Historical Society

BRAINERD TRIBUNE,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY HARTLEY BROS., Proprietors.
W. W. HARTLEY. | C. G. HARTLEY.

W. W. HARTLEY, - - - - EDITOR.

Terms of Subscription (Postage Paid), TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE. Six Months, $1 00. Three Months, 50c.

BRAINERD TRIBUNE.

VOL. VII.—NO. 29. BRAINERD, MINNESOTA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1878 WHOLE NO. 341.

Republican Ticket.

For Congress:
GEN. W. D. WASHBURN.

The State Auditorship.

In the last issue of the TRIBUNE appeared an article quoted from the Duluth *Herald* which might unexplained, lead our readers to infer that the TRIBUNE favored the renomination of O. P. Whitcomb for State Auditor, which is not the case. The article appeared in the Wadena *Tribune*, which is published in the same office with this paper, and the matter was set into our columns from the form of that paper to fill up the sheets of this editor, his opposition to the present incumbent not being known at the time. The TRIBUNE, in fact, from the inauguracy of Hon. Mark D. Flower for that office, believing him to be a gentleman fully competent to fill it honorably and well. Mr. Whitcomb in his administration has exhibited a vindictive arbitrary tendency quite obnoxious to our free American principles, and a marked partiality towards certain sections very improper in a public officer. It is not, for this reason, any wonder that the Duluth *Herald* and in fact all Duluth should exert its every influence for his re-election. But the very grounds upon which that city favors his re-nomination should be sufficient grounds for all other portions of the State to oppose him, and indeed we cannot see for our life how he has any following outside the Zenith, unless forsooth, other localities have felt the favor of his partial course. It is a well-known fact in legislative circles and in Duluth that Mr. Whitcomb recommended and strongly advocated the special enactment of last winter, releasing Duluth in a covert manner of her indebtedness to the State for State taxes, leaving other counties no better situated, Crow Wing for instance, to help supply the deficit created thereby, while in fact, if any county in the State is entitled to such consideration it is Crow Wing. We claim, however, that such legislation is wholly improper and unjust, and that Mr. Whitcomb's advocacy of the enactment, knowing as he did, that the members were being deceived as to its true import, was a violation of his official pledge. The *Herald* argues that the appointment of a State examiner to watch him and oversee the accounts of State and other officers will prevent any carelessness in this office. This is unnecessary, as the guards and checks thrown about our State officers of late years render maladministration in the financial management of the office quite impracticable, so it is in this does not lie the danger. The influence of the officer in a direction that cannot be controlled is where Mr. Whitcomb has been recreant to his trust, and where he has exhibited the fact that he has been in the office of State auditor so long that he has come to view it as his, by right, believing the people have no rights he is at all bound to respect. These are some of our objections to Mr. Whitcomb. Mr. Flower's past record as adjutant general of this State reveals the fact that he is a competent man for this or any other public office requiring skill and ability. He has met misfortunes and reverses of late which would render the salary of the office quite acceptable to him, and we say, nominate and elect him.

A few typographical errors occurred in our Denver letter last week, owing to the fact that the manuscript was delayed in the mails and only reached the printer a few hours before going to press, improperly abbreviating the time for proof reading. That favorite hostelery the "Alford" was called the "Alford" the St. P. & P. R. R." was abbreviated to the "S. & P." and a superfluous comma and transition of a word destroyed the sense of the expression "to that day we refer as one of the pleasantest, thus far," of the trip." None of the errors, however, were so grave as to preclude correction by the careful reader, or to receive the attention of the careless.

The Chicago papers tell of some of the wise men of the eastern States, that they wish Fort Walsh asking the commanding officer if accommodations could be furnished for four astronomers who desired to observe the eclipse under favorable circumstances. They were much surprised to learn that Fort Walsh, instead of being a military post, was a city of 10,000 inhabitants.

Such ignorance as to the resources of the West is reprehensible in the extreme, and reminds one of a somewhat similar instance a western bound passenger the other day, asked the conductor if he thought it were possible to get a "nip" of whiskey when they arrived at Brainerd.

We saw at Little Falls, the other day, a station house half full of untanned buffalo robes, and a lot more of them in a box car near by. They came from the Red River country, and are to be tanned by the owner of the Belle Prairie (Morrison Co.) tannery. They will be "reasonable goods" in this country about August, 1879.

The Lake City *Leader* one of Minnesota's best weekly newspapers, has just passed another anniversary and entered upon its 14th volume. Bro. Russell its racy, able editor, is earning for this valuable journal a national reputation with his pointed pen, and his indefatigable efforts should be bountifully rewarded.

Though the editor of the TRIBUNE returned in the early part of the week from his Colorado trip, he does not resume editorial control of the paper until next week, and hence any exceptions—including a reference to our State auditorship—takes no part in the management of the present issue.

Judge Bennett is the nominee, for delegate to Congress from Dakota, of the Republican Congressional Convention held yesterday at Yankton, and the agony is over. Col. Lounsberry's enemies can now give him a rest.

The Duluth *Herald* has been merged into the *Tribune* of that city, and the grand consolidated will be edited by Messrs. Mitchell and Judge Parker. An able journal may be anticipated as the result.

The Brainerd TRIBUNE is one of the oldest edited paper that comes to our table—always full of sharp wit and newsy paragraphs.—Rock City Post.

An exchange suggests that as sound can be canned and preserved, just the same as tomatoes or any kind of fruit, "missionary sermons might be bottled and sent to the South Seas, already for the table, instead of sending the missionaries there to be barbecued, perchance."

The latest estimates as to the North Carolina legislature, by North Carolina Democratic papers, is to this effect: Democrats, 100; Republicans, 51; Independents, 12. Seven counties yet to hear from. In the last legislature the Democrats had 124 members, and the Republicans, 46. The Democrats had a majority of 78 on a joint ballot; now the Democratic papers only claim a majority of 30.

Digging for gold in New York city has been quietly going on for two months among the ruins of the Bond street fire. The splendid building, burned March 6th, of last year, contained gold and silver ware and jewelry valued at $1,000,000. The first gleanings of melted metal was easy, and large nuggets of gold and silver were extracted by the industrious companies. When these had done, Peer & Roberts, old California miners, bought the privilege to overturn the mass, agreeing to pay 10 per cent of all the gains. They finished their work on the 10th, and say they have realized at least $60,000 from their two months washings.—Denver (Col.) Times.

We are opposed to the nomination and re-election of O. P. Whitcomb for State Auditor. He has already served six years in that office, and by a vindictive and lop-sided policy has made himself unpopular. But the machine politicians in the Republican party have fixed up the card to give him another term, so in he goes again. Nearly all the county auditors in the State want him re-elected, because that would help to establish the principle that it is a good thing to keep a public officer in office as long as he lives. A large number of these auditors would be greatly pleased, just now, to see that principle adopted in their respective counties. If Whitcomb is nominated and if the Democrats put up a good man against him, the Democratic nominee will get four-fifths of the entire vote of Morrison county. Now, put that in your pipe and smoke it. Morrison county cannot defeat Whitcomb, but it can do its share towards defeating him.—Little Falls Transcript.

Marriage in High Life.

In Boston, quite lately, Mr. Dennis Kearney, of San Francisco, and "Widow" B. J. Butler, mostly of Washington.

Wanted a Drink.

The new self propelling engine, lately built at Fargo, proved a failure on the Red River the other day, and at last accounts it was still there.

Government Survey.

A party of gov. surveyors, ten in number, under charge of R. Davenport, arrived in Brainerd on Sunday, and the fact that he has been in the office of State auditor so long that he has come to view it as his, by right, believing the people have no rights he is at all bound to respect. These are some of our objections to Mr. Whitcomb. Mr. Flower's past record as adjutant general of this State reveals the fact that he is a competent man for this or any other public office requiring skill and ability. He has met misfortunes and reverses of late which would render the salary of the office quite acceptable to him, and we say, nominate and elect him.

Jesse James.

Pinkertons detectives are still on the hunt for Jesse James, one of the gang of robbers who raided the town of Northfield, and do not seem to have any more luck in catching him than Howard does catching Indians.

Big Attraction.

An exchange gravely states that "LeDuc will be at St. Paul *in person* during fair week." LeDuc seems to be a "bigger man" than Hayes. Perhaps some Minnehaha man interview his mightiness while he is in St. Paul "in person," and he may shrink a little.

That Telegram.

The editor of one of our exchanges, with characteristic caution, expressed doubts the truth of the telegram we lately published, as emanating from the Prince of Wales, and directed to Mr. Chas. Lincoln, and says that he don't believe that Mr. Lincoln ever sent such a letter, or received any dispatch in answer, and says he knows Wales would not refer to Lord Beaconsfield as "Beaky."

Friend —— don't fret about such little matters, the dog show will be a success even if "Waley's degs are not on exhibition.

Miss Monroe.

Miss Monroe, of Chicago, the talented and brilliant dramatic reader gave her second entertainment (on her return from Sacramento) at Bly's Opera House, on the 19th, to a large and appreciative audience; and, as when here before, gave entire satisfaction, seemingly swaying her audience as she pleased, making them cry or laugh according to the character of the recitation given. Her selections, while they embraced a wide range, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," were well chosen to meet various tastes, and each was rendered excellently. To a fine stage presence, dramatic talent of a high order, and perfect self-possession; evidently the results of long and careful study, she adds a rare beauty of form, features, and expression, which with her eloquent gestures, and finely modulated voice, musical in its every utterance, make her a favorite with any audience before whom she may appear.

She goes from here to St. Cloud, Sauk Rapids and other towns on the St. P. & P. R. R., and we trust she will receive the attention and patronage she so richly deserves.

"Samuel" As an Advertising Agent.

Everybody in town knows Samuel Mr. Shafer's curly dog, and probably the old fellow has as many friends as any other member of the canine race. But we think we will be glad to learn that Sam has at last "struck his gait," goes into business, and from his well-known reputation for dodging, fondness for society in all its grades, and immense talent as a bluffer, we think his prospects for success are bright indeed. Day before yesterday a knowing leer in his cunning eyes; eyes like those of the maiden which the poet tells us were "golden in the sunshine, and brown in the shade," and an extra curve to his bushy tail, has been rushing about town, into every business house, around the depot, along every street and into every alley and by-way, scorning the attentions of those of his acquaintance, with a white collar around his neck inscribed "Elgin Shoe Polish is the best, for sale by McFadden.

Sunday at home—Mamma: "Now Jack, there are ten commandments you have to keep, and you can't do a thing that wouldn't you think break a commandment." Jack (remembering something about some little darkies): "And then there'll be nine."—Ex.

John came out west to "make a home" for her, and wrote thus: "Darling Birdie, I own the finest quarter section of land I ever put the foot onto, and the heartless Jessie answered, "John, you had better buy another quarter section, so you can have a place to put your feet in." John made the home, all the same, but "Birdie" never got a chance to help run it.—Ex.

A rival to Keely has arisen. A New Yorker named Winters proposes to generate a mysterious motor from pure water which shall serve all the purposes of steam. He has advanced so far with his experiments that from the gas generated by his invention, an engine with many valves, will turn a large wheel with great rapidity.

This is Frank Winters formerly an engineer on the St. Paul & Duluth R. R., and well known in this vicinity. We understand that Mr. Winters has got a good thing. Plenty of money in it.

A young man made his appearance at Deadwood last week in a pair of white pants. He was promptly escorted to the stage coach, put on board, and an inventory taken of his effects not to revisit the place. "We can stand a blind shirt, you know," a miner explained, "but when it comes to wearin' bled drawers we just make them git up and git."—Ex.

