Historical Society

The Brainerd Tribune.

VOL. XI.—NO. 2. BRAINERD, MINNESOTA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1882. WHOLE NO. 521.

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Work done neatly and promptly, and at reasonable rates. Sixth Street, rear of M. Haggberg's blacksmith shop.

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They are prepared to do all kinds of work in this line on short notice.
Leave orders at John Ham's Boarding House Laurel Street.

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Ready Made Clothing
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Custom Made Work
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Proprietor of the Popular ONE PRICE CLOTHING STORE, is selling an enormous quantity of Ready-Made Clothing, and the reason of this is self-evident. He sells at such a very small margin, that the people find it to their advantage to patronize him. Call and satisfy yourselves.

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FIRE PROTECTION

Meeting of the Hook and Ladder Company Thursday Evening—They Consider the Constitution and By-Laws.

The Result of Foreman Bunce's Inquiries in Minneapolis—A Firemen's Ball in Prospect to Furnish Funds.

The Brainerd Hook and Ladder company met Thursday, in J. A. Davis & Co.'s office and were called to order by Foreman Bunce. Only a fair attendance was present, which is greatly to be lamented, as it is only by earnest work and faithful attendance, especially during the organization, that anything can be accomplished.

The session was devoted to the consideration of the constitution and by-laws, section by section, and at adjournment the work was not entirely completed, but will be concluded at the meeting to be held next Monday evening.

Foreman Bunce returned from Minneapolis Tuesday morning, and though he has made no formal report it is ascertained that he thoroughly posted himself on everything of importance pertaining to fire matters while there. The cost of an alarm bell could not be learned, and Mr. Bunce will write to the various bell founders in the country to get figures. In regard to other necessary supplies, he found prices as follows:

Extension ladders, ironed but not painted, 55 cents per foot.

Extension ladders, ironed, single and roof, 45 cents.

Firemen's axes, with picks, $3 each.

Pike poles, with hooks, $2.75 each.

Pull down hooks, with four feet chains, $10 each.

Torches, $5 each.

Chemical extinguishers, $44 each.

Chemical charges, $3.50 per box.

The hook and ladder truck will be thoroughly overhauled and remodeled and two new extension ladders will probably be purchased.

It is also probable that one or two chemical fire extinguishers will be purchased.

Wherever anything can be saved the equipment will be made here in Brainerd, otherwise they will be ordered from Minneapolis.

FIREMEN'S BALL.

Money is necessary for properly conducting the fire company, and it is probable that at an early day a grand ball will be given for the purpose of raising necessary funds, and when it is given it will be one of the biggest affairs in that line ever given in Brainerd. There is no doubt that it would be well patronized, and that the receipts would put the company on its feet in good shape.

Pushing the Road.

The Northern Pacific railroad company will start a corps of engineers next week from or near Coulson, with orders to survey a line to Benton, to ascertain the best route to take for the projected railroad from this to the latter point. The road will pass directly through the Maginnis country and open up the wealthiest portion of Montana. There is no doubt but that that country will soon demand a railroad, and that Coulson will be the junction, as by so doing the road can follow up the Musselshell valley, a natural roadbed, besides being fertile and thickly populated.

A large block of some 20,000 shares of Northern Pacific preferred, which recently came on the New York stock market, has been traced, it is said, back to ex-President Wright of the company. Now, that possession of this stock has been secured by the insiders, it is said that an upward movement is more probable.

Things Are Not What They Seem.

Mr. Brinkerhoff has been a conductor for thirty-two years, nine of which have been spent upon the Northern Pacific road. Trustworthy and faithful, he had the esteem of all with whom he came in contact, and was supposed to have furthered the interests of the company to the best of his ability which was not small. Judge of his surprise then when upon going to the St. Paul office for his mail he found a brief note telling him that his services as conductor would be dispensed with by the company in the future. It was intimated, however that if he would call at the office of the general manager an explanation would be vouchsafed him. Repairing thither at once he was informed that it was indeed true, that another man would take his place. He was further told however, that the office of superintendent of equipments for the entire road was open for him, and prospects at once assumed a more roseate hue. Mr. Brinkerhoff well deserves this promotion and his many friends will rejoice at this recognition of his merit. During the long time Superintendent Brinkerhoff has spent on the rail, no passenger carried by him has ever lost his life as the result of an accident and since he has been on the Northern Pacific he has not even had a wheel off the track.

A Beastly Crime.

EMBARRASS, Wis., Feb. 9.—An atrocious crime has just been partially unearthed here. A man, or fiend who wears the human form, has been brought up before one of the justices, charged by his daughter, a little girl of less than thirteen years, with incest. He was brought before a justice for examination, and having a sharp attorney to defend him, and the prosecution done, the villain was discharged on some small legal technicality. The people in the vicinity are greatly excited, and say that unless the defendant is rearrested and an honest trial had, there may be a lynch exhibition. There seems to be no doubt of his crime.

A Watch Thief.

Monday afternoon a tramp went into A. E. Veon's jewelry store to "buy a watch." Mr. Veon displayed several fine watches on the show-case for inspection by the customer, who said he would pay $10 down and the balance pay day, or leave the watch until pay day and then call for it. As he was a stranger to Mr. Veon that gentleman preferred the latter proposition and left him to select a watch while he walked on another customer. The man soon went out saying that he would call again next pay day, and Mr. Veon gathered up the watches but found one missing. Mr. Veon's brother at once set out in search of the thief and found him at the Headquarters hotel. Deputy Sheriff Brockway was notified and arrested the fellow, who was at once brought before Justice Lum and fined $15 and costs or thirty days in the county jail. Failing to "produce" he was assigned a private room at the Hotel de Mertz.

When asked by Deputy Sheriff Brockway why he committed the deed, he said he was compelled to do something to get food to eat. He intended to sell the watch and engage a room at the Headquarters hotel.

Guiteau's Sentence.

The following is the full text of the Guiteau sentence:

You have been convicted of a crime so terrible in its circumstances and so far reaching in its results that it has drawn upon you the horror of the whole world and the execration of your countrymen. The excitement produced by such an offense made it no easy task to secure for you a fair and impartial trial, but you have had the power of the United States treasury and government in your service to protect your person from violence and to procure evidence from all parts of the country. You have had as able and impartial a jury as ever assembled in a court of justice. You have been defended by a counsel with a zeal and devotion that merits the highest commendation, and I certainly have done my best to secure a fair presentation of your defense. Notwithstanding all this you have been found guilty. It would have been a comfort to many people if the verdict of the jury had established that your act was that of an irresponsible man. It would have left the people satisfied in the belief that the crime of political assassination was something entirely foreign to the constitution and civilization of our country. But the result has denied them that comfort. The country will accept as a fact that the crime can be committed and the court will have to deal with it with the highest penalty known to the criminal code, to serve as an example to others. Your career has been so extraordinary that people might well at times have doubted you sanity, but one cannot help but believe that when the crime was committed you thoroughly understood the nature of the crime and its consequences.

Your own testimony shows that you recoiled with horror from the idea. You say that you prayed against it. You say that you thought it might be prevented. This shows that your conscience warned you against, but by the wretched sophistry of your own mind you worked yourself up against the protest of your own conscience. What motive could have induced you to this act must be a matter of conjecture. Probably men will think that some fanaticism or morbid desire for self-exaltation was the real inspiration of the act. Your own testimony seems to controvert the theory of your counsel. They have maintained, and thought honestly I believe, that you were driven against your will by insane aspiration. The testimony showed that you deliberately resolved to do it, and that deliberate and misguided will was the sole impulse. This may seem insanity to some persons, but the law looks upon it as a willful crime. You will have due opportunity of having any errors I may have committed during the course of the trial passed upon by the court in banc, in meanwhile it is necessary for me to pronounce the sentence of the law, that you be taken hence to the common jail of the district from whence you came, and there be kept in confinement, and Friday, the 30th day of June, 1880, you be taken to a place prepared for your execution within the said jail and there, between the hours of 12 m. and 2 p. m., be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may the lord have mercy on your soul.

Clough Bros. are on their fifteenth million on Pine River, this together with their extensive logging business on the Mississippi and Rum rivers, and their tie and wood business on the Manitoba road makes quite a showing.

TURNIPS AS FOOD.

To cook a turnip, says the *Caterer*, is so simple a matter that there should be very little said about it. Generally speaking, however, this wholesome vegetable is presented in a washed-out state, so that it is quite seldom we discover its real flavor.

Many will, perhaps, say that the real flavor of the turnip is too strong, and this may be an argument in favor of the reduction of its flavor in the process of cooking. *De gustibus non est disputandum*, and those who cannot endure the full flavor of this root will have no trouble in subduing it. But it should be known that the saccharine and gummy constituents that are removed and therefore lost in the customary modes of cooking, are the most nutritious portions, and communicate to the dish when it is cooked, on what we may call conservative principles, a far finer flavor than the majority of people have any idea of. That we may be understood, we will ask the reader to cook two turnips in two different ways. The first to be peeled and sliced, and left to soak in cold water for an hour or more. The slices are to be boiled until quite tender, and then are to be drained and nicely mashed with butter. This is the most common method of cooking, and it has the demerit of washing out the gum and sugar and other fine constituents of the root, and consequently the flavor is very much reduced. The other root is to be washed quite clean, but is not to be peeled, or cut, or soaked. Boil it whole in its "jacket." It will take twice as long to cook as the one that was cut. When, by trying it with a fork, you find it quite tender, take it up, peel it, press it moderately, and mash it with butter. You will be surprised at the difference. Instead of being, as perhaps you will expect, "strong," "rank," or "bitter," it will be delicious, full-flavored, and will contain all the nourishment that was in it before it was cooked.

THE FRIDAY PREJUDICE.

A Philadelphia clergyman has objected to the execution of the death penalty on any other day than Friday, on the ground that, as Christ was crucified on Friday, the selection of that day for hangings affords collateral evidence of the event. It is difficult to see any historical corroborations in this were the statement true, which it is not. A usage has grown up of late in some of our States to carry out all death sentences on Friday. It has not been universal, however, in this country, and it has never prevailed in England. Up to about forty-five years ago, only forty-eight hours were allowed to intervene between the sentence and execution of a criminal. As trials were likely to begin toward the middle of the week and to be continued near its end, it happened that a large proportion of the hangings took place on Monday morning. To this circumstance the appellation "blue Monday" owed its existence in part, though the reaction from a Sunday's debauch, so commonly felt during its hours, may, in part, account for the title. Billingham, who murdered Mr. Percival, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in 1812, was hanged on Monday, and so was Courvisier, the assassin of Lord William Russell, who was executed twenty-eight years later. Wainwright, executed in London three years ago, for killing his mistress and cutting up her body, met his fate on Tuesday, and a glance at other cases would show that every secular day has been similarly employed. A former Governor of the indignant minister's own State deliberately chose other days than Friday for enforcing the extreme penalty of the law with the hope of freeing Friday from superstitious associations and bad luck, and, so far as these are dependent on thoughts of the scaffold, he acted wisely. The need of this precaution may be doubted by some, but the stupid criticism of one who claims to be an instructor of the people shows that it was not superfluous.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

STEEL RAILS.

That the hardest steel is not the most durable for railroads appears from an examination of the wear of some of the steel rails on the Great Northern line, England. Seven of the rails, which lay side by side on this road, were taken up and tested, and it was found in one instance that a hard rail had been worn away one-sixteenth of an inch by traffic amounting to 5,251,000 tons, while a soft rail for the same amount of wear had withstood 8,402,000 tons. In another instance the total was 15,531,000 tons for the hard rail and 33,061,000 tons for the soft rail, the wear being the same—one-sixteenth of an inch. Analysis showed this last rail to consist of 90.475 per cent. of iron and minute quantities of carbon, phosphorus, silicon, manganese, sulphur, and copper.

BRAINERD TRIBUNE.

A. E. CHASE, Editor & Publisher.

BRAINERD, - - MINNESOTA.

CURRENT EVENTS.

RAILROADS.

The following are the new passenger rates: Chicago to New York limited, $20; unlimited $23 25, except by the Pennsylvania and Baltimore & Ohio, which shall be $26 50; second class by all lines; $17; New England rates to be made on a basis of $22; limited, from Chicago to Boston, via all routes crossing the Hudson river north of New York city; New England rates to Northern New York city shall be made by adding to the New York rates as above; local rates east of New York; by the return of the ticket signed with 75 cents, transfer in all cases. It is generally conceded that the new rates are extraordinary, and that there will be but little business at such figures. The new rates are higher than the local rates on the New York or on any of the western roads.

Railroad Commissioner Turner of Wisconsin has received the supplemental report of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway company, giving a statement of the company's business up to the close of the calendar year. The number of miles owned by the company is 2,730; leased lines 488; total owned and operated 3,218. Actual cost of roads owned, including expenditures for construction and equipment to December 31, is $127,045,982 67; proportion on 896 miles in Wisconsin, $41,605,185. 23. Total interest bearing debt of the company is $61,057,000.

The new east bound passenger rates went into effect Monday in Chicago, and consequently business was much lighter than usual. It is generally conceded that the new agreement greatly favors the Vanderbilt lines, and that he has gained every point he was contending for. The great trunk office presents a striking contrast to what it exhibited heretofore. Not a single ticket to New York was sold in that office, and it took half a scoop to count up the receipts from the sale of Boston tickets.

It is strongly rumored that there are differences of opinion between Gen. Rosser, chief engineer, and Mr. Morrison, president of the Canadian Pacific, and that he is liable to resign the chief engineership. It is said that Land Commissioner Smith is interfering and asking the directors to so change locations as to place all town sites in the Hudson Bay company's hands. Rosser is said to object to this, and will resign unless non-interference with his department is enforced.

Col. R. M. Newport, land agent of the Northern Pacific, has opened a sale of six sections of land north of Jamestown, D. T. The parties will make a portion of the land a sheep farm, beginning by placing thereon this spring 1,000 head of sheep.

WASHINGTON.

Nearly three hundred employes of the census office at Washington were dismissed Tuesday.

The president has confirmed the sentence of death imposed by a court martial in the case of three Indian scouts convicted of mutiny, and ordered their execution March 3 next.

The house committee will report favorably for the passage of the bill providing that Council Bluffs, Iowa, $100,000; Owensborough, Ky., $50,000; Fort Wayne, Ind., $100,000; Quincy, Ill., $175,000; Marquette, Mich., $100,000.

In Washington, on Saturday last, Thomas J. Durant died at his residence, aged sixty-four years. Mr. Durant at the time of his death held the position as attorney for the United States before the Spanish and American claims commission.

George M. Bennet has taken the contract for fencing the entire line of the Little Falls & Dakota, and is in the woods looking after the necessary poles and poles. It is a very extensive contract, and will require a vast amount of labor and enterprise to carry it out.

There was an interesting event in Gen. Sherman's office Monday morning. It was the formal delivery of the Nevada trophy to Capt. Lewis Smith, Battery K, Third artillery, for making the best record at target practice. Capt. Smyth made 98, his second lieutenant 92, two men made 100 and five made 96. The trophy is one of the finest ever made.

The president of a road connecting with the Union Pacific railroad received a message from an official of the latter road in New York saying: "You need be surprised at any time to hear of the consolidation of the Union and Central Pacific." Other private information, from disinterested points very strongly in the same direction.

None but republicans of good standing are getting appointments now, even to minor postoffices. From every southern state there is a small clique of republicans here, manipulating appointments for those states, with the exception of Virginia, where Mahone's influence with the administration is too potent for any republican to compete successfully with him.

Secretary Kirkwood has transmitted to the senate the draft of a bill prepared by the commissioner of Indian affairs extending the provisions of section 5,388 of the revised statutes for the protection and preservation of timber on Indian lands. The subject was fully presented by previous commissioners, who recommended from time to time the enactment of such measures as would effectually prevent the wanton cutting and destruction of timber upon Indian reservations.

The select committee of the house charges with auditing the expenses attending the illness and death of the late President Garfield has received a bird estimate from Dr. Bliss. It contains no itemized account of charges nor does it suggest what compensation should be allowed, but leaves the matter to be determined by the committee. In view of criticism as to the exorbitant charges which would probably be presented by the attending surgeons, the members of the committee regard the communication from the surgeon in charge a very appropriate and considerate one.

There is quite a flurry of excitement in a small way in army circles over a renewal of the time-honored rumor that various army officers of high rank are to be retired instanter. Among them are named the quartermaster general, the paymaster general and the surgeon general. It is as difficult, however, to get at the president's views on the subject as it is to find out in advance what he means to do in any other matter, and he has acquired the reputation of being the backiest "backiest" man that has occupied the White House in the past twenty years.

Fourteen farmers from the vicinity of Fort Dodge, Io., are here asking congress to pass an act for their relief. Years ago, before the lands about Fort Dodge had been surveyed, these farmers squatted there. They have developed and improved their lands, but had no title to them. One of the railroad land grants, comprising land in Iowa, included these lands, and now the farmers are urging congress to give them good titles to their farms by legislation. Senators Allison and Wilson and nearly all the congressmen from Iowa are using their influence in behalf of the legislation asked by these farmers.

The following communication has been received by the internal revenue bureau from the collector of customs of Waldoboro' Maine: "I herewith transmit a real certificate in the case of the application for the relief of A. B. Henderson, one of the three survivors of sixty men of the ill-fated schooner Almon Bird, which foundered off Boon island light in the storm on the 4th, 5th and 6th of January. Henderson passed three days and nights without food or drink excepting the warm blood of his dead shipmates. The others died, as four of them died in the boat from hunger and cold, the surviving men would have died had they not killed him."

Secretary Hunt received the following cable dispatch from James Gordon Bennett, at Paris: Your dispatch received. Since you have decided to send officers, I defer to your judgment. Will you kindly let me know whether junior or senior to Dannenhauer in rank, by what steamer they sailed and when they will arrive in Paris, as I may be of service in forwarding them to their destination. The steamer Lessa, which by Sibenkahl's kindness has been tendered me, is of course at their disposal. My correspondent, who is almost at Irkutsk, will know that the expedition is to be in charge of officers of the United States navy, and will go simply as the Herald correspondent.

CRIMES.

Frank Meaner, aged 22, of Ellenville, N. Y., killed himself, Orsella Davis having refused to marry him.

A desperate fight occurred at Rock Island, Warren county, Tenn. Four men attacked Jack Grable, a ferryman, because he refused to ferry them across the river, which was high and dangerous, and nothing serious. While the fight was in progress Grable drew a small scalping knife and stabbed his opponents, cutting a piece in his side, which passed clean through the heart, killing him instantly.

Henry Olsen and Mrs. Melroy, who eloped from Oakland, Cal., some time ago, have reported at the St. James hotel, Minneapolis, by officers from that place. The couple have lived in Minneapolis since leaving Oakland, and registered at the hotel as man and wife. They were looked up, and the woman was kept at the hotel by her husband, who accompanied the officer.

El Paso, Ill., special to Chicago Times: There has been much excitement and indignation in this city ever since the acquittal of Rancom from Lacon of the acquittal of P. C. Bancom, charged with the murder of H. W. Bullock in this place last May. This has been one of the most remarkable trials in criminal history. Five lawyers appeared for the prosecution and five for the defense, W. W. O'Brien, of Chicago, as the leading attorney for the state and Emery Storrs for the prisoner. Something like 400 witnesses were summoned, but not half the number were used. The El Paso Journal will appear to-morrow morning with the news of the judge and jury in mourning. The citizens of Woodford county at Lacon are preparing for a mass meeting for Monday or Tuesday to express their indignation publicly.

CASUALTIES.

The brigantine Lizette, was lost off St. John, N. F., and five of the crew perished.

The residence of Geo. H. Bend, near King's bridge, N. Y., was destroyed by fire. Loss $10,000; insurance $70,000. He is a wealthy Wall street broker.

The Jefferson public school building, on Virginia avenue, Washington, burned. Loss, $135,000. The building was one of the finest in the city, and accommodated 1,600 pupils.

A fire at Port Henry, N. Y., destroyed the Armstrong hotel, a grocery, oil well supply store, McCarthy's Palace hotel, a railroad and three or four other buildings. The lodgers at several hotels had narrow escapes with their lives. The fire originated from a lamp explosion. Loss, $100,000.

Joseph Gaffney moved with his family into the rear of a house on Buckeye street, Cleveland. In the evening he found a handsome powder horn hanging on the latch of a back door. He playfully hung it about the head of his three year-old boy, who, with another son of six years, took the horn and went into the next room to play. Presently an explosion was heard and the children were found horribly mutilated, perhaps fatally wounded. They were alone, but the house was not destroyed, and they have simply a chance to recover.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The executive committee of the Union league of America met on Tuesday. Delegates were present from all sections of the country. The question of providing for congressional elections next fall was referred to a committee with power to act. The condition of the republican party throughout the Union was discussed and addresses made by C. I. Filley of Missouri and others. The committee called upon President Garfield and presented a resolution of confidence adopted by the league at its December meeting in Philadelphia. The president made appropriate response, and then the members were individually presented.

Years ago an impecunious young writer applied to the Hartford Times for an engagement, but the place desired had no place for the young man, he, through pity for him, bought several brief story-sketches to help him. They were cordially written and took well with the readers of the paper. He offered to work for $6 a week. That young man was Sylvanius Cobb, Jr.

The break of the deadlock on the speakership of the New York assembly took place by the election of C. E. Patterson, of Troy. It was brought about chiefly by a rupture between John Kelly's men and the anti-Monopolists. The result is virtually a triumph of the Tilden men, who have elected their speaker after a five week struggle and without any important concessions to Tammany.

The Chicago committee of citizens appointed at their recent anti-polygamy meeting have issued a stirring circular letter on the subject and urge the holding of public meetings throughout the country on the 22d of February, at which resolutions should be suggested in order to enlist as widely as possible all the people in the crusade against this infamous institution.

The Philadelphia Northwest says that Mr. Chesbrug, engineer in charge, has put himself on record as declaring that the tunnel at the Mullen Pass of the Rock mountains shall be completed for the passage of the Northern Pacific trains before the track shall be laid and the road operated to the Little Blackfoot from the west.

Hon. C. C. Washburn and family are en route to Eureka Springs, Ark., in the hope of benefiting the lady of Senator Hale's health. The patient is still suffering, but is hopeful.

Adeline Patti, at a late concert night in Chicago, had an $8,000 house at Central music hall. She goes to Detroit, Cincinnati, New York, and possibly to Boston before leaving for Europe.

Gen. W. S. Hancock is visiting his son, who is planting in Mississippi.

FOREIGN.

Gambetta informed DeFreycinet that the project for joint occupation by Egypt was arranged so as to avoid all possibility of conflict between England and France; that the troops intended for that purpose were scattered among different garrisons in the south of France, and were ready to be sent to Egypt fully armed; that the world forms a sufficient contingent to co-operate with the English troops. The two powers, he said, also agree that no action should be regarded as an anarchist situation, and that the fall of Cherif Pasha, prime minister, in resisting the demands of the notables, or his maintenance in power, should be considered a Egyptian.

