

EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, W. W. HARTLEY, Editor and Prop'r.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with columns for ad type (e.g., 1 square, 2 squares), duration (e.g., 1 week, 1 month), and rate.

Church Directory.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. Frank R. Miller, Rector. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. H. J. Carter. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

MASONIC. UROA LODGE, No. 100, A. F. & A. M., Brainerd.

BRainerd Hook & Ladder Co. Holds regular meetings on the first Monday of every month.

Jewelry, Silver Ware, Watches, Clocks, Spectacles.

Headquarters Hotel, Brainerd, Minn. This fine hotel has been thoroughly renovated and newly furnished.

MEAT MARKET, COR. SIXTH AND LAUREL STS. The undersigned have now completed arrangements to furnish the citizens of Brainerd with all kinds of best meats.

J. L. STARCHER, Dealer in Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

C. B. SLEEPER, Attorney at Law, Brainerd, Minn. Office at Headquarters Hotel.

DR. J. C. ROSSER, Physician and Surgeon, Brainerd, Minn. Office at Headquarters Hotel.

A. A. WHITE, Building Material, Front Street, Brainerd.

Merchants Hotel, W. H. LELAND, Proprietor. Cor. Sixth and Laurel streets, Brainerd, Minn.

Leland House, THE LARGEST BAEN NORTH OF MINNEAPOLIS. In connection with the Leland House, for the accommodation of Teams.

LAMONT & WILSON, GENERAL DEALERS IN Family Groceries, PRODUCE, PROVISIONS, CONFECTIONS, WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

DRUG STORE, S. V. R. SHERWOOD, PROPRIETOR. COR. FIFTH AND FRONT STS., BRainerd, Minn.

Paints, Oils, etc. C. MEYER & CO., Merchant Tailor, 115 EAST SEVENTH STREET, SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA.

J. C. OSWALD, Wholesale Dealer in Wines, Liquors, and Cigars, 17 North Washington Ave., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

EBER H. BLY, DEALER IN Groceries, DRY GOODS, Lumbermen's Supplies.

GENTS' CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, Etc. NEWELL & HARRISON, WHOLESALE GROCERS, North Washington Avenue, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

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Indian Chieftain. The Pioneer Press of the 1st Inst. contains a letter from a J. K. Ferrault, tending a batch of undressed and untruthful charges against Bishop Whipple and Maj. Lewis Stowe, the U. S. Indian Agent at White Earth, Minn., alleging fraud and incompetency.

Indian Chieftain. The worst feature of Superior City, at present, is the fact that most of the land in and about the city is owned by non-residents, who, knowing what its future is sure to be, refuse to sell land or lots at any reasonable rates.

Indian Chieftain. William Wade arrived from Leech Lake in post haste on Monday with a message to James Whitehead, the Indian Agent, who was then here on his way to the agency, reporting a number of the Indians at the lake on the war path.

Indian Chieftain. Major Whitehead went to Ft. Ripley to arrange for troops, and on Tuesday went to St. Paul to arm himself with the proper authority to handle these marauders, and proposes to summarily end these outrages and bring the scamps to justice.

Indian Chieftain. This attack of the Indians upon the property of Mr. Desmond was the first of the series of acts of defiance on the part of Sturgeon and his followers to the authority of the agent, and was speedily followed by those detailed in the message to Mr. Whitehead, who is still at St. Paul, and which for aught we know may yet go on at the agency.

Indian Chieftain. The Fargo Times of the 28th ult. contains a report of most villainous conduct upon the part of the stage drivers on Blakeley & Carpenter's stage line, between that place and Winnipeg, towards passengers.

Indian Chieftain. A raid was made upon our little burg by the U. S. authorities this week, resulting in a trip to St. Paul for E. R. French and M. McMahon, on the charge of vending the ardent to Uncle Sam's Wards—poor Lo! What further results will occur we are at this writing unable to state.

Indian Chieftain. A warrant was also in the hands of the authorities for the arrest of Mrs. Ellen McMahon, the mother of the prisoner M. McMahon, but she has evaded arrest thus far, and the officers have given up the chase, feeling that her absence from the place is quite as desirable as her arrest.

Indian Chieftain. For sale—160 Acres of Prairie Land, Soil good. Splendid evergreen grove for building site. Contains several acres of good hay land. Steam saw running through it.

Indian Chieftain. HOTEL—The "Purcell" Hotel, at Wadena, will be sold cheap for cash, as the owner desires to engage in other business.

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REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET. For Governor, HON. J. S. PILLSBURY, Hennepin county.

For Lieutenant-Governor, J. S. WAKEFIELD, Park county.

For Secretary of State, JOHN S. IRVING, Mower county.

For State Auditor, O. P. WHITCOMB, Olmsted county.

For State Treasurer, WM. PFANDER, Brown county.

For Attorney General, GEO. P. WILSON, Winona county.

For Chief Justice, JUDGE JAMES O'NEILL, Hennepin county.

For Clerk of the Supreme Court, SAMUEL M. WHEELER, Otter Tail county.

It is raining! School begins Monday. The City Council meets Monday night.

COOL HEADS.—The man who peddles ice on his head. Zeb Crummett says married people who are not lovers are bound by red-hot chains.

THE NEWS.

Crime.—The second trial of P. F. Wintermute, for the murder of Geo. McCook, is in progress. Theodore Tilton has filed notice of trial against Henry Ward Beecher, Thos. Kincaid and the Brooklyn Eagle.

Great excitement is reported in the vicinity of Halifax, occasioned by the burning of several barns. A man named Robbins recently murdered his wife, and the property destroyed belongs to the deceased woman's relatives.

The National Bank and the Merchants Exchange Bank of San Francisco suspended on the day following the failure of the Bank of California.

The liabilities of the Bank of California are about \$19,000,000 and the assets not far from \$7,000,000.

Before committing suicide Mr. Ralston transferred all his property to Senator Sharon, of Colorado, for the benefit of his creditors.

