Maids and Matrons.

"Of course, you are worn out. I won't be horrid enough to tell you that I predicted it, because I know that that will not help matters, but really," and she leaned over and gave the down pillow on which the aching head of the engaged girl was reposing a sympathetic little pat, "unless you learn how to rest you will lose your dimples, your smiles and perhaps land in a sanitarium. Oh! I know all about it. Until I came under the influence of that man Jack I was even worse than you. I belonged to clubs and classes without number. I used to come down to breakfast with my hat on, swallow soaling coffee while I read my letters and fly off to a meeting of some charitable association or to a committee meeting, from there to a study class, then home to lunch or perhaps I would only have time for a bite at a cafe down town before it was time to go to another club meeting. I actually had scarcely time to find out whether my house gowns were becoming and I seriously contemplated putting back my bangs—it was in the days of bangs that this all happened—when down I came flat on my back with nervous exhaustion. Jack was a jewel—he never even intimated that he had warned me what would be the end of it all or that he had been neglected, but in those long weeks when I had to lie quiet without books or papers, with no one but a soft-voiced nurse to look at all day—she absolutely refused to talk to me—I learned many a lesson and I would save you, if I could, the pain and regret that came in acquiring them.

"We women are possessed of the demon of unrest. We rush from one thing to another, skimming over the surface of deep 'ologies and isms' to which learned men have given lifetimes of thought; we chase each fad with breathless haste as though we were afraid that it would escape us. The mention of a new study class or a club or a unique charity is incense to our nostrils, and though we get horribly tired we still think that we must go on.

"I say we because I wanted to be polite. To tell the truth, I have dropped all that sort of thing, and though each winter Jack and I take up some line of reading for the long evenings we spend together, and though I do a little charity work whenever I see the necessity for it, I do not belong to a single club or study class. I seldom attend a lecture course and I wouldn't serve on a committee for anything in the world. Of course, it is a bit selfish looking at it from one point of view, but I found that it was either a question of gaining the reputation of being selfish among my little world or demonstrating my utter heartlessness to Jack. I chose the former, and so will you later if your native good sense triumphs.

"I can number among my list of acquaintances a few women whose health is so superb that they can undertake and carry on big enterprises without robbing themselves of needed nerve force, but you and I are not of them. Neither of us have a great stock of vitality, and when we deliberately use it up for outside affairs, we are robbing our home folks of what justly belongs to them. Besides, I doubt if any great good comes of all this bother and fret. We really do not accomplish a great deal. We dabble in geometry until we can talk about without making perfect idiots of ourselves, and we look through microscopes at strange and minute beasts and learn their long Latin names, but in the end what good does it do? People don't talk of rocks and bugs in general conversation—at least, Jack and I don't—and I find that there are many more interesting things to study about than these. Of course, if we intended to be specialists or teachers of science or even very wonderful conversationalists, it would be different, but privately I don't think that for just ordinary women, with ordinary womanly duties to take up most of our time, that we gain much by smattering with a great many of these things. If we could take up one thing and study it well it would be different, but to give an hour once or twice a week to a subject which has taken whole lifetimes to bring into shape is just a bit absurd. And some day after you have tried your own plan you will agree with me in mine."

A TRIP TO THE EAST.

Here Is a Chance for Any Woman Reader of The Journal.

To the woman writing the best paper on any of the three following topics The Journal will give $35 in money and tickets for herself and companion to the New York or the eastern seaboard:

What should the ideal woman's page of the daily newspaper be?

What is the ideal woman's club for a country town?

The best original plan for church or charity entertainment.

The competition is open to all women readers of The Journal and will be conducted as was the first one, which was decided in favor of Miss Josie Murphy, whose paper was No. 71. The rules are these:

Each paper must be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the writer's name and address. These envelopes will be numbered to correspond with the number given the paper on publication and will not be opened until after the award has been made. Papers should not exceed from 800 to 1,000 words in length, should be written on one side of the paper and should not be rolled. They may be sent in at any time from now on until the decision is made, which will be about March 1. It is better to send them in as soon as possible to ensure publication. Address all questions to the editor of The Woman's department, The Milwaukee Journal.

MRS. HENROTIN'S REBUKE.

How She Returns the Opposition Once Manifested to Her Religion.

Mrs. Henrotin, the president of the General Federation of Woman's clubs, and an influential member of the Chicago Woman's club, is strongly in favor of admitting to membership the colored woman who is knocking at its door. According to report she has only one disability, that of race, but her proposed membership is raising a row of dimensions in the club. In taking this liberal stand Mrs. Henrotin, remarks the New York Times, rebukes the narrow-minded sisters, who, last May, in Philadelphia, opposed her candidacy for the first office of the federation because she is a Roman Catholic. This, too, in the face of the most strongly defined rules of most women's clubs that religion and politics shall invariably be tabooed subjects.

