THE BARRIERS OF ETIQUETTE

An Incident of Romantic Friendship Commencing with a Gift of Two Roses.

UGLY FEATURES OF CONVENTIONALITY

Grace Hines Moralizes on the Unwritten Edicts of Dame Grundy-Some Charming South American Beauties Feminine Facts and Fancies.

In a Farnam street car the other day sat two pretty girls side by side. They were evidently strangers, for they scrutinized each other after the usual feminine fashion. One of them were fastened to her fur cape

three beautiful pink roses. The other, a jolly, good looking damsel, with laughing blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, who was clad in a last year's jacket, cast such admiring glances at the pink roses that the wearer thereof detached two, and, holding them toward her neighbor, smilingly asked: "Do you like roses?"

"Oh! I adore them; thank you so much," was the happy reply, and then followed a rapid acquaintance, and when they left the car together at Fourteenth and Farnam they were chatting as gally as if they had known one another all their lives.

It was quite refreshing in this suspicious and cynical age to see their innocent mutual admiration. And I do not believe that evil will follow from that quickly formed friend-ship introduced by the gift of two roses. The rule prevailing in polite society not to recognize strangers without a proper in-troduction is no doubt a perfectly safe one

by which to guide the young. But deliver me from those stiff people who never upon any occasion venture from the beaten paths pointed out for them by conventional eti-quette, and lift their eyebrows in well-bred surprise if only a puzzled fellow mortal in-quire the direction of a street.

Have you never met upon the public throroughfare, or on the crowded street car, a kindly, familiar face, whose possessor you longed to know, and have guessed by a smile or glance of the eye that the attraction was mutual, as mutual as that of the magnet for the pole? And had you not been taught and drilled against the impulse, dreading to be considered rude or forward, would you not willingly have cast conventionality aside and entered into conversation, dispensing with a formal introduction, just as the pretty girl did who carried the roses? But etiquette forbade. Especially is it most stringent when the attraction is between the

opposite sex.
We are told that in the beautiful city of Prague if a young man meets a strange lady walking alone he may, if so inclined, with

her permission, accompany her to her door and no offense.

It cannot be gainsaid that such freedom would never do in our large cities, nor should we rail against the wisdom of those social, or rather unsocial laws which no doubt often protect the innocent from imposters and which insist that strangers should be re-

which insist that strangers should be regarded with indifference until presented by some person already known.

But in that, as in all other matters, a happy medium can be adopted, and people of fair judgment may trust as a safe guide

good common sense.

It is but indicative of a suspicious nature to carry an absurd reserve too far. There are those who forget that all men are brothers, all women sisters and all people members of one great human family. It is the unexpected pleasant things that

make upon our lives the deepest impres-sions, and the most delightful and lasting friendships are sometimes formed by chance Friendship—was ever word more abused more misapplied, more often used as a clock to hide the secret sting or thought, unkind or covert words that tell against fair fame? To these truths we can all bear witness, for not a man or woman lives who has not felt the sharp, deep cut of the knife deceit held by the thrice cruel hand whose outward seeming above the smiling guise of friend-

But like philosophers we should endure those trials patiently, for our lives would hardly be worth living if we went moping suspecting every human being of treason and deceit on account of the few who failed to prove "true blue."

Poor philosophy it would be to refuse to eat apples because we had found one rotten if the core, or forever decline to smell the tragrance of a rose because the last one we inhaled shook from its dainty, perfumed petals a poisonous insect. Or saut our eyes upon the glorious sunshine today, because Better by far to be deceived time without number than to miss the gain of one sin cerely honest friend, and for the want of i allow one's heart to shrivel like a dried

Human nature is much the same in all ages and in every clime, and friendship as generous as that told in the beautiful story about David and Jonathan has lived ove and over again, and we might daily observe it enacted around us, if we would but open wide our selfish eyes and see things not "as through a glass darkly." I, for one, protest are the best." Why should that be true! Are there not as good fish in the sea as wer ever caught out. Then who will be so stupid as to claim we shall not find new friends as worthy as the old? Narrow, indeed must be the mind which cannot, while fully appre ciating the value of friends already gained admit within its circle a new one now and

No life should be complete without its "resary of friends" to be "told" over again and again with increased delight, seeing not the flaws which even the purest diamond may possess, but loving each one for that particular charm which won a place in our esteem