Egypt is enjoying a crisis just now, and movements on the diplomatic checkerboard may be expected. France and England are preparing to sustain the Khedive against Arabi, and check anarchial tendencies. Germany, Austria and Italy want the status quo maintained. The military party in France is a menace to the present prime ministry and the public peace. In the event of an armed intervention, some serious complications may be looked for, for Germany, Italy and Austria may join in a note which would clash with the interests of England and France.

The London Economist says the Bank of England charged during the week as much as 8 per cent. for advances. This course, which will be followed by other bankers, will materially obviate the necessity of raising the discount rate further.

A MINING HORROR.

Terrible Explosion in a Virginia Mine Which Has Undoubtedly Resulted in the Death of Thirty-Two Miners.

The New York Herald has a special from Coalfield, Va., under date of yesterday: At 2 o'clock on the 3rd, an explosion occurred in the colliery shaft of the Midlothian coal pits. A volume of smoke and flame, followed by a black burst from the shaft which become choked and choked. In an instant excitement ensued as it was known that a large number of men were at work in the pit, which is over 1,200 feet deep, the galleries extending 3,000 feet under the ground. Every effort have been made to test the pit and to reach the imprisoned workmen but without success. People from all quarters are flocking to the scene of the explosion.

About 5 o'clock all hope was abandoned, and the most harrowing scenes of wailing women and children and grief stricken men followed. A majority of the entombed were married and many leave large families, most of them had by this time assembled at the mouth of the shaft and the scene was heart-rending in the extreme. Amid all this grief and confusion, to make no further effort to reach the bottom of the shaft until the boiler fire had gone out. It was feared, and not without reason, that any effort to restore ventilation would only create a dead fire from confagration from the boiler fires, and nothing could be gained by the attempt.

The mines belong to the estate of the late H. H. Burroughs of New York, and cost about twelve years ago between $400,000 and $500,000.

A Revengeful Judge.

A Dubuque Herald special to St Paul relates the following: There was a peculiar scene in the district court during the progress of the trial of Wm. J. Cotter, for the murder of M. Kinnane, an attache of Judge's office, last July. The trial was called up Monday morning, and Cotter's counsel, Messrs. Shearer and Bonbright, made a strong plea for a continuance, on the ground that Judge Bond, who was to try the case, was prejudiced against their client. The plea was based on a letter written by Judge Bond, covering over seven pages of foolscap, which he had prepared for the jury, in which he stated that the evidence in the case should not be argued to the jury; that the state had failed to make out a case and he would not allow the jury to find a verdict of guilty. If they did so he should feel it his duty to hold it void. If the jury should be unable to agree, if they should find that the state had failed to make out a case, they would render a verdict of not guilty, without leaving their seats, if they did. The judge said the defendant was acting in self defense when he made the shooting was done, and being surrounded by a threatening and assaulting crowd, had a right to defend himself, even though he was insulted. The weakness of the state's side of the case was due to the absence of circumstances, which were expected to support the defense. W. W. O'Brien, of Chicago, as the leading attorney for the state and Emery Storrs for the prisoner. Something like 400 witnesses were summoned, but not half the number were used. The El Paso Journal will appear to-morrow morning with the news of the judge and jury in mourning. The citizens of Woodford county at Lacon are preparing for a mass meeting for Monday or Tuesday to express their indignation publicly.

CONGRESSIONAL

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 1.

SENATE.—Mr. Morgan spoke in favor of his resolution calling for information touching contests of heavy ordnance. He charged that a ring existed in the bureau of ordnance which favored some contractors at the expense of others. An amendment by Mr. Morgan to the pending bill ratifying the action of Secretary Windom in authorizing bonds at a lower rate of interest was adopted without dissent. The senate concurred in the house Garfield memorial resolution fixing the 27th of February as the day. The president sent the following nominations to the senate:

Wm. H. Armstrong of Pennsylvania, ex-member of congress from the Williamsport district, commissioner of Pacific railroads.

United States Marshals—Thomas S. Bunn, district of Iowa; Marsden C. Burch, district of Michigan; Hugh J. Campbell, territory of Dakota.

Receivers of Public Moneys—Wm. R. Mitchell St. Cloud, Minn. John L. Wilson, Indiana; A. T. Colton, Dubuque, Iowa.

HOUSE.—A resolution fixing Monday, February 27, for the Garfield memorial services was offered, but no action for the adoption of a public building at Minneapolis was introduced. The postoffice appropriation bill, ($43,529,900) was considered in committee of the whole.

THURSDAY, FEB. 2.

SENATE.—Debate was resumed on the funding bill, and Mr. Pendleton's amendment applying surplus revenues above $100,000,000 to the reduction of the public debt was rejected—25 to 27. Subsequently the Union Pacific company's action in continuing the 5s and 6s at lower rates of interest was severely criticised by Messrs. Vest and Ingalls, the former whom and Mr. Windom a prolonged fusillade of spirited remarks was kept up. An amendment by Mr. Kelley directing that the continued bonds valid was adopted—43 to 10.

The president sent the following nominations to the senate: George E. Bryant, postmaster at Madison, Wis. George Fisher, surveyor of customs at Cairo, Ill.

HOUSE.—After some important routine business, the postoffice appropriation bill was considered in committee of the whole without action.

Gen. Henderson, from the house committee on military affairs, reported a general bill in the nature of a substitute for some military private bills which had passed the senate, authorizing the secretary of war to muster and pay volunteer officers so as to cover the whole period during which they were regularly commanded and actually performed the duties to which they were so commanded, but, through no fault of theirs, failed of such muster and payment as the commands were below the minimum. This covers a large number of cases which appeal strongly in equity and justice for relief and will relieve congress from the consideration of a considerable class of private bills if it should become a law. He also reported back from the committee a bill about a dozen bills donating cannon for monumental purposes, including monuments for Gettysburg and the Rivers of Chicago. The committee, in addition to these, also agreed this morning upon reports in the cases of half a dozen private bills.

FRIDAY, FEB. 3.

SENATE.—The bill extending the northern boundary of Nebraska passed. A desultory talk over the funding bill took place. Mr. Hawley's amendment to the effect that the withdrawal of bank circulation to $5,000,000 per month and requiring thirty days' notice thereof was adopted. The bill was finally passed—35 to 18. The bill appropriating $200,000 for a site for a fire proof building to be used as a "receptacle for government records was passed.

HOUSE.—The bill authorizing the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad company from the tax on wages certificate was defeated, after a long discussion.

MONDAY, FEB. 6.

SENATE.—Mr. Williams spoke on the tariff and Mr. Ingall's resolution against the repeal of the pensions arrears law was discussed. Bills were introduced to prevent adulteration of illegal public land entries and sales and defining the powers of the Mississippi river commission.

Senate Confirmations.—Wm. H. Armstrong, Pennsylvania, commissioner of railroads; Fred A. Tuttle, Nevada, governor of Arizona.

United States Attorneys—H. M. Lewis, western district of Wisconsin; J. F. Watson, Oregon; John S. Runnells, Iowa.

Collectors of Internal Revenue—Frank B. Case, Twenty-second district, Pennsylvania. Geo. P. Dunham, Sixth district, Ohio.

Postmasters—Geo. E. Bryant, Madison, Wis.; H. J. Whitmore, Salt Lake, Utah.

HOUSE.—Bills were introduced to abolish custom house fees and for the consolidation of collection districts; for the appointment of a commission to consider the subject of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans; for the duty of iron ore; to create a sinking fund for the Union Pacific railroad. On motion of Mr. Burrows, of Michigan, rules were suspended and his bill, prohibiting a bigamist from being admitted to any territory, passed. A motion to suspend the rules and pass bill for a commission to inquire into the alcoholic liquor traffic was lost—112 to 98; not two-thirds in the affirmative.

TUESDAY, FEB. 7.

SENATE—Mr. Cockrell presented a petition from citizens of Missouri and others in Montana protesting against the proposition to make St. Louis suggesting adequate provisions for the unobstructed navigation of the Missouri river in legislation authorizing the construction of bridges across the river. The bill in relation to the Japanese indemnity fund was reported favorably.

Seven thousand dollars were appropriated for a statue of Garfield in Washington.

The president nominated J. Gallagher, Jr., of Pennsylvania, consul general at Port au Prince; John J. Flynn, of Illinois, United States consul general at Chemnitz; Albert E. Morton, of Illinois, consul general at Belize; Henry Clay Neill, surveyor of customs at Baltimore.

HOUSE.—The Indian appropriation bill ($4,920,203) was reported. The house discussed the appropriation bill without action.

Search for Arctic Explorers.

Secretary Hunt has designated Lieut. Giles B. Harber and Master W. H. Shenton of the navy as the officers to assist Lieut. Dannenhauer in the search for Lieut. Chipp and his crew, and they will take passage on the steamship Germania, leaving Jersey City on Saturday, with the expectation of reaching Irkutsk about the middle of March. Their instructions are not quite complete, but will include orders to spare neither effort nor expense in the prosecution of the work assigned them. Lieut. Harber is now in command of the torpedo station at the navy yard at Newport, and Master Shenton is on leave in St. Louis. He has been ordered to proceed to New York without delay.

At St. Louis, the coroner's jury returned a verdict charging Pat McGlew and Russell Brown, with the murder of Mrs. Mary Jane Brown. McGlew, who was found murdered in her bed last Monday morning.

GUITEAU'S DEATH SENTENCE.

Guiteau Sentenced to be Hanged Until He is Dead on the 30th of June.

The Assassin Denounces Himself God's Man and Predicts Wrath and Vengeance.

On Friday Guiteau was brought into court and placed at the bar of the prisoners. He looked pale, but bowed over to his counsel and said in a quiet and rather pleasing tone.

Judge Cox—Have you any to your honor please?

Judge Cox—If there is no objection from counsel.

Scoville—Have you any objection, Colonel?

Col. Corkhill—No, sir.

The prisoner then took a seat at the table by the side of Scoville and taking out of his coat pocket a roll of manuscript addressed the court in apparent belief, and with the air of principal counsel in the case: "If the court please, before this motion is made I desire to call your attention to a few errors that have crept in." At this point he was stopped by the court. Col. Corkhill objected to any remarks from the prisoner. Scoville also objected and thought anything of the kind had better be postponed until the business before the court had been disposed of.

Scoville proceeded to read affidavits and other papers filed by him, with his motion of a new trial. F. H. Scyler, maker of the affidavit upon which Scoville relies mainly to support his motion, at immediately in the rear of Scoville, rose and began read the affidavit of each member of the jury, in which they most positively declared having seen or read a copy of the Critic on the morning of the trial, and the time they served as jurors upon the trial of Guiteau. Following these was read the affidavit of the reporter Ward, to the effect that he had known Snyder for fifteen years, and to his knowledge said Snyder is a high, Republican and blackmailer, and that he (Ward) would not believe him under oath. Col. Corkhill also read affidavits of John L. Sergeant, formerly a financier in Washington, and Detective McElfresh, who arrested Snyder several years ago on the charge of grand larceny, also an affidavit of George O. Curtiss, bailiff in charge of the room from which Snyder alleges he took the copy of the Critic with the prisoner's notes on it. The affiant did not purchase a Critic during the trial. Judge Cox was expected to render his decision on Saturday.

ON SATURDAY

Mr. Scoville made an effort to postpone the decision on the motion for a new trial, on the ground that the matter should be further investigated, but Judge Cox began at once to read his decision. He referred to the allegations connected with the finding of the newspaper in the jury room, he said that they amounted to nothing in face of the uniform affidavits of every member of the jury that they did not see or read a paper at any time during the trial. No one could swear to the fact that the jurors did write upon the paper while they all swear they did not, and there is no reason to doubt their positive word. He dismissed the talk about the discovery of new evidence, by saying that he could in no wise affect the verdict. As to the motion for a new trial, those admissions after the trial are alleged to have been different from what they were given under the trial, Judge Cox said sworn statements of this character could never be considered a good ground for overturning a verdict that may have been obtained through evidence of the very witness who, from a corrupt motive, might seek to reverse the verdict.

From all the papers presented, Judge Cox summed up: "I am unable to find any reason to grant the motion, which is therefore overruled."

Scoville—I would like to note exceptions to the ruling of your honor.

Col. Corkhill—Your honor, it now becomes my duty—

Scoville—One moment, please. I would like to file in due form the motion which I referred to yesterday. Scoville then filed his motion in arrest of judgment.

Guiteau, who had been permitted to resume his seat at the counsel table, called out, "If your honor please, I desire to ask if there is any motion that I ought to make to reserve my rights." Scoville tried to prevent his speaking, but he retorted, "Well, I don't want any mistakes made. I want to know how much time I shall have to prepare my appeal to the court in banc."

Scoville—Please keep quiet. We haven't reached that yet.

Guiteau, with much excitement—I won't keep quiet. I am here and I propose to do my own talking.

Judge Cox then informed Scoville of the rules of practice applicable to filing his exception, and after the motion had been arranged, Guiteau had renewed his motion, saying, "It is now my duty to ask for the sentence of the court."

Judge Cox to the prisoner—Stand up. Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?

Guiteau, still sitting—I ask your honor to postpone sentence as long as possible.

Judge Cox—Stand up. Have you anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon you?

The prisoner then arose pale, but with lips compressed and a desperate determination stamped upon his features. In a low and deliberate tone he began, but upon his manner became wild and violent, and pounding upon the desk with his delivered the following rhetorical harangue: "I am not guilty of the charge set forth in the indictment. It was God's act, not mine, that put down the President. Will the American people forget it. He will take care of it and every officer left in this government, from the secretary down to the marshal taking in every man on that jury and every member of this household will pay for it; and the American nation will roll in blood, if my body rots in the ground and I am hung. The Jews put the Saviour into the grave. For the time God triumphed, but the destruction of Jerusalem forty years afterward, the Almighty got even with them. I am not afraid of death. I am sent here by God's man. Will the re-nomination you want to. I am God's man and I have said so from the start."

Judge Cox then proceeded to pass sentence, addressing the prisoner in the following manner: "You have been convicted of a crime so terrible in its circumstances and so far reaching in its results that it has drawn upon you the horror of the whole world and the execrations of your countrymen. The excitement produced by such an offense is not in a easy task to secure for you a fair and impartial trial, but you have had the power of the United States treasury and government in your service to protect your person from violence and to procure evidence from all parts of the country. You have had as fair and impartial a jury as ever assembled in a court of justice. You have been defended by counsel whose fame and ability have won for the highest encomium and I certainly have done my best to secure a fair presentation of your defense. Notwithstanding all this you have been found guilty. It would have been a comfort to many people if the verdict of the jury had stated that your act was that of an irresponsible lunatic. It would have left the people satisfied in the belief that the crime of murder political assassination was something entirely foreign to the constitution and civilization of our country. But the result has denied them that comfort. The verdict of the jury is as fact that the crime can be committed and the court will have to deal with it with the highest penalty known to the law, which is to serve as an example to the others. Your career has been so extraordinary that people might well at times have doubted your sanity, but one cannot but believe that when the crime was committed you thoroughly understood the nature of the crime and its consequences.

Guiteau: I was acting as God's man.

And that you had moral sense and conscience to recognize the iniquity of such an act.

The Prisoner: That's a matter of opinion.

Your own testimony shows that you recorded with horror the act of Booth. You say that you prayed against it. You say that you thought it might be prevented. This shows that your conscience was not seared, that it, but by the wretched sophistry of your own mind you worked yourself up against the protest of your conscience. What motive could have induced you to take such a step is a matter of conjecture. Probably with that idea of some functions or mortal death for our President, you thought to gain notoriety. Your own testimony seems to convince the minds of your counsel, that you had conceived the idea that perhaps I believe, that you were driven against your will by insane inspiration. The testimony showed that you deliberately resolved to do it, and that deliberately you set about it, guided will was the sole impulse.

This may seem insanity to some persons, but the law holds upon it as a wilful crime. You will have due opportunity of showing the measure I may have committed during the course of the trial passed upon by the court in banc, but meanwhile it is necessary for me to pronounce the sentence of the law, that you be taken hence to the common jail of the district from whence you came, that you be kept in confinement, and Friday, the 30th of June, 1882, you be taken to a place of execution and there between the hours of 12 and 2 p. m., be hanged by the neck until you and dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

During the reading Guiteau stood apparently unmoved and with his gaze fixed upon the judge, but when the final words were spoken he struck the table violently and shouted, "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul. I'd father stand where I do than where that jury does and where your honor stands. I'm not afraid to die.

I stand here as God's man, and God Almighty will curse every man who has had a part in prosecuting this righteous act. Nothing but good has come from Garfield's removal, and that will be the verdict of posterity on my inspiration. I leave a snap for the verdict of this corrupt generation. I would rather a thousand times be in my position than in that of those who have wanted me to death. I shall have a glorious flight to glory, but that miserable scoundrel, Corkhill, will have a permanent job down below, where he will meet my partner Bliss.

After apparently talking himself out the prisoner turned to his brother and without the slightest trace of excitement, spoke to him for some minutes before taken from the court room.

Upon the arrival of Guiteau at the jail he was at once taken to his cell and a guard placed over him. This precaution is always observed in cases of condemnation under sentence of death, and will be rigidly adhered to in this case, both by night and by day.

POSTOFFICE CHANGES

During the Week Ending February 3, 1882.

MINNESOTA.

Established—Chanhassen, Carver county, Peter Barthel, postmaster.

Name Changed—Round Mound, Traverse county, to Mandada.

Postmasters Appointed—Bethel, Anoka county, Jonas H. Cooper; Elmore, Faribault county, Chas. H. Parsons; Maple Ridge, Isanti county, A. D. Gady; Sunnyside, Douglas county, Wm. W. Slater; St. Olof, Otter Tail county, Olaf O. Winge; Valley Creek, Washington county, Fred. H. Bolles.

Established—Kempster, Banglade county, James Doran, postmaster.

Postmasters Appointed—Brookville, St. Croix county, Walter Wood; Custer, Portage county, John Kluck; Morley, Lincoln county, Chas. Morley; Otter Creek, Eau Claire county, George M. McMahon.

IOWA.

Established—Beaconsfield, Ringgold county, John F. Sander, postmaster.

Discontinued—Avondale, Adair county; La Grange, Monona county; Pleasant Hills, Muscatine county; Turkey River, Clayton county.

Names Changed—Bivens Grove, Marshall county, to Sta. Mary's; Mount View, Buena Vista county, to Marathon.

Postmasters Appointed—Attica, Marion county, Wm. M. Henderson; Caledonia, Hughes county, Arlington Foster; Castleville, Buchanan county, Levi Leach; Cedar Bluff, Jasper county, Jerome B. Jordan; Hancock, Pottawattamie county, Winfield S. Williams; Lake View, Sac county, Chas. H. Hucker, assistant quartermaster general, to be quartermaster general vice Gen. Meigs, retired. Col. M. C. Meigs, Wm. Bowman, paymaster general, vice Gen. Brown, retired.

The retirement of Gen. Meigs will promote Lieut. Col. James A. Elkin, deputy quartermaster general, to the rank of colonel and assistant quartermaster general, vice Meigs, and Dana to the rank of lieutenant colonel and deputy quartermaster general, and Captain Andrew J. Slaughter, to the rank of major and quartermaster. This, with the retirement of Capt. William T. Howell, assistant quartermaster, will be the only immediate changes, will create two vacancies in the list of captains, which will be filled by executive appointment. Colonel Granville O. Haller, Twenty-third infantry, and Pinckney Lugenbeel, Fifth infantry, have also been added to the retired list; the latter at his own request, which was prompted by a long and painful illness, has been delayed by his detail as a member of the White House court-martial. The retirements in the following changes: Lieut Col. H. M. Black, Eighteenth infantry, will become colonel of the Twenty-third infantry, vice Haller, retired, Sixth infantry to the colonelcy of the Fifth infantry, Maj. Guido Ilges, Fifth infantry, receives his well-earned promotion to the rank of lieutenant colonel, and will go to the Eighteenth infantry; and Maj. N. W. Osborne, Fifteenth infantry, will become lieutenant colonel of the Sixth. Capt. R. C. Morris, Twenty-first infantry, will be promoted major of the Fifth infantry, and Captain Geo. M. Brayton, Eighth infantry, major of the Twenty-third infantry. First Lieut. S. E. Stafford and Second Lieut. D. D. Mitchell, Fifteenth infantry, will receive promotion in the Fifth infantry and Twenty-first respectively; and in the Fifth infantry First Lieut. Edmund Rice will become captain, and Second Lieut. C. B. Thompson first lieutenant.

ARMY CHANGES

The Retirement of Gen. Meigs, Paymaster-General Brown and Others—The Promotions.

Colonel Granville O. Haller, Twenty-third infantry, and Pinckney Lugenbeel, Fifth infantry, have also been added to the retired list; the latter at his own request, which was prompted by a long and painful illness, has been delayed by his detail as a member of the White House court-martial. The retirements in the following changes: Lieut Col. H. M. Black, Eighteenth infantry, will become colonel of the Twenty-third infantry, vice Haller, retired, Sixth infantry to the colonelcy of the Fifth infantry, Maj. Guido Ilges, Fifth infantry, receives his well-earned promotion to the rank of lieutenant colonel, and will go to the Eighteenth infantry; and Maj. N. W. Osborne, Fifteenth infantry, will become lieutenant colonel of the Sixth. Capt. R. C. Morris, Twenty-first infantry, will be promoted major of the Fifth infantry, and Captain Geo. M. Brayton, Eighth infantry, major of the Twenty-third infantry. First Lieut. S. E. Stafford and Second Lieut. D. D. Mitchell, Fifteenth infantry, will receive promotion in the Fifth infantry and Twenty-first respectively; and in the Fifth infantry First Lieut. Edmund Rice will become captain, and Second Lieut. C. B. Thompson first lieutenant.

Fun For All.

A colored witness was asked if he knew and would tell the truth, the whole truth, the affirmative. It afterwards appeared that the man couldn't read. "Now, sir!" thundered the attorney on the other side, "didn't you swear that you used your Bible?" "Yes, yes, sah," faltered the witness. "I done stropped my razor on it!" The court decided that this was equal to the general knowledge of the Bible and was sufficient.

Elder daughter.—"I think you might let me come out, mamma." Mamma—"In society you know, and surely I've finished my education!" Festive mamma (by no means prepared to act the part of chaperone and wallflower).—"Not yet, my love. Society is so hollow." Elder daughter (pouting and sullen, girlish freshness of yours a little while longer." —Punch.

A Derby doctor killed a fox and the Derby Tranquil gave him sarcastic notice that the doctor means business when he goes after 'em."

"Make Somebody Glad," urges a recent poem. Hundreds of young men can comply with this request by simply bidding her good-night two or three hours earlier on Sunday nights.

Miss Hortense is working a beautiful piece of embroidery. It is a motto in worsted and it reads thus: "Home Without a Mother!" When Miss Hortense gets it done she will give it to her beau, who sends a dry goods counter. You can not see Miss Hortense's mother. She is in the yard doing the week's washing. By and by see will be bringing in the coal for the parlor stove, because Miss Hortense's beau is coming to night.—*Denver Tribune Primer.*

Fee clam: It is the misfortune of kings that they scarcely ever do the good that they would do and I through despair of the and the instanation of flatterers, they often do that mistakes they never intended.

