

# The Boston Store.

## Curtain Sale

Last Fall we placed a large order before the big advance in cotton with one of the largest manufacturers in Nottingham, Lace and Ruffled Muslin Curtains in Glasgow, Scotland. These goods are just to hand and comprises some of the finest quality and most beautiful designs we have ever had.

### Nottingham Lace Curtains

One lot of Nottingham Lace Curtains, good length; and width, pair, 50c

One lot of Nottingham Lace Curtains, newest designs and effects, pair, 65c

One lot very pretty Nottingham Lace Curtains, 40 inches wide and three yards long pair, 75c

One lot comprising 12 different ranges of patterns, full length and width, pair, \$1

One lot superior quality, very fine thread, exceedingly pretty designs. This curtain is actually worth \$1.75 a pair, but during this sale, pair, \$1.25

One lot Nottingham Lace Curtains, including some of the very choicest designs, 58 inches wide and 3 1/2 yards long, could not be duplicated today for \$2 a pair. Our sale price, pair, \$1.50

One lot very beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains that baffles description, pair, \$1.75

### Ruffled Muslin Curtains

One lot ruffled muslin Curtains, pair, 25c

One lot ruffled muslin Curtains, pair, 39c

One lot extra quality, ruffled muslin Curtains, good width and length, pair 48c

One lot very fine quality ruffled muslin Curtains, six different patterns to choose from, sale price, pair, 75c

One lot ruffled muslin Curtains, extra width and length, made of very fine, quality muslin, in figures and stripes, pair, 98c

**Wm. B. Hislop,**  
**Angus & Co.**

# Count Boni de Castellane

Character Study of the "Noble" Spendthrift Who Has Been Cast Adrift by His American Wife

Noted as the Best Dressed Man in Paris, Who Buys His Suits for the Doles and is a Coucouleur on the Pit as Overcoat—It is a Plat Failure as a Husband

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HI OII finance is bad, high nobility is worse, and a combination of the two is the limit. For proof—if proof be needed—there is the divorce suit brought by the daughter of Jay Gould against Count Boni de Castellane. That is enough to make folly laugh and wisdom weep. What is there in the tree of civilization that it bears such fruit? What is there in representative government that the principals in this affair should hail from the two chief republics of the world? After nineteen centuries of Christianity, after all that science and liberty have done for the world, have we come to this—a riot of extravagance and scandal, the matrimonial purchase of titles reduced to an absurdity?

Eleven Years in the Limelight. On March 4, 1895, at the home of George J. Oould, New York city, his sister Anna was married to Count Paul Ernest Boufface de Castellane, otherwise known as "The Powder Puff." Eleven years have passed. Now, as in so many cases where American heiresses have married foreign titles, the courts are asked to annul that marriage. During those eleven years the Castellanes have been in the limelight, kept there by the count's lavish expenditure of money, his amours, his election campaign methods, his duels and his grotesque performances generally. Once he was expelled from the French chamber of deputies on the charge of buying his election to that body. Once his debts reached such an enormous figure that Ooorge J. Oould was forced to step in and be appointed trustee of his sis-

each, wears at least three a day and never wears one more than three or four times. His theory of dressing evidently is that a man who has no in herent qualities to recommend him necessarily must make the most of appearances. One thing can be said in his favor—his clothes are never loud.

Herein is suggested the second good thing that can be said of him. He is a buyer of paintings and bric-a-brac and his manner of furnishing his Paris palace have evidenced this quality. That palace, by the way, is exactly modeled on the Trianon, which was built by one of the dissolute monarchs of France to house his mistress. Count Boni not only had his building itself after this model, but got all his furniture from special makes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, paying fabulous prices, of course. Most of these furnishings are those actually used by royalty. For example, a bed presented to the Countess Anna is said to be one of the most expensive beds if not the most expensive in the world. It was made at the order of some French monarch for his mistress, possibly the same one for whom the Trianon was built. There were so many of these cases it is impossible to speak with exactitude. No wonder the French were driven to revolution.

A word further as to this matter of alleged good taste. It is an open question whether such display, however refined, is not based on vulgarity.

#### An Opera Bouffe Duel

The third thing that has been claimed in Count Boni's favor is that he is a fearless duelist, a rather equivocal

vanced in his own behalf is that he likes America. And why shouldn't he? Has it not furnished him with all the money he has squandered and made it possible for him to cut some figure in the world, even though it is but a sorry one? Are not travelers, shippers and consumers in this country putting up for earnings on Jay Gould's watered railroad stock the funds that this little foreign tailor's dummy is throwing to the winds? Why shouldn't he like America?