We wonder if this individual was the same youthful genius from St. Paul that our old friend Hallett, of Bismarck, initiated into a certain popular secret society in that city lately.

Engage Them.

Six cow-boys attacked eight Indians on the Neuces River, Texas, lately, killing four and capturing one; one cow-boy was slightly hurt. Would it not be a good scheme to hire those boys and send them out to instruct Freedmans Bureau Howard how to fight Indians.

New Enterprise.

S. C. Leland, brother of Warren Leland, proprietor of the Leland House, in Brainerd, has bought S. C. Peake's home in Wadena, and on the 15th of Sept. will open it up as a first class country hotel.

Mr. L. has had a good deal of experience in the hotel business, and it is safe to say that he will keep a first-class house.

The Noble Red.

The Indian plays quite an important part in the domestic economy of our city. he chops wood, carries water and makes himself generally useful.—[Polk county Journal.

Not so here, the squaws do all this, and the lordly buck loafs around well posted parties, even insisting that such is the fact, but it hardly seems possible, judging from the number of pointed articles about this section. Maybe they are Win Allch's bodyguard, if so it is all right.

Tight Boots.

How many woes of love have been heard with coldness, and even mock manifestations of irritation, simply because the fair object to whom they were addressed, was writhing with the pain inflicted by the mechanical error of forcing a number four foot into a number two shoe.—Ex.

To reverse the case; a certain young man not a thousand miles from here, just previous to the agonizing moment, when he was to ask the "fair object" to be his for ever and ever, took his boots off, as he had jammed a number eight foot into a pair of six boots, and she "threw" him.

Overcrowdedness.

Burlington Hawkeye.

A belated and rather poverty-stricken foot traveler, whose railway ticket was good on all country roads and cattle paths, stopped at a small mansion of apparently four rooms and a kitchen, in the South Hill suburbs, the other evening, to beg a night's lodging. As he stood timidly knocking at the half-opened door, he heard the shrill commanding voice of the lady of the house disposing of the garrison for the night: "Tommy, go hunt up Ben and Charley and tell them to go to the barn loft; tell your father to bring Ella and Willie right home, it's their bed time, and if they see Louise on the way send her to Mrs. Crocker's for Alice and Jim; and see if they know where Kara is; you take this lamp up to grandma's room and tell her if she won't take some of the baby while I get and and Nick, and while I am gone you undress Rabbi and put her to bed, and if Uncle Harry comes while I am gone tell him he's to sleep with you." And the traveler sighed and turned away so oppressed with a feeling of overcrowdedness that he walked out into the country and slept all night in the middle of a prairie nine miles long.

SHYLOCK TO ANTONIO.

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In der Rialto you have chaved me
About mine moneys, und dat dot
I took more indersest is my
Den der principal vas come to!
Still hat I borne all dose mit
A patient shaving!
Yor, yat you shall I suffreandle!—
Yor dogs I ve all our dirt;
You call me sad names—
Misbeliever, cut throat, dog, on ur a gun,
Cheep Shoun, und so on.
Well, den, it was now appeared
Dot you need my hellup!
You come to me und your said,
Mister Schylock, lendt me dose
Like to borrow dree dousand ducats
Will meet Saturday! Yor's so!
You, dot hat hooted me
Two, dree, six, several dimes,
Und spurn'd me from your threshold
Like a dog! Monies is your suit den!
Vat shall I do, you hat now shaved
As a book again! Should I not said:
Has dog, money?
Do a son u's gun
Keep a yank schount!
Didn't it been impossibility
Dot u our shoulds lend you
Dree dousand ducats?
Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman's key,
Old Stide bow, and bend, and whispered humbles
Said this:
Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last,
You spurn'd me on Thursday,
On Friday you told me to vipe off
Mine shit on
Another time you call
Old Stide dog!
Und, now, for dose things
I lend you—a fix cent shekel.
Und took a mortgage
On your old paid head. Don't it?

PARTING.

Lean down and kiss me. O my love, my love,
To day is year when thy fond heart will take
When ever thy love grows cold with other minions
Then will lean down, but cannot clasp, or kiss
me.

How strange it is, that I, so loving thee
Must be the one to part, and purchase to-
morrow!
Comfort find, thinking how great will be
Thy lonely desolation and thy sorrow.

And then, and then, O mine other part,
Why should I grudge thee some surcease of
sorrow?
Why cannot I rejoice that in my heart—
Sleep—that I will dream—that I am
sleeping.

Nay, make no promise, I would place no bar
Upon thy joy, nor cast a shadow on thy way,
Thou hast most truly loved me, like a man,
And like a man, in time, thou will change
me.

Why should I care—so near the infinite;
Why should I care, though thou will cease to
love me;
Ah, God, these earthly ties we knit—so tight
Quick, quick, lean lower, O my love, and
kiss me.

ELLA WHEELER.

Rolling Over the Globe on Wheels.

[Editorial Correspondence.]

DENVER, Colorado, August 17.

Our letter of one week ago, left our little party at the border town of Julesburg. With a hearty dinner at the eating house we are soon on board the cars on the Burlington Cedar Rapids & Northern road, a link in that great thoroughfare, the Minneapolis and St. Louis railway, and we soon roll into the beautiful State of Colorado.

This State politically, is almost exclusively republican, the democrats being scarcely able to elect even a county or ward officer in the State. Greenbackers, Nationals, Kearneyites and Democrats combined, can scarcely scare up a corporal guard, and in several of the Congressional districts no nominations are made. It is in this State that a few 'dyed in the wool' Jeffersonians enjoy the pastime of voting for Andrew Jackson, Elizabeth Tilton, Elisa Pinkston, or anything rather than vote for a republican. The people are a tidy, intelligent class, civil, obliging and good looking, particularly the ladies. Their farms, dwellings, fences, hedges, orchards, stock, everything indicate comfort, thrift and prosperity. Their legislation and administration of State is wholesome, honest and progressive. Schools and educational advantages predominate largely, and are well supported and patronized, and upon the whole, Iowa is an attractive State. Harvest is still in progress here with a scarcity of help, and men, women and children are every where busily engaged in gathering the golden grain. At one place we saw a lady binding the stack as the sheaves were thrown to her from the wagon, and her nimble fingers keeping time with the symetry of the stack, impelled us to the reverie; "Who would deny woman her rights to the franchise?" At Cedar Falls we first beheld the rosy cheeked apples and bloodtinged peaches hanging in luscious profusion to their parent twigs, in thrifty well-trained orchards, and the temptation to leave the cars and gratify our craving appetite, recalled numerous little moonlight escapades in our school boy experience of years agone.

At Cedar Rapids we took supper, and then went rolling away again over as smooth a track and in care of as courteous railroad officials as it is seldom the good fortune of the weary traveler to fall in with. The engines and cars on this line, we observed, are draped in mourning, and inquiry of the conductor brings the sad information that the assistant superintendent of the road, Geo. S. Winslow, was killed the Friday previous by falling from an engine. He was riding on the pilot, and seeing a log on the track ahead feared the engine would strike it, and undertook to get back into the cab, when his foot slipped and he fell to the ground and was instantly killed. The statement in the account of the accident appearing in the *Pioneer Press*, that he was killed by being struck by the hog and knocked from the engine is incorrect. The engine did not come in contact with the hog at all, and Mr. Winslow would have been perfectly safe and unharmed had he not moved.

Night soon closed in upon us, however, shutting out the view of the passing scenery, and our attention was soon drawn to the attractions within. The gong struck the key note and the other members of our party joined the chorus of

"I feel like, I feel like—I feel,"

followed by numerous songs, hymns and ditties, sandwiched now and then with a story from John C., or P. P., and, almost before we knew it, it was 11.30 p. m., and we were in Burlington, the home of the *Hawkeye* man, and suddenly hurled by the jolts and confusion of the back and hotel men from the pestle heights to which we had climbed upon the wit and humor of our party to the pounds below—the element of the common herd clambering for the loaves and fishes. We soon was the blockade, however, and we were safely ensconced in our quarters at the Barrett House, where we will leave our readers until our next. H.

Arrested for Seduction.

Special to the Tribune.

VINTON, Iowa, Aug. 20.—D. N. Simpson, of Cedar Rapids, formerly of this place, and the small publishing house of that city, was arrested here to-day boarding the north-bound Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern train, for seducing and inveigling away a young maiden of this place, and Shellsburg, the next station south. The seduction took place at the hotel at Shellsburg, where the young lady She took the train to-day at Shellsburg to go to Simpson at Vinton and has a big trip with him, and met her husband instead, who had authorities that all was not right and was on the track of Simpson, and procured his arrest and took his wife from the train. Simpson is runner for a New York stationery house, and has a wife and family residing at Cedar Rapids. The name of the woman, the husband, could not be obtained during the brief delay of the train at this place, but it is stated, we know not with what truth, that she is a sister to the wife of a lawyer residing here by the name of Mc-Weed.

Death-Bed Marriage in a Saginaw Special Telegram to the Pioneer Press.

PAGE, D. T., Aug. 18.—Fannie Clark, the girl shot in a Moorhead logtrie some two weeks since, died this morning. On her death bed she was married to one Merritt, to whom she was engaged at the time the shooting occurred. [81 M

The Great Northwestern Exhibition.

The Minneapolis Farmer.

The preparations going on at Minneapolis First Grounds for the reception of stock, machinery and other exhibits. Are of a magnitude that indicates "the greatest exhibition held in the northwest," and from the immense correspondence conducted by the Secretary and his able assistants, we learn that "all the world" were coming to Minneapolis: Stalls for stock have already been secured to parties from nearly every State.

Mr. T. L. Miller, of Illinois, the great Hereford breeder, who has carried off the sweepstakes at the Centennial, requiring (40) forty stalls, alone for his herd. Car loads of fine sheep and swine are coming from the East, and Corwyns, Ayrseahires from all the States are coming to this great fair. In horses, from the admirers of this noble animal will have their anticipations more than satisfied by the grand display of all classes, from the rare roadster to the choicest, draft specimen in America. E. Dillon & Co., of Normal, Ill., the greatest importers of the famous Normans, Percherons in America, will have (5) five car loads of their famous horses on the grounds.

Prof. L. B. Arnold, of New York, Secretary of the American Dairyman's Association, will be at the fair to meet, consult and advise with our dairymen. It does not need any words of ours to assure the reader of what everybody always expects at Minnesota fairs.

A grand success; no frauds, no failures to pay premiums, and no impoverished "Sinking funds" to provide for their hospitality," upon the multitudes that are always made welcome and sent home happy.

THE DAKOTA BAD LANDS.

They Prove to Be a Myth—What Thomas Morrison, President and Roger Say of the Country

West of the Mississippi.

Bismarck telegram to the Chicago Times.