ERNA.

Deep blue eyes, large and tender and wary and a shining of golden hair, lips as exquisite as ever were sung by poet, and lending by their great beauty the crowning charm to an almost perfect face. This vision that brightened for me my life in the grim old manor-house might have been Psyche, lighted upon English ground in her search for Cupid, but a Psyche to whom Love, as yet, was nothing but a name.

I would have given life itself to have heard her in the last hour of it confess me dear to her, to have had one kiss from those perfect lips, as I lay dying, pressed on mine. But when I had half hinted at my madness, half looked it, she had shrunk from me, and snatching hand from the clasp in which I prisoned it, had said to me very decidedly: "No, Gerald. If you would not have me remember how very distant our cousinship is, never dare speak of this to me again." And I never had, being in my love for her very much of a coward; but the eager hunger was always there. And she saw it, I think, and seemed sometimes half to mock at, sometimes to resent my love.

It was happiness—a happiness, though, that came strangely near to pain—to be thrown so much in her society as in the summer that followed her curt rejection of my suit. I had been flung in a wrestle for honors at Cambridge and had reaped a fever instead, which had nearly landed me where failure cannot disturb. When I had tottered a few feeble steps back from death's door into the way of life again, there came to me a great happiness. Erna and I had met until now only during the rare visits that her father paid to the pretty villa, west from London, where my mother had lived quietly during the ten years of her widowhood. They were distant cousins, and had been lovers long ago; [illegible] faintly responded to on hers; and at last she had broken off the engagement with a plea of [illegible]. He left her, and for many years they did not meet again; but I think he was never able either to forgive or to forget.

How is it when into our life there comes a bitterness like this—when we marry, and waking in the dead of night see not the face that beside the marriage-pillow beside us, but other eyes that look on us tenderly and sweetly out of the darkness of the long ago? I put questions of this kind to myself many times, I well remember, in the summer when the happiness I speak of came to me—that time when her father's invitation to visit the old Devon manor-house being given and accepted, Erna and I [illegible] gained strength in drinking in light that [illegible] on me from her eyes, and strolled with her through Devon woods or floated with oar and sail amid the dream-like loveliness of the Dart.

She had kindness, tenderest, gayest temper [illegible] time that mine was still but the ghost of a life; but as I changed gradually to something more nearly resembling my old self, Erna began to change, too, and was presently almost the same strange, provoking girl I had known in days when I laid my heart at her feet only to be trampled on. I would not repeat the folly; to be scorned once by any lips, however lovely, was enough.

We were alone in the garden one morning, and I was thinking this and at the same time how rare was the beauty of her face, when she looked up and our eyes met. She did not blush or turn from the glance that I was bending on her, but only smiled mockingly—a smile that passed next moment into a laugh, as wickedly provoking as herself. I was turning away, hurt, I scarcely knew why, when she stopped me with an imperious bidding.

"Gerald," she said, "if you care to come with me to the Winstanley room, I am just in the humor for telling you its legend. I can tell it nowhere but in the room itself."

"The haunted chamber?" I questioned, indolently. "I am not in the humor, Erna, if you are; the morning's far too bright to be spent anywhere but out of doors, and the story's certainly old enough to keep. I'm for staying here in this glorious old garden, and fancying it Eden, and you its Eve."

"Stay, then," she said, with a pout, and moved away.

I watched her passing farther and farther from me, towards the house. Great roses were all about me, the air was faint with the clove of the honeysuckle, and overhead thick branches drooped caressingly, and only left here and there an opening for the burning sun to shine through. In a moment, it seemed to me, all would be sad and drooping; for in a moment more all that made the garden fair to me would have passed from it with her. She turned, however, as she reached the great, broken steps that led up to the terrace before the house, and seeing me rise and move towards her, hesitated a moment, and then came slowly back.

"So you are coming, after all," she said, ungraciously.

"Yes, I'm coming," I echoed. "And I'll listen patiently to anything you like to inflict on me, Erna, beginning with the ghost that walks at night in—"

"Winstanley's ghost, you mean," she interrupted. "He does walk—he has been seen at least once in every generation of Heathcotts since the time of his master, Geoffrey Heathcott. You laugh at me," she continued, a flash of defiance in her great eyes, "but I tell you I do believe in him—in his haunting the house where his death was the cause of his master's."

"Why should he haunt it? It can't be a pleasant place to him, I should imagine, to haunt a place where, if you and your legends are to be trusted, his dying inconveniently was the Geoffrey Heathcott's dying also. Does he hope that in the course of a few centuries his master's remains—they are hidden away somewhere, are they not—may become unsuitably essential enough for even a ghost to give them burial?"

"You dull, silly fellow! I know what old Winstanly would want to show me, but I should [illegible] at the very thought of passing a night in that horrible room they name after him."

"And what would he want to show you?" I asked.

"The secret of the secret chamber to be sure. He would lead the way to that part of the house where it lies; and then if I had courage enough to follow him, he would indicate to me in his ghostly pantomime how to enter it—show me where the spring is, and how it works. Then if I had the still greater courage to look in, I should see—oh! I should see—" pressing her hands with a gesture of mimic terror before her eyes—"bones lying there—the bones of that gallant and noble gentleman that we Heathcotts are so proud to think was our ancestor."

I looked at her, uncertain as to how much of her speech was jest, how much earnest, puzzled to know whether she put faith in the family ghost or not. "You would not dare to sleep in the room they still call Winstanley's?" I questioned. "Are you so superstitious, Erna, as to say that seriously?"

Erna darted at me her most indignant glance by way of acknowledgment of my question. "Are you so great a hero yourself, Gerald, that you would care to sleep in it?" she asked.

"You forget," I said lightly, "that I have not seen this chamber of horrors yet."

"See it now, then," she flashed out. "Come with me, and tell me if you would care to have it for your own while you stay here."

She ran off before I could answer, and I followed slowly to the house, and found her after some minutes' search, returning from the house-keeper's private sanctum. "Now," she said, holding up a key that left deep stains of rust on her dainty fingers—"now for the haunted room!"

I was not thinking of it, or the legend connected with it, as I followed her there. How could I think of a room and legend centuries old with that fair young face beside me? Sweet face—grown something more matronly now than in the days when the world seemed to me a thing that, if I had it, might be laid at those feet for one kiss from those lips—I have but to close my eyes, and you are before me again, as bright and sunny as in the bright time of your girlhood. How sweetly the vision shines on me; I see the calm old woods of Devon, and rising from them the roof of a gray manor-house, its twin vanes shining redly in the morning sun; through the trees are caught glimpses of the windings of the Dart, and the far-off blue of the sea, and wooded peak melting softly into peak, and fading in the haze of the distance as fades a dream.

I followed her through the inhabited part of the house [illegible] in my mind beyond the thought that she was fair, and that I loved her. We turned presently into a narrow, badly-lighted passage; and at sight of ancient doors on either side of me other thoughts came into my mind—thoughts of those who had been this fair creature's ancestors. In these rooms they had lived and died; here the spirit of one of them—Geoffrey, the Cavalier Heathcott, who had fought as bravely as foolishly for the Stuart cause—was supposed sometimes to wander restlessly from midnight to cock-crow. I knew nothing more of the legend told of him than that his end had been strange and dreadful, and that his fate was in some way connected with that of his steward, Winstanley, whose name had been given to the room where Erna was now leading me.

"You care nothing for my legends, Gerald," she said, her voice breaking in suddenly on my thoughts. She had stopped before a door of especially uninviting appearance, and now unlocked it. "You might say that in any of the rooms below, or even here in the day-time; but"—beckoning me to enter—"would you dare repeat it at twelve at night, and alone in a room like this?"

"You don't think much of my nerves, I see, Erna," I answered, following her into the haunted room.

A strange, gloomy place it was, scantily furnished in the fashion of at least a century before, and having in one corner an antique bed, dating back, perhaps, to the time of Anna or George I. I found myself looking at this with an uncomfortable feeling that perhaps, the ghostly steward, after his nightly walks through the old house, might lie down in it sometimes in preference to his grave. "Erna," I asked of the girl beside me, "do you say that mortals have quite given up occupying this room?"

"My grandfather once or twice slept here, or so I have heard," she answered. "He must have been a braver man—worthy of the cavalier race he came from."

"Is the ghost so terrible a ghost, then, to encounter?"

"Terrible to a Heathcott," she said, seriously. "I know you will laugh at me, Gerald, and perhaps the fancy is a silly one, but I never come here without feeling that every word of the story they tell me of the room must be true. Out of it, I am more of a sceptic about ghosts."

"I'll hear the story before I laugh at you," I answered. I was more curious about the legend, standing in this dim old room, than I had been half an hour before, when resting at Erna's feet, with the roses about us and the blue of the sky above and finding in her eyes a blue between sky and violet, and in her cheek the rose's faintest, most exquisite blush.

She told me her story that fairy summer's morning—told it half laughingly, as was in her nature to do, and yet with something of earnestness breaking out more and more visibly, as the gloomy legend blackened to its close.

Geoffrey Heathcott, one of the most faithful and foolish adherents to a bad king and worthless cause, left England in despair soon after the terrible 30th of January, 1649; but returned next year to follow the fortunes of Prince Charles from Stirling to the fatal field of Worcester. He escaped with his life, and after shifting for many months from one place of concealment to another, ventured back, some time in 1653, to Devon and Heathcott manor, and lived there undisturbed by the Protector's government, until unhappily for himself, he became implicated in an abortive scheme for a rising in the West. He was seized, effected the same night a daring escape, with a party of Ironsides in fierce pursuit, to Heathcott house. The search that the Parliamentarians conducted there was at first without result; but General Harrison, their savage commander, was not a man to be easily baulked. He had the old steward of the family brought before him, and threatened him with instant death unless he would betray his master's hiding-place. The old man, still protesting his ignorance, was dragged to the chamber that has ever since been known by his name, and there a party of musketeers were told off to fire on him. Harrison had, however, secretly given order only to load with powder. The volley killed Winstanley none the less; his frail hold of life was not to be thus rudely played with. When the soldiers lifted the old man from where he had fallen, they found him dead.

"And the ghost, of course, has ever since haunted the scene of his murder," I broke in, when Erna's legend had reached this point; "according to the foolish custom prevalent among ghosts of haunting the neighborhoods that must be most disagreeable to them. But I don't see why this poor old spirit should be so very dreadful to a Heathcott."

"His master was never heard of afterwards," said Erna, slowly and solemnly.

"Well?"

"Don't you see, Gerald, that the old man's murderers were right, and that he was the only person whom Geoffrey Heathcott had trusted with the secret of his hiding-place? It is true the rumor at the time went that our ancestor had escaped to Spain, and died there; but I don't believe it. I believe that what the legend says of him is true."

"And what does the legend say of this mysterious Geoffrey?"

"It says that he had taken refuge in a hiding-place contrived in Elizabeth's time by his Catholic grandfather—a small cell that, unhappily for him, by an oversight of the architect, could only be opened from without, and so made a prisoner of any one who was hidden there."

"So that," I said, catching at her meaning, "if the old steward were really his master's only confidant, the poor prisoner in the present case would have been buried alive."

Erna did not answer; she drew closer to me, and looked round her with a shudder. "Come away," she said, catching at my arm. "I feel as though if I stayed here longer the air would choke me. Let us get away from these frightful memories and this horrid room. I would not sleep here for the world—I should wake up here to see him at midnight, and see the old steward standing at my bedside, and beckoning me to follow him, that he might show me where his master's bones are hidden."

"They are hidden, then, to this day?"

"So the legend says; but when I begged my father to have all this part of the old house pulled down that they might be found and buried, he only laughed at me. But till they are found and buried, I feel that this will be a haunted room. The man who was killed here will not rest in his grave till he knows that his master has one, too."

I laughed at her wild suggestion; and she turned indignantly from me, and flitted like a sunbeam from the quaint, dark chamber, leaving me to turn on its ghosts and its silence a key that grated in the rusty lock, and to follow her at my leisure to the garden.

"Gerald," my entertainer said to me, curtly, that evening, after dinner, "you're a fool, and this little daughter of mine's a goose; and if the goose must needs tempt the fool into ghost-hunting, by raking up for his benefit some of the ridiculous old legends that are used to cling about a tumble-down place like this, why, I don't know that I feel called upon to interfere. I'll put no more serious obstacle in your way than a promise of laughing at you when you catch cold, instead of your ghost. You'll find the quarters you want to occupy rather damp, and there's more than a suspicion of rats about them; but try them by all means—try them," concluded Mr. Heathcott, with a yawn; "and if you can stand the damp and the rats for a night or two, let me know at the end of the time how you liked your bed-room."

I dreamed that night of having fallen asleep in the great old bed in the haunted room, and of waking with a start and a shiver to find a skeleton lying beside me. I had taken, I scarcely knew why, a violent aversion to that bed. "Luckily," I murmured to myself, as I woke in reality, and found the bright June sunlight shining through the ventilation of my room, and falling on gaily-tinted wall-paper and the glittering brass of my bedstead, "I've given no pledge to sleep in it. It's enough, surely, to be about to occupy for a week a family vault without one's also becoming the tenant of a hearse." And yet, my own snug, French bedstead had been carried up to replace it, I felt almost ashamed of what I had done in exorcising the ghost.

I could not tell why, but the first night in Winstanley's room was the most restless that I spent there. There was a sickening atmosphere of death and decay about the place, and I tossed in my bed restlessly from side to side, and gasped as if the air I breathed would choke me. At last I got up, and dragging one of the heavy antique chairs before the window, opened the casements, flung it wide open to the June light, and sat there smoking. The two narcotics—night air and tobacco—soothed me to sleep at last; and I woke some hours afterwards with an uncomfortable sense of having already realized my host's prediction, and of being about to carry down to breakfast a violent cold and no sighting of the ghost.

Erna was in the garden, as her absence from the breakfast-room assured me. As for Mr. Heathcott, I doubt if he had seen the sun rise once in the last ten years, unless from the windows in the bedroom. I stole softly out into the open air, and down the tangled alleys of the dear old garden. I knew the corner that she would seek—where roses grew red and white among the white and yellow of the tangled honeysuckle, and here and there between the bushes bloomed fragrant masses of clove and pink, and the faint air in stealing past drooped heavily with the perfumed breath of flowers.

I stole on her softly, and the next moment had caught her in my arms, and my lips for a moment brushed her cheek.

She started from me—red as the roses she was gathering.

"Mr. Osborne," she said, "how dare you!"

Then her eyes caught mine with an eager interest as she gently disengaged herself.

"Oh Gerald," she cried, "have you seen him."

"Who? The Winstanley of the legend?" I questioned, laughing at her. "No, Erna; the ghost's as civil and unobtrusive a ghost as one could desire, and doesn't seem even inclined to haunt my dreams."

* * * * * *

I remember as if that dead year had been yesterday, how shy she was of me all that day, and how, when we parted in the evening, her hand rather touched mine than clasped it, and she bade me the coldest of "good nights." We met the next morning at the breakfast table, and I laughed as I caught her eyes fixed on me for a moment with an eager, questioning gaze.

"No, Erna," I said, "not yet."

"Not yet," I could have answered on the third morning of my broken slumbers in that low-browed, shadowy room, where the rats and wind between them made uncanny noises in the far-off corners, and one started broad awake in a room reputed to be haunted, and one hears vague noises in the darkness, it is hard for the moment not to have faith in ghosts.

I had a dream on the fourth night of my imprisonment in that room that chilled me into an ague fit of terror, and from which I awoke shivering, and with a wild cry forcing itself from me in the greatness of my fear. I had dreamed of being alone with one long dead, and that the thing had touched me; and when I awoke, trembling, and with the cold dew of my terror upon me, I was not in the room where I had fallen asleep, but to which as it seemed to me in a dream, the dead had led me.

I went down as haggard as a man might be whom such dreams had haunted, and paced the terrace before the old house, thinking feverishly of them. Birds sang in the trees around me; the morning air was cool to my hot forehead; and in the eastern sky was lit a herald redness, that crimsoned momentarily into a more glorious proclamation of the advent of the sun. And even as the god of the day leapt up in all the brightness that only the eye of the eagle can look on from his burning couch of cloud, twin stars shone out on the morning also—the stars that lure man to his bliss or his bale; and there danced and sparkled from under a shining of golden hair a girl's bright eyes. Erna had risen as early as the sun, and but little later than myself; and stealing softly on me, her voice breathed as softly in my ear, while I stood there lost in gloomy musings and unconscious of her coming, the gay greeting: "Beau chevalier!"

I started and turned almost fiercely.

"Erna," I said, by way of excuse for my abruptness, "I took you for the moment for the continuation of my dreams."

"Your dreams, Gerald!" Her face flushed, and her voice grew eager. "There are no dreams in Winstanley's room. Tell me what you have seen?"

But I was in no mood at the moment for explanation, and I turned away without answering her question or satisfying her curiosity.

Early that afternoon, when the glory of the June day was at its brightest, we took our way through the dim and dusty passages of the uninhabited part of the old house, and after a while, stood silent side by side in the room to which, if I might credit my dream, no earthly guide had led me.

It was a dim old chamber, darker and smaller than that called after the traditionary Winstanley, and in a far more hopeless state of disrepair. Once it had been an oratory, and the single and beautifully shaped window had blazed with colored glass, and from the carven woodwork of the walls there had looked down the faces of the twelve Apostles; but the glass was long since gone, and the Apostles presented now but a succession of indistinctly-outlined lineaments, falling year by year into more irreparable decay. I went from one blurred mask to the other, vainly seeking to recognize that before which, as it seemed to me in my dream, my ghostly guide had paused for a moment, and, pointing to it, had vanished from my sight. I stopped at last at one which, centuries before, had in all probability imaged forth the face of Peter, and considering it attentively, felt some dim uncertainty of a recognition dawn upon me. "Erna," I said, "it was this."

We searched long for the secret that Erna persisted in believing lay hidden behind that bit of carven wood. The June day wore slowly out, afternoon was creeping into evening, but still, though the sun sank in the west, and the shadowy twilight began to lend an added dimness to the chamber, those small white fingers followed patiently every line of carving in the grim old panel and the grimmer face that frowned above it, and the bright eyes watched tirelessly for some clue as to where might lurk the spring that it was Erna's wild fancy lay somewhere hidden for her to press.

At last, tired of by turns aiding in and laughing at this wild quest, I menaced Erna that, unless she yielded to my oft repeated entreaty, and abandoned it, I would leave her to seek for secret springs and hidden crypts alone. Then I turned towards the door, as if to carry out my threat.

She fled past me, rapid as a legendary fay, and placing one hand upon the lock, with the other waived me back. "Gerald," she said, half laughing, and yet with a strange, sweet coaxing in her voice, "I want you to promise that as long I choose to seek in this room for the secret I think it will give up to us, you will not leave me."

I had not meant to speak to her of my love. What was there in her words that they should thrill some subtle nerve within me, and send strange passion burning through my veins? I took her hand in mine—her slight girl's hand—and my eyes sought hers with a wild desire to read my destiny in them. "Erna," I said, "look up."

She bent her head still lower. I could see only the crimson cheek, and the golden head that drooped above it.

"You said once that if I ever dared to speak to you of love again, it would force you to remember that we were scarcely even cousins. I dare it now; I will be something more than a cousin to you, or we shall part. Erna, I say now, and more boldly than a year ago—I love you."

Still no answer; and the cheek flushed more and more, and the golden head drooped lower.

"I love you, Erna," I repeated, trying vainly to make her lift her face to mine.

Something in her silence and her blush emboldened me. I drew her gently to me, and—and—

"The ghosts have given you to me, Erna," I said, releasing her—as she rather shrank from me, and hid her glowing face against the carven wall from which the stony visaged saints frowned grimly down on our betrothal kiss.

And I stretched out my hand and laid it lightly on hers, as it rested on a dark and moulded thing, in which there yet lurked indistinct suggestions of the treachery of Judas. I felt the warm, soft hand tremble under mine, and struggle to escape me; and, tightening my clasp, there came next instant a frightened cry from Erna; then a rush into our faces of cold air, as, with a grating and sullen sound, the wall gave way an inch or two. And then, the spring refusing to act, closed heavily again, and left us standing there, looking wildly into each other's faces, alone with our wilder thoughts, and with the coming of the night.

We buried the bones that were found in that ghastly hiding place, when a way was at last broken into it, in the old vault of the Heathcotts; and in the church beyond Erna stood with me next summer at the altar rails, and exchanged with me the vows that made us man and wife. But when the time of roses came up again, and a young life was born into our new home, far away from the Devon hills, her vow of obedience was, for the first time, broken. She insisted in opposition to my wish, on naming our first born Geoffrey.

And so Geoffrey, the stout cavalier of Marston and Worcester fights, sleeps his last sleep in the calm woods through which wind the clear waters of the Dart; and to the old manor house, whose vanes rise glittering above those woods, come sometimes mother and child. And then, while the hot June sunlight pours through [illegible] casement and [illegible] walls, and floods with its golden glory the place in which our ancestor's bones were found, Geoffrey, his young namesake, peers fearfully into that narrow crypt, and listens while, with his mother's hand clasped in his, the story of how that ancestor perished there is retold.

Read This Story, Boys!

"Gentlemen," said a repentant drinking man, at a temperance meeting held in——, during the Murphy excitement, "gentlemen, it has cost me $10,000 to bring my nose to its present state of perfection." $10,000! And what did he have besides his red nose? An aching and remorseful heart, a pain racked and diseased body; a home where a miserable woman probably dragged her weary life along in wretched, hopeless apathy, crushed and bowed to the earth by the shame of being a drunkard's wife. "$10,000!" wrote the recording angel, and turned in stern sorrow from the page. "$10,000!" chuckled the rum seller; "I am that much richer—am I not a lucky man?" "$10,000!" said the devil; "what a fool! I'll have him surely if he doesn't look out." "$10,000," whispered a little boy away back in the corner, whose father was killed in a drunken brawl. $10,000 would have made my mother happy, and I wouldn't have to sell newspapers for a living, and stay out of school when my heart is hungry for books." "$10,000!" soliloquized the young man who drank a little, "I can't afford that," and he signed the pledge, though he did not mean to. The confession was like a spark that flew into the flame, and ran with vivid tongues of fire through the vast audience. The little boy went forward with the throng with all the manliness of 25. He wrote his name as well as he could, and proudly took his pledge card. When he thought himself unnoticed he wrote slyly on its back: "$10,000 saved for mother by not drinking." That was exactly the way he wrote it, so you need not laugh. Maybe his own father had wasted as much over his cups, and his child had no time to learn to spell. He was busy all day at anything to turn an honest penny, and nights, poor little fellow, he was too tired and sleepy to even look at a book.

How do I know what he wrote? In passing out his precious card was brushed from his hand. He could not go back for the throng pressed on.