The manifold charms of the Portenas, as the native ladies of Argentina are called have been celebrated in song and story, and la truth many of them are remarkably fine looking—of the same style of beauty that prevails in Cadiz and Seville, with possibly little more of the Moorish feature and less of brilliant coloring. A wonderful beautifier of the Latin race is a slight mixture of Saxon blood, particularly that of the Irish, as noticed in Chill, Lima and Montevideo, where some of the loveliest women in the world are found, writes Fanny Ward to the Chicago Inter Ocean. The very word picture of an Argentine girl that have seen, true to life, though rather flowery Imagine a brunette of 15 or 16, developed

to a precocicus maturity, an erect figure of medium height but splendidly proportioned, with a bust that would make Lord Lytton's flat-chested heroines green with envy, proud and graceful carriage, a face of per-fect oval, spotless complexion, with a slight tinge of creoic blood that imparts to the cheeks the hue of a damask rose. The eyes long silken lashes and overarched by brows which, with the "night of her hair," make the white forehead look like alabaster, small and delicately chiseled nostrils that dilate nervously at every inspiration, teeth so white and regular that to eatch a glimpse of them through the arch of a smile is to wonder at nature's perfection—the only fault of the beautiful face the sensuous lines that surround the full red lips, symbols passionate nature. Imagine this face in its frame of soft black hair, surmounted by a white hat of the most coquettish fashion on which real flowers repose and living fireflies gleam, and that lithesome figure tired in a dress of some soft texture and delicate tint and of a fashion known only to the Worths of Paris and Madrid, with the sparkle of a diamond here and there or glimmer of dull gold, and imagine the whole being instinct with the grace and vivacity youth, and you have the complete portrait of an Argentine girl.

But, with all these charms that dazzle the eye and captivate admiration, there seems to be something lacking on closer acquaintance—perhaps because the voluptuous style does not appeal to the soul like the more spiritual beauty of the Saxon maiden—that where the senses only are fed they be satiated after a time, like one on a steady diet of sweets. Unfortunately, these charming creatures are universally addicted to the rougepot and powder-puff to such an extent that the real woman appears to be in total eclipse under drifts of white and dabs of red. And, as with the gentler sex in all southern countries,

the Portena's golden age is between the years of 15 and 17. At 25, or sooner if married, she is quite passe and metaphori-cally laid upon the shelf. A tendency to corpulence is encouraged by indolent habits and excessive indulgence in the fleshpots, and at middle age many of them have deand at middle age many of them have de-veloped hiraute appendages that are the envy of beardless youths. The standard tests of a "fine woman" in Argentina seems to be in her weight, and, Judged by the criterion of pounds avoirdupois, the country abounds in extraordinarily fine specimens. And then that subtle charm, the voice! As the majority of my country-women are afflicted with thin, high-pitched tones that somehow remind one of a cracked bell-owing in part to the climate and partly to lack of chest development— the voices of Argentine ladies are mostly discordant and rasping. It is the same way with the men, and, notwithstanding their native eloquence, it is almost painful to listen to some of

them, a rich and manly voice being as rare as a sweet-toned female one. Fancy a burly senator delivering his flery speech in the squesking tones of a child, or a delicate young woman emitting the harsh tones of a buzz saw! The ruling passion of the Argen-tine girl is music, and the acme of her ambition a piano, a string of lovers, and a smattering of the French language, in pursuit of which coveted objects she is zealous and persistent. There are many very fair musicians and linguists among them, and no lack of excellent professors to teach them.

It is doubtful if the world will ever read another new novel from the pen of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Not that her creative and fertile brain lacks the strong vitality of and fertile brain lacks the strong vitality of invention and theme, but when a record of cighty novels is considered, the crowning honor of seventy-four years gives right to claim rest and respite. Mrs. Southworth says the Washington Post, passed her 74th birthday quietly at her charming home. Prospect Cottage, in Georgetown, on the 26th of December, and to the congratulations of her loving friends can add a return of better. of December, and to the congratulations of her loving friends can add a return of better health than has been hers for the past two years. There, attended by her son, Dr. Southworth, and his charmag wife, the ven-erable novelist lives out her pleasant days, with miles of the bright Potomac at her feet, and a dally picture, which no human hand can equal, of the golden sun setting behind the gray Virginia hills. It is a home in which she lives—no room which does not bear the clear wrought signs of daily life, no window from whose clear eyes some human eve does not daily gaze. For the first time in two years Mrs. South-worth consented to greet an interviewer. A

strong, pure face presents itself. The placid brow shows more the lines of thought than those of age. The face still preserves the contours which mark the portraits of her most productive age, when from her pen two long and powerful novels flowed yearly. No one can question Mrs. Southworth's literary ability. Her novels bore strongly the im-press of a period of romanticism. The higher standards of literary criticism have brought a deeper ideal of character study, but for the million and not for the thousand did Mrs. Southworth write. Hers were the novels of heir need and ideals. It is doubtful if there is today a living writer of novels whose works have been read by as many people as hers, no, not even excepting Zola, who has gained notoriety and circulation through pru-riency, while Mrs. Southworth has never written a line which offends the eye of purity. Eighty novels, not one of them dull or hackneyed, not one of them without special merit of ingenious plot and circum-stance, dramatic in intensity, and many of them so true to the life which they portray as to receive the value of historical novels, so thinly disguised are the people whose lives are inwrought. No other writer has more truly written of certain types of southern life, where women were and are romanic, and where men were and are chivalrous, brave and impetuous.