The party sent out by the Northern Pacific, embracing Hon. Duncan Morrison, of Minneapolis, Gen. Rosser, John Ross, the railroad builder, Gen. H. Brackett, Rev. Mr. Tuttle and son, arrived this morning from inspecting the lands lying between the Missouri and Yellowstone. Their trip was not only an enjoyable one, but was fruitful of information that will certainly surprise the people of Bismarck, the settlers along the Northern Pacific, the citizens of Minnesota, and the officers and stockholders of the Northern Pacific. The popular impression is that the land west of Bismarck was good for tame or cultivated grasses, but fired out entirely. About the poorest land was found immediately west of the Missouri, and after the party had passed a profit fifty miles west the land improved until they reached Beaver Creek, where they found a beautiful valley, as rich as the Red River valley. The creek was bordered by timber, and the Yellowstone for miles on either side was a mass of timber. The "bad lands" are a myth of the Missouri. Mr. Brackett says he saw as fine a hay ranch as he ever saw in his life. Mr. Morrison, who is the pasture found in the bad lands is very superior. Fifty miles out west from the Yellowstone the country was as green as in June. They were all surprised and made a significant difference in favor of a wild country over western Dakota and Montana. Water found plenty of water. The streams were remarkably fresh and clear. Springs are not uncommon. Mr. Morrison and Gen. Rosser said there is ten times as much wood as there is between Bismarck and Glendive. Found plenty of coal and utilized it in one or two instances in preparing their meals. They saw plenty of antelope, elk, deer and other game. There was an exciting chase after a grizzly bear, but he got away. Fifty miles out west from the Yellowstone the country was as green as in June. They were all surprised and made a significant difference in favor of a wild country over western Dakota and Montana. Water found plenty of water. The streams were remarkably fresh and clear. Springs are not uncommon. Mr. Brackett and Gen. Rosser said there is ten times as much wood as there is between Bismarck and Glendive. Found plenty of coal and utilized it in one or two instances in preparing their meals. They saw plenty of antelope, elk, deer and other game. There was an exciting chase after a grizzly bear, but he got away. The party said he would not give an ace of this new land for that east of Bismarck. Mr. Morrison said he would quickly build the road to the Yellowstone, for the lands were saleable, and he would advise the company to retain the land as a speculation or pledge them to a syndicate who would build the road. He thinks it is better to build them, and the company build it as it can. The party did not see an Indian. They missed the Bismarck party, who went out from Bear Butte to meet them on the Little Missouri. They now don't see the use of any escort.

R. K. WHITELEY,
Surveyor,

BRAINERD, - - - MINN.

Claims and Homesteads Located and Surveyed.

Plat Lands Examined in the Counties of Crow Wing, Cass, Aitkin and Itasca. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Orders left at the TRIBUNE office, or addressed to meet at the Post-Office, or personally, will receive prompt attention.

H. W. ADDISON,
MERCHANT
TAILOR,

Fifth St., bet. Front and Laurel.

SUITS MADE TO ORDER IN THE LATEST STYLES.

Repairing Neatly Done on Short Notice. I warrant your clothes made to fit you, go to Addison's.

C. MEYER & CO.,
Merchant Tailor,

115 EAST SEVENTH STREET,

Five doors below Jackson,

SAINT PAUL, - - - MINNESOTA

PLATTE RIVER
Saw & Flour Mills,

GRAVELLE & GOULET, Prop'rs.

OFFICE AND MILLS,

LITTLE FALLS, MORRISON CO., MINN.

FLOUR, Feed, Bran, Shorts, etc., constantly on hand, or ground to order, on the shortest notice, and delivered at the Depot, Little Falls, or at Brainerd, if desired, at the very lowest cash rates.

Cash paid for Wheat and all kinds of Grain at the Mills.

All Orders, by Mail or otherwise, will be promptly attended to.

GRAVELLE & GOULET,

LITTLE FALLS, MINN.

NEW
Hardware Store,

BROWN & BASON,

(Express Building.)

FIFTH STREET,

Brainerd, - - Minn.

JUST opened a large and complete stock of Hardware, Tinware, Stoves, Cutlery, Nails, Glass, Tools of all kinds, and Furnishing Goods; and in connection with our store an extensive Tin, Sheet-Iron and Copper-Plate Work Shop.

Being Practical Workmen ourselves, and supplied with a full line of good tools, we are prepared to do all kinds of work in our line on short notice.

COPPER-SMITHING AND HEAVY SHEET-IRON WORK A SPECIALTY.

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS SOLICITED.

All Orders will receive prompt attention.

13-6m BROWN & BASON.

BRAINERD, Feb. 9, 1878.

Hartley & Slipp,
NEW
GROCERY
AND
FURNITURE STORE,

Cor 5th and Laurel Streets.

BRAINERD, - - - MINN.

A full stock of first-class

Groceries and Provisions

Of all kinds, and a fine assortment of

Crockery, Glassware and Furniture

Just opened, and for sale at *BOTTOM PRICES FOR CASH.*

Fresh Ground Graham Flour, Oat Meal, Buckwheat Flour, And Corn Meal, A Specialty.

A Full line of

COMMON AND BLACK WALNUT FURNITURE,

Will be kept constantly on hand, at prices the lowest of the low.

Coffins

Of any description or price, furnished on twenty-four hours notice.

1-24-tf HARTLEY & SLIPP.

LAMONT & WILSON,

DEALERS IN

Groceries and Provisions, Wines, Liquors & Cigars,

Cor. SIXTH and LAUREL STS.,

BRAINERD, - - - MINN.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

Notice of Advertising will be made in advance of publication, if the proprietor of the paper is so requested, and all business notices will be charged for at the rate of 10 cents per line for each insertion.

To secure insertion advertisements should be left at the office on Saturday, or Thursday noon; notices of Meetings, Thus May say Marriages and local notices of religious meetings, etc., Friday morning.

I. O. O. F.

WILDEY LODGE, No. 47, meets every Wednesday evening, at 7.30 P. M., in Odd Fellows' Hall, corner Sixth and Laurel streets, Brainerd, Minn. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

J. THOS. DRAKE, N. G.
W. W. WICKS, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W. BRAINERD LODGE, No. 47, Ancient Order of United Workmen, meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, in Odd Fellows' Hall, corner Sixth and Laurel streets, Brainerd, Minn. All M. W. in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

J. THOS. DRAKE, M. W.
WM. WICKS, Rec.

I. O. G. T. Hope Lodge No. 182 Independent Order of Good Templars, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, at the Baptist Chapel North 5th St. Brainerd, Minn. All members of the order in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

M. BAUKENSHOUT, W. C. T.
W. A. SMITH, Sec'y.

ADALBERT LEBON,
PRACTICAL
WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

DEALER IN

WATCHES, Clocks, Silverware, JEWELRY, WATCHES, Gold Pens, OPTICAL GOODS,

FIELD AND SPY GLASSES,

EYE AND OPERA GLASSES,

TELESCOPES,

AND A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

SPECTACLES.

Repairing of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry done promptly and warranted one year. Orders by Mail or Express, promptly attended to.

Corner 5th STREET, BRAINERD, MINN.
19-3m-tf

HEADQUARTERS
HOTEL,

BRAINERD, MINN.

Only First Class House in the City.

All Trains arrive at and depart from the door

TERMS:

$2 00, $2.50 and $3.00 per Day.

E. W. WEED, Prop'r.

F. X. GOULET,
County Auditor
OF
Crow Wing and Itasca Counties,
and Town Clerk of Town of Brainerd.

SPECIAL attention given to filing papers, looking up titles, etc., in aid of the abstracters of adjoining counties, for reasonable fees.

Business entrusted to me will receive correct and prompt attention.

Office, cor. Fourth and Laurel,

BRAINERD, - - - - - MINN.

BRAINERD

DRUG STORE,

Front Street, bet. Fifth and Sixth,

N. McFADDEN, Proprietor.

MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS, ETC. PURE SPICES.

Fresh ground and received in bulk, for sale in quantities to suit, warranted pure.

PRESCRIPTIONS carefully compounded at all hours, Day and Night.

Orders by Mail promptly attended to.

Established Oct. 9th, 1872.

A. S. CAMPBELL, M.D

Medical Director N. P. R. R., Duluth

U. S. EXAMINING SURGEON,

Office, cor. 5th and Laurel Sts.

OFFICE—LAW OFFICE C. B. SLEEPER. Res. RESIDENCE — HEADQUARTERS HOTEL, Brainerd, Minn.

Livery! Livery!

Having LEASED the COMMODIOUS

MERCHANT'S HOTEL STABLES,

Laurel Street, Brainerd, Minn., I have refitted all my stock of Horses and Carriages, from the Leland House Stables to this place, which I am prepared to furnish First-Class Rigs to First Class Style on short notice and at Low Rates. Give me a call. Office at the Stables, and Residence just across the street.

Brainerd, May 24th, 1873.

1-tf F. MERRYS, Proprietor.

A. E. WEON,
Cabinet Maker & Joiner,

is prepared to receive orders for anything in his line at his

Shop, Rear Door to Brainerd's Old Stand,

Four doors west of the last Turn, West Front St., - - - Brainerd, Minn.

NEW LE BON TON
Sample & Billiard Hall,

LAUREL STREET, BRAINERD, MINN.

This Old and Reliable House is still *THE* LEADING SAMPLE ROOM on the line of the N. P. R. R. ED. R. FRENCH, Prop.

J. BAIN,
Boot and Shoe Maker,

Fifth Street, bet. Front and Laurel,

Brainerd, Minn.

Repairing Neatly Done. Boots and Shoes Made to Order.

A. C. SLEEPER,
Attorney at Law,

FRONT STREET,

BRAINERD, - - - - MINN.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

Brainerd Tribune.

HARTLEY BROS., Publishers.

BRAINERD, MINNESOTA

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Yellow Fever.

The spread and ravages of the yellow fever continue most fearfully. At Grenada, Miss., telegram of August 16th, says: The scenes in this plague-stricken town beggars description. The strongest men and women and helpless children are sick, dying or dead. It is pitiful, indeed, to see entire families prostrated and swept away in a few brief hours. Population decreased to 1100, over 200 whites. But a few new cases. No material to work on. The deaths are old cases. The Cabinet at Washington has considered measures of relief for the plague stricken cities and towns of the South. It was decided to give every possible aid to the afflicted cities, and Secretary McCrary's favorite response to Memphis was highly applauded by the President and Cabinet. The postoffice department asks Surgeon General Barnes if he can suggest some scientific way of fumigating the mails by which all danger of transmission of yellow fever or other similar diseases can be avoided. A schooner from Cuba put into the Delaware Breakwater August 19th, with entire crew, nine in number, either dead or down with yellow fever. The only passenger, Isaac H. Warrington, of New Jersey, had died. A Washington, telegram of August 16th, says the circular of instructions for marine hospitals, prepared by Dr. Woodworth, relates to the rapid spread of the yellow fever, declares land quarantine ineffective and maintains that the disease is spread by probably all effects coming from infected districts rather than by the patients themselves. It moreover asserts that yellow fever patients cannot communicate the disease except through their clothing and effects. At Cairo, Ill., Memphis, Tenn., Little Rock, Ark., New Orleans, Port Eads, Miss., Vicksburg, Louisville, Ky., and other places, the plague exists with more or less violence, and rigid quarantine has been enforced. Memphis has established quarantine against boats from Louisville. At New York, a man arrived from New Orleans August 16th, very sick, and yellow fever being apprehended, the health authorities have taken the case in charge. The yellow fever scare in the Treasury Department at Washington has not yet passed away, and the ladies in the Redemption Bureau feel very anxious. Precaution is taken to have packages of money from the fever districts thoroughly disinfected.

English Grain.