It was picked up by the janitor, given to one of the officers in charge; was next day posted on an immense blackboard, and served as a text for one of the most magnificent lectures of the course. What a lot of wet handkerchiefs there were when the speaker was through! How red the ladies' eyes were—almost as red as the drunkard's nose! And Jimmy—there, I didn't mean to tell one bit of his name—who had stolen back to get his treasured card, and see if he could sell a few books and papers, trembled like a leaf with excitement, to think he was the hero of all that grand talk, and the color went in and out of his cheeks with just that quiver you have seen in the sky when the northern lights wave and tremble. By and by the gentleman called his name; and somebody put him on the platform, and there was such a stamping and clapping as you never heard of before in your life. And how did it all end? Why, good people interested themselves in the child and its mother, and Jimmy goes to school now and his mother is matron in a "temperance house;" and some day, if you don't study hard, boys, Jimmy will be at the top of the ladder while you are just beginning to climb. I want you to remember the man—for he was a real living man—who said: "It cost me $10,000 to bring my nose to its present state of perfection;" and think of the boy, a drunkard's orphan, who resolved to save $10,000 for his mother "by not drinking;" and if you are tempted to drink, see if you can not make and keep a good resolution.

Who Was the First Expressman.

From the Boston Traveller.

The controversy as to who was the first expressman increases. Captain Thomas A. Gardner writes to the Nantucket *Inquirer and Mirror* as follows: In 1837 I was master of the sloop Martha. On the 28th day of Febuary, 1837, I was about sailing from Nantucket to New York. As I was getting up my sails at the end of the wharf, there came running down the wharf, carpet-bag in hand, a young man who hailed me and requested to take passage with me to New York. I told him to jump aboard, as I should be off as soon as my sails were up. He came aboard; and, having worked through the ice and out over the bar into clear water, I went into the cabin to have a chat with him. I said to him, "You are not a Nantucket young man?" He replied, "No, I have been on the island visiting Orison Adams." "Are you going to New York to look up business?" "Yes, I am going to start a new enterprise." "What is that?" "I am going to start an express from New York to Boston; carry light packages in my carpet-bag, collect bills, take orders etc., and I am in hopes to have something to do for the banks after a while." He then asked me what I thought of it. I told him if he would "push it" as hard as we had pushed the sloop through the ice he would make it go. After a few days we arrived in New York. As he was paying his passage before leaving me I said to him: "I should like to hear from you after you get started." He replied: "I will call and see you sometime when you are here." A few months after that he came on board while I was in New York. I asked him how he got along. He replied: "Very well; much better than I expected; I think I shall make a good thing of it." The name of that young man was Alvin Adams founder of the great Adams & Co.'s express.

The date of the above conversation is one year and eight months prior to the date given by Mr. Quincy for the conversation between himself and Mr. Harden.

Salaries of Supreme Judges.

The supreme court judges in the several states are not remarkably well paid. Alabama, Florida, Kansas and Maine pay their supreme judges $3,000. The other states in the Union pay as follows: Arkansas, $3,500; California, $6,000; Colorado, $3,250; Connecticut, $4,000, Delaware, $2,500; Georgia, $2,500; Illinois, $5,000; Indiana, $4,000; Iowa, $4,000; Kentucky, $5,000; Louisana, $2,000; Maryland $3,500; Massachusetts, chief justice, $6,500; associate judges, $6,000; Michigan, $4,000; Minnesota, $4,000; Mississippi, $3,500; Missouri, $4,500; Nebraska, $2,500; Nevada, $7,000; New Hampshire, $2,200; New Jersey, $5,000; the chancellor, $10,000; New York, chief justice, $9,500; associates, $9,000; North Carolina, $2,500; Oregon, $2,000; Pennsylvania, $7,000; Rhode Island, chief justice, $4,500; associates, $4,000; South Carolina, $3,500; Tennessee, $4,000; Texas, $3,500; Vermont, $2,500; Virginia, chief justice, $3,250; associates, $3,000; West Virginia, $2,250; Wisconsin, $5,000. New Jersey and New York are the only states which give their judges more than ordinary salaries.

A bloody war of races has been going on at Fort Hayes, Kansas between the white and the colored soldiers in which several have been killed and wounded. In the army there are two regiments of colored infantry and two of cavalry. Formerly there were four regiments of infantry but two have been disbanded. The two races do not live peaceably together, and probably both are somewhat to blame.

MINNESOTA NEWS.

State Farmer's Board of Trade.

A special meeting of the Minnesota State Farmers' Board of Trade was held at St. Paul last week.

Secretary George Giles, the member from the Eighth district, called the meeting to order, and at roll-call the following members responded: Lorenzo Hoyt, Second judicial district; J. D. Schofield, Fourth district; Jas. McBroom, Sixth district; George Giles, Eighth district; J. M. Bowler, Ninth district; Thomas Purcell, Tenth district; Lyman Loring, Eleventh district, and E. Everson, Twelfth district. Of these all were old members of the board except J. D. Scofield of the Fourth district and James McBroom of the Sixth district, and four—Messrs. Hoyt, Purcell, Giles and Everson—were reappointees, who qualified on the day of the meeting. Z. B. Page of Mantorville, Dodge county, the president of the board, being absent spending the winter in Florida, Lyman Loring was elected president pro tem. and took the chair.

A report was read, urging the appointment of a wheat inspector by the legislature, and also of grades. On discrimination in freight, the report says: "It has been made apparent to this board from many sources that a constant and vicious system of discrimination in the matter of freights is being practiced throughout this entire state. It is useless for us to point out instances or specify any particular road or corporation engaged in this unjust practice. It is sufficient to say that the practice is universal, within the common knowledge of all persons having dealings with transportation companies, and that is one which calls for some intervention by your body."

Mention is made of the havoc caused the wool interests of the state by dogs, and an urgent request is made for legislation which will protect the sheep farmer. The treeless condition of the northern, western and southern portions of the state is the subject of considerable comment and arguement, the result of which is a recommendation that county forestries be established.

Strong recommendations were made in favor of the state and county forestry, &c.

A long and informal conversational discussion was had on the action of the meeting of Minnesota and Wisconsin wheat dealers at Minneapolis, Dec. 15, 1881, when they agreed to establish uniform grades of wheat, with a uniform gradation of prices.

The discussion on this subject brought out the view that it was a miller's monoply, against which the state should protect the farmer by sufficient and effectual legislation as soon as practicable. It was thought that sooner or later the farmers of the state would unite to secure fair business treatment from buyers. The tone of the discussion showed that, although the members fully understood and respected the advisory nature of their duties, they had strong feelings on the matter and were positive of the fact that the farmers of the state are suffering actual wrongs from which the legislature can and ought to protect them.

Minnesota Agricultural Association.

The annual meeting of the Minnesota Agricultural association was held at St. Paul on the 1st. Col. Clark W. Thompson, president of the association, in the chair.

The following are the names of the delegates present and the counties represented by them. Becker county, Geo. W. Taylor; Dakota county, S. V. R. Hendrixx; Faribault, M. J. Meyers; Lyon, C. H. Whitney; Meeker, A. T. Kolmer, H. G. Branhan, E. Emerson; Murray, W. H. Meller; Olmsted, O. T. Dickerson, M. Hurd, M. Burn; Ramsey, L. Hoyt, S. Dearing, A. Bohland; Renville, J. M. Bowler; Steele, C. Chanburg; Watonwan, J. N. Cherry; Wright, S. E. Adams; Waseca, H. Woodbury, A. W. Brant; Lincoln, W. E. Dean, J. A. Bingnam; Yellow Medicine, N. S. Landrau.

The treasurer's report showed that the total amount collected during the progress of the state fair held at Rochester was $11,143.18, and the expenditures $11,437.74, leaving a deficiency of $294.56. This was an agreeable surprise to those present, as a much larger deficiency was expected, owing to the weather while the fair was in progress. The report was accepted.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected:

Clark W. Thompson, president.
M. J. Myers, vice president.
O. T. Dickerman, vice president.
C. A. DeGraff, vice president.
F. Wilcox, treasurer.
R. C. Judson, secretary.

Two new members of the executive committee, Clark Chambers and J. McHinch were elected.

Dairymen of Minnesota.

The annual meeting of the Minnesota State Dairymen's association was held at the Metropolitan hotel in St. Paul, last week, with President W. M. Fowler in the chair.

Prof. Porter of the state of Minnesota, speaking of the different breeds of cows and their special use, classed them in the following manner:

Devons—Working cattle.
Jerseys—Butter.
Shorthorns—Beef.
Ayrshires—Milk.
Holsteins—Milk and beef.

Each of the above breeds he claims stands unrivalled in their own line. Of course men who breed differently think differently, and it is natural for each man to claim his own herd is the best, let the breed be what it may.

The report of the treasurer, J. E. Putman, shows the receipts for the past year $165.48, and the expenditures $27.50 leaving a balance in the treasurer's hands of $137.98 After the treasurer's report the members paid their annual dues.

The association proceeded to the election of officers, with the following result:

W. Fowler, president.
S. Dearing, vice president.
J. J. Alexander, vice president.
J. E. Putnam, treasurer.
A. W. Reddll, secretary.

Adjourned to March 1st. The following list of subjects was prepared for discussion at the next meeting:

Which is the Best Breed of Cows for Dairy Purposes?

The Best Mode of Feeding Dairy Cows, and What is the Best Field.

Which is the Best System for Butter Making, and Which is the Best Package?

Which Pays the Best, Dairying or Raising Beef?

Secombe's Injunctions Denied.

At Minneapolis Mr. D. A. Secombe filed an affidavit of no answer in the matter of the application for a writ of injunction to issue against Chas. Kittelson, as treasurer of the state of Minnesota, to prevent his paying the interest on the new bonds issued to take up the old State railroad bonds, and applied for judgment and the relief demanded in the complaint in said action. Judge Young almost immediately filed the following decision:

This action coming on to be heard upon the application of the plaintiff for the relief demanded therein, for want of an answer; and the plaintiff having been heard upon the said application, it is ordered that the application be and here-by is denied. A. H. Young, Judge.

Joe Price, so badly frozen near Fisher, suffered amputation of both hands and feet and will recover.

The Rev. Wharton B. Smith of St. Peter's church, London, Eng., is the guest of Rev. Geo. B. Whipple, at Faribault.

Henry Fabel, Esq., was arrested in Norwood, upon complaint of Dr. Case, charged with attempting to shoot him with a loaded revolver, and bound over to the next grand jury in the sum of $1,000.

At Monticello, a daughter of Wm. Tubbs, Esq., died of diphtheria. Several members of the same family are down with the disease. A young daughter of Jos. Mertz is very sick with the same disease.

A man by the name of J. J. Wynn, working for E. A. Smith & Co., in their tie camp ten miles east of the half-way house on the Verndale and Shell City road, was killed by a falling tree Monday morning last.

Claims to the amount of $17,279.53 have been filed at Albert Lea, Minn., against the estate of the forger Tyrer, which will hardly pay 10 cents on the $1. Mr. Tyrer's address will be Stillwater for some time.

At Minneapolis, Nellie E. Goodrich was granted a divorce from her husband Charles W. Goodrich on the grounds of adultery, and Westwood Tolliver obtained a divorce from his wife Abigail on the grounds of desertion.

A private letter from Hon. Knute Nelson of Alexandria states that he received his commission as university regent on his birthday. He replied to the governor thanking him with all his heart for himself and the Norwegian people.

Willie Dailey, aged six years, of Redwood Falls, in company with several other boys, was riding on the stirrup of a coal car and in attempting to get off slipped, his right leg and arm falling under the wheels, crushing them to a pulp.

Robert Goodyear, of Mankato, picked last year 3,200 quarts of strawberries from one acre of ground, which he sold for $480 and $30 worth of plants; aggregating a year's income from one acre of $510. The work was mostly done by his own family.

The following convicts from Dakota county have been sent to the state prison at Stillwater: C. F. De Bar, forgery, two years and three months; Wm. Mansfield, larceny, one year and six months; John Schuman, larceny, one year and three months; Frank Wilson, larceny, one year and two months; August Krueger, larceny, six months; and John Krueger, larceny, seven months.

The three banks of Red Wing, First National, Pierce, Simmons & Co. and the Goodhue County bank transacted the following amount of business for the year 1881, which is a good showing for the trade and manufacture of the city: Total deposits in the three banks, $7,700,000; exchange sold, $4,400,000; discounts or loans made, $2,180,000.

Rush City Post: A sad accident occurred at Chicago City last Saturday. Magnus Palmgren, a citizen of that place, was in the woods chopping wood, when a tree fell on him and instantly killed him. Mr. Palmgren arrived here from Sweden last year. He leaves a wife and five children. He was about 45 years of age.

At Frazer City the old Weymouth eating house, now owned by C. Bibbins, caught fire from a defective flue in a high wind and was destroyed in thirty minutes. The cotton cloth ceilings and paper sides did not last long. Very little furniture or clothing could be saved, so that the loss is full; on the house, $600, and furniture, $250. No insurance.

Alleged Humor.

"Oh, Pat!" "What, sor?" "Did yez iver see a winter loike this?" "Yes, sor." "Whin?" "Last summer, sor."

An experienced observer was once asked "what is the art of winning a woman?" and answered: "About the same thing as the art of driving a pig to market."

The poet says: "A kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt." May be it is, may be it is; we can't say positively, for the girls we've been used to kissing for the last twenty-five years didn't wear moustaches.—*Norristown Herald.*

Heard at Eighth and Chestnut streets: "Hello, Mike, where ae ye workin'?" "In the navy yard." "What put ye in the navy yard?" "Polytics." "Polytics be blanked. Polytics put me out of the navy yard."—*Philadelphia Waifs.*

"It was at Rockland," says the Belfast *Journal*, "and the steamer was blowing off, making noise enough to wake up a policeman. A man and woman stood talking on the wharf. He had his head bent down, and she was yelling something into his ear, when the steam suddenly shut off, just in time for every one for two miles to hear that woman say: 'And don't you forget, John, to put on your thick, red drawers Sunday!' And if John did forget it, it was not because he did not hear what she told him."

Rescued by Telephone.

Philadelphia Record.

One of the advantages of a telephone has been singally illustrated at Ardmore, on the Pennsylvania railroad. The residences of Messrs. Thaddeus and Richard Norris, located about a mile apart, are connected by a wire. On Wednesday last, while Mr. Thaddeus Norris was away from home, a farm-hand named Bell, after having indulged to freely in the ardent, became so demonstrative that the ladies were compelled to lock themselves in the house to escape his violence. After thus remaining prisoners for a couple of hours one of the fair ones bethought herself of the telephone, and in a few minutes the situation was made known to the other house, and a coachman named Miles, mounted on a fleet-footed horse, was flying up the pike. When Miles reached the scene of trouble Bell was endeavoring to effect an entrance into the house through a kitchen window. Springing from his horse, Miles, who is a powerful man, flung himself upon Bell and administered such a drubbing that the fellow has since been limping about in a generally demoralized condition.

The Two Great Marksmen.

Whenever popular interest in great moral, political and scientific questions lags—as it does, in truth, much oftener than is entirely agreeable, some sporting character who has won fame with the oar, gun or cue begins to make all sorts of charges against some other sporting character in the same line. The present rupture is between Dr. Carver and Captain Bogardus, who have both, in some mysterious way known only to persons familiar with that, obtained possession of the proud distinction of being the champion wing-shot of the world. Of course, both can't be champions, and neither seems quite ready to meet his opponent, although they are "stumping" each other to come on—the one being in Europe and the other in this country—and shoot for the entire ownership of disputed honor.

The general public would not object to seeing these distinguished persons confined in traps thirty yards apart and furnished with a box of bricks apiece to hurl at each other until the matter was settled, but doubtless the slaughter of several hundred inoffensive pigeons will be settled upon as the final test of this enviable sort of excellence.

The Sea Serpent a Sea Weed.

A gigantic seaweed grows on the coast of India and has sometimes been mistaken for a sea serpent. Capt. Taylor, master superintendent of Madras, relates that about fifteen years ago, while his ship was anchored in Table Bay, an enormous monster, as it appeared, was seen drifting, or advancing itself round Green Point, into the harbor. It was more than 100 feet in length and moved with an undulating, snake-like motion. Its head was crowned with what appeared to be long hair, and the keen-sighted among the affrighted observers declare they could see its eyes and distinguish its features. The military were called out, and a brisk fire poured into it at a distance of about 500 yards. The creature becoming quiet from the apparent effects of its wounds boats went off to examine it and complete its destruction, when it was discovered to be seaweed.

Webster's Kindness to Young Men.

Colonel J. H. George in his Webster memorial oration in Concord, N. H. said: "President Pierce told me that upon his first arrival in Washington as one of the youngest members of the lower house of congress he found a letter from Mr. Webster urging him to be a frequent guest at his house, and assuring him of the interest with which he should watch the career of the son of a revolutionary patriot of his native state. The note closed with a delicate suggestion that when they met all subjects would be in order but politics. In appreciation of this kindly act of Webster's toward a young man, it should be borne in mind that party feeling at the time was very bitter and party lines sharply drawn. In relating this anecdote General Pierce said to me that it was a matter especially gratifying to him, to remember that, whatever might be the political bitterness of the times, no disparaging remark respecting Mr. Webster, or one impugning his patriotism had ever escaped him."

The Brainerd Tribune.

A. E. CHASE.

Ex-Senator and Mrs. Thurman have now removed permanently from Washton to their Ohio home.

A conductor and engineer on the Richmond and Danville railroad were recently discharged for running their train into a station seven minutes ahead of time.

President Taylor, of the Mormon church, recently married his twenty-eight's wife, a buxom Massachusetts widow. Four days after the wedding she so disturbed his family arrangements that he shipped her to San Francisco.

Hiram Sibley, one of the wealthiest men in Rochester, N. Y., is proprietor of a 4,000 acre farm in Illinois, which is said to be the largest cultivated farm in the world; 4,000 acres of it were last last year devoted to seed-raising.

The site of the old Winslow house—40x147 feet—abutting on Fort and Eagle streets, St. Paul, has been sold to J. L. Forepaugh, who will immediately proceed to erect seven stores thereon. The consideration paid for the ground was $16,300.

A Mrs. Matthews, of Los Angelos, Cal., has obtained a verdict of $25,000 against the Central Pacific railroad. The charge was that the train which Mrs. Matthews had taken started without the usual warning, and, as she was standing in the aisle of the car, the sudden start threw her down, breaking her thigh.

The New Orleans Pacific railroad has been finished from New Orleans to the Atchafalaya river in St. Landry parish and trains are running to said river. Work is progressing on the unfinished gap between the river and Chenoyville, and when that is finished the road will be done from San Francisco to New Orleans—though train can run through by Opelousas now.

Henry Davis, in jail at Mount Gilead, O., on a charge of bigamy, is said to have captured the heart of a Mrs. Gordon some time since, and Henry, having no desire to arouse the animosity of Gordon, concluded to settle the matter in a business like manner; so, approaching the gentleman, he proposed to buy his interest in the lady. Gordon consented, and for $5.50 and a jackknife the right and title in Mrs. G. was conveyed to Davis, and he and she commenced housekeeping. The neighbors, however, became disgusted with the manner in which they conducted themselves, and put a stop to it by threats, and Henry was out his money and knife.

Some time ago a respectable family were forced to remove from Clinton, Ont., in consequence of the unpleasant comments made concerning the apparent concerning a young daughter. The local physicians said she was afflicted with dropsy, but their statements had not the effect of curing the bitter sting of the gossip's tongue. The family went to Kansas. A few days ago the young girl submitted to a surgical operation, resulting in the removal of an ovarian tumor weighing over fifty-nine pounds, in bulk as large as two common water pails. The girl is now recovering.

During the last cold snap Paul Thompson of West Hartford, with his men, were engaged in cutting ice on Mallory's pond, a mile and a half from home, and at the close of work for the day the tools were left, on the ice and all returned home. Mr. Thompson has a fine Newfoundland dog, who seeing the tools left, remained behind to watch, refusing to leave, even when some neighbors went to the pond in the evening to induce him to go home. He remained faithful at his post until the men returned to work in the morning. Many places on the ice were found marked by the hair from the faithful animals sides, where he had lain down and become frozen to the ice.

The birth of Barnum's baby elephant has afforded an opportunity for obtaining the milk of the animal for analysis, and Prof. Doremus has improved the opportunity. He says: "It is evident that the milk approaches the composition of cream. It was pleasant in flavor and odor, and very superior in these respects to that of many animals. The fat is a light yellow, resembling olive oil, and is very pleasant in flavor and taste. From whatever standpoint we view the lacteal product of these four-footed giants, we are fully warranted in ascribing to it not only extreme richness, but also great delicacy of flavor." The mother's daily diet is three pecks of oats, one bucket of bran mash, five or six loaves of bread, half a bushel of roots (potatoes, etc.), fifty to seventy-five pounds of hay, and forty gallons of water.

Baltimore is threatened with an impairment of its large and profitable oyster trade through the diminuation of the oyster supply on which it is founded. From 1865 to 1874 the beds in the neighboring creeks were so well stocked that they seemed inexhaustible, and the oysters were large and well flavored; now, they are so nearly exhausted that they hardly furnish enough oysters for planting purposes, and the hundreds of persons once engaged in oyster taking have been reduced in number to dozens.

Collector Thomas, of Baltimore, asserts that he knows of several instances where colored men have been kidnapped and forced to work without pay as dredgers at the Potomac oyster beds, near Washington, their condition being simply that of slaves. We can understand how such treatment of the colored man is permitted within a few miles of Washington, where there are no friends of his race, but such work would not be tolerated a moment out west here.

An exchange timely observes: Ask some men for an advertisement or some locals, they answer they do not believe in advertising—a paper is never read. Let the man be caught kissing his neighbor's wife or trying to hold up the side of a building some dark night, and his tune changes instantly, and if the printing office is in the garret of a seventeen story building he will climb to the top to beg the editor to keep quiet—don't publish it in the paper, you know.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

[OFFICIAL.]

FIRST DAY, (FEBRUARY 7.)

Pursuant to adjournment the commissioners were called to order by the chairman with the following members present: J. C. Rosser, chairman, J. M. Martin, E. R. French and F. B. Thompson, auditor. A motion was made and passed to issue an order for the amount of wood delivered at the jail yard, $64.16. The following bills were then allowed:

Charles Glass, moving safes, $4.
L. E. Lum, justice fees, $25.45.
Pioneer Press, books and stationery $72.50.
F. B. Thompson, express and postage, $4.30.
A. E. Chase, printing commissioners' proceedings, $17.00
G. D. Barnard & Co., stationery, $37.80.
H. L. Livermore, care of Mary Doyle, $27.50.

The following bills were then considered and referred to the city board:

Bill of H. E. Leland, care of L. M. Perkins, $40.
Bill of A. W. Parsons, care of L. M. Perkins, $172.50.

The bonds of Peter Mertz, sheriff, and M. McFadden, register of deeds, were approved and the meeting then adjourned to the afternoon at 2 p. m.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The board reconvened at the hour named and allowed the following claims:

Peter Mertz, board and care of prisoners, $36.67.
Linneman & Koop, for Mary Doyle, $10.
P. Mertz, board and care of prisoners, $27.80.
P. Mertz, board and care of prisoners, $105.10.
P. Mertz, board and care of prisoners, $41.40.
George Stevenson, goods for H. L. Livermore, $9.65.
The bill of Mrs. B. Shupe, for care of L. M. Perkins for $45 was not allowed but was referred to the city board.
The bill of A. B. Chapman for nursing L. M. Perkins, $16, not allowed, and referred to the city board.