An American woman who is married to an English squire of high degree tells in the New York Tribune the following funny story of the fate of half a dozen canvasback ducks which she had sent to England as a present to her mother-in-law. The latter was an excellent housekeeper and pro-fessed to be anxious to taste the renowned transatiantic dainty which she heard so extravagantly praised. Carefully packed in ice, the game arrived in good condition, and Lady M—, the recipient, invited a couple of friends to partake of the much

vaunted delicacy.
"Fancy my feelings," said the pretty American, describing the affair afterward "when a pair of ducks were brought to the table done to death and stuffed with onions sage and potatoes, while my father-in-law carefully carving up the entire bird-legs wings and all-distributed the portions to I could have shed tears And the climax was reached when, after enduring disappointed and disapproving looks on the part of the guests, my bills-mere remarked: "I must say, Margaret, that I rather prefer our English duckling to your canvasbacks.' I could not tell her that it was the atrocious cooking and stupid carving that had spoiled the chief of al However, the ducks were there and had to be disposed of, and the next day canvasbacks en salmi, while were actually ended up in a pie! It is needless to relate the mortification I suf fered or the vows I made never again to ntroduce American dainties to

Lady Carew was known previous to her marriage as the beautiful Julia Lethbridge says the New York Journal, and is infinitely more popular and more charming in ever han her diminutive husband. nothwithstanding his titles and estates, she was considered to have rather thrown self away when she married him in 1888 Lady Carew found a warm admirer in the late Duke of Clarence, who on several oc casions visited her at Woodstown, her place brought to a somewhat sudden and disa grecable close by a gross piece of discour-tesy on the part of Lord Carew toward the duke. At the conclusion of a meet the duke had ridden back to Lord Carew's house chatting with the daughter of a barone who lived in the neighborhood. On reaching the door he invited her to dismount and to stay to lunch. She had scarcely entered th hall when she was met by little Lord Carew who informed her that he greatly regretted that he could not enjoy her company at his house on that day, a piece of rudeness which took the prince so aback that he permitted the young lady to depart without uttering a her behalf. He himself left house the same day deeply offended. Lady Carew's husband subjected himself to good deal of ridicule a couple of years ago when he invoked the protection of the courts defend him against the attentions of elderly and unattractive spinster named Miss Flynn, who had become violently enamored of the small peer.

writer for the New Orleans Picayune the other night at the play, "that I get to go to the theater more than any woman of my ac quaintance, means being equal. You see it's this way. One night John wanted me to go to the play, and, of course, I accepted, for learly love the play. After the theater was over John was steering me straight for the restaurant. 'No, John,' said I firmly, 'we can't afford it. The play was treat enough. Let's be sensible; we had a good dinner, and we are not starving."

'Oh, hang the expense,' said Mr. John We might as well round off with a bit of supper.' But I wouldn't; as John says, 'I stood pat.' We went on home, and my man wasn't in the best of humors, for when man is hungry he doesn't think much of th virtue of economy. In fact, he said, by my pigheadedness I'd speiled all the evening, and he'd 'be ding squizzled' (whatever that may mean) if he'd take me out again in a hurry. I kept my temper, as I was grateful for having seen so beautiful a play as 'Old Homestead,' and said nothing. Well, when open with a bang, and there in the middle of the floor was my sewing table with as dainty a lunch as one could wish. We had had a leg of mutton for dinner and I had shredded some of it, chopped up a couple of shallots fine and added two cold potatoes cut into dice, and covered the whole with mayon naise. Then there were a few olives and some dainty slices of bread and butter and bottled beer. All on a white cloth with chairs brawn up, and as cozy as could be John was simply delighted. Since then he often asks me to go to the theater, for he says he can stick me for a supper that tastes better than any hot bird and cold bet-