The Mark Lane *Express* in its weekly review of the trade, says considerable rain fell throughout the kingdom the past week, and harvest operations were seriously retarded thereby. A fair quantity of wheat was secured, but very little progress was made with barley, the wet weather having invaded threshing. Samples of new wheat were not numerous. Shriveled grains were presented to a greater or less extent in all samples. The crop, however, is not a failure, as the yield promises to be better than in the three preceding years. Scotch advices report wheat to be the best of the white crops, and more forward than usual. Barley was generally found silling out by drought, although the grain in some cases is shrivelled to a size. Having been almost exclusively engaged in the field, farmers have offered very little wheat, but light offerings and unsettled weather had the effect on prices which was well maintained. There was an increased demand for spring American, for which there was a further advance of a shilling per quarter. Although recent shipments from Atlantic ports have undoubtedly been large, their depressing effect upon trade has been minimized by short stocks held by millers, and the statement from trust-worthy sources that the crop of spring wheat in many sections of the United States has suffered severely from heavy rains followed by fierce droughts. The demand for Russian ports was comparatively light. A good deal of dissatisfaction was caused by the heated and unsalable condition of the more recent shipments.

Postmaster General May Interviewed.

A Cleveland, O., telegram of August 19 says, Postmaster General Key and party arrived there from the East on their way to Minnesota and California. Ex-Senator O. P. Ashtabula, N. Y. Postmaster General Key was interviewed with the following result. Speaking of the rumors of his candidacy as Governor of Tennessee he said: "I have never given it very serious thought as I never have aspired to be governor of Tennessee. As to being associated with General Grant on a Presidential ticket in 1880, the Postmaster General answers they would have to find something a great deal worse to say before making him very angry. With reference to Southern politics he said that tendency of the Democracy was towards an exclusive hard money currency and resuitation; that the greenback movement would make no progress at the South outside of the Democracy; that the success of the Southern Democracy in national affairs would doubtless result in the repeal of the resumption act and general demoralization of the financial situation. As to South Carolina, specially, he looked for a fair election, and generally throughout the South, and for Republican gains in Congressional not anticipated at the North. Regarding the Southern war claims he did not think the awards would be greatly increased in case of Democratic control of the government, as they were based on presumption of loyalty during the war and nearly all those who are willing to make affidavit of loyalty have done so.

A Bankrupt Newspaper.

E. B. Martindale of the Indianapolis *Journal* filed his voluntary petition in bankruptcy August 19th. His liabilities amounting in the aggregate to $105,000, are all secured by mortgages on his real estate, valued at $800,000. This valuation is about two-thirds of the appraised value of the property made when the mortgages were executed. There are some other small accounts and some endorsements set out in the petition, but no unsecured debts of any character. The proceedings goes not in any way affect the *Journal*, its management, or accounts. The paper will be published as heretofore in the name of E. B. Martindale & Co., being the firm name adopted by the publishers before Gen. U. Hill was appointed a provisional assignee. The Thorpe block, the residence property and the *Journal* property have been sold subject to the incumbrance on the same, so that actual liabilities will be $105,000, and the property now owned and mortgaged to secure the claims is valued at $828,000.

Quincy Ill. Bank.

The following notice was posted on the doors of the First National and Quincy Savings Banks, on the morning of Aug. 19. In order to do equal justice to all parties and to insure the full and speedy payment of all their creditors at the earliest possible moment, the board of directors have decided to close both banks. Officers and directors of the institutions assure their creditors in the strongest terms that their assets are ample to meet their debts in full, and that they will be paid the cash. Assets now on hand to pay a large part of the indebtedness. The action is caused by the insolvency of the Chicago house during the month of July. (Signed) C. M. Pomeroy, president; U. S. Plaskell, cashier." The failure of the bank has caused no excitement. Our citizens all feel that the bank will pay its liabilities in full and will resume in a very short time.

Fatal Pistol Shot.

There seem to be a fascination about the handling of deadly weapons. At Rush City, Minn., August 18th, Anna Rubens, aged 15, was accidentally shot and killed by Frank Pratt. It happened as follows: The girl went at Mr. Pratt's store to purchase some ribbon, and Miss Gracie Pratt was attending to the store all alone. The girls stood chatting and laughing while examining the ribbon, when Gracie espied a small cartridge pistol on the shelf behind her, and thinking to show it to Anna, handed it down, but just as it struck the counter, the hammer hit something which caused it to go off while the pistol was within a foot of Miss Rubens' right temple, and the bullet entering her head on the right side, and she fell forward upon the counter, then upon the floor, and did not utter a word. She was struck senseless, and never knew what hurt her. She died in about an hour without having recovered consciousness. The verdict of the coroner's jury was as follows: "Anna Rubens came to her death by a pistol shot in the head, accidentally discharged while in the hands of Frank Pratt, and that she be exonerated from all blame in the matter.

Robbery and Murder.

Three strangers entered the pawnbroker shop of M. O'Shea, in Portland, Oregon, on the 10th inst., killed the proprietor with a slung-shot, locked the door, packed up the jewelry and valuables, and escaped by a rear entrance passing through a back yard. Three Alarm was given and an officer pursued the robbers. At the corner of Third and Morrison streets they fired two shots at the officer, missing him, and eventually killing Louis Joseph, aged 14. The robbers then jumped into an express wagon and drove to the outskirts of the city, where they left the timber. Pursuit was at once organized. It captured they will undoubtedly be lynched in the summary manner which of late years in Oregon are considered fatal. The amount of plunder obtained is unknown.

McKenzie's Raid

A Galveston *News* San Antonio special of August 19th, says, a battalion of cavalry, crossed the Rio Grande and surrounded New Town. Early in the morning he charged the town, for the purpose of capturing the notorious stock thief Arcola, but he had fled, riding off bareback, minus clothes or arms. The sleepy of New Town was interrupted and informed to accompany Col. Young to this side of the river, when he stated Arcola stole cattle from Texas for a living, herding the same stock to Mexico, regular Mexican troops being purchasers, the Mexican officers knowing the stock to be stolen.

President Hayes' Visit.

It is now definitely known that President Hayes will reach Chicago en route to St. Paul on the morning of the 3rd of September. He will stay that day and the night, and during his stay there will be a public reception at the Grand Pacific hotel, and an enthusiastic one. Great preparations are being made to entertain. There being no will-o-the-wisps in the committee, they will succeed.

TUESDAY, August 20.—Major E. A. Burke, of New Orleans, was before the Potter committee, and was examined at length. Gen. Butler did all the questioning. The effect of the examination of Burke was to show that there was a bargain by which the Packard government was to be overthrown, and that the Nicholls government was to be recognized, and that there was to be no such bargain. Partisans will accept or reject Burke's statements according to their preconceived notions, and argue upon his defiance indefinitely or many of his statements. The witness said he religiously kept the bargain made by Packard and Packard were defeated and Tilden and Nicholls elected, and that he was proud of it, every honest man there. Witness went to Washington, he said, the 15th of January, as agent for Gen. Sheridan, to get a promise of protection by government troops with the state government. We had the moral and literal force of the people of Louisiana, sufficient to establish a government, which we have lost because a collision with the United States troops. We were determined to protect the interests of the people against the government, and if an armed attack were made on the Nicholls government it would have been repulsed. We had become sick and tired of the state of things. Chestnut of two elections had been plundered, we determined not to stand it longer, and would have driven the rascals out. Referring to the conference of outstanding such things, Gen. Grant modified his views after my visit to Washington. I was sent to Washington for the purpose of getting the troops, not to interfere, and got an order to that effect, on the morning of the 29 of March. Question by Butler—Then you got your instructions from Gen. Grant? Answer—I got them at 12 o'clock at night. Now, did you not know that Nicholls was to be inaugurated that day? Answer—I was not sure. No sir, I did not here, did not know of any conference between Hayes and Grant.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 21.—The Potter committee continued the examination of Major Burke. He testified about the famous Wormley conference in January, and he stated I received any letter of guarantee or assurances from Sherman or others of the conference? Gen. Butler took the witness in hand, and quite a passage at arms occurred between them. Without concluding the examination of the witness the committee adjourned.

Milwaukee Produce Market.

GRAIN—Wheat opened weak and 1½c lower, and closed easy: No. 1, Spring, $1.04 bid; No. 2, do, October 97½c; No. 3, do, Corn, No. 2, 38½c. Oats steady: No. 2, 25½c. Rye, No. 1, 81½c. Barley, No. 2, $1.15 bid. Flax, steady: No. 1, $1.13½; No. 2, do, $1.12½.

PROVISIONS—Pork heavy; mess $10.35. Beef dull. Bulk meats steady; long clear $5.37½. Lard firm; prime steam $7.00@7.40.

Sheldon's Defeat.

Gov. Hampton authorizes a contradiction of the statement that a requisition has been issued for ex-Gov. Scott. A man named Loftus, who had a warrant for the arrest of Sheldon, escaped state prisoner, was killed to day attempting the arrest of Sheldon at his house in Greenville, La. The number of Hill-Cleaffman steadies, guilty of greatly diminished. Only about fifty more are expected.

Heavy Failure.

A Pittsburg, Pa., telegram of Aug. 16, says: The Neshannock iron works of Sharpe, Pennsylvania, firm named Bradley, Reis & Co., filed a petition in bankruptcy today, with a schedule of liabilities amounting to nearly a million of dollars. The failure is attributed to the failure of Hill Clark & Co., Carnes & Co., of the same place, and Reese, Groff & Woods, of this city.

Wisconsin State Teachers

A Madison, Wis., telegram of August 17 says, the board of examiners of candidates for State teachers' certificates had closed their labors. Five hundred and ninety-five certificates and three persons limited to five year certificates. The examiners speak in high praise of all the applicants.

Senator Blaine Injured.

An Augusta, Me., telegram of August 19th, says, Senator Blaine and family, while driving yesterday, were caught in a violent storm, which frightened the horse, and it ran away, upsetting the carriage. Mrs. Blaine only was injured, receiving many painful bruises.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

MONDAY, August 19.—The Potter investigating committee resumed its session. John E. Leete and his partner Hinchman were generally discussed. His wife and children are sick with typhoid fever in New Orleans, which with the excitement of testifying before the committee, may have caused his apparent temporary derangement of mind. A dispatch was received from Gov. Kellogg in Chicago, denying several statements made by Leete in his testimony, and stating that Leete had been found for months past beyond the office and latterly threatening and denouncing him because he did not receive one. Gen. Butler made another drive at Stanley Matthews, for his neglect to appear before the committee, and they defended to report Matthews as being in contempt. There being no witnesses before the committee, the case rested.

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She Knew Her Business.

When Collins went home to dinner Monday he found the house tenantless, the cook stove cold, and there was a jealous look about that part of the Monday washing still left in the tubs in the summer kitchen. Hurrying from one door to back yard, he saw his wife braced against the fence, holding to the end of a broken clothes-line by one hand, and twenty-two women of the town in the front yard, in the form of a circle, and seventy-five men, close on the report as follows: "The cause of the Indians was strong, on account of the grievances they had suffered, passed over in approaching them; the troops were in the Town hill under cover of it for about four hundred yards, with but few men and no brushes to conceal the men from

A GAMBLER'S LUCK.

Now a One Dollar Bill was Increased.

[Cincinnati Commercial.]

The Louisville, so old time Cincinnati gamblers call it, for the other days ago, and a *Commercial* reporter happening in, was asked, "Well, I suppose you have some pretty fine stories to tell about the old days?"

"Well, I should say so," replied Don.

Then, responded the editor that he had often heard of enormous winnings by gamblers either in or capital, and asked him what was the largest sum he had ever seen made on a few dollars.

