THE BRAINERD DISPATCH.

VOLUME 6, NUMBER 27. BRAINERD, MINNESOTA, FRIDAY, JUNE 3, 1887. INGERSOLL & WIELAND, PUBLISHERS

Big Boom For Brainerd!

The New Railroad is a Settled Fact, and Property is Advancing.

NOW is the time to buy. NOW is the time to sell.

If you want to Buy or Sell, call and see me. Some Choice North Side Property at Bottom Prices. Houses and Lots for Sale on Monthly Payments. Money to loan on improved Real Estate. Rents collected and Taxes paid for non-residents.

Fire Insurance A Specialty.

J. L. SMITH, Agent.

Room 2, Sleeper Block.

C. D. JOHNSON. W. J. BAIN.

JOHNSON & BAIN,

DRUGGISTS!

Successors to J. C. FOOTE.

We respectfully invite the patronage of the citizens of Brainerd and vicinity.

Front Street, Corner of Seventh.

New Firm!

CHURCH & NUTTING,

Successors to E. W. Lynch and Dealers in

Staple and Fancy GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED, And General Produce.

Butter and Eggs a Specialty.

No. 17, Sixth Street, Brainerd.

MONEY TO LOAN

Money, at the Brainerd Loan Agency, to loan on all kinds of personal property with or without removal. All business Strictly CONFIDENTIAL

Office with Brainerd Furniture Co., corner of Fifth and Front Streets.

A. L. HOFFMAN, Agent.

Removed from Sleeper Block, Front Street.

WHITE & WHITE, CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS

DEALERS IN

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Glass, Papers, Nails, and Builder's Hardware. A complete stock of

T. L. BLOOD & CO'S MIXED PAINTS,

Fully Warranted.

Call on us before letting your Contracts for Building and Repairs. It will pay you.

HARNESS SHOP

CORNER LAUREL AND SIXTH STREETS.

Keep on hand an assortment of everything in the line.

Harness, Nets Whips, Curbs

BRUSHES, BRIDLES, SADDLES, COLLARS.

D. W. WHITFORD.

Fine Outfits Made a Specialty

W. J. DYER & BRO.,

St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Two Largest Music Houses in the Northwest!

SOLE AGENTS FOR

PIANOS. STEINWAY, WEBER, GABLER and BEHR BROS. Packard, Shoninger and Boudoir ORGANS.

EVRYTHING IN THE MUSIC LINE!

ST. PAUL, 148--150--E. Third St. MINNEAPOLIS, Syndicate Block, Nicolet Ave.

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

Arrival and Departure of Northern Pacific Trains.

No. 1 arrives from the South at 9:35 p. m. Departs going West at 9:55 p. m.

No. 2 arrives from the West at 6:55 a. m. Departs going South at 7:10 a. m.

These are through trains between St. Paul and the Pacific coast, and stop only at principal stations between St. Paul and Jamestown, and run daily.

No. 3 arrived from the South at 1:25 a. m. Departs going West at 1:45 a. m.

No. 4 arrives from the West at 2:25 a. m. Departs going South at 2:40 a. m.

These trains run daily between St. Paul and Jamestown, and haul through sleeper between St. Paul and Wahpeton, via. Wadena.

No. 5 arrives from the South at 1:25 p. m. Departs going West at 1:45 p. m.

No. 6 arrives from the West at 1:10 p. m. Departs going South at 1:25 p. m.

These trains run daily except Sunday between St. Paul and Fargo.

No. 7 arrives from Duluth, Superior and Ashland at 9:25 p. m., daily.

No. 8 departs for Duluth, Superior and Ashland at 7:30 a. m daily.

No. 1 hauls through sleeper between St. Paul and (via. Winnepeg Junction) Grand Forks.

No. 18 freight goes south 6:00 a. m. ex. Sunday.
No. 20 " " east 9:30 a. m. ex. Sunday.
No. 22 " " " 10:00 p. m. daily.
No. 39 " " " 7:05 a. m. ex. Sunday.

These freight trains carry passengers who are provided with tickets, but may not be relied upon for regularity of movement, as they are liable to be cancelled without notice.

No. 17 freight arrives from South 7:10 p. m.
No. 19 " " " east 7:00 p. m.
No. 21 " " " " 4:25 a. m.
No. 30 " " " west 4:15 p. m.

Notice of Mortgage sale.

Whereas, default has been made in the conditions of a certain Mortgage executed and delivered by Badgero Peterson and Laura M. Peterson his wife, mortgagers, to Elizabeth Parker mortgagee, dated the 20th day of April A. D. 1885, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the county of Crow Wing, in the State of Minnesota, on the 20th day of April A. D. 1885, at 2:30 o'clock p. m., in book C of Mortgages, on page 317 on which there is claimed to be due, at the date of this notice, the amount of two hundred nintey three dollars, ($293.) and no action or proceeding has been instituted at law or in equity to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof. And whereas, mortgage was duly assigned by the said Elizabeth Parker to Leon E. Lum, by assignment, dated the 7th day of May A. D. 1887, and re- [illegible]

Dated May 26th, 1887.

LEON E. LUM, Assignee of Mortgagee.

Mortgage Sale.

[illegible] ... the Register of Deeds in and for said county of Crow Wing; situated in Crow Wing county and State of Minnesota, with the hereditaments and appertenances; which sale will be made by the sheriff of said Crow Wing county, at the front door of the court house, in Brainerd, in said county and state, on the 23rd day of July, A. D. 1887, at ten o'clock A. M., of that day, at public vendue, to the highest bidder for cash, to pay said debt and interest, and seventy-five dollars attorney's fees as stipulated in and by said mortgage in case of foreclosure, and the disbursements allowed by law; subject to redemption at any time within one year from the day of sale, as provided by law.

Dated June 1st., A. D., 1887.

THE MINNESOTA LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY, Assignee.

KEITH, THOMPSON & FAIRCHILD, Attorneys.

A Sporting Man's Experience,

A CHAPTER FROM THE LIFE OF T. J. M'MULLAN OF CORINTH, MISS.

Mr. McMullan is one of the best known chicken and dog fanciers in the South. His coops and kennels are filled with the finest specimens of game chickens and well-bred sporting dogs.

For many years of his life he had a serious misfortune, which he explains in the following letter, which also tells what was the unlucky sporting man's real Mascot:

You will pardon me for addressing you on a subject on which I know you must get numerous, if not innumerable letters, but gratitude prompts me to tell you about what I regard my most remarkable cure of rheumatism by your S. S. S. For ten years I suffered with rheumatism. I had about "saturated" my entire body. I had pains in every part of it. My left leg was the worst affected. Even today, though I am entirely well, my left leg is a little smaller than my right, shriveled from rheumatism. For five years I may say that I was in danger of starvation from inability to work at my trade on account of this terrible disease. When I came to Corinth from Alabama I was on crutches for two years. Of course during all of these sad years I was attended by good physicians. They gave me powerful doses of potash and sarsaparilla, which did relieve me some for awhile, but I got no permanent relief until by a friends persuasion, I used S. S. S. I determined from the benefit I received from the first few bottles to take a through course of your medicine, and I took about one dozen of the Specfic. When I began taking the medicine I weighed 150 pounds, and when I finished the thirteen bottles I weighed 237 pounds, and I weigh that yet.

I regard your medicine as a poor man's best friend, if he will take it in time, and thus save him from extravagant doctor's bills and preserve his health. With gratitud, and with best wishes, I remain, Your obedient servant,

T. J. McMULLAN.

Corinth, Mass., Feb. 17th, 1887.

Treatise on blood and skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

MEMORIAL DAY.

How it Was Observed in Brainerd.

Speech of Col. A. L. Grant.

Monday was Memorial day, a legal holiday throughout the land set apart for the offering of tokens in grateful remembrance of the fallen heroes. The nation suspended its labors and from the workshop and the mill, from all peaceful avecations of life men poured forth to take part in the exercises of the day in countless cemeteries. Flowers were strewn o'er lowly mounds, and orators recounted and eulogized the deeds of valor which made the name of the soldier of the republic immortal. The graves of those who have passed away since the storm were remembered by tender hands, while the sod-thatched mound by the southern road-side or under the orchard trees were strewn with flowers, and the soldier boys who sleep in unknown graves were spoken of kindly. But a very few years have passed since the first Memorial day was inaugurated and yet it has become one of the most sacredly kept and honored holidays.

Among the few remaining veterans what a flood-tide of memories Memorial day must bring. The march from the home and the loved ones; the long tramps in the burning sun over dusty roads; the shock of battles and the din, carnage and blood of cruel strife; the prison hells, with hunger, suffering and disease; the word from Appomatox and the answering cheers from thousands of lusty throats; the homeward march, and thousands of kindred thoughts flits through the brain of the veteran as he visits the graves of his departed comrades.

It is now twenty-two years since this terrible drama of war was gone through with and the heroes of the strife who lived to return are dropping by the way-side. The years fly swiftly by. The children of to-day will in the years to come point to a few tottering and aged men who will be all that remain of the grandest army in the history of the world, and which fought the great conflict for human rights, liberty and an undivided country. Let us hope that the flood of grateful thoughts, pleasant memories and noble impulses inspired by the festival of flowers and the impassioned eloquence of orators shall never ebb, but gather renewed fullness and force with each recurring Memorial day.

IN BRAINERD.

The day in Brainerd was observed with more than usual ceremony. The business places were closed by request of the Mayor and nearly every one turned out to do homage to the fallen soldiers. The line of march was started at 2:15 in the following order:

BRAINERD CITY BAND.
POLICE FORCE.
MARSHALS OF THE DAY MOUNTED.
LOGAN CAMP, S. OF V.
PAP THOMAS POST, G. A. R.
CITY COUNCIL.
CITIZENS IN CARRIAGES.
FIRE DEPARTMENT.
CITY SCHOOLS.

Arriving at Gregory park, where the oration was to take place, the audience listened to opening remarks by Capt. W. P. Spalding which were followed by prayer from Rev. Mr. Rowell and singing by the Glee club. After this followed the speech from Mr. L. A. Grant, which we publish by request below. The exercises at the park being finished by singing from the Glee club and music by the band the line of march was taken up to Evergreen cemetry where the graves of the soldiers were strewn with flowers and the impressive ceremonies incident to the occasion were gone through with. The following is the speech delivered at the park by Col. L. A. Grant:

MR. PRESIDENT, COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

The records of human events are written in blood. The history of the world is a history of blood. The rise and fall of empires, the birth and death of nations, mighty revolutions, great reformation, are the results, under God, of strife, war and blood. In the Great Plan of Salvation the Infinite Mind devised no other way for the salvation of men but through the Blood of the Son. The great Apostle tells us that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. When the cry of the oppressed Israelites reached the ear of Jehovah, and Moses was raised up for the deliverance of his people, all the plagues visited upon Egypt served but to harden the heart of Pharoah, until the destroying angel went through the land and slew the first-born in every Egyptain house,—and the houses of the Israelites were spared only by the sprinkling of blood upon the lintels of their doors. When in the economy of Divine Providence the time had come to deliver the African Slave, and to deliver this Nation from the great curse of human bondage, our land was deluged with blood, and there was mourning throughout our borders. Slavery was a gigantic evil, a blot upon the National escutcheon, a stain upon the Civilization and Christianity of the age, and nothing but blood could wash it away. Is it asked why so much suffering and wherefore the shedding of so much blood? The answer is, it was for the washing away of the National sins, for the cleansing and regeneration of the Nation. Is it asked if the crime of slavery could not have been washed out in some other way? It is answered, yes, the Infinite Mind might have been devised some other plan for the salvation of the world. The same Infinite Mind might have devised some other plan for the regeneration of our Nation, but no other was devised, and the wrath of men and the folly of the people precipitated the conflict. The Slave-holding interest might have yielded, and let the oppressed go free, but it would not,—a repetition of the Egyptian plagues would not have induced them to,—and there was no power in the Federal Government to compel it. On the contrary, our Constitution and laws recognized their rights,—recognized and protected the right of property in man. But the slave interest became defiant and aggressive. It sought to extend slavery into territory then free. Still there was no power in the Federal Government to make war upon the institution. It was only when war was made upon the Government that war became possible. Even then, the Government did not declare war. It simply called for troops to suppress insurrection and protect the forts, arsenals, and other property of the government. But there was a Divinity that shaped our ends, and the war which was commenced to extend and perpetuate human slavery, became a war for its utter extinction. Throughout all our bloody strife, the Almighty never forgot the humble slave or the haughty nation He was chastising. In the midst of all our woe and blood and darkness the hand of God was as plainly visible as the stars of heaven in a clear night. He rode upon the whirlwind and directed the storm, and made the wrath of man to praise Him. So surely as with a strong hand and an outstretched arm He delivered Israel, so surely did He deliver our Nation. The same mighty Power which raised up Moses and Aaron to lead the Israelites through the Red Sea, also raised up Lincoln and Grant to lead our Nation through its sea of blood.

Twenty years and more have passed since the conflict of arms ended and the smoke of battle cleared away. The strifes of parties and statesmanship have intervened. We ought now to have a clear idea of the cause and results of the war.

That the cause was the crime of human slavery will be taken as admitted, and will not be argued.

But what of the result? If it is in the improvement of the condition of men—if in the purification and exaltation of a nation, then indeed have we reason to rejoice.

Recognizing as I do the interposition of Jehovah in the affairs of men, and especially the overruling Providence in the affairs of this Nation, I firmly believe the result is the improvement of the condition of man, and the exaltation of this Nation. Believing this, I can but believe this sad occasion is also an occasion of great rejocing. As we annually gather around the final resting places of comrades and friends, and keep their graves and memories green, and spread fragrant flowers,—emblems of Peace, Purity and love,—let us look up and rejoice. Let us thank God that he has spared us to annually perform these beautiful ceremonies, and thus perpetuate the memories and sacrifices of fallen comrades, and renew our own vows of loyalty and patriotism. Let us also rejoice in the thought that in after years when we shall have been mustered into the great Army of Heaven, those who survive us will still come in the beautiful springtime and leave sweet flowers upon our graves. And when the last comrade shall have been mustered in, there will come after us a great army of Patriots, sons of Veterans, and sons of sons of Veterans, leading by their side their children and children's children, each bearing the ever fragrant flower with which to deck the graves of their Patriot fathers, who shall then have passed into history as the Preservers of the Union.

Let us look up and rejoice that the Union is preserved—That our Nation is now a Nation of freemen. That our flag now floats over a land and a Union cemented by blood; one and inseparable. Let us also rejoice that there were so many Patriotic hearts in the day of our country's need, —that so many gallant comrades gave their life's blood that their Country might live.

Let all rejoice. Comrades rejoice that you shared in the hardships, toils and dangers of the fallen. Sons rejoice that you ARE the sons of heroic fathers. Brothers and sisters rejoice that the same noble blood courses through your veins. Fathers rejoice that you gave your sons for the sacrifice, and that the world has been made better thereby. And Oh! fond and loving mother, who grew faint at the distant battle sound, and the long and anxious suspense, and whose heart strings nearly sundered when they bore back to you the mangled corpse of a noble son, or told you that he was buried from your sight evermore upon the bloody field, look up and rejoice and praise God that it was vouchsafed to you to give to your country so many patriot sons; and trustingly believe that they are garnered into the haven of Eternal rest, and that in the great hereafter they will be jewels in the crown of your rejoicing.

We need not turn back many pages of history to find abundant evidence of the beneficial results of war. Not that war in itself is a blessing—not that it is necessary or always justifiable,—but that God in his Providence so overrules the affairs of men and nations that out of disorder He brings forth order, and out of strife and bloodshed He brings forth Peace and Purification.

In Sacred history we are told how by the direct command of the God of Israel war was made upon the Canaanitish nations and they were driven out that the land might be possessed by his chosen people. And although these people were wicked, and were chastised and humbled for their wickedness, yet they existed as a people until, in his appointed time, the Savior of mankind came and walked the streets of Jewry, and made the atoning sacrifice.

The war of the American Revolution resulted in throwing off the oppressive hand of Great Britian and establishing here upon the Western Continent a mighty Nation, whose God is the Lord. Can we as loyal Americans, loving our Country, and feeling proud of its growth and accomplishments, and believing in its future, for a moment doubt that the great and good things have come to us as the result of that war?

The result was not necessarily disastrous to Great Britain. She lost her thirteen American Colonies it is true, but she was not crippled. She still exists, one of the proudest nations of Europe—mistress of the seas—extending her colonies and influence throughout the world, giving her subjects humane laws and freedom of conscience, and encouraging the Arts and Sciences and the Christian Religion everywhere. While in the place of her lost colonies there has sprung up a Nation of Commerce, whose trade with the mother country has doubtless proved of far more value to her, than the trade of her colonial subjects would have been.

The benefits resulting from that war have been world wide. Perhaps no event of modern times has had a greater and better influence upon the world. The great doctrine of Self Government, like a new revelation, has startled kingdoms and improved the hopes of mankind. The monarch upon his throne, has been made to feel that all power is not inherent in the crown, and he has been forced or induced to yield better government, and greater rights to the people. The spirit of Liberty has pervaded the world and moved upon the hearts and minds of the people. And the principles of our government are being studied and understood. Politically and physically we have stood out to the oppressed and hopeful as the bright star in the constellation of nations. They have seen here a free people,—a government whose subjects are sovereigns,—whose laws are made by the people and for the people. They have also seen here a land literally flowing with milk and honey. A land of immense extent, stretching from the great lakes to Mexico,—from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with the index finger of its right hand pointing along the Aleutain Islands towards India. A mighty Nation, possessed of a sea coast almost without limit, of a soil so rich and fertile and so easy of cultivation that its products alone can feed the world; of industries so many and varied that all can find profitable employment. And still more, they have learned that in this country so vast and so rich in production, there are homes and land free to all. These allurements have brought to our shores from the nations of the world, mighty armies, all intent upon homes and the pursuits of peace. They have swarmed in our cities and villages, settled along our river and mountain sides, and on the fertile prairies they have made peaceful and happy homes where the great solitudes of nature awaited their coming.

The Napoleonic wars resulted in the acquisition of Spanish Territory on this Continent, and the subsequent sale to this country of that vast region known as the Lousiana purchase. This purchase was of a territory so vast that several European nations could find repose in its limits, —so vast that the outpourings of immigration for the last fifty years has not, and for the next fifty years cannot, overflow it with population. Spain as a nation was not inclined to part with territory by sale or otherwise, and had it not been acquired by France as the result of war, the best part of our land might have been held and sparsely settled by a people having little in common with us, comparative strangers to our national enterprise. The Lousiana purchase is now the very heart of our country, and probably the best food producing portion of the world. Had it been held by a foreign nation or by a Sister Republic like Mexico it would have effectually cut off our progress to the West, and we would today have been a nation of the Atlantic Slope, with our original borders but slightly enlarged.

The late war with Mexico, has brought about grand results, little anticipated by the principal actors in the war. It has given us California, and the great grain and fruit producing regions of the Pacific Slope, and the untold wealth of mountains of minerals. Who shall say that the condition of the Country acquired from Mexico, is not far better today than it would have been had it not been for the Mexican war?

And what of the great war of rebellion with which we mainly have to do today? It tore the manacles of bondage from millions of people and bade them go free. It raised them in the eyes of the law from the condition of chattels to that of freemen. It lifted them from degradation and slavery to citizenship and sovereignty. A result so marvelous compels the admission of the interposition of Jehovah. An improvement of the condition of man so manifest and so great renders argument almost contemptible. It is beyond the fondest anticipations of the most sanguine. Few dared to hope for, none expected, so grand a result. These millions have not only been made free, but they have been given the power of self-protection, and are invited to a higher plane of civilization. The avenues of learning have been opened to them; schools and colleges have been established; and they are bidden to drink deep of the stream that flows from the fount of knowledge.

It is not the condition of the colored people alone that has been improved, but the condition of the people of the whole South. The white inhabitants of the South have been delivered from a bondage almost as degrading as slavery itself. False ideas of life, of morals and religion pervaded the community. The rights of the many became subject to the few. The land and slaves were nearly all held by a few. Holding in their hands the scepter of temporal power the few became arrogant and oppressive. The condition of the great mass of the white people,—known in the slang of the day as "The Poor White Trash,"—became almost as bad, and in some respects, perhaps, worse, than that of the slaves. The haughty few were the Lords of leisure; and labor was made degrading. All felt the hateful influence of such a condition. Much of this is now changed. The condition of all classes in the South is greatly improved. That there should be much confusion and friction in the development of the new order of things is natural and almost unavoidable. But out of all of this is coming peace and prosperity. Labor is becoming honorable, schools and education more general, and the dawn of a new civilization is appearing.