tle that he could order down town." The centlemanly girl is the spice of mer-

their beauty wases at an early age. While chant tailoring. She is as natty as a dude, women of colder climates and calmer temperatures are at their prime at 35 or 40, captivating, her efforts to be businesslike are most amusing, and if tailors don't make any money out of her custom they never lose a dollar. Between seasons she goes to have her clothes "busheled," and then the tailor sees her best and feminine side. The lining of her dainty little vest is stained with scent, the odor is faint and fluctuating, but as fast as the dye in the cloth, and it affects the tailor who tightens the buttons and presses the collar like chloroform. During these visits the fashion plates are scanned with interest. But you can't show her a ladies' journal. She positively objects her a ladies' journal. She positively objects to the suggestion. Every ultra-swell outfitting firm has a ladies' department, where the tallor-made dresses are ordered, but when a gentlemanly girl goes there to give an order she prefers to look over the cloth in the men's department before going upstairs. There is never a piece of material downstairs suitable for a dress and the attendants tell suitable for a dress, and the attendants tell her so, but seeing is believing, and she has her own way. Aside from having the style that is indispensable to wear a regular man's vest or cutaway coat, she is consistent. She doesn't attempt to combine milliner's lace and earrings with English melton or a box doth top coat, and there is where her suc-

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is always having "experiences." Here are a few of them, printed by the New York Recorder. The other day she went into Macy's book department, approached a young woman who was chewing gum assiduously, and asked for "The Pace That Kills." "You'll find it over on the insect powder counter," cried

Years ago, in the beginning of her career Mrs. Wilcox wrote a poem She had written a great many poems, but this particular poem had a history. She sent it to an editor; he rejected it. She sent it to another; he too, was cold. But she kept on sending it, but it came back many times. until it looked jaded from its wanderings and faded from inappreciation. Finally its appearance became so disreputable that on one of its returns it bore the following legend: "This poem is dead. Better bury it." The ire of Mrs. Wilcox was aroused. The next day she went down to the sanctum where the manuscript had last reposed, pre-pared to ask what the editor meant by writing such an inscription on her verses. Unfortunately the man was out, but his wife, who happened to be there, declared he had never written the horrid words, and hinted darkly at the office boy's guilt. Mrs Wilcox retired, balked but unconvinced. Once again she sent the poem into the world. A few days later, to her great joy, she received a check for it. She sat down forthwith and to the editor whom she still suspected of having made that odious re-mark she wrote: "I have buried it. I got \$75 for the corpse."

About this time Mrs. Wilcox sent another poem to the St. Nicholas. It was accepted and paid for. Long years she waited to see it in print, but it didn't appear. She went on writing, made a reputation for herself, got married. But that poem haunted her. Finally, in despair, she wrote to the edi-tor: "Several years ago you accepted a or: "Several years ago you accepted a poem of mine which I sent under my maider Since then I've married, and when you publish the poem I want it to appear under my present name, so that my grandchildren may know I wrote it." The poem appeared in the next number of the maga-

Feminine Notes.

In Thibet a woman is entitled to three nusbands. In Melbourne a man may secure a divorce if his wife gets drunk three imes, or if she habitually neglects her ousehold duties.

It was a man governor who said recently in a lecture, after describing the power of Joseph Jefferson to amuse: "I would rather possess the power to remove dull care than to be president of the United States, afflicted with the Sherman law and disappointed with two girl babies.'

Among all the industries for woman's labor corset making is about the best. There is work the entire year, it is clean and comparatively light and a skilled operator can make \$1.50 a day whenever she likes. It is not difficult to earn \$1.25 a day on the cheap goods; fine work will pay a girl \$2 a day the year round.

The pioneer and great organizer of the campaign for woman's rights in France, Mme. Maria Deraismes, is now stricken down with illness, but she has a devoted band of disciples, who have lately issued a spirited address, which appears on the walls of Paris, and in which they claim for the French woman the right to dispose of the fruit of her labor without male interference.

Mrs. Helen Campbell has issued a new s based on the series of articles on that subject contributed to the Arena last year. Mrs. Campbell has entered into an almost unknown field. She has carefully compiled her long experience in industrial affairs and ner deep sympathy with women Wage earners specially qualify her for the work.

The women of Colorado are beginning to nroll themselves in "partisan clubs" support of the various existing political orranizations in preference to taking a separ ate political attitude as women, all of which is as it should be, for the object of woman uffrage should be to abolish the sex line in politics altogether, and to convert exclusive rganizations of men alone or of women alon nto co-operative associations of men and

No overworked professional man or college don looks forward more eagerly to an autumn holiday among the Alps than does Queen Margherita, who delights to don the dcturesque costume of the women of the Val de Lys and to linger after the frosty utumn nights have driven away less hardy The beloved Italian queen is de scribed as taking part in a recent "ice expe-dition" to the summit of the Vincent Pyramide and camping out amid snow and ice.