The following liquor licenses were approved: Gilman Knight, J. W. Hay, J. L. C. Miller and T. Wilson.

The auctioneer bond, also the bond of the First National bank was approved.

The report of the sheriff for fees for the year ending January 1st was accepted.

The personal tax of D. Slipp was reduced to $1,500.

The county surveyor was instructed to survey the section line of the west line of sections 12 and 13, from 44 to 30.

It was decided that bids for county printing be received up to Monday March 6th.

Adjourned to February 8.

SECOND DAY, (FEBRUARY 8.)

The bill of D. D. Smith for goods delivered to H. L. Livermore for $10.10 was allowed.

The bill of Wm. Woodley for attendance on Perkins, $85, was referred to the city board. The bill of S. Brockway was referred to the county attorney.

The valuation of personal property of J. N. Nevers was reduced to $2,805.

The following resolution was then adopted: That all bills of deputies shall be made by the principals.

A vote was then taken for the selection of a site for a court house with the following result:

J. C. Rosser voted for the west half of block 48.

J. M. Martin voted for the west half of block 48.

E. R. French voted for block 99.

The following resolution was then adopted:

That lots 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, in block 48, in the city of Brainerd, Crow Wing county, Minn., according to the recorded plot thereof be and the same are hereby purchased for the sum of $3,000, for the use of this county, for the purpose of building a court house and other county buildings thereon.

That on receipt of a warranty deed of said lots from Wm. Ferris, the owner thereof, the auditor is hereby authorized to issue county orders for said sum on being notified by the county attorney that the title to said lots is perfect in said Ferris, and that the deed by him signed is properly executed. Provided, however, that one half of said amount shall not be paid until after the expiration of six months, and shall be so stated in the order which may be issued as soon as the auditor receives said notice from the county attorney.

The above resolution was put to a vote, which resulted as follows:

J. C. Rosser and J. M. Martin voted in favor of the resolution; E. R. French opposing the same.

Board adjourned to meet the 1st Tuesday in March.

J. C. ROSSER, Chairman.
F. B. THOMPSON, auditor.

DR. COHEN,
GERMAN PHYSICIAN,
—Office at Leland House.—
Special attention to Diseases of Women and Children.
EYES, EAR AND THROAT DISEASES SPECIALTIES.

MEYER & CALL,
Merchant Talors,
78 Jackson St., Next to Cor. of Fifth,
SAINT PAUL - MINNESOTA

ALEX. McPHERSON.
[Successor to W. Madson.]
Boot and Shoe Maker.
All Kinds of Repairing Neatly and Promptly Executed.
Laurel Street - - - Brainerd.

M. HAGGBERG,
Blacksmithing,
HORSESHOEING, and JOBBING.
Iron and Coal for a le.
Fifth Street, opposite Leland House.

"PUNCH" PARSIL CIGARS
5 Cents,
At Parker's Restaurant, Sixth Street.

WANTED
100
TIE MAKERS.
APPLY TO
CHANDLER, FISHER & WAIT,
421-5t LONG PRAIRIE, MINN.

PROBATE NOTICE.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF CROW WING—In Probate Court. Special Term.
In the Matter of the Estate of George Johndron, Deceased.

On reading and filing the Petition of Thomas Bason administrator, setting forth the amount of personal estate that has come to his hands, the amount of debts outstanding against said deceased, and a description following real estate of which said deceased died seized, and praying that license be to him granted to sell lot No. 22, in block No. 47, in the City of Brainerd, in said county. And it appearing, by said Petition, that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of said administrator to pay said debts, and that it is necessary in order to pay the same, to sell said real estate:

It is Therefore Ordered, That all persons interested in said estate, appear before the Judge of this Court, on Saturday the 25th day of March, A. D. 1882, at 10 o'clock A. M., at my office, in said county, then and there to show cause (if any there be) why License should not be granted to said administrator to sell said real estate according to the prayer of said petition.

And it is Further Ordered, That a copy of this Order shall be published for four successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, the last of which publications shall be at least fourteen days before said day of hearing, in the Brainerd TRIBUNE, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Brainerd, in said county, and personally served on all persons interested in said estate, residing in said county, at least fourteen days before said day of hearing, and upon all other persons interested, according to law.

Dated at Brainerd, the 10th day of February, A. D. 1882 By the Court, H. D. FOLLETT, Judge of Probate of Crow Wing County, Minn.
421-4t

PROBATE NOTICE.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF CROW WING—ss.
In Probate Court Special term, December 23d 1881.
In the matter of the estate of G. W. Wheeler, deceased.

On reading and filing of the petition of J. C. Congdon, administrator of the estate of G. W. Wheeler, deceased, representing among other things, that he has fully administered said estate, and praying that a time and place be fixed for examining and allowing his account of his administration, it is ordered, that said account be examined by the Judge of this Court, on Monday the twenty-third day of January A. D. 1882, at his office in Brainerd in said county, at one o'clock p. m.

And it is further ordered, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the Brainerd TRIBUNE, a weekly newspaper, printed and published at Brainerd in said county. By the court.

Dated at Brainerd the 23d day of December A. D. 1881.

H. D. FOLLETT,
Probate Judge of Crow Wing county Minnesota.

Wm. Ferris, Pres't. C. W. Holland, Cash't.
J. A. Davis, Vice Pres't. H. H. Barber, Asst. Cash't.

FIRST
NATIONAL BANK
OF
BRAINERD, - MINNESOTA
CAPITAL $50 000.

NOTICE.

LAND OFFICE, ST. CLOUD, MINN., Nov. 23, 1881.

Complaint having been entered at this Office by Lee L. Bigelow against Olney F. Streeter, for abandoning his Homestead Entry, No. 11867, dated Aug. 13, 1881, upon the w½ of ne¼, n½ of nw¼, sec. 21, and se¼ of ne¼, sec. 20, township 45, range 25, in Itasca county, Minn., with a view to the cancellation of said entry: the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 20th day of January, 1882 at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

D. H. FREEMAN, Register.
511-5t W. B. MITCHELL, Receiver.

SUMMOMS.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, } DISTRICT COURT,
COUNTY OF CROW WING. } 11th Judicial District.

Jesse S. Booher, Plff., against Frederick Benatou, Deft.—Summons for relief.

The State of Minnesota to the above named defendant—You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above entitled action, which is on file in the office of the Clerk of the said court, at his office at Brainerd, Crow Wing county, Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer to said complaint on the subscribe, at his office, in the town of Brainerd in the County of Crow Wing and State of Minnesota, within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service; and, if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated November 17, A. D. 1881.

G. W. HOLLAND,
Plaintiff Attorney, Brainerd, Minn

SUMMONS.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, } DISTRICT COURT,
COUNTY OF CROW WING. } 11th Judicial District.

Lydia A. Ruport, plaintiff, against James Ruport, defendant.

The state of Minnesota to the above named defendant—You, James Ruport, are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above entitled action, which is—hereto attached and herewith served upon you, and to serve a copy of your answer to said complaint on the subscriber, at his office, in the city of Brainerd, in the county of Crow Wing and state of Minnesota, within thirty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service; and, if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint, together with the costs and disbursements herein.

G. W. HOLLAND,
Plaintiff attorney, Brainerd, Minn.
Dated January 13, A. D. 1882. 7t

FOR SALE.

Wood and Tie Timber.

We have the following described lands, situated in Todd county, Minn., e½ section 18, township 133, range 34; e½ section 31, township 133, range 34; ne¼ section 23, township 133, range 35; ne¼ of nw¼ section 23, township 133, range 35, 840 acres in all. They are nearly covered with a growth of hard wood, consisting of sugar maple, white and black oak, ash and iron wood. Also, there is a small quantity of basswood and tamarack. We wish to sell this timber standing, and bids will be received until January 30, 1882, for any part or all of it. We prefer to have bids made in one amount to take all the timber as it stands, but will consider proposals by the acre, by the cord of wood or by the hundred of ties, reserving the right to reject any not satisfactory. The land will be disposed of if wanted. Terms will be made easy. Small part cash. Any reasonable time given with proper security for balance. Address,

WILSON & ROGERS,
No. 34, East Third street,
St. Paul, Minn.
Jan7-8-14-15-21-22-d w3t

PROBATE NOTICE.

STATE OF MINNESOTA COUNTY OF CROW WING, ss.
In Probate Court, special term, January 3 1882. In the estate Geo. Johndron, deceased.

On reading and filing of the petition of Thomas Bason, Administrator of said estate, by which it appears that the personal property belonging to said estate is insufficient to pay the debts outstanding against said estate, together with the expenses of administration and by which it further appears that said deceased died seized of an undivided one-half interest in one hundred and twenty-five feet of the west end of lot No. 15 in block No. 67 in the city of Brainerd in said county the remaining one-half interest being vested in M. Hagberg of the same place, and in which said petition said administrator prays for the granting of a license to him to sell said undivided one-half interest.

Now therefore, it is ordered that said application be heard before the undersigned, Judge of Probate in and for said county, on Monday the 20th day of February 1882 at one o'clock p. m. at his office in Brainerd in said county, and it is further ordered that all persons interested in said estate appear before said Judge of Probate at such time and place to show cause, if any they have, why a license should not be granted to said administrator to make sale of said undivided one-half interest in said real estate, and that this order be published in the Brainerd TRIBUNE, a weekly newspaper published at said Brainerd, for four successive weeks, the last of which said publications shall be at least fourteen days before the said day of hearing

Dated this 3d day of January 1882.

H. D. FOLLETT,
Judge of Probate.

A. C. BACON,
Photographer.
SEVENTH STREET,
BRAINERD - MINNESOTA

Contractors Wanted
FOR
500 to 1,000 CORDS OF WOOD.

Contractors for furnishing the above amount of cordwood to be delivered on the railroad between Brainerd and Withington or between Brainerd and Crow Wing river, will be let by the undersigned to the lowest bidder, Call on

WM. SCHWARTZ,
At the brick yard.

CHANGE OF BASH.

D. D. SMITH,
The Popular Grocer, has Removed His Stock of
Groceries
To W. A. Smith's old stand on Front Street.

Call on Dan, the Grocer,
For Anything in the Line of
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, ETC!
SMALL PROFITS---QUICK SALES.

We wish it distinctly understood that our Stock of
PURE DRUGS
cannot be excelled by any house in this section. They are selected with great care, and always have the largest assortment possible on hand of
Perfumery and Toilet Articles,
Fancy Atricles.
We keep everything, usually kept in a first class Drug Store. We are confident an equamination of our stock and prices cannot fail to convince you that by trading with us we can
SAVE YOU MONEY. AND WHAT IS FAR BETTER, GIVE YOU ONLY
Safe and Reliable Goods.
N. McFADDEN.

MRS. SHEARD,
Practical Laundress.
Punctuality and Satisfaction Guaranteed. Terms Moderate.
Fourth Street,
End house but one, south. C. O. D.

OBR & SEELYE,
Carpenters & Builders,
—AND DEALERS IN—
SASH, DOORS & MOULDINGS
—Seventh street, Brainerd, Minn.
ALEXANDER OBR. W. E. SEELYE.

PAINE BROS. & FLYNN,
Fresh and Salt
MEATS.
CANNED MEATS AND VEGETABLES

RAMBONE, SARD & CO.
ACORN
STOVES & RANGES
LEAD ALL OTHERS!
Every Style & Price.
Guaranteed Unequaled
FOR
OPERATION, ECONOMY, DURABILITY and WORKMANSHIP.
Improvements and Conveniences found in no others.
Always Reliable.
POPULAR EVERYWHERE.
For Sale in Every City and Town in the United States
For sale by BASON BROTHERS, Brainerd, Minn.

FURNITURE
MAGNIFICENT STYLES OF FURNITURE IN STOCK AT
ADAM BROWN'S,
—CAL AND SEE THEM.—
FRONT STREET, BRAINERD, MINN.

Restaurant and Bakery
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
Tobaccos, Cigars, Fruits, Nuts and Candies.
MRS. E. PARKER,
SIXTH STREET, BRAINERD, MINN.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

B. Gibbs, of Buffalo, N. Y., writes: Your "Burdock Blood Bitters, in chronic diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys, have been signally marked with success. I have used them myself with best results, for turpidity of the liver; and in the case of a friend of mine suffering from dropsy the effect was marvelous."

Mr. Noah Bates, Elmira, N. Y., writes: "About four years ago I had an attack of bilious fever, and never fully recovered. My digestive organs were weakened and I would be completely prostrated for days. After using two bottles of your Burdock Blood Bitters the improvement was so visible that I was astonished. I can now, though 61 years of age, do a fair and reasonable dry's work."

Bruce Turner, Rochester, N. Y., writes: "I have been subject to serious disorder of the kidneys, and unable to attend to business; Burdock Blood Bitters relieved me before half a bottle was used. I feel confident that they will entirely cure me."

E. Asenith Hall, Binghampton, N. Y., writes: "I suffered with a dull pain through my left lung and shoulder. Lost my spirits, appetite and color, and could with difficulty keep up all day. Took your Burdock Blood Bitters as directed, and have felt no pain since first week after using them."

Mrs. Ira Mulholland, Albany, N. Y., writes: "For several years I have suffered from oft-recurring bilious headaches, dyspepsia, and complaints peculiar to my sex. Since using your Burdock Blood Bitters I am entirely relieved."

PRICE $1 PER BOTTLE; SAMPLE SIZE 10 CTS.
FOSTER, MILBURN, & CO. Prop'rs, Buffalo, N. Y
Sold by N. McFadden.

LINNEMANN & KOOP

HAVE THE ARGEST STOCK OF

CARPETS,

CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS

TO BE FOUND IN THE CITY OF BRAINERD.

IN THIS EXTENSIVE DOUBLE STORE

You can find a Large and First class Supply of all the necessaries of Life, and Everything at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES!

LARGEST SUPPLY OF

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

TO BE FOUND IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA.

Everybody Invited to Call and Examine Our Large Stock.

LINNEMANN & KOOP.

CHIT-CHAT.

Fresh oysters at Davenport's.

Sweet Potatoes at Davenport's.

Boots and Shoes at J. N. Nevers'.

For butter I go to Cale's new store.

Davenport keeps Lillibridge's bread.

Boots from $2 to $8 at Smith & Co's.

Good wood wanted on subscription.

Good cider at E. Parker's, sixth street.

Call on J. N. Nevers, for Youths' Clothing.

Select and standard oysters at Davenport's.

Call at Sundburg's and see his new stock of goods.

Special rates on insurance procured at his office.

Latest designs in Japanese wall paper at Mrs. Davis'.

L. P. White expects to be admitted to the bar soon.

New stock of clocks, watches and jewelry at Sundberg's.

Oysters in all styles at restaurant opposite Meat Market.

Boys' Clothing at the One-price Clothing store of J. N. Nevers.

Prints, 5 cents per yard at Mrs. S S. Barton's millinery store.

Pies, cakes, doughnuts, home-made bread, &c., at Mrs. E. Parker's.

A hand-some line of Boy's suits, from ourgears up at W. A. Smith & Co's.

J. D. Cheney is agent for the Detroit Fire and Marine Insurance Company.

Cale has a first class stock of groceries. That is where I buy.

Go to Cale's for your teas, he keeps the best in the market.

Everest will contract to supply milk for the winter season.

Wall paper constantly being received at Mrs. Walter Davis'.

If you want a good loaf of bread go to Davenport's and get it.

Full line of Infant's ware, at the 99c store, on Front street.

Picture-framing a specialty at the Boston 99c store on Front street.

Those new styles of Ladies' shoes at Smith's are worth looking at.

Call on Mrs. S. S. Barton when you want Millinery and Fancy Dry Goods.

A full line of brackets, pictures, frames &c., at the Boston 99c. store on Front st.

Go and call on L. J. Cale—just to see that he has got. You will never leave without first buying something.

Mrs. S. S. Barton will sell you a hat, bonnet or any article in the Millinery line, cheaper than you can buy it anywhere else in Brainerd.

The select school taught by Miss Reynond will be held after Feb. 5th. at the Baptist Chapel. Terms $1.50 a month. School hours from 9 a m to 1 p m.

I always keep Brown Bread, and I get it fresh every morning. F. DAVENPORT.

If you want to buy jewelry, the Boston 99c. store, on Front street is the place to go

Mr. Higgberg desires to say that he has a blacksmith shop in running order and will be pleased to see all his old customers and many new ones.

When you buy silverware, you should not fail to purchase that manufactured by Roger Bros., as it is the best. The Boston 99c. store, on Front street, is the place to buy this ware.

F. G. Sundberg, having purchased the clock, watch and jewelry stock of Wm. Ferris, and moved into the furniture store of Brown, is now prepared to do all kinds of repairing and job work in his line.

For Typhoid Fever, see DR. CHAUNCY at Headquarters Hotel.

For Diphtheria, see DR. CHAUNCY at Headquarters Hotel.

Dr. Chauncy, Clairvoyant, is at Headquarters hotel.

Dr. Chauncy will be at Headquarters hotel for a few weeks where he can be consulted upon all kinds of diseases, consultation free.

Hartley Bros. are handling about one car of goods per day for Clough Bros.

Prof. Seymour has recovered from his late illness, and has resumed duties at the shops.

Mr. C. Cross of Waverly, Mich., is in the city. He thinks of going into business here.

Wm. Schwartz has engaged twenty-six first-class brick-makers for his extensive brick manufactory.

It is expected that the Northern Pacific will construct a depot building at Crow Wing station soon.

On Saturday evening, February 18, Rev. J. F. Locke will lecture at Hartley's hall, under the auspices of the Temple of Honor. Subject: Camp, Field and Hospital.

Prof. Dresskell is not only a fine musician but a thorough business man and a competent jeweler. He will open up a first-class store on Front street, and will undoubted have a large patronage.

J. H. Scott is building a fine store in Paine's addition to Brainerd. He will put in a stock of groceries and in the spring and a fine assortment of dry goods.

Brainerd doesn't depend solely upon those who come in on the railroad for increasing her population. Seven births challenged the doctors' attention on Sunday.

The council met in special session Wednesday in Justice Lum's office to consider the appointment of a chief of police, and unanimously confirmed the appointment of Sheriff Mertz.

Mr. Wm. White, brother of J. N. White, contemplates returning to Brainerd. He will be foreman of a crew of men employed by White & White, and will help push the building boom the coming summer.

Business men and property owners are those most deeply interested in having an efficient fire department and they should come to the front and work with a will in securing a first-class organization and proper equipment.

The work of laying the slate on the roof of the new machine shop began yesterday. Tarred paper is laid first and the slate is then nailed on the same as shingles. Small holes are punched through the slate by machinery for the nails to be driven through. It will take the crew of men a long while to lay the slate as the roof is the largest in the state.

A man chosen by the people at a regular election to represent their interests in a candid and impartial manner, should not by a low, underhanded scheme undertake to crush a matter of square dealing, simply because it favors a man who is not in his ring, or in—that stock company. More will be said hereafter, and somebody will be thoroughly ventilated.

Rev. A. W. Edwards has been visiting Winnipeg and sees a boom there of gigantic proportions.

The ladies of the Congregational church will give a Martha Washington tea party at Hartley's hall the 22d inst.

Ed Murray leaves for his home in Toledo, O., on account of sickness in his family. He will return in a week or ten days.

Wadham & Johnson have partitioned off a room in the corner of there store, where they will employ a first-class shoemaker.

The Little Falls cornet band is endeavoring to secure the assistance of Prof. Dresskell of this city to teach their band.

Moorhead has come out with a beautifully illustrated paper called the Daily Tribune. It advertises the industries and boom of that place.

Two new six-drive-wheel locomotives from the Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia, Nos. 106 and 107 have been put on by the Northern Pacific.

Wm. Martin has some of the finest and most artistic business cards ever circulated in the city. They are illuminated likenesses of prominent actresses.

There is some prospect of a lecture in Brainerd by Prof. R. McLain, the well known elocutionist. He is to make a tour of the northwest, and Rev. A. W. Edwards is in correspondence with him relative to the Brainerd lecture.

Work has been begun on the eight new houses to be erected by Messrs. Mertz, Seeley and Lum on Farrar street, and if the pleasant weather continues they will all be completed inside of thirty days. Four of these houses are being built by John Brockway, Orr & Seeley having sublet the contract for that number to him.

The body of John H. Harte, the unfortunate brakeman who was killed in the yard, Wednesday, was interred in the Evergreen cemetery yesterday. The funeral expenses were paid by the railroad company as he had no relatives in the city, A telegram was sent to some of his friends at Bismarck, but as no answer was received it was thought best to bury the deceased at once.

Notice.

BRAINERD, Feb. 8, 1882.

All persons are hereby notified that the streets, sidewalks and alleys adjoining their property must be cleared of all obstructions and rubbish immediately and kept cleared. The ordinance under which this order is given will be strictly inforced hereafter, and any person not conforming thereto must expect an interview with the city justice.

P. MERTZ,
Chief of Police.

The Pillsbury Mill.

Wm. Schwartz returned from Minneapolis Wednesday, and he says he had a long talk with Mr. C. A. Pillsbury regarding the proposed new saw mill to be built north east of this city. Mr. Pillsbury says the mill is a certainty, and operations will be begun on the constructions within two months. He is confident that Brainerd is THE place for such an enterprise, and the largest mill north of Minneapolis will be put in operation.

DEATH ON THE RAIL.

John Harte Instantly Killed While Switching in the Yard Yesterday.

Wednesday, about 5 o'clock Mr. John Harte, while engaged in switching cars at the St. Paul crossing in the yards, fell from the top of a box car and struck his head upon the rail, causing instant death. No one saw the unfortunate man fall, but Mr. Thomas Pillon was within three car lengths of him, and was the first to see the body lying on the track.

The cars were moving very slowly when he fell, and Mr. Pillon at once gave the signal to stop the engine, which was done in time to prevent the wheels from crushing the body of the victim. No bruises or marks of any kind were found upon his person, except on the top of his head where it struck the rail. Blood flowed from the nostrils and covering the face presented a ghastly appearance.

Mr. Harte had been employed in the blacksmith department at the shop during the winter, and on Tuesday he complained of being sick and thinking the close confinement in the shop did not agree with his health. Yesterday morning he applied for and received the position he held at the time of his death. He has been in the employ of the company for some time, and was once engaged in the yard at Bismarck.

His home is in New York state, and his only relative near this part of the country is a half-brother, who called upon him a few days ago at the shop, but the exact whereabouts of his brother is not known at present, but he will undoubtedly receive word of the sad news, and hasten to pay the last sad rites to a beloved and unfortunate brother.

Installation of Officers.

