

Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs.

FINN & PHILLIPS,

138 WYOMING AVE.

The American Cabinet or Parlor Organ

WAS INTRODUCED in its present form by MASON & HAMLIN in 1861, being a great improvement upon the melodeon, which was the best instrument of its class in previous use. The merits of the improved instrument were soon recognized by musicians, by whose approval it was widely and rapidly received into public favor. Its sale has extended, not only to all parts of America, but to nearly all civilized countries.

THE ORGANS made by the MASON & HAMLIN CO. have always maintained their Supremacy as the best of this class of instruments in the world, excelling in the more important qualities generally. The pre-eminent reputation which they have obtained for extraordinary excellence as musical instruments, for thoroughness of workmanship and material, and elegance of cases, has hardly been preceded in any country by that of any musical instrument whatever. Exhibited at all great World Exhibitions since that of Paris of 1867, they have always obtained the highest honors in competition with the leading makers of the world.

At the great Paris Exhibition in 1867, they first appeared in competition with instruments of most noted European makers, to whose surprise they were found to merit, and were awarded, the first medal.

In Vienna, at the still greater exhibition, in 1873, Mason & Hamlin Organs, together with those by other most noted American makers, were again placed in competition with the world, and again the Mason & Hamlin received the highest medal for demonstrated superiority.

At the World's Exhibition in Santiago, Chili, in 1875, they once more received the highest possible award.

At the U. S. Centennial World's Exhibition at Philadelphia, 1876, where the need of superiority among American makers was more earnestly contended than ever before, after a prolonged trial and test by one of the most competent juries ever assembled, the Mason & Hamlin Organs were declared to be superior, not in one only, but in all the important qualities of such instruments.

At the Great World's Exhibition at Paris, in 1878, several hundred makers of musical instruments competed before a jury of exceptional ability, with Dr. Franz Liszt at the head, who, after months of careful test and comparison, awarded two highest medals to the Mason & Hamlin Co.

At the Italian Musical Exhibition, in 1881, was the most extraordinary collection of musical instruments ever brought together. The Mason & Hamlin Co. were found worthy of the only highest award in their department.

The New York Letter Carriers' Band

Realizing that our store is the natural musical center of this city, are making their headquarters in our handsome assembly room on the third floor of our building, during the National Convention of Letter Carriers now being held here.

FINN & PHILLIPS.

A Summer Girl's Tactics.

"I beg a thousand pardons for walking into your room like this!" said the most popular girl at the hotel, "but the door was open, and—"

"Oh, don't apologize," said the young woman, who was on her knees beside a big, open trunk. "Sit down anywhere—on the bed, you see, I am packing up."

"You are not going back to town, are you?"

"I thought I might just as well go home. You see, I've been here two days, and I've done nothing but sit and sleep. I don't seem to enjoy myself much; in fact, I am really very uncomfortable."

"You've kept too much to yourself," said the popular girl. "I noticed when you came Saturday night you were so reserved that you seemed scared, and you came right up to your room and—"

"Went to bed!" said the young woman on the floor. "I've been here two days and spent nearly all my time in bed. I could do that home, you know. I don't know whether the trouble is with the place or with me, but I'm tired of it. I've talked to two or three women on the piazza after breakfast, and they seem to get disgusted because I make it a rule not to gossip about folks—"

"Oh, that's not gossip. It's just hotel talk. If you are going to stay at a summer hotel you must learn to talk hotel language and do as everybody else does. You'll excuse me, but you've made some awfully bad breaks since you've been here. For instance, you went in bathing in the afternoon the other day."

"Well, what of it? I think I can go in when I please, can't I?"

"But not in the afternoon. No one goes in in the afternoon. It's always breakfast, then fancy work on the piazza, and then the mail get in, and then a bath just before luncheon. But to go in in the afternoon—why, it's awfully bad form. I felt like telling you when I saw you going down the board walk with your suit. The nurse-maids go in in the afternoon."

"Well, I think that's a funny sort of idea," said the queer girl. "I like to do things when I please, not because other people do them. I don't like it here, I imagine the trouble is that I came alone!"

"Nonsense! I came alone only two days before you did."

"But you seem to know every one at the hotel."

"No, there's a man that doesn't get down until the 11:30 train each night, and I've never even spoken to him. In fact, I haven't seen him except once, and then he was running for a train. No, I don't know every one, but nearly every one. You see, I make it a point to get to know folks. You go around like a clam, getting further in your shell all the time."

