most philosophical one in town unless it be that of Dr. Murphy. The latter has rather the most Murphy. The latter has rather the most robust one.
J. W. McClung's wavy beard is kept in a condition that is altogether too democratic. It should go to the barber.
Maj. Brackett has one that any man should be proud of. It is dark and flowing and is very much admired by the ladies of Minneapolis.
D. W. Ingersoll has always worn a full beard, and probably always will. He won't tolerate a mustache though.
Dr. Murphy pretends not to be proud,

Dr. Murphy pretends not to be proud, but it is understood that he devotes all his leisure moments to cultivating his mustache and whiskers, and at night he puts them up in papers with as much care as a society belle devotes to her raven locks.

R. C. Judson cultivates a heavy, flowing, dark brown beard, which glistens like burnished gold.

John Summers of the Windsor hotel, beasts with except pride of his eleboasts, with excusable pride, of his elegant, heavy, brown beard and mus-

A. B. Stickney has too much business A. B. Stickney has too flucin business to attend to, and therefore cannot do justice to one of the most lovely auburn beards in St. Paul. Occasionally, when he goes to New York he gets the Fifth Avenue hotel barber to put it in shape. At all other times it is wholly neglected. H. R. Bigelow, the nestor of the legal fraternity of Parsey courty and Control of the control of the legal of the part of t fraternity of Ramsey county, and Capt. Blakeley are both very indifferent to their beards and allowed them to run

wild like an unweeded garden.

J. M. Hannaford lives in the hope of one day blooming forth with a beard that will be the envy of all men. As it is he now sports a beautiful mustache to which he devotes a great deal of attention. tention.

It is a number of years since H. J.
Strouse wore a beard. He has never, though, been known to be without a heavy mustache. He has now commenced the cultivation, in the most industrious manner, of a large, heavy beard, something after the style of the

one worn by Maj. Brackett. He claims that in the course of a week he will have as big a beard as the best of them Col. Crooks wears a noble dark brow

Col. Crooks wears a noble,dark brown beard, of the antique Roman order such as Pliny and Augustus wore, "in the paimy days of Rome a little ere the mighty Julius fell."

T. W. Teasdale, general passenger agent of the Omaha, went out to Alaska this summer and put in three or four months cultivating one of the most ferocious beards in the business. He says there is no place in the United States where a beard will grow so fast as in Alaska.

Major Pond wears a beautiful mas.

Major Pond wears a beautiful mustache and goatee, which he continually fondles.

H. C. Burbank sports a mustache and goatee of the color of Mrs. Langtry's

hair. Webster Smith doesn't say much about

Webster Smith doesn't say much about it, but at the same time the sports a gorgeously heavy beard.

Ex-Alderman Mitsch is a second edition of Horace Greeley. He studiously avoids having a sign of hair seen upon his chin, but from far beneath that chin creeps out a full round beard up nearly to his ears on both sides of his face.

J. M. Bohrer, president of the board J. M. Bohrer, president of the board of trade, wears a Roscoe Conkling beard

of trade, wears a Noscoe Conking beard and mustache.

H. H. Burbank sports a mustache and goatee of the Queen Ann style.

Capt. J. D. Wood takes great satisfaction in smoothing down his mustache and goatee.

When Jupiter shook his ambrosial looks some of them, got loose and drangers.

when Jupiter shook his amorosial locks some of them got loose and dropped down. S. S. Eaton was the fortunate man that happened to be where they fell, and now he discounts Maj. Brackett and all the rest of the boys on the beard question.

Capt. Starkey wears a Gen. Grant beard.

Capt. Starkey wears a Gen. Grant beard.
Building Inspector Johnson wears a beard of the Vandyke pattern.
This list would be very incomplete if the well-known and universally admired beard of George W. Lamson were omitted. It is of the Marquis of Queenbury style, and is as full of beauty "as the milky way in a frozen night is full of stars."
S. B. W.

Cincinnati Telegram.

"Talk about a red-headed girl and a white horse, Oh, that's nothing," said Capt. Bohon this morning. "There's no point about it; it's only a coincidence. There are no afterclaps of either good or bad luck attending the seeing a woman with hair the color of 5-cent brown sugar and a white horse, but when a steam boatman sees a minister brown sugar and a white horse, but when a steam boatman sees a minister and a white horse get on board then he knows there's going to be an accident. It's a sure thing, too. Why, there ain't an old steam boatman from Pittsburg to New Orleans that would go aboard of a boat with a preacher and a white horse. The boiler would burst, the smokestack fall or some other accident would be bound to happen about the boat."



