Historical Society

BRAINERD TRIBUNE.

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

W. W. HARTLEY, - - - - Editor.

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

Republican Ticket.

For Congress:
GEN. W. D. WASHBURN.

For Judge of the Supreme Court:
JOHN M. BERRY.

For State Auditor:
CAPT. MAHLON BLACK.

For Clerk of the Supreme Court:
SAMUEL H. NICHOLS.

LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

For State Senator,
EBER H. BLY,
Of Crow Wing Co.,

For Representative,
D. A. CALEY,
Of Mille Lacs Co.

POLITICAL MEETINGS.

The following speakers will address the citizens of Brainerd on political topics, at Bly's Hall, as follows:

JUDGE R. BRYNOLDS, of Minneapolis, on Monday evening, Oct. 21st.

Col. C. D. Kimball, of St. Paul, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 23rd.

Green always was a favorite color with Donnelly.

The Greenbackers' greenbacks are to have green backs; only that and nothing more.

"If the Greenbackers' greenbacks have green backs, they don't care what the face is.

Donnelly favors flat money because it resembles his $250,000 El Paso stock, and would place the latter on a par with greenbacks.

Donnelly will have to incorporate an El Paso clause, now, in that campaign speech of his, given away recently by the *Pioneer Press* short-hand reporter.

The Greenbackers' greenbacks will be just the thing for capitalists and corporations. They can buy them up at a discount and pay labor with them at par. Hadn't thought of that, had you?

A. J. Clark, of the Morrison County *Banner*, has purchased the press and material of the Anoka *Union Journal*, and will remove it to Little Falls there to continue the publication of the *Banner*, which has been temporarily suspended.

The nomination of E. H. Bly for senator, and D. A. Caley, for representative, is hailed with satisfaction throughout the district. The candidates are very popular wherever they are known, and bear a splendid reputation for ability and energy.—[Sauk Rapids Sentinel.

Bro. Chambers, editor of the Fargo *Times*, celebrated the anniversary of his birth on the first inst., and was the recipient of a box of fragrant havanas and an elegant meerschaum pipe holder, at the hands of the "boys" of his office, in commemoration of the event, but has forgotten which birthday it was, and so leaves the number blank in his notice of it.

At the Republican convention, for the 30th legislative district, which was held at Sauk Rapids, on Wednesday, E. H. Bly, of Brainerd, was unanimously nominated for the senate, and D. A. Caley, of Princeton, received the nomination for the house, by the unanimous vote of the convention. The convention could not have selected better men, and we expect both of them to be elected by rousing majorities.—[Princeton Union.

The North errn Pacific Railroad Company will come before the next session of Congress, to ask for an extension of time in which to complete that great highway of commerce. Donnelly, as a member of Congress, presistently opposed the measure, on the ground that it would enhance the price at its inception; have the people of Minnesota any good reason to suppose he would not oppose the extension of time for its completion if elected in November?—[Minneapolis Tribune.

We guess; no, we suspect, though of course we don't know," that the democratic district convention that convened at Sauk Rapids on yesterday afternoon, to place in nomination candidates for State senator and representative, either made no nominations at all or in ignorance of its ticket. Up to the hour of going to press this evening we are unable to obtain a particle of intelligence of results. from the convention, and have scouted the daily papers of this morning in vain for the information.

The feeling is quite general in this section that the appointment of Bro. Hall, of the Fargo *Republican*, "from the comer, to the office of Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at that place, is an injustice to Bro. Chambers, of the *Times*, who entered the newspaper field at that point in its infancy and has built up a business which has attracted position. Bro. Chambers has stood by the Republican party when it needed support, and is to-day worth a half dozen carpet-bagger in the Fargo field editorial, and should have received the consideration of the appointing power in preference to these eleventh-hour fellows who have come in the difficulties of pioneering to contend with, but have stepped in to reap the fruits of others' seeding. Spot your friends (!), Bro. Chambers.

Two years ago when Donnelly ran for congress in the Second district, for the avowed purpose of defeating Judge Wilder, the Democratic candidate, he made a speech at Le Sueur to an audience of several hundred. Everybody turned out for the expected fun of the thing. The man as to a dense Donnelly was delighted, and did his best. He rattled of anecdote after anecdote, and was complimented with uproarious laughter and applause. Election day soon followed, and when the votes were counted, Donnelly had two, and just about out of three or four hundred cast for Wilder and Strait. This incident is told to illustrate the effect of Donnelly's speeches. People go to hear him, and laugh and applaud, as they do the jokes of a circus clown, but voting for the clown is quite another thing.—[Pioneer Press.

BRAINERD TRIBUNE.

VOL. VII.—NO. 36. BRAINERD, MINNESOTA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1878. WHOLE NO. 348.

A Revolution in Trade.

The American Express Company has issued circulars advertising fully its "Order and commission business," referred to in these columns last week, and announcing that "All orders for the purchase of merchandise delivered to the agents or messengers of the company will be promptly executed," and "shipments of market produce and merchandise for sale will be taken and collected of at best market rates and proceeds returned less charges for transportation;" adding that, "Making a great number of purchases daily the Company is enabled to arrange with merchants and manufacturers in large cities to fill their orders at a discount from *wholesale* and retail prices," and that; "It is our purpose to give our customers the advantage of this discount, the company making no charge except for the carriage of the property purchased." Agents are instructed to give full information and explanation of the plan on application and to supply order cards to parties desiring their use, etc. In this movement we forsee a revolution in mercantile trade, depending largely in its magnitude upon the extent to which it is pushed by the company. If it is confined in all localities to articles of traffic which do not interfere with the trade of dealers, the change will not be portentious though quite advantageous, but if the company proposes taking orders indiscriminately for goods of all classes and from all applicants, no local dealer can compete with its superior facilities, and many will be driven to the wall. If this is done—and the circular infers no exceptions, but on the contrary includes *all* orders for *merchandise*—the result must prove disastrous not to those in trade alone—they can easily seek other avocations—but to the general public. A large majority of the people, particularly of the laboring classes, do not, because they cannot, always pay cash. The local dealers are obliged to carry them from month to month, depending upon the cash trade to help them out. This latter the Express Company will receive, affording, as it must, better inducements to cash than the dealers can, and it will receive cash orders *only*, thus leaving the credit business, and that alone, to the local merchants. If the new order is carried to this extent the result must work a hardship upon those who depend largely upon credit, and their fame is legion, and, if the Company proposes at all with the local trade, just so far as it affords competition, just so far it will injure the trade. The result will be advantageous to cash buyers, often affording them better returns from their money but they will experience many inconveniences and positive loss from the overthrow of home trade. Sufficiently managed, however, this new feature in the Express business can be made very advantageous to the public and quite remunerative to the Company. We trust it may be so.

The Greenbackers' Greenbacks.

The organization at present calling itself "the National Greenback Labor Party" does not advocate a greenback currency at all; it calls for absolute, flat irredeemable paper, and "demands the immediate and unconditional repeal of the Resumption Act, whereby greenbacks can only be kept at par in coin in such volume as to be of any use as currency. Greenbacks are Treasury notes redeemable in coin. The Platform adopted by the Greenbackers at their late convention, advocate an altogether different sort of paper; neither do they limit the issue of their proposed paper to the amount that can be kept at par with coin, but demand "the immediate calling in of United States bonds and payment of them, principal and interest in flat paper." This would require 1,500 millions at one slap. And, instead of this 1 800 millions of irredeemable flat money being kept at par with coin, it is extremely doubtful whether it would be worth 12 1-2 cents on the dollar. The underlying motive that actuates the Platform leaders and gives vitality to the whole movement is to abolish a currency at par with coin and substitute a cheaper one, and the farther it is away from the par of coin the better it will please them. If they should fail to debase their flat currency far below the value of coin they would feel that their efforts had been in vain. They would never rest content until they had succeeded in scattering down the purchasing power of their flat dollars to that of nickles."—[Chicago Tribune.

How the State Auditor Allows Trespass to be Committed on State Lands and Makes No Collections.

In the winter of 1876-6 and 1876-7 there was cut upon section 16, town 41, range 16, in Pine county, (school land, over half a million feet of pine, by a certain lumberman of Stillwater. This trespass, for such it was, was discovered by some of the land explorers of the State as found of it about the time the cutting was done. Over a year after this, certain parties who were aware of this trespass went to the State Auditor office, and with the able assistance of the clerks searching after some record of it, but no record could be found of the trespass, or that a permit had been granted for the cutting lands. There was nothing in the State Auditor's office showing either a permit on the collection of trespass. At the parties who knew the trespass were again informed that there was trespass committed on the above lands, and so it was. At first these parties were there for the purpose of finding out whether there was a permit given on this land, or if there was no permit, whether the trespass had been reported to the State Auditor; but they found either. It was to be that the State Auditor had this transaction noted down on some slip of paper, showing that the intention of making a public record of it when it is convenient to do so.

This is a very mild transaction of a larger number of the same kind which we shall show up before election.

It looks to a man up a tree as if Auditor Whitcomb had been "sitting down a little for a "rainy day," and the rainy day is close at hand.—[Rush City Post.

From a gentleman who is posted we learn that Donnelly's friends in St. Paul are importing O. F. Whitcomb. O. F. Whitcomb's friends, of course, will return the compliment by importing Donnelly.—[Princeton Union.

Six Democrats in St. Paul favoring Whitcomb, we can assure our contemporary that they are supporting Mahlon Black, now gubernatorial candidate, and will run several hundred behind his ticket in this city.—[Globe.

E. H. Bly, owner of the Sheridan House, Bismarck, resides in Brainerd, and was nominated for the State Senate by the Republicans. Good.—[Fargo Republican.

Donnelly's Incorruptibility.

The *Pioneer Press* has the audacity to unroll Mr. Donnelly's character, intimating that he was a paid attorney while in Congress. Whatever else Mr. Donnelly may have committed it is not recorded that he ever made money from his public position, and that he left Congress a poor man in pocket as well as in fame.—[St. Paul Globe.

The Tribune begs leave to say that the assertion that "it is conceded that he (Donnelly) never made any money from his public position" is without foundation in fact. On the contrary, as the editor of the *Globe* well knows soon after Donnelly unwillingly retired from the position of representative in Congress from Minnesota the most astonishing disclosures were made, linking his name in infamy with a transaction the like of which for corrupt bribery and corruption had never before been brought to light in the history of this country. It is needless for us to say that we refer to the Credit Mobilier, Mr. Donnelly, as one of the National Company of twenty millions of stock to members of Congress, Senators and others, for the purpose of securing subsidies from the government. It has been claimed by Donnelly's friends that at the time of the transaction referred to he was no longer a member of Congress, and that as a private citizen he had the right to accept any fee which the company might see fit to pay him for his services. But unfortunately for the "pestiferous little demagogue" it was shown that Donnelly was a member of Congress at the time of the passage of the El Paso road was issued, and while in his seat as such member of Congress he had stock of fifty thousand dollars was given him, dated in February, 1867.

The history of this infamous transaction is familiar to many of our readers, but for the benefit of any who may be unfamiliar with it, or from whose memory the details may have faded, we reproduce the indictment in brief.

The bill to incorporate the Memphis & El Paso Railroad, of which Jay Cooke was president and founder, passed the House of Representatives in 1867, that year being the last year of Mr. Donnelly's term in Congress and was pending in the Senate when Congress adjourned that year. Jay Cooke, Jim Fisk, Tom Scott, Fremont and his agents were in Washington distributing *freely* what is purported to be the stock and bonds of this corporation, which never could have any value unless Congress should pass the bill and give the company the land grant for which they asked. In May, 1867, just after the adjournment of Congress, Fremont, and his friends put these so-called securities on cars on the Paris Bourse, and received subscriptions to the amount of $3,000,000. Of course the transaction was a swindle of the lowest sort, and French Bonapartist brother-in-law, died in prison for his part in it, and the Prince himself escaped by a hair. In 1870, Memphis and El Paso had been so thoroughly exposed that it was impossible to get the bill through the Senate, and a new company was according formed and chartered, and this finally lost its identity in the Texas Pacific company, which is yet an applicant to Congress for government aid. But for the El Paso scheme, it was at the time demonstrated that half the bill passed Congress and had been built, a number of members of Congress would have realized large fortunes for their support of it. Ignatius Donnelly, as will be seen below received, or was to receive, for his services in behalf of the bill, a share of $50,000 in money and $200 000 of stock in the road. The first bill was dated Mr. Donnelly, while Donnelly was still in his seat, and the act of the treasurer of the company in awarding Mr. Donnelly this amount of stock was approved by the executive committee of the company, as is shown by the following transcript of their action thereon:

"Two committee also approved of a transfer of two hundred thousand dollars of stock made by W. Schweke to Ignatius Donnelly, and authorized W. Schweke to pay said Donnelly a due bill of fifty thousand dollars out of the proceeds of the sale of the stock so transferred, said due bill being signed by J. C. Freemont and H. Epperson, and dated 8 February, 1867, and to account for the advance to the said Donnelly as counsel for the company, and to charge the transfer of the stock to account with the Northern Pacific Railroad company for undivided scrip to obtain a lien."

It is a fact well known that the El Paso bill, which passed the House while Donnelly was a member thereof, was so drawn as to prevent the building of any other line, and, was so constructed that any amount of bonds could be issued and sold, and not a mile of road be built. The bonds were issued, and the money which Donnelly was to be paid, as fast as contracted, were accordingly put upon the Paris market, and being falsely represented as bonds endorsed by the United States government, $6,000,000 of them disposed of at 50 cents on the dollar. Whether or not Donnelly ever received his proportion of the Tribune do not know, but do the whole infamous scheme was soon thereafter exposed, when the funds were lost in the hands of the middlemen of the transaction. It is fair to presume that he did not, at least in whole, and it is positive that so far as this single transaction is concerned, Donnelly did not "make money from this public transaction."

And this is the man who is going about stumping companies all over the State, complaining poverty as an evidence of his own incorruptibility, and appealing to the masses to place him again in a position which he once so shamefully disgraced, and in which he would disgrace upon the party to which he owed his elevation and the renownown he has so fondly misrepresented. How do the voters like the picture?—[Minneapolis Tribune.

Other Tall County Justices.