"You don't mean to say that you speak to people without being introduced?"

"Introduced! Nobody gets introduced at a summer hotel, at least it doesn't count, but you must make it a point to get acquainted. Every one does!"

"But I don't exactly want to get acquainted. I don't want to avoid any-

this place. We live on it. Then, never miss an old lady. Make a point of getting into conversation with the old ladies. Sometimes they have nice sons that come over Sundays."

"I should have a perfect contempt for myself if I went on that way. One hasn't to do it at home, and I think that all that insincerity and show is silly."

"Well, I noticed the other night when Duddleigh was introduced to you. He asked to be presented, didn't he?"

"Yes, he said—'he—liked, that is—'"

"Oh, of course I don't want to seem to pry, but—"

"He really was very nice, I thought."

"Well, you didn't act that way? You sat there just as still! You never said a word. I positively ached to join in and make things more lively. You know my dear, Duddleigh is a great catch. He is immensely rich and owns a yacht and a lot of horses and things, and I could see at a glance that he wasn't used to being treated that way. He's run after more than any man at this place."

"Well, what could I do? He seemed like any other man to me. He spoke of a breakfast or something on his yacht."

"Well, I suppose—every one will think it queer, as you say—if I don't go, but the fact is I don't care much for that sort of thing. If it is like the hotel I am afraid I should be very much out of place."

"Do you mean to say that Duddleigh is going to give a breakfast on his yacht? Well, I must say, some of you quiet girls are pretty deep! And you never said a word!"

"Yes, I said that I hadn't met him before and that I wouldn't like to accept his attention. That sort of thing, and then—well, you should just hear her apologize! It's a perfect bit of acting. She turns around and says, 'Oh, I am so sorry! I beg a thousand pardons! So stupid of me. I hope I didn't hurt you!'"

"I should think she'd get to be a great nuisance. Don't the men object to being run into in that fashion? Don't they see through it in time?"

"Not one in a thousand sees through it, and even if they did they wouldn't mind it. Next time she looks confused when they meet and laughs or apologizes again, and then the matter is settled. She has another man to dance with at the hops. Then she changes her tactics. Sometimes she sits on the hats."

"What?"

"Why, she sees a hat on a rocking chair and it's at dusk, and she sits down on it as though she didn't know it was there. That is a chance for more apologies and explanations. It's the same old game, but it gets there."

"There's another thing. Never let a dog pass without admiring it. Rush at it and pat and admire it and ask about it. It is sure to have an owner hanging around somewhere, and he or she will come up and pretend to take the dog away. Then ask about its breed, and swallow any story they'll tell you. Every summer hotel dog is a thoroughbred, you know. It is a good plan to say you remember having seen him at the show with his box covered with blue ribbons. They never deny that. But don't let the dogs pass without admiring them. After that comes the babies."

"After the dogs?"

"I mean in importance. Gush over every baby and every child that come within your range of vision. They are sure to have mothers somewhere at the hotel, and you'll win them if you praise the children. But lay it on thick! Don't be afraid that flattery is bad taste at

COURTSHIP IN PORTO RICO.

It is Carried on Under Much Greater Difficulties Than Here.

It is next to impossible for a marriage engagement without the concurrence of the elders of the family to be contracted in Porto Rico. The constant surveillance maintained over the girls of the household and their continued subjection to parental authority, even after reaching years of maturity, is a successful barrier to anything sensational in contracting a life partnership. No association is tolerated that may lead to a mealtime, and few opportunities are afforded to create an attachment without the full knowledge and consent of the heads of the family. The only occasion upon which this may happen are the larger social gatherings, such as Mardi Gras balls and dances at the Casino Espanol, which occur several times a year.

Young women are always surrounded with a suitable guard of chaperones by day and night. After reaching a place of social rendezvous the young folk are allowed some liberty to promenade, dance and chat together, while those chaperones sit in a dignified and near and take note of the proceedings. The attention of an innamorato to the object of his devotion must not be too ardent nor too continuous; he must not dance with her more than twice, and hover near long enough to excite comment, which is prone to be prompt and free.

Under these conditions the susceptible young American who succumbs to the winking glance of a sweet, soft-eyed scorpione finds the path of love any thing but a flower strewn. It requires heroic measures to break through the human walls of bustling dinnets and scowling matrons that guard the approaches to her shy young heart.

