

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

WHAT MUST HAPPEN.

"What do you think must happen when a woman throws herself at a man?" I heard a bright young girl ask a society woman, who made the only reply that had a particle of truth in it. "Think? Why, I think she is very liable to make a hit." That wasn't the answer that her vivacious friend had expected, but as we used to say at school, "It must be right, it's the answer in the book." "Then what can I do," the girl went on, when I am talking to a man and some woman comes up and takes him right away from me? I don't mean sit down and joins in the conversation, for that is not so bad; she can't take his attention from me in that way. I feel able to hold my own with any one. But when a society woman comes up and says, 'Oh, my dear Mr. Ward Greenway McAllister, won't you come and let me introduce you to the most charming girl you ever met,' or, 'I want you to dance this dance with my daughter—such a sweet girl,' or 'Would you mind going and getting my fan for me? I think I left it on the supper table.' Of course, the man walks off. Now, what can I do?" "At the time, my dear, do nothing," was the society woman's answer. "You must smile and look your sweetest, though you could kill her on the spot. Don't imagine that he wishes he could return to your side. That's the way they do in novels, but not in real life. He may, at the moment, be sorry that he was interrupted, but in his conceited masculine heart he is flattered at the attention, and ten to one he is having a fine time whither she has captive led him. But wait, and the next time you can get him alone say something in a soft, purry way about how complete her spell, how quickly he acknowledges his obligation. In brief, say some one of those nice little things that will make him wild. Then he will be quick to resent the next attempt that the managing mamma makes to carry away your eligible young man. But at the time you are powerless. To my mind there can be nothing more repulsive than the sight of two women struggling for the possession of a man and his attentions. Besides, you must always remember that a modest, virtuous girl has no weapon with which to enter the lists with a worldly-wise woman, a married woman, who has set her mind on having a man in her train. She'll get him, except in very unusual circumstances. There is no use, my dear, in your attempting to fight successfully against a veteran of so many campaigns."—*Di Vernon, in San Francisco News-Letter.*

RULES OF CONDUCT FOR WOMEN.

The following "rules of conduct" fell out of a little woman's pocket book the other day. She is a belle in the small city where she lives, and has a host of admirers around her.

1. I don't let a man smoke when he walks or drives with me. If he knows no better than to do it I promptly tell him what I think of it.
2. I don't give my photograph to men.

I used to occasionally, but I am wiser now. I should hate by and by to know that my face might be hanging up in Tom's, Dick's or Harry's room.

3. I don't let a man take my arm when he walks with me. If he does I tell him that I prefer him to give me his arm.
4. I don't go out with a man friend just because he asks me. I like it better if he asks another lady to go, too; his sister, for instance.
5. I don't let any man "see me home" from church. If he hasn't gumption enough to take me there and sit through the service with me, he may stay away altogether.
6. I don't let a man friend give me presents, unless it is something of trifling cost, like fruit and flowers. And I always gauge a man by his taste in this respect.
7. I do not encourage any young man who is not perfectly polite and agreeable to my mother. Whoever calls upon me sees a great deal of her.
8. I don't allow a caller to stay later than 10 o'clock. If he does not go at that time, I politely tell him my custom.

SHE WAS SO THOUGHTFUL.

A young spark, notorious for his conceit, was boasting in the presence of several gentlemen about the conquests he had gained over the female heart. "Look," said he, "here's a handsome present I had from my last innamorata," at the same time handing round a beautiful cigar case. All admired the article, which had an indorsement of its quality stamped upon it. "Very nice gift," remarked one of the company. "I perceive your lady love even had your name put on the case." "Well, that's queer!" answered the boaster, "I never noticed it." "Look again," rejoined the candid one, the case is distinctly marked 'real calf.'"

"Dearest of your sect," he began, when she sternly interrupted him: "I am not a denominational meeting-house, sir." He made another attempt. "Darling, if I ever could be so base ——" "Nor a baseball game," she remarked frigidly. In he plunged boldly—faint heart never won fair lady. "My angel, do you think your mother would consent ——" "I know she would," she interrupted non expression: "go and ask her. You have my blessing, for I'm sure you'd make a good step-father." He took a step-farther and went home.

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- 1 Sextant.....\$ 15 00
- 1 Gurley Transit, nearly new, first-class instrument.....\$100 00
- 1 new Kimball safe, weight 1,200.....\$125 00
- 1 pair 3-carat diamond ear-rings.....\$200 00
- 1 pair 5-carat diamond earrings cost \$450.....\$310 00
- 1 18-carat gold English Lever, cost \$30.....\$ 65 00
- 1 18-carat gold chain, 32 penny-weight.....\$ 25 00
- 1 Gold Watch with heavy quartz chain and Locket, cost \$275.....\$125 00
- 1 Diamond Ring, 2 1/2-carat, cost \$275.....\$175 00
- 1 pearl, 8 1/2 grains.....\$ 35 00
- 1 unset Diamond, blue tint, weight, 2 carat, less 1/2.....\$130 00
- 1 2 1/2 carat do.....\$225 00
- 1 Ladies' seal-skin coat, cost \$700.00.....\$250 00
- 1 Piano.....\$ 75 00
- 1 Ladies' dressing-case, Rosewood, well fitted up.....\$ 15 00
- 1 Ladies' dressing-case in walnut.....\$ 10 00
- 1 music box, plays 10 tunes.....\$ 20 00
- 1 music box, plays 6 tunes.....\$ 15 00
- 1 double-barrel shot-gun, No. 10, maker Henry Toller, cost \$75.....\$ 25 00

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Drop us a card and we will be pleased to call and show samples and process.

W. FURNIVAL, Manager.

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