Wednesday, the Pine City Lodge, I. O. G. T., of this city, installed the following officers:

W. C. T.—A. E. Losey.
W. V. T.—Miss Mattie Bixby.
W. S.—H. C. Hughey.
W. T.—Thos. Watts.
W. F. S.—Miss Emma Pegg.
W. C.—Rev. R. A. Beard.
W. M.—S. C. Fessinden.
W. D. M.—Mrs. T. Watts.
W. I. G.—Mrs. Sophia Whyte.
W. O. G.—Mr. Scriber.
R. H. S.—Miss Mary Bixby.
L. H. S.—Miss Clara Putman.

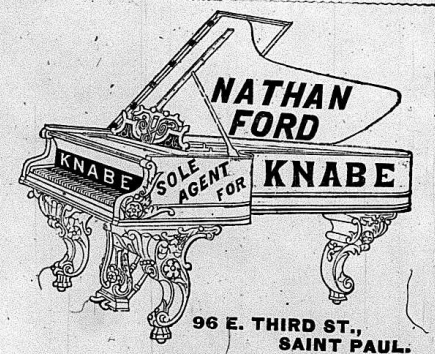
Secretary Hughey appointed Miss Hannah Bixby his assistant secretary.

Light about the House We Live in.

The well known author of "Medical Common Sense," Dr. N. B. Wolfe, of Cincinnati, O., has just published a new book, called "More Light about the house we live in," which is attractively illustrated, and abounds in "plain but true," against swallowing drugs into the stomach, for any disease of the nose, throat or lungs. It is a wholesome little volume to read, and should be in the hands of every subscriber to the TRIBUNE. Send 10 cents to the Doctor, and get a copy of it by return mail. Address as above.

Mrs. B. D. Congdon, has nearly recovered from the injury of a broken rib.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.



96 E. THIRD ST., SAINT PAUL.

—ALSO, THE CELEBRATED—

Fischer Pianos

Vose Pianos

CLOUGH & WARREN ORGANS

LOW PRICES, SPECIAL TERMS,

☞ Send for copy of "How to buy Pianos and Organs," mailed FREE to any address, by

NATHAN FORD,

96 E. THIRD STREET, ST. PAUL.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

Last year just before the carnival, there was a report in Hunebourg that the world was coming to an end. Doctor Zacharias Piper, of Colmar, first spread this disquiet while now it was spoken of in the *Lunar Messenger*, in the *Perfect Christian*, and in fifty other journals.

Zacharias Piper had calculated that a comet would descend from the skies on Shrove Tuesday, having a tail formed of boiling water, one hundred and five million miles in length, melt the snow on the highest mountains, wither the trees, and burn up everybody.

A learned man named Popinot had written from Paris to say that there was no doubt that the comet would come, but that its tail would be composed of cool vapors as to cause no one the least inconvenience; that people might go on quietly with their business; that he would answer for everything. This assurance allayed much alarm.

But, unfortunately, there lives at Hunebourg, in the little street of the "Three Jugs," an old-world spinner named Maria Finck. She is a little pale, withered old woman covered with wrinkles, whom people go and consult on the most delicate and important affairs of life. She lives in a low room, the ceiling of which is painted with eggs, red and blue striped with stripes, and a thousand other fanciful objects. She dresses herself up in old finery, and lives on *rehaude*, which two things gave her great influence in the neighborhood. Maria Finck, instead of approving of M. Popinot's opinion, declared herself to be on the side of Zacharias Piper, and kept saying: "Be converted and repent, children of your sins, and give to the church, for the end of the world is at hand—the end is at hand!"

At the furthest end of her room was a picture of hell, before which people were going down by a path all sown with roses. Most of them seemed to have a suspicion about the place to which this road was leading them, for they were dancing along, some with bottles in their hands, some with hams; others with strings of sausages. A workman, with ribbons flying from his hat, was playing the clarionet to amuse them on their way. Some were kissing their partners, and all of these poor wretches were heedlessly approaching the pit full of flames, into which already the foremost were falling, their arms extended and their legs in the air.

So most of the people of Hunebourg agreed that they would have no carnival but spend Shrove Tuesday in acts of repentance. Never had such a thing been heard of before. The lieutenant, the captain, as well as the non-commissioned officers in the garrison at Hunebourg, were quite in despair. All the preparations for the *fête*—the decorations of the great hall of the mayoralty with moss and trophies of arms; the stage raised for the orchestra; the beer, *Kirsch*, and *bischoz*, ordered for refreshments—in short, all arrangements were to be of no use, since the young ladies of the town would no longer hear a word about dancing.

But with all this, those who were most distressed and disappointed were Daniel Spitz, the cutler, and Jean Dujardin, the tax-collector, and I. A week before we had gone to Strasbourg on purpose to buy ourselves fancy costumes. Uncle Tobias had given me fifty francs out of his own pocket, so that I need spare nothing. I, therefore had chosen for myself, at Mademoiselle Dudemain's, the costume of a clown. This costume is all of satin, with wide folds and long sleeves, trimmed with onion-shaped buttons as big as one's fist, which are set so close from the throat down to the knee as to rattle against each other. A little black skull cap is to be worn on the head, and the face whitened with flour. Provided one has a long nose, and deep, sunken eyes, the effect is admirable.

Dujardin, because of his fat paunch, had chosen a Turkish costume, embroidered up all the seams; Spitz, the dress of punch, made of a thousand pieces of red, green, and yellow stuff—a hump in front, one behind, and a great gendarme's hat to be worn on the back of his head; nothing could be better. Jerome Bertha was to be a savage, and was to have a plume of parrot's feathers. We felt sure beforehand that all the world would envy us, and that soldiers to have us as their partners. And after having spent all this money, was it not enough to set one against the whole human race, to see everything go to the dence, all through the stupidity of an old mad woman, or of a Zacharias Piper!

At last Shrove Tuesday arrived; the sky was heavy with snow. One looked right and left, up and down streets, but there was to be seen. The girls all seemed bewildered. Off ran the young fellows to the houses of their cousins, aunts, and grandmothers, saying, "You see now that old mother Finck is mad, and that there is no sense whatever in your notions about the comet. Do comets ever come in the winter? Do they not always choose the vintage time? Well, well, you see how decide—there's still time," etc., etc.

The soldiers, on their side, went into the kitchens, and talked to the maid servants, exhorting them, and loading them with reproaches. Many people lost their right to courage. The old men and women went arm in arm to see the decoration of the great hall of the mayoralty; the stars made of sabres and the little tricolored flags between the windows excited universal admiration. Then people's minds began to change; they remembered that it was Shrove Tuesday. Suddenly all the young ladies made haste to put their best petticoats out of their cupboards, and to wax their shoes.

By ten o'clock the great hall of the mayoralty was full of people; we had carried the day; there was not a single girl in Hunebourg who did not answer to the call. The clarionets, the trombones, the big drums, resounded; the lights sparkled in the windows, the country dances went merrily; the waltzers whirled round madly; the young men and girls were in a state of wild enjoyment; the old grandmothers seated against the walls were laughing heartily. At the refreshment counters people were shoving each other about; the drinks could not be furnished quick enough, and father Zimmerman, who had a contract for the supply, might boast of feathering his nest well that night.

Those who had taken rather too much began to stumble down the staircase. The snow kept continually falling. Uncle Tobias had given me the house-key, so that I might go home when I liked. Till two o'clock I did not miss a single waltz, but by that time I had had enough; the refreshments were getting into my head. I started on my way from the street Saint Silvester, groping along the wall, and reasoning with myself as I went. I had walked on in this way for about ten minutes, and was just going to turn the corner by the fountain, when, happening by chance to look up, I saw behind the trees a moon as red as a hot coal, coming right at me through the skies. It was still millions of miles away, but it was moving so fast that it would be upon us in a quarter of an hour. The sight almost knocked me down; I felt my hair already shriveling up, and I said to myself: "It is the comet!" Zacharias Piper was right! Without knowing what I was doing, I ran to the mayoralty, climbed up the stairs, upsetting those who were coming down, and cried out in a terrified voice: "The comet! the comet!"

The dance was at its merriest; the big drum was beating; the young fellows were stamping their feet; the girls were as red as poppies; but when my voice was heard in the room, crying: "The comet! the comet!" there was a profound silence, and every one turned pale.

Sergeant Duchêne, darting to the door, seized hold of me, put his hand over my mouth, and said: "Are you mad? Hold your tongue, will you?"

But I staggered backwards, kept repeating in a tone of despair: "The comet! The comet!"

I immediately a thundering of footsteps was to be heard down the staircase; everyone rushed out, the woman groaning—indeed, the uproar was fearful. In a few minutes the room was quite empty. Duchêne left me, and being exhausted, I leaned on a window-sill, and watched the people running up and down the street; then I went off, too, mad with despair.

On the steps outside a number of people were seated, and were confessing to each other. One said: "I have been a usurer;" another, "I have sued false weights;" another, "I have cheated at dice." They were all talking together, and from time to time they interrupted themselves to cry for mercy. Among them I recognized the old baker, Fevre, and another baker, Lauritz; they were striking their breasts, and looking perfectly miserable.

But I did not pay much attention to all those things. For I had sins enough of my own to think of.

I soon caught up to those who were running to the fountain. There it was terrible indeed to hear the groanings. Every one saw immediately that it was really a comet; and as for me, I thought that it had already doubled in size. It seemed to be darting out lightnings, and the profound blackness of the night made it appear as red as blood. The crowd kept repeating in a voice of lamentation:

"It is finished! it is finished! we are lost!"

"Thou wretch, cried Saint Joseph, Saint Christopher, Saint Nicholas—in short, on all the saints in the calendar. At this moment every sin I had ever committed seemed to come before my mind, and I felt a horror of myself. I trembled from head to foot as I thought that we were now going to be burnt. On his crutches, close by me, was the old beggar Balthazar. "When you are in heaven you will remember—will you not?" I said to him.

He replied, sobbing: "I am myself a great sinner, Monsieur Christian; I have been deceiving the parish for these thirty years, from the love of idleness, for I am not as lame as you think."

"As for me, I cried, "I went on, "I am the greatest criminal in Hunebourg."

We were almost weeping in each other's arms.

We had all been on our knees there for a quarter of an hour, when Sergeant Duchêne arrived, quite out of breath. He had run first to the arsenal, and seeing nothing there, came back by the street of the Capuchins.

"Well," said he, "what on earth made you cry out?"

Then, perceiving the comet: "Thunder alive!" exclaimed, "what is that?"

"It is the end of the world, sergeant," said Balthazar.

Duchêne drew his sabre, and gliding along against the wall, exclaimed:

"Forward! What do I care for it? I'll reconnoitre."

Every one admired his courage; as for me, I was quite carried away by his audacity, and determined to follow him. We walked along slowly, staring at the comet, which kept increasing visibly in size, as if it were traveling millions of miles every second.

At last we arrived at the corner of the old convent of the Capuchins. The comet now appeared to mount up; the more we advanced, the more it mounted; we were obliged to raise our heads; at last Duchêne had quite to bend his neck backward and look straight up into the air. I was a few steps further off, and was looking at the comet a little sideways. I was considering within myself if it were prudent to go a very further, when suddenly the sergeant stopped, and said in a low voice:

"Good heavens! it is the street lantern!

"The lantern!" I exclaimed, running forward, "can it be so?"

I looked up quite wonder-struck. It was indeed the old lantern of the Capuchin convent, which swung to and fro, as these three have been no monks there since 1793, and because the inhabitants of Hunebourg generally go to bed with the cocks and hens; but on this night, the watchman, Burrhus, forgetting himself, had taken a good many tipsy people about, before he went to bed himself charitably thought he would put a candle in the old lantern, so as to prevent people from tumbling into the ditch which goes along by the old cloisters. We could not clearly distinguish the lantern between the branches of the trees. The stuff of the lantern was as thick as one's thumb, and when there was a little gust of wind, this stuff caught fire, and threw out, as it were, flashes of lightning, and this was what seemed to come forward like a comet.

When I saw all this, I was just going to call out to let the rest of the people know, when the sergeant stopped me, saying: "Hold your tongue! If it were known that we had mistaken a street lantern, we should be finely laughed at. Listen to me. Attention!"

He unhooked the rusty chain, the lantern fell, making a tremendous noise. After this off we ran.

The next morning there was a report that the comet had been extinguished through the prayers of Maria Finck; so from that day she was looked on even as more of a saint than before.

Scraps from the Authors.

Bolingbroke: Cunning pays no regard to virtue, and is but the low mimic of wisdom.

Sir P. Sidney: You will never live to my age without you keep yourself in breath with exercise.

Mulock: Interesting anecdotes afford examples which may be of use in respect to our own conduct.

Hume: When a new government is established, for a longer or shorter time, the people are commonly dissatisfied with it.

Cicero: True glory takes root, and even spreads. All false pretenses, like flowers, fall to the ground, nor can any counterfeit last long.

L'Estrange: 'Tis a great error to take facility for good nature. Tenderness without discretion is no better than a more pardonable folly.

John Foster: In a great majority of things, there is a greater plague than ever afflicted Egypt; in religious character it is a grand felicity.

Lord Macaulay: Grief, which disposes gentle natures to retirement, to inaction, and to self-mistaken, only makes restless spirits more restless.

French Proverb: When a man is about to be told a secret, he shuts the door. When it is a woman, she opens the door, so that no one is listening outside.

It is announced from Berlin that a somewhat novel exhibition is to be opened on May 15, 1869, in that city, to embrace all appliances for the hygiene of cities, buildings, workshops and mines.

MORAL COSMETICS.

To who would save your features fair,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,
Freemen's hearts, unperturbed,
Adopt this plan;
'Twill make, in climate cold or torrid,
A male old man.

Avoid in youth luxurious dies,
Brain the temptress, ere she grows rich;
Devoted to domestic quiet
Be wisely wary;
So shall you, gentle, fair, and quiet,
Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon-worship pleasure,
But find your richest, dearest treasure
In books, friends, music, polish'd leisure;
The mind, not mere,
Made the soul scale by which ye measure
Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliances,
That disappoints not man's reliance,
Whate'er his state;
But challenges, with calm defiance,
Time, fortune, fate.

Springfield Republican.

A TAMER OF LIONS.

The Eventful Career of Daniel Neyland, a Wisconsin Boy—Story of His Life in a Menagerie.

From the Providence Journal.

A few days since as a reporter was wandering aimlessly about the streets in quest of something of interest to entertain the numerous readers of this journal, his attention was directed to a fine looking gentleman of great bearing and muscular build and striking general appearance, and it was vaguely hinted that he was a "man with a history." Determined to solve the enigma, the news gatherer watched for a favorable opportunity, and was rewarded by observing the stranger note to a passing acquaintance, who courteously informed the scribe that the gentleman was no less a personage than Daniel Neylan, the celebrated lion-tamer, formerly with Adam Forepaugh, but at present an instructor of gymnastics in the establishment of Dr. Brown, in Washington Square. Thither repaired the note-taker, bent upon procuring an interview, if possible, and found the object of his search busy in studying a medical work. Mr. Neylan greeted the reporter with gentlemanly consideration, but was exceedingly reluctant to narrate the incidents in his early life, both from a sense of modesty and realizing that while eventful it was passed among scenes and surroundings which might be considered degrading and pernicious. However, he was induced to give an interesting sketch of his experiences, and his story may be said to possess elements of the most thrilling and romantic character, and was quietly and unaffectedly told, leaving not the slightest doubt in the mind of the listener as to its entire credibleness and reality.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

"When 9 years of age," began Mr. Neylan, "I resided with my sister, with a farmer in Indiana, Illinois, I think I lived up after the death of our parents. I attended school when fancy inspired me, but I preferred to go to the circus, and played truant frequently. Jerry Mayberry, who it will be remembered was the leading circus manager in the country at that time, in 1862, was established in the town, and I was fired with an ambition to be a circus performer. I ran away from home and joined the troup, and remained with the circus three seasons, performing feats of contortion and tumbling for which I was paid a small salary. I then traveled mainly through the south and west, and I remained with it until I was 14 years of age, receiving at that time $15 a week. Then I went to California with a Mr. Rundlett, who engaged in importing horses, and subsequently joined a minstrel troupe in Chicago, managed by Prof. Greene, which traveled principally south and west. Then I effected an engagement with Stowe & Orton's circus, and remained with them two seasons as a contortionist and general performer. While in Philadelphia the color made an examination of the boys in the circus, and informed me that I must give up the business as my joints had been seriously affected and would prevent my walking if I continued in the circus. Then I became an acrobat and joined the George W. De Haven troupe, and later Wm. Lake's show, which traveled through the south and Texas. I was then with the "Antonio brothers" in combination acts. When 15 years of age I joined Adam Forepaugh's circus as general performer, then went to Cole, with Stone & Orton, and subsequently became with John W. Robinson's Excelsior circus, James McKenzie, proprietor, then state's attorney for Illinois.

"While with Robinson's circus," continued Mr. Neylan, "I became acquainted with Bill Reynolds, the well-known lion performer, and became a fast favorite with him. He was growing old and was taken ill quite frequently, thereby necessitating the withdrawal of that feature in the entertainment. I was in the habit of playing with the lions outside the cage, and one day I asked Archie McCarty, the boss canvassman, who had charge of the cage if he would let me go inside. He hesitated, and intimated that I would back out mighty quick. I looked about for a cowhide, and being unable to find one, substituted a broom-handle and started in. There were two lions in the cage and a tiger, the famous lion, 'Old Prince,' the pet lioness, Jennie, and a beautiful tiger of magnificent proportions. 'Old Prince' was a stubborn, bull-headed creature, and was mischief every time. I was about sixteen years of age at this time, and was in good physical condition. The moment I entered the animals regarded me as an intruder, and Old Prince commenced to assume a war-like deportment. I belabored him vigorously with the broom-handle, maintaining my self-possession and nerve, and ere I left the cage he was humably subjugated, and with the other animals would promptly do my bidding. I informed the manager that I had found a substitute for Reynolds, and would produce him that night." The news was drawn to the ring, and at the appointed time I appeared, greatly to the surprise and bewilderment of the manager. As I started toward the cage he shouted, "Come now, you don't get eaten up," but I went on with the performance, and the animals behaved beautifully. At an other time Robinson had a young lion, three years of age, of great strength and ferocious disposition. I determined to break him, and selected an empty cage with two partitions. I had it drawn into the woods one Sunday, and had a terrible encounter with him for three hours. The enraged beast refused to obey the lash and it became necessary to use hot irons instead of raw hide. After he had been subdued I parted him for a time and furnished him with a substantial meal, and we became the best of friends. All the clothing I wore at the close of the encounter was a pair of stockings and a wristband to my shirt. I subsequently broke another pair for Robinson and had a tough tussle with them, but nothing in comparison with the three-year-old.

"Did you ever find yourself in extreme peril?" asked the reporter.

"Well, rather," replied Mr. Neylan. "I was placed once in a most uncomfortable situation. Jennie, the pet lioness, was with young, and one day I had occasion to enter her cage to repair. The sound of the hammer employed in driving nails appeared to frighten her, and suddenly she fastened her teeth upon the calf of my leg. I had the presence of mind to let her alone, although the pain was very great, and seizing my hammer I watched my opportunity, when she had caught my wrist between her teeth, and thrust the handle down her throat, choking off her hold. Then she threw herself on her back, and stripped me of my clothing, beside leaving the bloody imprint of her claws upon my person. The blows of the hammer did not seem to have any effect. Proceed at an other opportune moment, one of the keepers seizing my predicament, seized an iron bar and belabored her vigorously, while I kept accompaniment with my hammer. We conquered her at last, and I left the cage to dress myself and my wounds. She never disturbed me again, and was always gentle and tractable. Once previous to this, Jennie knocked me down, and Old Prince evidently intended to make a meal of me, but my good fortune and courage did not desert me, and I whipped them both into subjection with my cowhide."

At one time, while we were in Baltimore on a two weeks engagement one of the undertakers carelessly left the door open one Sunday, and Old Prince quietly stepped and trotted down one of the main streets about the time meeting was out. There was some of the tallest scampering and shrieking imaginable. Instead of his escape, and seizing a coil of rope started after her. She choose the middle of the street, and I was unable to overtake her. I tried to lasso her, but she dodged and avoided the coil, and suddenly dashed up a flight of steps into a dwelling-house through the open door. She trotted through the parlor, causing a lively stampede of the family and guests, and descended into the basement, where she encountered the colored cook, knocked her down and seized a piece of meat which she was carrying. I closed all the doors after me and the cook of the captive, but she eluded me and ascended three flights of stairs to an attic bed-room, where she concealed herself in the closet. I sought to deprive her of the meat, but she showed fight, and I was compelled to lead her with the rope until she became submissive, and returned with me to the cage. This episode occurred in the winter of 1859-70, and at that time I was nineteen years of age. The affair caused considerable excitement, and the papers made quite a lion of me, especially the *Police News*, which illustrated the occurrence. I was a smooth-faced youth, and looked considerably younger than I was, and people besieged me with all manner of amusing questions as to my experience.

"What method did you pursue in 'breaking' the animals?" queried the reporter. "The best time to begin with them," said Mr. Neylan, "is when they are cubs of eight or ten months old. My practice was to devote an hour a day in the training, always exercising them on empty stomachs and feeding them promptly afterward. If the lion is naturally docile and submissive, he should be treated kindly, but if he is inclined to be stubborn and ugly, than you must obtain the mastery by a vigorous use of the cowhide. They are inclined to be treacherous even when most obsequious and gentle, and it can be shown that the majority of lion performers who have been killed, have allowed two much liberty to their pupils. The weak point of the cowhide is the face and eyes to blind and confuse them, and they smart and are forced into retirement by a vigorous flagellation. It must not be thought for an instant that one can look them steadily in the eye and thus disarm them. The lion does become somewhat blinded by a steady gaze, but the moment he lowers his head and gives an unfavorable sign the keepers are warned of danger, and the more promptly the lash is applied the better. The tiger is more treacherously inclined than the lion, and more difficult to be conquered and training. I have trained with African and Mexican lions, and some of them have developed remarkable power of intelligence and sagacity.

"Every lion tamer has a pet," said Mr. Neylan, "and my favorite was the lioness, Jennie. A lady who used to do the washing for the company at Atlanta, Ga., owned her when a cub, and raised her at home. The cub played with the children, but finally became ugly and dangerous, and she was sold to Mr. Robinson for $30. She had two cubs while with the circus, both of whom died. Some three years after I left the circus, Jennie and Old Prince were exhibited in the Great Eastern circus at Lowell, and happening to be in that city, I decided to go and see my old friends and recognize me. I was acquainted with the keeper, and stepping up to the cage I recognized her, with her two cubs, about two months old. I spoke to her, whereupon she arose to her feet, looked at me intently and then lay down, evidently failing to recognize me. Then I began to play with her in front of the cage, as of yore, and suddenly she thrust out her paw and pleaded as smiling, lovingly and affectionately as a child, and seemed beside herself with joy. The next day she kept up a diligent watch for me, and as soon as I approached the cage she leapt about in a most delightful manner, and the by-standers started to run away, believing that in her crazy antics she would break through. I informed the people that they need not be afraid, as she simply delighted at meeting her old keeper, and they then turned their attention to me with a shower of questions, and a reporter tackled me.