All sections of the country have felt the change. The North as well as the South feel a great burden had been lifted,—a fearful responsibility removed. New avenues of trade and commerce have been opened, and all the active pursuits of life have been quickened. There is a much better state of feeling existing. The people of each section better understand and appreciate the other. Amity and good will are on the increase. We have greater interests in common. All our interests are now in common. The "irrepressible conflict" has been removed. What will benefit one section of the Country will benefit the whole. And no loyal citizen, North or South, can feel otherwise than anxious to build up and promote the welfare of our Common Country.

It is not however, assumed that all is yet peace and brotherly love. The old feelings of animosity were too intense, and the events of the war are too recent. More time and Christian charity are needed. It is too much to expect that a single score of years can wipe out such a score of events. The generation who upheld slavery and believe in its Divine right has not all passed away. Many who lost their property and were made poor by the war still believe they have been greatly wronged. Sore hearts and contentious individuals still abound. Unrepentant and unprincipled rebels are still extant. But all these disaffected and unpardoned malcontents will soon pass away; and with them the generation who justified slavery and made war for its extension. After them will come a generation reared amidst schools and under better influences. And after them will come other generations reared under still better influences and amidst a more general dissemination of learning. New issues and new sectional interests will arise. The old issues and the old animosities will be forgotten. And the children of the children's children of those who now preach and justify treason, will, with shame for their ancestors, seek to hide the fact that they ever took part in the war or justified the rebellion.

And what of the exaltation and purification of the Nation? The nation being the aggregate of the people ... [illegible]

A. P. RIGGS, Real Estate, And Insurance. ROOM 11, BANK BLOCK.

O. H. HAVILL & CO., Real Estate BROKERS.

Rents Collected!

—AND—

Business Transacted For Non-Residents.

Room 4, Towne-McFadden Blk.

We have the Largest list for purchasers in the city.

New Bargains Received Daily.

We do a commission business ONLY, and one of our strictest rule is to buy no Real Estate ourselves so that we are enabled to work for our customers interests by not having any of our own property to dispose of first.

Brainerd Property Will Sell Readily at an Advance of

75 Per Cent. WITHIN SIXTY DAYS.

Now is the Time TO BUY.

No Trouble to Show Property.

HOUSES FOR RENT In all Parts of the City.

AGENTS WANTED for "REMINISCENCES" of SIXTY YEARS in the NATIONAL METROPOLIS,

By BEN PERLEY POORE,

Illustrating the Wit, Humor and Eccentricities of the noted celebrities. A richly illustrated treat of inner Society History, from "ye olden time" to the wedding of Cleveland. Wonderfully Popular. Agents report rapid sales. Address for circular and terms, HUBBARD BROS. PUB. CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

C. B. SLEEPER'S Real Estate Circular!

Look Here!

In view of the certain raise in real estate the coming summer, now is the time to invest. For the next sixty days I will sell any of the following real estate on terms to suit purchasers:

Four business lots, corner Front and Broadway. The best bargain in Brainerd.

One lot adjoining Opera house, on Broadway.

Four lots on Front street.

Three lots rear of Opera house, 9th street, desirable residence property.

Three cottages, rear of Opera house, cheap.

Seventy-five lots, Sleeper's Addition—lots from $50 to $100—50x150—cheapest lots in Brainerd.

Seventy-five lots in Sleeper's Park addition—7th and 8th streets.

Sleeper Block, one or three brick stores on favorable terms.

This property will double in value within six months, and if any one desire a business location, or residence lot, here is your chance.

All residence lots will be sold on the installment plan, so that laboring men and mechanics can secure a home on more advantageous terms than ever before in the history of Brainerd.

For further particulars inquire of C. B. SLEEPER or J. L. SMITH, Sleeper Block.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD

THE DIRECT LINE BETWEEN SAINT PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, Or DULUTH. And all Points in Minnesota, Dakota Montana, Idaho, Washington Territory OREGON, British Columbia, Puget Sound And Alaska.

Express trains Daily, to which are attached PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPER AND ELEGANT DINING CARS.

NO CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN ST. PAUL AND PORTLAND On any class of Ticket.

Emigrant Sleepers Free

The only All Rail Line to the YELLOWSTONE PARK.

For Full Information as to Time, Rates, &c. Address,

CHAS. S. FEE, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul Minn.

Farm Loans.

Money to loan on improved farms in Minnesota. No bonus or commission charged. O. H. HAVILL & Co., Room 34, Towne-McFadden Block.

If you can't get "Briar Pipe" smoking tobacco of your merchant, send Spalding & Merrick, Chicago, five 2-cent stamps for four ounces. Write your address plainly.

A New Firm!

F. L. MATTESON & CO.,

Successors of S. P. Fleming, and Dealers in Staple and fancy

Groceries,

FLOUR, FEED AND PROVISIONS.

We have an excellent stock, and shall always have a complete line on hand. We

Will not Be Undersold

by anybody. Store on Kindred street, East Brainerd.

F. L. MATTESON & CO.

REAL ESTATE BARGAINS.

Bargains Bargains! Bargains

KEENE & NEVERS

At Their

Real Estate Office

On Sixth Street.

Can give you bargains in Brainerd dirt. They have listed choice residence property, vacant lots and acre property that will soon be greatly advanced in price. Call at their office and look over their lists.

F. G. SUNDBERG,

THE JEWELER,

At No. 60, Front Street, bet. 5th and 4th,

Keeps constantly on hand a large and complete stock of

Diamond Rings, Studs, Scarf Pins,

Plain 18 and 14 Carat Solid Gold Rings,

Solid Gold, Boss Filled, Solid Sliver and Nickel Watches of all American makes and grades. Also emblem pins and rings, 150 different styles of set rings, solid silver and plated ware, Wm. Gilbert Clock Co's clocks, etc., etc., at

F. G. SUNDBERG'S, The Jeweler.

The Latest.

WE HAVE 50

Children's Sailor's Suits Left, From 4 Years to 11 Years, Closing Price, $1.50 a suit at LEOPOLD,

THE "BOSS"

Our assortment of piece goods are very fine and complete.

LEOPOLD, "The Boss."

M. HAGBERG,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCER,

has a large and complete stock of

Staple and Fancy Groceries, Flour and Feed, Provisions, etc.

M. HAGBERG,

Odd Fellows' Block.

Brainerd Dispatch.

INGERSOLL & WIELAND, Publishers.

BRAINERD, - MINNESOTA.

Senator Stanford has decided that none of the buildings of his new university, in California, shall be more than one story high. He does not mean that they shall be thrown down by an earthquake.

Bill Nye is now regularly and exclusively employed on the New York World. He writes from a quarter to a column a day on some local topic in his humorous and original vein, and besides this he contributes daily about a quarter-colum humorous editorial on some live subject.

An eastern paper says the latest style in bankruptcy in that section is to run your business on a suicidal basis, wreck yourself and everybody who has anything to do with you, and, as you go down with your few poor little assets buried under a mountain of liabilities, charge your failure to the interstate commerce law.

A writer in a late issue of the Southern Farm declares that the Southern farmer is not as well off to-day as he was ten years ago. This is due, says this critic, to "wrong-headedness, unsystematic methods, wastefulness, the one crop system and being in debt." This candid observer declares that the South must change its modes of agriculture or the North will possess her lands.

The fiscal reports of the Pennsylvania railroad reflect the general and increasing business prosperity. In the first three months of 1887, compared with 1886, there was an increase in gross earnings of $1,378,126, and in net earnings of $505,524. There was a gain in the lines west of Pittsburg for the same year of $704,494, compared with the first three months of 1886.

The bakers of Cleveland, O., organized a poal and advanced the price of bread one cent a loaf, to the great indignation of house-keepers. This advance is said to have been the result of an upward tendency in the price of flour, shorter hours of work, and more pay for dough mixing and oven men, and an increase in the force of workmen since the recent strike. The increase takes three hundred dollars a day from the pockets of the hungry and puts it into the pockets of the bakers.

It is impossible to say who the mound builders were. They seem to have inhabited principally what is now the Mississippi valley, although there are many mounds in the Ohio valley also. Some of the mounds were built for defence, some for graves of great personages. The American Encyclopædia estimates the age of the mounds are not less than 2,000 years. The builders were extinct ages before the discovery of this continent by Europeans. The tools of the original inhabitants were originally stone and shells, just as in Europe.

The territory of Utah would make two states as large as Ohio, New Mexico three, Dakota nearly four, Arizona three, Wyoming two, Idaho two, Montana more than three. The larger part of these enormous tracts of land is good for agricultural purposes, but of course there are deserts, mountains, barren wastes, and mineral lands incapable of supporting a large population upon their soil. But by the year 1900 most of the agricultural lands in this country will probably be under cultivation in a general way. That is, as they are usually cultivated at the west—but many decades will have passed before they are cultivated as they are in older countries.

The earth contains something of value besides coal, petroleum and gas. The production of gold in this country during the year 1886 is estimated at $35,000,000, and that of silver at $51,000,000. The total amount of silver taken out of the old ball in 1886 in all countries was of a value of $124,000,000. The report of the Director of the Mint shows that Colorado still leads among the States of the American Union in the production of the precious metals. Montana comes second and California third. Colorado is the Queen of the mining States. Last year it added in the precious metals alone more than twenty million dollars to the wealth of the world.

The New Orleans Times says that the sale of 46,000 acres of government land at the United States land office in Natchitoches to western lumberman takes the last of the government pine lands south of Red river. In other words that magnificent domain of which we boasted a few years ago as containing one of the largest bodies of timber in the world is swallowed up—all purchased by the shrewd, far-seeing lumbermen of the west. The Times says that almost without exceptions these lands have gone into the hands of northern capitalists, and are held for future use, as a splendid investment in which the money will double, quadruple itself many times over when they are brought into the market, or the lumber is cut from them.

The Supreme Court of Ohio recently rendered a decision of unusual interest touching the liability of railroads for making rebates and discriminations to large shippers. The case had relation to the favoritism shown the Standard Oil Company, and the court held that no special statutory law was needed for the purpose of enabling the state to maintain an action, the right to do so resting wholy upon the principles of the common law. The court went to the length of holding that the rebate contracts made with the Standard Oil Company constitute such an abuse of the corporate franchises of the railroads as render them liable to be deprived of their charters and corporate existence. It is a singular fact that although such reports and discriminations have been the regular pratice, with the same common law in existence, the penalty has not been enforced in a single instance.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Parade of Troops in Washington.

Washington Special: The parade of the troops for review by the president has afforded the first opportunity for seeing at once the entire body of those forming the encampment, and was an unqualified success. The arrangements for the parade were seasonably completed, and were carried out almost to the a'lott second, and without an apparent hitch or break. The head of the column started from the camp on Seventeenth street promptly at noon, and reached the stand erected for the president and invited guests ten minutes later. The reviewing stand had seats for nearly three hundred persons, and was well filled without crowding. With the president were Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Welsh, Mrs. Marcy and Col. and Mrs. Lamont, Gen. Sheridan and several members of his staff, in full uniform, were their escorts. Among the guests of the drill were Gov. Lee of Virginia and staff, and Gov. McGill of Minnesota and staff, and staff of Gov. Gray of Indiana (the governor himself having been detained at the last moment), Secretary Endicott, Senator Sherman and Gorman, the Mexican and Chinese ministers and ladies of their families, and a liberal sprinkling of other legations and army people. The stand was covered with bunting and stood beneath the shade of the lofty trees which front the White House grounds. When the right of the column approached the president stepped upon the dais and in response to the salutes of the passing commands he removed his hat and bowed.

Interstate Commission Rules of Practice.

The committee at Washington has adopted rules to cover practice before it. They provide:

When the committee is in Washington sessions for the hearing of petitions, complaints, etc., will be held at 11 a. m. daily, except Saturday. Applications for authority to charge less for longer than for shorter distances must be made by an agent or officer of the applying company in a legally attested petition, setting forth the measure of relief desired, the facts upon which it is based, and the points and at between which it is desired; and that notice thereof must be published in at least two newspapers of general circulation on its line, setting forth the relief sought, for at least ten days prior to the presentation of the petition. The commission will then appoint a time and place for hearing testimony for and against the petition. Complaints against common carriers of discrimination or other violations of the act must be by attested petition setting forth the facts complained of, and copies enough thereof must be furnished to allow of one being sent to each common carrier complained of, and must have the address of complainant or his counsel endorsed thereon. The carrier complained of must make verified answer within twenty days unless otherwise prescribed by the commission; the original to be filed with the commission in Washington and a copy furnished the complainant, or if the accused shall make satisfaction in the meantime, he may so state, in his answer. If the carrier complained of considers the complaint insufficient to show a breach of the law, instead of answering, he may notify the complainant of a readiness to have the case heard on the complaint, in which case the facts stated in the complaint will be taken as admitted and the commission will fix a time and place for the hearing, which will be at its office in Washington unless otherwise ordered. In case of failure to answer the commission will take proof and make an order in the premises.

The Michigan legislature passed the Rogers bill regulating state commerce. It provides penalities up to $15,000 for favoritism in rates, and provides a method of investigation by the state railroad commission.

Copious rains all over the Michigan peninsula have extinguished the forest fires. The relief fund for the Lake Lindin sufferers, including $20,000 appropriated by the legislature, amounts to about $40,-000.

H. J. Ramsdell, one of the most brilliant newspaper workers of Washington, a biographer of Mr. Blaine, and one of the latter's intimate friends, died very suddenly.

President and Mrs. Cleveland have left for Saranac lake, and as Col. Lamont goes along every vestige of interest will disappear from that quarter. Secretary and Mrs. Lamar left for the latter's home in Macon, Ga., for a stay of two weeks. Assistant Secretary Hawkins left for St. Louis, and Assistant Secretary Muldrow will run the interior department single-handed. In the other departments nothing but the simplest routine work will be transacted. The work incidental to the closing of congress has been entirely cleaned up in all the departments.

Bondholders in Frankfort, Amsterdam and London are after Jay Gould and Russel Sage with a suit for $5,000,000.

At the dog show now being held in Detroit city under the auspices of the Michigan Kennel club, the first honors on mastiffs were taken by the Wacouta kennels of St. Paul.

The president signed the commission of A. D. Ross, to be postmaster at Litchfield, Minn., in place of the present incumbent, who has resigned, the resignation to take effect June 1. The commission was made out the request of McDonald, to allow Mr. Ross to get his bond ready by the time his predecessor will leave the office.

Jacob Shepherd, who made himself notorious by bringing charges of fraud in guano contracts against Mr. Blaine, when the latter was secretary of state, has had a row with his wife on account of another woman, and they will be divorced.

The Bangor Commercial says President Cleveland will attend the Maine state fair in August.

The president and Mrs. Cleveland, it is announced, will be the guests of Gov. Hill at the executive mansion at Albany on the return trip of the couple from Lake Saranac.

It has not been supposed that Mr. Lamar would care to accept a place upon the bench, but some of his friends now say that he would.

The second circuit court to which Judge Lacombe has been appointed by the president, comprises New York, Vermont and Connecticut. F. H. Lacombe was born in New York in 1864 and has since been a resident of New York. Judge Lacombe entered the law department of the city in 1875, when W. C. Whitney was corporation counsel. He has risen through every grade until appointed corporation counsel in 1884. In 1885 he was reappointed to the place. Mr. Lacombe will probably leave the corporation counsel's office July 1. He has been a Democrat all his life.

At the opening of the general Presbyterian assembly at Omaha, the moderator announced that in accordance with the action of the assembly he formally declared that section 4, chapter 24, had been amended by striking out the last clause relating to the marriage of a husband with the sister of a deceased wife, and that the clause was no longer a part of the Presbyterian standard.

Commodore Wm F. Davidson, the great steamboatman, died of heart disease, at his residence in St. Paul, aged about 60. He left a large estate, somewhat encumbered, but still worth more than a million.

A fire broke out in the Belt stables between 53d and 54th street, N. Y. The building was entirely destroyed with 1,600 horses and nearly all the cars in the building, also 75 dwellings, tenement houses and other buildings. The loss is estimated at $1,000,000.

There is considerable excitement among club men and actors in New York over the rejection of the application for membership in the Union club of William J. Florence. The members decided that they would not admit actors.

George S. Birch & Co., wholesale grocers and commission merchants of Albany, made an assignment. The preferences amount to $68,800.

Fourth-class postmasters appointed: Dakota—McVille, F. W. McDougall. Minnesota—Tilden F. W. McNulty. Iowa—Delaware, Clara Marshall. Montana—Hurst, W. J. Dunn.

Judge Boyd in Dublin ordered the release of Father Ryan, of the Herbertstown Branch of the National League, and Father Slattery, who were imprisoned for refusing to give testimony in relation to the plan of campaign. The release, which caused much popular rejoicing, is due to the decision of the court of appeals in the case of Father Keller. A meeting was held in Dublin to arrange for founding a unionist club. Hartington, Chamberlain and others wrote wishing success to the promoters.

Postmasters commissioned—Iowa: Big Rock, T. Strathman; Clive, L. P. Wilcox. Minnesota: Cloquet, F. P. Thompson; Mentor, P. C. Moe; Pickwick, C. D. Suffrins. Wisconsin: Lodi, J. Mills; Loyal, H. S. Mulvey; Primrose, O. Peterson.

The marriage of Richard Nixon, correspondent of the New Orleans Times-Democrat, to Miss Agnes, daughter of Senator Dolph of Oregon, took place at the church Epiphany.

The theater comique of Paris was burned down during a performance. A large audience, panic stricken and screaming made frantic efforts to escape. Scores jumped from the windows to be dashed to death on the pavements. Sixty-seven are known to be killed.

The Indian, Loneman, was finally tried at Regina, N. W. T., for shooting Constable Leacley during the late rebellion. He was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. Loneman made a long address to the court protesting his innocence.

Watson, member for Manitoba, brought up in Dominion parliament a bill in favor of permitting the legislature of Manitoba charter for local railway lines to the boundary. Sir Charles Tupper in a vigorous speech opposed the motion. He said the agitation in Manitoba against the disallowance policy was solely in the interest of the Northern Pacific railroad. While the government was sorry to go counter to the wishes of the people of Winnipeg, yet the time had come for the administration to choose between prejudices of a section of the community and the interests of the whole of Canada. He appealed to members of the house, particularly those coming from maritime provinces, on behalf of which $4,000,000 had been voted to give the Canadian Pacific a port on the Atlantic seaboard, to vote the motion down, regardless of party.

Fully 20,000 visitors attended the dedication of the statue of Gen. James B. Steedman, at Toledo, Ohio. These included a great number of his old comrades in arms.

Quarantine Commissioner Thomas C. Platt, has addressed a letter to Governor Hill imploring him to relieve him from official duty by accepting his resignation. He closes by recommending that the governor appoint as his successor Col. Fred D. Grant, whose recent nomination for the position was "hung up" by the senate.

The pope's threat of excommunication does not seem to have alarmed Dr. McGlynn at all, but it has stirred up his friends considerably. They feel that something ought to be done in defense of the doctor, even if he will do nothing for himself.

Des Moines Special: Constable Frank Pierce was jailed by order of Judge Love, of the federal court, the charge being the seizure of a carload of beer from the Wabash road consigned to Hurlburt, Hess & Co. The Wabash being in the hands of a receiver, Judge Love held that the act of the constable is contempt of the court. He will return the liquors. Pierce was indicted by federal grand jury on a technical charge of perjury. The federal court officials seem determined to down Pierce somewhere along the line. He has been efficient in breaking up the illicit liquor traffic and not always discreet about it.

Capt. Meyers, Company E, 11th infantry, who is at present quartered at Pierre, says he is tried of driving off white settlers from Indian reservations.

Valley City, (Dak.,) claims the greatest prodigy in music in the Northwest, or anywhere else for that matter. It is Blanche Ramer, the four-year-old daughter of E. T. Ramer. She plays on the organ or piano strictly by note, and reads the note with surprising rapidity and accuracy and always counts her own time when playing.

It is expected that the Illinois Central is to push its extension from Freeport to Dodgeville, Wis., still further in a northwesterly direction, crossing the Mississippi river between Prairie du Chien and La Crosse.

At the session of the Iowa Congregational association Davenport was unanimously chosen as the place for holding the next session.