These constitute the list of questionable credit marks. Out of the whole bunch only three can be mentioned with any genuine warmth of approval. They are that Boni sought to protect the name of a woman, that he turned a joke and that he fought for his seat in the chamber of deputies. That is the "extent of Count Boni's virtues. Honestly, after diligent search, the writ has been able to find no more. Is it not pitiful? As for the other side of the ledger, it is of sufficient extent to produce nausea. But let it speak for itself.

#### Fisher of Heiresses.

Count Boni's first appearance in this country was a dozen years ago. Then he went fishing at Newport—a fisher not of men, but of heiresses. It is on record that he first cast his bait for Miss Virginia Fair, who is now Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. Failing to land her, he next angled for Consuelo Vanderbilt, now the Duchess of Marlborough. Fisherman's luck again. It was while at Newport that he got the name of "The Powder Puff."

Perhaps it was on account of depleted finances that he now left the watering place of the Four Hundred and traveled through the west for a wine house. But the matrimonial campaign was by no means abandoned. Returning to New York, Count Boni gave a dinner. Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould were among the guests; also their sister Anna, then a young girl budding into womanhood. The impressionable Boni's heart was again smitten—or was it his pocketbook?—and the Goulds were invited on a hunting trip to Canada. Six weeks after the initial meeting the engagement was announced. The count, who had been living very modestly in rooms on East Thirty-second street, promptly moved to the Waldorf-Astoria and began to cut a swell. The announcement of the betrothal had evidently improved his credit. The wedding followed in due course and was of course sumptuous.

#### Cherries at \$4 Each.

The fortune which Anna Gould brought to her husband is estimated at about \$17,000,000, but bound up in such a way that she could only enjoy the income from it, \$600,000 a year. Boni promptly began to burn this. His expenditures were so lavish and the swell he cut was so joyous that Paris first gasped and then laughed. As a sample, it is related that he paid \$4 each for cherries. Other things were in proportion. In five years he had become so involved that a London firm of jewelers brought suit. George J. Gould here had to step in. Prior to that time Boni had sold George at a fabulous figure a fine pair of Sevres vases. George found them in the Londoner's bill still unpaid for. Since then there has been a decided coolness between the head of the Gould family and his titled brother-in-law.

Suit was at once begun by George J. Gould to sequester his sister's estate. Then Boni's transactions came to light. In these five years he had not only spent \$3,000,000 or more, but was in debt to the tune of \$4,400,000. As a result Anna's allowance was henceforth cut to \$200,000 a year, the other \$400,000 going to liquidate the count's liabilities. But it is known that Boni has been making debts since wherever he could get credit. Still he has not flown quite so high. An expensive yacht he bought has been sacrificed for one thing. In connection with this yacht there is a story. At the Countess Anna's order it once put to shore and a high society woman to whom Boni had been unduly attentive was landed, bag and baggage. There were many other stories of this sort.

As for Anna Gould, only sympathy is expressed for her both in this country and in Europe. Perhaps she is not entitled to too much of it, as sympathy is too precious to be squandered and she has got what she paid for, but she was only a young girl when she married, and evidence is not lacking that she truly loved her scapegrace of a husband. She has borne much. She has overlooked all the little peccadillos many of which the world has heard whispers concerning and many more of which doubtless the public has known nothing. As long as only chorus girls and women in like station were concerned the aggrieved wife bore in silence, but when women were involved whom she had to meet in her own social set she drew the line. It is said that three have been named in the divorce suit. One of them, a baroness, the wife of a man with a worldwide reputation, precipitated the scandal. Count Boni was warned by his wife that the affair must be broken off, and he promised. Thereupon the baroness out of revenge laid a trap for him, and from this grew the suit. That is the story. Pitiful is the only word that describes it.

The Castellanes have three sons—George, Boni and Jay. Of these the mother has control—mercifully. In the last quarter of a century over 150 American heiresses have married titled foreigners. It is estimated that the fortunes which they have handed over to their husbands have aggregated over \$200,000,000.

Perhaps the Castellane divorce suit may serve to awaken people to the enormity of this matrimonial tuft hunting and commercialism.