Col. Longstreet, of the bankrupt firm of Longstreet & Dennison, Syracuse, N. Y., has "succeeded."

Depredations in Texas by the Mexican robbers continue.

A dispatch from Trenton, N. J., says the defalcation of the State Treasurer amounts to \$200,000.

Church, head of the ribbon department, of Jeffrey & Co., New York, who absconded with \$40,000, has been arrested in Montreal.

Fifty thousand dollars worth of crooked whisky has been seized in San Francisco.

The trial of Wm. Westervelt, indicted for aiding in the abduction of Charlie Ross, is in progress in Philadelphia.

Two men in Texas fought a duel in the dark on Sunday night—distance four feet. One of them was killed.

Chauvinism.—The ship New Hero has arrived at San Francisco from Liverpool, with twenty-four cases of scurvy in the crew of forty.

At Columbus, Ohio, as Mr. Isaac Williams, with his wife and child, was crossing a bridge the horse became frightened and plunged down the embankment into the river.

The water swept the child from his mother's arms and it was drowned. The parents were rescued with difficulty.

Ten lives were lost by the sinking of the steamer Comet on Lake Superior.

Ralston, the president of the suspended Bank of California, committed suicide, after resigning his position.

A negro of Gov. Cochrane, and a negro, were lately killed by a train of cars while driving across the tracks.

A. C. Coving & Co., one of the largest manufacturing firms in the country, have failed.

The propeller Persian was destroyed by fire on Lake Erie, near Long Point. The officers and men floated about upon the hatches, until picked up by a passing steamer.

Washington has been visited by a disastrous rainstorm. Nothing like it was ever before known.

From Abroad.—Russia is moving for a general intervention in Turkish affairs. It is not his wish to break the peace of Europe, but insists upon the Porte proceeding seriously with reform, and that his intolerable rule must cease.

Patrick Fitzgerald, a real estate broker of Springfield, Mass., has failed for \$150,000.

The "sea-serpent" is spending the summer of Cape Cod, and the stories brought into Boston and Marblehead by sailors who have lately seen it are unwarped.

Official reports show that the wheat crop of Austria and Hungary is far below the average.

A congress of journalists in Germany has adopted resolutions asking imperial legislation in behalf of the liberty of the press.

Commodore James Goodenough of the English navy was lately shot with a poisoned arrow by a native Australian, and has since died.

On the arrival of the U. S. war vessel at Tripoli, to demand satisfaction of that government for insults to the American minister, the officers were also grossly insulted. An apology was afterward made to them, but refused in the case of the minister.

The president of Ecuador was lately assassinated by a chief of the army.

An organization of American and English capitalists which promise to become the greatest importers of a new meeting of the American board of directors, arrangements were made for visiting all the railroads connecting with the Mississippi Valley, and as certain facilities for the transmission of merchandise and products, and to find the most inviting fields for immigration.

The Bank of California suspended on the 26th, after a run of a million and a half. The officers do not expect to resume, but say the assets will cover their liabilities. The failure created the greatest excitement, and a run was commenced on the National Gold Bank and the San Francisco Bank, both of which could not hold out unless more gold could be obtained.

The largest sugar importing house in the United States, Sterling Ahearn & Co. of Baltimore, has failed. Liabilities \$2,500,000. A party of the Hills miners have returned to Bismarck, and a report having found their mine panned a hundred dollars a day.

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MINNESOTA MATTERS.

N. H. Knapp has leased the Parkan farm for one year.

The harvest hands are returning southward in large numbers.

Grain dealers are making from \$3.00 to \$4.00 a day in the Chisholm woods.

The Teachers State Institute, which convenes on the 30th of August will last until the 15th of September.

The wheat crop in the towns of Sun-down and Willow Lake, Redwood county, is proportionately much better than the rest of the county.

Butter is worth from 15 to 20 cents in the Kauson market. Eggs are worth from 10 to 12 1/2 cents per dozen with a limited supply.

Two other named Princes of Sham Lake, Lyon county, broke this season on a Marsh harvest 1 1/2 acres of heavy grain in 80 hours.

The Benton county crops are generally considered first-rate. The wheat will average 18 bushels and the oats from 35 to 40 bushels to the acre.

A woman, holding a child in her arms, was killed by lightning in Chippewa county during one of the recent storms. The child was not injured.

Frazzles county is to have, this fall, three agricultural fairs one at Spring Valley, another at Preston and a third at Le Sueur.

Over a thousand and fifty-seven bushels of wheat were threshed in one day by a single machine on the farm of P. H. Rahlby, near Mount Pleasant.

On the night of the 21st a man named Henry Weiland struck with a rock the head of a police officer, injuring him considerably about the face and nose. H. was arrested, and gave bail in the sum of \$200, but refused to appear for trial, leaving his sureties to settle the matter as best they could.

A HARVEST hand named Charles Sweeney, evidently suffering from delirium tremens, was committed to the lock-up in Watonsa, where he was found a few moments after trying to strangle himself with a piece of his shirt and coat, which he had torn into strips.

STATE AUDITOR WITCOMB has refused to accept the personal property assessment of Sibley county, and has instructed the County Auditor to re-convince the Board of County Commissioners, which has closed its labors for the purpose of again equalizing the assessment.

JOHN BROWN and Billy Anderson, two suspicious characters, were arrested and lodged in jail in Albert Lea on the night of the 24th. The latter confessed to having stolen a watch and also to his intention to break into a jewelry shop and gun shop and then steal a pair of horses and put out for Iowa.

HOCKSOUT COUNTY Journal: The weather men are watching the weather in Minnesota now with a peculiar anxiety. The weather reports furnished by the signal service are attentively scanned. A sign of rain in Minnesota sends what up three, four or five cents, and many of the heaviest buyers have arrangements made for private weather reports from this State.

