A BUREAU OF LADIES' GUIDES.

Reliable Chaperones Furnished for Visitors to the Metropolis.

Coast-A Hint for Young Girls -Mrs. Harrison's Economy in Dress.

Lady Guides.
The success of the Ladies' Guide
Association in London has induced the starting of a similar project in New York. The matter has been talked about codlessly in the newspapers and out of them for the last year or two, and two or three young women have even experimented with it in a timid sort of a way, but until within a fortuight no one has seized with any firm grip on the opportunity. Within a few days, however, a clever Brooklyn woman, whose name is Mrs. Hardie, has opened a Ladies' Guide and Chaperon bureau at 24 Union square, says a correspond-ent of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"I brought my wife with me on my trip last spring," said the head of a western business house in conversation

recently.
"We were here a fortnight, and I was busy every day and occasionally in the evening. Molly sat in her room at the

"I have just had a houseful of guests from Ohio," said the wife of a popular

city, but my time was all full with previous engagements, and I was positively unable to go about with them. If I could have found anybody to play hostess for me I should have been so thankful.

asual resort of the timid woman from out of town. He sails for her at the hotel and escorts her to the dry goods tores. That is, he goes skipping along shead of her, particularly at crowded

ahead of her, particularly at crowded crossings, leaving her to dodge the horses' heads as best she is able, or else he loiters behind in chearful converse with other messenger boys.

The new idea is to substitute the lady guide for the messenger boy, and so many women of education and refinement are left dependent on their own resources without any business education to help them to a livelihood that it at househt the evolution of one more ocis thought the evolution of one more or

ment are left dependent on their own resources without any business education to help them to a livelihood that it is thought the evolution of one more occupation may prove a great gain.

Mrs. Hardie's plan is to farnish reliable and experienced women who are ascustomed to shopping and know the price of goods to attend the young bride who has come to the city to buy her trousseau, or the stranger of any age or condition who is not posted as to the places at which for the least money to get the best things. Young housekeepers, both town dwellers and country people, often wish for a companion of artistic tastes to help thou choose furniture and draperies, and the sending out of experts to assist in the selection of musical instruments is another scheme which may bear good fruit before long.

The London bureau has proved completely successful, but an important part of its work consists in sending lady guides with tourists to all points of interest, the guides being engaged sometimes by the week or fortalgat to take American women to Westerinster, St. Paul's, the British museum and the tower, such palaces and houses as are open or can be opened by the almighty shilling, and to see that they "do" everything noteworthy in good style. New York has less to offer in this direction, but it is thought that ladies with some knowledge of pictures can be sont with atrangers visiting the art gallaries and museums, while other laties can take out of town visitors to Bedice's island to see the liberty statue, to Trinity church and to such libon as the city counts among its attractions.

One very practical feature is to be the engaging of rooms at hotels for women traveling alone. Some hotels will not take lone women without a recommendation, and in case if oue telegraphs one has to take the chance of finding the house full. Another plan is to engage seals for concert or theater by telegraph and to provide chaperons, if desired, to accompany ladies to places of amusement.

Like the Ladies' New York club, just organized, the comf

and business-like woman, who will carry the project through to success, if success is possible.

An Algerian Wedding Feast.

A marriage celebration in Algeria is an interesting relic of ancient customs. The bridegreom goes to bring the bride and the guests assembled outside the house wil wait for his coming. Soon the sound of pipes is heard coming from the sound of pipes is heard coming from the sound of pipes is heard coming from the sound of some neighboring hill, and the marriage procession approaches the bride groom's house, says the Ladies' Home Journal. The pipers always come first in the procession, then the bride miffed up in a vell riding a mule led by her lover. Then comes a bevy of gorgeously dressed damsels, spariting with silver ornament, after which the friends of the bride follow. The procession stops in front of the bridegroom's house and the girl's friends line both sides of the pathway. The pipers march off on one side while the bridegroom lifts the girl from the mule, and holds her in his arms. The girls friends thereupon throw earth at the bridegroom, when he hurries forward and ewries her over the threshold of his house.

Those about the door beat him with olive branches, amid much laughter. In the evenings, on such occasions, the pipers and drummers are called in, and the women dance, two at a time, facing each other; nor does a couple desist until, panting and exhausted, they step saide to make room for another. The dance has great energy of movement, though the steps are small and changes of position slight, the dancers only circling round occasionally. But they swing their bodies about with an astonishing energy and suppleness. As leaves flutter before the gale, so do they vibrate to the music; they shake; they shiver and tremthe; they skake; they shiver and tremthe; t

An Irish tadian Queen.