J. A. EDGERTON.

## THE PENSION OFFICE

HUMOR THAT SPICES THE ROUTINE WORK OF THE OFFICIALS.

Some of the Quaint and Original Application\* For Payment\* That Have Been Handed In to the Repreenta\* tWe\* of Uncle Sam.

If he dared to do so the commissioner of pensions at Washington could compile a delightful volume, putting therein the strange applications for pensions that come to his office. Some of these letters belong to the "too good to keep" class, and they find their way out into the world, where they add a good deal to the hilarity of nations. Some applicants for pensions manifest the most childlike ignorance regarding the method of procedure necessary when applying for a pension. They seem to think that all they have to do is to send an application to the pension office and Uncle Sam will forward a check by return mail.

Soon after the close of the civil war there came to the pension office in Washington the following unique and poetical application for a pension that went the rounds of the newspapers years ago:

to Commissioner of Pensions Washington. these many years I've tried in vain an honest pen ion to obtain For wound received in Sixty ona at first Battle of Bull Run one of obioes sons so brave who went to the front the union to save And whilst Engaged In above said fight a rebel Shell took half my sight Not content by taking an Eye this treacherous shell In Passing by took my Eye Brow Clear of the bone and Left me as unconscious as a stone burning a blister of Crystal Clear from the jaw bono to the Ear but thanks to god my life was spared Cheek and Eye brow but Slightly Scared and one Eye was left to me when I got for my right and read Poetre I hope that with that Eye to see the day when untie! Sam His Cripples will Pay.

Much more recent is the letter sent to the commissioner of pensions by an applicant who had contracted blood poisoning in the following remarkable manner:

I got blood poison by being hit with a hens egg when I came back from the front. The egg was not good when you send my pension I want the Deed made so my wife can't get none of it. She throdo the egg. She war a rebel.

Equally appealing and remarkable was another letter sent to the pension office in which the applicant set forth his claims to a pension in this wise:

The way I got my War injury was a ketchin of a hog. The Hog war wanted by our captain for foree. We was chasin the hog and she crawled threw a hole and I we about the size of a man when I tried to crawl threw, but I stuck an in tryin to wiggle out I throde the rales off an one It hit me on my bed and nocked me senseless. I do not think the hog had nothin to do with my line of duty, for I did not ketch the hog. Welch she never was caut, so pleze send along my pension.

One aged pensioner had evidently made a serious blunder by taking unto himself a wife in his old age, for love of gain seems to have been the motive of the woman who married him if the following letter stated the facts in the Gase:

Dear Mister Government, Plcte to fix up my penshun papers so as my wife cant away and take the size of a float an an ded. she say she married me for lov an to be a ole mans Darling but now I no it was for to get my penshun on herself by being my widower so pleze let me get my penshun and let her stay the float let on to her that you got this from me or i would have a hot time of it and times is hotter now than I can stand. So when I send word that I am no moar then send her this if you want to but not untill the penshun is shut off which it is her just desserts for marryin for money an in a Mersheary spirrit.

One day there came to the pension office a very old and subdued looking man who could scarcely totter along with the help of two canes. By his side was a very robust and perfectly self reliant young woman of perhaps thirty, years of age. When some one went forward to ask what was wanted the young woman said:

"Well, I'll just tell you. This is my husband, and we ain't getting enough pension—that's what we ain't. We're getting only \$10 a month, and we know; a man that wasn't in the war half as long as my husband was and didn't get a shot in him and he gets his \$12 a month, and we want our pension raised to that figger or more."

One applicant was willing to give the most palpable proof of the genuineness of his injuries, for he wrote as follows:

If you don't think I was shot in the war I am willing to come on there and you or any one else can lay their finger I on the bullet imbedded in my back wUch I names me when I stoop or lay on it and which it has brought on permanent disability so I can't work liko I used to could I guess if you would speak to President Maykney and tell him about the bullet he would let me to send on the pension and any medikal doctor would say the same. A doctor here will go his af- i fydvnitt that he has layed his fingers on j the bullet wich I am proud of as scars of War where I fit and bled for my country wich U is America and Union forever.

—New York Tribune.

#### Not a Pair Division.

"If a house contains six bureaus, eleven armiores, seven chiffoniers and fifty-three miscellaneous drawers, how many of 'em is the husband entitled to and how many is the wife?" asked the young clubmaji.