Apropos of that color question that has come up at the Chicago Woman's club it is sad to say that the club has not as yet taken any definite stand in the matter. A meeting was called to discuss and decide on the admission of Mrs. Williams the other day. Previous to the meeting postal cards were sent to all, or at least to a great many, members of the club announcing that a resolution would be presented declaring that the Woman's club, in the choice of members, would look only to character and mental qualifications, and not to race or color. This is, in effect, what the constitution provides. But while the question was put in this abstract form it was thoroughly understood that what it meant was that if the resolution was adopted the club was willing to admit Mrs. Williams as a member.

When the club met the resolution was presented. But those who are unwilling to admit Mrs. Williams had marshaled their forces and planned their tactics. The resolution was couched in such abstract language that there could hardly be any hope that it would be defeated. Those who were most strenuous in their opposition to Mrs. Williams were perfectly willing to vote for the resolution if it had not a deeper and more concrete meaning than appeared merely from its verbiage. The tactics of the oppositon were, therefore, directed to preventing a vote on the resolution itself. In this they were completely successful. They kept the resolution before the club for debate and finally succeeded in having further consideration of it postponed until the next meeting, which means another month of delay.

So that is the status of the color question in the Woman's club. The friends of Mrs. Williams having made her admission as a member an issue, those who are opposed to her becoming a member have so far been successful in their opposition.

POINTS ABOUT CARVING.

Hints That Will Help Women to Master a New Accomplishment.

One thing the "new woman" must learn to do. That is to carve. Of course it is supposed that men should do this piece of work but as we women are usurping most of the privileges and prerogatives long held to be purely masculine it is just as well that we learn this accomplishment. Even if we do not put it to use we can give our lords and masters a few lessons. Some hints that will help us are these: A good knife of moderate size and great sharpness is a necessity. The platter should be placed near enough to the carver to give her control of it. In roast pieces such as loins, breast, forequarters and the like, the butcher should have been instructed to separate the joints so that carving may not be impossible. In carving beef, mutton, lamb and veal, thin, smooth, neat slices are desirable. They should always be cut across the grain taking care to pass the knife through to the bones of the meat.

In carving a leg of mutton the best slices are obtained from the center and the next best from the broad end. The pieces from the part next the knuckle are apt to be dry. A sirloin of beef yields its best slices from the end near the tenderloin. If it is cut through in this part, the pieces must be fairly thick; if long, thin slices are desired it should be cut across.

In carving turkey or chicken, place the head to the right, cut off the wing nearest, then the leg, and then the second joint; then slice the breast until a rounded piece appears. Insert the knife between that and the bone and separate them; this is considered the best part of the bird. Next comes the "merrythought." After this turn over the bird a little and just below the breast will be found the "oyster," which can be separated as the inner breast can be. The side bone lies beside the rump and the morsel can be taken out without separating the whole bone. Proceed in the same way with the other side.

GIFTED AGNES PROCTOR.

The Daughter and the Sister of Famous Astronomers.

Miss Agnes Proctor, the second daughter of Sir Richard Proctor, who has heretofore been somewhat overshadowed by the fame of her father and sister, the latter of whom has become widely known for her astronomical lectures to children during the World's fair, is a teacher of music in Kansas City. Until within a short time ago she was at Munich devoting her time to music and art and even now she is wavering as to which of the professions she shall stick. Besides the violin, she plays the piano, guitar and mandolin. Between lessons she spends every leisure moment at her easel; far unlike many talented people she is an indefatigable worker. Miss Proctor in appearance is strikingly like her father, and any one who is familiar with his pictures at once would recognize in her the same broad squareness of jaw, evidence of an indomitable will. She has dark hazel eyes with a decidedly greenish tinge. Her hair, wavy and abundant, is what artists call burnt umber. She is petite and vivacious, and, although she was born in England, has spent the major portion of her short life in this country, and prides herself on being very much American.

BITS OF SMALL TALK.

Embroidery workers have discovered that pretty as gold and silver thimbles are they do not compare to the celluloid which never roughens the silk. For any work where silk thread is used the celluloid thimble is the best.

A sprig of green parsley eaten after onions will, it is claimed, entirely remove the dreadful odor of the latter vegetable.

A fashion writer says that one of the safest dress investments at present is is the velvet blouse in any of the present fashionable shades for the coming spring will see them more popular than they are now as they can then be worn without danger to crushing the voluminous sleeves which are such a prime feature to these waists.

The dairy maids employed in the great Elbing dairies in West Russia have adopted a costume that would delight the most radical of dress reformers. It consists of knee trousers, a skirt reaching half way between knee and hip, and a loose blouse waist worn without corsets and cut quite short in the sleeves. The costume was adopted because the dairy maids have always found skirts a great drawback in their work.