The Indian government is about to be called upon to repay a sum of £100,000, which they have had in their possession for several years, the proceeds of a legacy left the wife of one

of the native princes who died upward of thirty years ago, says the Dubiin Freeman's Journal. The deceased lady was an Irishwoman, who went to India some sixty years since as a traveling companion of two wealthy English ladies. During her stay in India sha attracted the notice of one of the native soverigns and he married her.

The pair lived happily for upward of thirty years, the wife baving a separate estate settled upon her by the Maharainh. She disdchildless and left no will. Her property was taken over by the Indian government, and it has remained in their hands over since. It was at the time of her death 230,000, but its value his rison to close on £100,000.

time of her death £30,000, but its value his risen to close on £100,000.

The relatives of the deceased lady in Ireland were in entire ignorance of her fate up till quite recently, when they learned it accidentally from a returned Indian soldier. The inquiries which have since been instituted have fully established her marringe with the Indian prince. The friends have also assured the existence and Indian prince. The friends have also assured themselves of the existence and value of the property.

A Hint for Young Girts.

When your sweetheart comes to see you, don't be foodlish enough to confine your sy cetness to him alone. Have him in where all the rest of the household are. Let the talk and the chatter and the music and the playing of games be in the home circle. Then the few minds that he gets with you by yourself will seem all the more delightful, and he will think you the most loving little creature in the world, says the Ladies' Home Journal. Men are much more observant than they are credited with being, and the man worth having as a husband is the one who will appreciate your love for those of your own people and will see that, as you make a small part in one home, you are becoming A Hint for Young Girls part in one home, you are becoming adapted for the central figure in au-other. Never say that you don't expect a man

other.

Neves say that you don't expect a min to marry your your whole family. It's valgar. You do. That is, if you are a good daughter amin a loving sister. You want him to be one with you in sympathy and in affection, and as you take his name, so you assume responsibilities as far as his people are concerned. You two are the most to each other—your love for each should be the greatest, but you cannot isolate yourselves and insult that you have no duties outside your own home. If you'do this you become narrow and selfish, and you are quite too nice a girl for that. So remember when he comes, this bridegroom of yours, that his heart is bound the tighter to you if the ribbon used to hold it has written upon it in golden letters, "Love and consideration for those at home."

Woman's Subere.

Woman's Sphere.

Of course we're always safe politically. As a fact, no amount of party organization among women would permit a woman to be elected president, says the San Francisco Chronicle. She may sneak in as school director, but the natural jealousy of the sex would beat any woman who ever ran for any big office. All the women who voted forher would call upon her, and, as she could not possibly remember them all, every one she omitted to bow to when she walked or drove out would work against her like the mischief. But the sphere of women in the world is being widened and defined, and the common sense of the sex, however whimsical and capicious they may be, is guiding them to the places where by nature they are best fitted. Of course, some are litted for one kind of business, some for another, but they are all fitted to keep a home. Some girls were doubtless predestined by nature to be typewriters and marry their employers. A pretty typewriter has not such an easy time as may be supposed. You see, if she gives the pretty pretty typewriter has not such an easy time as may be supposed. You see, if she gives the clerk any encouragement she may be letting the employer slip, and it requires a good deal of discretion and tact to impress the employer with her modesty and her sentimental worth, while she holds on to the cashier or the pook-keeper. Women may not be able to mannage a business, but they can do better—they can mannage the man that manages the ousiness. After all, there is only one woman's rite—the wedding ceremony.

A Cynno at Fiffcen.

A Cynic at Fifteen.

A Cynic at Fifteen.

The day will doubtless come when I shall think I have found a man, but, if so, I shall deceive myself wofully, write Marie Baskkirtself in her journal. I can very well foresee that day; I shall then be blind. I say this now while I can see clearly. But in that case why live, since there is nothing but meanness and wickedness in the world? Why? Because I am reconciled to the knowledge that this is so; because, whatever people may say, life is vory beautiful. And because, if one does not analyze too deeply, one may live hapthe portor and I was let out. At first knowledge that this is so; because, whatever people may say, life is very beautiful. And because, if one does not analyze too deceptly, one may live has pily. To count neither on friendship nor gratitude, nor loyalty nor honesty; to elevate one's self courageously above the meanness of humanity, and take one's sland between them and God; to get all one can out of life, and that quickly; to do no injury to one's fellow beings; to make one's life luxurious and magnificent; to be independent, so far as it be possible, of others; to possess power—yes, power—no matter by what means—this is to be feared and respected; this is to be strong, and that is height of human folicity, because one's fellow-beings are then muzzled, and either through cowardice or for other reasons will not seek to tear one to pieces.

Is it not strange to hear me reason in this way? Yes, but this manner of rensoning in a young creature like me is but another proof of hov bad the world is; it must be thoroughly saturated with wickedness to have so saddened me in so short a time. I am only fifteen.