W. S. Heathcote, under bonds for the brutal whipping, some time since, of Mr. Ferguson, of Deer Creek, Otter Tail County, noticed in these columns of the time, still acts, it appears, as Justice of the Peace, and utterly ignores obscenity treepass upon the rights and intrudes his red-handed bullyhood into the affairs of the civil polity of the people of the county. Inasmuch that Heathcote is notorious, he has been resorted to and means devised to abate the nuisance. Just how long the character of this aged, red-blooded murder is permitted outside the jail walls, does not satisfactorily appear at this distance; much less, that he should be an important officer of Justice of the Peace. It must be permitted by a rule of action, the reverse of that of civilized Otter Tail county, where we hope for the sake of the peace and safety of other sections it will remain exclusively.

A Deer Creek correspondent to the Fergus Falls *Journal*, referring to the sale, says:

"I am informed that the peace-loving and law abiding citizens of Deer Creek held a mass indignation meeting last week for the purpose of taking some means to put a stop to the disgustful and outrageous dispensing with justice, now going on at that place. Quite a large attendance was somewhat censured for his neglect in not attempting to bring the culprits to justice, for the perpetrated there, said they have decided to engage C. B. Sleeper, Esq., of Brainerd, Minn., to prosecute the case. This will be the cause so much trouble and expense to Deer Creek. It is no wonder that some men should turn from such indignation, when a man accused of cold blooded murder can prance around in the public eye hawk a constable but little better than himself to fill his orders and abuse in the disgraceful manner he has abused innocent citizens.

Speaking editorially the *Journal* says:

From "Pick" we learn that there is a secret that Justice (?) Heathcote still continues to stir up a mine over in Deer Creek. From another informant we learn that a little more than legal proceedings was enacted at New York Mills one day last week. It seems that Mr. Miller was taken before Justice Watson, of the latter place, on charges of assault, and was charged with trying to rescue a prisoner, or some such trumped up name for the offense. Mr. Or did in defense of his wife when in the hands of Mr. Lawson. Heathcote appeared as prosecutor in the proceedings, and Judge Sleeper defended Miller, and the squire did the swearing—it is hinted by his own party, and not a single witness being called. Squire Watson adjourned the case and ordered the defendant to pay the costs; but the prisoner didn't hold somehow, and went of at his own pleasure.

IN THE NEST.

Gather them close to your loving heart—
Gently down on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount your nest's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Feel not that the children's hearts are gay,
Their elastic pulses bid you wait;
There may come a time to the lov'ed-by,
When you'd give the world your home and sight,
For a comfort of childhood fun.

When you will long for a repetition sweet
Of the sound of prattle, the pattering feet
Of "dear children." Mother, "the dear love calls
That will echo long in the hallowed halls.

Gather them close to your loving heart—
Gently down on your breast;
There may come a time when you'll long to
Hear
The merry laughter, the shouts of joy,
The tiny footsteps in mad sport,
And pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up,
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore,
Where youth and age come never more,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart,
Gently down on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding
care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

James Gordon Bennett cares never getting married last year when he was over 40 before in his life. A man married his father.

How useful "Buffalo Bill" might be to the government if he could only get Indians as fast on the plains as he does on the stage.

Nilson has grown coarse-featured, and so fat there is no comfort in driving in a single buggy with her. Might as well ride in a sulky with Senator Davis.

There is nothing nice about the balance of trade. A worthy farmer who comes into town loaded with new wheat every day, goes home loaded with old rye.—[Stillwater Lumberman.

We think this may well apply to some places out side of Stillwater.

Mr. Beecher was badly beaten at croquet every time he played in Minnesota. This goes to prove two things we have always maintained, that Mr. Beecher will not lie and cheat. He may get a little mad, sometimes, but he backs the qualifications of a successful croquet player.

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god!" And yet, sometimes or other he never looks that when he is backed up at a peanut stand taking in a tall pocket cargo of peanuts.

The Todd County *Argus* announces the marriage of Lorenzo S. Foot to Sadie M. Tree. Why don't somebody perpetrate a pun!—[Sauk Rapids Tribune.

Well, supposing we say Loren has "put his Foot in it!"—[Lunenberg Journal.

And not even a Tree round.—[Crookston Journal.

Pshaw now; Loren hasn't done any thing of the kind. He simply got his Foot over the Tree.—[Rush City Post.

Attitudes on the Northern Pacific.

The subscribers above mentioned are seen on the different points on the Northern Pacific railroad are of interest: Duluth, 601 feet; Fond-du-Lac, 606; Thompson, 1,036; Brainerd, 1,089; Island Lake, 1,205; Sandy River, 1,222; Leech Lake River, 1,331; Aitkin, 1,365; Willington, 1,576; Rutland, 1,256; Pillager, 1,165; Motley, 1,220; Crow Wing, 1,230; Fort Abercrombie, 1,360; Lake River, 1,310; Perham, 1,260; Audubon, 1,308; Detroit, 1,320; Hawley, 1,342 Q yadon, 827; Moorhead, 861; Cheyenne river beach, 1,200; Jamestown, 1,406; Missouri river, 1,492.—[Cleveland Advocate.

Wadena you see is one of the highest points between Duluth and the Missouri river.

Those Millers.

There has been, and still is a great desire on the part of the democratic papers of this district to hold Gen. W. D. Washburn, the Republican candidate for congress, for this district, not only responsible for the action of the Millers' Association, but also responsible for the price of wheat in this district. One Leonard B. Hodges accuses the Millers' Association of being *awful bad fellers*. Mr. Hodges you see is a Donnelly Democrat, and Mr. Donnelly is a farmer (!) you see, and a candidate for Congress straddling around on lots of platforms, and representing a ticket or more of men, and as Mr. Washburn is part owner in a flour ing mill, at Minneapolis, they are trying to make him responsible for the actions of the Millers' Association, and we think they say something about what things and pine land rings, at any rate these former champions, like Hodges and Donnelly, are using every manner of fraud and deceit in trying to deceive the farmers and to induce them to vote for Donnelly.

Now what is the standing of the Millers' Association here, and what have they done for the farmers of Wadena county, and those of adjoining counties who haul their wheat to this market. This is the first season that our farmers have realized the benefits of the Brainerd Branch, so called, and had a chance for a competative market. Just as soon as the Millers' Association put in a buyer here; what has been advanced in price at least 10 cents per bushel. No one disputes us, our buyers who are buying for Duluth parties admit the fact, that they are compelled to come up to the Millers' prices or they can not get the wheat. Now it will be seen by figures elsewhere, that 25000 bushels of wheat have been purchased at this point and an addition of 10 cents per bushel has brought to our farmers $2500 more than they otherwise would have received had it not been for the Millers' Association and by the time our wheat bill is, the amount will reach at least $7,500. This, farmers, is what those *awful fellers* of the Millers' Association are doing for you here. Now admitting, just for a moment that Gen. Washburn is responsible for that kind of business make you feel like voting against him. Well, no, I guess not. That kind of thing don't generally make farmers very wrathy. So Mr. Donnelly if you come up here or your Lieut. Hodges comes, you don't want to come no fraudulent Millers' Association dodge on our farmers. They know all about it.—[Wadena Tribune.

N. P. R. R. Home in Washington Territory.

[From the New Tacoma North Pacific Times.]

Coal statistics are in contemplation at Kalama. It is not at all unlikely that a day shipment of coal for steamer use may be made that way before long. The Collins steamer Montana did built-trips take this coal. The "Oregon Valley" furnishes the right article for their use; and the Pacific coast coal will be finished, much of it will find a market in that direction.

Laying the track over the Cascades is now Indian town to bring it up to grade line with season yesterday. It was a place it is to be done yet too low, and during the spring tides last January was frequently as much as 16 inches under water, rendering the road bed a dangerous "wash." About 4,400 cubic yards of earth will be required to make the place secure, one of the limited yards of rip-rapping as exposed places.

Rights, No. 6, Northern Pacific R. R. is in the shop for repairs. The dry-pipe was on place. This was one of the last engines sent over from eastern end.

The pile-driving on the approach to Seattle Street Bridge was finished last Saturday and the erection of the bridge proper, it is said, begun. It will be finish d to-morrow except the laying of the floor. The lower chords and the adjustment, and possibly the new stringers.

The Seattle coal mines are present up to have a side track on N. P. R. R. for shipment of coal to Kalama and Tenino; thence to Portland and Olympia, for the use of the steamer of engines.

The train from Puyallup road last Tuesday was perhaps the largest that ever came to Tacoma. It had a car load of sawmill gear, Clidamant, hops, stave, barrels, shooks, and other stuff.

The Smith & Goodwing mine is having the trestle from the railroad company's mine to Tacoma put up. This looks more like business.

Last Financial Acts of the Last National Democratic Administration.

In a letter bearing date of September 26th, Secretary Sherman thus sums the last financial acts of the last National Democratic administration. We trust our readers will not miss a word of this letter:

Under the act of December 17, 1860 (12 Stat. 121) treasury notes were issued, redeemable at the expiration of one year from date, bearing interest as follows:

$70,000 at 6 per cent; $65,000 at 9 per cent, $268,000 at 9½ per cent., $5,000 at 7 per cent., $160,000 at 9½ per cent., $623,000 at 10½ per cent. $94 500 at 8 per cent., $140,000 at 9½ per cent., $1,307,000 at 10 3-4 per cent., $22,000 at 9½ per cent., $77,000 at 8 per cent., $1,437,000 at 10 per cent. $10,000 at 9 3-4 per cent., $1,017,000 at 10 per cent. $10,000 at 9 3-4 per cent.; making a total of $10,010,000."

Additional offers were received ranging from 15 to 36 per cent, which was refused. Under the act of February 8, 1861, (12 Stat. 129) authorizing a loan of $20,000,000 bonds of the United States bearing 6 per cent. interest, having twenty years to run, were disposed of to the amount of $18,415,000, at an aggregate discount of $2,012,779 16, or an average rate of $89 10 per $100. So low had the credit of the government fallen, that the secretary of the treasury, January, 1861 suggested to congress as a financial resource that the several States be asked to authorize the payment of any money the government might find it necessary to borrow, to pledge the deposits received from the government under the act for the distribution of the surplus revenues in 1836, the secretary believing that a loan contracted on such a basis of security, surmounting the difficulties of the times, would be taken by the individual States, could not fail to be acceptable to capitalists.

Very respectfully, JOHN SHERMAN, Sec'y.

DR. W. E. GRISWOLD,
Dentist,
OF MINNEAPOLIS, WILL BE AT THE
HEADQUARTERS HOTEL
ABOUT THURSDAY, THE 17TH INST.
Prepared to do work in all branches of his profession, thoroughly and satisfactorily.
GOLD FILLING A SPECIALTY.

WHITE & CHAMBERLAIN,
Contractors & Builders,
BRAINERD, MINN.
Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Doors, Windows and Blinds of all descriptions for sale at reduced prices. Call and see us—on Fifth Street.
1-2-1-2

C. B. SLEEPER,
Attorney at Law,
FRONT STREET,
BRAINERD MINN.
(79)

Livery! Livery!
Having LEASED the COMMODIOUS
MERCHANT'S HOTEL STABLES,
Lounsl Street, Brained, Minn. I have removed all my stock of Horses and Carriages from the Leland House Stables to that place, where I am prepared to furnish the Best of Teams, Fine Class Style on short notice and at Low Rates. Give me a call at the Merchant's Hotel Stables, and Residence just across the street.
Brained, May 24th, 1878.
P. MERTZ, Proprietor.

R. K. WHITELEY,
Surveyor,
BRAINERD, - - MINN.
Claims and Homesteads Located and Surveyed.
Office in Brainerd, Cass Lake, Leech Lake and Crow Wing. Cass, Aitken and Itasca, and Ettlinger's Mills.
All Orders left at the Tribune office, or addressed to me at the Post-Office, or personally, will receive prompt attention. 1f

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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. If you want your clothes made to fit you, go to Addison's.

NEW
Hardware Store.
BROWN & BASON,
(*Express Building.*)
FIFTH STREET,
Brainerd, - - Minn.
JUST opened a large and complete 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.
BROWN & BASON.
1y.6m BRAINERD, Feb. 9, 1878.

Hartley & Slipp,
NEW
GROCERY
AND
FURNITURE STORE,
For Sth 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.
HARTLEY & SLIPP.
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BRAINERD, - - MINN.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

Rates of Advertising will be made known on application at this office or by letter. No rents would suit all cases.

Legal notices 75 cents per square for the first four and 37 1-2 cents for each subsequent insertion.

To secure insertion advertisements should be handed in to this office as early as Thursday noon; yearly, quarterly, Monday night, and local notices of religious services, etc., Friday noon.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL.—Divine services at the Congregational Church every Sunday at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening. Sunday school, 12 M. ADAM BARNES, Pastor.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH—Morning Prayer, Litany and Ante-Communion service at 11 o'clock a. m., every Sunday. Sunday School at 12½ p. m. Evening Prayer at 7½ p. m. Holy Communion on the first Sunday of each month and on all days of festivals. Evening Prayer every Friday evening and on all Holy Days at 7½ p. m.
REV. HERMAN ROOT, Rector.

CATHOLIC CHURCH—Mass on the 2nd and 4th Sundays of each month. 1st Mass at 8:00 a. m., high mass at 10:00 a. m. Vespers at 3:00 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m., evening prayers at 7 p. m. Week days mass at 8 a. m.
JOSEPH FRANCIS-BER, Priest.

WILDEY LODGE, No. 27, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m., at Odd Fellows' Hall, corner Sixth and Laurel streets, Brainerd, Minn. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
W. W. HARTLEY, Sec'y. JAMES DEVAN, N. G.

A. O. U. W. BRAINERD LODGE, No. 67, ANCIENT ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Odd Fellows' Hall, corner Sixth and Laurel streets, Brainerd, Minn. All M. W. in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
MEM. M. BRINKERHOFF, W. C. T.
C. H. CONDOSS, Sec'y.

I. O. G. T. Hope Lodge No. 123 Independent Order of Good Templars, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, at the Baptist Chapel North Sixth St. Brainerd, Minn. All members of the order in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
MRS. M. BRINKERHOFF, W. C. T.
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Brainerd Tribune.

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BRAINERD, - - MINNESOTA

THE NEWS CONDENSED.

EMBEZZLEMENT.

Henry Greenbaum, ex-president of the German savings bank, Chicago, has been put under arrest for alleged embezzlement.