G. L. JONES, of Ohio, has purchased 700 acres of land in the town of Lake Eunice, upon which he and his family will shortly settle and open up a large farm. He has already contracted for the building of a \$5,000 house.

JACKSON REPUBLIC: Frank Nimrichter of La Crosse township, who went to Iowa to harvest some few weeks ago and was stopping at Sigourney a few days since and while lying under a freight car at the depot the cars ran over him and broke both legs.

At a meeting of the members of the River Dalles Improvement Company, E. S. Hammond and A. M. Miller, of Duluth, and N. P. Clarke, of St. Cloud, were elected a board of directors for the ensuing year. The board afterwards chose A. M. Dole, of Minneapolis, superintendent, and will commence operations under his superintendence next spring.

THE DAMAGE BY HOPPERS

In Minnesota During the Year 1874.

There have been many wild reports relative to the damage by grasshoppers in Minnesota, but actual figures show the devastation to have been very light in comparison with our production. The following statement from the Commissioner of Statistics, shows the extent of the ravages of the pests in 1874:

Table with columns: County, Acres, Damaged, Estimated loss, etc. Lists counties like Becker, Beltrami, etc.

There is the element of physical magnitude, if not of mental power, says the Philadelphia Press, in the proposal to run the Atlantic ocean into the heart of Africa, so that white winged commerce may soar over her wealth, and also its attendant progress and civilization into the desert of Sahara. If this can be done, and is done, so much the better. As to the practicability—we have seen the construction and success of the Suez canal; we know that, with patient toil, calculating science, and a not unreasonable money outlay, the Haarlemmermeer was drained and thereby converted into fertile meadows. We know that the Bedford level was literally rescued from the ocean in the east of England, and it is well known that even now practical scientists are confident that a great part of the Zuyder Zee can be pumped dry, so as to recover for North Holland the large district which was submerged by great inundations in the thirteenth century.

At an important public meeting held in London the other day, and well attended by leading city men and others interested in commerce, civilization and science, it was shown by Mr. Donald Mackenzie, who has studied the subject for years, with repeated personal examinations of the ground, that nothing can be much easier than to make a cutting some five or six miles long through the barrier of sand at Cape July, exactly opposite the Canary Islands, so as to admit the Atlantic into the great Sahara desert, a very considerable portion of which lies below the level of the interior of Africa, indeed, geographers, geologists and travelers tell us it was covered in some remote period of the past. The new idea is to make a short ship canal, or rather a passage for the abounding waters of the Atlantic. We have assurance, from what has been done by the cutting between Port Said and Suez, whereby the Mediterranean and the Red Sea have been connected by a canal navigable for steamships and sailing vessels, of what may be done at comparatively small expense and trifling labor, for there are no engineering difficulties on the northwest coast of Africa.

The Suez Canal, deducting the 27 miles of the Bitter, which Mr. de Lesseps utilized for his purpose, consists of 73 miles—the cutting from Cape July to the Desert of Sahara is calculated to be only six miles in length.

Independent of the aid which the flooding of Sahara would give to the promotion of civilization, religion, and the suppression of slavery, it is believed that a large trade with the interior of Africa would be developed. Timbuctoo for instance, a city upon the Niger near the border of Sahara, is the entrepot for the trade between the native, French, and British occupants of the Guinea coast, Senegambia, and the native inhabitants of North Africa. At present it is almost inaccessible, but it would literally become a seaport, if the proposed change took place, easily reached by steam by the enterprise of Europe and America. As far as it has been possible to ascertain, the natives favor the plan, which cannot go for much, however, considering that their conception of it must be vague and imperfect.

It has been asked, on the other side of the question: "Supposing the canal to be made and the Atlantic water sent merely running into the heart of Africa, what if the soil should prove to be of such a treacherous character that it sucked up its liquid visitor as fast as it entered?" This self-same query was put when the Suez canal was first proposed, and was practically answered in the negative by the strong logic of fact. There is not much prospect of the desert being converted into a puddle, fit for neither canals nor steamboats, nor, it may be shrewdly suspected, is it at all likely, as has been suggested, that "worse still, the Atlantic might gradually be drained dry, until which a vast number of the States would extend between Galway and New York, and Canada steamers would be stranded as effectually as Noah's Ark on the top of Mount Ararat." This is sharp and lively, but the fact is that at one time the waters of the Atlantic did cover the great Sahara desert.

Captain Webb Swims Across the British Channel—The Greatest Physical Feat of the Century.

Captain Webb, a British seaman, Wednesday, the 25th, performed the astonishing feat of swimming across the British Channel from Dover to Calais, a distance of nearly thirty miles, without a float or life saving apparatus. The trip was made in 21 hours and 40 minutes.

Captain Webb started on his swim at the rate of 20 strokes to the minutes. The weather was calm. At 4:30 he lunched on ale and beef tea, and at eight o'clock on beef tea and beer. He then rested, dozing on his back. At nine o'clock he was troubled with floating seaweed. At 11 o'clock cod liver oil was given him. The moon rose at one in the morning. He then indulged in brandy and tea. At this time Webb declared the accomplishment of the feat a sure thing. At 3 he partook of coffee. The tide turned, running northward, and the captain appeared exhausted. His trainer stripped, ready to render assistance, but Webb laughingly declined his services, and with a powerful stroke he made good his way at the rate of 20 per minute. Fear arose that the northern tide would drift him broad of Calais sands, and as the sequel proved he had four miles further to swim. Daylight broke at four o'clock, a finding him drowsy, when he indulged in coffee and brandy.