"Why," replied the veteran, "about the biggest winning I ever saw made on next to nothing, was in a game made by Al Wescott, a hard-fated faro bank player. Along in the fall of 1856 Wescott landed here as near broke as a man could well be. He had come up from New Orleans, and after getting a bite to eat he had to fall back on the levee. At last he sauntered into Tom Karran's gambling house, sat down at the faro table, and, as he was finely fitted up, and Al presented a rather respectable appearance, he commenced laying in his shabby suit, badly damaged has and unpolished boots. He threw himself upon a velvet lounge to think on what he was about, completely ignoring the black looks of the proprietor, who was leaning against the bar.

"When he awoke the game was about to close. A high roller had lost a pile and retired broke. I think—had lost $600 or $1,000, and was nearly broke. The dealer, a swarthy, repulsive-looking man, was shuffling the cards, and he was very sleepy, and yawning a good deal, with an occasional glance at the clock, as if he did not have th close pretty soon. when Wescott woke up he noticed that the dealer had invited a sea dollar across the table, asked for a 'short stack of white chips,' and put in his sure-fire last time, said, 'Well, we won't have much trouble with you,' and threw him two, while the dealer, in a sleepy way, threw him three whites at $10 a stack then. The two stacks were worth $40 in the game. At let them remain where they fell. The four of spades won. Al let the bet stand, and it won again. He now seemed to have a sort of presentiment that the game was about to close, and he never touched his bet, and let it stand on the four. The first four card was nine, four; and then Pennbeort, with an ugly grunt, sized up to the stack, which stood on the four. Wescott made no movement to reduce the bet, and the irritated dealer said, 'Here, Mr. Wescott, we can only give you a limit of money. Said he: 'Oh be wrate the fuse for win through, does he? Well, let him go what he wants; you bet I'll not ask him to take down.

"With these orders the dealer turned on, and the small was that he had won through again, and at the end of the deal Wescott, who, sat solidly upon the four, was the widest engaging pile of chips, had $256 stacked upon the four.

"'Now,' said Wescott to Karran, 'you have made your bragg about being a game man. I'll just cut the cards with you for the card nearest the four for the whole pile or quits.

"'Done!' excitedly exclaimed Karran, and the dealer shuffled the cards and cut a pile of diamonds. Wescott cut, and you'd hardly have seen it, showed up the four of clubs.

"'For that $512,' calmly remarked Wescott to Karran, 'you may give me some blue checks' and he pushed the stack across to him.

"Pennbeort was wide awake by this time, and he cut for a pile of diamonds, and the four again. Wescott started in to play with his nine winnings. At let he lost one, and in less than hour had won out $4,000. Karran and his dealer were sitting in the back room, and Wescott started to bet. In nine deals he beat the four spot thirty-two times for $75 a crack, and never lost it in the game. Karran was in every deal, which you may be sure, was a very interesting game. Wescott had he coupled the climax along about 4 o'clock morning, and he had piled up twenty-five hundred and twenty-five or six hundred dollars' worth of checks for redemption, saying, with a yawn, that he was sleepy and tired, and was sided, and he thought he would go to bed. The proprietor counted out the money, and he coolly reduced to its last wrapper, but the money was not forthcoming. The bank was broke for the night, and Wescott had to call for the money the next day."

"THE MAN-EATER" OF EEL RIVER.

A Humboldt County Man Encounters a Formidable River Monster.

[Eureka Times.]

G. D. Schumacher, of Garberville, has had the good or bad luck to have seen the "man-eater" of Eel river, and sends the following report to the *Times* for publication. As some of your readers are somewhat interested in the big snake in the south fork of Eel river, I will give you some facts for which I will vouch myself. The reader can do as he pleases about the portrait, but an animal somewhat similar. I have seen it, have fought it, and commenced firing at it, and watched it at close range. I will give you a correct description, or as near as I can. It is about twenty feet long, about eight and nine feet long, the head is about seven inches broad, the body increasing gradually from the head to the tail, which is oval, belly flat, color white; the back is about the color of a white horse with dark spots and stripes. For abomination and a half feet from the head back the tail begins and forms round, and the end is tapering round and looks as if it was cut off, leaves the butt from one and a half to two inches across. The end of the tail is yellow for about two and a half feet, with dark rings around it. The two web feet, close behind the head, the joint about three inches long; the head is seven inches across and shaped like a frog's; black eyes as large as 25 cent pieces. Teeth, or whatever it is, means like an alligator or crocodile. Last Saturday, or rather yesterday, I left Garberville, coming down the South Fork on my way to Rohnerville. After crossing the South Fork mountains I came to a large pool of standing, about two miles above what is called Dyer's Ranch. Starting my horse at the pool, I went on down the river, to a place where the outcome was, and measuring the depth of the middle of my eye. I was about seven feet in the river when my horse shied. Looking down on the off or left side I saw a large yellow back, shoulders and web-feet of a monstrous animal under my horse's feet. Thinking it was a bear and not having time to think on any size, I spurred my horse to jump from there, which he very willingly did. I looked back, the water being clear, I saw the monster in the place where I left it. Taking out my revolver I fired five shots, without four feet. I fired my single-barreled deringer at his head and shoulders, and I could not further tarry to watch his movements. Shortly after my shot this animal rose, turned over, and floated on his back, and I could see that it almost reclaimed in the same place, and then it turned over and went down again. Thinking I had killed it, I went on down. I repeated the same 'dose' twice, with the same result, but the last time I saw it was up it blood in a fearful snake, beating the water with its tail and splashing it over me. For having fired my rifle, I was a little far from the battle field. As luck would have it, some Indians were camped within hailing distance. When they saw me charging back and forth in the river and shooting at something, they came running toward me. They happened to have a rifle and two bullets, which they brought to me. The animal was turning toward me. The first shot I fired was, A. Tim. Shot, I think, about eighteen inches. By this time the boat had again turned toward me, and I fired a fearful shot. Taking a dead aim I fired: At the crack of the gun the animal made a terrible plunge, and then turned over, its head turning down stream and floating into deep water. Not having any more bullets I went to the pool my rocks, mounted my horse, and followed the animal as close as prudence would permit. I then went back at 10 but it never moved. The Indians would not go near the water, but promised if it was dead they would skin the animal for us and save the hide. For all of the above I will vouch. This is not fiction. If I had known that I was so near to a habitation—within two miles of Myers'—I should have staid longer with the beast, as it may turn out to be quite a curiosity.

Minnesota News.

A hungry fox was shot in a hen-roost in Winnebago City the other day.

The female barber shop in Winnebago City is doing a thriving business.

Ice measuring from twelve to fifteen feet high are numerous in and around Hastings.

Numerous fatal results are reported throughout the State for the use of Paris green.

Three flights and a general drunk was the order of the day in Winnebago City the other day, according to the *Press*.

Steel rails are being laid on the river railroad between Lake City and Red Wing, and will soon be laid through to St. Paul.

The county commissioners of Fillmore county have levied a tax of $18,258 on the assessed taxable property of the county for 1878.

Sheriff Adams has recaptured Texas Jack, who broke jail in Blue Earth county a few days ago. He is wanted for a desperate character.

The debts made by farmers in Nicollet county in 1878, for agricultural machinery and tools, will reach, it is said, the sum of $200,000.

A shanty in Janesville, occupied by two women, was burned to the ground, the property owners the other day, being unable to get rid of them in any other way.

A burglar attempted to enter the house of H. H. Dickinson, of Waseshaw, the other night by cutting the mosquito bar, the window being closed, and succeeded in getting in.

George Milligan, who assaulted Policeman Paul, of Hastings, with a revolver, has been bound over to a term of the district court, the jury at the next term of court.

The $24,000 bonds, issued by the town of Red Wing, in Lake Pepin for the benefit of that place, under an act of last winter, were successfully negotiated at St. Paul last week.

In a fracas the other day between a white and colored man at Lake City, the colored man was shot back of the ear, and the ball lodged out like a hickle. The shooter is in jail.

At Howard lake, Wright county, the other day, a little boy fell into an open well. He was saved from drowning by clinging to the pump stock, till a man coiled go down and pulled him up.

"All right," replied Wescott; 'if that's the kind of gamblers you've got to be I'll take down. And I was going to see if with all your shuffling you could prevent that four from winning through again.

"Just then Tom Karran; one of the proprietors happened to drop in and overhear the last remark. He pulled himself out being a terrible game man, ready to gamble against anybody and for any amount of money. Said he:—

"'Oh be wrate the fuse for win through, does he? Well, let him go what he wants; you bet I'll not ask him to take down.

"With these orders the dealer turned on, and the small was that he had won through again, and at the end of the deal Wescott, who, sat solidly upon the four, was the widest engaging pile of chips, had $256 stacked upon the four.

"'Now,' said Wescott to Karran, 'you have made your bragg about being a game man. I'll just cut the cards with you for the card nearest the four for the whole pile or quits.

"'Done!' excitedly exclaimed Karran, and the dealer shuffled the cards and cut a pile of diamonds. Wescott cut, and you'd hardly have seen it, showed up the four of clubs.

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Midsummer.

Around the lovely valley rises
The purple hills of Paradise.
O, softly on your banks of haze
Her rich robe the summer lays!
Beneath it, deep the grass sways
The orgeolies of cloudland lie.
When, o'er the sky, with many a shining rift,
Far off, their pearl-white peaks uplift.
Thousands of lilies, palisadomed on high
The window sashes are awash with hay.
Inside the cooled sheltered seat,
Just where the field mice have their secret haunt—
Where grow the pine trees tall and bland,
The ancient oaks austere and grand,
The fringy fronts and poplars fret
The ripples of the rivulet,
I watch the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row;
With even stroke their scythes they swing
In time, their merry whetstones ring.
Behind the dainty sumaitier run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun;
The cattle graze, while warm and still,
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, when summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.
The butterfly and bumble-bee,
Come to the peasant woods with me;
Quickly before the rain the quail,
The chickens skulk behind the rail,
High on the lone wood-pigeon sits,
Low woodpecker peeks and flits.
Sweet woodland music stirs and swells,
The bobolink sings its tinkling bells,
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his drumming drum.
The wildbird hangs among the bough,
And chatters in his leafy house;
The orioleo plies her busy task—
Hunter of the insect race.
Where pink buds blushed times his coat
Two tiny feathers fall and float.
Softly, as tenderly.
The dear God peace dwelleth on me,
O! little peace! I have no need
Of book, of talk, or book to read;
A dear companion hear alone;
Close to my fluttering heart He hides;
The holy silence is His voice,
The, and listen, and rejoice.

Thusie's Fourth of July.

It was different from any other Fourth of July. There wasn't a man, woman, or child in Bayfield whose blood did not tingle, not only because of the birthday of our mother, liberty, but for the glorious anniversary of old Bayfield town itself. One hundred years old on this day! Little Thusie Basset wouldn't have been quite surprised if the sun had stood still. It would only have been just what ought to have happened on this "Centennial Day!"

Cute day was everything that could be desired. Early the crowd began to assemble, and the village green was gay with the gaily clad folk who came pouring from their simple homes. Was ever anything quite so fine—the singers marching in the dilapidated old church with their books; the tables in the grove of lime maples just a little distance off fast groaning beneath under the fingers of ambitious matrons and rosycheeked maids; the grand new band, blaring and drumming so joyously that lazy horses came hurrying up the steep hills to be there in time; the little streamlets of red, white and blue bespangling the branches of the flag floating from the church belfry; the cannon booming in the village green.