BURNED UP.

A cotton waste factory, at South Boston, Mass., has been burned up. Seventy-five en have been thrown out of employment.

KILLED.

In a steeple chase, at Ottowa, Ont. Dr. Murcall was thrown from his horse and killed. Mr. Penniston had an arm broken, and McLaughlin a wrist fractured.

LYNCHED.

At Franklin, Tenn , John Thomas, colored, was caught and lynched on the 6th inst., for the rape of a 5 year old daughter of James G. Shumonk. He confessed his guilt.

PRAIRE FIRES.

Yankton, D. T. telegram: A destructive prairie fire has traversed from 16 to 20 counties between Jim Rurr and the Missouri River. The destruction of property is large, but no details received.

RED CLOUD COMING IN.

Col. O'Beirne telegraphed the commissioner of Indian affairs, at Washington, from White Clay agency, via Camp Robinson, Neb., that a scout just arrived there reported Red Cloud and his chiefs were then only five miles distant, ane coming in.

SHOT DEAD.

A negro named Wade, living near Greenville, O., who bore a bad character, was on two occasions notified to leave the country. These warnings he disregarded, was attacked by an armed mob and he, endeavoring to escape from his house, was shot dead.

GAVE HERSELF UP.

Mrs. Addie Clark, of Chicago, having been indicted by the grand jury as an accessory in conjunction with St. Petrie, for the murder of her husband, and a capias having been issued for her apprehension, delivered herself up and gave bail in the sum of $10,000.

A BROKEN SKULL.

Frank Reilly, news agent on the Mariette & Cincinnati road, going east, swung himself out of the door of a baggage car as the train was crossing Bridge street in Chillicothe, Ohio and was struck by a telegraph pole, which knocked him to the ground and fractured his skull.

MURDER IN TEXAS.

A Macon, Texas Telegram: Information is received of Indian trails near Junction City. Three girls and two boys named Dowdy were killed on Johnson Fork of the Guadaloupe river. Reports from the surrounding country show that Indians are stealing stock and murdering settlers. A general raid is feared.

THE INDIANS.

A courier arrived at Camp Robinson, Nebraska; reports that a board of Cheyennes crossed there, at noon yesterday. The same courier states everything is quiet so far as both Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies. Nothing heard from Carleton's command for just thirty-six hours. Courier expected hourly.

ASSASSINATION.

Thos. Stewart and his sister, two old people living on a farm near Richmond, Ky. were shot by an unknown party a few nights since, Stewart hearing a noise in the yard, got out of bed to ascertain the cause, when he was mortally wounded. His sister, coming to the door to his assistance, was also fired upon and instantly killed.

A FIEND.

At Newark, Ohio, on the 6th inst., a little girl 11 years old, daughter of Mr. Bates, was outraged by a man named Burch Moor. The child had been sent by her mother to a neighbor's on an unfrequented road, and when passing a thicket was seized by Moor and the act consummated. He was arrested shortly afterwards and identified by the girl. The people are greatly excited and lynching is threatened.

FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

While a work train, on the Toledo & Ann Arbor railroad, loaded with sand, was backing up near Milan, Ohio, it struck a cow, hrowing seven cars from the track and instantly killing Richard Nash conductor, of Wooster, Ohio, and Edward Adams, of Deerfield, Mich., brakeman, and more or less injuring sixty of the workmen on the train. The cars were badly wrecked, and the road for a time blocked.

A CRAZY MAN IN CHURCH.

In St Paul, last Sunday, in the House of Hope, a crazy man threw a book, bound with brass corners, into a lady's face, barely escapeing one of her eyes, and inflicting a wound which caused a considerable flow of blood. The crazy man was removed, but again returned to the church, was again removed, and again entered the church. Strangely enough he was not put under arrest and confined.

PRAIRIES ON FIRE.

Messengers have arrived at Camp Robinson and report the prairies having been set on fire 350 miles northeast of Hat creek by the band of Indians that were said to have crossed the Sheridan road a few days ago. The atmosphere southeast and east of here is black with smoke. The smell of the burning grass is very discernible. A large track of country must be on fire, as the stock is coming from that direction to the ranch.

STABBED.

On Sunday, the 6th inst., while the congregation was worshiping in St. Francis church, New York city, a man entered, and without a moment's warning plunged a knife into the body of Miss Mary Logan, who, being half drunk, he mistook her for his wife, from whom he had been separated. The scoundrel fled, but was pursued and arrested. Miss Logan was taken to the hospital and found to be suffering severely from a deep cut in the abdomen.

POLICEMAN SHOT.

Officer Race, of the Chicago police force, saw a man on State street driving a wagon, and having suspicions that something was wrong, attempted to investigate the matter, when a man drew a pistol and shot him through the head, killing him instantly. It was afterwards discovered that burglars had entered the dry goods house of E. S. Joffrey nd stolen a quantity of silk and velvet goods. The man who did the shooting is supposed to have been one of four burglars engaged in the robbery.

FATAL RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

A Boston, Mass., telegram says a serious accident occured on the morning of October 8th, on the Old Colony railroad to a crowded excursion train, which was returning from the Silver Lake rowing match between Regan, of Boston, and Davis of Portland. The train of twenty cars was thrown off the track, and it is rumored forty-two persons were killed and that Regan, the boatman was fatally injured. The scene of the accident is about seven miles from Boston, and as soon as the news reached the city a large number of cots and stretchers were sent out by the city officials. The train to which the accident happened was composed of twenty-two cars and two engines, carrying abuot 1,000 persons. The train was not going at a high rate of speed, perhaps twenty miles an hou.

INSURRECTION.

Washington telegram: The government has official information relative to the existence of an insurrection at Santa Cruz, but the advices say nothing regarding the number of lives supposed to be lost. The island of Santa Cruz is embraced in the consular district of St. Thomas, under the jurisdiction of Consul V. V. Smith. According to the latest reports received at the state department, the mob succeeded in capturing and destroying the town of Fredericksted. There is a United States consular residing there, and it is supposed his house has been destroyed with the others. In addition to the squadron sent from Portland, Me., for the protection o American citizens in Santa Cruz, the navy department also sent a vessel from the West India station—one nearest to the disturbed region—to hasten on the same mission.

SHIPWRECK.

Intelligence has been received in New York city of the loss of the Pacific Mail steamer Georgia. She struck on a rock off the harbor of Punta Arenas. Passengers and crew saved. The Georgia was coming out of the harbor of Putas Arenas, about forty-eight hours sail from Panama, when she struck a reef and went aground. The steamer was going to San Francisco and had on board the passengers of the steamer Colon, of the same line. The Georgia had five cabin passengers and forty steerage passengers, besides a large argo of merchandise. She was a large iron crew steamer, built four years ago, cost $400,000, and at the time of her loss was fully insured. It is not known at the Pacific Mail office whether the cargo was insured or not, but the general opinion is it was. It is believed the vessel will be got off and cargo saved.

SHOT ANDS TABBED.

An old Norwegian farmer, O. Lee by name living in the town of Springdale, Wis. was brutally knocked down, stabbed, shot and robbed by three Norwegian tramps. His age is 83 years, and he was living entirely alone. Lee had just gone to bed when he heard a noise in the kitchen, and going into that room to learn the cause of the noise, was confronted by the men, one stabbing him twice in the neck, the other hitting him over the head with a club, rendering him insensible. The robbers then fired two pistol shots into his body, and robbing the house of some $200 and other valuables departed. Lee recovered sufficiently during the night to crawl to a neighbor's, where aid was tendered him and officers dispatched for the villians, and succeded in arresting them in the town of Fitchburg. They were brought to Madison and placed in jail. Their names are Ole Haverson, Nels and John Anderson, and are hard citizens. They confessed the crime. The old man is in a precarious condition and he can barely recover.

BLOODY SAVAGES.

A special to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* from Topeka, Kansas, gives a summary of the outrages committed by Indians who went north a few days ago. After crossing the Kansas Pacific they started northwest to Dacatur county and raided the settlements there. Their main depredations were on Sappa creek. Every residence for twelve miles was plundered and almost everything destroyed, all the cattle stampeded and what of crops was left by the Indians has been eaten up or destroyed by stock. The number of people killed is not known, but several bodies have been found and brought to Oberlin and buried. Four members of the Laning family have been killed, and their mother brutally outraged by several Indians. Several cittzens were badly wounded, and others are missing. The house of W. D. Colum was surrounded by Indians, but he and his wife, with shot guns and revolvers, defended the house til they drove the Indians away, killing or wounding several of them. Other cases similar to this occured. Nearly all the settlers along Sappa creek have taken refuge in Oberlin and are being cared for. They have been literally stripped of everything they possessed. It is reported the troops have scattered the Indians in all directions and that the worst is over.

A Poetic License.

Says the Chicago *Tribune*: He was a tall, square man, with a sharp, sunburned nose and unshaven face. He wore a chip hat, well sweated through in front, with a rim turned down all around, and a dark, narrow bit of braid for a band. His butternut pants were neatly tucked into his cowhide boots, and the thumbs of his bronzed hands were thrust into the armholes of his vest. He entered the moyor's office with the air of a man of business, and, marching up to his Honor, said, inquiringly:

"Be you the mayor?"

"Yes I have that honor."

"Well, I want a license for my daughter, Maria Jane."

"Ah I see; your daughter is about to get married, and you wish to procure a marriage license. We do not issue those papers here. You must go over on the North Side of the County Building."

"No, 'Squire, you are mistaken—as much mistaken as if you had burnt your last shirt or had accidentally got into the wrong pew in meeting, but Maria Jane doesn't want a license to get married, not by any means—not by more than considerable. She is a darned smart girl, if she is my daughter, and if I do say it which I hadn't ought to. She has been keepin' school and boarding round up in the persimmon district and writing verses for the Summerfield Weekly Bugle. She thinks now of givin' up teachin' and devotin' her hull time to literary pursoots and, 'Squire, as I'm a law-abidin' man and loyal to the core—three of my boys went clean through to the sea with Sherman—'Squire, and I want to do the business for the girl on the square, and so I called to take out a poetic license for Maria Jane. You see, Will Morrison, who has been to college, told Maria that any body must have a license before he writ much poetry."

Here the mayor's face turned very red, as if suffering from some intense internal emotion, and it was observed that his eyes were suffused with tears. His secretary suddenly approached the window and gazed abstractedly out upon the trees in the tubs, whose emerald branches were gracefully swaying in the summer breeze in front of the saloons across the way. The framer fixed his curious eyes upon the mayor for a moment, who finally sufficiently recovered himself to say:

"My dear sir, your daughter needs no license to write poetry. She can write as much as ever she pleases, and it will be all right."

"Won't it be agin the law to do it without a license?" inquired the man. She has heard that Byron and Mrs. Hemans used a good many poetic licenses in their writin's, and she thought she'd better do as the rest of 'em did. But if it's all right without, it's probably owin' to the freedom of our institutions and sich like."

"Exactly," said the mayor.

And the satisfied rustic walked out of the office picking his teeth with a straw.

Kidnapping American Negroes.

[Chicago Times.]

In the special telegraphic dispatches to the *Times* published yesterday, appears the statement that the state department has had its attention called to the fact that there are free American negroes kidnapped from the Southern States, who are kept in a condition of captivity and servitude on plantations in the island of Cuba.

Fernando L. de Queralta, at present in the United States, formerly of Cuba, and who was an officer in the union army during the rebellion in the United States, affirms in an affidavit, sworn to before a United States commissioner for the Southern district of Florida, that, when a colonel in the liberal or revolutionary army of Cuba, he found a colored man not acquainted with the language, his native tongue being English. That upon questioning him the colored man told him that he had formerly been a slave on a plantation called Fourney place, near New Orleans, La.; that he was taken to Cuba with four others in 1866, and sent up the country; that since that time to the present he and others have been working as slaves

ON SUGAR PLANTATIONS,

labor which they are compelled to undergo, and for which they have never received any remuneration whatever.

Col. Queralta, whose character for veracity is vouched for by no less authority than Gen. Sherman, further says, under oath, that at the plantation of a certain Mr. O'Callaghan, in Cuba, there are three native American negroes, who could not speak the language, and who admitted that they were not native to Cuba; and the affiant adds that he has every reason to believe that there are numbers of free American negroes who have been kidnapped from Southern plantations, and rushed through Southern ports just before the close of the war, and even since the war, and that these negroes have been sold into slavery in Cuba, or are chartered by cruel owners and overseers as slaves on the plantations there.

Although it seems almost incredible that such atrocities could have been committed, and that there are now hundreds of free American negroes who have been forced into an endless and painful captivity in Cuba, a country whose arbitrary and cruel institutions are the very opposite of the institutions of their own free land, sufficient evidence has come to light, and has indeed been gathered by *Times* reporters in this very city to prove these assertions to be facts, and has revealed the truth of at least one wholesale kidnapping infamy of the sort, to which the attention of the State department was called some time since, but with no effect.

In view of

THE STARTLING FACTS

disclosed by the story, the undoubted veracity and personal knowledge of the gentleman who furnishes certain clues to the matter, and the fact that the whole case in full, with all incidentals bearing upon it, and with explicit information as to where and how to find the criminals and bring them to punishment, was laid before the State department some time since, the apathy and indifference of that department of the government to the cruel outrage of which it was thus informed can be attributed only to sinister motives or private interest. In the opinion of those from whom the *Times* obtained some of its information, it was because the official at the head of the State department has, like Seward of old, shown a very favorable consideration to all matters in which the Spanish interest was involved, and further, because the lady who owned the slaves of which the story treats had, just about the time the matter was laid before the State department, married an army official, and their friends possibly did not wish to create an unpleasant notoriety about it.

Whether such reasons amounted to anything or not no one can say; possibly not, but certain it is that reliable parties, themselves formerly in the government service, and with every opportunity of knowing the facts, did lay a case before

THE STATE DEPARTMENT,

involving the freedom and life of no less than at least 100 freed American negroes condemned to captivity in Cuba through the rapacity and cruely of a man who forcibly shipped them through Galveston just before the close of the war, and now is completely ignored by the State department, although the clues were given which would have rescued the negroes, and would yet rescue them, or the survivors and their children, and bring their oppressors to the punishment they so richly deserve.