The second clubman laughed harshly. "You are jxung and have much to learn," he said. "You may as well understand first as last that if there were in your house a mile of bureaus, three acres of armiores and 17,000 drawers all these would still be stuffed full of veils, n-iching, hatpins, ribbons, silk stockings, petticoats, powder puffs and safety pins, and the best course for you to pursue would be to wrap your own things—your shirts, underclothes and so on—in a newspaper and keep them under the bed."—New York Press.

He that falls into sin is a man; he That grieves at it is a saint; that bonst- eth of it is a devil.—Fuller.

## CLOTHES IN KOREA.

Chana-ed According- to the Calendar and Not the Weather.

A characteristic of the Koreans which has helped to their undoing as a nation was the fact that they were guided wholly by precedent. When a new situation presented they did not cope with it in the light of the day they were living, but were guided entirely, by the old saws and the ancient maxims of wise men who had been dead a thousand years or so. A striking illustration of this national trait was furnished in the matter of their wearing apparel, which was changed according to an ancient calendar and without any regard to the temperature of the day.

Korea is a land of great extremes of heat and cold, and the man who drafted the calendar by which all clothing is changed, though a Chinese sage, it is said, was not a success as a weather prophet, unless, as some maintain, the climate in the course of the hundreds of years which have elapsed has changed. When the calendar announces now begins the period of greatest cold the conservative Korean, although the air may be soft and balmy, pads out his white garments with six or seven thicknesses of cotton wadding, until the thin man becomes a fat man and the stout party swells up to such enormous size as to block up the streets when he walks, or, rather, rolls, abroad. Again, though spring and early summer may have come and the heat prevailing be almost tropic, the Korean swelters about in his wadded clothing in perspiring veneration of his hereditary calendar.—New York Herald.

## TREACHEROUS RIVER BEDS.

A Homesteader's Ontft When Cnn\*ht In the ifcaalecaanra.

The "mover's" wagon, canvas covered and travel worn, is always picturesque. The traveling home for a family and all their worldly goods, from furniture to poultry, is still a familiar sight on western roads. The spirit of dissatisfaction and longing for newer fields that lurks under that broad brimmed hat is a spark of the same fire that has been the theme of our history. By some stream under the cotton woods of an evening you may sometimes see this half gypsy, and the fire, with its accompanying smell of bacon and beans or the song and accordion, will suggest as you drive by why the roving has always its fascinations.

There are, however, the long dusty days of travel and sore backed horses, the occasional swollen fords, and always present, though seldom encountered, are the quicksands of the dry bottom streams. They are indistinguishable and silent. The shallow rivers of water flow over them as over all the rest of the river bed, but once fairly in their grasp there is a remorseless, certain settling, which a struggle only hastens and which ends in an everlasting disappearance. Cattle and horses are caught in it oftener, and, if seen in time, can be pulled out with a rope and horse, but into its hungry maw have gone horses, wagons and men, and even a locomotive, going through a bridge, has been known to disappear in this bottomless mystery.—Allen True In Outing.

#### Royal Gamblers.

The fascination which games of chance have exercised over gentle and simple is well illustrated in the description by Stow of the entertainment given by Henry Picard, mayor of London, in 1357, when the kings of France and Scotland, being prisoners in England, and the king of Cyprus on a visit to Edward, III., the mayor "kept his hall against all comers that were willing to play at dice and hazard. The Lady Margaret, his wife, did keep her chamber to the same intent." The mayor, having won 60 marks from the king of Cyprus, returned him the money, saying, "My lord and king, be not aggrieved, for I covet not your gold, but your play."—Chambers' Journal.

#### A Divided Sentiment.

Little Agnes is twelve years old. She is a poetess. She has, maybe, a sense of humor and, positively, she did not like her stepmother. On the tetter's birthday the youthful rhymer put forth all her powers to please the lady who had usurped her own mother's place. The quatrain ran as follows:

# I thank you for your kindness, I thank you for your love And hope God will reward you By taking you above. Her stepmother hardly knew whether this was to be taken prematurely or not. She supposed not.—New York Press.

#### Battles In the Sen.

Fights between sharks and porpoises are said to be common in the waters around the Florida keys, and the fishermen thereabout declare that the porpoise always wins and sends the shark, which usually begins the fight, scurry ing away. The shark has to turn on its side to bite, and the nimble porpoise easily keeps out of reach of its snapping jaws and then jumps in and deals the shark tremendous slaps with its tail.