A long comb with coarse teeth should be in every laundry to be used for combing out the fringe of doilies, towels and table cloths.

Cake Croquettes.

This is one of Mrs. Rorer's ways of using stale cake: Take a pint of stale cake crumbs. Cover this with about a half-pint of milk and soak for twenty minutes. Turn into a saucepan and stir over the fire until thick and boiling hot. Add the yolks of two eggs and a teaspoonful of vanilla, and turn out to cool. When cold form into pyramids, dip in egg, and then in bread crumbs and fry in smoking-hot fat. Dust with powdered sugar and serve. They may also be served with a liquid pudding sauce.

Beautifying an Old Gown.

Here is one way of beautifying a plain gown by the addition of a removable yoke and collar: Make a yoke of five bias double folds of satin lapped a little over each other so they will look about an inch wide, trim it around the edge with lace four or five inches wide, gathered full, and finish it with a folded satin collar or one of the lace, with full rosettes at the side, and you can have a theater and morning gown all in one. The satin may be of any color you choose. It hooks in the back and one or two pins will hold it in place.

Beef Tea with Variations.

An excellent suggestion for the sick room comes from a trained nurse who says that in cases where beef tea constitutes the daily diet it may be pleasantly varied by using different flavors. A choice of mace, a bay leaf, a clove or celery salt is about all that is permitted; but by combining these and using singly a variety of flavor is obtainable.

PECULIAR in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses great curative value. You should **TRY IT.**

RED.

Any color, so long as it's red,
Is the color that suits me best,
Though I will allow there is much to be said
For yellow and green and the rest;
But the feeble tints which some affect
In the things they make or buy
Have never—I say it with all respect—
Appealed to my critical eye.

There's that in red that warmeth the blood,
And quickeneth a man within,
And bringeth to speedy and perfect bud
The germs of original sin;
So, though I'm properly born and bred,
I'll own, with a certain zest,
That any color, so long as it's red,
Is the color that suits me best.

For where is a color that can compare
With the blush of a buxom lass;
Or where such warmth as of the hair
Of the genuine white horse class?
And lo! reflected within this cup
Of cheery Bordeaux I see
What inspiration girdeth me up—
Yes, red is the color for me!

Through acres and acres of art I've strayed
In Italy, Germany, France;
On many a picture a master has made
I've squandered a passing glance;
Marines I hate, madonnas and
Those Dutch freaks I detest;
But the peerless daubs of my native land—
They're red, and I like them best.

'Tis little I care how folk deride—
I'm backed by the west at least;
And we are free to say that we can't abide
The tastes that obtain down east;
And we're mighty proud to have it said
That here in the versatile west
Most any color, so long as it's red,
Is the color that suits us best.

—Eugene Field.

LOVE IN A SNOW STORM.

She was a little Puritan maiden, with honest gray eyes, and a sweet, bashful face. Her parents called her Dorothy; her friends, Dolly. She had been brought up very strictly and it was not without misgivings that her strait-laced family allowed her to visit her rich uncle and aunt in London. But they could not well refuse the invitation. Even Puritan people know how to value their moneyed relatives.

Dolly had been in London only one short week, and she was bewitched with everything she saw. She loved her uncle and aunt, both of whom displayed strong affection for her in a freedom she had never tasted before. She was delighted with the substantial old house with its large rooms, big fireplaces and comfortable furniture. More than all, she admired London itself. The busy streets, with their palatial shops; the colossal buildings—St. Paul's, the Abbey, the house of parliament, the broad, quiet squares, which seemed to have been dropped down at random among the wilderness of houses; the gay restaurants, and the brilliant, fascinating theaters. She particularly liked it at night, when illumined by countless lights, whose reflections glittered on the pavement; and when the black darkness of the sky, unaccompanied by the deathly silence that it brought in the country, seemed rather to enhance the noise and bustle of the prodigal streets. There was something romantic about it all. It thrilled her, she knew not why. Her heart beat faster, her pulses bounded more quickly, she felt more alive than she had ever felt before.

There was another source of pleasure. Never before had she been thrown into the company of so engaging a young gentleman as her cousin Tom, the only child of her uncle and aunt. He was Dolly's senior by some half dozen years. Had Dolly's parents suspected what manner of young man he was, they would have made a special journey to London to bring their daughter home. Fortunately, they were ignorant. There was nothing really bad about the lad. He had a very good heart, but he wanted steadying a little. He was exactly the sort of dashing, reckless, free-handed young Englishman that a handsome, manly fellow becomes when placed in circumstances of wealth and freedom. The first time he saw his cousin Dolly he decided that she was a very pretty girl, but shy, and that it would be worth while to draw her out.