(Miss Selden's fiance is approaching them across the lawn.)
Judge S.—Who is that coming across

the lawn, daughter?

Miss S.—Why, papa, don't you see?
That's Teddy. He said he intended coming over this evening.

Judge S.—Ah, yes; I see now; I thought at first it was a man.

A German "Gretna Green."

The latest German grievance against Heligoland is that it is a kind of North Sea Gretna Green, responsible for all kinds of scandalous elopements from the fatherland. The Kolnische Zeitung calculates that about forty runaway couples were married at Heligoland in 1886, and that up to the end of June of the present year another score have availed themselves of the matrimonial facilities afforded by the perfidious island. This state of things does not island. This state of things does not arise from any theoretical laxity of the law in relation to marriages. On paper everything is as it should be; but it appears that when any of the numerous documents that would be required in Germany are missing the Heligolanders, according to an old Frisian practice, accept the word of the bridegroom that everything is in order and that the document has either been missial or forgotten. In addition to this laid or forgotten. In addition to this absurd artlessness, only one public notice of marriage is required; and so couples arriving on the Saturday may be married on the following Monday. What, however, excites most indignation in Germany is that the description. ticn in Germany is that the clergyman who solemnizes these marriages is him-seif a German, and that he manages to turn a pretty penny through the laxity of Frisian custom and the unfriendly negligence of the British. So the Co-logne newspaper states, and the matter might be worth the attention of the au-thorities

No Wonder he Was Dismayed.



Wife (to sick prohibitionist)-The doc tor says my dear, that you must take whisky to tone up your system.

Sick prohibitionist—Well, if I must, why of course that settles it; but whisky is an awful curse. How much am I to is an awtur curse. How much am 1 to take?

Wife—A teaspoonful twice a day.
Sick prohibitionist—Great heavens! is that all?

Mrs. Mackay's Wonderful Cloak. It is said Mrs. Mackay is about to display a gorgeous toilet piece in the shape of a cloak made entirely out of the feathers of Paradise birds at Paris. The price of a single bird is about 40 francs, and 500 birds would be necessary to form this strange garment, which, when finished by the dressmaker, will cost over 25,000 francs. Two famous shots have started for New Guinea to collect the birds.

HIS OWN SEAMSTRESS

The Trouble a Bachelor Has in Sewing Buttons on His Clothes.

It Requires Profanity and Perseverance to Thread a Needle.

The Air Gets Sulphurous When He Finds He Has Sewed His Sleeve Up.

Finally a Woman Comes Along and Casts Oil on the Troubled Waters.



T'S nice to be a bachelor. He has everything his own way, doesn't have to move or pay rent, nor buy eider down flannel dresses and swan's down hoods for the musical baby, and when things don't please him why he can just say words that appear in print like this:

"Blank blank blanketty blank," and he doesn't say blank or dash either.

When he gets up in the morning all he has to do is to wash, dress, fasten on his collars and cuffs with a modern Beau Brummel precision, go to the restaurant and swallow his breakfast at leisure, buy a cigar and dream of the great enviable future, a very, very far off future.

But after all he has his troubles buy a cigar and dream of the great enviable future, a very, very far off future. But, after all, he has his troubles. Being a bachelor he must dress well, for his bachelorhood may be a state preliminary to marriage, or it may be a settled confirmed condition of life selected after a long and serious fit of mistaken love; and in either case his carefulness in dress will be strongly marked. So in the early morn it comes rather disagreeable to find a pair of pants with one of the rear buttons missing.

Dear reader, did you ever see a man with a pair of trousers on that lacked one or two rear buttons? If you haven't it may be plain to tell you that his pants have a baggy lop-sided appearance, something like a distracted bustle. And of all things in the world a bachelor is most particular about it is his pantaloons.

The first thought that strikes a bach-

most particular about it is his pantaloons.

The first thought that strikes a bachelor in such a predicament is—Well it's impossible to do it justice in polite English. After he calms down he perhaps thinks he would like to have somebody sew the buttons on for him. Unfortunately the time is flying with tormenting rapidity and it is. necessary to get those trousers on to keep all his engagements, for he has appointments at the club at 9 a. m., and he expects some friends to arrive at the hotel soon after, and there are numerous unavoidable duties to attend to which only a bachelor knows anything about. Therefore he concludes that he'd better try to sew that button on himself—no, not on himself, but on the pants.