At 5:30 his riders' boys were sighted, and their position located. At 7 there was a westerly breeze and chopping sea, retarding in their influence, and it was only indomitable pluck that insured success. The steamer was kept on the weather side, Webb swimming slowly. From this time he indulged in brandy straight every twenty minutes. Sounding were taken at 8 o'clock, and in 8:50 he reported. Steamers took his appearance from Calais, and steamed along the weather side of the swimmer, breaking the sea. Cheers rang out incessantly, giving fresh hope to the gallant swimmer, who laid a direct course for the Calais sands, westward of the pier. At 10:30 o'clock he was in shallow water, and at 10:40 today, incredible to relate, the brave Matthew Webb stood on land. He was tired, but soon recovered, and was conveyed to a hotel in a carriage, where he was rubbed down, put to bed, and at one o'clock, when the reporter called on the return to Dover, tranquilly slept. Doctors have no fears of serious consequences. Capt. Webb beats Paul Boyton about two hours. In London the wildest enthusiasm prevails. It is pronounced by the press the greatest feat of the century.

The President has appointed G. W. Easton U. S. Attorney for the eastern district of Wisconsin, and Henry H. Wells to the same position for the District of Columbia.

The work-house physician at Cincinnati is accused of torturing with a red hot iron a prisoner who feigned illness.

The following article from the Omaha Herald embodies a great deal of truth as applicable to Minnesota as to Nebraska.

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There is the element of physical magnitude, if not of mental power, says the Philadelphia Press, in the proposal to run the Atlantic ocean into the heart of Africa, so that white winged commerce may soar over her wealth, and also its attendant progress and civilization into the desert of Sahara. If this can be done, and is done, so much the better. As to the practicability—we have seen the construction and success of the Suez canal; we know that, with patient toil, calculating science, and a not unreasonable money outlay, the Haarlemmermeer was drained and thereby converted into fertile meadows. We know that the Bedford level was literally rescued from the ocean in the east of England, and it is well known that even now practical scientists are confident that a great part of the Zuyder Zee can be pumped dry, so as to recover for North Holland the large district which was submerged by great inundations in the thirteenth century.

At an important public meeting held in London the other day, and well attended by leading city men and others interested in commerce, civilization and science, it was shown by Mr. Donald Mackenzie, who has studied the subject for years, with repeated personal examinations of the ground, that nothing can be much easier than to make a cutting some five or six miles long through the barrier of sand at Cape July, exactly opposite the Canary Islands, so as to admit the Atlantic into the great Sahara desert, a very considerable portion of which lies below the level of the interior of Africa, indeed, geographers, geologists and travelers tell us it was covered in some remote period of the past. The new idea is to make a short ship canal, or rather a passage for the abounding waters of the Atlantic. We have assurance, from what has been done by the cutting between Port Said and Suez, whereby the Mediterranean and the Red Sea have been connected by a canal navigable for steamships and sailing vessels, of what may be done at comparatively small expense and trifling labor, for there are no engineering difficulties on the northwest coast of Africa.

The Suez Canal, deducting the 27 miles of the Bitter, which Mr. de Lesseps utilized for his purpose, consists of 73 miles—the cutting from Cape July to the Desert of Sahara is calculated to be only six miles in length.

Independent of the aid which the flooding of Sahara would give to the promotion of civilization, religion, and the suppression of slavery, it is believed that a large trade with the interior of Africa would be developed. Timbuctoo for instance, a city upon the Niger near the border of Sahara, is the entrepot for the trade between the native, French, and British occupants of the Guinea coast, Senegambia, and the native inhabitants of North Africa. At present it is almost inaccessible, but it would literally become a seaport, if the proposed change took place, easily reached by steam by the enterprise of Europe and America. As far as it has been possible to ascertain, the natives favor the plan, which cannot go for much, however, considering that their conception of it must be vague and imperfect.

It has been asked, on the other side of the question: "Supposing the canal to be made and the Atlantic water sent merely running into the heart of Africa, what if the soil should prove to be of such a treacherous character that it sucked up its liquid visitor as fast as it entered?" This self-same query was put when the Suez canal was first proposed, and was practically answered in the negative by the strong logic of fact. There is not much prospect of the desert being converted into a puddle, fit for neither canals nor steamboats, nor, it may be shrewdly suspected, is it at all likely, as has been suggested, that "worse still, the Atlantic might gradually be drained dry, until which a vast number of the States would extend between Galway and New York, and Canada steamers would be stranded as effectually as Noah's Ark on the top of Mount Ararat." This is sharp and lively, but the fact is that at one time the waters of the Atlantic did cover the great Sahara desert.

Captain Webb Swims Across the British Channel—The Greatest Physical Feat of the Century

POETRY.

THE LABORERS' EVENING SONG.

Lamb, my little one, laugh away,
For gone is the weary, toilsome day;
The twilight shadows are falling fast;

MISCELLANY.

HETTY MARVIN.

When the British and Tories attacked
New London, Connecticut, in 17—,
and set a price on the head of Governor
Griswold, the latter fled to the town of
Dorchester, where his cousin, Mrs. Marvin,

"And you then promised him that you
wouldn't tell which way he went, if you
were killed for it?"
"Yes, sir."

"That was a brave speech; and so I
suppose he thanked you for it, and ran
down the road as quickly as possible?"

"Oh, yes, I forgot. Well, tell us his
last words, we won't trouble you any
more."

"His last words were, 'It's my only
chance, child, and I'll get down as you
say.'"

"And overcome by fright, and the
sense of her kinsman's danger, should
they rightly interpret the language which
she had reported, she sobbed aloud, and
hid her face from sight."

"Her tormentors did not stay longer to
soothe or question her. They had got,
as they supposed, the information which
they wanted, and pushed rapidly down
to the river. Now the governor had ar-

anged a signal with his boatmen that a
white cloth by day, or a light by night,
displayed from the attic window of his
hiding place, which was just visible at the
mouth of the river, should inform them

if he was in trouble, and put them on the
alert to help him. As soon, therefore,
as he started from his cousin's the signal
flashed from the window to warn them.