After an engagement is announced the conditions are changed. Henceforth, they can dance only with each other. For centuries it has been decreed to be a flagrant breach of propriety for an affianced or married woman to stop through the mazes of the dance with any other than her fiance or husband. However, the chaperone continues until marriage. Courtship must be conducted under the parental eye, members of the household remaining in the room during the visits of men, and rarely can the sweet, loving nothings be breathed without reaching other ears than those for which they are intended. Sometimes the Argus watchfulness is relaxed for a few moments, which are improved to the utmost, it can be imagined, but are liable to be broken into unexpectedly and frequently by the scrupulous and anxiously responsible parent or matron in charge.

In the preparations for marriage the bridegroom is expected to provide a home according to his means, more or less completely equipped with household linen and all necessities for house-keeping. This in virtue of the sentiment that the bride must bring to him nothing but herself and her trousseau. In that county of fine needle-women this trousseau is something remarkable in variety and execution, often of such daintiness that many American brides might envy them.

Porto Rican brides do not waste much time or money upon many street gowns or those for public display. It is to please the eye of the husband alone that all the arts of construction are expended. Home gowns, linens and negligees. A popular model is a cambric princess, the front a mass of

lace and drawn work round neck, and gossamer, tight-fitting or flowing angel sleeves. A number of these enter into the outfit, and a model of exquisite work, according to the purse or deftness of fingers of the bride.

A fashionable time for the marriage ceremony is from midnight up to 2 o'clock in the morning. The bridegroom, with his immediate relatives and friends, proceed to the home of the bride, and from there a wedding procession is formed to the church. Carriages are rarely used, the party, if living in town, making the short journey on foot, the bride walking with her godfather, the bridegroom with his godmother. The ceremony over, they return to the bride's home, whereupon she lifts the veil from her head and throws it over that of her nearest girl friend, who cuts it into bits and distributes it among the unmarried guests.

The bride then strips to pieces the orange blossoms of her crown, and also those which deck her gown more or less elaborately, according to the number of her guests, and a spray is presented to each. The fun then grows lively over counting the blossoms, those full blown signifying years, the half blown buds, the buds days, which will intervene before the recipient's marriage.

The bride then retires to make a change in another special feature of her array, the bridal garters, which are elegant affairs, ornamented with white satin roses and orange blossoms and suspended from the waist upon strands of white satin ribbons. Each garter is enclosed in a pretty box and presented to her most intimate girl friend. The strands of ribbon are cut into pieces and distributed among the other guests. Then, simply attired in the wedding gown, sometimes even this laid aside for another, the bride and the bridegroom lead the dance and the festivities take the form of those usual to such occasions.

Refreshments are served, never omitting chocolate, which from time immemorial has been the nuptial beverage, so generally recognized that when a friend wishes to ask the date of a marriage the question takes the form of "When will chocolate be served?"

After several hours of gaiety the bridegroom takes his bride to their new home, and they begin a life of true domesticity. They continue to be seen occasionally in society, but generally chaperoning some young friends or chatting with their contemporaries, or quietly and contentedly moving through the dance, always, invariably, with each other.

A PHILOPENA WOOING.

Venta Sobert, in Chicago Record.

John Armstrong took Miss Harlowe out to dinner, and neither the dinner nor the diners received any of his attention, for it was entirely occupied by Miss Harlowe.

He could not have told what was the first course, nor what was the last, nor what had been said by the lion of the evening, Lieutenant Barnum, of Cuban fame; but he knew at just what Miss Harlowe's curling lashes looked prettiest, he knew every detail of her gown, he knew just how her brown hair turned to gold under the rays of the electric globe light upon it.

Miss Harlowe held out a twin nut to her pretty palm. "Will you eat a philopena with me, Mr. Armstrong?" she said.

It was marvelous what a softening effect those lashes had on her brilliant eyes, one felt the difference when she looked up from under their silken fringe. Some people said she had hard eyes, Armstrong did not think so. He bent over the small hand and took up the nut as if it were a jewel.

"I will do anything that you ask me to do," he said. "But what happens when one eats a philopena?"

"Oh, you cannot accept anything from me and I cannot accept anything from you. If one of us does and the other cries 'philopena' the unfortunate is obliged to give a pawn."