On the Pennsylvania railroad recently, fast line west was near Kittening Pointe the wheel of a freight train burst, and the car crushed into the passenger coaches with terrible effect, killing instantly four men and injuring nine others. The killed are: Dal. Graham, son of ex-Speaker Graham, Allegheny, Pa.; J. H. Stauffer of Lewisville, Ohio; Wyner Snyder, a one-legged man of Shaomkin, Pa.; John Dorris, a newsboy of East Liberty, Pa.; Frank McCue of New York city will die. Charles Beidelman of Brinfield, Noble county, Ind., is dying.

It is known that when congress meets bills will be introduced for the forfeiture of land grants of sixteen roads, covering the unfinished portions of such roads. They are: The Atlantic, Gulf & West India Transit, in Florida, 79 miles of road yet remaining unconstructed; the Mobile & Girard, in Alabama, 139 miles incompleted; the Gulf & Ship Island, 170 miles; the Selma, Rome & Dalton railroad, in Alabama, 23 miles; the Coosa & Chattanooga, 37½ miles; the Coosa & Tennessee road, 30 miles; the Jackson, Lansing & Saginaw road, in Michigan, 20 miles; the Ontonagon & Brule River, in Michigan, 75 miles; the Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon road, 46 miles; the Wisconsin Central, 84 miles; the St. Paul & Sioux City, 25 miles; the Sioux City and St. Paul, 26 miles; the Southern Pacific, of California, 84 miles; the California & Oregan, 43 miles; the Oregon & California railroad, 18 miles; the Northern Pacific, 235 miles.

Editor O'Brien was given a magnificent enthusiastic reception at Montreal, eight thousand men with torches were in line he closed his mission by again denouncing Lansdowne.

Archbishop Corrigan has just received the pope's brief nominationg him prelate assistant to the pontifical throne, news of which was cabled a month ago. Cardinal Simeoni sent a flattering letter with the brief. He stated that the honor was conferred on only those bishops who have done something remarkable for the faith, and that the bestowal of it at this time is especially significant.

The naval board reports to the secretary of the navy: The new cruiser Atlanta developed to within 4 per cent. of the contract horse power. The vessel is strong and well built and capable of showing increased power with some minor changes.

The business of the government so far this month indicates a large reduction of the public debt.

The case of the Minneapolis Gaslight company against the Kerr-Murray Manufacturing company of Fort Wayne, Ind., which was argued some weeks ago, was decided by the United States supreme court in favor of the Indian company, the court affirming with costs the judgment of the lower court.

The president and wife are fishing at upper Saranac, New York, and are having fine luck.

The action of the United States circuit court for the district of Minnesota in remanding the case of C. D. Fuller and B. C. Patrick vs. Jacob Lorson, sheriff of Freeborn county, to the state court for trial, caused the Thorn Wire Hedge Company of Chicago, intervenors, to carry their case to the supreme court, which affirmed the action of the lower court. The company held judgment against Patrick and by Lorson levied on a stock of goods supposed to be his, but which belonged to Fuller and Patrick. The latter sued the sheriff, who secured himself by an indemnity bond given by the Thorn company.

At Indianapolis, H. P. Wasson & Co., dry goods, were burned out. Loss, $50,-000; insurance, $30,000.

Since the death of Leopold Ranke, of the university of Berlin last year, George Bancroft of Washington is the oldest and most distinguished of historians.

Since the suspension of the long and short haul clause to the transcontinental roads the Canadian Pacific had not had everything its own way in the matter of through freights as it had before. The suspension resulted in a great reduction of rates on wool from California to the eastern seaboard. The overland line fixed its schedule at from $190 to $290 per hundred pounds according to variety. The Pacific Mail steamers have marked their rates down to $162, and the Canadian Pacific cut under this figure with the rate of $150. Since that rate was made the Canadian Pacific is reported to have gone still lower.

Another gigantic sheet iron and sheet steal pool is being formed in Pittsburg. The formation of the pool is said to have been begun recently, and it is claimed that at least $50,000,000 is represented in the combination, which, it is said, is to be composed of all the sheet iron and sheet steel manufacturers in the United States. The object of the pool is to advance prices.

Editor O'Brien arrived in Boston from Montreal recently. A large crowd was in waiting. An attempt was made to detach the horses from his carriage and draw him to the hotel, but this was prevented by the police. He spoke at the Boston theater in the evening.

Major. Ben. Perley Poore, the old correspondent died recently of Brieghts disease. Maj. Poore was born in Newburyport, Mass., at the family homestead of Indian Hill, Nov. 2, 1820. In 1838 and 1840 he worked on the Southern Whig, in Atlanta. He was secretary of legation at Brussels in 1841 to 1843; for some years after this he was engaged in searching the French archives for the State of Massachusetts and travelling in the Levant as the correspondent of the Boston Atlas. In 1848 he returned to this country and published biographies of Louis Philippe and Zachary Taylor. Three years later he published the early life of Napoleon Bonaparte. In 1851 he started the American Sentinel and was the editor and proprietor of it for three years, and in 1854 he came here as Washington correspondent of the Boston Journal and held that place until a few years ago.

The three republican groups of the chamber of deputies have held meetings and unanimously approved their president's in using their influence with President Grevy against the retention of Gen. Boulanger in the cabinet.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the Wisconsin poetess, is the mother of a bouncing boy.

At Neillsville, Wis., Daniel Allen, convicted of the murder of Henry Wright and awaiting sentence, escaped from jail. The jail door was found unlocked and the prisoner gone.

June 2 will be the anniversary of President Cleveland's marriage.

MINNESOTA NEWS.

Temperance in the Minnesota Public Schools.

The state superintendent of public instruction has issued a circular interpreting the law passed by the last legislature requiring the teaching of physiology and hygiene in the public schools with reference to narcotics and stimulants. He summarizes the results which should be attained as follows:

Children should be trained to a conscientious regard for and obedience to hygienic law. They should feel that laws of health are sacred, and that they ought not to do what in any degree impairs or threatens the health of the body. They should cultivate a high ideal of health, its beauty, its power and its usefulness; and withal cultivate an ambition toward physical as well as moral perfection. They should know how the elements of this world around them affect them, and condition the health and use of their bodies, as (1) the structure of the body in its frame-work, muscles, nerves, organs of nutrition and of sense; (2) the sustenance of the body in cleanliness, rest and clothing.

The treatment of the subject by the teacher, the circular holds, includes the following:

1. Names and sources of the common narcotic poisons. 2. Effects, by their use, upon the different parts of the body, as stomach, blood heart and various tissues. 3. Effect upon mental and moral faculties. 4. The tendency of indulgence to increase appetite. 5. Hereditary effects. 6. The tendency of indulgence to create disease, and weaken vital forces and prevent recovery from disease. 7. Prevailing errors corrected, as that alcoholic drinks give strength and increase power to endure heat and cold. 8. Its effects upon economic habits.

Arthur O'Keefe was killed on the Milwaukee Short Line at Merriam Park St. Paul.

At the fair grounds St. Paul 27th there was a large sale of Shorthorn cattle owned by James J. Hill and N. P. Clarke. Prominent stockmen from every portion of the Northwest were present. There were sixty sales, aggregating about $14,000.

Judge Goodrich, so well known in St. Paul, and Minnesota generally is reported in very poor health and suffering a good deal of pain.

A letter has been received at the governor's office from Gen. Ruger, of the regular army, announcing that Light Battery B, Fourth artillery, will encamp with Second regiment, National Guard, at Mankato.

John Fidde, postmaster at Jackson, is dead. He came from Sterlingshire, Scotland, in 1881, and was a brother of Hon. Alex Fiddes. He was appointed postmaster in 1886, succeeding his brother.

The ordinance submitting the proposition to bond the city of Winona for $100,-000 in aid of the Winona & Southwestern railroad passed the council unanimously amid great enthusiasm. The only condition made is that twenty miles of road be completed and in operation by January 1, 1889.

At Litchfield court, the most important action on trial was that of James Martin, indicted for stealing horses. He pleaded guilty to the charge of larceny in the second degree, and was sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

At Hawley, the farmer's elevator was burned with over 30,000 bushels of wheat. It is thought to have been the work of tramps. Loss, $25,000. The elevator will be rebuilt.

William Gilbert, a Chicago traveling man, was found murdered at midnight at St. Paul in a low negro dive. Arrests on suspicion have been made.

At Minneapolis, Dr. Samuel Lindley surprises his relatives and friends by committing suicide, without apparant reason.

W. H. Jackson, of the Duluth theater, has received plans for his new theatre, which it is proposed to erect on Superior street this year.

Lillie Fair, seventeen years old, was brutally murdered at Ashby, Otter Tail county.

Judge Brill at St. Paul has granted a decree of divorce to Thomas B. Humphrey from his wife Lizzie, on the ground of desertion. They were married at Hastings, Minn., in July, 1883. Plaintiff is a horse trainer, and when he removed to St. Paul his wife refused to come with him, and he has not since seen her, although two years have elapsed.

The arguments in the Nelson will case were concluded at Minneapolis, the jury retired, and in about five minutes returned with a verdict sustaining the will, which bequeaths all the property, valued at about $200,000, to the widow, Mrs. Emily Nelson.

A young gentleman whose name is believed to be Gill, and who is thought to belong in Minneapolis, arrived in a London (Eng.) hotel at the beginning of the week with plenty of money and baggage. He behaved so strangely he is believed to be insane. He fasts for long intervals.

Eric Hangros, whose daughter had been seduced by a man named Winter, in Moorhead, was found hanging to a tree, dead, near the latter town.

The third quarterly financial statement of the state board of charities and corrections has been issued by Secretary Hart. It shows the total appropriations of the legislature for the fiscal year ending July 31, 1887, for current expenses, lands, buildings, etc., to be $680,193.45. The expenses of the several institutions for the past nine months have been: current expenses, $307,116.81; lands, buildings, etc., $125,372.47, a total of $432,489.28. There still remains undrawn from the state treasury from the appropriations of the current and previous year a total of $333,-010.42. The treasurers of the several institutions had on hand April 30, 1887, $35,178.54.

The N. Y. Spirit of the Times speaks in a very complimentary way of the liberality of the Minnesota State Fair association in the matter of purses for speed.

A recent law passed by the late legislature requires all railway companies doing business in the state to turn into the secretary of the state before the first of July the amount of the stock of the company and its condition.

Calvin Matteson, in the employ of Mrs. Patrick Garvey of Rosemount, is charged with having stolen from her $100 in cash. He fled and got as far as Fairbault, where he was arrested by Officer Delaney and taken to Rosemont. There he was committed by Justice Keegan until the next term of the district court.

New Ulm Post: Mr. John Briebel of Cottonwood town has, as is well known, forty or fifty wild geese. Last fall, at the first appearance of snow, four flew away. This spring they all returned from the South, looking well and hearty. To Mr. Griebel's astonishment they came into the stable and mingled with the others as coolly and unconcernedly as though they had always remained at home. There was a shrewder look about them, however, than about those that had remained at home.

While boys were washing sheep in Lake Preston, fourteen miles west from Hutchinson, they caught the body of a man, badly bloated and so disfigured as to be past all identity, but there were such marks as to lend to the supposition that the head was crushed before the body was placed in the water. It is also rumored that it is the body of David Topliff, a well known person of considerable means.

One dark night Abraham Adams of St. Paul was walking along Jackson street and he fell into a coal hole, sustaining injuries that have since incapacitated him for the performance of important vital functions. He brought suit against the city to recover $10,000 damages. After hearing the arguments in the case Judge Wilkin held that the city was not responsible, but that the owners and tenants of the building were liable unless they could show that they had license from the city to maintain and operate a coal hole in the center of a public highway. The point is a novel one, and is the first of its kind in the state.

A mysterious fire destroyed the dwelling of Michael Dooley, with its contents, three and one-half miles from Kilkenney, Le Sueur county. Loss, $2,800; insured.

John Wilkins, an employe of Mayor Sutphin at the abattoir in Osceola, was killed by the St. Paul and Duluth freight train. He was on his way home at Osceola considerably intoxicated, and lay down to sleep on the track.

At the meeting of the members and congregation of the First Presbyterian church at Stillwater a unanimous call was extended to Rev. W. H. Albright of Auburn, N. Y., at a salary of $2,000 per annum, the sum of $800 being allowed him for traveling expenses in coming from the East. He will accept.

Mrs. Stephen D. Bell of Hempton, Dakota, recently dropped dead at Hastings, of heart disease.

Lake Minnetonka, west of Minneapolis, and White Bear, near St. Paul are receiving large accessions of pleasure seekers.

Henry Irving, in a paper discussing the evil influences of the stage upon the young of both sexes, argues that young persons liberally educated and healthily matured can discriminate between the good and bad on the stage as easily as they can separate the healthy from the vicious in literature.

The Paris correspondent of the Times telegraphs that Rouvier has formed a cabinet as follows: Rourier, premier and minister of France; Flourens, minister of foreign affairs; Spallo, justice; Fallierts, interior and public worship; Gen. Saussier, war; Admiral Doures, marine; Reville, agricultural; Etienne, public works; Sochery, post and telegraphs; Berthelot, public instruction.

MINNESOTA FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

The Farmers' Representatives Heartily Endorse the Interstate Commerce Law and Issue Addresses.

The spring meeting of the executive board of the Farmers' alliance was in session at St. Paul with President Barrett, Secretary Olson, and Messrs. Haigh, Diamond, Canning, Atwood, Hodgson and Boen present. Olson, Barrett, Diamond, Hague and Furlong were appointed as delegates to the business men's convention at Mankato on June 7. There was considerable discussion in regard to railroads and other topics of interest to the farmer.

The address proposed and adopted by the alliance may be summarized as follows:

To the Interstate Commerce Commission: Vigorously enforce the law, especially the long and short haul clause. Discrimination in favor localities is the greatest present railroad abuse. Such business interests can be sustained only by reason of the suspension of section 4, it seems to us ought not to be sustained at all. We urge the enforcement of equal and reasonable rates. There must be freedom of traffic everywhere. It is not reasonable that railway officials should vote themselves enormous salaries while employes are paid mean salaries. We urge the commission to consider the propriety of considering the entire management of railway expenditures with a view of correcting gross evils. A railway will pay one of its attorneys more for a few hour's talk before the supreme court of the United States than the chief justice receives for a year's service.

To the State Railroad Commission: We call your attention to the fact that our citizens are being levied upon to pay interest upon nearly $100,000,000 of fictitious capital. The last legislature gave them ample power to suppress this gigantic fraud. The people of the state look to the commission to take effective measures to relieve them from the payment of unreasonable rates amounting in the aggregate to nearly $10,000,000 annually. We request the enforcement of the Hixon law. Every obstacle in the way of reaching Duluth by easy and direct routes must be removed. We believe these, the following rates to be liberal and ask for their enforcement: For all distances over 20 miles and under 30, 4 cents per 100 pounds; over 30 and under 50, 4 1-2 cents; over 50 and under 75, 5 cents; over 75 and under 100, 5 1-2 cents; over 100 and under 150, 6 1-2 cents; for all distances over 165 miles and less than 300, from 7 1-2 to 13 1-2 cents, according to distances; all distances between 300 and 400 miles, from 12 1-2 to 16 cents. We are gratified to see that there has been a slight reduction in incoming freights.

To the Governor: We would remind him that he is responsible for the faithful enforcement of the laws. We hail with satisfaction the organization lately founded by the business men of Minnesota.

The members of the board called on the railroad commissioners. The conference was quite general in its nature, and a number of points in the railroad law were touched upon. Gen. Becker, of the commission, in answer to a question as to who had authority to enforce the Hixon freedom of traffic law, said that such authority was vested in the attorney general.

The report of the treasurer of the alliance showed a balance of $293 in the treasury. There are 482 subordinate alliances organized and 28 county organizations. In the discussion over raising of funds for the support of the work of the board it was decided to depend upon volunteer contributions until next fall, when some other plan will probably be presented and adopted. An address to the subordinate alliances, prepared by Messrs. Hodgson, Haigh and Canning, was presented and adopted. It congratulates them upon the flourishing condition of the alliance, urges them to renewed efforts to remedy their wrongs, interstate commerce law, and intimates that had it not been for the action of the alliance in the legislature last winter the then pending interstate bill might never have passed congress.

The committee to prepare for the total abstinence convention to be held in St. Paul June 15 announce that the convention will be held at the capitol. On the night of the 15th, a mass meeting will be held at market hall, and Bishop Ireland, Father O'Rilley, Father McGolrick, James R. Corrigan, John F. Brooks of Stillwater, Joseph O'Kelly of Shieldsville and John F. Carrgier are to be the speakers. On the afternoon of the second day a banquet will be served at the Ryan.

Mrs. Sarah A. Taylor, formerly of St. Paul and Minneapolis, was frightened into jumping from a second-story window in Oregon, and was killed by the fall.

St. Paul has a stock board in full operation. Calls of stock are made every day.

Patents issued to citizens of Minnesota—E. R. Bird, Elgin, four-horse evener; C. M. Gilbert, Minneapolis, grain scourer; A. C. Greenleaf, Fergus Falls, dental plugger; E. D. Libbey, St. Paul, corrugated sheet metal cutter; J. M. Schultz, Minneapolis, roller mill.

J. P. Hanson, a dealer in general merchandise at Evans, seven miles north of Sleepy Eye on the Redwood line, after disposing of his stock left the country, leaving numerous creditors among the wholesale houses in St. Paul.

T. M. Chapman, one of the oldest pioneers, at Spring Valley, died, aged sixty. He came in 1855, and was foremost in all efforts to build up the place.

Charles B. Morse, a negro forty-nine years of age, employed as hostler at the trotting park stables, at Winona was before the court charged with attempted rape to a white woman. He was admitted for trail.

The jury in the case of the state vs. Levens, charged with libeling Mr. Lovely, after being out a very short time, returned a verdict of guilty, but sentence was not passed.

A decree of divorce was granted in the case of Mary E. Martin vs. Albert P. Martin, formerly of Castle Rock, Dakota county, but latterly of Minneapolis.

Assistant Dairy Commissioner Eberman has returned to St. Paul from a trip through the southern part of the state, where he has been making tests of milk. He examined specimens at Zumbrota, Waseca, Eden and Kenyon, and found the milk very good indeed. The averages were unusually high compared with those of tests made in other places, a number of the specimens being far above the required percentage, one going as high as 4.40.

At Albert Lea, Judge Farmer sentenced C. W. Levens to pay a fine of $100 or go to jail for thirty days for libeling Mr. Lovely. The defense made a motion for a stay of sixty days as well as for a new trial.

Steel Bros. & Co. of Duluth have been awarded the contract for the government breakwater at Agate Bay, Lake Superior. The price is $19,948. The superstructure will be six feet above the water and be completed by Dec. 1 next.

Rev. James Cornell, for the past ten years rector of Grace Episcopal church at Wabasha, has resigned the pastorate.

The Winona base ball club held a meeting and decided to disband.

By a fire at Austin on the 25th the losses are estimated as follows: A. Frederick, building, $4,400; stock, $7,500. Insurance, $4,000, as follows: Pennsylvania Fire company, $1,000; Brooklyn Phenix, $2,000; Lancashire, $1,000. James Garrity; loss, $1,200; insurance, $2,000 in Home. William Richards, building, $950; insurance, $500 in North American. James Cronan, stock, $1,800; insured for $1,000 in Glens Falls company. Main street stores, $700; damage on removed goods, $500. Total loss, $17,000; insurance, $7,000.

A fire at Elgin, Wabasha county, originated in the Eureka house. The flames spread to the residence of R. S. Ordway, which with his barn were consumed. A stock barn belonging to C. S. Richardson burned. Mr. Ordway saved about all his household effects, teams, buggies and sleighs. Only a small part of the furniture in the hotel was saved. The residence of J. H. Graham, in direct line of the flames, was saved by the heroic efforts of the bucket brigade.

The following are the names of young men graduated from the State University this year: N. M. Cross, E. A. McKinney, L. A. Lamoreaux, H. W. Brewster, A. O. Dinsmoor, R. M. McKenzie, M. S. Lamoreaux, G. E. Burnell, J. H. Rosselot, Ed Winter, W. P. Mielkes, E. A. Poe, A. B. Gould, J. M. Olson, George C. Andrews, T. H. Crosswell, E. A. Emery, C. Graham, G. H. Hammond, J. A. Hawley, J. D. Hinshaw, M. E. Hinshaw, E. R. McKinney, Mary L. Smith, Fremont Crane and J. L. Gilman.