The wife of the late illustrious

SENATOR STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

was before her marriage to the "Little Giant," a fascinating widow of North Carolina. At the time of her marriage to Illinois' gifted son she owned a large property at the South, on which were 100 to 150 negroes. When the war broke out these negroes were sent upon an unimproved plantation near Greenville, Miss., to work on shares between their owner and the proprietor of the land, as was the common custom at the time. The agreement was that after two years' work the owner of the negroes was to have half of the cotton yield. The overseer of these colored men was a selfish, cruel, and, it is said, a grossly dishonest man, and when the war had reached its climax, and federal troops were raiding the stronghold of the South, he reported to the Douglas family that the negroes had died, fled, and were all lost to the estate. So far from this being the case, the fact was the man railroaded his unfortunate victims to Galveston, then a rebel port, and forcibly kidnapping them there, the negroes were put on board a schooner and shipped to Cuba, where the remainder of them now are.

After the war the Douglas heirs sued the United States on a claim for $240,000 for damages for the cotton alleged to have been destroyed on the Greenville plantation. The suit was tried, or at least commenced some time ago in Washington, and the overseer who had first plundered the Douglas estate of the negroes, as it is alleged, and who had sold or chartered them into slavery in Cuba, had the audacity to return to Washington,

AS A WITNESS

for the Douglas claimants, and against the United States, in the case arising from the cotton claim.

Then it was that the government officers employed in the case, and who had learned of all the facts in Greenville and vicinity, prepared a statement for the government and laid it before the State department. The arrest of the man for kidnapping was emphatically urged, as through his agency and the consular service the whereabouts of these unfortunate men could have been ascertained and their freedom secured. The case was ignored, and has been, ever since, and many want to know why it has been.

Milwaukee Produce Market.

GRAIN—Wheat opened weak and ½c higher, and closed weak; No. 1 hard $1.05; No. 1, 90c; No. 2 84c; October 84c; November 86¼c; December 87¼c; No. 3, 69c; No. 4, 58c; rejected 49c. Corn, dull; No. 2, 33¼c. Oats dull; No. 2 nominal at 18¼c. Rye quiet; No. 1, 44c. Barley depressed; No. 2 $1.00; No. 3, 62@62¼c.

PROVISIONS—Easy and quiet. Mess pork $7.75 cash and October. Lard, prime steam, $5.25.

Chicago Produce Market.

GRAIN—Wheat unchanged; No. 2 spring 82¾@82¼c cash; 83¾c bid October; 84¾c November; 85¼c December; No. 3 Chicago, 69¾@71c; rejected 55@57c; No. 1 red and No. 2 do 86¼c. Corn, dull and lower; No. 2 and high mixed 34¼c bid cash; 34¼c bid October and November; rejected [illegible]. Oats inactive; No. 2 18¼c cash; 18¼c bid October; 18¼@19¼c November; 20¼c December; rejected 17c. Rye, 44c cash; 45¼c November. Barley quiet; 1.08 cash; 1.08c bid November.

PROVISIONS—Pork, fair demand and lower rates; 7.70@7.75 cash; 7.60@7.90 October; 7.72½@7.75 November; 7.80@7.82½ December. Lard, fair demand and at lower rates; 6.15@6.20 cash; 6.17½@6.25 November; 6.20@6.22½ December; 6.15 year. Bulk shoulders 3.12½; short clear 5.30@5.40; short ribs 5.00@5.30

Robbery of a Black Hills Treasure Coach.

[Deadwood Special to Chicago Times.]

Last week Thursday the treasure coach belonging to the Cheyenne & Black Hills Stage company, was robbed of about $27,000 in gold bricks, dust, and jewelry, taken from what was supposed to be their burglar-proof safe. The report of the robbery and the death of Hugh O. Campbell, who was a passenger on the coach, has been telegraphed to the *Times*. Early last week the road agents stopped a coach near their regular place between Cheyenne river and Jenney's stockade. Here they ransacked the mail bags, taking everything out, opening and destroying all letters they thought it was possible that would contain anything of value. While engaged in their devilish act they asked about the treasure coach and told the driver they would "take it in" in a few days. Their warning was unnecessary, for this coach is always guarded by from

THREE TO FIVE MESSENGERS

who are armed with revolvers and repeating rifles. Some of these messengers are well known to the traveling public—Boone May, Scott Davis, Gale Hill, William Ward, and last, but not least, Capt. Smith, all of whom have been under fire several times, and have shown their metal to be good. The passengers on the south-bound coach last Wednesday met Boone May with his men, following, as he said, a party of these "agents," whom he thought they would come up with by night or the next day at noon. They were supposed to be but a short distance in advance. It proved, however, for the agents were better mounted than was expected, and they rode so much faster than their followers that they reached Canon Springs, about forty-five miles south of Deadwood, in time to capture the station, bind the two herders, and make their plans for

THE CAPTURE OF THE STAGE,

with its golden treasure. The first thing done after binding the herders was to tear the chinking out from between the logs of the station in such places as it was desirable to place a man to fire at the messengers. Then the men took their places and awaited the coach's arrival. As it drew up to the station, and just as the driver alighted, the five men, each having picked his man, or where he supposed a man to be, fired. The result was one man, Hugh Campbell, killed, Gale Hill shot through the side, Captain Smith rendered insensible, the ball that killed Campbell having struck the latter in the forehead, but not hard enough to make a dangerous wound, as he recovered before the fight was over. Scott Davis sprang out of the coach on the opposite side, taking shelter behind some trees. Here he defended himself a short time, but the robbers' fire was too warm, and he was compelled to move further into the brush. Here he saw that

IT WAS ALL OVER

with Hill and Smith as far as fighting went, as one of the robbers had the driver in front of him, and, marching him up to Davis, he made him surrender, and immediately bound both. Hill fell where he had been fighting. He had received another ball through his arm. This, with the wound in his side, bleeding profusely, had weakened him so that he was unable to resist. Hill was left at the station while the robbers blindfolded Smith and the driver, put them in the coach and drove down the road about a mile, when they were taken out and tied to the wheels of the coach. The robbers were now ready for their work. The safe, which weighs about 600 pounds, strapped with heavy iron bands to the floor of the coach, was torn from its fastenings and thrown to the ground, when they commenced pounding the door with sledges. They soon forced the door and the bricks, dust, and jewelry were theirs. The men told Smith and the driver that they would stop at the milk ranch some distance below and

SEND SOME ONE TO RELEASE THEM.

Before the relief arrived, however, the driver succeeded in releasing himself and then Smith, who was nearly dead from suffocation, as the men had gagged and bound him so tightly that he could breathe only with difficulty. Scott Davis, who escaped in the woods during the fight, walked six miles to Beaver Creek, where he found a horse and continued on his way to the Stockade. Meeting with Boone May, they at once organized a strong party and started for the station to capture the thieves if possible. Of course they arrived too late to save the treasure, for the men had been gone several hours. Campbell's body was taken to Deadwood, where it was buried by the Masonic order. Hill was taken to Deadwood Saturday, and telegrams state that the chances of his recovery are very slim, as he has lost so much blood. Upon examination it was found that Campbell had three balls in his legs and one through his oody, besides the one through his head, which caused his death. The report of this affair spread like wild fire, and before noon the following day.

THE VIGILANTS OF DEADWOOD

were scouring the country, accompanied by a large force of deputy United States marshals and agents. The result of their scout so far is two arrests. Jon H. Brown was arrested on Saturday near Canon Springs by one of the deputies. He has been regarded for a long time as a hard character, and when arrested acknowledged that he is the one that shot Daniel Finn, on July 2, at Lance creek. Finn returned the fire, making only a flesh wound in Brown's breast. As soon as he was arrested he was bound and started for Cheyenne under guard, reaching here yesterday, when he was placed in close confinement in the county jail. The second "agent" captured is said to be C. H. Burroughs. Why he did not come to Cheyenne is still unexplained. A letter to the United States marshal here says: "I have another of the robbers under arrest here, and will send him down on the next coach, if we are not compelled to kill him on account of an effort to escape." The driver of the coach told the same story, but gave a sly wink and waved his hand in the air, as much as to say,

"HE'S SWINGING."

The stage company offer a reward of $2,500 for their capture and the return of the gold. Ever since the line was started the company have had everything to contend with, the worst of all the robbers, and it certainly is to their credit the way they have fought them.

A Remedy for Heart Disease.

A middle-aged man walked into one of the drug stores in a certain village, and handing out to the clerk a half-drachm vial, filled apparently with white powder, asked him if he could tell what it contained. It was labelled, For heart disease—take three times a day." He said he took the vial from the pocket of a young man who, he thought, acted strangely, and wanted to know its contents. The clerk took it to his prescription desk, drew out the cork, when he observed a thread following it attached to the cork. Drawing it out, he found at the end of the thread a minute mitten. The vial was lined with clean white paper, which gave it the appearance of being filled. The clerk replaced the mitten and cork, and, handing it back to the man, told him that it was a well-known but harmless remedy for heart disease, and that in most cases one dose was sufficient. The inquirer looked relieved, and walked away with his precious bottle snugly tucked in his vest pocket. The girl that gave him that bottle won't be troubled with any more calls from him.

Letty's Globe.

'When Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year,
And her young artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a color'd sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know
By tint and outline all its sea and land.
She patted all the world; old empires peep'd
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers; how she leap'd
And laughed and prattled in her pride of bliss!
But when we turned her sweet, unlearned eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry,
'O yes! I see it,—Letty's home is there!'
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.'

—*Rev. Charles Tennyson Turner.*

THE WEBSTER HOMESTEAD.

Reminiscences of the Family—Present Occupants of the Place.

Cor. of the Boston Transcript.

Yesterday we visited the Webster homestead, or rather the ruins of what was formerly a very happy and hospitable homestead, and the graveyard where rests the remains of the great statesman and the deceased members of his family. The grounds, still fine and ample, though the estate has been reduced from the original proportions of upwards of 700 acres to about 850, the out-buildings which are in good repair, and the foundation and cellarage of the principal part of the mansion, which still remain, suggest at once the great desirability of rebuilding the house sufficient for occupation, and this I believe, Mrs. Fletcher Webster is extremely desirous of doing, were means available for the purpose. But Daniel Webster was not a money-making nor a money-saving man. Every dollar he possessed was earned and spent in improving his home, or in acts of kindness or necessity. His well-known liberality was also taken advatage of by scheming individuals who extracted from him sums that would now be of the utmost service in restoring his home and preserving from ruin and decay a spot which he has made interesting and so memorable. The fire which completely destroyed the mansion took place, as will be remembered, last February, and was, without doubt, the work of an incendiary. By superhuman efforts a part of the furniture, some of of the pictures and a little of the silver and china were saved, but the whole of the valuable library, papers, letters and documents were destroyed, thus depriving the bereaved members of the family of more than an historic home—their most important and treasured resources. On our way to go to the graveyard we stopped and took, with becoming reverence, a drink from Daniel Webster's pet spring, and found it most delicious water. The section of the rural cemetery which contains the graves and memorial stones of the Webster family is fenced off with an iron railing. A low, plain headstone, only "Daniel Webster" upon it, marks the family tomb. The grave st nes are ranged below it, those of Daniel Webster and his beloved wife, Grace Fletcher, occupying the first place. Upon her stone is the following inscription:

> GRACE FLETCHER WEBSTER,
> Born January 16, 1781,
> Died January 21, 1828,
> Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.

Mr. Fletcher Webster was 49 years old when he was killed at the battle of Bull Run, and upon the stone which was erected by the officers of his regiment, the Twelfth Massachusetts, are the following touching words taken from a speech his father:

"And if I am too old myself, I hope here are those connected with me who are young and willing to defend their country to the last drop of their own blood.—*Daniel Webster.*

The words upon his own gravestone set at rest the charge of skepticism which had been made against him, and though somewhat lengthy, and the wind upon the high, marshy ground blowing a gale, I copied them, Miss Ward reading them aloud for my benefit while Miss Phillipps kindly improvised a writing desk. The following is the inscription:

"Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vast economy of the universe, in common with the apparent injustice of this globe, has sometime shaken my reason for the faith which is in me; but my heart has always assured and reassured me that the God of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production. This belief enter into the depaths of my consciousness, ans the whole history of man proves it.—Daniel Webster."

The present occupants of the home of Daniel Webster and resident members of his family consist of Mrs. Fletcher Webster, the widow of his son, and her son and daughter—Ashburton and Mrs. Carrie Webster Day. Many offers of a friedly asylum were made when the great misfortune of the loss of their home occurred, but Mrs. Webster wisely went to work to reconstruct as much as possible their scattered household goods and provide a temporary shelter which they could call their own. She took the old Winslow House, formerly owned and occupied by Gov. Winslow and by his son, General Winslow, though it had long been untenanted—was said to be haunted, and altogether so dilapidated as to be considered unhabitable. The plaster had all fallen from the ceilings, leaving the rafters exposed, the floors were eaten away, and the once famous scene of many a gay festivity given over to the dark, destructive hand of time and the ravages of the whole vampire tribe. Out of this promising material, Mrs. Fletcher Webster, her son and daughter have, with wonderful taste, industry and ingenuity, created a paradise, after Morris's own heart A rustic piazza has been added to the plain, unsightly exterior, which is covered with trailing vines. The lower rooms are filled with what are most precious relics of their former home and past history. There are some valuable old portraits, the full-length picture of Danial Webster, by Ames; a fine Wouverman's showing his peculiar effects of light and shadow; some rare old china and costly articles of furniture, and, what is treasured most, the favorite library chair of Mr. Webster, a great, deep, capacious arm-chair, covered with morocco, and with attachment in front for reading or writing. For the two most valuable pictures in the possession of the family the house is too small and they are, therefore, left in other custody. These are the celebrated portraits of Lord Ashburton and Danial Webster by Healey. These pictures were painted for and given to each other, the artist painting Mr. Webster's a second time for his family. They are admirable likenesses, and, apart from their historic interests, are among the finest productions of the artist. The family are now, however, not able to keep them, and Mrs. Fletcher Webster would gladly sell them, so that they could form part of a gallery, and be properly kept and cared for, while the money would be applied in paying off the remnant of a mortgage which the small insurance on the house did not cover, and which prevents the trustees from rebuilding.

Mrs. Fletcher Webster shows the remains of great personal beauty, and has a bright, accomplished and charming daughter, who has already shared the misfortune of her mother, for she is a widow, though still very young. The son, Ashburton, is also handsome, and very intelligent and gentlemanly, but he is unfortunately deprived of a career in this country, not only by his illustrious name, but by the necessity which chains him to the side of his mother and sister.