Fashion Notes. The crab, although not a thing of beauty, igures among fancy jewelry. Soft beautifully dyed Fayetta and camel's nair fabrics are made for dressy afternoon

Brocades, it is said on good authority, are be in small designs, chiefly with flecks

The hair is being dressed very simply just low, even on full dress occasions, and ornanents are important. Pink rosebuds on white is one of the sc patterns; blue Nepatica and purple

hrysanthemums are stylish. The newest idea in table decorations is to natch the color of the flowers in the recepacles provided for them. Small diamonds are never used to more

dvantage than in the dainty flowervreathed brooches that are in vogue. The new gem-set dagger-like ornaments serve the purpose of hairpins, being at the ame time much more ornamental.

Spangles of all kinds and colors seem to have hypnotized everybody, and the latest are fashioned in aluminum, and are as light Glossy supple-faced cloths in medium and

ight shades are growing in favor for handgowns worn on occasions when semidress is required. A black hat trimmed with plumes may be brightened with a bow or rosette or pink, blue or yellow ribbon, and will look quite launty with the addition.

The very popular surplice or serpentine waists are now made with collarettes, spreading shoulder-frills and mutton-leg leeves edged with embroidery. Long, graceful French polonaises of cloth

open up the front or at the left side, are completed by skirts of repped silk with deeves and vests of the same. Among the cotton fabrics none is prettier han dotted Swiss. Insertions and frills of Valenciennes lace are used on gowns made of this diaphanous goods,

The most modish design for buckles, whother intended to clasp belt or garter, is coiled serpent of lustreless gold, with a ruby or sapphire in its flat head. One of the vivid reds is geranium, which of almost dazzling brightness. None but with a pale olive complexion

should be reckless enough to wear this

Among the delicately colored fancy woolns are crepe bareges embroidered with dots and geometrical figures, and cordurette creions in all the lovely evening shades. A lesson which might with advantage be learned is to read old prints-pictures of fashions in the days of the Stuarts. There were then a number of quaint modes whose excellence time never has withered.

SOMETHING TO PONDER OVER

New Style Puzzle on Which You Can While Away Some Idle Moments.

BOTH OLD AND YOUNG CAN MAKE GUESSES

An Excellent Opportunity to Make a Few Doltars in Cash by a Little Brain Labor-The Knight's Move in Chess.

It is a great mistake to suppose, as many do, that Boys' and Girls' Departments of great newspapers are read only by boys and girls. They are read by every member of the family, as a rule. So are the juvenile journals-Harper's Young People for instance. Here is a new style puzzle, the principal point of which turns on the Knight's Move in chess. This move is, you remember, one square up, down, right or left-but never diagonally-and then two squares at right angles to the first part of the move; or, two squares up, down, right or left, and then one spuare in any direction at right angle to the first part of the move. But there are other questions in the puz-

Answers to them may be found in most books of reference. The riddles are, of course, to be guessed. The verse which so puzzled the crazed knight is to be written out in full. Anybody, of any age, may try making the knight's move on the great chess his hand at solving the puzzles, and answers board, of which the following is a diamust be mailed, not to us, but Harper's gram: (13)

house of refreshment with its name—"The Castle"—emblazoned on the sign board.

In the rear of the house was the "chess board," a buge space, the size of a dozen tennis courts, combined, accurately divided into alternate squares of turf and hard yellow sand, and in the center of each square was a word or part of a word, engraved on a metar plate imbedded in the ground. Thus a metal plate imbedded in the ground. Thus I noticed "king," "queen," "castle," "pawn," and other words, all referring to the game of chess, but without any apparent connection with one another. The mystery was ex-plained, however, when I read the following notice affixed to a post near by:

"This puncle may be read by making the 'Anight's move,' touchtric every square of the chess board in its proper order. There are sixty-four syllables forming a verse of eight, lines, each line composed of eight

"Truly," said I, "It would seem to require the lvory tube of Prince Ali (11) to enable one to see clearly into this, but perhaps it is not so difficult as it appears. You cannot rest while I study this problem?" asked I, seeing the knight begin to tremble. "Then solve this riddle of mine, while I try to solve

et the famile of the second of

Never so hard he comes not thence alive." (12) I selzed the bridle of the horse and began

lawn	you	try	come	pleas-	would	on	of
your	for-	-ant	have	-tune	chess	-tle's	queer
guess	come	for-	your	go	the	game	here
-ward	put	but	if	your	love	and	cas-
choose	this	pay	and	goods	Come	right	the
to	bish-	you	fine	who	knight	-ing	king
most	if i	squire	in	plex-	should	all	-zle
-ор	pawn	per-	you	and	puz-	your	lose

Young People, Franklin Spuare, New York | I leaped like Cheeshahteaumuck (14) in on City, previous to March 15, 1894, putting in the lower left hand corner of your envelope the words, "Round Table."