Pensions issued to Minnesotians: J. W. Crump, Redwood Falls; B. N. Bunch, Brownton. Increased: M. Jorgenson, Willmar; G. Klein, Zanesville; L. Labree, Monticello; P. T. Safford, St. Cloud; M. Smits, Minneapolis.

Storms on Lake Pepin have washed up many pieces of antique pottery on the beach of Bay City. Seemingly the prehistoric mound builders manufactured pottery near there, probably on some island now submerged. Many curious specimens were washed ashore this spring, and a number of families have large collections of these rude and antique utensils.

At St. Cloud, Rev. W. M. Martin, the Methodist pastor, had Robert Small arrested and jailed on a charge of attempting to swindle him. Small has tried the same game on Mr. Martin three times during the last four years of getting small sums by pretended Methodism and a pitiful story of misfortunes. Twice he was successful and both times Mr. Martin found he spent the money for liquor.

UNDER THE WHITE ROSE.

BY QUEEN BEE.

From the Yankee Blade.

Uncle Mervin and I stopped off a few days in Nashville on our return from the Exposition. After visiting all the points of interest in and around the city, we concluded to take a run down to Murfresboro, and see for ourselves the place "where the battle was fought," the cemetery in which sixteen thousand of our brave soldiers are quietly resting. I tell you the simple story of one brave heart that rests beneath a lovely white rose bush.

Uncle had remained silent for some time; a far-away expression rested upon his face, his thoughts evidently running back over the days of his youth, and on down to that terrible day of the battle that proved fatal to the brave hearts underneath the sod on which we stood.

Suddenly recalling himself, he said: "Helen, let us sit down on the grass and I will tell you a story. A true one if you would like to hear it." I most willingly expressed my desire to listen. And he related this simple story that touched me as never story had done before:

This, as I have told you, is Cousin Leonard's grave. Some way I have always blamed myself for his body resting here. One day in the early spring, I sat writing as usual in my little office, for I was that most "put upon" of all mortals, reporter for a daily paper, but the daylight had faded into twilight, making it impossible for me to continue writing. I put aside my papers, and crossing the room, seated myself beside "Cousin Len," as we always called him.

He had entered while I was writing, and for fear of "making me furious," as he said, he quietly laid down on the lounge to "await my pleasure." What a grand man! As he lay there he looked like the model for a sleeping Hercules.

His tall, powerful figure, his bold handsome features, shaded by crisp, short curls of dark brown, his long black eyelashes lying now on his cheek, were each and all perfect in their beauty. As I stood looking down upon him and thinking a man like Cousin Len is surely the noblest work of all God's creatures, I felt that even in him there was something wanting, and I longed for something to arouse him, something that would throw the fire of action and resolution into this grand and noble brain.

Stooping down I shook him, saying as I did so, "get up, old fellow, I am ready now to entertain or be entertained."

"Well, old Scratchaway, have you actually finished that everlasting pen scratching? Beautiful music to listen to! Why don't you take life easy, Merv?"

"Because I can't. It is all very well for you, lord of broad acres and countless money bags besides, but I must work."

I loved this cousin dearly, but his indolent, easy life always irritated me when I was tired out with the "everlasting scratching" as he termed it. I often found myself comparing his life of ease with my life of toil. This feelling had strong hold on me just then, and I said, somewhat sharply:

"To turn the question table, why don't you quit this idle, good-for-nothing life, and do something?"

"There is nothing that I can do, positively nothing," and he yawned as if the very mention of work tired him.

"Knock around and find something."

"What's the use? Haven't I been everywhere, and actually passed a perfect martyrdom of stage coaches and railroads, at home and abroad. Why, I even went to Fort Leavenworth, hoping to find work there, and how was it? the Indians made tracks when they heard I was coming, and when I got there all was quiet and I had nothing to do but come back here and torment you, cousin mine."

"But Len."

"Now don't I know all you're going to say. I ought to take more interest in life, in politics, for instance, but for the life of me I never can tell which man to go for. I ought, in short, to be anything in the world but the lazy, useless sinner that I am, but I can't, so there's an end to it."

I abandoned the field, as I always did, silenced, but not convinced. I knew so well the fund of good underlying this good nature that it grieved me to the heart to see his talents, education and master intellect rusting in his inert frame. Yet I waited, not very patiently, I must confess, for the enthusiasm that would rouse all his dormant powers into action.

It came too soon.

"Merv., old boy," he said to me one week later, as he lounged into my office, "don't you want to go South in my company?"

"What?"

"You see, those rogues have got Sumpter, and I've a notion I should like soldiering, so I have applied for a commission in cavalry, and if you like I will make you my first lieutenant."

I was too much astonished to make any reply.

"Come" he said, playfully holding my hand and taking my pen away; then, suddenly changing his playful mood to one of earnestness, he bent down and looked with his glorious eyes, full of noble resolution, into my face.

"Cousin mine, I have awakened up at last. I think I have found my work. God willing, my strength, life if need be, shall be given for my country. May my right arm wither at my side when it refuses to hold the flag aloft, and the dear old Buckeye State refuse to own me as a son when I prove false to my duty."

He had shown me my duty. It was I that was the laggard, not he.

The work of recruiting commenced in earnest. We were very busy; the recruits poured in fast; yet in all the excitement of the drill Len's eyes never flashed again as they did in my dull little office when he invited me to join him. He was always at his post, gentlemanly, well dressed, perfectly at his ease, taking in all the responsibilities and difficulties of his new position with the same indifference that characterized his whole life. His acquirement of his new routine of duty was as easy as his mastery of the accomplishments that made his life so graceful and fascinating. He gained the confidence and complete mastery over the men in his company. Strange to say they fairly worshiped him. No officer of the corps was more rigid in his exaction of drill duty than this polite, soft-spoken Hercules; but his patience, his gentleness, and his care for the comfort of "his boys" was something marvelous.

But I must hasten on lest I weary you.

If you could have known him and loved him as I did, you would not wonder at me recounting his virtues; it is all that is left me now.

Never shall I forget our little battle. Our company had been inactive for some days. We had been held back as a reserve guard, and the men waited in stern silence for the summons to move. Leonard and I, side by side, one of the aids riding rapidly by us, spoke a few hurried words to him.

Without a word, with a simple wave of the hand, he motioned his men to follow. At a steady pace we advanced on, on to the weak point in the column of infantry before us. Cautiously and softly we moved forward, Leonard's eyes fixed in a blaze of light, looking steadily forward, his lips set in a smile of strange beauty, his pale face stern, yet as beautiful as an avenging angel's; these were my beacons to this march of death. At a small clearing he stopped, waited till the men formed silently around him, then rising in his saddle, he raised his right hand, armed with the heavy sword, and in a voice clear, full, startling as a trumpet's call, he gave the word, "Charge!"

I kept close beside him. In the wild scene of blood and carnage that followed, his tall figure, his clear voice, the sweeping strokes of his powerful arm were all my guides, my terrors. The constant fear and dread of his falling haunted me. In the fury of that close combat his horse was killed, but he arose unhurt to keep his place on foot. Once, only once, he faltered; the ground was strewed with the dead and dying. He was pressing forward heedless of everything but the advancing enemy, when a man lying across his path raised his hand and in a faint voice, implored "Captain for God's sake don't tread on me!" He stooped to raise the sufferer in his arms. The tears rained down his cheeks as the poor fellow's head fell back dead.

"Mervin, I cannot bear this!" In another moment he rallied and dashed forward again. Soon I missed him. Through all that long dreadful day he was away from my side. In the night search, lantern in hand, I trod over the field, weary and heart sick, searching with trembling hand. The rays fell at last on the noble features, the tall grand figure, the right arm that had so nobly defended the flag in that day's struggle.

He lay quiet and still, the perfect type of manhood, grand and noble in life, beautiful in death. My story is ended, shall we go? I am an old man now and shall never visit his grave again.

As we turned from the grave I plucked a leaf and bud from the rosebush that bent over the grave, as a sad sweet memento of the hero who had lost his life at the battle of Murfreesboro.

His Pride Had a Fall.

Mr. W. T. Hornaday, the naturalist of the Smithsonian Institute, is in a peck of trouble. There was no well-preserved specimen of the American bison in the national museum, and as the species is almost extinct he started out last fall with a party of hunters to capture the last of the buffaloes. For two months he hunted along the Powder River, where they are most numerous, and succeeded in killing a number of animals, but was not able to capture a good specimen alive. He brought home the bones and skins, and selecting the best bull in the lot has stuffed it and set it upon a pedestal in the museum. He considers it a great work of art, as well as a true reproduction of nature, and was very proud of his success as well as his skill. The other day, when the work was done and the animal placed on its pedestal, he invited Professor Baird, Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Van Vleit and a number of other distinguished army officers, who had chased the bounding bison over the plains, to come to the museum and criticise his work, expecting to hear nothing but eulogisms.

To his disappointment and dismay they all, with one accord, commenced making the most savage criticisms. One said it was too short, another thought it was too long; others claimed it was too fat, more that it was too lean. Some said the position of the legs was not natural, and several declared that no living buffalo ever stuck his nose up in the air like that. There was not a hair that pleased any one. The entire company expressed their surprise that a man of Mr. Hornaday's experience and skill should waste his time stuffing a rusty old bison like that one. He was advised to throw it away and take another trip to the West to get a good one.

Poor Hornaday was all broken up. His pride became at once the most distasteful object he can look at and there is no longer any joy for him in the wide world. The critics are having as much fun over the affair as Hornaday is having sorrow, for the criticisms were premeditated and the result of a cruel conspiracy to humiliate him. As one of the scientists in the institution explained it recently:—

"Hornaday was getting altogether too much glory out of his condemned old beast, and we thought we would fetch him down a peg. He had actually convinced himself that there was not a specimen in the whole museum worth looking at except that bison. He thinks differently now.—Letter in the Chicago News.

A Ten Years Enmity Ends in Murder.

From the New York Sun.

A London financial journal just received here contains news of the shooting in the Transvaal country of South Africa of C. X. Hobbs, a mining prospector, by Jefferson McClelland on March 24 last. Every one who has any acquaintance among the pioneers of the Pacific slope will remember these two men. For a quarter of a century they figured in the history of those momentous times out in California, and "Cld C. X." especially, as Hobbs was familiarly known, played a somewhat prominent part in many of the big deals. McClelland was considered the best mining expert on the Comstock lode. The news of his killing Hobbs recalls a circumstance that makes a romance of the event. More than ten years ago McClelland had a dispute with Hobbs over a stock speculation, which resulted in an understanding that the quickest man with his pistol would be the only survivor if they should ever meet. Both men were living in San Francisco then, but Hobbs drifted East and settled down in this city. From here he went to London a couple of years ago, and was employed last winter to look into some mining property in the Transvaal country for a London syndicate. How "Jeff." McClelland came to go there too is not known, but one of his friends here says that he went to Australia a few years ago, and he probably drifted thence to South Africa. The two men thus went around the world in opposite directions, and, ten years after their quarrel, met as superintendents of adjoining properties in that dreary country. The immediate result was the death of Hobbs. McClelland fired the only shot, and it went right through his opponent's heart.

Railroads in War.

St. Nicholas.

The first thing for a boy or girl to remember in considering war is—that soldiers must eat. It is generally supposed that the most important duty of a soldier is to fight; but this is a mistake. He must eat before he can fight; and more battles have been lost because commanders could not feed their armies than because they could not fight the enemy.

The control of the railroads is the object of every great campaign in modern war. Whoever holds the railroads can move troops and ammunition and food to the important point more quickly than the enemy. And everything depends upon being stronger than your enemy at the important point. One man is nearly as good as another man, at least on the average. Ten thousand men of one nation are nearly sure to be worth ten thousand of another; and certainly in the great American war, where all of the men were of the same nation, there was little difference in the fighting quality of the opposing forces. One side had more dash, the other more endurance; one perhaps went into battle more furiously, the other I should say held out more stubbornly; but in the end the men on one side were about as good for fighting purposes as those on the other. Whoever had most men, therefore, was most likely to win. But they must be equipped and fed. To have more men than you can feed is worse than not having enough.

A BAG WITH HOLES.

BY ROSE TERRY COOK.

Springfield Union.

Aunt Pratt sat in the south window of the kitchen, knitting. She had a right to sit there, for she paid her board punctually, having "means," as the neighbors said.

What the Potters would have done without her board to help them, they could not think—now they had it! Yet before Mrs. Potter's Uncle Ebenezer died they had lived just as many other people live. Uncle Eben had never helped his niece at all since he gave her a modest outfit and a hundred dollars in cash, when she married Rowley Potter, a young fellow who was getting good wages in the great rifle factory at H.

Louisa was a pretty, capable, bright girl then; but that was twenty years ago. Now she was a thin, sallow, fretful woman. Potter still worked in the "rifle shop," as they called it, but he had only a dollar a day more wages than when he was married, and there were four children. Lotty, eighteen years old, pretty, pert and vain, worked in a hosiery, store. Tom, sixteen, was in a nut-and-bolt shop; Idalia, a girl of fourteen, was a "cash girl" in Holmes & Harper's great dry goods store. Tom and Lotty paid their board, "Idy" clothed herself, she could get bargains and remnants so cheap, when she should be promoted into a "sales lady" she would pay like the others. The fourth child, little Davy, was only ten; he went to a public school.

When Aunt Pratt was left a widow she made up her mind to sell the farm and board somewhere; she had no children, but she did have rheumatism enough to tire her with its aches and stiffness more than a family of the noisiest boys and girls could have tired her. The farm was a good one, well improved, the house and barns in thorough repair, and there were six cows and two horses, as well as plenty of farming implements. She got $4,-500 for the whole. The neighbors said it was worth more; the buyer said it was worthless, so shrewd Aunt Pratt considered the price fair.

Then there was $1,500 in Dalton bank, the slow accumulation of butter and egg money and the sale of poultry and calves; $6,000 in all, and every cent of it her own. Squire Hart of Dalton, who was executor of the will, invested the money in safe ways at six per cent., and Mrs. Pratt began to look about her for a home. She knew that Louisa Potter had felt hurt about her Uncle Pratt's will; he only left to her her grandmother's mahogany furniture and the savings bank book in which he had deposited the profits made out of the Friesland hens and the white heifer calf she left in his hands when she married—a sum amounting to $100 now.

But Lousia and her husband had expected more, and Mrs. Pratt was a just woman, capable of understanding other people's feelings so she did not wonder. After much thought, and without any suggestions from them, she proposed to come into H. and board with Louisa. So they gave up to her Lotty's front bedroom, and put Lotty in with Ida; and as they cooked and ate in the same room where they sat at evening, Aunt Pratt's rocker, her footstool, her small round table and her work basket were established in the sunny south window, where she could look down into the street and up into the sky; for this tenement was on a corner, and the Potters had the third story flat.

It was a great change for Aunt Pratt, but she was a woman brought up in the old New England fashion to do what she perceived to be her duty, however unpleasant and painful, without shrinking or complaint, and she had made up her mind that it was her duty to help the Potters.

She missed the fresh air of the farm, the quiet of her own house, the new milk, the sweet butter, the good bread; but she said nothing as she sat day after day, in her window knitting or mending, her big Bible open on the stand, and her thoughts very busy with the things around her, as well as with the things that are above. For Aunt Pratt had made a resolution to leave her money in the way it would do her relatives the most good and she must study them and their customs before she could discover what that way was. She soon found out that they were always in debt. Potter had good wages, Lotty and Tom were off his hands, Ida had only her board given her, and Davy was inheritor of Tom's old clothes and his father's too. It seemed to aunt Pratt that there must be a leak somewhere that she did not discover at once.

She was reading her Bible in course, and one day came upon a verse in the prophecy of Haggai that seemed to explain the situation to her and opened her eyes. The next day Lottie came in shivering; she had caught a severe cold, and huddled over the cook stove wrapped in an old shawl, coughed and sighed and sighed and scolded all day, till she was too hoarse to speak.

"Have you got on your winter flannels?" asked Aunt Pratt, for it was November.

"Flannels? I guess not. I haven't any."

"Why, Lotty!"

"Well, poor folks can't have everything. I'd got to have a winter suit, and there was such a lovely one at the Boston store; a satin petticoat, with drapery of camel's-hair—imitation, I mean, but awful pretty—and a real splendid basque, satin vest and gilt buttons; only $20. I tell you, Aunt Pratt, it was swell and no mistake; but I couldn't afford soft flannels after that."

"Is it a thick dress?" queried Aunt Pratt.

"No, not very; not so thick as this shop dress; but I don't mind that. I ain't coldblooded."

"And your shoes, are they thick?"

"Oh, they're just cheap boots; thick soles do cost so. My best ones are French kid with lovely high heels. They can't have thick soles."

"And have you a warm petticoat?"

"Mercy! I don't want to be all humped up with things? I've got an old felt skirt, and a striped cambric for every day, and four white ones, trimmed with edging."

Aunt Pratt shook her head.

"A hole in the bag! A hole in the bag!" she said sadly.

"Why, what upon"—but a fit of coughing stopped the words, and left Lotty's chest so sore she did not finish her question.

She was so ill that night that a doctor was sent for—a young man round the corner, just beginning practice, therefore cheaper than a man of experience. He at once proceeded to blister his patient and give her antimony. Low delirium set in, and for six weeks Lotty was unable to leave her bed, and for a month more she could not go to work. Bills came in to twice the amount of the blue dress's price, and could not be paid.

"Oh, what a hole in the bag!" sighed Aunt Pratt.

When Lotty was a little better, her father came in one noon with a hand bill given to him in the street—a flaming advertisement of the Black Crook performance.

"Say, Lou, don't you want to go to this to-night? It's a month o' Sundays since we've had a lark; let's go," he said, tossing the play bill into his wife's lap.

"Oh, pa," screamed Idalia, take me. Oh, do! Now, won't you?"

"N'me too," squeaked Davy, who had a hoarse cold.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Potter. "I don't want two babies taggin' at my heels. Somebody's got to stay with Lott."

"Why, there's Aunt Pratt," said Ida.

"Maybe she'd like to go; would you, aunty?" asked Potter, blandly. He had a mind to keep the right side of a woman with "means."

"Me!" said the old lady, with a stern reproof in her voice and face. "Me go to such a place? No indeed!"

"Well, well! everybody to their mind. I like a bit of fun first rate now and then. We go quite considerable, first and last; a body must be amused."

"O, father!" put in Mrs. Potter, urged by the whispered teasing and cross faces of Ida and Davy; "do take them children along! Ida hasn't been nowhere since Lott was took sick; and Davy's only a boy. Let him have a good time while that he can; his troubles will come fast enough before long. Now, do let 'em go!"

"Well, I guess they can. Lott won't want 'em if Aunt Pratt's here."

So at night he came home with four tickets to the performance, a bag of peanuts and a paper of candy, and they set out to enjoy themselves. Tom had announced at noon that he was "goin' to take his girl."

Aunt Pratt groaned in spirit. "Another hole in the bag, and a big one!" she said to herself.

When would the doctor's bill and debts at the drug store ever be paid?

Aunt Pratt had always lived in the country and been honest. She had no experience of the class who crowd our theaters, minstrel halls and circuses, who buy cheap finery, and expensive, poor beer and bad butter, but never pay their rent, or lay up one penny in all their lives.

As the spring came on Aunt Pratt noticed one day that Potter looked disgusted with his dinner, and Lotty left hers untasted. No wonder! Aunt Pratt could not eat it herself. The potatoes were poor, and boiled to a watery, insipid mass; the calves' liver tried to a black, leathery substance; the bread old and dry, and the turnips rank and unsavory.

"I say, pa!" exclaimed Tom, "we're all gettin' spring poor. I don't care a hang for my vittles. Let's have a dozen of lager; that'll set us all up."

So the lager came and was used up, and another dozen ordered, and then another; but the appetites did not improve—nor the cooking. At last the beer seller refused to fetch more, unless what he had brought them was paid for.

"Oh dear! Oh, dear!" sighed Aunt Pratt. "What a hole in the bag!"

Next day she said to her niece: "Lowisy, will you let me buy and cook the dinner to-morrow? I'll make you a present of all the virtles I get, if you will."

Louisa consented, much astonished, and Aunt Pratt came back from market with two pounds of solid beef—a coarse piece, it is true, but cheap and fresh. She bought a few onions, a carrot, and one small stalk of celery, the whole cost 30 cents. Then she prepared a stew, and paring the potatoes put them in cold water till it was time to add them; the celery, two onions, half a carrot sliced thin were put in with the beef, which she had cut into pieces of perhaps two inches square. Salt and pepper were sprinkled in liberally, and as she put her stew on before breakfast and let it simmer all the morning, adding the sliced potato at 11 o'clock, it was well done by noon.