Mrs. Harrison's Economy.

Mrs. Harrison's Economy.

Mrs. Harrison's Economy.

wickedness to have so saddened me in so short a time. I am only fifteen.

Mrs. Harrison is a most economical dresser. Her wardrobe contains no garment for which Worth was paid a fainty price. All her dresses are made either in New York or Washington. Her life is simplicity itself, but, like less exalted wives, she is devoted to shopping, says the Chicago Journal's Washington letter. Almost any pleasant day when her official duties will permit, she can be seen in any one of the downtown establishments. I happened in a little millinery store on a side street the other day. The white house carriage, with Albert on the box, drove up with much noise to the down to the much mose to the down to the clerks were busy, and Mrs. Harrison stayed for a moment at the bonnet counter, idly handling some queer shapes. No one knew her, and no one came forward to wait upon her. She appeared a trifle annoyed, then turned and left. When I told the proprietress who it was she almost cried—the business opportunity of her life had slipped away from her.

The Lawe That Women Would Make.

The Laws That Women Would Make The Laws That Women Would Make. That the tendency of a state governed by women would be to arbitrary and sentimental legislation, can hardly be doubted. Prohibitronism in its most extreme form would almost certainly earry the day, writes Goldwan Smith in the January Forum. Possbly legislation against tobacce might follow. Would men obey, knowing that the law had no force behind it? If they did not, what but disregard of law and consequent confusion would ensus?

LOADED HER WITH PRESENTS

The Remarkable Generosity of Connecticat Enoch Arden.

HIS MARRIAGE NEVER CAME OFF.

Oncer Adventure of a Boston Cabby-His Beart Was True to Poll-Dan Wedded a Grandee's

Litrie Romances.

hirs. Herbort M. Smith of this place has had an Enoch Acden experience which has turned out better than the average, says a Birmingham, Conn., dispatch to the New York Sun. Several years ago, while living in Bridgeport, she met and married John Luick. He was an excellent mechanic and worked in the Wheeler & Wilson sewing ma-chine factory. Their married life was happy until a daughter was born to them, and then Mr. Luick became rest them, and then Mr. Luick became rest-less. Five years ago he left Bridgeport suddenly without notifying his wife where he was going, nor did he write to her. She was left with her daughter to support. She obtained work in one of the local factories and with her earn-ing ground for hyerell and child in conings cared for berself and child in comings cared for herself and child in con-fort. Time passed, and, hearing noth-ing of her absent husband, she obtained a divorce. She was yet young and ex-ceedingly attractive, and when she met Herbert M. Smith of Birmingham a mutual affection was awakened which soon ripened into love and a marriage

motual affection was awakened which soon ripened into love and a marriage followed.

Christmas eve Mr. and Mrs. Smith went to Bridgeport to spend the holiday with Mrs. Smith's mother. Luick, who had gone to a remote western city, getting into business and prospering, also started for Bridgeport to hunt up his wife and child. He arrived Christmas morning, and, having no anowiedge of the divorce proceedings, he anticipated a happy reunion. He intended to take his wife and girl home with him when he returned, and place them in a position of comparative affluance. He had no difficulty in finding the residence of his former mother-in-law, and when he rang the belt the maid who responded showed him into the room where Mr. and Mrs. Smith and the family sat. The surprise to all was great. Mr. Luick was introduced to his successor and they shook hands in a friendly way. Luick did not get mad and bear around, nor did he look sad and broken-hearted. He told his story and Mrs. Smith told hers. Then he spoke to Mr. Smith. congratulating him on his marriage and wished the couple good luck. After eating Christmas turkey with his friends he invited his former wife to take a walk with him, and, with her husband's consent she accepted. Their walk brought up at one of the stores devoted to Christmas goods, and Mr. Luick invited Mrs. Smith to come in and pick out a nice present. She did so, but before they came out he had leaded her down with gifts for herself and his daughter. This morning the couple parted, Mrs. Smith to come in this place, and Mr. Luick buying his ticket for his far western home, where he says he will remain

"Perhaps we herdic men don't have an adventure," said a cabby to a re-

"Porhaps we herdie men don't have an adventure," said a cabby to a reporter of a Boston paper. "The fanniest thing that ever happened to me was this: I got a passenger at the Albany depot one night and drove him to a certain hotel. He was a rich man, I think, judging from his appearance, and before he got into the cab he hunded me \$\frac{1}{2}\$ and to the cab he change. He asked me to go upstairs with him and take some valiese. I went back to the room and the first words he said wore:
"Go in there!" pointing to a big closet. He told me I'd find another valies in there. I went in, and as I did he locked the closet door on me, and I was a prisoner. I hearn him go out and shut the door, and then I began to kick like a steer and to call on the bloke to let, me out. In about twenty minutes whoever occupied the next room called the porter and I was let out. At first they wanted to arrest me as a thief, but linally I convinced them that I was all right.
"The job was now to get my horse "Perhaps we herdic men don't have

last I saw of the man he was going toward Howard street.