Thusie chased her hats and bonnet and sighed. She had run and raced herself into a fever, as Aunt Martha observed, quite early in the day. She had fallen down and scraped the skin off from a little place on her knee; she had torn a hole in her best frock; but what cared she for such slight mishaps! Was she not just and sacred of this glorious Fourth of July? Tried as she was she never let a small flag bravely displayed with pride at the little bunch of red, white and blue ribbons that Aunt Patty had pinned on the back of white dress; and then away she went again, her small figure curvetting and frisking in and out as she "celebrated" with the other children.

"Thusie, come here!" called Sarah Jane, "I want to tell you something. No, Nellie Smith, your sin't comin'! You'll go and tell!" And Sarah dragged Thusie off, and with arm around her waist and her mouth in her hair voice she told of a secret—O, such a great one! and enlarged enthusiastically upon it to the two or three other girls who were graciously allowed to join.

"Now you see, girls, this is what we're going to do. Don't run never tell—certain true, black and blue, hope I may die if I do! you must say, because, you know it's a great secret."

"Go no Sarah!" said timid little Fannie Newcomb, "that's wicked."

"Pah! no, you goose! it don't mean anything."

What Sarah wanted them to say it for it didn't mean anything, the girls didn't clearly see; but they repeated the magic words.

"There now! I can tell you with some comfort," said Miss Sarah, seating herself on the grass in a blustering fashion, which example was followed by the others till they formed a circle; then, in a low voice and with many mysterious gestures, she unfolded the wonderful news.

"Well, girls, you know the fireworks tonight! Well, you all know we can't see anything on the Green, the folks crowd and jam so; so we—that is, us five—are going up into the old belfry!"

"O!—O!" screamed two or three of the girls.

"Ask if you don't wan't all the boys coming."

"But, Sarah, I don't see how," said one of the girls. "They won't let us. You know Deacon Smith said nobody must go up there; I wasn't safe, he said. He said the old shell would break through or bounce off if a great crowd got in."

"Anybody knows better than that, and believe we ain't a crowd! I guess I ain't coming down for five girls! And just think how we can see the rockets and comets from the big window!"

"It would be splendid," said Roxy Thompson, "but I should be frightened most to death, Sarah."

"And isn't there mice—and things?" timidly asked Lucia Russell.

Thusie said nothing. She knew her mother never would hear to the lovely plan. Besides, she was to go with the rest of the family to "Uncle John's." O, dear! if she could only do as she was minded to, like Sarah!

"Besides it will be dark, Sarah," pursued Lucia.

"No! won't it! be as light's anything. Why, the fireworks go shooting up, whiz! bang! all through the sky," and Sarah suited the action by an expressive fling. "Pve seen 'em when I went down to Boston last year," and Sarah descanted on the glories and wonders in store for them till she got them wild with delight and ready for anything. Having a head for contrivance, she had the plan ready for getting into the church.

"You know girls," she said, "the've decided to ring the bell when they're ready to set off the fireworks. Well, when Joe Vance goes up to ring it, we must be all ready to creep up after him. He's awful nice, you know; and besides, he'll be making such a noise with the bell he can't possibly hear us. And I'm going to have my pocket full of candy, and we can sit up there and see the whole thing just elegant! So, Thusie, you be sure and be here. We'll meet in the place the big oak tree. And Frank, if you tell, there'll be the most awful things happen to you! And Sue, don't wait to wash all the dishes for your Aunt Betsey; she can do 'em for once. And Tilly—

"If you want any dinner, come along; they're all sitting down!" screamed Bob Davis, poking his head from the window in a whoop that made them jump.

Away they all ran, and fireworks and belfry were soon forgotten in the glories of that table—a real Fourth of July celebration table! Flowers, pyramids of cakes and flags flying from the apex, cookies, tarts, iced loaves—every cook had done her best.

Sunset was coming on before the last left the tables, and even then Thusie had scarcely thought of her promise. She only vaguely realized what a forbidden thing she and the others were going to do. I think if she had really and fairly reflected upon it, she would have refused to have anything to do with the whole thing and stood firm. "My think always comes afterwards, a little too late, and it's most always a sorry think!

Well, the sun went down. Great gold and red clouds gathered over the sky; there was one cloud nearly white, with deep red border and a rosy center, on the blue patch that had been so bright through the day.

"See, it's put on red, white and blue!" call Henry Carter, and all the children rushed to see.

"Thusie," said her mother, as she drew her little girl aside from racing along with the others towards her, "I am going now, now to put Grace to bed, and when you get ready you run right along up to Uncle John's. Aunt Fanny went an hour ago, she was so tired.

Thusie's heart gave a naughty little leap. Was anything ever so convenient? Merry groups were already getting "the best places" for a good view. She knew it must be time to be at the appointed place under the big oak. Away she ran with rapid footsteps and was soon, under its shelter. She was the first there, but in a minute Sarah Jones and Tilly Thompson rushed up and threw their arms round her; then Lucia came—all there but Frank.

"Why don't she come, the stupid thing!" fretted Sarah. There's old Joe crossing the Green, now; we can't wait for her any longer."

That moment Frank, panting, and frightened, hurried up and was pulled into their shelter.

"What made you so late," demanded Sarah.

"Oh! I couldn't help it," panted Frasie. "I had to run every step of the way. My little brother Teddy and cousin Augusta would come, and of course I, as Bess wanted me to get her a chair, and then I tumbled down and—"

"Well, never mind," said Sarah, "you're here now, at last. Come, girls now for it!" And with many a whisper and giggle they stole along under cover of the darkness after old Joe who was blundering up the stairs, making so much racket himself that he could not hear anything else.

"Oh, mercy!" whispered Sarah, "I ran my head into a horrid cobweb and it's all over my face!"

"Sh! Sh!" and on they sped lightly.

"Frasie Newcomb, you shan't scream, so there!" A big mouse, unaccustomed to such interruptions, had flounced across the floor right across the children's feet.

"Sh! Sh! clingity—clang! How queer the old bell sounds up here.

Joe they could see above them as his figure, waved back and forth, and they wondered how he could possibly get up there upon the rickety little ladder. Wasn't it delightful, though, up in this dim forbidden spot with all shadowy nooks and mysterious recesses—lighted weirdly by the lurid glare from the firework stand outside. How queer all the people looked moving down on the green!

"There's Miss Priscilla Bascom," announced Tilly with a soft giggle. "Ain't she funny? My! look at her nose- It's a yard long!"

"Yes! but O, see what they're doing there!" whispered Sarah excitedly.

"Where? where?" said Frasie, trying to see.

"O, Frasie! you push had as the folks on the Green." grumbled Sarah, not moving in the least to accommodate.

Just then a most dismal noise sounded close which made them all jump and stare in each other's faces in fright.

"Oh, what was that?" whispered Lucia, grasping Thusie's arm.

Sarah's black eyes began to pretrude a little, but she said nothing.

"Hush! Another awful noise that seemed to the frightened girls like thunder; something ran and pounced into a dark corner. They didn't wait to see what it was; they gave a jump and tumbled over each other to get to the landing below. Thusie's lovely blue sash was grasped by Sarah's sticky fingers, which had been greedily and slyly diminishing the pretiful of candy in the darkness above.

"Well!" gasped Sarah, when at last they reached the foot of the stairs, "I don't see what there is to be frightened at!"

"What—did you—come for then?" choked Thusie, who had scrambled so she could hardly breathe, let alone talk.

"Why, I didn't tell you all started," snapped Sarah. "But never mind, here's a splendid place to see!" and she ensconced herself at once in the best corner of the big, square front window. It was very dirty, being covered with dust and grime, not exactly the place that careful mothers would have selected for the holiday dresses of their children.

The grand show of the evening now began. The girls held their breath as they watched entranced in the dirty old window, crouching together very uncomfortably, trying hard to think they were having a nice time. And O! it was so warm and stifling.

"Pow! How close it is! Do open the window, Sarah!" gasped little Frasie at last.

But it wouldn't open.

"I wish we had stain out on the green," wailed Tilly.

Suddenly Sarah screamed.

"Why, as sure as I live, they're going round to the side of the church girls, with that splendid wheel of liberty! O, hurry, hurry, hurry!" and she began to scramble down and pick her way over the rickety landing to the belfry stairs.

"Wait!" called out Frasie; but Sarah sped on. They could scarcely see a yard ahead. They had all they could do to follow her, and Thusie, being last and catching her dress on a splinter, had the unlucky hole she had acquired in the early part of the day, had to stop outright and release it, and was entirely separated from the others. Her mates, supposing her close behind, reached the front outer door and were soon scattered in various directions among their friends, and lost in the delightful enjoyments.

Thusie turned, they going down the stairs, the wrong way. Near the foot there was a door—a little old dusty door, which she had never seen before in her very few knowy existed. The door of this closet stupid Joe had left open when he went down to ring the bell; she was tired, Thusie, in her bewilderment blundering into the narrow passage way, turned into this door and fell headlong over an old worm-eaten stool standing in the middle of the floor. She struck her forehead with great violence on the floor beyond, and knew no more.

And now the show was over. Everybody was getting ready for home. Old Joe was locking the church.

Couldn't any friendly hand rouse little Thusie! Aunt Fanny, safe at "Brother John's," supposed her with her mother on the green. This was why Thusie wasn't missed by anyone. Couldn't some friendly hand be lendered to the loving mother as she sat there in her low rocking-chair—kept at home herself from Uncle John's by sick little baby Gracie, crooning soft melodies into the little little ears—of the danger and loniliness that threatened her little Thusie!

The old church door swung with a bang. This it was probably, that fairly roused Thusie from the swoon out of which she was slowly coming.

In those first dreadful moments Thusie never knew what she did. She groped her way out at last to the main passage. There was a window up to which she managed to climb and press her frightened little face piteously to the pane. From time to time, as she had groped her way along, she had called and shouted and then paused to listen. She soon began to realize this was of no use.

"Oh, dear!" I don't believe I ever could have hated Uncle John's," she sobbed, "I'm just the lowliest girl!"

And then the bitter tears dropped down and rolled all over the soiled little cockade that had been so gaily pinned on in the early morning. Thusie was a child of great common sense. She knew nothing could actually happen to her in the old church, and darkness had never yet hex any of those keen terrors that invest the timid soul with horrible dread for other children; but remorse reproached her sorely.

She said over all her prayers, even those that her dear mother had taught her, watched and waited. It seemed to her hours, but, in reality, it was only late bed-time through the village; had Angela, one after another, went out, and all were peacefully setting for the night.

What was that? Surely nothing but a mouse nibbling at the old wood-work. Again. That was no mouse! Thusie would have said she smelled something burning, only she must have been dreaming. She pinched herself to keep awake. But no! there certainly was a little flame of fire shooting right up from the floor, right there on the very roof of the porch. Locked up in solid church, with the fire that had somehow caught from the fireworks and been smouldering, until now it had broken out! All the people at home and in bed!

Thusie knew enough to realize that the old weather-beaten structure could never withstand the fire. If she could only ring the old bell! But Joe always put up the ladder and secured it by a hook when he finished ringing. She rattled the window; she scrambled down to the door and tried with all her might—which was quite considerable now—to shake it; anything to make a noise.

She could see the fire slowly growing bigger. What was one flame had now become many, which with increasing velocity that threatened the whole building.

Oh, dear! I wanted fireworks, and now I have got them," moaned Thusie.

Still the awful crackling as the dry timbers took fire, and the smoke began to come in through the big cracks. She flung herself down on the floor; she could not look up any more.——

"Fire! fire! The church is on fire!" in what seemed to Thusie the voice of an angel, ring through the stillness.

It was farmer Brown going home late in his wagon. The old church porch was wreathed in flames when his first wild cry rang over the deserted village.