SUNDAY IN PARIS.

A Day of Recreation and Amusement—Why it is Better so for the French Than the Anglo Saxon.

G. A. Sala in the London Telegraph.

I must hasten, albeit the task is not an encouraging one, to disabuse the minds of my countrymen, whose experience of Paris is only short and superficial, of the notion that Sabbath observance is, from an English point of view, increasing in Paris, because less manual labor is done in Paris on the Sabbath, and a great many more shops and warehouses are closed on Sunday than was formally the case. The phenomena have nothing, save in the rarest and most isolated cases, to do with any change in the religious sentiments of the people. I am given to understand Protestant missionery work is going on in sundry districts of Paris, but the results of these well-meant attempts at evangelization can only be as a drop of water in the vast ocean of the Parisian Sunday.

There are plenty of jeweler's, and linendrapers', and tailors' shops—shops which it appears to me are quite needlessly kept open—which do not close their doors on Sunday here; but on the other hand, especially in the neighbhorhood of Rue de la Paix, the Rue Scribe, the Chaussee d'Antin and the Avenue del' Opera, there are large numbers of commercial establishments which are as hermetically sealed as the the banks and the public offices. But I should be a blockhead were I to assume, and a hypocrite were I to maintain that an increase in religious fervor as we understand it—is at the bottom of this partial abstinence from Sunday labor. The smaller money-changers' shops are all wide open—so are the toy shops and the confectioners' and pastry cooks', because foreigners want to change money, and French people are in the habit of buying playthings and sugar plums for their children on Sunday; but in the majority of instances it is not on that day that the public require to purchase velvets and satins, Aubusson carpets, carved oak furniture, embossed paper hangings, Madapolam calicoes, or the new "Cestus Aglae" corsets. For lack of custom, many of the great magasins shut up, and those which cantinue open do so more from habit than from the expectation of selling anything. Do you for one moment think that the male and female employes in these closed establishments utilize their enfranchisement by going to church or sitting at home and reading good books or looking grimly at each other till they begin to yawn and nod, and and at last fall asleep from sheer ennui? They will the rather pour on to the boulevards to fill the cabs and the cafes, to chatter and gesticulate, to eat, drink and be merry, to dance and drink and go to the play at night. I was not consulted when the city was built and the manners of the people were formed. Whether this is harmless or desirous, it would be dangerous dogmatically to assert. I only describe that which I see; and this is Sunday in Paris as I have seen and known it, man and boy, any time these forty years, come the 29th day of August next.

I have not the slightest expectation of seeing such a Sunday prevalent in London or in any English town. I have not the slightest wish to see such a Sunday prevailing. Our observance of the Sabbath may be susceptible of modification in a tolerant and liberal sense; but there are two good reasons why the "Contenental Sunday," as typically presented in Paris, is a thing to be deprecated in England. In the first place, the decent classes among us are quiet people, with comfortable homes from which they rarely stir on the Sabbath; whereas the Parisians, as a race, have no homes at all that can be called comfortable, and are an excessively noisy, restless and inconsequential race, who can only find happiness out of doors. In the second and much more importance place we drink the very strongest liquors that can be brewed or distilled; the classes among us who are not decent are in the habit of getting mad drunk, and of fighting, after the manner of wild beasts, when they have a chance; our places of licensed vitualing are merely places where the largest number of sots can get tipsy in the shortest space of time; and Sunday in London, with all the public houses, all the theaters, all the music halls thrown unrestrictedly open from morning till night, would exhibit the most horrible saturnalia that eye ever beheld, and that the ear ever heard, the heart ever sickened at. We are so very strong and stalwart and earnest, and "English," in a word, that we need in our diversions a few salutary checks and kicking straps which the feebler and less courageous people of the Continent do not require. The better observance of Sunday may not succeed in London in making the people more religious, but it keeps them dull and tolerably well behaved, and tolerable good behavior is all that can be expected in a city of 4,000,000 souls This is about the whole of my philosophy on the matter, and I have seen a good many curious Sundays in many curious countries.

Dean Swift and the Bootmaker.

A friend having told Dean Swift that an excellent Dublin bootmaker, Bamerick, was very desirous of the honor of his custom, the dean ordered a pair of boots of him, and asked when they would be ready. Bamerick named the day, and his new customer told him, that he didn't want to hurry him, but that he must not fail to send them on the day named. Bamerick assured him this should be done. The day arrived, but no boots. Swift went to the shop and received ample apologies from Bamerick, with the assurance that it was one of his men who was to blame. "Well," the dean rejoined, "I was to have been at Sir A. Acheson's, in the north, to-day, but this has prevented me. They will be done on Monday, you say; bring them up in the afternoon yourself, and I'll pay the bill." Bamerick duly arrived with the boots, and found the dean very affable. "By the way, Mr. Bamerick," he presently said, "I don't think you've ever seen my garden; come along." After the dean had walked the boot maker round a bit, he excused himself and returned to the house, locking the door behind him. Bamerick waited and waited, the sun went down and the evening closed in dark and chill. The garden was surrounded by a high wall, and there was no way of getting out. At length the dean rose from his writing-table, took a pistol and drew out the bullets and then called up his butler. "Robert," he said, "I am sure there is some fellow, probably a thief, in the garden. Call the other men and come with me." With that the dean went to the garden gate and opened it stealthily. Poor Bamerick rushed forward, "There's the villain, seize him!" said the dean, firing off the powder. The unhappy Bamerick shrieked out, "For God's sake, don't shoot! it's only me, Bamerick." "Mr. Bamerick," exclaimed Swift in tones of the utmost astonishment, "what is the meaning of this?" "Why, sir you've left me here since five o'clock. You must have forgotten all about me." "Ah dear me, to be sure," said the dean, "just as you did about the boots." Then he told the butler to give Bamerick some hot wine and see him safe home. Who hasn't met with a Bamerick? How many tradesmen are not daily disappointing their customers, as he did? Unfortunately, however, there are no Swifts to give these recalcitrants wholesome lessons in punctuality.

On a Sheet of Blank Paper.

O virgin page, untouched, unstained,
Without a line, without a blot,
Thou cream-laid blank-faced mystery
Of untold thoughts, of unsung songs;
Who can foresee thy end, thy lot,
Who tell thy future history?

Perchance thou art reserved to bear
The record of a lofty mind,
Whose echo shall defy Time's wave;
Or in the rubbish basket near
Some cruel hand may bid thee find
Oblivion, and a wicker grave.

Or shall, upon thy vacant face,
Some poet write a stirring ode,
Some wonderous lay, some graceful sonnet?
Or shall Miss Jones' fingers trace
Some lines to Madame a la Mode
About the color of her bonnet?

Thou mayst some doctor's mandate bear
For horrid drugs or an emetic;
Or serve to write an I O U;
Some love-sick swain to Dulcinea,
In halting doggerel most pathetic,
May send thee as a *billet-doux*.

Or on thee, haply, shall be wrought
Some picture, to for aye remain,
A masterpiece of tint and line?
Or shall the baser pen and thought
Of Thomas, or of Sarah Jane.
Degrade the to a vilentine?

O empty blank! that only craves
A touch, a word, in paint or rhyme;
Thou silent monument of shame
On cowards, idlers, fashion's slaves,
On brains that have no thoughts sublime,
On hands that cannot give the fame.

What ill destroyed, what good abused!
So ready thou to cheer or pain,
So prompt for blessing or for curse—
And here, half-conscious, as I mused,
I took the paper up again,
And scribbled off this idle verse!

—*Chamber's Journal.*

Humors of the Day.

A lemon is an insignificant thing, but we like its ade in keeping cool.

If you haven't got much money and want to go somewhere, go to work.

Medical examination: "What is there besides ether and chloroform to produce unconsciousness?" Visiting boy: "A club."

Fashionable mother: "Maria, I'm almost discouraged. How many times have I told you not to say tater, but pertater?"

Paintul Question by the Sultan: "Is this Turkey, or it it merely portions of England, Russia, Austria, and other countries?"

A man in Detroit has recently invented an apparatus for arresting and extinguishing sparks. Are the girls going to stand that?

A discomfitted soldier, who found that he had shot an Indian already defunct, was overheard to murmur, "I didn't know it was Lo dead."

The only difference between an elephant with a broken ivory and a town in Alabama is, one has a loose tusk, sir, and the other a Tuskaloosa.

The fat girl of Iowa, who weighed 600 pounds, is dead. It used to be her regretful boast that she never sat on a man's knee in all her born days.

"What business is your father in?" "Sure! and I do' nc. He's an agitator, or a dictator, or a speculator—a tatur of some kind, anny way."

They were having a family set-to, and she asked him if there was anything in the past that he would like to recall, and he heartlessly answered, "Yes, the day you first refused me."

"Ah," said the fly, as it crawled around the bottle, "I have passed through the hatching age, the creeping age, the flying age, and now I'm in the mucilage, and——" there it stuck.

"What time is it?" asked a customer of a restaurant clerk, as he settled for his breakfast. "It's a quarter after ate," replied the clerk, as he raked in the cash and the twenty-five cent check.

A lecturer, addressing a mechanic's institute, contented that "Art could not improve Nature," when one of the audience set the whole assembly in a roar by exclaiming, "how would you look without your wig?"

It is well to loook at both sides of a fan. On a "heated" Sunday in Philadelphia recently the minister was fanning himself vigorously. He did not see, but the congregation did, that the reverse of his fan bore the inscription, "Buy Boggle's Bitters."

Did the prophet Isaiah ever eat at a railroad station? It certainly looks so, for how could he have described it so literally if he had not: "And he shall snatch on the right hand, and be hungry; and he shall eat on the left hand, and shall not be satisfied."

The young man had given his views about everything to everybody for an unendurable half hour, when the old man said, with nice courtesy: "I beg your pardon, sir, but if you begin teaching everybody at eighteen, when do you intend to begin learning anything?"

"Sweets to the sweet," said a young man on passing the syrup to a young lady seated at one of our hotel tables. "And beets to the beats," remarked the lady, shoving a dish of that vegetable toward the young man. For some reason the observation cast a settled gloom over a countenance that just before was radiant with smiles.

"Now, then, madame, please look steadily at this place on the wall," said a photographer to an old lady, when he he had put her in position and the plate in the camera. The old lady looked hard at the spot indicated, then got up and walked across the floor and minutely inspected it, and then, turning to the photographer, gently remarked, "I don't see anything there."

The following note was actually received, a few days ago, by a lady from a neighbor. The "Jacob" incidentally referred to was the husband of the writer: "Mrs. B—, will you please to lend me a black bonnet and a black hat and 2 black vails and a shawl or sack and a pair of gloves and oblige me. Hannah V—. P. S.—Jacob is dead."—*Mohawk Register.*

THETABLES TURNED.

"I am not sure that it redounds much to our credit. I will tell it, however, as a warning."

So our guest answered an inquiry made by a young and, it must be confessed, somewhat conceited member of the little party gathered together one winter evening around our dining-table.

"Hang the credit!" that person replied. He was rather uplifted, for he thought he had that evening won distinction in the sight of a lovely pair of eyes, then wasting their sweetness in a drawing-room. The owner of the lovely eyes had been a widow for some years; she was rich, elegant and clever. There was a humorous wrinkle about the mouth of our middle-aged guest, as he answered—

"Hang the credit! So I can say now with a light heart. Then the credit was of more importance to me. However you shall judge. You have heard," he went on, turning to the gentleman who headed the table, "that in the early days of our settlement we were a wild lot. Large fortunes had been made by the first settlers; and it got abroad at home gold was to be had simply for the asking. Adventurers poured in. The native war brought in adventurers of another kind—men whose lives had been played out in the old country, and who were ready for any kind of deviltry. O! I can assure you there was at times a singular collection in the settlement. I could tell you one or two tales that would surprise you. This, however"—turning to the person whose remark had provoked his tale—"is not of so desperate a character."

You must understand that at the time of which I speak—things are much changed now—we had neither library, nor theatre, nor concert room, and were driven now and then to queer devices for killing time. Some few of us took up with practical jests, but after a time these palled. Every one in our community became so wide awake that the most artfully constructed scheme broke down. If it did succeed, on the other hand, the vengeance taken was so dire as to be alarming. We were sorely in need of a patient butt.

It happened that, at this time, a young solicitor whom fortune had not favored at home, taking it into his head that competition was slaying his talent, determined to try his fortune among us. He was certain—and he was not far wrong—that in such a community causes for litigation would abound.

He was slightly acquainted with one of my friends, and wrote to him of his intentions, asking him at the same time to be so kind as—in the poor fellow's own words—"just to let people know, you know, that I am coming."

The letter was shown about, and that same evening my friend and I, with two or three others whom we had let into our secret, went out together, armed with large pieces of chalk. In the morning there was much questioning in the community, for on every bit of boarding, every blank wall and gate, was posted up in gigantic letters, "He is coming."

Again and again were the notices expunged by indignant householders. Again and again were they impossibly reproduced. The police were set on the watch; we either brow-beat or bribed them. People began to think there was something mysterious in the business. We, of course, kept our own counsel, and at last one fine morning a second advertisement appeared. It was to this effect: "He has come."

In the interval our friend had heard again. "I shall arive by steamship Benares," our solicitor wrote; "I hope you have let people know." We had let people know to some purpose. It began to be rumored abroad that a joke was on foot, and the whole community flocked to the landing-place.

To preserve the delusion, we had paved the jetty with scarlet cloth, and decorated it with flowers. As soon as the steamer dropped anchor, my friend and I put off in a small boat to receive and bring to shore our distinguished guest.

He was a small delicate-looking man, with a face as refined as that of a woman. I had slight prickings of compunction when I met him. He was so delightfully frank and confiding. "I say," he said to his friend, as we neared the decorated landing-place, "do they expect any swell?"

"They expect you, my dear fellow," was the reply. "I let people know, you know."

"You must be a jolly hospitable set. But what am I to say to them all?"

"No necessity of saying anything. Just bow as you pass through."

"O! I scarcely like——"

"You must, my dear fellow, you must. Not to acknowledge this brilliant reception would stamp you at once as a churl."