And when they saw the pursuing party
dash madly down to the river, and recog-
nized the British uniform of the leaders
they pulled swiftly out to sea. The
horsemen reached the shore only in season
to see the boat with two men in it
nearly out of sight; and supposing their
prey had escaped, relinquished the pur-

sue. Meanwhile the hunted victim lay safe
and quiet, where the simple shrewdness
of the little cousin had hidden him, until
the time came for her to return for sup-
per. Then he bade her go as usual to her
home, telling her to ask her mother to
renew the signal lamp, as soon as to
give dark, in the window for the boat-

men, and sent her there some supper,
with his valise, which, in the hurry of his
departure, he had left behind.

The signal recalled the boat, which
after twilight had ventured in sight of
the farm-house, and the governor quietly
made his way to the river in safety.
When he rejoined his father in a secure
home, he named his infant daughter
after her mother's name, and she was called
"Hetty Marvin." That he might be daily
reminded of the little cousin whose truth
and shrewdness saved his life.—Indiana
Churchman.

INQUISITIVE MRS. HOOPER.
[Boston Commercial Bulletin.]
She was one of those inquisitive old women
who would seem always to have an
interrogation point concealed about them.
And, as is generally the case with a person
who is hard of hearing, her voice was
painfully audible within the range of a
sixteenth of a mile.

"Anybody sick at your house?" she
inquired of Mr. Sampson, the young dry-
goods man, who had been married about a
year as he measured off three yards of
cheap calico and asked her with a subdued
smile, "Is that all?"

"—That is—my wife isn't very well,"
said Sampson, growing red clear to the
back of his ears as he noticed four ladies
in different parts of the store exchanging
glances.

"He?" remarked the good lady, with
her hand at her ear, in a voice that started
a horse that was hitched across the street.

"I said that my wife wasn't very well,
shouted Sampson, his face suffused with
a lively purple, and the veins at the top
of his head expanded, and as Mrs.
Shepard, who was sitting flannel at the
other end of the store, said something in
a low tone to Mary Carter, who responded
"Tehe." Mr. Sampson wished that he
was a lagoon.

"Oh!" answered the old lady in a
tone of high-keyed indifference. "What's
the matter with Lizzy now,—choletry mor-
bus?"

"That ain't very well," said Sampson;
"shan't I show you anything more?"

"Ho! Lizzy ain't going to be sick,"
continued Mrs. Hooper. "I see you a-
going for the doctor early this mornin',
and sez I to Mr. Hooper, 'I wonder who
is sick at Sampson's?'"

"Mr. Hooper?" she penetrated to the
precincts of the apothecary shop opposite
and Chandler, the clerk, took his place in
the store door, and listened with a grin,
while several small boys gathered round
the door.

"No, I guess not!" shouted Sampson
vaguely, and wondered if the thermometer
was in to 120 deg. in the shade.

"She ain't got the neuralgia, hez she?"
said Mrs. Hooper, untying the corner of
her pocket-handkerchief, whence she ex-
tracted the price of the calico.

Harker's boy, who is 14 years old, and
lives opposite to Sampson, snickered so
long and loud as he heard this question
from the post of observation in the store-
door, that he drew hysterically, hez she!
led forth by the tip of his ear into the
street by Sampson's clerk, amid the deris-
ive shouts of the other boys.

"Guess I'll run in on my way home,"
said the unconscious Mrs. Hooper.
"Whet did I understand you to say was
the matter with her? Since I got to be
dead, ain't so quick at hearin' as I was,"
and the old lady landed over the counter
with her left ear canted upward in an in-
terrogatory manner.

Fortunately Sampson's hired girl came
breathlessly into the store and told him
he was wanted at the house right off, and,
as he grabbed desperately at his hat and
the domestic was immediately sur-
rounded by the female customers, and
above the eager, half audibly whispering
of them all, was wafted the voice of the
maid-servant, the burden of whose answer
was:

"She's a-doin' nicely. It's a boy, and
weighed 8 pounds."

THE INUNDATION OF THE SAHARA.
Mr. G. Henry Kinahan, of the Geolog-
ical Survey of Ireland, writes: "The
projectors of the inundation of the
Sahara seem only to look at the question
from an African point of view, while they
quite ignore the future results to Europe."

It is well known that the south winds
from Africa have a material effect on the
snow and ice of South Europe, and in
those years that there is a continuation of
winds from this quarter the snow-line is
raised, while the glaciers retreat further
up the valleys than ordinary. From this
it appears probable, as has been suggest-
ed by an eminent geologist, that the re-
treat of the ice and snow into the higher
portions of the European mountains fol-
lowed the drying-up of the sea that oc-
cupied the Sahara desert; the
winds generated on the large expanse of
sand, thus exposed, have altogether
changed the climate of Europe. If the
suggestion above mentioned is correct, it
would appear that the inundation of the
Sahara, if practicable, would affect not
only Africa, but also Europe. It should
therefore be inquired whether the climate
of South Europe be so gradually changed

that gradually the snow line would descend
to its present position; that considerable
portions of Italy, Spain, France, Switzer-
land, and other rivers would be changed into
great glaciers? And if these eventually
would be the results, would the immed-
iate advantage gained by Africa compens-
ate for the disastrous loss to Europe?"

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.
BY AN OLD CALIFORNIAN.
In 1849, near the middle of the year, I
landed at Clark's Point, San Francisco,
with high hopes and low funds—the low-
est of funds, for the three hundred dollars I
had just paid the gentleman's son, with
the classical education and the blue flannel
shirt, for pulling me and my chest ashore
in his flat-bottomed dingy, were all that
were left of just ten times that many, with
which I was ballasted when I launched at
New York upon my Florida-bound venture.