"George! how good the dinner smells!" ejaculated Tom.

"Got roast turkey, Lou?" inquired Potter, sniffing and smelling.

Even listless Lou wanted some dinner that day; the rest recovered their appetites—without any more lager!

"I wish to the land you'd learn cookin' of Aunt Pratt!" said Potter.

"I wonder if I've sewed up that hole?" thought Aunt Pratt.

But she had not. Louisa was too old to learn new tricks, as we say about dogs; she continued to buy the best meat and cook it in the worst way, and still the money leaked from that hole in the bag.

"Hullo, Tom!" said Potter one Sunday morning, as Tom sauntered into the room with a half smoked cigar in his mouth. "Ain't you tony? Why, that cigar smells like a rose!"

Aunt Pratt wondered what sort of a rose had an oder like tobacco.

"It had ought to," sententiously remarked Tom. "Them fellers cost me five cents apiece by the hundred."

"Well, I kin put up with my pipe so fur; but you young fellers have got to have your fling, I reckon. By'm-by you'll fall back one brier wood an' nigger head."

"Another hole in the bag," murmured Aunt Pratt, who had patiently darned Tom's threadbare socks and patched his worn shirts for him every week for months.

"Well, here I be!" shouted Potter as he came in on Monday about ten o'clock.

"Why, what has fetched you home?" inquired his wife.

"Oh, our fellers have struck; we're goin' to have less work and more pay; them darned capitalists has over-rode us long enough; we're bound to have our share of the dollars we make, now I tell you!"

"For the mercy's sakes!" ejaculated Louisa.

"Where are you going to work now?" dryly asked Aunt Pratt.

"Why, back again, as soon as the bosses come to terms."

"But supposin' they shouldnt?"

"Oh, they've got to; can't lose their contracts, no way; we've got 'em where the hair's short."

"But supposin' they hold out for a month's time or six weeks?"

"Oh, we get a 'lowance out of the assessments; we ain't goin' to starve."

"Who's paying them assessments?"

"The fellers that have got money enough laid away; they're taxed for the general good; so much a week till the strike's over."

"Be you assured?"

"Lord! do ye think I've got a cent in the bank? Four children and starvin' wages. What's three dollars a day with four in the family, an' clothes, an' rent, an' vittles, an' light, an' fuel, an' doctors, an' Lord knows what all?"

"A bag with holes!" ran through Aunt Pratt's mind as she looked back on the past six months.

Weeks passed on; the "bosses" were not only firm but hired other men in the strikers' places, and went on with the contracts. Potter sulked, and lounged and swore, and made his pipe and himself a daily nuisance in the house. Before long Aunt Pratt discovered that the assessments were decreasing, and alarmed lest Potter should insist on sharing her small property among his brood, on communistic principles, she quietly withdrew herself one day to an old ladies' home, where the payment of a small sum insured her a peaceful and pleasant home for life; and from her retreat she gave much aid and comfort to the women of the Potter family, but refused any to the two men.

"I can't waste my pittance on beer and tobacco!" she said sharply; and she meant what she said. When she died, her money was all left to the Home where she lived, to endow two free admissions, the three women of the Potters to have the preference.

"I have lived," said that document, "after the term of the bequest. "to see what the Bible meant when it says in Haggai 1: 6, 'Ye eat, but ye have not enough; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink; ye clothe you, but there is none warm; and he that earneth wages, earneth wages to put into a bag with holes;' and I will not leave behind me any dollars to go into that bag."

"Old crank!" said the disappointed Potter, when the lawyer finished reading.

"Who? Haggai?" politely inquired that gentleman.

De Garmo—"What does your sister say about me, Bertie?" Bertie—"She said that she didn't think you'd ever set the river on fire." De Garmo—"What confidence she has in me! Of course she knows that I'm too honorable to do anything of that kind."

The county of Clermont, O., has a citizen who has worn the same pair of boots continuously, day and night, without once removing them, for eighteen months. He expects to wear them six months longer, and thereby win a bet of $100.

IN AFTER DAYS.

When other eyes look love to thine
And other lips caress thee;
When other arms around thee twine,
And other tones address thee;
When to thy glance another choice
Replies, with tender smiling,
And in thine ear another voice
Sounds full of love beguiling—
Then will no memory with thee plead
And whisper low of me?
Will not my image intercede—
Can I e'er die to thee?

When to thy cheek another face
Lies close in fond caressing,
And from thy brow care's every trace
Another hand is pressing;
When on thy breast another heart
Finds refuge from all sorrow,
And, knowing ye need never part,
Dreads not a lonely morrow;
E'en then will memory with thee plead
And whisper low of me;
Then shall my image intercede—
I'll ne'er quite die to thee.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

"The young man you met at the gate, sir? Yes, that is my son—my boy, Jack.

"You noticed the scars on his face, and thought, maybe, that they spoilt features meant to be handsome?

Ah, sir! that was because you did not know. Why, those red marks make him more beautiful to me now than when a baby in my arms, with yellow curls and laughing eyes and a skin like a rose-leaf; the people hurrying in and out of the trains would turn to look and smile at him, and praise him to each other, speaking low, maybe, but not too low for a mother's quick, proud ears to hear.

"For we lived in a little house close by the station, and when I heard the whistle of his father's train, I used to snatch the boy from his cradle or off the floor where he sat with his little playthings, and run down to the farther end of the long depot where the engine always halted to get the smile and loving word that my heart lived on all the day.

"Not a least bit afraid was the baby of all the whistling and clanging of bells, the groaning of the wheels and puffing of the steam. He would laugh and spring so in my arms that I could scarcely hold him, till his father would reach down sometimes and lift him up in the engineer's cab and kiss him for one precious minute and then toss him down to me again.

"When he grew a little older he was never playing horse or soldier like the other little fellows around; it was always a railroad train that he was driving. All the smoothest strips of my billets of kinding wood went to build tracks over the kitchen floor, hither and thither, crossing and re-crossing each other.

"'Don't move my switch, mother, dear!' he used to cry out to me. 'You will wreck my train, for sure!'

"So I had to go softly about my work with scarce a place sometimes to set my foot. And all the chairs in the house would be ranged for cars, the big rocker, with the tea bell tied to its back, for the engine; and there he would sit perched up by the hour, making believe attend to the valves and shouting to the fireman.

"I shall never forget the first time his father took him to ride on the engine.

"Jack had begged over and over to go, but his father always bade him wait until he was older. So I said:

"'Don't tease father any more, Jack dear;' and like a true little heart that he was, he had not said another word about it for a matter of six months or more.

"But that day such a wistful look came into his face, and he pulled himself up tall and straight, and said quite softly, his voice trembling a little, 'Father, do you think I am grown enough now?'

"Looking at him, I saw tears in his pretty eyes. I think his father saw them, too, for he turned to me in a hurry and said:

"'We meet the up train at Langton, Mary, and Will Brown will bring the little chap back all straight, I know. What do you say?'

"What could I say but yes? At supper-time he was back, but he could not eat. His eyes were like stars, and there was a hot, red spot on each cheek, so that I feared he would be ill. And I thought he would never be done talking, but now he had said scarce a word.

"'What was it like, Jackie?' I asked him.

"'O, mother!' he said, 'it wasn't like anything!'

"He sat for a moment thinking, then he said, 'Unless it was like—you read last Sunday.'

"'And what was that, Jack?' I inquired, for I had forgotten.

"'Don't you know, mother? The wings of the wind!'

"That was not his last ride on the engine by many times, for as he grew older, his father would take him often on Saturdays or other half-holidays. He was perfectly trusty and obedient. I believe he would have had his right hand cut off sooner than have meddled with anything.

"But he knew every valve and screw and gauge, and watched every turn of his father's hand, and learned the signals all along the line, so that my husband said to me more than once:

"'I believe in my heart, Mary, that if I was to be struck dead on the engine, Jack could run her through without a break!'

"He was in school and learning fast but out of hours he was always pouring over books and machinery and steam. Such an odd child as he was, with thoughts far beyond his years!

"Sometimes, sitting here by myself, I go over in my mind the very strange things he used to say to me those days.

"I remember that one evening he had been reading for a long time in some book that he got out of the public library; but by-and-by he stopped and leaned his head on his hand, looking into the coals. Then all at once:

"'Mother,' said he, 'isn't it a wonderful thing that God could trust men with it?'

"'With what, Jack?'

"'With the steam—the power, in it, I mean! It was a long time before He did. But when the right time came and then He told.'

"'O, mother!' said he, with his eyes shining, 'what must it have been to be James Watt, and to listen to such a secret as that?'

"In a minute he spoke again:

"'And it's never safe to forget to listen, because we don't know when He might speak, or what there might be to hear!'

"I could not answer him for a choking in my throat, but I had laid down my knitting, and put my arms around him; and he looked up into my face with something in his eyes that I never forgot.

"We were getting on well then. The little house and garden were almost paid for, and we thought that nowhere in the world were happier people than we, or a brighter, cosier home. My husband and I were always talking of this and that to be done for Jack as soon as the last payment should be made. But before the money was due my husband came home very sick one day.

"'Do not be frightened, Mary,' he said. 'I think I shall be better to-morrow.'

"But he only grew worse next day. It was a lung fever that he had, and for many days we thought he must die. Yet he rallied after a time—though he kept the hacking cough—and sat up and moved about the house, and at last thought himself strong enough to take his place again.

"But that was too much, for at the end of the first week he came home and fell fainting on the threshold.

"'It's no use, Mary,' he said, after he came to himself. 'I can't run the engine, and if I could it isn't right for people's lives to be trusted to such weak hands as mine!'

"He never did any regular work after that, although he survived a year.

"Consumption is a terrible disease, sir! To see one that you would give your heart's blood to save, slipping, slipping away before your eyes, and you helpless to hold him back by so much as a hair's breadth from the gulf of death! Ah, sir! I trust you have never learned how hard it was!

"Young as he was, Jack was my stay and comfort through that dark time. My poor husband had matters in his mind that he longed to speak to me about, but I always put him off, for I could not listen to anything like his going away from us.

"But at last, the very day before the end came, as I sat by his bed holding his hand in mine, he said, very gently but firmly:

"'Mary, wife, I think you must let me speak to you to-day.'

"I fell to crying as if my heart would break, and he drew a pitiful sigh that went like a sword to my breast, yet I could not stop the sobs. Then Jack rose up from the little stool where he sat so quietly that I had almost forgotten he was there, and came and touched me.

"'Mother! dear mother!' he said; and as I looked I saw his face was perfectly white, but there were no tears in his eyes.

"'Mother!' he said again, 'please go away for a little while. I can't bear what father wants to say.'

"You will think me cowardly, sir, but I did as the child bade me. I left the door ajar, and I could hear my husband's weak voice, though I could not understand the words, and then my brave boy's answer, clear and low, not a break or tremble in the sweet voice. And at last Jack said:

"'Is that all, dear father?' and, 'Yes, I will be sure to remember it, every word!'

"Then he came out and kissed me with a smile, and went through the out door.

"But an hour afterward, when I went out to the well, I heard a little choaking sound and found him lying on his face in the long grass under the apple tree, sobbing his very heart away. So I turned about and went into the house as softly as I could, and never let him know.

"After it was all over, and we had time to look about us, we found some debts left and very little money. It was a bad thing for me, that had for so long a strong, loving arm between me and every care, to think and plan how to make both ends meet, when I could not even start evenly at the beginning. But Jack came to my help again.

"'Father said that you were never to work hard, dear mother, because you were not strong, but that I must take care of you in some way. He thought you could let two or three rooms to lodgers, may be, and that the best thing for me just now would be to get a train-boy's place. He said the men on our road would be sure to give me a chance for his sake.'

"I do not know that I had smiled before since his father died, but when I heard him say 'our road,' in that little proud tone he had, I caught him to my heart, and we laughed and cried together.

"'And I spoke to Mr. Withers about it only yesterday,' he went on, 'and he said Tom Gray is going to leave, and I can have his chance and begin next week, if I like. What do you say, dear mother?'

"'Oh Jack!' I said, 'how can I get through the long lonesome days without you? And if anything should happen to you I should die.'

"'Don't mother!' he said, gently, for the tears were in my eyes again. But I would not heed him.

"'And you to give up your school!' I cried: 'and all our plans for you to come to naught!'

"'Father thought of that, too,' he answered; 'but he said that the whole world belonged to the man that was faithful and true; and I promised him. You can trust me mother?'

"Trust him? Ah, yes! he had struck the right chord at last, and I lifted my head and dried my tears. Whatever unseen dangers I might fear for my boy would be of the body, not for the soul. 'Faithful and true!' I thanked God and took courage.

"It was wonderful how he succeeded with the books and papers and other things he sold. There was something in him that made him a favorite with everybody. I have been told by more than one that the sight of his frank, handsome face was like sunshine, and that people bought of him whether they wanted anything or not.

"Well, the years went by, and he grew up—working his way from one position to another on the road—trusted everywhere. He was my own boy still, though he was so tall and strong, with his bright curls turned chestnut brown, and a silken fringe shading the lips that kept their old loving kisses for me alone.

"It was not long before he had the place of engineer, which he had wanted so long. He had a day off and was doing some little things for me about the house and garden, when one of the depot hands came running up the path calling for him.

"'Mr. Harding wants you instantly, Jack!' cried the man. 'The Jersey express should have left the depot five minutes ago, and the engineer has just fallen down in a fit. Curtis and Fitch are both off on leave, and Mr. Harding says there's nobody left but you that he'll trust with the train.'

"'I!' cried Jack, in a maze. 'The Jersey express! And I never drove anything but a freight train!'

"'Well!' cried the man impatiently, 'don't stop to argue! Orders is orders, and here is a minute and a half gone already!'

"Jack seemed to come to himself at that. He darted one smile at me, and was off like a shot, drawing on his coat as he ran. In less time than I take in telling it I heard the signal of the outgoing train, and knew that my boy was trusted with a task that was used to be given only to the most intelligent and careful men in the service.

"They brought him back to me that night, sir, and laid him on his father's bed; and, by piece-meal, and then afterwards, I learned what had happened that day.

"The train had started out so late, they were forced to make up time somewhere on the line. So, on that long, straight stretch of track through the valley, they were making sixty miles an hour. The train fairly flew. Jack could feel the air strike his face like a sharp wind, though it was a balmy spring day.

"Then an awful thing happened! The great connecting rod of the driving-wheel on the right of the engine broke. Jack seemed to live all his life over in that one terrible instant when he saw the end of the rod swing upward. It struck the cab under him and dashed it into a thousand pieces, and he knew no more till a horrible agony awoke him where he had fallen senseless on the engine.

"Burned and almost blind, with the flesh scalded and torn from his hands, he remembered his engine, with its open throttle leaping on to certain destruction. He seemed to see the passengers inside the long train, as so many times in the old days when he called the morning papers through the cars.

"He knew how they looked and what they were doing, smoking, talking of the elections, the price of grain or how stock went up last week; women, with crowing, dimpled babies in their arms; little children crowding to the windows, vainly trying to count the whizzing telegraph poles, young, happy people going on wedding journeys, maybe, and others coming home who had been very long away.

"He remembered that as he hurried to his place at the front, that day, a little girl with a cloud of golden hair had leaned from a car window to give one more good-by kiss to her father on the platform. 'Take good care of mamma, darling!' he had heard the gentleman say.

"The fireman—no coward, either, was Tim Harbrook, with wife and babes at home—let himself down from the tender and escaped. So might my Jack have done. But he crept along the side of the leaping engine, carefully and painfully he swung himself into his place and with every motion of his hand an untold agony, he reversed the engine and put on the air brake.

"Then the train stopped, snatched back from the pit's mouth, and they took my boy from his post—'faithful and true.'

"It was a long time before Jack's burns were healed. The road people came often to see him—no men could have been kinder—and every week his wages came in full.

"But one evening, after he had begun to get out a little, one of his mates came in.

"'What sort of a meeting?' said Jack.

"'Oh, I can't say exactly—something interesting, they told me, and everybody invited.'

"He stole a queer look at me, and I knew he wanted me to help him. So, as I really thought it might do Jack good, I said:

"'Yes, Jack, go along with Tom.'

"'But I'm not presentable with this face!'

"'Pshaw, man! it's evening, and nobody'll notice. Leastways, they need not!'

"With a little more coaxing, Jack set off with him. I had hardly heard the gate click, when the door opened again, and Jennie Brown came in like a sprite.

"'Quick! quick! Mrs. Burton! Put on your bonnet!' she whispered.

"'Where? What do you mean?' I said, for I was frightened.

"'To the meeting! Hurry, or we shall be too late!'

"She was tying my bonnet strings under my chin as she spoke; and she had the house door locked and me down the garden path and out of the back gate fairly without my will. She hurried me across the square, and then pushed me through the crowd around the hall entrance.

"I was out of breath with nervousness and fast walking, so we sat down in a back seat. The room was full. There were a great many ladies there, and on the platform sat the superintendent and several of the directors of the road. Everybody seemed to be whispering and smiling and looking backward toward the door, and I looked, too, although I did not know why.

"Then the door opened, and Jack came in with Tom. I heard somebody on the other side of me whisper, 'That's he!' and another and another, and a rustle crept through the place, and then, all at once, such a cheer went up as, I can truly say, I never heard in all my life before—no, not even when the troops came home from war. The people stood up, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs.

"The superintendent tried to speak, and rapped on his table, but all in vain, until the crowd had their three times three.

"And through it all I watched my boy. He looked around him, dazed at first by all the tumult, and trying to see what it meant; wherever he might turn his eyes he met a hundred others smiling on him, and a score of hands stretched out to him as he passed—and, all at once—he knew!

"O sir, I cannot tell you about it! How they carried him up to the front, though not on the platform—there he would not go—how they found me out and made me sit beside him; how there were speeches and hand shakings and laughing and crying.

"And at last the superintendent said that there was a little child there, the granddaughter of the President of the road, who had been with her mother on the train that day, and that she had been selected by many grateful friends to present a little token to the man whose faithful courage had saved so many lives.

"Then a beautiful lady, all in soft, rustling silk, came up the aisle, leading the loveliest child I ever saw, with a great glory of golden hair around her head, like the picture of an angel. I felt Jack start, for it was the very child whose face had come to him in that awful moment on the flying engine.

"The little thing let go her mother's hand as she came near, looking up with shy, blue eyes, and in her small fingers was a purse of gold. You could see the great coins shining through the silk netting. She held it up to him, and all the room was still as death. I heard one great sob rise in my boy's throat, and then he lifted the child in his arms, and stood up, holding her straight and tall.

"But he did not take the purse. 'No, darling!' everybody heard. Then he kissed her, and lifted one long curl from her neck.

"'This is the only gold I want,' he said, and looked at the child's mother with a question in his eyes.

"The lady nodded, and my boy took out a little pair of scissors from his vest pocket, and cut the curl off gently, and put it carefully away.

"And sir, if they had cheered before, what was it now? The arched ceiling rang, the gas-jets flared and flickered, and the very pendants on the chandeliers dashed together.

"But he would not take the money—then nor afterward.

"'It is not ours. What can we do with it! We cannot throw it away!' the superintendent said.

"'I'll tell you, then, sir!' said Jack, at last. 'Brakeman Jim Flaherty was killed last week. He left a sick wife and six little children. Give the money to them.'

"And so they did."

"Now you know, sir, what the scars on my boy's face mean to me. I read in the red marks 'Faithful and true!' and I would not have them changed for the coat of arms of any king on any throne!"

Fast Travelling.

"Sixty miles an hour" by rail has been accomplished occasionally, but no regular train or any railway in the world is timed to such a speed.

The fastest regular train anywhere is believed to be one which runs from Grantham Junction, in Lincolnshire, England, to King's Cross Station, in London. The distance is one hundred and five miles, and the running time is two minutes less than two hours. The speed for the whole distance—there are no stops—is fifty-three and a half miles an hour.

Every year sees the record of quick passages between New York and Queenstown "broken." The "ocean greyhounds" are becoming swifter; and the minutes are now counted as are quarter-seconds in timing the performances of race-horses.

Six days and a half from Sandy Hook to Queenstown is now the standard for a very quick passage. That requires an average speed of about twenty "knots," or nautical miles,—equal to twenty-three ordinary, or "statute," miles,—day and night, during the whole voyage.

In building some of the new American naval vessels, it is proposed to offer a premium to contractors if they will construct vessels of a greater speed than twenty knots—so many thousand dollars for every additional knot per hour; and so much a knot is to be deducted for every knot short of twenty.