He found it not easy, and that, notwithstanding the fact, had he known it that there was in Dolly's heart an intense willingness to be drawn out by cousin Tom. But that shyness of hers was a formidable barrier. She could not chatter; the thing was impossible. Her silence had been inbred so long that it had become a part of her anatomical structure; and Tom, in spite of all his conversational talents and social polish, frequently found himself reduced by it to a corresponding state. On the other hand, if Dolly could not speak she could look. She had extremely eloquent eyes, eyes that spoke far more than her lips. Tom soon began to watch those eyes, and to love them. He no longer attempted to make his cousin talk; her eyes rendered conversation unnecessary.

One afternoon in the first week in January, he sauntered into his mother's sitting room, and there discovered Dolly sitting, like the historic Miss Muffit, on a buffet in front of the fire. Her fingers were busy with some crochet work. Tom drew a chair to the fire.

"Are you going out tonight, Dolly?"

She lifted her eyes from her needle. "Not tonight."

"Not. Are you sorry?"

"No."

"I suppose you're getting rather tired of it. You've been out pretty nearly every night lately, haven't ou?"

"Yes. I'm not tired of it though; I like it. But auntie and I are going to have a quiet evening tonight, and I shall like that just as well."

There was a pause.

"Are you sure you will like it just as well?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Dolly.

He moved on his chair. "Well," he said, "I want you to come out with me tonight if you will."

She looked at him in amazement. "Out with you? Why, where to?"

"The theater," he responded.

Pleasure shone in her face. She gasped with delight. "Oh, you are kind! But do you think aunty will allow me?"

"I'll ask her," said naughty Tom. It was really very wrong of him, for Dolly's parents would have been scandalized at the idea of their daughter being seen in a theater. However, they were not there to see. It never occurred to Dolly that it could be wrong for her to go after Tom had proposed it, and so, as Tom's parents raised no objections, they started in due course. The condition imposed on them (and the sequel proved it a sound one) was to wrap up well, which they did.

How Dolly enjoyed the performance it is unnecessary to relate in detail. She did enjoy it immensely; and she frequently turned to Tom and thanked him so earnestly for his kindness in having brought her, that Tom begun to feel the ecstacy that follows virtuous conduct. Her enjoyment robbed her, for the first time, of her shyness. Her face glowed with an unusual animation. There was a color in her cheek and a sparkle in her eyes that had not been there before. When a shy maiden does wake up to animation she is ten times more dangerously attractive than her vivacious sisters, who sparkle all day long. Tom thought his cousin's face more seductively sweet than he imagined it could be. He warmed toward her. He no longer wanted to draw her out, to flirt with her. He was in love now, all the way.

They made no haste out of the theater, with the result that, when they reached the street, there was not an available hansom.

"We'd better walk on a bit," said Tom. "We shall come to one presently."

There had been a heavy fall of snow during the performance, and the pavement of the Strand was all slushy and sloppy.

"It's rather unpleasant under foot, Dolly," said Tom. "You'd better take my arm."

She did as she was bid, and immediately experienced a curious sense of being owned. It seemed to her that she belonged to her cousin. While, as for Tom, the soft touch of those small, gloved fingers on his coat-sleeve gave him more pleasure than all his previous amorous adventures rolled into one.

When they came to Trafalgar square Dolly gave a little scream of delight.

"Oh," she cried, "how pretty!"

It was pretty. The whole square—fountains, statues and all, wherever the snow could find a lodging—lay draped in white. The portions that were free from snow looked doubly black by contrast. It was a study in white, with just a little black to help it out. Overhead fleecy clouds scudded rapidly, and a full, bright moon stared down at the glittering panorama. The square was as light as day.

"Oh, how beautiful! I didn't think London could look so lovely."

Tom looked at the speaker, and thought her lovelier than the scene she admired.

"Yes," he said, with his eyes on her face, "it is beautiful, very beautiful, indeed."

"Oh," said Dolly, "let us walk home. We don't want to take a cab on a lovely night like this. I wouldn't miss the walk for the world. It isn't far, really; is it?"

"About a mile," said Tom.

"Only a mile. Oh, that is nothing. Let us walk. Shall we?"

"Decidedly, if you wish it. You'd better take my arm again," for in her rapturous admiration she had slipped her hand loose, "the streets are slippery."

They walked on for three or four minutes. Suddenly Dolly's foot slipped. Tom, with remarkable presence of mind prevented her from falling by putting his arm round her waist. That was a new experience for Dolly. It had never happened before, and she was overcome by the strangeness of it. She didn't say anything, but she blushed, and her face looked exquisitely pretty. I don't think Tom was to be blamed very much for bending down and kissing it. He should not have done it, of course; it was wrong; but the temptation was considerable. Dolly released herself indignantly, pushing him from her. They walked a short distance in awkward silence.

"Dolly, are you angry with me?"

No reply.

"Dolly"—very humbly—"I'm awfully sorry, but you looked so pretty that I couldn't help it."