Do not write out the text, but send an-

swers by numbers, in every case as briefly as possible. Put your name at the top of your first sheet of answers and fasten your sheets together. Harper's Young People of-fers a first prize of \$20 for the most correct fers a first prize of \$20 for the most correct answers to all the questions, \$10 to the sec-ond, \$5 to the third and \$1 each to the next ten. All prizes are cash. Correct answers, with names of prize winners, will be pub-lished by The Bee at as early a date as pos-sible after the close of the contest. Here is the nuzzle: is the puzzle:

THE HOPPING KNIGHT. My wanderings have led me through the inglish Pale (1), the site of the prehistoric

ther parts of Great Britain, I crossed the channel to the continent of Europe and con-tinued my journey through many strange countries on foot. One morning, on emergntirely lost my bearings. heard a voice singing the following song: 'A noble company are we, you know us well by

sight,
Some schoolboys treat us hatefully,
But wise men greet us gratefully,
They recognize our might.
"Our captain leads us onward, behold him
proudly stand,
His feet are firmly planted within our native

Now tell me, who's our captain? and tell me, who are we?

To every bright young puzzler it's plain as plain can be" (4).

I looked to the left and beheld a strange

apparition, a knight in full armor—helmet, corselet and shield, complete— while the noble steed he rode was as well protected some joust or tourney of bygone days. two formed a perfect silhouette (5) against the sky. As he approached me I saw that the face of the knight was melancholy 'knight of the rueful countenance" (6), but

is voice was cheerful. 'Good morning, fair sir! You behold before you the Mighty Tottipottimoy (7). You are right welcome to our Land of Puzzles." 'Many thanks, your High Mightiness," would gladly know the meaning of it.' "Oh, that is a puzzle. It is all a puzzle nere, and the chess-board is the worst of the Haply you play at chess, good sir?"

"Then come with me," said he, "and as we journey I will relate my gloomy tale. In yon castle now faintly visible once dwelt the ruler (8) who played chess with living fig-He designed the chess-board puzzle and left it as a 'heritage of woe' to the inhabitants of Puzzle Land. loved the fair princess, his niece, and he ordered me to solve the puzzle before daring to sue for the lady's hand. I began the task It is like the labor of Sisyphus I always find myself as far from the accomplishment of my design as I was in the beginning. The lady became tired of waiting and left the country, and I have heard that like Britomart (10) she has spent her life in wandering from land to land. have never beheld her since. The king died long ago, but his cruel decree still holds. I am doomed to leap about the chess board for six hours every day of my wretched life until I have guessed the puzzle. The irreverent peasantry have named me 'The Hopping Knight.' But here is the castle,

CONNURIALITIES.

I looked and saw nothing but a modest

and yonder is the chess board.

A groom of 50 led to the altar a blushing bride of 15 in Richmond, Ky., recently. When marriage is a failure the chief bankrupt usually puts it all in his wife's

name. San Francisco has the greatest proportion of divorces to marriages of any city in the world. For every 10,000 marriages there are 2.233 divorces.

"Do you care, dear" inquired Mrs. Lovelly, marry again when you are dead and ?" "Of course not," responded Mr. L.; I am sure I can stand it if the other fello An Oklahoma boomer, who eloped with a 17-year-old girl from Findlay, O., was

yanked into court on the charge of deser-tion and a verdict for \$15,000 damages Rev. Alfred W. Anson of Martinaville, Va. ho was recently married to Miss M. Greene, is the son of the canon of Wind-

sor, chaplain of Queen Victoria at the royal residence, Windsor Castle. The man who jokes his wife about the girl be is going to marry for a second wife generally gets mad when she retaliates some day by joking him about the man she is going to marry for a second husband.

A Widowers' association has been formed in Dreaden. No man can foin unless his wife is dead, and if he marries again he becomes an honorary member only. One of the chief purposes of the association is Old Lady (to niece who is portloniess)—

of his native dances. After a few false moves I began to see my way more clearly, and not more than an hour had clapsed when we had completely mastered the puzzle. The poor knight's gratitude knew no bounds. and flinging himself at my feet he poured forth his thanks: "How can I thank you, my benefactor? For years this puzzle has been on my mind, gnawing at my brain as the golden dog of Quebec (15) gnaws his bone, without cessation." "It is not such a difficult puzzle after all," I answered, "if one but starts right. It is not a Franken-stein's Monster." (16) We seated ourselves and the knight called, "What ho, there! bring wine, the puzzle is guessed, guessed, guessed!" A girl, somewhat the size and shape of Gwenny Carfax (17) appeared, bringing wine. "Oh, the poor gentleman!" she said to me, aside: "when my father built the chess board and composed the rhymr as a source of amusement for our guests but never did he imagine that it would addle any one's wits. Hark to this song." knight was now chanting in a monotonous

fellow was riding upon his "A fellow was rights upon his When a boy with a bean shooter shot at his — He fell off and squirmed in the road like an — Oh, what a bad boy is he." (18) "What means your song, sir knight," I