"I didn't think any more about the matter, supposing he would call for his valiese every day, but time went by, and the clerk at the Revers said nobody had called for them. One day I met the inspector of hacks and carriages, and I told him about them. His eyes opened and said he had been looking for the valiese for a month. They belonged to a rich New York merchant, and were worth several thousand dollars, as they were filled with silks. There was a diamond brooch in one that was worth \$2,500. He had come to Boston to marry a girl just outside the city, and was loaded down with presents. He got to drinking on the way and probably had an elegant jag on when I met him. He did not know what he was doing from the moment we began to take out the valiese until he sobered up next day.

"Of course, he hadn't shown up to be married, and finding himself without his four vallese felt pretty sore. The marriage never came off. He sent ma a V for my honesty. It was worth more than that to be lecked up as long as I was."

During his stay of several months in

During his stay of several months in Bozen the Emperor Francis Joseph paid a visit to the Archduke Henry, on which occasion the archduke's consort, Baroness Waldeck, and their daughter, Baroness Marie, were introduced to his majesty, says Galignani's Mossonger. In his marriage the archduke had committed such a breach of the traditional rules and usages of the Hapsburg family that for twenty-one years he has lived estranged from the head of the imperial house. On February 4, 1885, Archduke Henry married Fraulein Leopoldine Hofman. She was the daughter of a very humble official employed in the assessment office at Krems

In Upper Austria. In all princely families it is of course a strict and invariailies it is of course a strict and invaria-ble rule that the saintion of the head of the house mustible previously ob-tained to any proposed matrimonial alliance; but to the marriage of the Archduke Henry not, only was the em-peror's approval not obtained, but the prohibition of the apptials issued by his majesty was disobeyed, and the archduke was for many years expatri-ated.

his majesty was disobeyed, and the archduke was for many years expatriated.

Archduke Henry, who is now sixtyone years of age, fell deeply the loss of his military rank, and still more his exile, but otherwise his marriage brought him unalloyed happiness. At length the emperor's displeasure began to disappear, and the archduke was allowed to take up his residence in a Tyrolese town. With his wife, who had meanwhile been raised to noble rank under the title of Baroness Waldeek, and with the only child of their marriage, a daughter, who is now eighteen years old, the "civilian" Archduke Heary for some sime lived the quiet, contented life of a landed proprietor. It was when stationed in Graz that he made the acquaintance of Fraulein Homann, a singer at the theater, with a monthly salary of 50 florins. She was by no means a great singer. Hes best role was that of Pamela in "Fra Dinvolo," but she was pretty, quick-witted, the very type of a Vienness gird, and above all, irresproachable in her conduct and manners. The acquaintance, which never ceased to be a most honorable one, had already lasted some time, when war broke out in the north as well as in the south, and the archduke had to take the field in Italy. Before leaving be gave his word of honor to the girl that he would marry her if his life was spared, and this promise he faithfully kent.

In one of the small parlors of the New Albany hotol Mrs. Helon French was this morning united in marriage to George L. Thurston, a stock dealer of Colorado. This is the second time the parties have been marriag, and there is a romantle story connected with the marriage, which the happy bride re-lectantly told a St. Louis Republic correspondent.

marriage, which the happy bride reluctantly told a St. Louis Republic
correspondent.

Over ten years ago Thurston was a
manufacturer of boots and shoes in a
small way at Brockton, Mass. He became acquainted and fell in love with
Miss Helen Fay, a daughter of a retired
ship-owner of Swampscott, Mass, They
were married and lived happily together for a few years when, the business of
Thurston not paying well, he determined
to soil out and go west and deat in cattle with his brother, who had a ranch
near Glenwood Springs, Colo. At the
time Thurston left Brockton a young
lady to whom he had been attentive before his marriage also mysteriously departed. It was rumored that they had
eloped and details of the elopement
were published in the Roston papers.
At first the young wife discredited the
story, but receiving no answer from her
husband she took that fact as a confirmation of the report.

She waited over-two years and then

She waited over two years and then brought suit for and secured a divorce from her husband on the grounds of abandonment. She afterwards married Thomas French of Boston, Mass.