Still a severe silence.

"Won't you forgive me, Dolly?"

The gray eyes were fixed on the ground, and the pretty lips were pressed firmly together. He caught her fingers. She tried to pull them away, but it was useless.

"Won't you forgive me, Dolly?" he said again.

She found her voice at length.

"I wish you wouldn't make me say things. Of course, I forgive you, but—you oughtn't to have done it."

"I am really very sorry, Dolly," he said, repentantly.

Then the snow came down.

There was no mistake about it, either; it did come down with a vengeance. The flakes were nearly as large as a man's hand, and the sky was full of them.

"Dolly," said Tom, firmly, "you must take my arm and hold it tightly. We are going to catch it."

She took his arm, and he hurried her along as fast as he could. It was no use. The snow pelted their faces so severely that in less than two minutes they were nearly numbed with the cold.

"We must shelter somewhere till the violence of the storm is spent," said Tom. He looked about him for a convenient doorway. Fortunately, there was one near. He placed Dolly inside it, so that the snow could not get to her, and stationed himself at her side.

"Are you cold, Dolly?" he said.

"Not very, thank you," she replied. "Are you?"

"I? Oh, it doesn't matter about me, dear. You are the important member of this small community. Are you sure you are not cold? Will you have my muffler?"

He commenced to take it off.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Dolly, preventing him. "Do you think I would take it from you? But it was kind of you to offer it—very kind! You are kind to me."

"Kind!" said Tom, warmly. "Who could help being kind?"

He pressed more closely to her. Outside the snow was descending heavily.

"Dolly," said Tom, speaking low, "have you quite forgiven me?"

She smiled, but did not say anything. His arm stole round her waist again. She made no effort to repulse it. He looked at her face. The cold had turned it a dead white, but it was beginning to glow again, and he thought it had never looked prettier.

"Dolly," he whispered, "I love you."

Her heart bounded. He loved her! Oh, the blissful thought!

"Dolly," he whispered again, "could you care for me ever so little?"

"Yes," she murmured.

Their eyes, and then their lips, met. After that I don't think either of them minded the cold much.

They were prisoned in that sanctified doorway an hour before the snow abated, and then it took them another twenty minutes to get home. They were received with rejoicings.

"We thought you had got lost," said the master of the house.

Dolly ran straight into her aunt's arms, and burst into a fit of sobbing.

"My poor child!" said the lady, caressing her, "you are overwrought; and no wonder. Tom, you haven't taken proper care of her."

"Oh! but he has," said Dolly, smiling through her tears. "It isn't that."

"She has promised to be my wife!" said Tom.

The rest isn't worth telling.—New York Recorder.

H. Rider Haggard,

The author of "She," never wrote a more fascinating romance than "The People of the Mist," which will soon be published as a serial in this paper.

WHAT SOCIETY TALKS OF.

We are now fairly launched on the winter season of social carnival. The opening entertainments come with such a sense of freshness and are participated in with such a zest, not by the buds—for that is natural—but by the fuller blown, with no suggestion, however, of the sere and yellow, in their enjoyment of it all, that we would fain predict an extremely gay term. We have learned, however, how unwise it is to forecast anything social in these days of uncertain things in public and private affairs. In our own midst surely we are at least starting off finely. Four private balls last week, and more to come this, a number of dances, with dinners preceding; several teas, for almost every afternoon, and theater parties for the off nights, make up an encouraging programme. The universal response of society to all invitations, and the prodigality of the floral gifts showered upon the debutantes, have been fruitful themes of conversation for the past week. "Not for ten years," said a fashionable matron, "has there been such a showing of complimentary bouquets." All very delightful for the florist and flattering to the recipient, but the custom is a reprehensible one. Already we are told that one poor, slender young girl received sixty-one "bunches" to carry at her coming-out tea, and another who got more than fifty. If that sort of rivalry is to be revived the pockets of the poor chappies and chappizettes will be quickly depleted and a great deal of bad feeling endangered. We know of one sensible mother who has three lovely girls to bring out, but is so averse to their receiving flowers from young fellows who can't afford to pay for them that she threatens to add the words "Kindly omit flowers" on the corner of her reception cards.

It is quite the proper thing to have one's initials on both envelopes and paper. These, to correspond with the present fashion in stationery, when the tendency to everything is toward the diminutive, are likewise small. They are either in colors, gold or silver, with or without the address. An address, however, is always the very best form. These initials are taking the place of a coat-of-arms among people of the better class who are disinclined to be ostentatious. When blue stationery is used, the initials and address are invariably white, making a very effective decoration.