"By all means do not concern your-
self with luggage," urged our prudent
advice from the pier; and I had
obeyed the injunction with exemplary
literalness. To get my baggage to the
Parker House, I engaged the commercial
editor of *The Alta California*, who was
tensely on the war prospecting for
items. He was paid with the chest, which,
considering the price of fire-wood, forty
dollars a cord—was as much here as that
editorial laborer was worthy of. In less
than a week, I was wholly disencumbered
of luggage, my saddle having gone for one
dinner, and the pick for another. I had
slept three nights on my shaving case, and
showered with my back to the wall. All
that remained was a pilot-coat, pea-jacket,
a pair of corduroy trousers, and the bible,
which, of course, was of no use to anybody
but the owner. At the rate of twenty-
four dollars a dozen for washing, and in
view of the tenderness of my knuckles, to
say nothing of some hereditary predilec-
tions against the laundry as an occupation for
a gentleman's son, I rejoiced when I had
fairly got my last check shirt off my mind.

All this time I had been looking about
for something to do. My profession, medi-
cine, was an impossibility. I had brought
no dispensary with me, and the last lot
quinine—the panacea in those days for all
the ills that California flesh was heir to—
I had sold for four ounces (sixty-four
dollars) at an auction in the market. By
reason of one hundred dollars worth of
rents—one hundred dollars worth of
rents for a dog-house—an office was not less
visionary to me than a palace. Besides,
my appetite was growing fearfully, and
my ditty-box was not good for soup. In
those days, Old Californians never darned
sewed buttons on; counting the worth of
time, it was cheaper to buy new clothes.

There were six of them; I would try them
all—and I did. Five gentlemen, friends
of the family, were most happy to see me
arriving so early; I had fortune by the
forelock. Five gentlemen considered
this a splendid country—great openings
for young men of great talents and
especially, doctors—half the population
ill, and fees enormous—two ounces a visit
—medicines in proportion—a dollar a
grain for quinine, a dollar a drop for
laudannum—wonderful, sir, fabulous!—
really envied me—wished they were doc-
tors themselves—of course, would send all
their friends to me—wished all the world
would be overrun with patients—would
be happy to advise me as to investments
—knew some lovely water-lots—new towns
at head of navigation, only ten miles from
the richest mines—sweet ranchos in the
valley of San Jose—that, if I was of an
agricultural turn of mind—could raise
potatoes at a profit of one pound, squashes
and beans according to market—now—
very busy getting up lumber for a
new hotel—under way next week—
splendid house—bridal chamber—all the
delicacies of the season—come and see
them—take care of myself, old fellow—"

There still remained one letter, from a
venerable fellow-citizen and friend of
my father, who had settled in San Fran-
cisco, a spirited young fellow, who, having
obtained a commission in one of the new
regiments at the breaking out of the Mex-
ican war, had subsequently distinguished
himself in several engagements. At the
close of the war he was ordered to Cali-
fornia, where, though still holding a mili-
tary appointment, he engaged in some
successful speculations on private fortunes;
and was said to have built up for himself
a considerable "pile." One evening, in the
Parker House, I recognized this gentle-
man, as much by the family likeness as
by a certain remarkable scar by which he
had been described to me. Approaching
him as he stood at the bar selecting a ci-
gar, I introduced myself in the contents
of my letter, and the contents of the
letter were unknown to me; for his father
had asked permission to seal it. He
received me with cordiality, and, on read-
ing the missive, drew from his pocket
three ounces (fifty dollars), which he of-
fered to me with thanks. But immedi-
ately observing my unsteady steps, he
explained that the letter contained a re-
quest that he would pay to me these fifty
dollars, due for several years to my father,
who for some unexplained reason, to
be found in the private relations of the
two old friends, could never be induced
to accept it. Nevertheless, the father
wrote, the debt was a bona fide one, and
his long-standing trouble with me; so he
urged his son to press the money upon
me, and that gentleman did so with un-
exceptionable decency.

At first I resolutely declined to accept
the money, on the ground that I could
not meddle with my father's affairs; he
knew his own business best, and had no
doubt, good reasons for the stand he had
taken in this amiable dispute. Perhaps
his excellent intent was mistaken in sup-
posing himself the debtor. I was engaged
in an account of friendly offices interchanged
between two such ancient and honorable
cronies, the result might easily be the
other way. At all events, my father, on
handing me this letter, had not named the
matter; consequently I was not at lib-
erty to run counter to his apparent in-
tention.

But the captain treated the affair more
seriously. On my side, he contended,
merely vague surmise. On his there
was the clear and positive expression of
the paternal wish. His father, he said,
had suffered much, and was going down

hill fast. He was feared that the next
fall would be his last. He had been, he
confessed, a willful, almost a cruel son, with
some crimes of perverse selfishness and ingrati-
tude, of which to convict himself and
bring it home to him would be no chance
that he would again begeth his
father alive. He therefore desired
sincerely to obey his commands, in the
most apparently trifling matter, and re-
solved, in every opportunity to console
himself so—in his, he pressed me, on the
score of kindness, to permit him to pay
this money.

Still undetermined, I leaned with my
back against the bar, and looked through
the noisy throng of old miners and new
arrivals into the gambling saloon beyond,
where players of all countries, complex-
ions and temperaments, were gathered,
in earnest but quiet knots, around faro
tablets, and monte tables, with their
dazzling banks. An idea, full of pleasur-
able excitement, seized me. The cards,
thought I, will decide this amiable contest.

"Captain," I said, "I have never bet a
sum on a card in my life. Since I
arrived here, I have not once looked at
play, even as a merely curious specta-
tor. I do not know this game of monte;
I have never known any game of cards.
Now, unless I shall dispose of these three
dollars on a card; if they are lost, there will
be an end of our dispute, and you can tell
me your father you paid me. If they win,
will you divide the spoils?"

"Agreed! and you will be sure to win.
Satan is always kind to the green gam-
bler."