In the meantime Thurston's "Heart was true to Poll," and a few days after his arrival at his brother's ranch he was shot and seriously wounded in an encounter with cowboys. For many weeks he may between life and death. His brother, he said, had written many letters to his family, but received no answer to them. He was a year before Thurston fully recovered from his wounds. One day, there accidentally came into his hands a Boston paper with the published report of his elopement with his old sweetheart. He immediately wrote a long letter to his wife denying the report and saving that as soon as health would permit he would go home. He never received any answer to his letter.

A strange part of the whole story is that his wife claims that sho nover received a letter from him. Thurston heard of the marriage of his wife to French and resolved never to return to the east again. Three years ago the second husband of Mrs. French died. Last spring, her father's health being poor, the doctors recommended a trip to the Pacific coast, and he went, accompanied by ner, to San Diego, Cal. One morning last Soptember Mrs. French and Thurston met face to face in one of the reception rooms of the Palace hotel in San Francisco. An explanation followed and soon the couple, separated by mistake for many years, were requited. Thurston, having business on hand relative to the sale of his ranch, left San Francisco, first promising to meet his former wife in this city on Thankagiving day to be remarried. Owing to the illness of Mrs. French's father, she did not arrive until this morning. Thurston has been here since last Thursdon, and he seen an anxious trame of mind since nis arrival. He received a telegram from his former wife yesterday. Arrangements were alone made at the New Albany hotel for the use of Clerk Crowley and Proprietor George Green of the New Alba St. Paul. An elaborate wedding break-fast was served in the parlor after the ceremony.

fast was served in the parlor after the ceremony.

All the Athenians know Dan Taliaferro, the colored basher, who did business in this city and afterwards moved to Jacksonville, Plas, and married. Dan was a polite and respectful man, and had the good gill of our people, who will be glad to know that he will soon come into possession of a handsome fortune, estimated at about \$100,000 or more, says a California exchange.

His story was a California exchange.

His story was a fairange one. On Dan's removal to the land of flowers he mot a colored grill of Key West, and after a brief courtship the nair were married. It now seems that the proudest blood of Castile flows in the vains of this octoroon, for spids a lineal descendant from a Spanish general who commanded troops in St. Augustine when it was under the dominion of that country. The old general was a great roue, and becoming attached to a mulatto girl, a descendant of the Minocrans, raised a family of children by her. On his death-bed he reported of his liason and left these children his entire landed property in Florida, including 30,000 acres, much of it lying in the principal cities of that state. A portion of the ground on which the Ponce de Leon hotel stands was purchased from the heirs, while they still own valuable possessions all over that city, as also in Key West, Tampa, Taliahassee and other places.

This property has never been divided, being controlled by an old aunt to Dan's wife, who lives in fine style at St. Augustine and was recognized as the head of the family. There are now only seventeen heirs to this vast property, and as they are all of age, have demunded that a division be made, ar-

rangements for which are now in progress. The best lawyers in the state are employed. There is no question or doubt about the title to this property. are employed. There is no question or doubt about the title to this property, and not an acre is in dispute. When Florida was sold by Spain to the United States there was a clause in the trade by which this government was pledged to protect the Litles of the Spaniards who had private landed interests. Under this clause does Dan's wife come in.

There is a girl driver on the street car line t Abilene, Kan. Heliotrope and vellow are combined in the ventury tollets of silk crope and transparency clotts.

ency cioths.

The statectic young girl is repurted to have sandbags in her room on which to exercise her muscle and break her pointed nails.

Never since the Puritan days have the American hadies been so quietly dreased for church and street as they are now.

The Grecian style of coiffure is becomin very fashionable, and bando-letters of golor wilver, or of colored ribbon, are wern it the bair.

the taste.

Ladies who have fair, curly hair, should merely brush it lightly from the forehead and arrange it in mose cells in the maps of the nock.

Walstonts for women are again the fashion. Whether one likes them or not, their convenience in the way of pockets must be admitted by all.

Nockless are

convenience in the way of pockets must be admitted by all.

Neckiness are gone out of fashion, but bracelots are worn in great numbers. A light cold chain, with a large gom in the centre, is a favorite style.

False nair is quite gone out of fashion in Paris, and those who wear it take the greatest care, to conceal the fact, and to make their coiffore look as natural as possible.

A Norwalk, Ohio, woman, bought a lot of Christmas gifts for her liusband and children three weeks ago, and hid them away so carefully that she is now unable to find them. In Loudon the fashiouche sportswomen decorate the forefoot of their saddle borses with a broad gold band, on which is ongraved the initial of the theroughbred's name. Nothing remains but to do its tail up in a diamond-topped comb.

diamond topped comb.

Mrs. C. P. Huntington, the wife of the railroad militonaire, for good luck wears a pair of yollow gerters buckled with fine topar, sat with diamonds. If money is a blessing she has it most abundantly. It did not come by luck, however.