The very first thing to do is to thread the needle.

All well regulated backelves.

well regulated bachelors should have a needle and some thread. He takes the end of the some thread. He takes the end of the thread from the "spool," moistens it with his mouth, and proceeds to stiffen it proceeds to stiffen it with his finger and thumb. Then he takes the thread in

his right hand and holds up the needle "DID A CAMEL GET with his left. The THROUGH THERE?" subsequent proceedings are best described this way:

Looks through the eye of the needle—takes deadly aim with the stiffened end of the thread—misses—swears—trys tgain—stiffens the thread again—first

igain—stiffens the thread again—first aking the precaution to wet it—another aim—another miss—another swear—more wetting and stiffening of the thread—more aiming—more missing—more swearing—and so on, until at the lapse of an hour the thread is finally through the needle's eye. He is just commencing to think that he'd rather be rich and have servants than be a camel and have to squeeze through the eye of that needle when the thread comes out, and the tedious job



have servants than be a camel and have to squeeze through the eye of that needle when the thread comes out, and the tedious job working over of getting it back has to be done all over comparing the process and results similar.

again, with progress and results similar to the previous undertaking. He ties a knot in the thread this time, however, knot in the thread this time, however, to secure it. A button is found after much difficulty and more swearing and this is put to the place on the pants to see if it will fit. There is a big lump of knotted, tangled thread where the button aught to go. Our bachelor friend proceeds to pick the thread out with his finger nails, if he has any nails long enough. Fifteen minutes of valuable time is wasted in the effort, when he concludes to sew the button when he concludes to sew the button on at one side of the old place. The needle and thread are run through the pants and passed through a hole in the button. It is very easy to get it back, through another hole of the button, but the following strange complication of the following strange complication of

Can't find the hole in the button—takes out the needle—tries again—pricks his finger—swears—tries again—breaks the point off the needle—swears—tries to get the blanketty blunt-ended needle through anyhow—the other end goes deep into his finger owing to his mighty effort to force the needle through the cloth and a solid part of the button—swears fearfully, in fact, most un-Christian-like—tries again—more blood and profanity—hasn't got another needle—goes at it again—succeeds in getting a stitch through—sighs as if relieved of great distress—runs the needle and thread back through another hole in the button with tolerable ease—tries to get another stitch thro u g h—m o r e blood and more ungentlemanly 1 a n—gu a g e—c h a mbermaid is cleaning up an adjoining room—she hears a noise— Can't find the hole in the button

maid is cleaning up an adjoining room-she hears a noise—and comes to find out what it's all about—he tells her he is "only" sewing on a button—she says she will do it for him—he says: "Oh, no; never mind; I guess I can get along"—she says: "You'd better let me do it for you"—her voice is winning—he concludes he will let her take the job in hand—so he opens the door a little bit—takes good

care to keep clean out of sight behind it—hands the pantaloons out—closes the door with maidenly modesty—sits down and waits—smiles—l is tens to sweet, soft, musical humming—the feminine voice has a peculiar charm about it—smiles some more—

culiar charm about it—smiles some more—hears a little knock on the door—opens it a little bit again—receives his pants—sees the button sewed on nicely and solidly—smiles again—again—THE BLESSING. and again.

Such is the way a bachelor sews on his buttons. It's all the same if he has a shirt to mend. Bother, fretting, blood and profanity. Finally a sweet, considerate woman comes along and takes the job off his hands entirely and he is happy. Why don't he get married? May be he'll answer the question after awhile in the way of the world.

C. F. I.

CATHOLICS IN SCANDINAVIA. The Church of Rome Making Great Strides.

The church of Rome continues to make great strides in Scandinavia. Many Lutherns have been converted at Stockholm, and there is so much good will towards Catholics that at a recent fancy fair beld for a Catholic hospital the sum of 28,000 francs was obtained, mostly from non-Catholics. The new mostly from non-Catholics. The new prefect-apostolic of the North, Mgr. Fallize, has been on a visit to Christiana, where he was received by the government authorities. Though Catholic emancipation in Denmark dates only from 1848, there are now 4,000 Catholics in the country, served by some thirty priests, with schools taught by sisters of religious communities. The Jesuit fathers have a college in Copenhagen with over forty students. In Norway, before 1845, Catholic priests were forbidden the country under pain of death. Twenty years ago there were only 130 Catholics, now there are over 800, with 20 priests; while sisters of charity have the management of two hospitals and eight schools. The sparseness of the population and the great distances which separate one town from another are, of course, unfavorable conditions for the propagation vorable conditions for the propagation of religion in Ultima Thule. The Two Babies in the Hospital.