Thusie rushed back to the window. She felt the hot push of the flames pushing in at the cracks and the rickety window. The light of the bright fire fell upon her white dress, whiter face, and disordered hair; making a strange picture; but she was not discovered yet by the excited crowd. At last Job Sawyer, stalwart young blacksmith, but with a heart tender as a child's, cried out:

"Why! there's a little gal up there!"

All eyes were turned then up to the window, and a second's pause fell upon them all. Then Job, with his mother's man's shoulder, swung himself up to the railing, and with one blow from his powerful fist shattered the rickety sash, fragments. He grasped Thusie, passed her to the trembling crowd below. Some heard the voices about her in a dream.

"Why, it's little Thusie Bassett!"

"Sakes alive! how did it happen?"

"What it it had been my Jane!"

"Where's her mother?"

She only knew she was in her father's arms—safe now! Safe! she knew no more until in her own dear home she came to herself with a great gasp; and there she was looking into the blessed face of her mother. And six simple little words were on her lips unuttered, involuntary, but never forgotten, never annulled: *"I will always mind my mother!"*

—*Wide Awake.*

Flannel Cakes—Warm a quart of milk with two ounces of butter until thoroughly mixed; dissolve a teaspoonful of soda in a little rich cream, and add a little warm milk. Sift two pounds of flour, with two tablespoonfuls of cream tartar, and stir into the milk to make a thick smooth batter. Beat seven eggs until very thick and light and add gradually to the batter, beating it hard while pouring the eggs in. Bake on a hot griddle well greased.

A Healthy Body and Brilliant Head.

If indigestion, constipation and biliousness torment the body, the head cannot be clear. These disorders feed upon the brain most hurtfully, and produce a cloudiness in the organ of thought not experienced by a healthy man. Happily these troublesome and painful ailments are entirely dispelled by that peerless alterative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which cheers, refreshes and invigorates the body and nerves, purifies it regulates the organs of digestion, assimilation and bilious secretion. It expels the morbid humors which poison the system through the bowels and urinary passages, and exerts a powerfully invigorating influence on the liver, whose action is never irritating, violent or painful, but always mild, gentle and progressive. As an appetizer and sleep promoter the Bitters is unrivaled; it mitigates the infirmities of age, relieves the ailments peculiar to the gentler sex, arrests premature decay, and builds up robust health.

Voluntary assertion should be considered as grandevidence of the merits of the remedy. Below is one among many thousands of Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR as a cure for Heart Disease:

"Rice—Will you please send me a bottle of Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR by express. I see you have it advertised in the Times, and I can say it is the best remedy for the heart ever offered to the public."

Among the many Specifics for Heart Disease are Palpitation, Enlargement, Disease of the Heart, Stoppage of the Action of the Heart, Trembling of the Heart and about the Heart, Oscillation or Bony Formation of the Heart, Spasms, Convulsions, Dizziness, Fainting, Fits of the Spirits. Send your name to F. P. Dewey, Buffalo, N. Y., for a circular containing a list of testimonials of cures, &c.

Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR is for sale by all druggists at 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

MALEMANY AND SUBTLE INDEED is the poison of Scrofula, and terrible are its ravages in the system. They may, however, be permanently stayed and the destructive virus expelled from the circulation with BOCKLIN'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, a potent vegetable detergent which eradicates all skin diseases, leaving no vestige of them behind. White swellings, salt rheum, tetter, abscesses, tired complaint, and eruptions of every description are invariably conquered by it. Druggists sell it.

Palate and Stomach.

If you would have your biscuits, bread, rolls, corn-bread, cake—in short all articles prepared from flour, thoroughly wholesome and digestible, use DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER, which is not only free from adulteration, but wholesome, makes food, and is nutritious. This Baking Powder is used by the most eminent chemists and physicians. Buy it only in cans, never loose or in bulk.

A Friend in Need—GRACE'S SALVE is a friend in *deed*. Who has not found it such in curing Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Scalds, Felons, Sells, and even the most obstinate old Ulcers, and other Sores? It is a wonderful compound, called alike to the skin of the child and of the adult.

For upwards of thirty years MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children with never failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures dysentery, diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. 25 cts. a bottle.

We have a list of a thousand country weeklies, in which we can insert a one-inch advertisement one year for two dollars and a quarter for a paper, or for the same price we can insert one inch in one paper for one year (one week), averaging seven lines each. For list of papers and other particulars address BEALE & FOSTER, 10 Spruce Street, New York.

CHEW
The Celebrated
"Matchless"
Wood Tag Plug
Tobacco
THE PIONEER TOBACCO COMPANY,
New York, Boston and Chicago.

Attention is directed to the advertisement in another column of the section sale of Percherons, Norman stallions and graded stock, from the celebrated breeding farm of L. Johnson, East Castle Rock, Minn.

Fever and ague, malarious fever, billious fever, and fevers of all grades are fast producing cause and may all be easily prevented by using *Dr. Jayne's Purgative Pills*. These pills act directly and powerfully upon the blood.

It is a dangerous thing to allow the diarrhœa or dysentery to go unchecked and there is no withstand the last. If she could only ring the old bell! But Joe always put up the ladder and secured it by a hook when he finished ringing. She rattled the window; she scrambled down to the door and tried with all her might—which was quite considerable now—to shake it; anything to make a noise.

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Paints Ready for Use
FOR PAINTING ROOFS, BUILDINGS, FENCES, &c.

Tarred Felt and Building Paper, Tarred Felt Roofing Materials, Coal Tar, Pitch, Rosin, Asphalt, Asphalt Varnish, Carbon Black, Carbon Black Paint, Carbon Black Roofing Paint, Carbon Black Roofing Felt, Carbon Black Roofing Felt Paint, Carbon Black Roofing Felt Varnish, Carbon Black Varnish, Carbon Black Roofing Varnish, Carbon Black Roofing Paint Varnish, Carbon Black Roofing Felt Paint Varnish, Carbon Black Roofing Felt

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

O. P. STEARNS, Judge District Court.
W. W. HARTLEY, Clerk.
H. D. FOLLETT, Judge of Probate.
GEO. WHITNEY, Sheriff.
Coroner.
F. X. GOURIT, Auditor.
F. H. THOMPSON, Treasurer.
F. E. CROSBY, Register of Deeds.
H. D. FOLLETT, Court Commissioner.
C. H. ALSOP, Surveyor.
County Attorney.
E. W. WEED, Ch'n Board Comm's.
W. H. LELAND, } Commissioners.
H. M. LAUKSQUIT, }

Republican County Committee.

H. D. FOLLETT, Chairman.
N. MCFADDEN.
J. B. CONANT.

LOCAL.

JUST RECEIVED at Smith & Campbell's, a new invoice of teas—direct from New York.

Go to Smith & Campbell's for groceries, Dry Goods, or anything you want—cheap.

Mrs. Dr. Burns is in town, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Eyre. She left here since her departure about two years ago.

Hon. N. Richardson and Dr. J. O. Simmons, of Little Falls, are viewing the City of Pines o'er to-day. They arrived late evening.

A. B. Raiha is in town, prepared to do all kinds of House Painting. Orders left at Smith & Campbell's store will be promptly attended to.

JUST RECEIVED—Another choice lot of flowers, confirmation wreaths, hosiery, notions and a large variety of plants, at MRS. B. F. SMITH'S.

Miss Hicks, niece of Mrs. E. W. Weed, of the Headquarters Hotel, who has been spending the summer in Brainerd, left for her home in Xenia, Ohio, on the 22nd.

Mrs. Chas. H. Alsop is prepared to receive pupils desiring instructions on the piano. For particulars enquire at her residence on 10th Street. 2w

Go to the Drug Store and try some of McFadden's cigars.—New goods, new brands.—Farragut, Laurel Wreath, La Flor DeCuba. They are all fine goods.

At the Republican caucus on the evening of the 21st, Mr. G. G. Hartley and Mr. McFadden were selected as delegates to represent Crow Wing Co. at the State Convention.

E. F. Elwell, late of Lamont & Wilson, has concluded to branch out, and has opened up a neat place in Starcher's old stand, fully supplied with all the liquid "delicacies of the season." E. has lots of friends in Brainerd, and knows how to use them well, too.

S. C. Leland, of Pelican Lake, Cass county, arrived in Brainerd thru week with his family, having sold his place to his brother, H. E. Leland, who with his family has moved out to the lake to take his place. Sammy will return to his old stamping ground at Wadena.

M. P. Martin, Esq., of the N. P. R. R. office in St. Paul, one of the best known and most respected citizens of the "olden times" in Brainerd, arrived here last Tuesday. He had his dog and gun with him, and proposes to spend a couple of weeks in the happy hunting grounds out West.

We received a call on yesterday from Ed. Slater, one of the old-time Northern Pacific boys, who has for a number of years past run a train on the St. Paul and Duluth road. Business is diminishing on that road to the extent that a number of trains have been abandoned and Ed. has struck out for more prosperous prospects. He has secured a position on the N. P., his old stamping ground, and will commence work at once. He will remove his family to Brainerd in a short time.

D. McArthur, the owner of the largest tract of cultivated ground in Crow Wing county, was in town this week as full of conversation regarding crops and prospects, as a well posted man usually is. While in Brainerd, Mr. McArthur got to telling some stories, and related some incidents that a neighbor of his stated had occurred to him, during a somewhat eventful existence, and of course his best and biggest story could not go without being "coppered" by one of the audience; which, when told, the gentleman began in his concise way to figure up the distance given at which game had been killed, and while he did not openly dispute the statement, he intimated he had said "sixty yards and forty yards are a hundred yards, an awful long shot, William."

We regret to learn that R. H. Paine, of Paine Bros., of the Brainerd meat market, proposes to leave our city in a few days with his excellent family and take up his abode in little Falls, Morrison county. The firm has, as already noticed in our advertising columns, disposed of its business interests here to Lamont & Wilson, and Mr. Paine's departure follows. During his residence of over five years among us, he and his good lady have secured many friends, who will regret their departure; he has been called upon to fill a number of offices of trust, by our people, that will be vacated by his removal, and he has occupied a station in our business circles from which he will be missed by many of one and all. We earnestly wish him success and prosperity in his new field, which is so near that we hope frequently to behold his welcome presence on our streets.

BIRTHS.

On the 20th, at the residence of her mother Mrs. D. McNamy, Mrs. M. T. Salisbury of a daughter.

DIED.

On the 21st, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Follett.

This is indeed a sad blow to Mr. and Mrs. Follett, for, being their only child, and an exceedingly welcome addition to their household, their little son was dearly loved by its parents, whose short sojourn in life had become to them and cherish it; enjoy its company through its days of childhood, and proudly note its advance into manhood, there to cherish in turn their name and memory, when their life's journey was ended. Our dearest treasures are oftimes taken from us, however, to wean our thoughts from earth, which at most is but a temporary abiding place. "Man that is born of woman has it of few days and full of trouble."

You Must Cure That Cough.

With Shiloh's Consumption Cure, you can cure yourself. Cut this out and read the fact that Consumption can be cured, while for Coughs, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Croup, Throat and Lungs, it is absolutely without an equal. Two doses will relieve your child of Croup, it is pleasant to take and perfectly harmless to the youngest child, and no mother can afford to be without it. You can save two thirds of a bottle and if what we say is not true, we will refund the price paid. Price 10cts. 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle. If your Lungs are sore or chest or back lame use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by N. MCFADDEN.