It is a wonder that the fashionable world has not discovered that Jananese artificial flowers are much more beautiful than French artificial flowers. The former are the only flowers not real that any one of taste could telerate in wasses for decerative juriposes, or for the toilet.

At the heavity shore, flesh ratches are

sired warmth is obtained.

The white patticoat must go except for special occasions. It is not the Inexpensive and oil-fassioned "balmoral" that has taken its pla a, but the very expensive watered site and satin skirt, which may be worth a fortune in lace, if one can afford it, and often is where one cannot afford it.

The extravasance of sleeping in black

silk and satis skirt, which may be worth fortune in tace, if one can afford it, and often is where one cannot afford it.

The extravagance of sleeping in black sheep, which eiginated in Russian court circles, the beautiful of the strategies of the contraction of the contract of the con

EDUCATIONAL.

chools.

Joseph G. Fox, professor of civil engineeing at Lafayoute college, died suddenly reaston, Pn., of spoplexy, aged fifty-six year Prof. Acces of Harvard university, and Prof. Keener of the Harvard law school, have bought farms at Castine, Mc., for sum-

ave bought farms at case, and the common are homes.

During the present financial year Lincoln aniversity has received a dwelling house, a chapel and two scholarships, worth in all

changel and two scholarships, worth in all about \$82,000.

The late Mortimore M. Jackson, ex-consult to Hailfax, and one of the first supreme judges in Wisconsin, bequeathed \$20,000 to found a "Jackson professorship of law" in the university of Wisconsin.

Prof. McGregory of Maduson university, proposes to make a trip to Europe the coming summer, similar to the one made in 1887, whon several students accompanied him and received great benefit through his experience.

Through the exertions of a number of professors of the University of Pennsylvania, together with those of Haverford, Swarthmore and Bryn Mawr colleges, the American Academy of Pointical and Social science has just beau organized in Philadelphia for the purpose of promoting study in these departments of science.

Since 1865 the south has spent \$122,000,000

ments of science.

Since 1865 the south has spent \$122,000,000 in education, and this year is pledged to \$37,000,000 more; althouge the blacks, paying 1,30 of the taxes, get nearly one-half of the fund, said Henry W. Grady in his lats Beston speech. In the south are nego lawyers, teachers, editors, doctors and preachers, multiplying with the increasing shifty of their race to support them.

The profit closes switte is nearly workthing.

their race to support them. The right class spirit is nearly everything. The method of instruction may be poor, and there may be many things about the order and gradation that are imperfect, and yet if the teacher has the power to arouse in the pupils a spirit of inquiry, and a desire to learn what it is necessary for him to know, the pupils will make advancement and the results of the school will be good. But without the right spirit, it is impossible to make a good school however well it may appear to the visitor who cannot see below the surface.

Dimes for the Sisters.

Dimes for the Sisters.

Dimes for the Sisters.

Every Saturday afternoon, while a long line of burly longshoremen are waiting for their wages on the pler of the National line, two demure nuns in the typical black clothing sit near by patiently observing them, says the New York Sun. As each man receives his pay he steps up to the nuns and drops into the outstretched hand of one of them as mail sum of money. The weekly visits of the sisters are encouraged, and chairs are placed for them act they are made as comfortable as possible.

Superintendent Androws says that the Little Sisters of the Poor and the Sisters of Charity come on alternate weeks, and that scarcely one of the men, no matter what his religion is, fails to contribute a nickle or a dime for the sweet cause of charity. There are about 300 workmen on the peir, and the money received by the good sisters is agreat help to them in their good work of aiding the poor and ill.

An Absolute Cure.

The ORIGINAL ASSETINE OINTMENT is only put up to large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for all sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands and all skin eruptions. Will positively cure all rands of piles. Ask for the ORIGINAL ABJETINE OINT. MENT. Sold by Goodman Drug company at 25 cents per box—by mail 30 cents.

Continued from thirteenth page.

A College Dinner,
Mr. Robert Patrick and Mr. John Patrick
gave a college dinner Friday night at "Rappy
Hollow" to the young mon who are at present attending college and to some who are

Yale was represented by Mr. Will Donne Yale was represented by Mr. Will Doane Mr. Henry Bristow, Mr. Curits Tracer, Mr. Walter Proston, Mr. Fred Preston, Mr. Au gustus Kountes, Mr. Charles Kountes, Mr. George Morcer, Harvard by Mr. A. Wakoley, Mr. Charles Sauders, Mr. Arthur Smith Cerroll by Mr. A. Wakoley, Mr. Charles Sauders, Mr. Frank ir vine; Georgetows by Mr. C. Will Hamilton, Mr. Paidweil Homilton; Hobart by Mr. Arthur Guiou; Prince ton by Mr. Charles Wilson; Remisolene Dolystechnic institute by Mr. Paul Harbach. The round table was unmus and decidedly

Polytechnic institute by Mr. Paul Harbard The round table was unique and decided; attractive. Perrs and sarriet poinsette con altitude the center niece from which the va-rious college callers radiated to the guests to whom they did honor. The menu put to barther proof the incom-parable powers of the chief at "Happy Hol-low."