An official trial has just taken place of two twin-screw torpedo boats for the Italian navy, which made almost twenty-five knots, or twenty-eight and a half statute miles, an hour. This is the highest speed ever obtained by a vessel.—Youth's Companion.

The coachman business is beginning to work the other way. Eighteen months ago Bertha Pingre, against the wishes of her parents came from Germany to marry a coachman, William Wundrum, of Rock Island. Her husband has just heard of the death of his father, whereby he inherits a fortune of $500,000.

THE ACROBAT.

New Orleans Times-Democrat Translation.

The young man rose up quickly from the carpet on which he had been kneeling.

"Dora take care!" he cried. "You know how much I think of you. Do not push me too far!"

The young woman simply shrugged her shoulders as she remained calmly seated upon the sofa.

"So you threaten me now! The last straw! And by what right?"

"By the right you gave me in allowing me to believe you loved me for six months past."

"And if I allowed you to think so, you big fool, it was perhaps because I did."

"But now I am to understand you do not?" the young man asked through his set teeth.

"You must suppose No, see here, Mario—let us have an end of this nonsense. Let us end it right now, once for all! That would be the best thing for both of us. You talking about rights. I gave you none. Chance brought us together at Vienna in the same circus—I as a rope dancer and you as a clown. A mere chance. Well, I found you were a nice fellow; I liked you—perhaps it was foolish of me. Now you want this thing to last forever—always—always the same nonsense. Ah! no, no! No more of it for me. Now because we happen to find ourselves together in Paris, I see no reason why we should have to remain fettered to one another like two convicts. I have had enough of the chain. If it was even a gold chain it might be less unattractive. But I have found a chain of just that sort of metal if I chose to wear it; I have my fortune to make, and between you and the fortune I can't allow myself to hesitate a moment. I like you but I like 100,-000 francs of income better. I tell you so frankly, and I must also tell you frankly everything is over between us. Come, let us shake hands and say no more about it."

Mario remained motionless before her—a fine-looking young man, whose athletic figure, robust and graceful, showed to advantage in the Paris suit he wore. He remained staring at her silently, looking straight into her eyes, as if struggling with himself to repress a furious impulse to strangle her then and there—an impulse which betrayed itself in the flash of his black eyes.

"That is your final resolve?" he asked, with a painful effort.

"That is all I have to say to you."

"Dora, I beg of you—"

"There now! I trust you are not going to begin again. Go now—go, and don't come here again! Go!"

As the door slammed after him the clown shook his fist at it.

Eleven o'clock. The Cirque d'Automne is all aflame with lights. A flutter of impatience visibly passes through the circles of seats, all a-blossom with bright toilets. Pretty gloved hands nervously crumple up programmes. Every one is waiting for Miss Dora's performance.

"Fifty feet above the ground, without a pole? That will be worth seeing.

"And without any net!"

"Why, that is crazy! Why is there no setting?"

"Oh! just to keep up the emotion. Why, what would be the effect with the net? As well have a lion tamer's lions all muzzled."

"Yes, but this is terrible. If she were to fall!"

"Miss Dora never falls. She exhibited last year in Vienna, and has been performing here for a whole month. You never think about the danger after you once see her begin—she appears to do it so easily. It's really wonderful. Look!—there she is!"

Miss Dora has suddenly made her appearance, alighting with a bound in the center of the arena—light and nimble as a bird—her lithe and slender figure arrayed in pink silk tights. A murmur of admiration rang through the circus, and a vast circle of opera glasses flashed upon her in a ring. The tight rope dancer bows right and left, gracefully bending her limbs, showing a fine double row of white teeth as she smiles upon the audience. Then, stepping ten paces back, and catching a rope hanging before the stable entrance, she commences to ascend slowly and easily—hand over hand.

Now she is upon her wire, leaning against the double ropes which form the termination of the apparatus. A moment she remains thus, smiling down upon the sea of faces watching her from below. Then she puts one foot forward, and strokes the wire with the sole of her slipper. In another moment she will begin.

In the middle of the arena three clowns are performing a series of tumbling feats. At each somersault all fall upon their feet at precisely the same time. Two have tumbled head over heels as far as the entry—seeming at every moment to dislocate themselves—putting their grotesquely painted faces between their legs. The third one stands still, looking up at the rope-dancer as she makes her first step. What is he going to do? Something supremely absurd, no doubt. No use looking up there, old fellow; her smiles are not for you!

Mario seems to be a very conscientious fellow. No one is looking at him, but he goes on with his performance all the same. Now he is there in the middle of the arena, trembling in every limb. What a farce! She is the one who is doing the dangerous feats, and he is the one who is doing the trembling. But that is old, my friend—a played out sort of a farce!—one would have expected something better from a clown of such widespread reputation. Besides you don't even vary your performance! Everybody's had enough of it. What fun is there, you great fool, in mocking the dancer and holding up your arms as if she was going to fall? That sort of comedy doesn't interest anybody.

"Oh!"

One scream of fear bursts from five thousand throats simultaneously. All of a sudden the iron wire has snapped under the dancer's feet, and she falls—turning over and over in her fall.

The whole audience rises up, men and women, all white with fear.

At the same moment the woman and the clown roll on the sand together. By a miracle of strength and quickness Mario has caught Miss Dora in his arms.

They are both lifted up and carried out. Miss Dora, it is found, has received no injury; she only fainted from the shock. But the man who wrought that miracle, Mario the clown, is less lucky. A broken arm and dislocated shoulder.

"He is spoiled for the business for good!" said the manager of the circus.

Two days later, Miss Dora was seated by the bedside of her former adorer.

"Poor Mario! how do you find yourself to day?"

"So-so," answered the sufferer with a melancholy smile.

"I owe you my life, Mario, and I'll never forget you for it."

"Ah!" said the young man, with a sudden brightness of hope in his eyes, will you love me again?"

"Yes; but not as you want me to. Now, Mario, don't let us talk any more nonsense. I want to tell you something else. Did you hear what they have found out?"

"No."

"Well, the wire was cut."

"Ah!"

"And the guilty party has been arrested."

"Guilty party?—who's that?"

"The head property man—you know that fool I had to put out of the dressing room one night."

"Him!—he never did it—never in the world!"

"How do you know? They have arrested him and all the proofs are against him."

There was silence for a moment, and Mario's face became singularly contracted. He seemed to be struggling with some strong impulse. Then he said all at once in a husky voice:

"Listen, Dora—that man must be released."

"Why?"

"Because it was not he that cut the wire."

"But what do you know about it?"

"I am certain of what I say."

"Then who did cut the wire?"

"I did."

"You."

The young woman pushed back her chair with a gesture of terror.

"I beg of you don't go!" he sobbed. Forgive me. I loved you so much it made me crazy."

Miss Dora had already risen. Coldly and without a word, she walked to the door, opened it and passed out.

The poor wretch, helpless in his bed, heard the dry sound of her shoes descending the stair and the silken frou-frou of her dress.

"And to think," he cried out in a burst of rage—"to think it was for such a creature that I almost killed myself!"

Living Not Cheap in London.

T. C. Crawford, writing from London to the New York world, says of the fallaciousness of the belief that living is cheap in the English capital:

It is a popular idea in the United States that living in London is much cheaper than with us. It may be that there are some places in London where you can live more cheaply than in a corresponding situation in New York. But it must be somewhere out in the remote suburbs. Clothing is very much cheaper, and everything relating to furniture and some of the better class of manufactures can be bought here for a much less price. But the actual cost of living is very much higher. Rents are higher than with us. Taxes are higher, and the cost of maintaining an establishment is very much higher. The pay of servants may be less, but you have to have more of them. It is also true that the cab fares in London are less than they are in New York, but the distances are so great that the expences of going about is more than made up by the greater necessity of employing the cabs. The hotels are more expenses than with us, and do not begin to give the same accommodations. The smaller the hotel the higher the prices. In the first place, there is not a small hotel in London that does not charge as much for its room as any of the fashionable European-plan hotels on Broadway. The restaurant charges will average much higher, while the fees for attendance and the like make up a bill which is far outside of the charge of the first-class hotels in New York. The guide books recommend tourists to call for their bills every two or three days. It would be better to go beyond this and pay your bills every day, because when a bill is allowed to run on it is apt to be added to in a way that is wholly unexplainable and not at all comforting, even to those who have long purses.

A "Nigger" with a Card.

Lucy Underwood McCann, in Harper's Magazine.

One afternoon a half-drunken fellow got on one of the Louisville and Nashville sleeping cars bound north.

When the conductor showed him to his seat, he found a clean, well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking colored man, to be his partner in that section, and occupying the seat facing his.

He began at once in a drunken fashion to abuse the negro, accusing him of trying to "set up for white folks," doing the dude act in charcoal, &c., and finally got up from his seat, declaring that he'd "be d—d if he'd set thar and be outdone by a blasted nigger in a high silk hat."

The conductor, to keep the peace and prevent any disturbance in his car, led the indignant patron of old Kentucky bourbon to a seat in another part of the car.

Next morning the drunken man, who was not a bad fellow at heart, had sobered up considerably, and, with some remembrance of his previous misconduct, went over to the colored man's seat and commenced to apologize by saying he had been "a little off his base" the evening before, and did not mean any harm by anything he might have said; that he hadn't anything against the "nigers," and was always their friend when they behayed themselves. So he hoped the stranger would see that in anything that had passed he had meant no personal offense to him.

"That is all right, sir," said the colored man, with politeness. "I saw your condition at once, and of course, under the circumstances, do not consider you responsible for your acts at that time. Your apology this morning makes the amende honorable. Allow me"—at the same time offering his card to his former persecutor.

The drunken fellow drew back as if he had been shot. "Look a-here, Mr. Nigger," he cried, in great excitement, I had made up my mind to stand the cut-a-way coat and the stove-pipe hat, but I'll be derned if I can stand a nigger with a kyard!"

Hotels and Hotel Life in London.

T. C. Crawford, writing from London to the New York World of hotels and hotel life in that great city, says:

The hotels and lodging houses of London are for strangers. No Englishman of position will live in a hotel or lodging house if he is married. Keeping house is regarded as a matter of course. This, for a person who has a family, is perhaps the most economical way to live if you are going to spend a year or so in London. The restaurants do not compare with the New York restaurants in the quality or variety of their food. The only thing that I have seen which is better in the English restaurants is the mutton chops. The mutton chop with us is greasy and coarse. The English mutton chop is sweeter and more delicate than our lamb chop. The English bread is abominable. You will hardly find a good piece of bread in any of the restaurants of London unless you give a special order for a special dinner. The regular English bread is always very heavy or dry, and hard and stale. Their so-called French breads are almost tasteless. The best breads are the Vienna rolls, and even these are unsalted. The butter in all the restaurants strikes the American palate at once as a kind of flat ointment. It is never salted—and for a time, until one becomes accustomed to the freshness, does not taste at all like butter. The roast beef of England will not compare with our roast beef. The fact that there is no good coffee served at any of the public restaurants in England is so well known as not to need special mention.

The common way of dining at the public restaurants is from the joint. A dinner from the joint is served in a great many of the good restaurants, costing from about eighty cents to $1.50 in our money for each order. A dinner served from the joint, consists of, in the first place, a liberal allowance of roast meat. This is in some restaurants brought up on a little table wheeled alongside of yours and sliced off in your presence. With this is given boiled potatoes and some other coarse vegetable, sometimes greens and sometimes Brussels sprouts. The general range of vegetables appears to be confined to Brussels sprouts, cauliflower and kale. The dessert served with the joint dinner is a lettuce salad and all you care to slice off of Stilton or Cheddar cheese. These dinners are very coarse and hearty, and are just the thing for a man taking a great amount of exercise. But there is nothing delicate about them. The absence of sweets from all the bills of fare will be especially noticed by an American.

Sherman's Tribute to Gen. Geo. H. Thomas.

Perhaps the passage of Sherman's reply to Gen. Rosser which will attract the most attention in the locality is the following tribute to the loyalty and military genius of Gen. George H. Thomas:

I offer another name more nearly resembling Gen. Lee in personal characteristics, Gen. George H. Thomas, probably less known in England, but who has a larger following and holds a higher place in the hearts and affections of the American people than Gen. Lee. He, too, was a Virginian, and when Lee resigned from the army in 1861 Thomas succeeded him as colonel of the second regular cavalry. A graduate of West Point of the class of 1840, he served his country in the Florida war, in the Mexican war and in campaigns against hostile Indians, rising with honor and credit through all the grades, at each stage taking the usual oath to defend the United States against all her enemies whatsoever, foreign and domestic. When the storm of civil war burst on our country, unlike Lee, he resolved to stand by his oath and to fight against his native state, to maintain the common Union of our fathers. In personal appearance he resembled George Washington, the father of our country, and in all the attributes of manhood he was the peer of Gen. Lee, as good if not a better soldier, of equal intelligence, the same kind heart, beloved to idolatry by his army of the Cumberland, exercising a gentle but strict discipline, never disturbed by false rumors or real danger; not naturally aggressive, but magnificent on the defensive; almost the very counterpart of his friend, Gen. Lee, but far excelling him in the moral and patriotic line of action at the beginning of the war. Lee resigned his commission when the civil war was certain, but Thomas remained true to his oath and his duty always, to the very last minute of his life. During the whole war his services were transcendent, winning the first substantial victory at Mill Springs, in Kentucky, January 20, 1862, participating in all the campaigns of the West in 1862-3-4, and finally, December 16, 1864, annihilating the army of Hood, which in mid-winter had advanced to Nashville to besiege him. In none of these battles will Gen. Wolseley pretend there was such inequality of numbers as he refers to in the East.

A Young Woman Who Might be Called a Terror.

New York World.

A daughter was born to 'Squire George Parks, of Siloam Village, Madison county, on March 6, 1849. She was named Esther Adelia. In her sixteenth year she began to make a noise in the world. While all the rest of the family were away from home one day, their farmhouse was burned to the ground, Esther was found prone on the ground, bound hand and foot, and with a gag in her mouth. She told a story that led to the arrest of two young men. One of them died before the stain on his reputation had been cleared away. Not long after this Esther woke up the quiet community by trying to blow her brains out with a rifle. The furrow that the ball plowed remains to this day. A month or so after this she had a fine time in Utica for a few weeks. Then she was arrested for masquerading in men's clothes. She was sent to the hospital, where she made a rope of sheets and escaped. She later made her way to the Oneida community. This escapade ended in her being sent to the Utica insane asylum, where she was locked up for several years. Within a few months after her release she was married to a man named Bennett. Bennett was found one morning at the foot of the stairs with a broken neck. Esther was arrested, but no one had seen Bennett fall, and she was discharged. After this she went to Oswego and set up in business as a clairvoyant. Then she practiced the manly art of balloon flying. Breaking up families by lying letters, however, is her stronghold. Just now this versatile woman is under arrest for stealing and pawning a rug in Oneida.

Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild, who will be 45 years old next month, is probably the youngest Secretary of the Treasury since Alexander Hamilton.

A Strong Tinge of Romance.

The following was sent out by special from New York to the Western papers: A remarkably peculiar story, with more than an ordinary tinge of romance, came to light in this city recently, when Col. Granger, a well-known down-town business man, was notified that he had been left $50,-000 by a former Cincinnatian, Mr. Lemuel Stockbridge. Mr. Stockbridge was a cotton speculator, and resided in the Queen City when the late war broke out. He had occasion to visit Louisiana on a purchasing tour and took his invalid wife with him. While in the Red River district he was inclosed by the Federal lines and found it impossible to proceed. His wife grew very ill, and her husband in his frantic efforts to cross the lines came in contact with Mr. Granger, who was at that time an aide-de-camp on the staff of Gen. Ullman. Mr. Granger took pity on the invalid wife and her husband, and furnished them with passports. Shortly afterward Granger was promoted for gallant service and obtained a leave of absence. Accompanied by his wife he took the steamer at New Orleans, and was much surprised to find Mr. and Mrs. Stockbridge among his fellow passengers. Old Friendships were renewed. While passing through Louisiana the Confederate sharp-shooters fired on the steamer, and Mrs. Stockbridge again became violently ill. The Grangers were again friends in need, and when the families parted at Cincinnati they were steadfast friends. Strangely enough, however, the Grangers never saw their strangely found acquaintances again. Mr. Stockbridge amassed a fortune of $3,000,000 and returned to his birthplace—Edinburgh, Scotland—where he died in 1884. He never forgot his benefactor, however, and in his will bequeathed the sum of $50,000 to Col. Granger. A firm of Scotch lawyers have, after a year and and half, definitely identified Col. Granger, and the money will be paid in a short time.

A Remarkable Story of Financial Integrity.

The New Haven, Conn., Register has printed a remarkable story of financial integrity on the part of a southern capitalist. The names of the principals are withheld, but the eminent respectability of the counsel in the case is a sufficient guarantee of its truthfulness.

The Register says that at the beginning of the civil war a wealthy southern grocer, who had recently taken his young bookkeeper into partnership, fearing his property would be confiscated, left to go North. He told the bookkeeper to use the property, valued at about $400,-000, as he thought best, and that he, the merchant, would rely upon the book-keeper's honor for a settlement at some future time. The merchant then came North and settled in New Haven. Six years ago the merchant placed the matter in legal hands. After some correspondence with the bookkeeper at the South the latter forwarded an acknowledgment of the claim and an inventory showing his indebtedness to his former employer to be $648,000, and expressed his desire to return the property, but requested time to perfect his arrangements. He began remitting several years ago, and recently forwarded the last payment, including interest. The lawyer at new Haven declines to give the details further than that his client is a gentleman listed as a millionaire, and that the southern gentleman is now a wealthy banker.

Seasonable Smiles.

The last chance—Wife—"Dear, I wish you would invite young Prof. Y. some day. I hear he is so absent-minded; perhaps he will take our Cecilia."—German Paper.

Miss Cockett—Yellow roses are supposed to indicate flirtatiousness, and moss roses mean love, do they not, Mr. Neversmile?

Mr. Neversmile—So I'm told; and white roses mean silence.

Miss Cockett—Well, what do these large cabbage roses and Jacks mean?

Mr. Neversmile—Bankruptcy, Miss Cockett—bankruptcy every time.—Harper's Bazar.

His Scalp Was All There.—Old gentleman—Here, sir! you are a regular fraud. My hair's coming out as bad as ever. This stuff isn't worth a continental.

Barber—I didn't promise that it would keep your hair from coming out. I said it would preserve your scalp. Your scalp's all there, isn't it? —Harper's Bazar.

Man is 90 per cent water, and yet the prohibitionists are not satisfied. —Life.

Physical training for girls must go. A girl in Boston discovered that a month's work in a gymnasium increased the size of glove, and she quit training faster than you could drop a hat. —Toronto Globe.

There is a very general call for the board of visitors on the Andover heretics to pass in a verdict. The eternal decrees of Providence will not be affected, but curiosity will be satisfied.—Lowell Courier.

Among the flowers that bloom in the spring, due praise should be given to the shad roes.—Baltimore American.

The only thing which will cure a girl who wants to go on the stage and become an actress is to be run over by a freight train loaded with railroad iron.—Detroit Free Press.

At the Opera—"Why do you make that knot in your handkerchief?" "Oh, so that I shan't forget the charming melody."—German Paper.

An oysterman, whose saloon used to be on Main street, says a Philadelphia journal, was the slowest man in the State. One day he died, and soon after a fisherman said to Erastus, the oysteman's son: "Erastus, your father died rather sudden, didn't he?" "Well, yes," said Erastus, "sudden for him."—Exchange.

"Say, Jack, hadn't we better give up our seats to the ladies?"

"Not much, old chappie; I've had to give up my seat at the theater since they took to wearing high hats, and I'm going to hang on to my seat in the cars till the fashion changes."—Life.

"Mother, have I got any children?" asked little Johnny Fizzletop. "Why, no, child; what put that into your head?" "You read in the bible about children's children. That's what put it into my head."—Texas Siftings.

"Say, Maria!" exclaimed Mr. Blobson the other day, "I move we suspend the long-haul clause."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Blobson.

"I mean," said Mr. Blobson, "that instead of pushing the baby carriage around four blocks we try one block for awhile. Otherwise, I shall be obliged to raise the rates of transporation." —Burlington Free press.

At a negro wedding in this city a short time ago, when the words "love, honor and obey" were reached the groom interrupted the preacher and said: "Read that again, Sah; read it wunce mo,' so's de lady kin ketch de full solemnity of de meanin,' I'se been married befo."—Griffin (Ga.) News.