"After traveling with Andrew and John Haight for a time," concluded the lion tamer, "I returned to Robinson, and in the year 1872 received an injury which compelled me to retire.

Some New Nonsense.

The bull-dog's little pulse cheer: "There'll be several cold snaps this winter."

Force of habit: "Stop the press!" the editor frantically shouted to the young fellow who was hugging his sweetheart.

Æsthetic: A hod-carrier broke his hod. "Ah, well," he said, with a bright smile, "it will do for brio-a-brac." He had heard of O. Wilde.

Her heart was touched: Two well-dressed ladies were examining a statue of Andromeda. "Ah!" said Mrs. Smith, "a horse cole." Says one; "Where is that?" "I am sure I don't know," replied the other; "but I pity the poor girl wherever it was."

A lovely punster: "I don't see any sense in that new dance," said Mrs. Smith, as the waltzers whirled past her; "and not only that," she added, "but it is positively disgraceful." "Why, how can you say so?" replied the young lady by her side; "turn about is fair play, you know."

A maiden firm of lip: The air was permeated by a snow chill, the sky was overhung with leaden clouds, and a breeze carrying icicles in its onward sweep played with her long brown locks. But she bestated not. She pressed forward, driven by a resistless impulse, and one glance at her determined face plainly showed that she was resolved, firmly resolved—to get five yards of velvet for a trimming cut bias to match, if she overstayed every dry goods store in town, and we presume she did.

A New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* says that twenty-[illegible] millionaires who have died in that city within the last few years, leaving property worth in the aggregate $250,000,000. Among them were the elder Vanderbilt, W. Astor, A. T. Stewart, the Goelets, James Brown, Charles Morgan, David Jones, John Lenox and Webster Wagner.

BURNING LAVA.

Sights in the Sandwich Islands—Wonderful Cascades of Fire—Burning Fluid Pouring Through Gulches and Chasing the Visitors.

Washington Republican.

A letter from a young lady now residing in the Sandwich Islands, and written to a friend in this city, has just been handed us. It is as follows:

"PAPAIKOU, Hawaii, Nov. 8, 1881.—MY DEAR MR. B.: I have just skipped through my breakfast, or, rather, it has skipped into me, and now I must hurry and write you a line. If you have your money in your hand pack up and come right out here to see this lava flow. It has been moving for one year now. A previous eruption flowed for fifteen months, but this is the largest and most terrific one ever known here. The volcano is about two miles from the sea. It sometimes pours with great rapidity; then, slowly creeping on, the flood moves slowly, gradually on. We took horses and rode to seven miles that intervene between home and the mountains, ascending rapidly, leaving the packhorses to take their time. The party consisted mostly of ladies, and as you know I dare do almost anything, we were in the lava within half an hour after leaving home. We fastened the horses in a thicket and went on to the crust; but before we were aware we were obliged to go back and move our horses for the lava was creeping towards us, and, we were somewhat frightened. While standing on the crust we could distinctly hear the roar and the rush beneath, as it ground its way over the rough earth. It is quite the reverse of the beautiful, or rather to keep them, they are so brittle. Oh, I wish you could have seen what I have seen! There were the most wonderful cascades that poetic fancy can picture. The lava poured down in golden and cream, dropping into the water with a hissing boom as if a thousand demons were struggling for some mastery; or it would steadily creep onward, and then you and here you in and out you off if not watchful. It has a power of fascination that makes the looker-on almost forget himself, and before he is aware of it, is in the terrible danger of being swallowed up. It follows the footsteps as if determined with relentless fury to overtake at last. Our party selected a high knoll at a safe distance and pitched tents for the night, and three times during the night we had to move, for the lava had turned its channel and was coming towards us. It increased its speed so rapidly that we did not—could not—sleep, and all night we watched the creeping river, or rather lake of fire, until dawn. We finally had the tents and horses moved across a deep ravine and found ourselves safe. To our surprise the lava rushed down not only into the mouth of the gulch, but cut across the corner and poured down over the side, forming the most wonderful cascades of fire the mind ever conceived. The water steamed, and hissed and foamed; it fought desperately, boiling and leaping three or four feet, but was crowded out and forced to take refuge in a lower level. I could not sleep, and so I sat and watched it; in fact, I did not dare to go to sleep least I might not escape. You can not imagine the difference in the view it presents by night as compared to the view by day. The one is living, acting, fire; the other is a gray, molten, creeping, relentless stream, that fills every depression, swallows the little lakes, drives the rivulets away in steam, makes a desert of the flowery valley, a waste of the rich plantation, and stops only when engulfed in the ocean. Thousands of acres of valuable property have disappeared, and still the lava stream is moving steadily on its various directions toward the sea. I have written this letter while sitting in my saddle and watching the most terrible and grandest sight ever witnessing. I have trained with African and Mexican lions, and some of them have developed remarkable power of intelligence and sagacity.

"Every lion tamer has a pet," said Mr. Neylan, "and my favorite was the lioness, Jennie. A lady who used to do the washing for the company at Atlanta, Ga., owned her when a cub, and raised her at home. The cub played with the children, but finally became ugly and dangerous, and she was sold to Mr. Robinson for $30. She had two cubs while with the circus, both of whom died. Some three years after I left the circus, Jennie and Old Prince were exhibited in the Great Eastern circus at Lowell, and happening to be in that city, I decided to go and see my old friends and recognize me. I was acquainted with the keeper, and stepping up to the cage I recognized her, with her two cubs, about two months old. I spoke to her, whereupon she arose to her feet, looked at me intently and then lay down, evidently failing to recognize me. Then I began to play with her in front of the cage, as of yore, and suddenly she thrust out her paw and pleaded as smiling, lovingly and affectionately as a child, and seemed beside herself with joy. The next day she kept up a diligent watch for me, and as soon as I approached the cage she leapt about in a most delightful manner, and the by-standers started to run away, believing that in her crazy antics she would break through. I informed the people that they need not be afraid, as she simply delighted at meeting her old keeper, and they then turned their attention to me with a shower of questions, and a reporter tackled me.

"After traveling with Andrew and John Haight for a time," concluded the lion tamer, "I returned to Robinson, and in the year 1872 received an injury which compelled me to retire.

Popular Performances.

The London newspapers are offering their sympathies to the Atlantic ocean because of its failure to amuse Wilkie Collins, who said he found that wide expanse of water "dull." The Pall Mall *Gazette* confesses that "a great mistake has befallen a celebrated expanse of sea," and says that "whatever claims it may have to be considered a sublime or even ornamental sheet of water, are necessarily at an end."

President Arthur, on the night before the nomination of Judge Webb, of Maine, was sent to the senate, and asked to have said: "I have known Mr. Hamlin for a long time, and am well acquainted with his father, for whom I have the warmest feelings. It would afford me great pleasure to do all that is in my power to oblige them, but in making judicial appointments especially I must look to the personal fitness of the applicants for the office, and after considering the subject carefully I have decided to appoint Mr. Webb."

A suit has been brought in a New York court by a wife against her husband for an alleged breach of an anti-nuptial agreement that $8,000 should be paid to her if she would marry him. The husband subsequently persuaded the wife to cancel the agreement by promising to buy her a house, which was accordingly done. But he had induced her to give a mortgage on the house, and then had the mortgage foreclosed. Judgment for default was moved, but the court decided to send the case to a referee for the assessment of damages.

No doubt now exists that the burning of the Ohio state asylum two months ago was the work of incendiaries, for two of the youthful inmates, named Gwinn and Tiggins, have made full confession. They say that they were incited to the fiendish act by David Goodrich, a mulatto boy about 18 years of age, who promised to pay them the glittering sum of one dollar and fifty cents if they would place in imminent danger the lives of about seven hundred associates and attendants, to say nothing of property which cannot be replaced for much less than $400,000.

The Baroness Alphonse de Rothschild paid a pretty if somewhat exaggerated compliment to a prima-donna the other day. She invited the young lady to dine with her, and after dinner asked her to try the tone of her piano. Not a sound came from the keys when touched. "I had the instrument mastering this morning, Mademoiselle," said the baroness, "that you might see that the only pleasure that I promised myself from your presence this evening was the pleasure of your society."

Ex-Governor Paul Dillingham, of Waterbury, Vt., is a remarkable example of the robust constitution and mental vitality of Vermont's Green mountain boys. He was born in 1799, but is still as active as many young men. He is at his law office daily, where he advises clients on important matters, though he had yielded the more laborious part of his practice to his son, William P. Dillingham. Paul Dillingham is also president of the Waterbury bank, and personally attends to the discounting of the bank paper, much of which is left entirely to his judgment. He is over six feet tall, erect, and of fine personal appearance.

Enoch Pratt, one of the solid business men of Baltimore, Md., and president of the National Farmers' & Planters' bank, has formerly proposed to the mayor and city council to establish and endow a "free circulating library for the benefit of the whole city," at a cost of over $1,000,000, provided he will grant and create an annuity of $50,000 per annum, forever for the support and maintenance of the library and its branches. Mr. Pratt, in his letter to the mayor, says he has already, in pursuance of his plan, contracted for the erection of a fire-proof building on his Mulberry-street property, capable of holding two hundred thousand volumes, which will be completed in the summer of 1883, at a cost of $225,000. This he will deed to the city, and will donate in money the additional sum of $833,000 on the condition mentioned.

A Many-Sided Humorist.

From the Arkansas Gazette.

"Say, Bill, you want a joke?" asked a man entering the office.

"If you see the advertising man you can probably dispose of it."

"Now you are attempting to insult me. Probably you don't know who I am. I am a remarkable man in disguise. I am the author of the Spoopendyke papers, which you have no doubt seen in the Brooklyn *Eagle*."

"Thought that work was done by Stanly Huntly."

"No, sir. Stanley Huntly is my *nom de plume*. Well, I will give you an imitation of myself;" and seating himself, and reflecting for a moment, he began:

"'My dear, said Mr. Spoopendyke, 'we have received an invitation to visit a Christmas tree over at Colonel Clay's residence.' 'Ain't that too sweet? replied Mrs. Spoopendyke. 'I always did enjoy Christmas trees, and once when a girl I went out in the country and cut a Christmas tree and roamed around the woods looking for Christmas trees. 'Ye did, did ye? Thought that the dodgasted things grew up and blossomed presently like a pie? All you want is ten cents worth of common bass and a wooden top to be a grove. Think I'm going to take such a woman among intellectual people? All you want is to lace tight to be a campaign orator. Give me for a dodgasted, measly birch rod?' "

"How'll that do? Now, don't you think that I wrote those papers?" said the visitor, with the air of a conqueror.

"You have established your identity," answered the scribe.

"And that ain't all," continued the humorist, "I am a prolific writer for the Detroit *Free Press*."

"Thought that Charles Lewis was the *Free Press* man.

"No doubt you thought so. Light-minded men are liable to think anything. Lewis is, or M. Quad, is another one of my *noms de plume*. I'll illustrated.

"The other morning, on a Woodward Avenue car, a gentleman sat holding an oyster can between his knees. 'Going to have an oyster stew?' asked a red-eyed man, sitting opposite. 'No.' 'Fry?' 'No.' 'Stew?' 'No.' 'What are you going to have?' 'I am going to have the liveliest circus with my wife when I get home you ever saw.' And closing his right eye, the dead-eyed man got off the car.

"How does that strike you?" asked the humorist, with another expression suggestive of a vanquisher.

"Another establishment of identity," acknowledged the scribe.

"I am also Bill Nye."

"William, I am glad to meet you!"

"Do not address me as William until I prove myself worthy of it.

"We do not believe that any man has a right to chew our mane. Our constitution forbids such tyranny. We are sentimental. When hops and fear dance with fanatic tipsy on our broad bosom, filled with generous throbs, we do not think that the moon-eyed editor of another sheet has a right to slip up and nip out a mouthful of our ear."

The scribe fell from his chair, but was lifted to his seat by the kind-hearted humorist.

"Now you can call me William."

"William," whispered the scribe, and, fumbling under a lot of papers, he drew out a bottle and refreshed himself.

"My name is Alex. Sweet, sir, and I write the funny stuff for the *Texas Siftings*. Listen:

"Uncle Nace was met at Austin Avenue yesterday by Jim Webster, who said, 'Uncle Nace, you don't got de smart est three-year-old boy in Austin.' 'De man what informed yer stated a fack.' 'What evidence has yer ob dat fack?' 'Why, sah, de udder day a chicken cum into my yard heah, and I tole de boys dat de wid an instink did shows what a man he's gwine ter be.'

"Alex, I am glad to meet you. We have exchanged mutual sympathy in private manuscript, and now that we meet the occasion is one of excessive joy. Is this the extent of your literary wardrobe?"

"No, sir; I am Eugene Field, the man who writes prime stuff for the Denver News. But wait. I don't ask any man to take my word:

"Here We Have a Boy and a Dog. The Dog has a Big Mouth and the Boy's Mouth for Jaws is Correspondingly Large. Will the Boy Pull the Dog's Tail? Yes. He Will Pull His Tail. Will He Pull it Twice? No. He Will Not Pull it twice." "Who else are you?"

"I am numerous others. I am George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*. Listen:

"'My dog is dead, said Nancy Cary.

Come, write to-day her biography.

Gone to meet old Towser.'"

A heavy fall attracted the attention of the porter. When he came in he found the scribe lying on the floor insensible. He will not recover.

Gov. Gear, of Iowa, said to a friend on retiring from office: "I am going home and going to work to earn a living. I am $5,000 poorer than when I came to Iowa to Des Moines." And yet it is admitted that Gov. Gear lived only as the executive officer of the state ought to live; unostentatiously at that.

"One of the best presiding officers we ever saw," says the New York *Sun*, "was a page in the house of representatives at Washington, who used to stand behind Old Gov. Pennington, of New Jersey, when he was speaker, and tell him what to do."

HOUSE AND FARM.

Cleanings of the Field.

An excellent brown satin for leather is black walnut or butternut hulls steeped in water and exposed to the air until the color of the decoction is sufficiently deep. Heat the liquid and steep the leather in it 12 hours, then rinse in cold water and stretch until dry.

Linseed-oil cake is a very nutritious and healthful food for any kind of stock. It is useful for cows when fed mixed with mill feed in the proportion of two pounds of the cake to four of the feed. Fattening steers may have six or eight pounds a day of the cake broken up into small pieces or softened in water and fed with cut hay or straw. The cake may be fed twice a day.

The *Breeder's Gazette* says the boar for use should be raised on a varied food so as to have strength. He should be kept little fat, and should not do service until a year old. He should be of good pedigree also. One service to each sow is sufficient.

The best soil for potatoes is a gravelly one; this is warm and dry, and suits the tuber than any other soil. Potatoes will thrive well on any soil that is not too wet; a soil loam or a well-drained swamp is the best for them; but a well-drained swamp produces fine potatoes, and swamp muck is an excellent fertilizer for them. A clay clay is not at all suitable.

The business of running live stock has been found profitable—to the insurance companies; and we know of one that has derived a short experience of the business, its risks and its cost, and the impossibility of apportioning or covering so portable a property as live stock, which is so constantly changing ownership, adds very much the risks.

Bitinger Pringly cleared a lousy poultry house in 1881 by soaking the roost poles, 10 box s, and every crack and cranny, in a gallon of cheap petroleum, applied thin large sponge, and then following with thick, strong whitewash, put on in the same manner. Quarters of a year of this heroic kind is, she tells the *Stock Bulletin*, sure defense against lice from an outside.

Owing the power of lime to dissolve silicates of the soil to which it is applied, and the universal presence in both dry and clayey soils of insoluble silicates potash, it is only reasonable to attribute much of the beneficial effect of lime to its action upon the insoluble potash, which is thus rendered soluble and affable for plant food. And it is really the potash which produces the effect perceived, the lime being the agent of powder which effects the effect.

The Massachusetts *Ploughman* reasons that if the potato was the true seed, planting the hill but little deeper than planting the hill and test experiments would result in introducing elements of the quality of the tuber, as they are not the true seed, but a new life secured through the principle of reproduction, but simply a continuation of the old life secured by a continuance of vegetable growth, there is but little reason in the idea of getting large potatoes, by using large ones for seed, than there would be of getting large apples by setting the stems.

Domestic Recipes.

FRESH FOR FRYING.—Put a quart of water on the fire to boil. Stir into a pint of milk a pint of corn-meal and a teaspoonful of salt. When the water boils the mixture gradually into the water. It cook slowly half an hour, stirring gently. This will be found an improvement upon the usual method—the cake slightly browned and browning better for addition of milk.

OATMEAL BREAD.—One and a half of molasses, one half cup of brown sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of milk, a teaspoonful of soda, any and spice that one likes, and three cups of flour. Dissolve the soda in a little warm water. Mix thoroughly and bake in shallow pan.

Matchmaking Mothers.

In the very highest circles, as I am informed by the best authorities, this matchmaking goes on. Ah woman—woman! ah loving wife!—ah fond mother of fair children!—how strange, thy passion is to thy poorer sisters that of mother-in-law! told, when you have got the title, it is but a bitterness and a disappointment. Very likely the son-in-law is rude to you, the cold, ungrateful! and very likely the daughter rebels, the thankless child! And yet you will go on scheming and saving not only with disappointment from former and her husband, you try and get one more, and scheme, and plan and down even to little Toddles, hanging out of the nursery in her red shoes, as you see her with little Tommy, your son's son, hanging over the same nursery sill, or clambering on the same rocking-horse, I make no doubt in your silly head, you are thinking, "Will little people meet in twenty years?" And you give Tommy a very piece of cake, and have a fine present on the Christmas-tree. You know Alfaleigh he is but a rude, noisy and ill-behaved boy, beaten Toddles, and her doll away from her and made

Malaria from Living Plants in Rooms.

The London *Globe* calls attention to an new discussion, which has recently attracted the notice of physicians, in which it is alleged that the vitalizing properties of living plants, which is so much in demand in the atmosphere of hot rooms in which living plants are kept. The soil in which these plants are potted is generally an organic matter, which is drawn out of it by the heat and diffuses itself inclosure, imprisoned in the apartment.

That it sometimes fever might be created in this way, is a theory which was mooted in 1879 by the learned sisters Kobb and Crudell, but it is only lately that their view has been confirmed by positive experiences. The recent proof has come from that part of the world which might be expected to furnish it, that is to say, from Russia, where living-rooms in winter are kept habitually very ill ventilated, and temperature with ventilation. Professor von Eichwald consulted as to the health of a lady through living in a healthy spot, experienced all the symptoms observable in those inhabit marshy places. The remedies, consisting chiefly of quinine, were applied with success; but as the lady, after recovering from an excursion into a large drawing-room, the symptoms persistently reappeared. Then that the doctor, remembering Mr. Beery, ordered the removal of the flowers and plants which filled the drawing-room, and the complaint which persisted obstinate was found to disappear. It is not unlikely that even comparatively well-ventilated modern houses a similar result is produced by the same cause; and perhaps many ladies who complain of constant headache improve matters by removing the stand from the parlor, or by keeping the conservatory doors closed.

Husbands and Wives.

A good husband makes a good wife. Men can neither do without wives and women; they are wretched alone in what is called single blessedness, and they make their home miserable when they get married; they are like Tompkin's dog, which could not bear to be loose, and howled when it was tied up. Many bachelors are likely to be happy husbands, and a happy husband is the happiest of men. A well-matched couple carry a joyful life between them, as the two spies carried the cluster of Eshcol. They are a brace of birds of Paradise. They multiply their joys by sharing them, and lessen their troubles by dividing them; this is fine arithmetic. The wagon of care rolls lightly along as they pull together, and when it drags a little heavily, or there's a hitch anywhere, they love each other all the more, and so lighten the labor.—*John Ploughman.*

The Fruits for Wisconsin.

The best kind of apples for Wisconsin are the Wealthy, Red Astrachan, Utter, Duchess of Oldenburg, Fall Orange, Fall Queen and Haas, Tuomtee and Golden Russet. Of pears, probably the Flemish Beauty is as good as any for Wisconsin. As to grapes, we would mention Concord, Deleware, Massasoit (Rogers' No. 3), Wilder (Rogers' No. 4.) For trial we would suggest Duchess, Lady, Lady Washington, Prentiss, Moore's Early Brighton. Raspberries: Turner, Cuthbert, Caroline, New Rochelle, Green Strawberries: Charles Downing, Cumberland Triumph, Marvin, Miner's Prolific, Sharpless, Capt. Jack. Blackberries: Snyder, Currants: Red and White Dutch.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Cranberry Culture.

The requisites for successful cranberry culture are: a soil of peat or muck that can be drained for twelve or eighteen inches below the surface, a supply of water sufficient to flood the meadows at will, and an abundance of pure sand. The surface of the meadow is pared, all stumps, roots and the sod removed, and the surface covered with sand to the depth of two to six inches. In the spring the vines are planted in rows two feet apart. Prosperous from seed is not to be depended upon, the seed not germinating readily, except in favored localities. The vines should be kept down for two seasons, after which the vines will begin to take full possession of the soil. The fruit is gathered in the fall, and the vines should be picked clean.

Sugar Cured Hams.

The hams should be allowed to become perfectly cold. Then rub well with common salt and leave in a wooden cask for three or four day, turning each days. For hams weighing from 12 to 15 pounds, allow for each half a pound of salt, half a pound of moist brown sugar, an ounce of powdered saltpeter and a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper. Take the hams out of the cask and throw away the brine. Rub first with the saltpeter, then the salt, sugar and pepper—do this thoroughly. Return to the cask—it should have been washed); keep always covered with salt and turn every day. After a few days pour over a pint of good cider vinegar for each ham. Leave in this brine a month, turning often. Then take out, drain, hang in a dry place and smoke or not at pleasure.

Much in a Little.

The capitol of New York at Albany is nearly completed, at a cost of $15,000,000, but there is trouble over assignment of quarters, and each department declares that it has not enough room. It is even suggested that it would be economical to erect a more convenient and less pretentious building elsewhere than in Albany, at a cost of $3,000,000 or $4,000,000.

The Year Book of the Unitarian churches for 1882 gives as the whole number of churches, 344, seven more than for 1881. The whole number of ministers is 404. Of the list for 1881, fourteen died the last year. Ten were graduates from the two divinity schools; six from Cambridge, four from Meadville. The names of four women are among the list of ministers.

An idea of the value of the private library of England may be gathered from the fact that at the recent auction sale of the Sunderland library about $100,000 was realized from one-fifth of the library. The next library to be sold at auction is that of the duke of Hamilton, which is valued at $2,500,000.

According to the census of Paris there are in that city 43,155 indigent households, numbering 123,735 persons. Among the persons who receive relief from the Assistance Publique are men and women of all classes of society—schoolmistresses, engravers, drughtsmen, men of letters, dramatic artists, painters, etc. The majority, of course, are of humble station.

The gilded youth of Gotham must be in a bad way when such an admonition as this from the *Mail and Express* is called out: "It is a poor compliment to your host and hostess at an evening's party to spend half the night in bedrooms smoking cigarettes. Equally shabby is it to bribe the waiters to bring up campagne that there may be a genteel debauch among the 'nice fellows of our club'."