Too much praise cannot be given a host who does not offer wine to plang men, al-though in sight of his cellar's rich store one might indeed 'breather a benediction on the vines." For consequence, there we toasts but instead any amount of talk and good annealises all of which the dinner memorable and delightful.

A Dancing Party.
Miss Louis and Miss Alice Drake gave tharming dancing party Friday evening a the home of their parents, 524 Park avenue The little women in their dalpty nd the little men with their "tricks and heir manners" in the pretty rythmic steps by took would put many older folk to

they took would out many older folk to shame.

The music was sweet and inviting, the support delicious, and the whole affair as attractive as the ball circuit by the Three Royal Ito in Little Queen Anne.

Those present were: Muses Daiaio Colmeter, Luin Carter, Grace Alen, Ruth Cieveland, Ethel Morse, Florence Nore, May Morse, Sadie Baum, Marshall of Little, May Morse, Sadie Baum, Marshall of Little, Mellie Moore, Georgia Chapman, Madeline Chapman, Hattle Cary, Annie Shterrick, Louise Squires, Bessel, Hulbert, Butter, Gunn, Clark, House Thilden, Ed Syole, Derick Sweet, Hulbert, Holen, Ed Syole, Derick Sweet, Mark Marshall Starp and Greechen Counter, Herbert Morse, Sam Morse, George Easson, Bert Raymond, Charlie Pratt, Louise Pratt, Asa. Shiverick, James Waltace, Dick Gray, J. W. Smith and Ross Towle.

A High Five Party

High-five cortainly obtains in Omaha this winter as the chosen game of cards, with many pleasant evenings resulting, not mention the actual gain of the players There is one fortunate young lady a capital player to be sure, but a tremend

brief-a-brack consists of souvenirs from the various begin-free parties she has attended. On Friday evening Miss assais Milhard gave a charming high-flee party with lifteen tables of interested players. The sourcears were pretty little affairs shaped like the various spats on the cards of the deck with "High-Flye" in dainly silver lettering on the reverse sides that the state of the coloral rathers were chosen by the little colored rabbons that tied them and the game was

progressive.
Miss Balcombe carried away the capital

prize.

Miss Ijams the second and Miss Ida Sharp the thred.

Mr. W. Wyman secured the first prize for the men and Mr. Bostwick the second.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Rollina, Miss Coleburn, Miss Yost, Miss Balcombo, Miss Richardson, Miss Hamilton, the Misses Walcoy, Miss Hamilton, the Misses Walcoy, Miss Hamilton, the Misses Walcoy, Miss Kimbull, Miss Florence Kimbull of Salt Lake, Miss Bruno, Miss Dundy, Miss Luna Dundy, Miss Bran, Miss Gash, Miss Lond Dundy, Miss Hongland, Miss Lond Dundy, Miss Hangland, Miss Laura Boagland, Miss Shery, Miss Hongland, Miss Laura Hoagland, Miss Sherwood, Miss Hanscom, Miss Chase, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Wakeley, Mr. Roswitz, Mr. Share, Mr. Garlisch, Mr. Al Patrick, Mr. Collins, Mr. Sherwood, Mr. Wilber, Mr. Wyman, Mr. Drake, Mr. Coughin, Mr. Bishop, Dr. Summers and Dr. Wilcox.

The women were for the most part in denit tollette, although there were two or three gowns quite decollata. At 11 o'clock supper was served, everything toothsome and delicious with the appointments charming and perfect services.

A Pleasant Birthday.
On New Year's night a number of friends assembled at the residence of Mr. Max Morris, No. 2009 Douglas street, the occasion ing their host's forty-fourth birthday

The evening was pleasantly spont with numer, recitations and dancing, and about 12 o'clock supper was served. Speeches were made and tousts were offered by Mr. Goetz, made and toasts were offered by Mr. Goetz, Mr. Cohen, Mr. Baer, Mr. Heyman, Mr. Gaur, Mr. Rosenberg and others, all of which were responded to by the host in a pleasing manner.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. and Mrs. Mr. and Mrs. E. Ganz, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ganz, Mr. and Mrs. B. Rehelel, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ganz, Mr. and Mrs. B. Rehelel, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Baer, the Misses Levy, Morris and Messrs Cohen, Hayman, James Goetz, Morris and many others.