Collisions at Sea.

Commander F. E. Chadwick, U. S. Navy, in Scribner's Magazine for May.

Collision will and must remain the great and really almost the one danger which the North Atlantic traveler need fear. He can rarely hope to cross in the usual steam route without experiencing a run of some hundreds of miles through fog, especially on leaving or approaching our coast. So long as the Gulf Stream and the cold in-lying current from the north move in juxtaposition as they do, so long will the fog be almost always present upon the border-land dividing them. How easy it is for a great ship to be sunk was shown in the case of the Oregon. A blow from a pigmy schooner not more than one-tenth her size, and a hole was opened through her side which unfortunate circumstances combined to make fatal, and the great vessel, a triumph of human skill in hull and machinery, is lying in a few hours upon the bottom of the sea, with a million days of skilled labor, as, represented by ship and cargo, in this moment made valueless. Who can over-estimate the care and responsibility upon the man who commands such a ship? In what other calling are they found as such a constant part of daily life? And how illy they are paid for it!

The only remedy for such an accident as that which befell the unlucky Oregon seems to be a subdivision to a greater extent than has heretofore been attempted in a merchant ship; and that this will come in a degree which will make the finer passenger ships practically unsinkable, unless under most exceptional circumstances, would seem quite sure.

Mrs. Langtry's Fascinating Power.

Miss Gilder, one of the brightest writers of the day, in her New York letter to the Boston Gazette makes the best explanation yet published of Lily Langtry's fascinating power. It displays a clever woman's insight into human nature, especially female human nature:

If there was ever a woman who has caught the eye of the multitude that woman is Mrs. Langtry. She is no actress, and all that impulsive and gallant writers for the press may say to the contrary will not prove it. The secret of her success may be easily summed up—she attracts the women—she attracts the men, too; but she ows her success to the women. Who makes the fortunes of every compounder of beautifiers for the toilet? Women, of course. Men don't use "Bloom of Youth" and "Recamier Cream," but the women do. They all want to be beautiful, and they all want to see a woman who has been placed at the head of living beauties. They not only want to see her, but they want, if possible, to learn what it is that makes her beautiful, hoping that they may catch the secret. If Mrs. Langtry should announce a lecture on "The Secret of My Beauty," no theatre in New York could hold the crowd of women who would flock to hear her. Then, again, it must be said that Mrs. Langtry has a personality that charms—those who like it—and the average public feel that they are getting very near to high life when they pay their dollar and a half to see the Jersey Lily. Doesn't she, or didn't she hobnob with princes, with lords, and with—no, perhaps not with ladies, but never mind. She acts upon their minds as does a novel by May Agnes Fleming, in which the manners and customs of the English aristocracy are painted with all the freedom of one who drew entirely upon her imagination. And Mrs. Langtry is clever enough to act in plays of high life, where she can appear in beautiful gowns and sip tea out of dainty cups. Certainly she does this well, and no one who has seen her in "The Wife's Peril" (prophetic name!) as the presiding genius of an aristocratic breakfast table, can ever forget the fidelity to life and the delightful elegance of that little scene.

Patti is working the farewell racket as though she never intended to sing in America again. At the New York engagement boxes for the six performances are to be sold at $400, a magnificent sum, besides which the price of $7 for a single orchestra seat for one night seems modest. Even to get into the topmost heaven will cost the ardent disciple of Patti $1.50.

MARKETS.

CHICAGO.—Wheat, No. 2 spring, 82[illegible]; No. 3 spring, 77c; No. 2 red, 82[illegible]. Corn, No. 2 [illegible]. Oats, No. 2, 27[illegible]c. Rye, No. 2, [illegible]. Barley, No. 2, [illegible]. Flax seed, $1.07[illegible]. Timothy seed, $1.69. Pork, per bbl., $20.50. Lard, per 100 lbs., $7.15. Butter, creamery 17 to 2[illegible]; dairy, 13[illegible] to 21c. Eggs, 11[illegible] to 12[illegible]c.

NEW YORK.—Wheat, No. 2 spring, [illegible]; No. 1 hard, [illegible]; ungraded red, [illegible]; No. 2 red, [illegible]. Corn, ungraded, [illegible]. Oats, mixed western, [illegible]. Eggs, [illegible]. Butter, western, 12 to 2[illegible].

MILWAUKEE.—Wheat, [illegible]. Corn, [illegible]. Oats, No. 2, white, [illegible]. Rye, No. [illegible]. Barley, [illegible]. Pork, $19.50. Lard, $7.[illegible]. Butter, 18 to 20c. Eggs, 12 to 12[illegible]c.

MINNEAPOLIS.—Wheat, No. 1 hard, [illegible]; No. 1 northern, 74[illegible]c; No. 2 northern, [illegible]. Flour to local dealers, or shippers, in sacks $4.20 to $4.30. Corn, 30c. Bran, $10.00 to $10.50. Shorts, $10.00 to $10.50. Oats, [illegible]. Rye, No. 2, 48c; No. 3, 40c. Corn meal, bolted, $18 to $20. Hay, wild, $9 to $10.50. Butter, creamery, 24 to 25c; dairy, 18 to 20c. Eggs, 12 to 12[illegible]c. Potatoes, 50 to 55c.

ST. PAUL.—Wheat, No. 1 hard, [illegible]; No. 1 northern, 73[illegible]c; No. 2 northern, 73c. Corn, No. 2, 33c. Oats, No. 1 mixed, 29[illegible]c; No. 2 mixed, 29c; No. 1 white, 32c; No. 2 white, 3[illegible]. Barley, No. 2, 50c. Rye, No. 2, 48c. Flax seed, 96c. Timothy seed, $1.70. Clover seed, $4.00. Potatoes, 45 to 55c. Eggs, 11[illegible] to 12c.

DULUTH.—Wheat, 77[illegible] to 78[illegible]c.

From Philipsburg, Pa., Mr. S. M. Cross, writes, briefly and pointedly, thus: "Your St. Jacobs Oil has cured me of neuralgia of the face and head." Price Fifty cents.

Andrew Lundberg had both hands torn off and is otherwise injured while adjusting a belt in the St. Paul roller mill.

Mr. H. Carl, 129 Fourth Street, Troy, N. Y. says: "My daughter had a sprained ankle St. Jacobs Oil cured her in a day or two. My son had rheumatism about nine years ago, St. Jacobs Oil cured him; he has not been affected since." Price Fifty cents.

Centenarians.

Prof. Humphreys, of Cambridge, England, has been investigating reputed centenarians. He found two males and nine females who were surely over 100 years of age. He remarks: "The centenarian generally comes from a long-lived family and is a person of active habits both of body and mind, a good sleeper, endowed with a good appetite and a cheerful disposition. They are usually moderate in the indulgence in liquors or total abstainers. A considerable number of instances were met with where severe illness had been recovered from in advanced age, some seeming to take a new lease of life and throwing off the effects of chronic maladies from which they had previously suffered." After making every allowance for the comparative immunity from accident, exposure and anxiety of women, Prof. Humphreys thinks there still appears to be reason to believe that they possess a greater inherent vitality than man.—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

Gen. Abram S. Duryea, the old Zouave commander, was recently stricken down by paralysis at New York.

"What is Woman's Worth"?

asked a fair damsel of a crusty old bachelor. He did not know, so she said: "W. O. man" (double you, O. man). But a woman feels worth little if disease has invaded her system and is daily sapping her strength. For all female weaknesses, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" stands unrivaled. It cures the complaint and builds up the system. Send 10 cents in stamps for pamphlet to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Secretary Lamar is the latest gentleman talked about for appointment to the supreme court bench.

Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets."

Positively Popular; Provoke, Praise; Prove Priceless; Peculiarly Prompt; Perceptibly Potent; Producing Permanent Profit; Precluding Pimples and Pustules; Promoting Purity and Peace. Purchase, Price, Petty. Pharmacists Patronizing Pierce Procure Plenty.

Word was heard from Stanley April 29, just prior to the expedition's departure from Stanley Falls.

Coughs.—Brown's Bronchial Troches are used with advantage to alleviate Coughs, Sore Throat and Bronchial Affections. Sold only in boxes.

It is stated that the Canadian and imperial governments propose jointly to arrange for a resurvey of the St. Lawrence river as far as Quebec.

The Coming Struggle.

After slavery, civil service; then moral reform among the people, for absence of virtue and integrity undermines the safety of free government and society. Abuse of stimulants; overworked women; fast living and luxury, undermines mind and body. The struggle against these will be a deadly one. Load a man's appetite and pocket, and you have him. The three great leading characteristics of dissipation, abuse of stimulants and overwork are met by the new new discovery, Extract of Moxie Nerve Food. It stops nervous exhaustion in women. The abuse of the system in any form. Its results are the craze of the country. The sales of it as made into a luscious beverage are perfectly enormous already.

Lord Landsdown returned to Ottawa from his three weeks' sojourn at Toronto. He was received with the utmost enthusiasm.

Timely showers in Northern Dakota have lightened the faces of the farmers.

If you want to know how to make 100 per cent profit within sixty days on any amount from $10 up, write to Geo. C. Olcott the stock broker. St. Paul Minn.

Senator Ingalls has incurred the fierce wrath of many Kansas journals by opposing woman suffrage.

'Tis Frequently Recommended.

Mr. H. C. Mooney, of Astoria, Ill., writes us that Allen's Lung Balsam, which he has sold for fifteen years, sells better than any other cough remedy, and gives general satisfaction. 'Tis frequently recommended by the medical profession here.

An elevator to hold 4,500,000 bushels will be built in Chicago.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarah. By druggists. 50 cts.

Andrew Carnegie gives his wife $30,000 a year pin money.

For Faintness take Allen's Iron Tonic Bitters. All genuine bear the signature of J. P. Allen, Druggist, St. Paul, Minn.

Senator Cheney and family of New Hampshire sail for Europe on the 26th inst.

Use the great specific for "cold in head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Two hundred lives were lost by the burning of the theatre Comique at Paris.

Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic, the only preparation of beef containing its ENTIRE NUTRITIOUS PROPERTIES. It contains blood-making, force-generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork, or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints. Hazard, Hazard & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by Druggists.

BURNS and Scalds are instantly rendered painless and invariably cured without a scar, by the use of Carbolisalve, the great skin remedy. 25 and 50 cents, at Druggists or by mail. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE at all comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT $1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

HANDS Soft as Dove's-down, and as white by using CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

Clear the Way

Without loss of time, when the intestinal canal is blocked up by the results of constipation, chronic or temporary. It should be borne in mind that this ailment is prone to become lasting and obstinate, and [illegible] other and worse complaints. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the precise remedy to remove the obstruction effectually, but without drenching or weakening the bowels [illegible]. [illegible] are among the [illegible] of the [illegible]. The [illegible] of experience [illegible] of the medical fraternity [illegible] and [illegible] regularity of the bowels, liver and stomach, but as a means of remedying and preventing kidney and bladder troubles, and fever and ague, it is without a peer.

Tutt's Pills

After eating, persons of a bilious habit will derive great benefit by taking one of these pills. If you have been DRINKING TOO MUCH, they will promptly relieve the nausea, SICK HEADACHE and nervousness which follows, restore the appetite and remove gloomy feelings. Elegantly sugar coated.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

Colic in Horses & Cattle also

Wind-galls & Sore Cords are Cured by Perry Davis' Pain-Killer

Mr. W. R. WEST, of Glen's Falls, N. Y., who has had considerable experience with canal horses, writes as follows: "I feel it a duty I owe to send you my testimony of the great healing properties of Perry Davis' Pain Killer. Have used it continually for the past eight years, and for my canal horses have found nothing equal to it. It is the only thing to use on horses that are ruding continually, for wind galls and sore cords. It is the best medicine ever made for a horse, used either internally or externally."

N. B.—For colic in horses, half small bottle in a half pint of warm water or milk.

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RUPTURE If you want RELIEF and CURE at your home, send for DR. J. A. SHERMAN'S circular of instructions. 294 Broadway, New York.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

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We will send this Stamp complete with your name on it in neat Rubber Type, and a bottle of Indelible or Colored Ink by mail for 40cts., with address under name 60cts.

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N. W. N. U. 1887 No. 23

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TOWNE-McFADDEN BLOCK.

Brainerd Dispatch.

Official Paper of Crow Wing County, Village Cases and Issues.

N. H. Ingersoll, } Editors and Proprietors.
F. W. Wieland, }

Issued every Friday morning at Brainerd, Crow Wing county, Minnesota, from rooms 5 and 7, Sleeper block. Terms $1.50 per year. Finest job printing office in the city.

Entered at the Post Office at Brainerd, Minnesota as second class matter.

Local News

The Commercial hotel is being repaired and calarged.

The lay-off at the shops was not as great as expected.

The board of education held a special meeting Tuesday evening.

E. B. Moorman has been appointed deputy clerk of the court.

The new eating house on 6th street offers itself the 6th avenue restaurant.

The monthly meeting of the county commissioners will be held next Tuesday.

Joe Wilson can tell you something interesting in regard to safe combinations.

John Noble and Miss Annie Pendergast were united in marriage Tuesday evening.

R. Parker has bought half of the Cheney block on Front St. Considerations, $2,000.

The N. P. company are putting new ties in the road bed between this city and Deerwood.

Crown collars and cuffs made by Geo. B. Clutt Bros. & Co. are the best that can be found at Day & Meaghers.

The Wilber Consolidated Companies will occupy the opera house every night the coming week. Admission 10 and 20 cents.

John Ireland came near losing his house by fire last Sunday. It was only the timely use of the garden hose that saved it.

M. Cullen is putting some extensive repairs on his hotel and bounding house on East Brainerd. White & White are doing the work.

The monarch is the best wearing and best fitting shirt made, for sale by Day & Meagher.

It is now expected that the annual excursion of the school employes will take place on the 18th inst., two weeks from tomorrow.

The Northern Pacific construction and repairs shops have just made a reduction of 100 men and a reduction of time to five hours at St. Paul.

Have you seen D. M. Clark & Co.'s display of crockery? It comprises all the latest styles and novelties. The line is complete and now is the time to buy.

A letter from A. W. Frater, formerly of this city, to I. T. Dean brings the news from Kansas that a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frater the first of the week.

A Motly correspondent says that Mr. White, of Brainerd, has platted a third addition to that town. It is one block in width and extends the entire length of the village on the west side.

The remains of an infant child of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Campbell, formerly residents of this city, which had been buried some ten years ago in this city was taken up and shipped to St. Paul by Losey & Dean on Thursday.

Organize for the Fourth of July. The Brainerd band should certainly be engaged. There are other enterprising out city steps in ahead and secures their services. Only four weeks yet remain before the glorious day.

Ladies and childrens hosiery in great profusion and at bottom prices at Day & Meaghers.

D. M. Clark & Co., display one of the finest lines of crockery ever brought to this city. Dinner sets, tea sets, or dishes by the piece. Call and look from the broken and secure bargains. They are sure to have something you want in that line.

We have added a dozen new fonts of the latest styles and faces of type to our job department and are prepared to do first-class work at the lowest living rates. We wish it distinctly understood that the Dispatch job room as we finely equipped as any in the Northwest.

On Saturday David Wamsley, Charles Martin, Thos. Hayes and William Dorr were up before Hon. Judge Flood, sitting on charges of drunkenness, and were all fined five dollars and costs. On Monday J. McNaughton also replenished the city treasury to the amount of five dollars.

John Dillon, supported by the Walters Comedy Company, appeared at the opera house on Wednesday evening in the well-known drama "The Lightning Agent," and was greeted by a large and enthusiastic audience. This was Mr. Dillon's second appearance before a Brainerd audience, and the enthusiastic reception tendered him was well merited.

Robert Caughie brought a six pound black bass into our sanctum this morning which he took from the water in a small lake near L. N. Farrell's stopping place, ten miles north of here. The President himself would feel a tremor of delight could he catch such a fish, but if he will come up Mr. Caughie will pilot him to the spot where they catch them.

Valiset Valises! Valises! Immense line in all styles cheap at Day & Meaghers.

During the month of May there were 62 criminal cases before the Municipal Court, an increase over last month. Of the 62 persons arrested 29 were committed to jail, two were discharged, three were bonded and the balance paid their fines. Although there were more arrested in May than April, the amount of fines collected was a trifle less, the amount for April being $461, and for May $446. There were more committed to jail during the last month than in April.

Considerable complaint has been made lately of the noise and disturbance that prevails in the gallery at the opera house during entertainments, and Chief Morris requests us to say that it must be stopped. That hereafter he proposes to have enough officers on hand to preserve order, and that anyone creating a disturbance will be arrested and punished. This is a step that will be approved of by all but a few rough and irresponsible boys, who imagine they can go into the gallery and conduct themselves without regard to decency, and to the annoyance and disgust of our more respectable citizens.

Nothing succeeds like success except "Spiral Pipe" and "Charm of The West" chewing tobacco. Both are a success.

Personal Paragraphs.

E. L. Bennett has returned to Brainerd.

Geo. S. A. Greason visited Minneapolis Wednesday.

Judge Sleeper is holding court in Wadena county.

Chas. Daily has moved back to his farm at Crow Wing.

E. W. Lyon was up from Chicago this week after his family.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Davis are expected up from Minneapolis tomorrow.

Geo. F. Leopold left yesterday noon for a two week's visit at Chicago.

Mrs. G. H. Hopper and daughter of St. Paul are visiting with Mrs. S. W. Searles.

C. H. Conklin, who has been visiting his relatives in the dual cities for the past ten days returned home on Wednesday.

Mrs. C. Lipke, of Como, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred Conrath, of East Brainerd, returned to that place the first of the week.

C. H. Douglas, C. N. Parker, I. Seymour, G. S. Fernald, D. D. Smith, Dr. Bigger, Ed. Pearson and L. P. White were among the St. Paul visitors this week.

Conductor Anderson, of the Duluth & Superior short line, intends taking a few weeks lay off. Ed Dougherty was down from Brainerd last night to take his place during his temporary absence.—Herald.

John Ireland, representing Evergreen Lodge, and Ed. Mahan, from Wilder Lodge, will start Monday to attend the session of the Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. at Wabasha They will be absent about a week.

Ed. Murphy leaves on Monday for Detroit, Michigan, where he goes to attend the 13th annual convention of the Yardmasters Mutual Benefit Association of the United States. Mr. Murphy is a delegate from Division 54, Brainerd, Minn.

D. M. Clark & Co., are putting in an elegant line of crockery.

John W. Smith was yesterday sent up for ten days for indulging in too much laughterfool.

The largest and cheapest stock of men's pants and overhauls in the city will be found at Day & Meagher's.

The meeting of the city council Monday evening will be an interesting one, especially if the sewer question comes up.

County Commissioner Foglestrom is building himself a new residence to take the place of the one that was burned last fall.

The county treasurer's office was thronged with people the first of the week. Real estate taxes became delinquent June 1st.

The soiled doves were up before the Municipal Court on Monday and paid their monthly fines, 14 paying $10 each and six $25 apiece.

A little girl of Train-dispatcher Blanchard's was bitten through the lip by an ugly dog at the park Monday during the Memorial services.

Quarterly meeting services will be held at the M. E. church next Sunday. The morning subject will be "The Spirit of Prayer," the evening subject "Is it Right to Dance?"

Genuine French balbriggan underwear, the finest in the market, at Day & Meaghers.

Stepped Off Into the River.

A fatal accident happened at Gull River Saturday night and the nature of it was such that does not often occur. The night train from the west pulled into the station and ran by a little, the train being stopped on the bridge over the river. The brakeman called out the name of the station as is customary and Charles Carlson, who lived there and was to get off, stepped out upon the platform of the car and the night being dark he did not notice but that everything was all right and he proceeded to alight from his train and fell through the bridge into the river below and was drowned. The conductor or brakeman heard him cry out for help and they knew that someone had fallen from the train and backed up to the station and notified the operator but it was then to late to do anything. The deceased was a single man and was working for the Gull River company, having two brothers there. The remains were buried in Evergreen cemetery Monday afternoon.

Mr. Small Resigns.

Mr. H. J. Small, ex-Mayor of this city, and who for a number of years has been assistant superintendent of motive power and machinery of the Northern Pacific has resigned his position and leaves tomorrow night for the East where he accepts a similar position on the Philadelphia & Reading road, under Geo. W. Gowling, formerly of the Northern Pacific. During Mr. Small's residence in Brainerd he has made friends with all whom he has come in contact with, and his leaving will be regretted by every man who has been under him. Brainerd loses a worthy citizen and the Northern Pacific an efficient official whose position it will be hard to fill with such general satisfaction to all concerned.