In settling up the affairs of the defunct Mutual Life Insurance company of St. Louis, up to this date $71,626,90 have been collected, of which amount there has been paid out to receivers, attorneys and for expenses, $40,571.75. If the judges of court were real Vincent men, swindling like this would soon be put an end to.

"It gives me a pleasant sense of victory," said Miss Alcot, "to ransack old trunks, and now and then find out and sell a story that had been rejected over and over again when I had not been heard of, and the goes readily enough now. I lately took malicious delight in replying to a request for a story for a magazine by sending it a story which its editor had rejected at least once, and I don't know but twice. He took it and paid me well for it."

Surprise is caused by some quarters by the report of the unimpeachable author of "Social Studies" in the *Atlantic Monthly*—a Massachusetts clergyman—that the better classes of whites in the south "are much like other people, or like the best people in our northern communities," and that "nothing much better has yet been attained anywhere than the domestic life of this class of the southern people, in its intelligence, refinement, beauty and general elevation and wholesomeness."

It is proposed that a permanent Episcopal church shall be raised at the capital of the Hawaiian kingdom and the bishop of Honolulu has already gone to England to enlist aid in the work. The cost is estimated at $60,000, the structure being in the plan 120 feet long. Stone for it has been presented by an Englishman resident at Honolulu, and the work of cutting it has begun. Subscriptions amounting to about $15,000 have thus far been obtained, among the givers being Kalakaua, his queen and the dowager queen.

An Infatuated Young Woman.

Quito a sensation was produced in social circles of Rockford, Ill., last week, over the elopement of a prominent society young lady with a horse trainer. The young lady's name is Drake, and the individual who has succeeded in winning her affections bears the name of Kimball. The father of the young lady, when took the runaway couple when a short distance to return to her home, but she was apparently determined to marry Kimball, and the father returned alone.

Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard.

Moses Howe, Esq., of Haverhill, Mass., strongly indorses St. Jacob's Oil for rheumatism, etc., from the observation of its effects in his factory as also in his own family—so we see from one of our Massachusetts exchanges.

General Sherman will complete his 62d year on the 8th of February, but there is no law for retiring him at that time, as his position and that of the lieutenant general are those with the lives of the present incumbents.

A Picture Worth Beholding.

Hanging between two small windows, and catching the light from a larger one opposite, in one of the offices of Adams Express Company, at 59 Broadway, New York, head of the delivery department—is a plainly finished but neatly framed chromo about 2 1-2 by 3 feet in size, which is looked upon by hundreds of people daily, so many of them it has a wonderful and salutary effect. The chromo represents a flight of half a dozen rough stone steps leading from the swarded bank of a placid lake to the rustic temple set in the rugged side of the mountain which rises in stupendous proportions in the background, all covered with rank luxuriant growth of foliage of brush and tree. In the open door of this little temple, which is half concealed figure, with an arm and hand extended, holding forth a small, dimly-defined package, while seated on the sward at the foot of the steps is an aged pilgrim, barefooted, lame and decrepid, leaning staff in one hand, and in the other holds before his dim eyes a small bottle, whose label he eagerly scans. The label bears the words "St. Jacob's Oil, the Great German Remedy." Simple as this little chromo appears in its unostentatious position, it has an influence which it would be difficult to estimate. It is to that picture and the persuasions of Mr. Hall, said Mr. Edward J. Douglass, a gentleman connected with Mr. Hall's department, "that I owe my present ability to perform my work. Some weeks ago I was violently attacked with sciatic rheumatism, and hour by hour I grew worse, and nothing my family or the doctor could do gave me any relief. I began to think in a few days that my case was hopeless and that I was doomed to be an invalid and helpless cripple for life. But at last I thought of that picture which I had so often looked at with but little interest, and then Mr. Hall came to my bedside, and telling me how St. Jacob's Oil had cured him of a worse and longer standing case than mine, urged me to use the same remedy. I did so; that very night, directing my wife not to spare it, but to apply it thoroughly according to the directions. She did so, using a large piece of flannel cloth saturated with the oil, and then bound the cloth to the affected parts. The next morning I was free from pain, and although a little sore in the hip, was able to dress myself, and the next day resumed my duties in the office as sound as a dollar. Here I am now in full health and strength, without so much as one touch of rheumatism or other pain since. Whenever I see one of our drivers or any other person who shows any symptoms of lameness or stiffness, I point him to the picture in Mr Hall's office, and then direct him to go for St. Jacobs Oil at once."—N. Y. *Evening Telegram.*

Gen. Joshua L. Chamberlain, who is now in Florida, has bought an orange grove and it is said that a party of capitalists are urging him to resign the presidency of Bowdoin college, take the name, and take charge of their property in Florida.

The present attraction in West Hoboken is a ghost that chases factory girls, and for whose capture a reward of $50 has been vainly offered.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Depression of Spirits and General Debility, in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague, and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

The two envoys from the United States, W. H. Trescott and Walker Blaine, on the day of their arrival in Chili, were greeted by an earthquake.

In another column will be found the advertisement of Allen's Lung Balsam. We do not wish to speak of any patent medicine, but from what we have seen and heard of this great family medicine, we would say to those suffering with said throat or lung disease, to take it and be cured.

Sir Edward Thornton has sent $100 from St. Petersburg for the Garfield memorial hospital fund.

For dyspepsia, liver complaint and general debility, Allen's "Iron Tonic Bitters" are without a rival. They are powerful tonic and act upon the system like magic. We can say nothing that will equal the universal favor with which they are received.—Omaha Herald, Sept. 3, 1880.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their Electric Voltaic Belts and other Electric appliances on trial for thirty days to any person afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Address as above without delay.

P. S.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Skinny Men.

Wells' Health Renewer, absolute cure for nervous debility, dyspepsia, mental or physical decline. $1. at druggists, or Prepaid by Express $1.25. 6 for $5. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

R. B. BEARDSLEY, Druggist, of Odessa, Mo.—"I have handled Piso's Cure for years, and am never afraid to recommend it."

Warranted.

EDINBURG, Ills., Dec. 15, 1881.

We recommend Piso's Cure to all our customers, and, in fact warrant every bottle; and are glad to say it gives entire satisfaction. We think it the best cough remedy in the market.

BROWNIACK, —BROS.

Sore eyes, tetter, salt rheum, etc., are cured by Dr. J. Landsey's Blood Searcher." Sold by all druggists. Never fails.

Never let a cold run. Take it in time. All that is necessary is a cough or two a bottle of "Sellers' Cough Syrup, and be cured.

"Rheumatism"

New, quick, complete cure 4 days, urinary affections, smarting, frequent or difficult urination, kidney diseases. $1. druggists. Prepaid by express. $1.25. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J.

Don't Die in the House.

Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, bed-bugs, roaches, vermin, flies, ants, insects, 15c. per box.

A Sure Cure for Fits

Will be sent by mail to any address, post-paid, on receipt of one dollar. Address J. Alonzo Harris, Indian Doctor, 816 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

Rejoicing.

How many homes are rejoicing to-day, where some one of their members have been saved from consumption by the use of White Wine of Tar Syrup. Price 50c.

After nearly all the gamblers of St. Louis had tried their hands on a rich old gentleman staying at a hotel who used cards "only to kill time," they found themselves badly left, in a contest with one of the most skillful of the gambling fraternity. He had distinguished himself with the gout and other "properties" for the purpose of "laying for" his professional brethren.

How to Secure Health.

It seems strange that any one will suffer from derangement brought on by impure blood, when Dr. HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, OIL OF BLOOD AND LIVER TONIC PURIFIER, restores perfect health. It is a strengthening cordial pleasant to take, and has proven itself to be the best purifier, effectually curing Scrofula, Syphilitic diseases, Weak Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc. Dyspepsia, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc. It corrects indigestion. One single bottle will prove to you its merits as a tonic, while for it ACTS LIKE A CHARM, especially when the complaint is of an exhaustive nature, having a tendency to lessen the natural vigor of the brain and nervous system.

BAKER'S PAIN PANACEA cures pain in Man and Beast. Use externally and internally.

DR. ROGER'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP instantly destroys worms and removes the scurvious which cause them.

Gossip About Blaine's Eulogy.

New York Special: "There is a dead lot more or less sensational gossip at the clubs about ex-Secretary Blaine's Garfield memorial oration, than there was in the house on the 27th inst. Mr. Blaine and his personal friends are said to be giving out some of the "points" in advance, and if these intimations are not misleading, the distinguished statesman from Maine would seem to be essaying the historical role of Marc Antony. The same ideas, curiously enough, would seem to be expressed at Washington, inasmuch as a Post correspondent telegraphs from there that a "warm friend of Mr. Blaine said that it was going to be a very curious performance," adding, "there will be a great deal more of Blaine in that meeting than of Garfield."

A GOOD FAMILY REMEDY

STRICTLY PURE.

Harmless to the Most Delicate.

By its faithful use Consumption has been Cured, when other Remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.

JEREMIAH WRIGHT, of Marion County, W. Va., writes us that his wife had PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, and was pronounced incurable by the physician, when the use of Allen's Lung Balsam entirely cured her. He offers testimonials to any neighbors think it the best medicine in the world.

DR. BEMEDITE, Dentist, of Cincinnati, was thought to be in the last Stages of Consumption and was induced by his friends to try Allen's Lung Balsam after the formula was shown him. We have his letter that it at once cured his cough and that he was able to resume his practice.

WM. A. GRAHAM & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Zanesville, Ohio, writes us of the cure of Mathias Freeman, a well-known citizen, who had been afflicted with BRONCHITIS in its worst form for twelve years. The Lung Balsam cured him, as it has many others of BRONCHITIS.

AS ALSO

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

All Diseases of the THROAT, LUNGS and PULMONARY ORGANS.

C. S. MARTIN, Druggist at Oakley, Ky., writes that the ladies think there is no remedy equal to Lung Balsam for Croup and Whooping Cough

Mothers will find it a safe and sure remedy to give their children who are afflicted with Croup.

It is harmless to the most delicate child. It contains no Opium in any form.

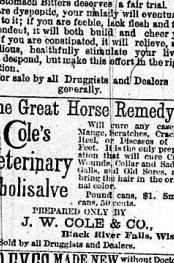
Recommended by Physicians, Ministers and Nurses. In fact by everybody who has given it a good trial. It Never Fails to Bring Relief.

Call for Allen's Lung Balsam, and shun the use of all remedies without merit and an established reputation. As an Expectorant it has no equal.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED



STOMACH

BITTERS

A remedy with such a reputation as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters deserves a fair trial. If you are dyspeptic, you probably will eventually yield to it; if you are feeble, lack flesh and feel despondent, it will both build and cheer you up; if you are constipated, it will relieve, and if bilious, healthfully stimulate your liver. Don't despond, but make this effort in the right direction.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

The Great Horse Remedy.

Cole's Veterinary Carbolisalve

Will cure any case of Mange, Scratches, Cracked Heel, Diseases of the Foot. It is the only preparation that will cure Cuts, Wounds, Collars and Saddle galls, and Old Sores, and bring the hair on to any bald or old color.

PREPARED ONLY BY

J. W. COLE & CO.,

Black River Falls, Wis.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

OLD EYES MADE NEW without Doctors or Spectacles, Pamphlet free. Dr. Nicholas, sent by mail for 10 cents. Dr. J. H. POOTE, box 788, N. Y. City.

CROUP Positive cure in one and a half hour; 10 cents, by DR. E. B. FOOTE, box 788, N. Y. City.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.

$25 CASH AND $10 per Month

Will buy one of the FAVORITE

DYER & HOWARD PIANOS

Warranted for Five Years.

The Best Low-Priced piano made. Address

DYER & HOWARD, St. Paul,

Agents for Steinway & Chickering Pianos.

1882 NORTH STAR SEED FARMS 1882

GO TO HEADQUARTERS FOR

EARLY MINNESOTA SWEET CORN

The earliest good Sweet Corn in the world, and so pronounced by Mr. Henderson, who first put it into his catalogue. Mr. Henderson says: "I have heard of their fine, thus attesting that great law of nature, that the earlier such seeds are grown, the earlier and better their product will be." These are our marketing Sweet Corns: Minn. Sweet, Minn. Early, principle Sugar, Minn. Evergreen in our Sugar Corn, Red Blood Turnip, North Star Golden Dent Corn, St. Paul Tomato, Minnesota Amber, Sugar-Cane, Red and Yellow Onion, Rose, Carrots, Minn. Potatoes, Peas, etc. Seed Annual Catalogue sent free.

T. M. METCALF, St. Paul, Minn.

Seed Grower, Jobber, and Importer.

WHOLESALE DEALER in Clover, Timothy, Millet, Seed Wheat, Red Top, Hungarian, etc.

Voices of the People.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.:

I had a serious disease of the throat, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," and it cured me. Yours Respectfully,

JUDITH BURNETT, Hillsdale, Mich.

Mormilo-mania is the new name physicians give to a new vice due to the use of the hypodermic syringe in England as well as in this country the habit counts its victims by tens of thousands—and mostly women.

"Made New Again,"

Mrs. Wm. D. BUCKMAN, St. Catherines, Ont., says: "R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: I have used your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets,' for the last three months and find myself—(what shall I say)—*made new again*' are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I now live (to the surprise of everybody) and am able to do my own work."

Oscar Wilde resembles Theodore Tilton in his best days, and Tilton in his worst days, Tilton, however, had a look of bigger manliness—even in the softest period of his career.

Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are perfect preventives of constipation. Inclosed in glass bottles, always fresh. By all druggists.

Miss Julia Jackson, the only child of the rebel General Stonewall Jackson, is reported to be engaged to Mr. Frank Baker, a wealthy young Baltimoreon.

"Hello! Old Sport! What is the matter with you?" "Oh, I am all up! I have got a pain in my back and side." "Your liver and kidneys are affected, the next thing you know you will have tight shoes and corns." "Go to the drug store and get yourself a few bottles of Dr. Halliday's Blood Purifier." "Is it any good?" "You bet! It is the Boss of the Business."

NEW RICH BLOOD!

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take one pill each night from one to twelve weeks may be restored to sound health, if it is not too late to be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 letter stamps. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., formerly Bangor, Me.

THE OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE CUITEAU TRIAL

This is the only complete and fully illustrated "Life and Trial of Guiteau." It contains all the testimony of the experts and all the speeches of Scoville, Reed & Davidge, Corkhill, Cox & Porter, Davidge, Mac-Veagh, Reed, Scoville

The Brainerd Tribune.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 11, 1882.

A. E. CHASE, Editor and Prop'r.

The TRIBUNE will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada, for

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
Cash in Advance.

Six Months, ... $1 00
Three Months, ... 50

The columns of the TRIBUNE are ever open to anything which shall tend to the advancement and welfare of the best interests of Brainerd and her citizens. However, matters frequently slip in which arouse a spirit of antagonism and desire for a sort of revenge, which in reality nothing of the character to offend has been intended or thought of. Be it said, with all candor and good faith, that the TRIBUNE does not for one moment desire the ill will of, or cherish any feelings of bitterness toward any citizen of this locality. On the contrary, there is not one man, woman or child, for whose welfare we do not have the most hearty desire. That we may have erred in some things is very probable. 'Tis but human to do so. Yet we stand ever ready and willing to correct these errors, and shall be only too happy to do so. We trust that in future, there shall be naught but peace and harmony between the TRIBUNE and every business man of the city.

TO OUR REAL ESTATE DEALERS.

It may be a word or so to the real estate men of our city at this juncture might not be taken amiss. At every other point along the line of the Northern Pacific railroad the dealers in dirt and tenements are advertising largely through the medium of their home organs, setting forth the advantages offered by them to purchasers. Now it is conceded throughout the Northwest that Brainerd's prospects are far ahead of any point in the country. Real estate is going up, and an almost immmerable number of business blocks, dwellings, shops, etc, will be erected this season. Show through the medium of your daily paper these glittering prospects of prosperity. THE TRIBUNE will endeavor to stand by you and do all it can, but it cannot do everything unaided.

THE PORTAGE LAND GRANT.

The Chicago Tribune of recent date contains the following: Mr. C. P. Peck, general manager of the Chicago, Portage & Superior railroad, who has just returned from Madison, Wis., where he has been engaged in advocating an extension of the time for the completion of the sixty-two miles of road necessary to secure the Portage land grant from May until next September, stated to a Tribune representative that the legislature adjourned until Tuesday, and no action has yet been taken on the bill. Mr. Peck has strong hopes that the legislature will speedily pass the bill extending the time for his company to complete the sixty-two miles of road. The argument of his company is, that the state of Wisconsin will be benefitted by such action, because by doing so it will secure a new competitive line all the way from Superior to Chicago, while if the grant is given to other parties they will simply construct the sixty-two miles of road necessary to secure the grant, and the state would receive no benefit from its donation whatever. Under the present provisions of the law, if his road does not finish the required sixty-two miles of road from Superior south, the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha is promised the grant if it completes the required number of miles of road by September, and Mr. Peck can therefore see no good reason why his company should not be allowed the same length of time in which to complete that portion of the road, especially since his company agrees to build the line to Chicago at once, and give the state of Wisconsin the benefit of a new competing route to Chicago, which it will not get if the St. Paul & Omaha company or the Credit party secures the land grant. The principal object of the party or parties who secured the Jackson stock is, as Mr. Peck thinks, to keep the Grand Trunk out of the northwestern territory, and their only desire is to benefit themselves, and not the state of Wisconsin. Without the land grant Mr. Peck says, his company will not be able to build the Portage road, as, in such a case, the enterprise could not be made to pay. The money derived from the land grant would be necessary to pay the English capitalists as interest on the money they have promised to furnish with which to build the new line.

Samuel Black, a young colored man, who was about to be married, started from near Abingdon, Va., on a long walk, bound to the house of an uncle. He remarked to a companion that he had had no breakfast, and proceeded to eat the freshly fallen snow. He had swallowed a large quantity when he was taken sick, and died in spite of the medical aid called in.

A gang of tramps boarded a passenger train near Terre Haute, Ind., when it slowed this morning. They tried to take possession of the baggage car. They were ejected, and afterwards three of them were captured and found to be men released from jail on Wednesday morning. The baggagemaster was badly bruised, but remained on the train.

—NEW—

Hardware

STORE.

Hartley Block, Front Street,

BRAINERD, - MINN.,

DAVID E. SLIPP,

DEALER IN HEAVY AND SHELF

HARDWARE,

Tinware, Stoves,

Table and Pocket Cutlery,

CARPENTER'S and all kinds of

TOOLS,

NAILS, BUILDER'S MATERIAL,

GUNS AND AMMUNITION, AGRICULTURAL

IMPLEMENTS,

GLASS, PUTTY, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND BRUSHES.

COCKERY WARE,

QUEENSWARE, GLASSWARE,

LAMPS, ETC.

First Class Tin, Sheet Iron, and Coppersmith Job Work done on Short Notice.

BEST STOCK OF

MILLINERY

—EVER—

BROUGHT TO

BRAINERD

—JUST RECEIVED AT

MRS.

C. Grandelmeyer's

Millinery Store.

Prices to Suit All.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

J. BAIN,

Boot and Shoemaker,

Fifth Street, bet. Front and Laurel,

Brainerd, Minn.

Repairing Neatly Done. Boots and Shoes Made to Order.

CHASE, PILLSBURY & CO.,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of

PINE LUMBER,

SIDING,

FLOORING,

And all Kinds of

BUILDING MATERIAL

LATH, SHINGLES,

AT

Gull River Mills,

GULL RIVER (C. P. R. R.) - - - MINN.

J. F. TURNER & CO.,

Contractors AND Builders,

SUPERINTENDING OF PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUILDINGS A SPECIALTY.

—ESTIMATES ON WORK—

And Material Made Out at Reasonable Rates. Jobbing neatly and Carefully Done by Competent Workmen.

Office Over Bank of Brainerd.

WM. CRAGG,

DEALER IN

Drugs and Chemicals,

Standard Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Stuffs, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Soaps, Shoulder Braces, Trusses, Sponges,

AND ALL VARIETIES OF

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,

CIGARS AND A FULL LINE OF STATIONERY.

Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded. - FRONT STREET

A LARGE LINE OF WALL PAPERS CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

Stoves. Stoves. Stoves.

BASON BROS.

HAVE NOW ON HAND AND FOR SALE

All the Leading Lines of

BASE-BURNER COAL STOVES,

Including Radiant Homes, Westminsters and Garlands,

And the Largest and Most Complete Assortments of

WOOD-HEATERS COOK STOVES AND RANGES,

Ever brought to Brainerd, embracing all the Latest Patterns and most Approved Varieties, at Astonishingly Low Prices. Also a full line of

HEAVY AND SHELF HARDWARE,

TINWARE, CUTLERY, GLASS, AXES AND LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES.

Practical Tin, Sheet-Iron and Copper-Plate Workers.

CARVER & MOHLE,

—DEALERS IN—

Coal and Wood

Orders Solicited, and

Good Rates Assured.

Office.—North side of Track, East of N. P. Freight House.

Books, Periodicals & Stationery

Holiday Goods,

School Books,

Pictures, Frames.

POPULAR NEWS DEPOT OF BRAINERD.

MRS A. SHERWOOD.

BOSTON 99 CENT STORE,

J. D. CHENEY, Proprietor.

Goods First-Class; Prices at the Bottom Notch.

DRY GOODS,

Notions, Queensware, Ladies' Furnishings,

AND A GENERAL VARIETY OF FIRST QUALITY GOODS.

Agency for Standard Organs. Call and Examine Goods.

EICHELZER & CO.,

OF MINNEAPOLIS,

DEALERS IN

Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods,

And Manufacturers and Dealers in

FURS

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

GOODS SENT ON APPROVAL,

If Not Satisfactory, Return at Our Expense.

W. A. SMITH & CO.

CLOTHING,

Dry Goods and Carpets.

FURNISHING GOODS

Comprising Latest novelties in Fine Goods,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Trunks, Valises

GLOVES AND MITTENS

AND A FULL LINE OF

Lumbermens' Goods.

Front Street - - - BRAINERD

Put this in your Pipe & Smoke It

S. V. R. SHERWOOD.

KEEPS A MAGNIFICENT LINE OF

Cigars, Tobaccos and Confections

DOMESTIC AND TROPICAL FRUITS IN SEASON.

Overcoats, Overcoats

AT THE

NEW YORK

One-Price Clothing Store

An immense stock of Sacks, Ulsters and Ulsteretts, which we want to close out to make room for New Goods constantly arriving. Call and examine our stock of Fine Worsted, Diagonal and Cassimere Suits. We make a specialty of

FINE CLOTHING,

While not neglecting the cheaper grades, of which we carry the most complete assortment ever opened in the city.

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS AND NECK-WEAR,

Silk Handkerchiefs, etc., etc. Fine Boots, Rubbers, Boot Pacs, Moccasins and Mackinaw Goods. Also call your attention to BOYS' SUITS from years old up, of which the assortment is very complete. It is a pleasure to show goods whether you purchase or not. Prices are plainly marked on goods and sold at those prices.

Store on BROADWAY, bet. Freight Depot and Sleeper House

M. H. BRYAN, Prop.