All confusion or difficulty arising from a man's doubt as to which lady he is to escort to the table at a dinner is overcome by a new fashion. A tiny card is inclosed in an equally diminutive envelope—small enough to slip easily into a man's waistcoat pocket. The envelope has on it the name of the man, while on the inclosed card is the name of the lady to whom he is to devote his attentions (by request of his hostess). When he arrives a servant gives him this, and if he is familiar with the custom he knows exactly what to do. If he isn't, all manner of mistakes might arise.

There seems to be a good deal of uncertainty prevailing in regard to the proper way of answering an invitation. The rule is simple: Be guided entirely by the form in which that invitation was given. If it was informal then your reply is in bad taste if it be not informal, too. If it were in the third person, you should not presume to word your answer in the first. A declination was once seen which ran thus: "Mr. So- and-so regrets that he will be unable to accept Mrs. Such-and-such-a-person's kind invitation for Monday night. I shall be out of town." And this was written by a youth who should have known better, too.

Romance and Adventure

Are delightfully mingled in H. Rider Haggard's latest story, "The People of the Mist." Watch for it.

A STONE MAN.

Unearthed in Missouri and Supposed to Have Been DeSoto's Follower.

A farmer in Newton county, Missouri, while out fishing recently, began digging along the banks of a creek for bait. He uncovered the toes of a petrified body which proved later to be that of a man measuring 6 feet 4 inches in height and weighing 350 pounds. Every lineament and wrinkle, says the St. Louis Republic was as undisturbed as though in life.

Experts who have looked upon this wonderful bit of petrifaction are of the opinion that the body was that of an old Spaniard of the purest Castilian blood. He has comparatively small feet a highly arched instep and other indications of good birth, but his hands are large and were evidently powerful. It is certain he had a Christian burial, for his arms are folded peacefully across his breast, and he lay with his feet to the east. It is argued that he is not an Indian, because he has corns on his toes and possesses other signs of civilization, but there are those who are willing to swear that at a glance he would surely be taken for some powerful Indian chief.

A physician who recently examined the body thinks it must have been that of a man who was killed by some wound on the left side of the head, since the left ear is completely gone and a crack is discernible in the skull, but that, at any rate, he was buried by friends.

Persons alleged to be competent to judge say that the body is at least 200 years old, and must have been of the Spaniards who traveled into the southwest with De Soto, who is known to have traversed the territory now known as Greene county. The petrifaction is imposing and majestic enough to be that of De Soto himself, except for the fact that tradition buried the discoverer in the waters of the Mississippi, and he could hardly have drifted up the creeks into Newton county. The fact that he was found in Congressman Morgan's district accounts for at least one vote of the large number which he didn't get, and there may be some others similarly petrified and of sufficient extent to explain why Judge Burton was elected.

Still, it isn't often that a Missourian—particularly if he be a Democrat—becomes so hidebound and rocky as the deceased stone gentleman of Neosho, and hence it is only fair to presume that he was ossified and oxidized at least a century before Thomas Jefferson was ever heard of. Besides, a Missouri Democrat couldn't keep still long enough to admit of the action of earth and water and moss sufficient to transform his whole nature into limestone. He would resent the imputation upon his intelligence and patriotism and turn over in his cerements so fast that nature would be deprived of its curiosity.

So, after all, the hard-hearted and strong-limbed gentleman who is now being poked at with canes and umbrellas can safely be put down as one of the Missouri Republicans who "redeemed the state" in 1866 or 1868. For if he had anything to do with those troublous years and began to think seriously about it after the earth had closed over his shy and retiring figure, he would certainly have turned to limestone in very shame, and gone, like Niobe, to weeping tears eternal.

Of course he is liable to have been a Spaniard. The Castilian cast of his feet may throw grave doubts on his politics as a Missourian, but the fact that there exists a stone cave where his viscera used to be may well be accepted as indubitable proof that he couldn't stomach the Republican party of Missouri and had no bowels of compassion for Democrats who were too lazy to vote. The Spanish idea, therefore, is full of thought, and only the spirit of De Soto may decipher the mystery which hangs now above the stone man from Neosho.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Compliance.

"Leave the house."

For an instant he confronted the girl in silence.

"Very well," he answered, with an effort.

He was true to his word.

Although a burglar and a social outcast, he left not only the house, but the stationary tubs in the kitchen and the grand piano.—Detroit Tribune.

HE WILL TAKE NO RISKS.

Shrewdness of a Merchant Who Had Learned What Was Good for Him.

Indigestion has been described as the ingratitude of a pampered stomach. Like many another smart saying, this will not bear analysis. Indigestion afflicts stomachs that are not pampered, particularly in the winter, when people must live indoors, and, unless they be very well to do, cannot have the same variety of fresh food as in the summer and autumn.

"If anybody insists," said a busy merchant, "that dyspepsia in its advanced stages is perfectly curable, I will take his word. Personally, I run no risks. As soon as I feel a sense of weight in the stomach after a meal, I know that my blood is crawling when it should run. What I need is a stimulant, something to put my body in such a general glow as follows brisk exercise.