It is rumored that a gentleman by the name of John Evans, from the western division of the road, will take the place made vacant by Mr. Small's resignation.

An Exciting Race.

Brother Silvers, of the Journal, despite his weight of 220 pounds, thinks he's a runner. For some time back he has embraced every opportunity to tell about how fast he could run until we began to believe he was the champion runner of the northwest. Last Saturday while lounging in our easy office chair he again began to tell of his swiftness of foot, when a former DISPATCH employe offered to run him a block for the drinks—lemonade, we mean, of course—and give him a rod the start. After considerable dodging Brother Silvers was compelled to accept the offer or admit his talk had no truth in it, so he agreed to run, and the entire party went to the alley in the rear of the DISPATCH office with the two contestants in the race. Also several of the curious gathered. The start was made, and it would have made a dead dog laugh to see our friend of the Journal in his frantic efforts to get the lead. It is needless to say that before a half block was covered the young man had passed him, and Silvers, in order to save his reputation had to resort to something desperate, so assuming an expression of countenance denoting intense pain he reeled to one side and grasped the fence for support. When we reached him and asked him if he was hurt he said in very suggestive tones that he had sprained his leg, and that he would have distanced his opponent had it not been for the accident. Brother Silvers still insists he can run, but says that he is afraid to ever try it again on account of his leg.

"Briar Pipe" smoking tobacco is like a ray of sunshine—comforting.

Will the City Vote Bonds?

It is now generally understood that this city will be asked to vote bonds to the amount of $60,000 as a bonus to the new railroad. This bonus is to insure the building of the railroad bridge across the Mississippi somewhere between the pump house and the present railroad bridge, and to that case the road will run up Main street from the west end of the depot. It is understood that Mr. Kindred says if the people of Brainerd refuse to give this $60,000 that the road will run to the west across the river not far below it. Any comment on the matter by the DISPATCH is deferred until the proposition has been formally laid before the people, which will probably be done before many days.

A Coming Wedding.

The invitations have been issued for the wedding of Mr. A. F. Ferris, cashier of the First National Bank, and Miss Annie Seegror, of this city, to take place Wednesday evening, June 8th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Spencer.

A New Firm.

F. A. Farrar & Co. have purchased the bankrupt stock of Young & Co., and taken possession of the store. The store will be restocked with an elegant line of goods. Fred is well known and has had a long experience in the business. We wish the new firm success.

New Lodge Officers

Evergreen Lodge No. 60, I. O. O. F. elected the following officers on Monday evening for the ensuing term:

Noble Grand—Geo. P. Leopold; Vice Grand—J. B. Douglas; Treasurer—I. T. Dean; Recording Secretary—H. F. Walters.

Wilder Lodge No. 37, have elected the following officers for the ensuing term:

Noble Grand—E. B. Closson; Vice Grand—John Burrell; Treasurer—Geo Wilson; Recording Secretary—R. H. Paine.

Fifty dozen infant's and children's turned shoes, in kid and goat stock just opened at Day & Meagher's.

Death's Ball.

DEATH OF JOHN WAPOLA.

The body of John Wapola was brought to this city from Minneapolis Wednesday morning, at which place the man had died from hæmoptysis. Mr. Wapola was formerly a car repairer of this city, living in South East Brainerd, and was working for the company at the time of his death. The remains were buried in Evergreen cemetery Wednesday afternoon. He leaves a wife to mourn his untimely death.

DEATH OF CONSUMPTION.

Geo. H. Murphy, a gentleman afflicted with consumption, and who with his wife were stopping at the Northern Pacific Sanitarium, died on Monday night. Mr. Murphy's home was in Philadelphia but he had been West to Montana to better his health and was on his way east. He appeared to be as well as usual and went to bed after a consultation with the physician in charge, and no immediate danger was anticipated. In the night his wife awakened and to her surprise found her husband dead by her side. The remains were taken to Losey & Dean's undertaking rooms where they were embalmed and placed in a beautiful casket and forwarded to Philadelphia. Mr. Murphy's father was an Episcopal minister, and visited Brainerd some two months ago, occupying the pulpit at the Episcopal church at the time.

FATAL CHEMICAL MISTAKE.

Two boys of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Thoe, aged nine and three years, died on Saturday last. The children were sick with the measles and were broken out but the rash struck in and all efforts to save them were unsuccessful.

For Sixty Days.

The reduction of the force at the Northern Pacific shops in this city has been considerable exaggerated, and some stating the number as high as 100, when the fact is there were but 41 laid off, 25 being in the car working department and 16 in the machinery department. It was known for some time that this was coming the first of June and that it was only a temporary arrangement for sixty days, so it will readily be seen that it is a notion account of slackness of work, for there is work enough ahead now to keep the force busy nearly a year without figuring on what will necessarily come in during that time. There are as many men now in the shops as there were last year at this time, those who are discharging being about the number that were put on extra. The force will not work Saturday's until further notice.

Fairs and Loans.

As previously announced in these columns a match game of ball was played at the Driving Park ball grounds on Monday afternoon between the fairs and the loans. Owing to the fact that several members of each nine took part in the parade the game did not commence until four o'clock instead of three as advertised, and consequently, it was decided to play only five innings. Despite the threatening weather there were over a hundred spectators present to witness the exciting contest. The fats were the first to bat and succeeded in making one score. The loans on the first inning made three scores as a result of poor pitching on the part of the pitcher for the fats, at least four men taking first base on balls. During this inning Lawyer Fernald did some brilliant playing on third base, putting out three men in succession. From this time on to the fourth inning the fats had much the best of the game, having at the close of first half of the fourth inning 13 scores to 5 for the loans. During the last half of the fourth inning Fred Parker, who had thus far been catching for the fats, and who had filled the place in a manner that would have done credit to a professional, hurt his hand and was compelled to relinquish the place and play on second base. This was unfortunate for the fats for during the last half of this inning the loans succeeded in making 8 scores, which placed them only one behind their competitors. The next inning the fats only succeeded in getting one tally, and their opponents made three in succession, putting them one ahead. At this juncture it began to rain, and as it was only intended to play five innings and the loans were already one ahead, the game was stopped and the loans were declared the winners. It is understood the game will be played again in the near future, when, the fats say, they expect to get there. The following is the score:

Fats	1	4	2	4	1	—	12
Loans	3	0	2	5	3	—	13

The following is a list of those playing and the positions they occupied:

Fats.	Position.	Loans.
Joe Cusac	Pitcher	Chas Bowen
Fred Parker	Catcher	Joe Howe
Frank Morrow	Short Stop	Geo. Parker
Jas. Bowen	1st Base	G. P. Farrie
Johnny Bowen	2d Base	Fred Farrar
G. S. Fernald	3d Base	W. H. Babcock
FIELDERS:		FIELDERS:
Frank Hall	Center Field	C. O. Nelson
C. E. Hanson	Right Field	L. C. Wass

The story of Washington and the hatchet is well known; so is "Briar Pipe" smoking tobacco.

School Matters.

The board of education held a meeting last night for the purpose of deciding on teachers for the city schools the coming year, and the following is a list of the ones who have been engaged so far: Miss Maggie Somers, Miss Myra Jones, Miss A. Lorene Youker, Miss Florence Foster, Mrs. J. H. Davenport, Miss Minnie Merritt, Miss Irene Camp, Miss Laura Walker and Miss Pinching.

When the application of Prof. Wilson was read a motion was made by R. W. Wheaton to reject it but it was amended by A. Mahlum, but which was amended by W. W. Hartley to defer the matter one week in order to give Mr. Wilson a chance to be present, and the amendment was carried.

It is thought that the coming year there will be a nine months school instead of ten, as there are only two cities in the state that hold their schools in session that length of time, and Brainerd is one of them. It will certainly be beneficial to the school and will be quite a saving to the district.

It is to be hoped that in the election of a principal the school board will act in a judicious, careful manner, such as has heretofore marked their proceedings, as this is a matter in which all personal feelings should be laid aside and the good of the community considered. Prof. Wilson, so far as we are able to know, has made a good principal, and if he has and the schools are in as prosperous a condition as is reported by parties who are in a position to know and who are posted on school matters, it would not be beneficial to make a change.

Married.

NOBLE—PENDERGRAST—At the M. E. parsonage, May 31st, by the Rev. J. White, Mr. John W. Noble and Miss Anna M. Pendergast, both of this city.

CHUM—WITHROW—On Wednesday, June 1st, 1887, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Forgy, of East Brainerd, by the Rev. J. A. Rowell, Mr. W. C. Crum and Miss Hettie Withrow.

The wedding is spoken of as a very pleasant affair. The groom is a traveling salesman, of Battle Creek, Mich., and who is quite well known in this city. The bride is a sister to H. C. D. Withrow and Mrs. D. S. Forgy. They are now enjoying an extended wedding tour, and their many friends extend them wishes for future happiness and prosperity.

WILKINS—DUNCAN.—At the residence of F. Morris, Saturday evening, May 28th, 1887, by the Rev. J. A. Rowell, Mr. F. H. Wilkins and Mrs. Lou Burgess.

The bride and groom are both well known in the city where they have resided for a number of years, Mr. Wilkins being the right hand man at Mr. Peter Ort's sample room on Fifth street. A very pleasant time was enjoyed at the wedding and many presents were received.

Going to Perham.

The following letter taken from the Perham Bulletin explains itself:

BRAINERD, May 27, 1887.

E. L. TAYLOR, Esq.,
Perham, Minn.,

DEAR SIR:—I write you and through you Mr. Davison and the good people of Perham and will state the annual picnic will be held in your town on or about the 16th of June. Should the date be changed you will be apprised of the fact and ofs any other matter of interest in connection with the picnic. Give my regards to the boys generally and tell them we will set up 1,500 stirrup and hope for a good time all round.

With regards I am, yours truly,
N. W. HEWATLEY,
Chairman.

Town Site at Gull Lake.

Rev. S. S. Peake went to Gull Lake on saturday last in company with Mr. J. B. Sargent, of this place, Mr. Sargent has become the owner of the largest peninsula, three hundred acres, between Gull Lake and Round Lake, and proposes to lay out a town site adjoining the depot of the Brainerd and Northwestern, donating the site of the old mission church of St. Columbia, for church purposes. Mr. Peake pointed out the exact line of the old church yard and Mr. Sargent has made the donation. The ground was consecrated by the Rt. Rev. J. Kingsley in the fall of 1856, while he and Mrs. Peake were in charge of the Chippewa Mission and school. This mission was never abandoned and is continued at White Earth at the present time.—Detroit Record.

Mass Meeting.

All members of the Brainerd Fire Department are requested to meet at the hose house on Front street next Wednesday evening. Business of importance is to be transacted.

A. F. LEOPOLD, Chief.

Mens solid kid working shoes very cheap at Day & Meaghers.

Gull River Crumbs.

Mrs. W. H. Benson is quite sick.

The much needed rain has arrived and crops look better.

Mr. Benson, of Clearwater, is here visiting his son, W. H. Benson.

The many friends of John Phillips will be pleased to learn that he is improving.

Miss Hattie Knowles, who has been ill for some time, is quite low and her recovery is doubtful.

Jessie Whipple was quite severely injured on Saturday last. A saw dust cart at the mill tipped over on him.

Mrs. John Phillips feels very grateful towards Logan Camp S. of V., for the aid extended to herself and family. She will always remember their kindness.

ANDREW G. H. WHIPPLE is leading the citizens of this country glad by calling on each and every one. He reports a great many new settlers in the north part of the county.

MAX.

Clipped Locals.

[From the Little Falls Transcript.]

Conductor Campbell is running the Little Falls & Dakota freight this week, and Ed Long is taking a rest.

Ros Sparks, who is time keeper on Charley's Sheppard drive, was in town Tuesday for a few hours.

Chas. Bengtzel has gone to Morris and will have charge of the baggage room for the Northern Pacific and Manitoba railroad.

L. P. white was in town Tuesday paying taxes and looking after his Morrison county real estate interests.

C. C. Neal has procured a photographers tent, and says he will start on his trip to the pacific coast in about two weeks.

J. D. Barstow of Brainerd was in Bellevue on Saturday last visiting relatives. He is now deputy sheriff of Crow Wing county, and his friends will be glad to learn that he is prospering.

Patsy Corcoran, the popular Little Falls & Dakota passenger conductor, received a telegram from Morse Monday noon stating that he was the father of twin boys, and cigars were immediately ordered for all of his friends in the city. The telegram was a mistake, and if was one girl baby instead of twin boys.

Leopold Bros. have just received a new lot of Children Blue Flannel Sailor Suits for one dollar and fifty cents. Do not neglect to see the beautiful suits.

What's in a name?—Well, if you ever buy any other than "Briar Pipe" smoking tobacco, you will find out there is a good deal in the name of "Briar Pipe."

Amusements at the Opera House.

Beginning Monday evening next Wilber's Railroad Square Company will occupy the Sleeper opera house six nights with a Saturday matinee. The company is one of more than ordinary merit and is acknowledged to be one of the most successful troupes traveling, producing some of the finest and best plays on the boards. Their prices are low but this is no indication of the merit of the company, as it has been found that by playing a week in a place to crowded houses is better than one night in a place to a slim audience at high prices. The admission is ten and twenty cents. The following are some of the plays that will be presented during the week: East Lynne; A Celebrated Case; Fanchon; Galley Slave; The Virginian, etc.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Miss Clara Louise Thompson supported by a powerful company selected from the New York Theatres, will occupy the opera house Monday evening, June 20th, in Romeo and Juliet. Among her support are Wm. McFarland, the distinguished tragedian, Edward Wodiska, Edwin Wright and Miss Nina Lansing, all especially engaged from the Madison Square Theater. This entertainment will be a rare treat.

Mary and Her Dude.

Mary had a little dude,
An airy, nimble fellow,
Whose manners was aesthetic quite,
Whose hair was golden yellow.
It followed her to school one day,
Which filled the girls with wonder,
It broke the rules and acted much,
To Mary's great chagrin.

It dallied 'round about the grass,
It climbed the fence,
It threw every laugh of school boy mad,
That school, at last, was over,
With pensive air, it heard the bell,
Of Mary's number nine,
A feeling strong stirs in its soul,
Crept up the dude's spine.

And homeward Mary led the thing,
Much as she'd vow a pox,
The thing just followed Mary's lead,
Like any other ox.
The children asked what makes the dude,
Such a peculiar?
A small boy shouted out in glee,
"The Mary's got locoed."

* * * * * * *

Mary possessed a dog,
A ball of grit and power,
Who fashioned all his things explicite,
Unto the varying hour.

* * * * * * *

Soon Mary reached the cottage door,
The dude, it, where was he?
Ask of the ball who sliced him up,
And set his mission free.—M. J. D.

Remember that Veco keeps the only genuine "Brazillian Crystal" specimens and eye glasses in the city. They are superior to all others. Store at 19th Fifth street.

Twenty perforated stamping patterns and the new and elegant process of stamping for $1.00, at the Norwood House, corner Seventh and Norwood streets.

G. A. R. hats at Leopold's.

Bids for Filling in the Court House Grounds.

Sealed bids will be received at the office of the County auditor up to 10 a. m., June 7th, for filling in the court house grounds.

The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. LOUIS TAUBE,
Auditor.

Notice.

All unsettled accounts of L. J. Cale must be settled. Call and see me in Brainerd under the P. O. L. J. CALE.

Ice cream freezers in three sizes at D M. Clark & Co's.

Soda water and cream only five cents a glass at Smith's.

An elegant line of Turkish rugs, large and small at M. L. Swartz's.

A full line of oil cloth and mattings to suit all ladies at M. L. Swartz's.

Soda water in all styles at C. E. Smith's.

Have you seen those beautiful new patterns of wall paper just received at M. L. Swartz's furniture store.

Get a nice cool drink of ginger Ale at Smith's.

Coffee and cream at Smith's for 5 cents a glass. An elegant drink a half price.

Fruit and confectionery in profusion at Smith's.

"Swan" fountain pens for sale by F. G. Sundberg.

We have added an elegant line of Chenille, Burnam-Mandaly and Turkish draperies at prices that will astonish you. Call and see them at M. L. Swartz's furniture store.

If you are in need of a screen door call on D. M. Clark & Co.

For rare bargains see advertisement of H. Rosenblatt in another column.

Lace curtains worth $1.25 sold for 75c., at H. Rosenblatt's.

Boat For Sale.

A beautiful White Walnut Row-Boat finished in natural wood, Copper riveted throughout, 2 set spoon oars, FOR SALE CHEAP. Call and see it at
E. M. WESTFALL'S.

Get your soda water at Smith's.

Trunks and Valises at Westfalls.

An elegant line of stockings at H. Rosenblatt's.

WANTED—500 ladies and children to come in and have patterns cut and see our new system. The art of cutting and fitting taught in a few hours. Norwood House, corner of Seventh and Norwood streets.

Found.

A large red and white cow with wide horns and lame in one leg. The owner can get the same by calling on the undersigned at his farm and paying charges and proving property.

A. CAMERON,
Oaklawn.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall street, N. Y.

For Sale by S. & J. W. Koop.

A. E. VRON,
NOTARY PUBLIC AND PENSION ATTORNEY,
No. 10, 5th Street.
Will attend to any business in either line.

Grant was a success and "Charm of the West" chewing tobacco is a success.

BANKRUPT STOCK.

The undersigned having bought the entire bankrupt stock of

YOUNG & CO.,

Will still continue business at the same place, and offer great

Bargains!

Don't miss this opportunity but come at once, and "catch on" to many bargains offered.

F. A. FARRAR & CO.

Bargains, Bargains!

DAY & MEAGHER

Will Offer This Week Some Rare Bargains in

HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR, FANCY FLANNEL SHIRTS, Walking Shoes and Slippers.

Men's Working Shoes, Colored Cotton Shirts, Jean Pants.

Day & Meagher. Cheap Cash Store.

LUMBERMEN'S

EXCHANGE BANK,

Lumbermen's Time Checks

—AND—

City and County Orders Bought.

Fifth Street, next door north of Post Office.

BRAINERD - MINN.

S. H. RELF, C. E.,

City and County Surveyor.

Surveying and Engineering in all their Branches.

OFFICE AT COURT HOUSE.

Brainerd, Minn.

$25,000.00 IN GOLD!

WILL BE PAID FOR

ARBUCKLES' COFFEE WRAPPERS.

1 Premium,	$1,000.00
2 Premiums,	$500.00 each
6 Premiums,	$100.00 "
25 Premiums,	$100.00 "
100 Premiums,	$20.00 "
200 Premiums,	$10.00 "
1,000 Premiums,	$10.00 "

For full particulars and directions see Circular in every pound of ARBUCKLES' COFFEE.

H. ROSENBLATT,

—DEALER IN—

Dry Good and Notions,

Fashionable Dress Goods,

Elegant Sateens,

Pattern Dress Goods,

L. A. C. E.,

And it fact everything to be found in a first-class dry goods store, at

Prices that Will Astonish.

SIXTH STREET, BRAINERD, MINN.

Professional Cards.

P. C. WHITELY,
CITY ENGINEER.
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,
Office, Room 8, Sleeper Block,
BRAINERD, MINN.

M. McFADDEN,
Register of Deeds and Insurance Agent
Represents none but first-class companies.
OFFICE—WITH REGISTER OF DEEDS AT COURT HOUSE.
BRAINERD, MINN.

L. M. ROBERTS,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.
Office and Residence—Room No. 2, Hartley Block, Front Street, over W. A. Smith & Sons.

G. S. FERNALD,
(Successor to Fraker & Fernald.)
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Rooms 1 and 2 - - Over Post Office
BRAINERD, MINN.

W. A. FLEMING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office Room 8,
SLEEPER BLOCK, - - BRAINERD

D. H. HIBBEL,
DENTIST
Rooms 3 and 4 over Post Office,
BRAINERD, MINN.

THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINE

The Palace Sleeping and Parlor Car Route

To and From THE NORTHWEST.

TICKET OFFICES,

CHICAGO—205 Clark St.
Depot Car Fulk St. & 5th Av.
Palmer House.
Grand Pacific Hotel.
Tremont House.
MILWAUKEE—295 Broadway.
New Passenger Depot on
ST. PAUL—138 East Third Street.
Union Depot.
MINNEAPOLIS—Union Depot,
19 Nicollet House Blk