The young fellow's color rose. He was as shy and sensitive as a girl, but rather than appear ungrateful he would have gone through any ordeal, and presently—oh! dear, I can see it now—he was stepping out on the scarlet cloth, and bowing graciously to his right hand and his left.

No need for us to wink and nod behind his back. It was understood that a butt was being brought into the community. The bows were gravely returned; and as, like an honorably body-guard, we formed round the new-comer, to escort him to his hotel, the crowd that had gathered to receive him fell into procession behind us.

It was the cold season, and we called on him the next morning to take him for a ride. He was full of his pleasant reception, and anxious to become personally acquainted with those who had so interested themselves in him.

"O! you'll know them soon enough," my friend said. "Shouldn't wonder if you find, when you go back, that half the community has been calling on you." And sure enough, when we returned, there was his table heaped high with visiting cards. His eyes glistened.

"I've heard that people abroad were hospitable," he said, "but, upon my word, this kind of thing I didn't expect."

My friend glanced over the heap of cards.

"Ah!" he said, "the most influential names. They don't often call on new-comers. I suppose you impressed them favorably yesterday. Sharp set of fellows, too! You had better lose no time in returning their civility."

"I will make my return calls this afternoon," he said warmly. "Can you give me an idea of the addresses?"

"No need." Everybody knows everybody here. You have only to ask. I wish I could accompany you, but, I shall be so busy this afternoon."

"So shall I," said I, "but we will look in upon you later."

"O! and stay to dinner, do!" replied our young friend, and we readily agreed.

To one of us, as it happened, the offer of a dinner was not a thing to be lightly treated.

We were not surprised when, at the proper hour, we made our appearance, to see the young new-comer look weary and depressed. He brightened when he saw us.

"So kind of you to come!" he said. And presently: "Either I must be stupid at understanding directions, or everybody does not know everybody in your settlement. Such a wild-goose chase as I have had this afternoon."

"What!" cried my friend with well-assumed surprise. You didn't find them?" And his voice so clearly commented: "You must be a foolish fellow!" that the young man's color rose.

"I must have another try," he said. "But was not this strange? I showed one of the names to a member of your police force. He directed me to the road leading out of the settlement, and I walked on for about an hour expecting of course to reach some house. All at once I found myself at the cemetery."

My friend laughed. "That man was a wag; not a doubt of it. However, wait a few days till you know the place better."

As you may have guessed, more than half the cards, dropped by our orders at the young man's door, bore the names of men either dead or departed. But a long time passed before he found this out; he might never have found it out at all, but for—however, I must not anticipate.

To give in detail the practical jokes we played on the new-comer would be impossible. One I must tell you, for it very nearly had a tragic ending.

Two or three of us had started with him on a shooting trip up the river. It had pleased one of us, his first friend, to feign a deep melancholy, from which our new-comer sought in vain to rouse him. The young fellow spoke to me in private on the subject. "Our friend," he said, "ought to be watched. Men in his state of mind have been known to do strange things." I, of course, encouraged his fear. We were neither of us then much surprised when, one evening, the melancholy man, after hastily wringing our hands and murmuring that "it would be borne no longer," leaped into the river. What followed helped me afterward to understand the sequel of this story. Without a moment's hesitation that brave young fellow threw off his coat and boots, and dived after his friend. He was not a strong swimmer, however, and that little trick was near being our last. When we fished him up he was half drowned.

He rose in our estimation from that moment, though it was not in the nature of things that we could give up our diversion, and we were still plotting against his peace, when Hazard called me away from our settlement to a little place at some distance. I went willingly, for the house at which I was to be entertained was presided over by a young lady whom it always gave me great pleasure to meet. She was the daughter of the merchant whom I went to see; a bright, clever and intelligent girl, and to my taste peculiarly handsome. It had struck me, moreover—no harm in confessing it now; there is an age, you know, when we read volumes in a smile—it had struck me then that the beautiful Eleanor Hartley had a special kindness for me.

But on this occasion it seemed to me that something was wrong with Miss Eleanor. She sustained her part in the conversation only with an effort. She was languid and depressed.

"This detestible climate is telling on her, was my conclusion, and I outdid myself in my efforts to be amusing.

At such times, as we know—if, that is to say, we are not born talkers, like our friends of the Emerald Isle—there comes the moment when everything is used up. Neither joke nor fun, nor lively anecdote will visit the distressed brain. Nothing remains but to choose between naked commonplace and doleful silence. To me, one evening at dinner such a moment came. Up to that time (for our host was a silent man) I had done all the talking, and Miss Eleanor's eyes had often mutely thanked me. I could help her now no longer. In the silence that followed on this dreary conception she raised her gentle voice. What a plaintive look there was in her face! How hard she was trying to be animated; and how I felt for her! Happy thought! Had I been alone I should have cut a caper. It struck me all at once that I had not yet told them about our new-comer, and the tricks which we had played upon him. This, if only properly managed would afford food for laughter and amusement for days.

"O! by the by," I began, "I have not told you about the new fellow who arrived at our place the other day."

Certainly Miss Eleanor's eyes were fixed on me with a interest such as she had not hitherto accorded to any of my stories, and thus encouraged, I proceeded boldly, telling them, only with much more gusto, what I have just told you, about the letters and advertisements, the dead man's cards, and the false suicide. I was so taken up with my own cleverness that I did not notice the way in which my story was being received by my hostess. Judge then of my astonishment and dismay when, as I ended with an insane little chuckle, she suddenly burst out:

"And you call yourselves men? Do you know what I call you?"

"My dear Nellie!" said her father.

"I was speechless. She fixed her eyes on my face, and the position, I assure you, was a singularly uncomfortable one.

"I call you cowards," she went on, "and—and—" evidently she was at a loss for an expressive word.

"Miss Hartley," I said, deeply penitent, "if——"

"Pray say no more," she answered coldly. "Papa, I will leave you to your wine."

I did not see her again during my stay which, as you may guess, was not prolonged beyond the time absolutely necessary. This abrupt and mysterious interruption of an acquaintanceship that had promised to prove interesting cut me up more than I can well express. I tried to cast the whole matter out of mind. I could not. In every quiet moment I would find myself running over the unfortunate occurance and trying to account for it. Had she known him before? Was she in love with him? The idea first made me turn hot, then cold. But no! impossible. Not the most extravagant fancy could make these two images, of Eleanor Hartely and of our simple little newcomer, stand side by side. Looked at from another point of view, the thing was equally absurd. A score of men admired Eleanor Hartley—fine stalwart fellows, the pick of our community, for none other would have ventured to lift their eyes so high—men broad-chested and deep-voiced, and well-versed in every kind of world lore. Was it not preposterous to imagine that this puling boy could be her choice? How then was I to explain her displeasure? I did explain it. It would be hard for you to guess how. But at certain times, you know, our thoughts are peculiarly obedient to impulses communicated to them by a will with which our desires have tampered. I said to myself Elanor Hartley was disappointed in me. Yes, this was the meaning of it all. That I should have joined in inflicting annoyance on a helpless fellow-creature vexed her. And really, when I look back calmly, the whole thing began to wear an ugly aspect. Well, it was annoying. But time plays havoc with impressions. Eleanor would be sorry, doubtless, for her hastiness, I could easily put the matter in a different light. All would be well.

Meanwhile I returned to my own quarters where, as I presently found, events of an exciting character were under discussion. Miss Hartley, I was told, had come to pay a visit to her married sister, who lived in our settlement. As we were not cheered by the presence of any unmarried ladies, this was of course an occurrence of the first magnitude. But further, a large dinner was to be given at our club, to which all the ladies and our new-comer were invited. He had been persuaded that the dinner was given in his honor, and was to be beguiled into making a speech, from which much fun was expected. I threw cold water on his scheme. I was afraid, you see, that Miss Hartley would see in it another malicious trick and be further incensed against me. But once a ball of such sort is set rolling, it requires a hand of peculiar force to stop it. Mine was not able for the feat, and my friends arranged their plan of action without me. After all, I think, I was not sorry that he should make a fool of himself publicly before Miss Eleanor. It would be sure to destroy any sentimental liking she might have had for him, so I held my peace, and the eventful day came on.

How nervous I was that evening! I remember I was obliged to call in the assistance of one of my friends to adjust my necktie, and he was obliging enough to tell me I looked as yellow as a guinea. A comfortable assurance truly, when I had wished to look my very best, for I had not seen Miss Hartley since my unlucky story, and I wanted to make my peace with her. But when, with an apology on my lips, I drew near the sofa where she was sitting, I found, to my infinite relief, that no apology was necessary. She was as friendly in her maner as ever. She was exquisitely dressed that evening in—well, I can't exactly say what—some dead white material, that fell in delicious folds about her stately figure. That girl could always dress herself to perfection. She looked superb. Beyond a doubt, she was the queen of our party; certainly we all felt as proud of her as if each one of us had been her father or brother. She did not speak to our new-comer, and this relieved me. But at the dinner-table I felt a little more uneasy. She and he sat at opposite corners of the table. It seemed to me that she was quitely watching him, from time to time, and at such moments there was in her face a wonderful light of happiness and pride. I understood it all presently.

The long dinner passed; dessert was on the table; the usual toasts had been given and responded to. Then my friend rose, and in a few serious words which, as some of us knew, veiled a real irony, proposed the health of the youngest man at the table, our distinguished guest, whose arrival had been so long anticipated and so eagerly hailed.

All drank the toast, and there followed an awful pause. Every eye, Eleanor Hartley's among the number, was fixed on our new-comer. He rose to his feet, and I ventured to glance at her. All was explained.

O, woman, what a strange being you are! Soft and yet triumphant was the beautiful face of our queen. She was bending a little forward; her eyes glistened; you would have said that she was listening to some exquisite melody.

About him, too, there was a change. I was excited, and of course what I saw and heard was colored by my mood, but I could have declared that the young man's form had expanded, and that an indescribable dignity had crept into his gestures. He stood up right, his voice was clear and unfaltering; he did not shrink from, he rather courted, the multitude of glances that were bent on him. As for speech—sir, I have knocked about pretty much, as you know, and then at dinners and elsewhere I have knocked up against distinguished men, but I have never heard a speech to match this one. In substance it was a review of the time he had spent in the settlement. To hear him one might have believed that he had seen through our practical jests from the first, and while seeming to be their victim, had been quietly amusing himself at our expense. Its manner, the delicate irony, the wit, the forcible piquancy, I should be glad indeed to reproduce, but of such an effort I am incapable. Here was a turning of the tables? My friends were bewildered; those not in our secret applauded vociferously. I alone knew who it was had planned this triumph; and I was not surprised when a few days later, it was rumored abroad that Eleanor Hartley and our new-comer were engaged to be married. Rumor for once told a true tale. Before that season was over I was invited by Eleanor Hartley's father to his daughter's wedding.

"And I would wager," said the gentleman who had asked for the story, "that my lady kept him in order."

"On the contrary," replied our guest, "she was a model among wives—devoted, adoring. I believe she thought that man half divine. Well, poor fellow! he was always delicate, and after two or three years of happiness, he died."

"And his wife?"

"I think you have met her."

"What! She cannot be——"

"I see you have guessed. Thank me for giving you a peep into the character of Eleanor Walthingham."

Bertie's Sunday Frock.

He was walking up Macomb street, peering in on the Italians, glencing into open windows at junk-buyers, and now and then entering alleys to inspect rickety old vehicles standing in front of barns.

"What am I looking for?" he answered the policeman; "well, it may strike you as foolish, but I've been searching around for a whole month, and may have to keep it up for another. I'm looking for a rag-buyer. I'd know his rig if I should see it again, but I haven't the least idea where he lives or when I'll find him."

"Did he steal something from you?"

"N—no," was the hesitating reply.

"Want him arrested for anything?"

"N—no."

The officer was wandering what the cause could be when the man said:

"I feel a bit ashamed to tell you, but perhaps you won't laugh at me. You see I have old clothes on, and I don't look as if I had any cash to spare. I'm only a poor laboring man, renting a cottage up by the reservoir, and though I've only the old woman with me its often that we barely have enough to eat. When there is plenty of work one of us is sure to fall sick, and when we are in health the world goes dead against us. It is a sort of a life and death struggle with us, and sometimes we sit in the darkness and wish we were dead and buried 'longside of our little Bertie, up in the poor folks' share of Elmwood. That little grave up there is all that keeps us here—we cling to life that we may keep flowers growing there. I've stood on the wharf many a time and felt like going to death at one jump, but that grave rose up to warn me back. On my way home at night, I've feared, time after time, to find the house deserted or a corpse on the floor; but the little grave has retained my wife the same as me."

"How old was she? asked the officer, his own heart aching a little.

"Th—three years old, "replied the man, "and she was the only child ever coming to bless us. We had luck enough before she died. I had work day in and day out; my wife was singing the whole day long, and when I stated for home at night the knowledge that Bertie would be watching for me through the bars of the gate picked up my feet faster than anything ever has since."

"Well?" queried the officer, as the man paused.

"Well, she took sick and died. I don't want to tell you more than that, or I'll be breaking down right here in the street, and people will wonder if I have been drinking. It is three years ago since she died, but her voice rings in my ears this hour the same as if I had left her at home. It is the same with the wife sir—a dozen times a day she runs to the door, thinking she heard Bertie's voice; and I never go in that she doesn't look at me with reproach for not having our dead darling on my arm."

"I've lost children," sighed the officer, as he turned his head away.

"Then you know how the wife treasures up the little dresses, and stockings, and hats and things. We put all those things away after the funeral, and though it almost broke our hearts to set the bundle down and look it over, we somehow had to do it every Sunday; and there wasn't a thing which hadn't been tear-wet before the first year was gone. These relics have been our riches. We wouldn't exchange them for the wealth of any man you can name. One day about a month ago a rag-buyer came along. You may think it funny, but even the poorest of the poor sometimes have rags to sell. Wife made up a little bundle that day—enough to get a tin cup, or something of the kind—and in some way or other Bertie's frock—our dead child's Sunday frock got mixed up with the rags and papers and was sold and carried off. My wife has done nothing but weep and lament since that day, and I've looked here and there and everywhere in hopes to find the rag-man and get the precious relic back. It may seem a little thing to you, sir, but to us, we remember the first time she wore it—how proud she was—how we took her walking—how much she looked like a rich man's child. That dress had more tear stains than all the other relics, and though I havn't fifty dollars worth of furniture in the house, I'd give every stick of it and go into the street to find Bertie's Sunday frock. I don't expect to get it now. It has probably been shipped to the paper-mill ere this, and we have lost it forever."