"But a man in my condition can't take enough outdoor exercise in winter. Therefore, I fight the first sign of stomach trouble with Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. Our family doctor jokes with me about it, and says that as long as I stick to this treatment he can never have an excuse for sending me a bill."

Physicians are too intelligent to blind themselves to facts. They have long known the value of alcoholic stimulant, but to get an absolutely pure whiskey was a tough problem until it was solved by Duffy's Pure Malt. It is not sold as a beverage, but its claim to public support is based upon its medicinal properties, which are possessed by no other whiskey made. It defends from the consequences of cold, wet and weariness.

Druggists and grocers keep Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey on a lower shelf well in front. The reason why must be plain to everybody.

BEAUTIFYING THEIR FEET.

Young Women Preparing to Bathe Next Season Without Shoes.

Every manicurist nowadays is also a pedicurist. Not a few stylish young women pay so much attention to dressing their toe nails as their finger nails. A manicurist told me all about it the other day, says a writer in the New York Herald.

"It is all due to sea bathing," she said. "The woman who has a pretty foot is not averse to exposing it even to masculine scrutiny when she can do so without incurring the censure of those fickle powers that from time to time prescribe what constitutes propriety according to the shifting usages of society.

"The beach offers superb opportunities for the display of pedal charms. It is not alone fondness for salt water that makes pretty girls go bathing. You may have noticed that many of them seem more partial to the sand than to the water when in bathing costume.

"A pretty foot as well as a pretty face is a 'cheering sight to see,' and the pretty foot is something that can be cultivated. I can make a shapely foot a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and a foot that wasn't originally cast in a well-formed mould I can make presentable. There is one thing that is fatal to a pretty foot, and that is a tight shoe. Much of my work consists in overcoming the deformities thus created. It takes time, but it can be done.

"I have at least a dozen young women who seek my professional assistance regularly one a week, and that their time is well bestowed will be proven at several fashionable watering resorts next summer, to the admiration of their masculine friends and the envy of some of their feminine friends.

"There is nothing immodest in the idea of a woman showing her feet sans shoes and stockings, and since it involves the abandonment of tight shoes, and consequent freedom from corns and other evils that tight shoes entail, I think it is something that ought to be encouraged. If sandals were fashionable I should soon be rich. I don't doubt that pedicurists did a thriving business in the palmy days of Greece and Rome."

Begin at the Beginning.

You ought not to miss a single installment of H. Rider Haggard's new story, "The People of the Mist." Soon to begin as a serial in this paper.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Third Ward—Elizabeth North to Lawrence F. Hoye, west 20 feet of lots 1 and 2, block 26, $1,000.

Tenth Ward—Lammert Rademaker to John L. Rademaker, lot 8, block 1, Vliet's addition, $1. Same to same, lot 6, block 1, Vliet's addition, $1. Same to same, lot 13, block 1, Vliet's addition, $1. Same to same, lot 24, block 1, Vliet's addition, $1. Same to same, lot 32, block 3, Vliet's addition, $1. Frank Eder and wife to Lisbon Avenue Land company, west 115 feet of south half of lot 7, block 6, Vliet's addition, $3,000. Bertha Grober and husband et al. to August Fritz and wife, lot 8, block 5, Koch's subdivision No. 2, $350.

Thirteenth Ward—Felix Jakubex and wife to Marcin Maeiejewski and wife, lot 14, block 3, Humboldt Park, $1,000.

Eighteenth Ward—Michaline Berka to Charles J. Reick south ½ of north ½ of lots 11 and 12, block 5, Hubbard & Pearson's addition, $1. Charles J. Rieck to Thomas Berka and wife same property, $1.

Town of Oak Creek—John S. George and wife to Max Traxler, lot 1, block 16, addition No. 1 to original plat of South Milwaukee, $425. Margareth Hickey to Phillip Hickey, part of southwest ¼ of section 10, $1. South Milwaukee company to Thomas Allbrighton lots 7 and 8, block 62, addition No. 4 to town site of South Milwaukee, $2,500. South Milwaukee company to Thomas Allbrighton, lots 1 and 2, block 14, addition No. 1, to town site of South Milwaukee, $1,200.

Town of Lake—The Cudahy Bros. Land and Investment company to Felix J. Payne, lot 21, block 26, plat of original town site of Cudahy, $500.

Town of Wauwatosa—Government Heights Land company to William P. Price, lots 14, 15, 16 and 17, block 6, and lots 3 and 5, block 5, in resubdivision of Government heights, $3,700. Mary E. Watson to Ainslie W. Watson, part of lot 1, Dousman's subdivision, $1. Lisbon Avenue Heights Land company to Richard D. Whitehead, lot 24, block 5, Lisbon Avenue heights, $325.