We approached a table where already
a competing throng was gathered, eagerly
feeling the monster with dollars, ounces,
greater or lesser pouches of cash. This
table was covered with green baize,
which four equal squares were described,
by means of a strip of gold braid. In
the midst was a bank of perhaps twenty
thousand dollars in coin and dust. Pres-
ently the used-up, listless, yawning dealer
ere throne behind the table, with a revolver
at his back, some brandy and water
at his elbow, and a long cigar held almost
perpendicularly between his tight lips,
and managed, too, with a sort of skill, so
that the burning end came within half
an inch of the corner of his right eye,
which was closed, with that extraordi-
nary, swaggering conceit, peculiar to the
game, he looked at the dealer, and sev-
erally this very fancy manner teased
from the pack of small Mexican cards,
which he had just shuffled, elaborately,
four "pops," as he called them, and
which he more particularly described as
"el ray, shay, sinkwee and kervalgo,"
that is, king, seven, five, and three, to
make the total "pungalee down." As a
round of "pungalee down," he invited to
"make their game," or more facetiously
to "size their piles," or to "pungalee
down," which the Spanish scholar will
discover to be a sort of fancy Castilian,
proper to the latitude of San Francisco.

Gentlemen did "pungalee down" ac-
cording to their substance or their tem-
perament, with several others, for the
card seemed to be a sort of lottery, by
three ounces on the seven. Then the
dealer rapped with his knuckles on the
table, to call down the last bets; but
no more appearing, he began to draw,
very slowly, one card at a time from the
top of the pack he held in his hand, and
to dispose of them before him alternately,
one through both, and against the seven in
corresponding to one in a square hole
on the right or the left hand pile, he called
its name, and either paid the stake or
sweat it into his bank. Thus the king,
the five and the "kervalgo" lost, but the
seven won, and my three ounces were six.

The cards being shuffled, four "pops"
were thrown out, and against the seven in
among them. Once more "pungalee
down," he invited to "make their game,"
and I, choosing to add a spice of vulgar
adventure, select the seven again for
all six of my ounces, and invoke the favor
of witches.

Seven wins; I draw off twelve beautiful
pouches. Next deal, no seven; so I
wait. And now, against the seven, a
dozen is my stake; I become an object of
interest to the bystanders, some of whom
evidently consider me, if not handsome,
certainly a superior sort of fellow. Seven
wins, of course. My three bothersome
ounces have become twenty-four splendid
"pops"—rouge, yellow and heavy—
fair to be so pleasant to her
eyes. Three hundred and eighty-four dollars!
and since my breakfast of the day before, I
had not eaten a morsel! I fairly blessed
Fate; and as for the number seven, I set
him up on a throne of philosopher's
stone, with a crown of Midas on his head
and a brazier of vino d'oro in his hand.

My pile now, princely flow, worthy to
be a king, stirred his right to
share with me. He had plenty, he said,
displaying a pocketful of doubloons, and
a nugget as big as a doughnut. New
comers were not usually suffering with
a surplus, and he dared say that I had not
more than a few hundred dollars. I
should not be so slow to start with; when
his pile should tumble, he would be
happy in holding me his debtor to the extent
of a dozen ounces or so.

I descended to accept his terms, and the
same hour next day saw me flourish-
ing a professional shingle on the broad
side of an adobe house in Sacramento
street, and a professional card, in the
most imposing and attractive style. In
*The Alta California*, I had secured an in-
cursive private practice; from seventy
to a hundred dollars was not too
much to earn in a day, when an exclu-
sive pen in Howe's circus cost fifty-five
dollars, when ten dollars was demanded for
the plainest of dinners at Wheeler's,
when stock pots cost fifty dollars a
pair, and potatoes cost a dollar a bushel,
say nothing of spurious champagne at ten
dollars a bottle, and five dollars for the
honor of Professor Lewis Thompson's
tonorial fingers in your hair.

A KENTUCKY BRIDAL TOUR.
[From the Courier-Journal.]
There came one day to a little inland
town in Kentucky a young rural couple
who had just been bound by the "silk-
en bonds." Their destination was the de-
pot, and the bridegroom was evidently
quite impatient for fear the train should
arrive before he could reach the office.

"You see me and Sallie had heard that
everybody when they got married took a
bridal tour. So I told Sallie I had to
myself enough for both of us to go, but
she shouldn't be sneaked out of her home.
So I brought her down here, brought her
ticket and sent her on a visit to some of
her folks, and thought I might get some
work harvestin' till she came back."

That afternoon found him busily at
work, and when in a day or two after
Sallie came back, he welcomed her cor-
dially and affectionately, and had in hand
they started down the dusty road to their
home and duties.

IT IS NECESSARY TO ALLUDE TO THE
numberless volumes written on the Trojan war
and the site of Troy, or the various con-
tradictory theories broached to reconcile
the alleged discrepancies between the
Homeric narrative and the existing
physical geography of the region. It is
strange, however, that no one of the numer-
ous disputants appears to have conceived
the obvious truth that a simple use of
the words would determine the facts of
the ancient occupation of a given site
more satisfactorily than the waste of gal-
lons of controversial ink. By this
method of excavation Dr. Henry Schlie-
mann has proved exhaustively that all
the sights for the ancient city most fa-
vored by modern scholars were physically
impossible. They offered not a shadow
of evidence that they had ever been in-
habited by any but slight or transitory
settlements, presenting no analogy with
the well-known remains of the city of
Priam and Hector. One exception only
remained; the site of the Greek colony of
Ilium or New Troy, supposed by all au-
thority to replace the ancient city, until
the time of Strabo, when a new hypoth-
esis was framed and gradually obtained
the sanction of the world. This is now represented
by the Hill of Hisarlik, standing at the
very point of junction between the East
and West, in the region where is found
the connecting link between the primitive
Hellenic populations of Asia and Europe,
and the Hill of Hisarlik dominates over the
alluvial plain of the Troad, forming in its
present condition a vast earthen mound
about one hundred feet high. It is ap-
parently a hill of volcanic origin, copper, ivory,
etc., no occurring so plentifully among
the debris of antiquity. This mound of
the debris of antiquity. This mound of
the debris of antiquity. This mound of
the debris of antiquity.