"I'm sorry," said the policeman.

"And when I go home to-night," whispered the man, "wife will be standing at the gate, watching and hoping; and as far as she can see me she'll tell by my face that the search has not availed. I had rather lose a finger than meet her white face and reproachful look. I wish we were both dead!"

And with a weary step and hopeless heart he dragged along, having such a mission as neither hope nor despair nor love brings to one in ten thousand.—*Detroit Free Press.*

An amateur pedestrian, walking across the northern edge of Westchester county, N. Y., on a wager, stopped at the forks of a road, at a loss as to which way his course lay, and awaited the arrival of a stranger who was coming at a tremendous stride. "I say, sir," he cried out, "can you tell me which is the shortest road to Sing Sing?" "Yes, sir," said the stranger, unbottoning a convict's stripped shirt, and lifting a cap from a closely-cropped head; "you must stand here and see which way I go, and then you turn right around and go just the other way—straight." The amateur pedestrian followed these simple directions, and arrived at the end of his course in time to win his wager.

A Boston, Mass., telegram says a serious accident occured on the morning of October 8th, on the Old Colony railroad to a crowded excursion train, which was returning from the Silver Lake rowing match between Regan, of Boston, and Davis, of Portland. The train of twenty cars was thrown off the track, and it is rumored forty-two persons were killed and that Regan, the boatman, was fatally injured. The scene of the accident is about seven miles from Boston, and as soon as the news reached the city a large number of cots and stretchers were sent out by the city officials. The train to which the accident happened was composed of twenty-two cars and two engines, carrying about 1,000 persons. The train was not going at a high rate of speed, perhaps twenty miles an hour.

Green Pea Soup.—Four pounds of beef cut in small pieces, one half peck of green peas, and one gallon of water. Boil the empty pods of the peas in the water one hour before putting in the beef. Strain them out, add the beef, and boil slowly an hour and a half longer. Half an hour before serving add the shelled peas, and twenty minutes later add half a cup of rice flour, with salt and pepper. A little parsley is an improvement. After adding the rice flour stir frequently, to prevent scorching. Strain into a hot tureen.

Egypt is the place for juvenile excursions. A boy can always find his "mummy" there.

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The Heart is a delicate organ and must be kept in perfect health that the blood may circulate properly and promote the growth of every organ of the body; therefore, if you have any symptoms of Heart Disease, do not delay, but procure a suitable remedy, such as we offer you in Dr. Graves' HEART REGULATOR, and arrest the disease—delays is always dangerous.

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The Fat Man's Convention.

We can see some pleasure, if no reason, in the convening of a baby show, but we confess we could never see the slightest cause, reason or otherwise, for a fat man's convention, unless it be the fact that misery loves company. For fifty or one hundred men, whose several weights range from two hundred to three hundred pounds, to hold a convention simply because of so much surplus avoirdupois, is absurd to say the least. It becomes doubly so when we reflect that obesity is a desease. What would we think of as many persons emaciated by consumption holding a convention to compare their relative weights. There is but one ground upon which we would advocate another fat man's convention, and that is that they will meet and discuss the merits of Allan's Anti-Fat, the only known remedy for obesity. It is safe and reliable. Sold by druggists.

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Ed. Brown, U.S. Mail Agent on the N. P., is the happy daddy of a son and heir.

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.

Three runaways Tuesday, all at once, made times lively on Front street for a few minutes.

Our new freight depot on Broadway is fast approaching completion, and will be an ornament to the city.

I have a new pair of bob-sleighs, never used, for sale. Enquire at the Tribune office. W. W. Hartley.

A prairie fire west of Fargo burned a small quantity of wheat and a railroad bridge of small dimensions, on Thursday.

Henry Spalding and Joe Hicks were out to Island Lake this week duck hunting, and Henry has our thanks for a fine brace.

Col. C. D. Kerr will address the citizens of Brainerd, on Wednesday the 23rd inst., instead of Friday, as heretofre announced.

Eugene McKee, a young brother of Robert and Edmund McKee, of this place, is lying sick with typhoid fever at the Sherman House, Fargo, D. T.

The county officers to be elected this fall are auditor, treasurer, attorney, coroner and commissioner for the 3rd district. Who are the candidates?

Mrs. D. A. Caley, the wife of our prospective Representative in the next Legislature for the next two years, is in the city visiting Mr. Caley's sister Mrs. C. J. Birch.

We received a pleasant call, yesterday, from a smiling bevy of ladies. If they only knew how pleased we are to receive such calls, they would come oftener, and we know it.

Isn't it time our county convention for the nomination of county officers was called? H. D. Follett, chairman, N. McFadden and J. B. Conant are the county committee.

A son of Mr. Tift, residing on Laurel street was brought home from Aitken on a stretcher on Monday last, having been kicked severely by an ox he was driving at that place.

Major Snyder, of the Deadwood *Times*, and formerly of the Minnesota editorial field, passed through Brainerd, this week, returning to his new mission, after a tour through the East, and honored the Tribune office.

The Tennessee Jubilee Singers were wind bound on Lake Superior this week, and did not reach their appointment at Bly's Hall last evening. They reached Duluth, to-day, and will appear here the first of the week, probably Tuesday evening.

Judge O. P. Stearns, of Duluth, honored the Tribune office with a call between trains on yesterday. He is unquestionably one of the ablest and most efficient and agreeable district judges in the State, and it is not flattery to say as much either.

G. W. Holland, Esq., carried the credentials of Crow Wing county to the uncommunicative democratic district convention, held at Sauk Rapids yesterday afternoon. As no democratic county conventions have been held in Crow Wing county for years, it is a little curious to a republican how these credentials are made.

We received a call this evening from Mr. W. J. Havill, of Bloomington, Illinois, brother-in-law to Rev. Herbert Root, of this city. Mr. Root has selected a farm for him in this county about four miles from town, and he will commence the construction of a house upon it next week, and when completed will bring his family here and take up his abode with us.

Some miscreant for cause unknown displayed a wanton and cowardly disposition on Monday evening last, between the hours of seven and eight o'clock, by breaking the glass in all the windows in five of the Northern Pacific coaches standing in the yard at this place. The thing most to be regetted in this connection, is that the villain was not captured and started on the path to Stillwater. We might write a lecture to the brute, but it would be labor lost, as such cattle do not read the newspapers, and he of course would never see it.

The State apportionment of the school funds gives Crow Wing county $183, one dollar for each scholar enrolled last year. It will be larger next year as our enrollment increases, and the enrollment will increase with our enlarged facilities and new addition. As this apportionment is now based upon the actual enrollment, and not upon the census of the town, as heretofore, every child in the district of suitable age should attend the schools—if for no longer period than is required to become enrolled within the meaning of the law. Parents, see to this.

Judge R. Reynolds, of Minneapolis, one of the ablest speakers of the day, will address the citizens, of Brainerd, on Monday evening the 21 inst., on the questions involved in the present campaign. The judge has made a special study of the financial question; his arguments are sound and convincing and those desirous of fully understanding the knotty problem should not fail to attend. There is no questioning the fact that this subject of finance is the most important of any political topic which has arisen since the memorable contest of 1860 and every voter should post himself and consider carefully the importance of the occasion.

We would call attention to the card elsewhere in this issue of Dr. Griswold, dentist, of Minneapolis, who expected to come here several weeks since, and was noticed at the time in these columns. He was detained, however, at Duluth, but will positively be here as now announced, on or about the 17th inst. The doctor comes highly recommended by the leading men of the profession in Minneapolis, among them Dr. Dillingham, well known to our people, and also by the citizens of Duluth where he has been stopping for the last six weeks, as a careful, painstaking and expert operator. He is provided with all the modern improvements in instruments to facilitate operations and a chair so comfortable as to almost make a person forget the manipulation of cold steel in their mouths and go to sleep. We would urge all those needing his services to give him an early call as we understand by having time to properly treat, he saves many teeth generally supposed necessary to extract.

Mr. G. G. Hartley, of the Brainerd Tribune, and Mr. W. H. Leland, formerly in the hotel business at Brainerd, came to Fargo on Monday night to purchase the Sherman House. Unable to make a trade, at Tuesday noon they had purchased of Mr. Roberts 100x140 feet in block 2, and will put up a three-story hotel early in the spring. The hotel will front east on Chapin avenue and contain all the modern improvements. Messrs. Hartley & Leland purchased another plot of ground, 100x150 feet, just across the alley north of the hotel ground, and will erect a barn, which, it is said, will have no equal in Northern Dakota. A livery stable will be run in connection with the hotel and it is promised that the house will be open for the reception of guests by the middle of May. Mr. Hartley has a farm on the Sheyenne, northwest of the city, and with his new interests here we expect him to become a permanent citizen of Fargo, and welcome him as a genial, pleasant acquisition.—[Fargo Republican.

We are pleased to learn that Conductor W. H. Doyle, who has been seriously ill during a month past at the Merchants hotel in Minneapolis, is sufficiently convalescent to leave his room and move about, and will soon be at his post once more a well man. He has spent large sums with doctors in various parts of the country and used every means in his endeavors to reach a cure, but without any satisfactory results or being able to find a physician who could define his disease until now. He was taken sick at the fair, and several physicians were called in but could do nothing for him, until a young man, a recent graduate just entering the profession in Minneapolis (our informant had forgotten his name) was called in and made a thorough examination of his case, and promptly informed him that his trouble was an abscess in the bowels. He at once proceeded to its removal, which he has successfully effected, and Mr. Doyle asserts that he already feels better than he has done for years, and he will doubtless soon be in his former robust health. It is stated that his joy over the happy results is unbounded, and he tells the young physician who has earned a proud distinction, that he is welcome to every thing he has in the world in return for his miraculous and fortunate discovery and cure, which we really hope may prove permanen..

Messrs. Alsop & Mahlum, proprietors of the steamer "White Swan," built at this place last spring for the Upper Mississippi trade, have, owing to the unprecedented low water this season, been unable to make a single trip during the entire summer and autumn, and excepting two or three trips in the spring, have received no returns whatever from their investment. This has been rather unfortunate for the new venture, and the construction since of another, and larger boat, the "City of Aitken" upon the same waters to divide with them the only trade that could be depended upon—the spring and fall run—and receiving strong inducements from parties at Fargo, D. T., the proprietors have concluded to abandon the Mississippi and cast their *bird* upon the waters of the Red River of the North. Accordingly last week the hull and machinery were loaded on a number of flat cars and shipped to Moorhead, where Capt. Alsop has since been engaged in putting things together again and getting her in shape as rapidly as possible for the fall trade. On yesterday he launched her, and in conversation with one of the Brainerd Tribune reporters, expressed his confidence in a profitable, though brief trade this fall, to be followed next season by a good run of business. She will be the only boat on the river that can ascend as far as Breckenridge and Fort Abercrombie, and has already secured the transportation of the wheat from the Grandin farm to Fargo. We are pleased to note the encouraging prospects for the proprietors, and hope their trade will far exceed their most sanguine anticipations.

Legislative Committee.

Mr. Eli W. Griffin has designated the following gentlemen as district central committee, for the next two years in this district pursuant to the instructions of the convention, S. P. Carpenter, of Benton, chairman, W. H. Houlton, of Sherburne, T. J. D. Sadley, of Mille Lacs, N. Richardson, of Morrison, and Ed. R. French, of Crow Wing.

Jurors.

On Monday last the clerk of the court, in the presence of the sheriff and justice, made the usual drawing of the grand and petit jurors for the coming term of court. The following are the lists drawn:

Grand Jurors.	Petit Jurors.
Crow Wing Co.	*Crow Wing Co.*
W Wick	T W Waklee
R Parker	C Blomberg
Ed Johnson	John Bishop
F H Davis	George Perley
P Mertz	Barney Shupe
L P White	Chas Westerberg
N McFadden	W W Wakeland
D S Moo rs	C M Childs
E R French	F B Thompson
C W Sawyer	R J Paddock
J R Pegg	Thos Casey
Thos Wadham	C Haggberg
J L C Miller	L P Johnson
Wadena Co.	N D Dean
Joseph Askew	C N Heath
Wm Rawson	C Lahner
C A Olson	Leslie Lowe
J W Billings	*Wadena Co.*
C H Peake	W E Kindred
T J Scott	Peter Nevens
A J Howard	F Henderson
C G Strasburg	P Parks
H Lyons	Ira Butterfield
Carl Fisher	Phil Wheeler
	S V Berh.

A Remarkable Result.

It makes no difference how many Physicians, or how much medicine you have tried, it is now an established fact that German Syrup is the only remedy which has given complete satisfaction in severe cases of Lung Diseases. It is true there are yet thousands of persons who are predisposed to Throat and Lung Affections, Consumption, Hemorrhages, Asthma, Severe Colds settled on the Breast, Pneumonia, Whooping Cough, &c., who have no personal knowledge of Rosechee's German Syrup. To such we would say that 50,000 dozen were sold last year without one complaint. Consumptives try just one bottle. Regular size 75 cents. Sold by all druggists in America.

Don't be Deceived.

Many persons say "I haven't got the Consumption" when asked to cure their Cough with Shiloh's Consumption Cure. Do they know that Coughs lead to Consumption and a remedy that will cure consumption will certainly and surely cure a cough or any lung or throat trouble. We know it will cure when all others fail and our faith in it is so positive that we will refund the price paid if you receive no benefit. Is not this a fair proposition. Price 10 cts. 50 cts. and $1.00 per bottle. For lame Chest, Back or side, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cts. For sale by

N. McFadden.

Why will you suffer with Dyspepsia and liver complaint Constipated, and general debility, when you can get at our store Shiloh's System Vitalizer which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure you. Price 10 cts. and 75 cts. For sale by N. McFadden.

"HACKMETACK" a popular and fragrant perfume. Sold by
N. McFadden,
Brainerd, Minn

Farm Horses for Sale.

After Oct., 20th inst., the enire stock of horses on the Willims farm near Mapleton, west of Fargo, Dakota, will be for sale. Prices reasonable. Apply at the Farm.

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
" " ½ "	23.00	27.00	35.00
" " round	22.00	25.00	32.00
Carbine	20.00	21.00	27.00

Call at American Express Office for full particulars. Thos. P. Cantwell.