THE ENGLISH "WILLIE BOY."

He Runs to Loud Checks and High Colors.

"Speaking of the 'Willie boys,' the 'Cholmies,' reminds me that you rarely see one of them in England. He is almost entirely an American product. The Englishman whose taste runs to extravagancies in dress, or whose lack of all tastes and ideas generally makes him a counterpart of our dude, runs in that particular direction to outlandish oddities of apparel. His endeavor is not to be extremely in the fashion, but to be extremely out of it. He runs to immense checks and startling colors; to shooting clothes on Piccadilly and imported tropical effects at the seaside; he walks about the strand in knee breeches and a cape overcoat and wears hunting boots to an afternoon tea.

"One such apparition I saw on the Spa in fashionable Scarborough last June wore knee breeches of a tweed, with squares full five inches across, shooting stockings of red, green and black wool, worked in diamond patterns, which were rolled below the knee to a thickness of at least an inch and a half; on his feet were what are known in London now as 'brogues,' low cut shoes with thick soles and hobnails and leather tongues or tabs, six or eight inches long, hanging over the laces in front, slit into dozens of tassels at the ends, and flapping about his feet from side to side as he walked. He also wore a short covert coat and a little cloth cap, and was putting on 'dog' to a great extent. He was the same kind of thing you see in long frock coats, bell-crowned hats and chrysanthemums on Fifth avenue.

"But Englishmen generally run a great deal to gaudy attire. Their taste this way shows itself in rather loud checks, very bright colors in tweeds, odd-shaped collars, and brilliant ties. And when these kind of clothes get out of shape the gaudy effect becomes tawdry, and is 'most pronounced."—New York Sun.

Romance and Adventure

Are delightfully mingled in H. Rider Haggard's latest story, "The People of the Mist." Watch for it.

Significance of Precious Stones.

In these days of gift giving in ultra fashionable society there is an increasing demand for jewelry representing certain months of the year, generally chosen in relation to the particular one upon which the natal anniversary of the recipient falls. The following is the list:

January	Garnet	Fidelity
February	Amethyst	Sincerity
March	Hyacinth	Wisdom
April	Diamond	Innocence
May	Emerald	Constancy
June	Pearl	Peace
July	Ruby	Happiness
August	Moonstone	Good Luck
September	Sapphire	Truth
October	Opal	Hope
November	Topaz	Friendship
December	Turquoise	Success

Knew Delight When He Saw It.

A teacher in a primary school in East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, a few days ago asked the pupils of a class over which she presides to compose a sentence in which the word "delight" occurred.

A 7-year-old colored boy—the only one of Darktown persuasion in the class—held up his hand.

"Well," asked the teacher.

"Please, teacher," said he, "when I does gwine to bed at night I always puts out de light.—New York Herald.

No more exciting period was ever known in our country than during the great civil war. The Century War books are so intensely interesting that you forget you are reading history and are loth to read the last chapter. The entire 20 parts complete for only $2.00 at The Journal office.

GIMBEL BROTHERS.

MILWAUKEE, Friday, Dec. 28, 1894.

POINTER No. 2,371: Destiny leads the willing but drags the unwilling.

The *Statue of Silver* goes away tomorrow night. Last chance to see it.

On Monday morning, the Muslin Underwear sale and the annual sale of Embroideries and White Goods 'll begin.

Among things for comfort.

Blankets. Size is big and money's worth bigger than you usually get for

$1.48
$2.98 or
$3.25

A third more anywhere else.

Flannels. Here's the warmest looking lot that the season has brought.

One is red at 25c.
One is grey at 29c.
One is blue at 25c.
One is white at 30c.

Men's Slippers. Imagine the resources of a shoe store that can sell three thousand pair in two weeks and still beckoning buyers to come!

May not fit or suit everybody, but the suited 'll have the pleasure getting them at

98c instead of $1.25.
98c instead of $1.74.
$1.23 instead of $2.00.

Fancy Linen Table Covers and Napkins to match. A little too much handling make you benefit to the tune of $2.75 and $3.50 on the sets that were skipped.

The same of Towels of high grades and in fancy linens that find a welcome place in a woman's heart.

Groups of Feather Fans ready to wing their way out as soon as you hear the prices.

59c, 95c, $2.69, $3.49 and $4.50 each.

The men's part has things that have stood the Christmas siege well, but are a trifle mussed. Another chance for a saving of half.

(Signed)
GIMBEL BROTHERS.

8 and 5 Grand Avenue.
174 and 176 West Water Street.

H. Rider Haggard

Author of "She," and the most popular of living romancists, has written no more fascinating story than

The People of the Mist

The scene of the tale is laid in darkest Africa, where the author found such interesting material for his earlier novels. This masterpiece will be published as

A Serial in This Paper

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