"Those are very hard conditions, altogether unfair," said Armstrong.

"But it's Miss Harlowe's command, imperiously. Then she looked down at her plate. "There is always a way to get around the hardest conditions," she said, softly.

"Philippa carried on as usual this evening," remarked the hostess to her husband when the last guest had gone. "I declare, that girl is simply dreadful. She is the dearest, prettiest thing, but she seems to think that all men were created solely for her amusement."

Mrs. West had a tender heart, and all the evening she had carried with her the recollection of the pathetic gratitude in John Armstrong's gray eyes when she told him that he was assigned to Miss Harlowe. She gave an unfeeling yellow soft pillow a vicious dig, which might have led one to suppose that for a moment she had transformed it into Miss Harlowe's golden head. Then she gave her husband a hug and a kiss as if to atone to all men for the cruelty of all women.

"My dear," said he, "John Armstrong is able to take care of himself."

But Mrs. West knew he wasn't.

Philippa was sleeping the sleep of the just. Probably it was the sleeplessness of the unjust that John Armstrong was experiencing.

He had been warned. Other moths had fluttered about the flame exhibited their winged wings, or expatiated on the altogether wingless condition of still more unfortunate victims. But where is the moth that was ever saved by good advice?

"She is as beautiful as a picture, and with about as much heart," said Travers.

"She is beautiful, and she has a heart to match her face," replied Armstrong. "You fellows have never been able to reach it, that's all. She isn't a

woman to be lightly won, and I like her for it."

"Lightly won! Good heavens! That's just it; she doesn't want to be won; she only wants to be wooed. John, my boy, I admire your delicious self-conceit and your stubbornness, but I tell you she is just playing with you."

"I do not care to discuss Miss Harlowe any further," said Armstrong, coldly. And Travers knew that he had said as much as he dared.

Philippa sat in her drawing room waiting for John Armstrong. She was smiling to herself as she remembered that she had told three men she would not be at home tonight.

"He comes out of his shell when there is no one else here," she said to herself. "What a great, noble head he had! And what a will! I will tell him about the other men."

He came directly, and she welcomed him very sweetly; but as she looked in his face she saw a certain firmness about the lips and a steady light of purpose burning in his eyes, and she shivered a little. Like Travers, she knew that she had gone as far as she dared.

She became desperately gay, but Armstrong was in no mood for tallies. He sat silent and watched the play of the light on her hair the delicate rose color that burned in her cheeks, the quick drooping and curving of her lips.

Then he leaned suddenly over her. He was tremendously in earnest, his straightforward nature could brook no preamble. She certainly understood him by this time.

"Philippa," he cried, "you know that you are dearer than life to me! Do not put me off any longer. I cannot bear it! You are very beautiful, dear, like some exquisite flower, with all your gifts and graces, and I am only an awkward, abrupt fellow. I have nothing much to offer you, I know. I am not worthy of you, but I can give you a heart that is all yours and a lifetime of love and devotion. Will you accept it, Philippa?"

"Accept anything from you? Why, you must think I have forgotten our philopena! Besides, if I did accept, you know, I shouldn't have a thing to give you for a pawn."

"Philippa, do not trifle with me!"

"You are very unreasonable!" Philippa cried, conscious, however, that her eyelashes were falling for the first time. "You ask me to accept—a gift just as if there never was such a thing as a philopena."

Armstrong rose. His lips were white, his eyes full of pain. He looked down on her a moment, then he said, quietly: "Good-bye, Philippa," and strode from the room.

"Like many another poor fool, I see that I have endowed a beautiful doll with a soul," he said to himself with a bitter smile.

He jammed his hat down over his head and slid back the chain of the door, then he felt the touch of a hand and he turned and saw what no one had ever seen before—Philippa's brilliant eyes all soft and misty with tears. She laid her cheek against his sleeve.

"John, dear John, forgive me!" she cried with a little sob. "I do accept, and here, I will give you the pawn in advance."

She drew his head down and kissed him, and Armstrong folded her in his arms without a word.

"You see, dear," whispered Philippa, "I couldn't give you my heart for a pawn, because you already had it long ago."

What's the Use?

A witty doctor, who was one of a corps of physicians appointed to vaccinate poor bloomen, remarked, "What's the use of vaccinating those fellows? They never catch anything."—Punch.