Dr. Johnson said that the only great
instance of the enjoyment of wealth that
he had ever known was that of the
king of the discoverer of Palmyra, who, go-
ing to visit the city and hearing the war
was infested with robbers, hired a troop
of Turkish horse to guard him. A sim-
ilar instance would have been furnished
by the advantages enjoyed by Dr. Schlie-
mann, for many years, in the possession
of the old oriental capitals on the Tigris
and the Euphrates, and, like them, it offers
a reward for investigation never accepted
until this late day. The natural advan-
tages of the site resembled those of most
of the early Greek settlements. A hill
fort, or acropolis, backed at a short dis-
tance by the snow-clad mountain chain
of Ida, near but not close upon the sea, in
a situation suited at once for defense
against the neighboring barbarians, and
for the development of an infant, though
active, commercial intercourse with for-
eign countries, whence were derived the
objects of distant origin, copper, ivory,
etc., no occurring so plentifully among
the debris of antiquity. This mound of
the debris of antiquity. This mound of
the debris of antiquity. This mound of
the debris of antiquity.

It occurred to him then that perhaps
he might smash the lamp with the um-
brella. Seizing that weapon he went up
to the hat rack, and aiming a terrific blow
at the light, he brought the umbrella
down. He missed and mashed his Sun-
day hat into chaos. He took aim again,
and caught the umbrella in the hall lamp
cord, bringing it down by a crash. Then
he tried a third time, and plunged the
ferule of the umbrella through the
mirror, smashing it to atoms. He felt
exultant for a moment as the light disap-
peared from his vision, but he was per-
plexed to find that there was another
light somewhere; he couldn't tell exactly
where. So he sat down on the stairs and
remarked:

"Mor'stonish circumstances ever come
under my observation. Don't no how 't'count
for it."

Then he took off his coat, and holding
it in front of him, he crept cautiously up
to the mirror and tried to crush the cord
down over the light to smother it. He
made half a dozen ineffectual attempts,
and then standing off regarding the
light, which still burned brightly, he said:

"That," said Potts, "is the most extra-
ordinary lamp ever in my misfortune
't' encounter."

Then he took off his coat, and holding
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person quality and of marked Archaic
character. To return to the fourth (from the top) or
Trojan stratum of ruins. The book itself
must be referred to for accounts of the ex-
traordinary remains here encountered,
and the evidence so strangely conclusive
of the identity of these fire-scorched and
crumbling walls, towers and terraces with
the long-looked-for city of Troy. Every
thing betoken a terrible catastrophe.
All the indications of a fiery destruction,
rapine and ruin are manifest; remains of
houses, temples, fortifications, etc., buried
in the strata of red ashes of wood from
five to ten feet thick, intermingled with
scores of melted lead and copper. Human
bones and skeletons with copper hel-
mets on their fearless brows, metals weld-
ed together and stones crumbled by the
ferrent heat, and, to crown all, the "treas-
ure," if wrongly named, of Priam, yet
certainly the most cherished possession
of royal owners, and unexcelled in mere
metallic value (we believe) by any similar
ancient hoard or accumulation yet discov-
ered to the eyes of the discoverer in any
part of the Old or New World: How
fearful must have been the conflagration
and how utterly discovered by its assailants,
is at once obvious.—Book-Digger.

HE COULDN'T FIND THE LIGHT.
One night, during the recent troubles
in the Pennsylvania coal regions, Judge
Potts' brother, Thomas Potts, was round
at a meeting of mine owners, and after
the adjournment he stepped in to a "sev-
eral." While there he met some friends
and in the course of an hour or two he
became very much intoxicated. On his
way home he lost his hat, and a miner
who knew him, feeling compassion for
him, clasped on his head a miner's hat,
and in order to make the dark street look
brighter he lighted the little lamp in front
of the hat. When Potts reached his
home his wife had gone to bed and the
lights were out, but Potts felt certain that
the lamp was burning in the hall, but he
couldn't for the life of him tell where it
was. He looked at the regular lamp, and
that seemed to be out, then hunted in
every direction for the light, but he was
unable to find it, although it seemed to
shine brightly wherever he went. Pre-
sently he happened to stand in front of the
mirror in the hat rack, and then he saw
precisely where the lamp was. After a
brief obligation upon Mrs. Potts for
leaving a light in such a preposterous
place, he went up to the mirror and tried
to blow it out. He blew, and blew, but
somehow the flame burned as steadily as
ever.

"That," said Potts, "is the most extra-
ordinary lamp ever in my misfortune
't' encounter."

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it in front of him, he crept cautiously up
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sphere of woman is enlarging, as they
express in the words of public charity and
in organized efforts for the good of the
poor and the oppressed, they will have a
line and legitimate field in which to ex-
ercise the best faculties of their being. The
healthy stimulus given to both body and
mind by humanitarian occupations will
serve to render these faculties active
and a good old age, and thus they will
be employed far more profitably to them-
selves and others than if absorbed in
pachwork, embroidery or knitting.

Of course, the assertion that women of
fifty years are likely to live longer than
men of that age should be taken in a gen-
eral sense, with many exceptions to the
rule; but I think an impartial searcher
after truth in the matter will soon be
convinced of the correctness of the
statement.

The wife of a clergyman in a certain
town where I was stopping last fall told
me the ladies were proposing making a
thanksgiving party for all the old women
in the parish. "But why not for the old
men?" I said. "Why do you neglect
them?" "The old men!" she replied.
"Why, we haven't any. I do not believe
there is one."

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STATE FAIR NOTICE.
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STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY
WILL BE HELD AT ST. PAUL,
September 14, 15, 16, and 17, 1875.

X. A. WILLARD, President Dairymen's As-
sociation of New York, will deliver the An-
nual Address on Thursday the 16th, at 1 P. M.

Trotting Every Afternoon of the Fair.
The Executive Committee of the State Agri-
cultural Society has arranged in saying that
this fair will be the largest and best ever held
in the State.