#### Went Ever.

"Yes, indeed; he's the homeliest man in public life today. Haven't you ever seen him?"

"No, but I've seen caricatures of him."

"Oh, they flatter him. You should see him."—Catholic Standard and Times.

#### A Great Detective.

"You say he has grown whiskers since last you saw him?"

"Yes."

"How did you recognize him?"

"By my umbrella."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

# Silk Sale

We will clean up until sold, the following silks:

Lot 1—4 pieces of figured China Silks, 50c value, sale price, 29c yd

LoY\*—5 pieces of Foulard Silks, 75c quality, sale price will be 4&C yd

Lot 3—10 pieces of Foulard Silk, 85c and \$1.25 quality, sale price, 59c per yd

Lot 4—6 pieces of striped and checked wash Silk, 50c quality, sale price, 29c yd

Lot 5—4 pieces of wash\* Habutai Silk, white with black polka dot, 65c quality, sale price will be 39c yd

Lot 6—8 pieces of fancy colored dress Silks, 75c & 85c quality, sale price, 49c yd

Lot 7—4 pieces of 1 yd wide, changeable taffeta Silk, \$1.50 quality, sale price, 90c yd

Lot 8—2 pieces of 36 inch Black Taffeta, \$1.50 quality, sale price will be \$1 per yd.

Lot 9—2 pieces of 19 inch Black Taffeta, 75c quality, sale price, 59c per yd.

Extraordinary values like these don't last long, so come early.

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COUNT AND COUNTESS DE CASTELLANE AND THEIR PALACE IN PARIS.

tor's estate. Twice Count Boni fought duels with editors for printing scandals concerning him.

Count Hon! is a royalist. He wants that distinctly understood. The assurance is hardly necessary, as his habits would proclaim that fact, but friends of popular government will receive the definite announcement with satisfaction. The mere fact that he lives under it is something of a reproach to democracy, but his opposition to popular rule serves to remove much of the stigma. The incident is still remembered of the manner in which his countess led a mob of titled featherweights in a demonstration against President Loubot and for no other reason apparently than that Loubet came from the common people and represented them. The Paris poners charged at the time that Count Boni was concerned in that affair. One of the most commendable things about the republic of FrrnLce is found in the degeneracy of its eunies.

It is not a pleasant task to write of any man without being able to say something good of him. From that aspect a subject like Count Boni de Castellane is discouraging. There are a few things, however, that can be said in modified commendation even in this case.

#### Best Dressed Parisian.

For one thing he is said to be the best dressed man in Paris, whatever recommendation that may be. He orders his suits and overcoats by the dozen, with a slight variety of shade and cut in each. He has in all varieties and styles, of the best workmanship and the most expensive material. His whole wardrobe is on the same elaborate and costly line. For example, he never wears a pair of gloves more than once. As for shirts, he pays f 7

virtue at least. Even the bravery in involved is questionable, as French duels nowadays seldom or never even tuato fatally. As for Boni, he has fought four times and has never been wounded. Three of his opponents he wounded slightly—one he shot in the leg, one he gave a slight sword thrust in the wrist and the third received a trifling puncture of the thorax. Very much in the line of opera bouffe dueling. Is it not? The first of these affairs was a farce altogether. Boni had heard a slighting remark concerning a lady with whom he was smitten, whereupon he upset a table and made hostile demonstrations against the man who uttered the scandal. The other challenged him, and the fight took place on the bank of a river. Boni thought the thing was in earnest, but all the others involved knew it to be a joke. The pistols were loaded with pellets of black bread. As Boni fired his antagonist dropped like a stuck j beef, and the young count ran up in great trepidation, asking if the man was killed. "Yes," said the supposed corpse, sitting up and grinning. "The whole situation flashed on Castellane's mind, whereupon he cried, 'I will bury him, then,' and, seising his opponent's ankle, dragged him to the river bank and rolled him over. As the dripping figure emerged he probably had some doubts as to whom the joke was on.

The fourth thing that can be said in the little count's behalf is that when he was thrown out of the deputies for corrupting the electorate he showed spunk enough to fight. As he left the chamber, he cried defiantly, "Gentlemen, you will see me again." It was a dire threat, and he made it good. Going back to his province in the Basse-Alpes, he was elected by an increased major J lty. The house has never been able to shake him off since.

Tet one more thing the count has ad-

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