"That is another puzzle,"he answered "Find the word to fill the first blank; take off the first letter and leave a word for the second blank, and still another by the same process for the third, and there you are Here is the next verse:
"Of bad language he uttered a very good -

"Of bad language he uttered a very good — But the boy had 'scooted' away like a — Just wait till I catch him, I'll show him Some fellows as clever as he!" (19)

"I told you this was Puzzle Land, you know," he said. "In my checkered career, he continued, with a smile at his own feeble toke. "I have had much time to ponder these is guessed, thanks to you. I intend to leave this country and travel. Whence come you, good friend? From America? Ah, I thought so! 'Westward the star of empire are very clever in America: Brother Jona than (21) is always ahead. I want to visi your country. I would like to meet the Her mit of Goat Island (22), and many other strange personages. Did you ever meet Flood Ireson?" (23) "Oh, no," I answered. "Was he a locofoco (24) or a Barnburner?" (25 "Indeed, I think he was neither," said I much amused. "Well, I would see all strange people and places—the Cardiff Giant (26), the place where stood Herne's Oak (27), the home of Ginevra (28), and a for the Sick Man of the East (29), I would give him such a dose of the Aqua Tofana (30) (31),and as if he were in the great Bed of Ware (32); and I can assure you I would n care a rap (33) when I came home again You have made out a sort of Omnibus Bill you success in carrying out your plans. With a grasp of the hand he mounted his steed and passed out of sight, singing as he went:

"Although I'm often hungry,
My First is sometimes poor,
Perchance the lim provides me,
Perchance the cottage door.
My Second gives me water,
And as I Am my Second,
I never needs a doctor's care.
(Most fortunate I'm reckoned.)
My Whole oft brings a beurtsche,
To breath it makes me sail;
But if I've been a bore to you,
To say it you'll be glad." (35)

How is it, my dear, that you have never kindled a flame in the bosom of a man Niece-the reason, dear aunt, is, as you well know, that I am not a good match.
to help newly-made widowers by looking their wives' funerals and caring for their children.

morning to a fashionable residence on Madison avenue, New York, to relieve a young lady who was speechless and hystercal, pulled a set of six upper false teeth out of her throat. She is a bride of a few weeks, and her husband's look of amazement wed plainly that he was unaware that she

Judge Bellinger of the United States district court of Oregon has decided, in the case of a Chinese woman who desired to land to join her husband whom she had never en, that a betruthal at the age of 2 years and a marriage six months age by sewing to-gether two cards on which the particulars of the engagement had been written, was a valid marriage according to the laws of China, and must be recognized by the United

It is said that M. Constant Coquelin is one of the richest actors in France. He is said to have a fortune of 4,000,000 france. Besides his income paying investments he has nearly 1,000,000 francs invested in fathe Arc de Triomphe in Paris.

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E shall have all of this week a line of these \$10 and \$12 dollar suits that we have been showing, which are the cheapest for the price that have ever been shown in Omaha.

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Remember the place.

Continental Clothing

15TH AND DOUGLAS STS.

MUSSER'S PLEA FOR LABOR

What an Eight-Hour Day Would Mean for the Toiling Masses.

ADVANCE CIVILIZATION WOULD

He Thinks Judge Caldwell's Words Have Placed Labor Organizations a Long Step in Advance - News from the General Field of Industry.

The good advice and personal efforts of Mr. W. B. Musser of this city have been greatly missed in organized labor circles of late from the fact that, on account of sickness, he has been scarcely able to leave his residence since last September. For several years Mr. Musser has been one of the leading spirits in advocating unionism and an eight-hour day, and with the experience of years of service as a union carpenter he is considered by those who know him best a good authority upon all matters pertaining to labor. About six years ago Mr. Musser was chosen by President Samuel Gompers of the American Federation of Labor as one of his organizers for the state of Nebraska, and his faithful service in the capacity of organizer has won for him a place in the hearts of Nebraska's union men that he will hold for many years. His friends in other states, not knowing of his affliction, still keep sending him letters and inquiries regarding the labor movement and in company with a reporter of The Bee his mail for the week was looked over to see

to the public. "There," said Mr. Musser, "is a letter rom Theodore Birk, the national secretary of the Waiters National union. Please read and see what he wants

what might be contained therein of interest

The letter was read and upon Mr. Musser's new union of waiters organized in Omaha a short time ago and asked several questions of considerable importance to the parties in-A letter was also read from President