Have you Dyspepsia, are you Constipated, have you a Yellow skin, Loss of Appetite, Head Ache, if so do not fail to use SHILOH'S SYSTEM VITALIZER. It is guaranteed to relieve you, and will you continue to suffer when you can be cured on such terms as these. Price 10 cts. and 75 cts. Sold by N. MCFADDEN.

Wells' Persian Perfume "HACKMETACK" is rich and fragrant by it. Sold by N. MCFADDEN.

COME, GENTLEMEN!

Call around at our office and square those little bills you owe us. Remember, that all parties leaving a clear record with us will receive the same accommodation from our successors that you have from us.

Respectfully, PAINE BROS.

Returned.

NOTICE is hereby given, that I have returned from my Colorado trip, and am prepared to receive orders for Job Printing, Advertising, Subscriptions, to the TRIBUNE; Sewing Machines, etc., etc.; or to insure your house in the old reliable Fire and Marine Insurance Company of Springfield, Mass. Give me a call.

W. W. HARTLEY.

TO THE CITIZENS OF BRAINERD.

I am this year prepared, as heretofore, to fill all orders for hay from the celebrated Buffalo Creek Meadow, and expect my share of patronage. Will either deliver the hay, or sell the stacks on the meadow. Leave your orders at the store of Lamont & Wilson.

If WILLIAM WICK.

Winchester Repeating Fire Arms.

LARGE REDUCTION IN PRICES MAY 1st, 1878.

	Mdl '66.	Mdl '73.	Mdl '76.
Sport'g rifle, octagon bl.	$23.00	$27.00	$35.00
" " round "	22.00	27.00	35.00
" " round "	22.00	25.00	32.00
Carbine "	22.00	24.00	27.00

Call at American Express Office for full particulars. THOS. F. CASTWELL.

NOTICE.

TO MY CUSTOMERS and the citizens of Brainerd: Having complied with the law for the last two years, I find that my sample hall closed on Sundays, while others keep a back door. I am compelled by a regard for justice, my customers and myself to open my place of business on Sundays as on other days.

My motto is "closed up tight or wide open." No evading the law through a back door in mine. Respectfully,

E. R. PRESCOTT.

Prop. New LeBon Ton Sample and Billiard Hall.

NEW GOODS!

Our Spring Stock is now complete, comprising *Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Fancy and Staple Groceries, Flour and Feed*, &c., which we have purchased DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS, and are prepared to furnish to the trade either at *Wholesale or Retail*, at VERY LOW PRICES. All orders promptly and carefully filled.

SMITH & CAMPBELL,
Front Street, Brainerd, Minn.

An Undeniable Truth.

You deserve to suffer, and if you lead a miserable, and unsatisfactory life in this beautiful world, it is entirely your own fault and there is only one excuse for you,—your unreasonable prejudice and scepticism, which has killed thousands. Personal knowledge and common sense reasoning will show you that Green's August Flower will cure you of Liver Complaint, or Dyspepsia, with all its miserable effects, such as sick headache, palpitation of the heart, habitual costiveness, sour stomach, dizziness of the head, nervous prostration, low spirits, &c. Its sales now reach every town on the Western Continent, and not a Druggist but will tell you of its wonderful cures. You can buy a sample bottle for 10 cents. Three doses will relieve you.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, CROW WING COUNTY—ss. IN PROBATE COURT.

In the Matter of the Estate of Clifford C. Knox, Deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of George W. Knox, of Aitkin County, Minnesota, representing, among other things, that Clifford Knox, on the 3rd day of March, A. D. 1878, at Leflelock, Nevada, died intestate, and being an inhabitant of Nevada at the time of his death, leaving goods, chattels, and estate within said Aitken County, and that the said Petitioner is a brother of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to him granted, it is ordered that said petition be heard before the Judge of this Court, on Monday, the 26th day of August, A. D. 1878, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Probate Office in said County.

Ordered further, that notice thereof be given to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the Brainerd TRIBUNE, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Brainerd, in said Crow Wing County.

Dated at Brainerd the 21st day of July, A. D. 1878.

By the Court, H. D. FOLLETT,
Judge of Probate.

21-4w

HARTLEY BROS.,

PLAIN AND

FANCY JOB PRINTERS,

BRAINERD, MINNESOTA

Blanks, Catalogues,
Bank Work, Circulars, Bonds,
Book Work, Bill and Show Printing,
Posters, Business Cards, Letter and Bill
Heads, Statements, Calling Cards,
Blank Notes, Receipts,
Etc., Etc.

☞ Orders by Mail or Express Promptly Filled. Good Work and Reasonable Prices Guaranteed.

Please Notice!

THE VICTOR
Sewing Machine Company
Removed May 1st, 1878, to
199 & 201
WABASH AVENUE,
(CORNER ADAMS STREET.)
CHICAGO, ILL.

When in the city, call and examine the prices. You cannot do better than they will offer you.

Before You Buy Look at the Wonderful

at our Salesrooms, State & Jackson Sts., Chicago, or at our various agencies throughout the West. Our NEW IMPROVED MACHINE is the perfection of machinery for sewing, more wonderful than the sewing machine invented by Mr. Howe! Examine it and we feel assured it will please you. Remember that we do not build an inferior quality, or cheap grade, but each machine we turn out is a STANDARD ARTICLE, and will be worth its price. The points of excellence are: simple construction, symmetry of form and beauty of finish, rapidity and stillness of operation, and great durability. Ask every Agent for the NEW IMPROVED Howe Machine, and do not take any other. Great inducements now to Agents and Dealers

THE HOWE MACHINE CO.,
25 and 27 West Third St. Paul, Minn.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD!
THE NEW FAMILY
SINGER
Sewing Machines,
FOR SALE AT
The Tribune Building.
Terms Cash.
Call and Examine our Machines and Prices.
HARTLEY BROS., *Agents.*

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Trustees of the Independent School District of the town of Brainerd, Minnesota, until the 2d day of September, 1878, for the construction of

An Addition to the Public School Building of said District,

According to the plans and specifications thereof, to be placed on exhibition at the store of Brown & Bason, on Fifth street, Brainerd, Minn.

Bids may be left with or addressed to Thomas Bason, clerk.

Terms and method of payment will be made known on application to the clerk.

A bond equal to the amount of the bid will be required when the contract is made.

The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Dated Brainerd, August 3rd, 1878.

THOS. BASON, Clerk. W. W. HARTLEY, President.

STATE OF MINNESOTA—CROW WING COUNTY—SS. IN PROBATE COURT.

In the Matter of the Estate of G. W. Wheeler, Deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Mrs. G. W. Wheeler, of Templeton County, Wis., representing, among other things, that G. W. Wheeler, on the seventh day of June, A. D. 1876, at Tamarack River, Minn., died intestate, and being a resident of this County at the time of his death, leaving goods, chattels, and estate within this County, and that the said Petitioner is the widow of said deceased, and praying that administration of said estate be to John C. Congdon granted, it is ordered that said petition be heard before the Judge of this Court, on Monday, the 26th day of August, A. D. 1878, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Probate Office in said County.

Ordered further, that notice thereof be given to the heirs of said deceased, and to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the Brainerd TRIBUNE, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Brainerd, in said Crow Wing County.

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By the Court, H. D. FOLLETT,
Judge of Probate.

22-4w

STATE OF MINNESOTA, } ss.
County of Crow Wing.

The State of Minnesota, to E. Romer, Defendant:

You are hereby summoned to be and appear before the undersigned, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for said County, on the 3rd day of September, 1878, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at my office in the town of Brainerd, in said county, to answer to Ed. R. French in a civil action. Should you fail to appear at the time and place aforesaid, judgment will be rendered against you, and the property seized by said Ed. R. French for such sum as he shall show himself entitled to.

Given under my hand this 22nd day of July, A. D. 1878. J. B. CONANT,
27-4w Justice of the Peace.

NOTICE.

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
St. Cloud, Minn., July 12, 1878.

Complaint having been entered at this Office by Henry Dressen against Joseph D. Graham for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 3839, dated July 8th, 1876, upon west half of southeast quarter and west half of southeast quarter, Section 13, Township 44, Range 31, of Crow Wing County, Minn., with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 2nd day of September, 1878, at 9 o'clock P. M., to testify touching said alleged abandonment.

J. V. BROWER, Register.
W. B. MITCHELL, Receiver.

TAX JUDGMENT SALE.

Pursuant to a real estate tax judgment of the District Court in the county of Crow Wing, State of Minnesota, entered the 23d day of July, A. D. 1878, in proceedings to enforce the payment of taxes and penalties upon real estate in the county of Crow Wing remaining delinquent on the first day of June, 1878, and of the statutes in such case made and provided, I shall on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1878, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at my office in the town of Brainerd, and county of Crow Wing, sell the lands which are charged with taxes, penalties and costs in said judgment, and on which taxes shall not have been previously paid.

F. X. GOURIT,
Auditor of Crow Wing County, Minn.

TAX JUDGMENT SALE.

Pursuant to a real estate tax judgment of the District Court in the county of Crow Wing, State of Minnesota, entered the 22d day of July, A. D. 1878, in proceedings to enforce the payment of taxes and penalties upon real estate in the county of Crow Wing remaining delinquent on the first day of June, 1878, and of the statutes in such case made and provided, I shall on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1878, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at my office in the town of Brainerd, and county of Crow Wing, sell the lands which are charged with taxes, penalties and costs in said judgment, and on which taxes shall not have been previously paid.

F. X. GOURIT,
Auditor of Crow Wing County, Minn.

TAX JUDGMENT SALE.

Pursuant to a real estate tax judgment of the District court in the county Crow Wing, State of Minnesota, entered the 24th day of July, A. D. 1878, in proceedings to enforce the payment of taxes and penalties upon real estate in the county of Aitkin remaining delinquent on the first day of June, 1878, and of the statutes in such case made and provided, I shall on the sixteenth day of Sept., A. D. 1878, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at my office in the town of Aitkin, sell the lands which are charged with taxes, penalties and costs in said judgment, and on which taxes shall not have been previously paid.

G. W. KNOX,
Auditor of Aitkin County.

TAX JUDGMENT SALE.

Pursuant to a real estate tax judgment of the district court in the county Crow Wing, State of Minnesota, entered the 24th day of July, A. D. 1878, in proceedings to enforce the payment of taxes and penalties upon real estate in the county of Aitkin, remaining delinquent on the first day of June, 1878, and of the statutes in such case made and provided, I shall on the sixteenth day of Sept., A. D. 1878, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at my office in the town of Aitkin, sell the lands which are charged with taxes, penalties and costs in said judgment, and on which taxes shall not have been previously paid.

G. W. KNOX,
Auditor of Aitkin County.

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STATE OF MINNESOTA—COUNTY OF CROW WING—SS.

The State of Minnesota, to R. Romer, Defendant:

You are hereby summoned to be and appear before the undersigned, one of the Justices of the Peace in and for said County, on the 3rd day of September, 1878, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, at my office in the Town of Brainerd, in said County, to answer to W. W. Hartley in a civil action. Should you fail to appear at the time and place aforesaid, judgment will be rendered against you, and the property seized by said W. W. Hartley, for such sum as he shall show himself entitled to.

Given under my hand, this 22nd day of July, A. D. 1878.

H. D. FOLLETT,
25-4w Justice of the Peace.

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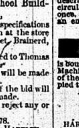
and others interested in Sewing Machines if you have not seen or heard of the NEW ROSE SHUTTLE and descriptive circular, write at once. It is entirely



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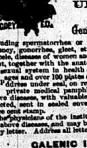

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