Another painful story comes from Another painful story comes from Paris. Two children in a hospital, it is said, were mistaken for each other, one child which died being buried by the wrong parents and the surviving one being offered to a mother who found it was not her own. The children were suffering from scarlatina, and no visitors were allowed to see them. Mme. Duhamel, a concierge, sent her boy, four years old, to the hospital, and after two months had noticed that he was convalescent, and might be taken home. She sent a neighbor, who, however, did not recognize the child and declined to take him. Three days later a nurse took the child to Mme. Duhamel, but there was a mutual absence of recognition. Ultimately the hospital authorities admitted that the tickets must have been misplaced, and that Mme. Duhamel's child had died twelve days after admission. Meanwhile the other parents, named Molera, believed their child to be dead, had borne the expense of the funeral. The two children, who were of the same age, but differed in color of the eyes and hair, at first occupied adjoining beds. After some days the doctor ordered both to be transferred to another ward. The nurse who transferred them placed the ticket of one child on the other's bed-head. When, therefore, the Duhamel child ded, notice was sent to M. Molera, the Paris. Two children in a hospital, it is When, therefore, the Duhamel child died, notice was sent to M. Molera, the father of the other child, and he saw the corpse. He now states that he failed to identify it, but it does not appear that he then expressed any doubts. When informed seven weeks later that his child was possibly still alive, and asked whether he could identify it by any mark, he stated that there was a mole spot on the beek. There was because mark, he stated that there was a mole spot on the back. There was, however, no need for any external sign, for on his going to the hospital the child sprang into his arms. The nurse who misplaced the tickets has been dismissed.

Making Suicide Profitable. The latest dodge for extracting coin from the pockets of sympathetic Paris-

ians is the suicide game. One mar threw himself into the river, a brave threw himself into the river, a brave bystander rescued him, and, touched by his tale of poverty and despair, gave him all the coin in his pockets. The sympathizing crowd followed suit with francs, half francs and lesser but acceptable change. A police inspector, who did not trust human nature too implicitly, followed rescuer and rescued man as the walked off, and tracked them to a wine shop, where the spicide set up. man as the walked off, and tracked them to a wine shop, where the suicide set up drinks for the crowd which was, evidently, impatiently awaiting his arrival, and related the tale in a manner which convulsed his auditors with delight. The two rogues were deposited in the nearest police station, and there are said to be many such impostors in Peris to be many such impostors in Paris.

Cause of Emotion.

Omaha World.

Omaha Man—The paper says seven brides in different parts of the country have died of excitement and emotion a

the altar.

Wife—Shouldn't wonder. It is remarkable that so many women live through the ceremony.

"I don't see why they shouldn't."

"Humph! That shows all you know about dresses."

LATE TO CHURCH.

Did you ever see them coming into church a little late,
And attempt to read their temper by the nature of their gait?
'Tis a very pleasing study, and you'll find it worth your while
To observe these people walking up the carpet covered aisle.

First there comes, perhaps, an aged, bent and sober-featured man, Whose uncertain shuffling indicates as plainly as it can
That he's weary, weary, weary, and is haunted by a dread
That the next time he'll be carried, carried up the church aisle dead.

Next behind him comes a lady, cheeks a little sunken now,
Streaks of white in hair and age's tell-tale
wrinkles on her brow;
But her walk is slow and stately and it
plainly seems to say,
"O, we toiled and saved when younger; we're
enjoying it to-day."

Then there is a married daughter, and her languid step betrays Her uneasiness beneath the craning concentrated gaze,
While her far-out-swinging dress skirts are
declaring it a shame
To come into church so tardily, but she is not
to blame.

She has children and they follow, clinging one to either hand,
And they stumble, looking choirward, asking "Ma, is that the band?"
But she holds them up, and, stooping, softly tells them to be still,
Thinking, "I'll not be so late again—contwisted if I will!" Then there comes a younger sister tripping lightly down the aisle,
Resting on her proudly-tossing head a hat of latest style;
And the meaning of her manner is, "I wish that father's pew
Was a little further forward; then I'd longer be in view!"

O.C. Hooper in Columbus Studen North

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