In the wee sma' hours the party dispersed, wishing Mr. Morris many years of health and happiness with the coming together of the same friends each succeeding year.

Social Gossip.

Mrs. McClintock will entertain her sister, Mrs. Brook, during the coming week. Miss Florence Kimball of Salt Lake city is visiting Mrs. Fred McConnell on west Davenburt street.

Davenport street.

Miss Yates and Miss Bessie Yates will-leave witble a few days for a visit to Mrs.

Manderson in Washington.

The trusieses of the Courrespational church presented the Roy. Joseph T. Duryes, on the occasion of his wording, with drawing room furniture to the amount of \$252.

The Knights of the Golden Earle will give

The Knights of the Golden Eagle will give a grand bail at the G. A. R. hall Friday evening January 10. It is the fourth of their series and from the number of tickets sold and the efforts using made by the committee in charge promises to be a triumphant success. The Earle Too Much for Them.

The Earle Too Much for Them.

Messrs. White and Elder of Gridley,
Mont., wont hunting for an eagle's nest
in the Buttes. They found it on top of
the highest peak, and three little
eaglets were comfortably domiciled
therein. The mother bird was absent.
Elder took one of the little birds and
began the descent of the mountain.
Ere they had traversed two hundred
yards the old bird returned and assailed
them. White carried both of the
eaglets while Elder tried to keep off the
mother by throwing rocks at her. The
scheme worked very well for a while,
until the latter, instead of swooping
down at them, began picting up rocks
weighing from five to fifteen pounds
and letting them drop at them from an
elevation of Efty to seventy-five feet
when the daring sportsmen concluded
'twere better to quit, and dropped the
eaglets and fied from the scene.

Not Such of a Hero.

Not Much of a Hero.
Chicago Tribute: American Traveler (on his first visit to a European city)—Who is that man in the carriage that everybody's going to see?
Native (proudly)—That is the king.
American Traveler (disappointed)—Shucks! Is that all he is? I thought maybe he was some fellow that had just hung a jury.

Harry.—And, dearest, do you think of me all the day load! Dearest.—I did, Harry; but the days are getting forcer one, and of course—well, you know that must make some difference.

BURNING DRIFTWOOD,

O ships of mine, whose swift usels cleft. The enchanted sea on which they saded. A re these poor fragments only left. Of vain desires and hopes that failed!

Did I not watch from them the light Of sunset on my towers in Spain, And see, far off, unloom in sight, The Happy Isles I might not gain!

Did sudden lift of fog reveal Arcadia's vales of song and spring, And did I pass, with grasing keel, The rocks whereon the stress sing?

Have I not drifted hard upon The upmapped regions lost to man, The cloud-pitched tents of Prester Jo The paince domes of Kubia Kahn't

Did land winds blow from Jasmin flowers, Where Youth the agelous Fountain fills? Did Love make sign from rose blow bowers,
And Gold from Eldorado's hills!

Ains: the gallant ships that sailed On blind Adventure's errand sent, Howe'er they laid their courses, failed To reach the haves of content.

And of my ventures, these alone Which Leve had freighted safety sped, Seeking a good beyond my own, By clear eyed Duty piloted.

O mariners, hoping still to meet The luck Arabian voyagers met, And find in Bagdan's moonlit street Haroun al Raschid walking yet!

Take with you, on your Sea of Dreams, The fair, fond fancies dear to youth. I turn freem all that only secus. And seek the sober grounds of truth. What motter that it is not May,
That birds have flown, and trees are bare
That darker prows the shortening day,
And colder blows the wintry are;

The wrecks of passion and desire, The castles I no more rebuild, May this feed my driftwood fire, And warm the hands that age has chille

Whatever perished with my ships, I only know the best remains;

And holier signs, unmarked before, Of Love to seek and Power to save The righting of the wronged and poe The man evolving from the slave.

And life, no longer chance or fate, Safe in the gracious Fatherhood, I fold o'er-wearied hands and wait, In calm assurance of the good.

And well the waiting time must be, The brief or long its granted days, It Faith and Hope and Charity Sit by my evening hearth fire's blaze. And with them friends whom heaven has spared,
Whose love my heart has comforted.
And, sharing all my joys, has shared
My tender memories of the dead.

Doar souls who left us lonely here, Bound on their list, long voyage, to who We, day by day, are drawing near. Where every bark has sailing room.

I know the solemn monotone Of waters calling unto me: I know from whence the airs have blown That whisper of the Eternal Sca.

As low my fires of driftwood burn,
I bear that sen's deep sounds increase,
And, fair in sunset light, discers
Its mirage-lifted isles of Peace.
Joun Gheenlear Whitten,
Danvers, Mass.



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