Samuel Gompers, in which he stated that commencing with this month the American Federation of Labor would publish a monthly magazine entitled the American Federa-tionist and that the price would be 50 cents per year. Several blanks for subscribers were sent with the letter and Mr. Musser wants the local workers to call at his house and get the blanks and do what they can t and get the blanks and do what they can by get up subscription lists, as he says this will be a great labor paper that will advocate eight hour's per day and many other re-forms that laboring people are demanding. Accompanying the letter was a circular an-nouncing the titles of a dozen or more books upon the labor problem written by well known authors, that are now kent for sale known authors, that are now kept for said at the headquarters of the American Feder-

tion of Labor. Mr. Musser considers this a great step forward and says that nothing will educate the people faster than the reading of litera-ture upon the labor question written by men who thoroughly understand the proble Several other letters of minor importance ere read and answered, and a general talk

pon the labor question was entered into "I do not know when I ever read any-thing that made me feel so good as when I read about Judge Caldwell's action, in The Bee. I consider that one of the greatest events that has ever happened in the interest of the working people. I helicve hat they are at it, the employes should force the eight-hour law governing govern in particular that they should guard against and that is to not allow any petty jealousies or differences of opinion upon other sub-jects to interfere with the proper discharge of their duties to one another regarding the

main question at issue. AN IMPORTANT MOVEMENT.

"The eight-hour question is certainly one the greatest questions before the people, and if that point can be gained by the work-ing people they will have more time to afully economic and other questions of great im-portance to society. There is nothing new or novel in the proposition for a general reduction of the hours of labor It introduces no new principles or theories into society. It proposes no arbitrary in-terference with economic and social relations. It will not disturb any existing in-terests nor change the relation of buyers to sellers or laborers to employers. In fact, it would not in any way arbitrarily disturb existing economic and social relations. All it asks for is that the laborer shall have leisure that the development of his mind may be in pace with the productive power of labor and that he may be enabled to enjoy the pleasures of a comfortable and cultured home. This proposition has been periodically discussed for more than three-This proposition has been quarters of a century. The characteristic feature of the controversy is that the measure has always been favored by the labor-ing classes and their sympathizers and op-

posed by the so-called statesmen, economists and employers. "The opposition, however, is not, as is commonly assumed, all due to selfishness on the part of the employing class. The average employer is not more unsympa-thetic and indifferent to the welfare of society than is any other citizen. There is nothing in the mere fact of being an employer of labor which necessarily destroys one's interest in the social well-being of others. The opposition of the employing class to this measure is not so much from an aversion to improving the laborer's condition as from a misconception of their economic relations to the community, and especially to the laboring classes. Nor are they responsible for this misconception any more than other citizens but it is due mainly to the false teachings of political economy. The lessening of the hours economy, The lessening of labor would bring consumption, a vaster display of productive activity, a higher intellectual and moral developmnet of the toller

wider demand more artistic products of our and workshops. It would stimulate inventive genius, develop better and grander civilization and bring about an almost fabulous increase of national property and wealth. The general struggle for a reduction of the hours labor is a struggle for a better civilization, a struggle for work for willing bands who should be employed.
"Relieve the poor drudge in the mine and

factory from his long hours of toil and put many of those who can find nothing to do to work and they will at once be raised in the social scale. Eight hours per day should and I hope soon will become firmly fixed as general custom hardened into national

Union printers have won a strike at_ In Russia factory hands work from 5 a. m. to 8 p. m.

There are 5,000 idle granite cutters in New York City. A central labor union has been organized at Winnipeg. Three thousand women in Paris belong to labor unions.

Omaha carpenters will hereafter work A tin plate plant is to be established at Elwood, Ind. All union brewers are taxed 10 cents for

the St. Louis strikers.

Union machinists of Chattanooga favor government ownership of telegraphs. Retail butchers at Denver have refused to Eight hundred dollars was appropriated by New York framers for idle union men. Massillon green glass workers protest against the passage of the Wilson bill. The building trades in Indianapolis will hereafter work only eight hours per day.

Fifteen thousand dollars has been subscribed to establish a daily labor paper in Glass workers at Philadelphia are giving 10 per cent of their wages to aid strikers in their trade.
Three of the Wamsutia mills, New Bod-

ford, Mass., are now running on full time five days a week. Boston unions have denounced the government's action in reducing wages at Mare Island navy yard. Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne has

delicious aroma of the grapes. Its purity is undoubted. One hundred employes upon one division of the New York Central railroad have been laid off on account of the depression in busi-

About 259 eigarmakers are out on a strike in New York City. The trouble was caused by the announcement of a reduction of 25