Report of the Board of Auditors of Crow Wing County, Minn.

Brainerd, Minn., Oct. 9th, 1878.

To the Honorable the Board of Commissioners of Crow Wing County, Minn.:

Gentlemen—We, the undersigned members of the board of auditors of Crow Wing county, beg leave to report to your honorable body: That, pursuant to the statutes, we have this day called upon the county treasurer of the county of Crow Wing, N. McFadden, who is *ex officio* treasurer of Cass county, Minnesota, without previous notice to him, and have duly and carefully examined and audited the books and vouchers of said treasurer, and counted and ascertained the kind, description and amount of funds in the treasury of this county belonging thereto and to the said county of Cass, and we do hereby certify that the books so examined as aforesaid show the following balances to the various funds respectively, to-wit:

CROW WING COUNTY.

	Dr.	Cr.
General county fund,		$ 1 17
Poor fund ac.,		362 22
Road and bridge fund ac.,		641 22
Interest fund ac.,		366 03
General school fund ac.,		112 77
Independent school dist. ac.,		131 70
School district No. 1,		3 28
Cass county fund ac.,		62 45
Itasca county fund ac.,		9 08
N. McFadden,	$1689 92	
	$1689 92	$1689 92

And we further certify that the said treasurer exhibited to us the following vouchers and funds to balance his account, which we duly counted, to-wit:

Cass county fund, paid orders,	$ 62 77
Cash on hand,	1827 15
Total,	$1889 92

CASS COUNTY.

	Dr.	Cr.
N. McFadden,	$581 03	
General county fund ac.,		$ 18 80
General school fund ac.,		22 72
Interest fund ac.,		504 40
Tax collections ac.,		35 11
	$581 03	$581 03

And we further certify that the said county treasurer exhibited to us the following vouchers and funds to balance his account, which we duly counted, to-wit:

General county paid orders,	$ 18 80
Cash on hand,	562 23
	$581 03

And we further report that we found the balances on the books in the auditor's office to correspond with the treasurer's balances, and the books well and faithfully kept.

Ordered, that this report be published in the Brainerd Tribune, as required by law.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

E. X. GOULET,
County Auditor Crow Wing County, Minn.
E. W. WEED,
Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

Public notice is hereby given to the legal voters of the independent school district of Brainerd, Minnesota, that

Whereas, At a special meeting of said voters, held at the public school building, in said district, on the 15th day of July, 1878, the Board of Education thereof was authorized to procure the construction of a certain addition to said public school building, and a tax of five mills on the dollar was voted by said meeting to pay for the same, and

Whereas, from the final equalized value of the property in the district, said tax is found to be insufficient to meet the cost of such construction.

A public meeting of said voters of said district, will be held at said public school building, on Friday evening the 25th day of October, 1878, at 7:30 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of voting an additional tax to be levied for the year 1879, to supply such deficiency, as required by sections sixteen (16) and seventeen (17), of chapter seven (7), of chapter seventy-four (74), of the general laws of Minnesota, for the year 1879.

By order of the Board of Education of said Independent School District.

Brainerd, October 11th, 1878.

Thomas Bason, Clerk. W. W. Hartley, President.

GROVE LAKE SELECT SCHOOL

For Boys and Young Men,

GROVE LAKE, POPE CO., MINN.

The above school situated fourteen miles from Sauk Centre, on branch line St. Paul & Pacific R. R., will commence its fourth term on Monday, Sept. 2nd, '78. This school offers superior advantages to young men who should consider that time is money. No classes, each one receiving individual attention. For the special benefit of those wishing to become engineers, instructions will be given once a week on the theory and construction of the Steam Engine, and steam pressure. Cost including all expenses $90 for 5 months.

42 tw. D. J. COGAN, Pres't.

Before You Buy Look at the Wonderful

NEW IMPROVED HOWE SEWING MACHINES

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.

NOTICE OF MORTGAGE SALE.

Whereas, default has been made in the conditions of a certain indenture of mortgage made and executed by Henry T. Welles and Jerusha Welles, his wife, mortgagors, unto the Farmers and Mechanics' Savings Bank, of Minneapolis, mortgagee, dated June 1st, 1877 and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the county of Crow Wing, State of Minnesota, on the second day of June, A. D. 1877, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., in Book "A" of Mortgages on pages 73 and 74, the county of Cass wherein the lands conveyed by said mortgage are situated, being attached to said county of Crow Wing for record and judicial purposes: said mortgage having been given to secure the payment of the sum of $1138.75 in one year from said June 1st, A. D. 1877, with interest thereon at the rate of 12 per cent, per annum, said interest being payable semi-annually, according to the conditions of a certain promissory note executed by one J. P. Wilson to said mortgagee, bearing even date with said mortgage; and default having been made in the payment of principal and interest due as aforesaid; and there being due and claimed to be due at the date of this notice upon said mortgage and the debt secured thereby, including interest as aforesaid, the sum of $1313.36, and the further sum of $27.93 taxes on said mortgaged property paid by mortgagee, May 21, 1878, and interest thereon from said May 21st, at the rate of 12 per cent. as provided in said mortgage, and no proceedings at law or otherwise having been instituted to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale in said mortgage contained and therewith recorded, and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed and the land therein described, situate in the county of Cass, in said State of Minnesota, to-wit: The west half of the southwest quarter of Section 29, the southeast quarter of Section 30, the north half of the northeast quarter and the west half of the southwest quarter of Section 31, the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of Section 32, in Township 139, Range 28; and the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter, and lots 4 and 5 in Section 11; the northeast quarter of section 14, in Township 138, Range 27, the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of Section 1, in Township 134, Range 30, will be sold by the sheriff of said Crow Wing county at public auction to the highest bidder for cash at the front door of the Court House at West Brainerd, in the said county of Cass, and State of Minnesota, on Wednesday the 13th day of November, A. D. 1878, at 3 o'clock p. m. of said day, to pay and satisfy so as far as may be, the amount which will then be due upon said mortgage and the debt secured thereby, together with said taxes and interest thereon and the sum of $50.00 as attorneys' fees, stipulated in said mortgage, and the cost and expenses of said sale.

Dated, Sept. 11th, 1878.

Farmers and Mechanics' Savings Bank, of Minneapolis, Mortgagee.
Bradley & Morrison,
Attorneys for Mortgagee.
Minneapolis, Sept. 16, 1878. 344-7t

LOOK HERE!

ONE AGENT made $50 last week selling our new article to business men—ANOTHER made $35—One LADY made $28—One BOY made $15 in one week—which shows what can be done if a party is energetic. Business easy and honorable. Send stamp for circular giving full particulars. Address

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$66

a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

OPIUM

and Morphine Habit absolutely and speedily cured. Painless, no publicity. Send stamp for particulars. Dr. Carlton, 187 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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DR. C. BIGELOW,

Who has been engaged in the treatment of all SEXUAL and CHRONIC Diseases in Chicago for twenty years. All mercurial affections of the throat, skin or bones, treated on latest scientific principles in half the usual time, safely, and privately. SPERMATORRHOEA, SEXUAL DEBILITY and IMPOTENCY, as the result of self-abuse or sexual excesses in maturer years rendering MARRIAGE IMPROPER, are permanently cured. Pamphlet (36 pages) relating to the above, sent in sealed envelopes for two 3-cent stamps. Consultation at office or by mail free. Rooms separate for ladies and gentlemen, finest in city.

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A work of 260 large sized pages, containing all information for those who are MARRIED or CONTEMPLATING MARRIAGE. ILLUSTRATING everything on the subject of the GENERATIVE SYSTEM that is worth knowing, and much that is not published in any other work. PRICE FIFTY CENTS, SECURE BY MAIL. ADDRESS MADISON DISPENSARY, 201 SO. CLARK ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

X A LECTURE TO YOUNG MEN.

Just Published, in a Sealed Envelope. Price six cents. Lecture on the Nature, Treatment and Radical cure of Seminal Weakness, or Supermatorrhœa, induced by Self-Abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally; Consumption, Epilepsy, and Fits; Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J CULVERWELL, M D, author of the "Green Book," &c.

The world renowned author, in this admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of self-abuse can be removed without medicine, and without dangerous surgical operations, bougies, instruments, rings, or cordials; pointing out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ *This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands and thousands.*

Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps.

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THE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO.,
41 Ann St., New York, P. O. Box 4586

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, etc.

Parties wishing the prescription will please address, E. A. WILSON, 194 Penn St., Williamsburgh, N. Y.

C. MEYER & CO.,

Merchant Tailor,

115 EAST SEVENTH STREET,
Five doors below Jackson,
SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF CROW WING—DISTRICT COURT—11th JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

Susan A. Miller, plaintiff,
Against
John Miller, defendant.
} Summons.

The State of Minnesota, to the above named defendant:

You John Miller are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action which is on file in the office of the clerk of said court, in and for Crow Wing County, Minn., and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscriber, at his office in Brainerd, Minn., within thirty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service, and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated. Sept. 7th, A. D. 1878.
C. B. SLEEPER,
44-7t Pl'ffs' Att'y, Brainerd, Minn.

PLATTE RIVER Saw & Flour Mills,

GRAVELLE & GOULET, Prop's.

OFFICE AND STORE,

LITTLE FALLS, MORRISON CO., MINN.

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

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

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

GRAVELLE & GOULET,
301 tf. *LITTLE FALLS, MINN*

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and others interested in Sewing Machines if you have not seen or heard of the NEW HOME send for descriptive circular at once. It is an entirely NEW machine, just out, and surpasses anything ever invented in the Sewing Machine line.

THE

NEW HOME

is bound to take the place of all old fashioned Machines. Machines sent on trial to any part of the country. Agents wanted in all unoccupied territory. Circulars free.

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U can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. $12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.

BEST

business you can engage in. $5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.

TRANSPARENT TEACHING CARDS. Instruction and Amusement combined. Important to parents and teachers. 26 different artistic designs. The entire pack sent free for 25 cts. currency or stamps. Van Delf & Co., 20 Ann St., N. Y.

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Price $3.00.

By Mail 20 Cents additional for postage. The Manufacturers of this Telephone after long experimenting have brought it to a degree of perfection truly surprising. By it the Human Voice or musical sounds are conveyed a long distance without change. Sent to any address on receipt of price, or descriptive circular, testimonials, etc., for three cent stamp.

Address TELEPHONE COMPANY,
PRESTON, IOWA.

THE BURLINGTON WEEKLY HAWKEYE.

This paper, which is universally quoted, may be had at any News Depot at 5 cts. per copy. Annual Subscription, post paid $2.00.

Agents are wanted everywhere to take subscriptions, and retain 50 cents in cash on each annual subscriber. General Agents may send $1.25 per year.

$1000, in Three Premiums.

We will pay the Agent sending us the largest list of subscribers before March 1st, 1879, one First-Class 7 1-3 octave, Rosewood or Walnut, NEW SCALE, UPRIGHT PIANO, full iron frame, overstrung Bass, three Unisons, patent improved Agrafie Bar arrangement, Extra Rich, $650.00. This list to be at least 650 names.

For the second list not to be less than 200 names, $100 in gold.

For the third list, not to be less than 100 names, we will pay $50 in Gold.

Address, HAWKEYE PUBLISHING CO.,
Burlington, Iowa.

P. A. GATCHELL.

LAWYER,

Wadena, Wadena Co., Minn.

Collections promptly attended to. Taxes Paid for Non-Residents; and Conveyancing done in a legal and neat manner, also,

Real Estate Agent. Lands Sold on Commission.

FOR SALE.—160 Acres of Prairie Land, two miles south from Wadena Station. Soil good. Splendid evergreen grove for building site. Contains several acres of good hay land. Stream water running through it. This is a splendid chance for A No. 1 Farm. Will be sold cheap; quarter cash, balance in one, two, three and four years.

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

LAND FOR STOCK FARM.—500 Acres in Todd county, 1½ miles from Aldrich Station N. P. R. R. Clay subsoil. Good land, abounding in nutritive grasses, partly timbered. *Will be sold very cheap, on easy terms*

TIMBERED LANDS.—1,600 Acres in Wadena and Todd counties, in the vicinity of Aldrich Station, N. P. R. R. Timber consists of oak and maple, for the most part.

1,242 ACRES of Lands near the Half-Way House on State road from Wadena to Parker's Prairie. Heavily timbered for the most part with oak, sugar maple, ash, basswood, etc. Sold at low figures and on easy terms.

I HAVE also several hundred acres of good farm lands for sale in Wadena, Todd, and Otter Tail counties, situated in the vicinity of Wadena Station on the N. P. R. R.

Parties desiring good farming lands, near to market and susceptible of easy cultivation, will find it to their interest to call on me before purchasing elsewhere.

Business done at the St. Cloud and Alexandria Land offices, for moderate fees.

Homestead and Pre-Emption Claims bought and sold on reasonable commissions.

Money loans obtained for parties on improved real estate security.

Parties desiring any information in regard to lands in this vicinity will please call at my office or write me, and it will be promptly and freely given. Address,

P. A. GATCHELL,
9tf Attorney-at-Law, Wadena, Minn

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Steel Rail Track

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Three Daily Trains each way between ST. PAUL & CHICAGO.

Two Daily Trains each way between ST. PAUL, ST. LOUIS & KANSAS CITY.

Six Daily Trains each way between MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL.

Trains.	Leave St. Paul	Arrive St. Paul.
River Division—Through Chicago and Eastern Express	*11:22 am	*1:54 pm
Through Chicago and Eastern Express	†7:40 pm	†5:47 am
Iowa and Minnesota Division—Through Prairie du Chien, Mil & Chicago Express	*6:10 am	*6:27 pm
	*6:10 am	*6:27 pm
St. Louis and Kansas City Express	8:25 pm	6:50 am
Owatonna Passenger	*11:25 am	*11:25 am

*Sundays excepted. †Saturdays excepted. ‡Mondays excepted

ST. PAUL—Depot cor. Jackson St. and Levee. City Office, 118 East Third St., cor. Jackson St.

J. A. CHANDLER, General Agent.
CHAS. THOMPSON, Ticket Agent.

☞ Palace Sleeping Cars and Day Coaches, with Westinghouse's Improved Automatic Air-Brake on all trains.

A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.
S. S. MERRILL, General Manager.
JNO. C. GAULT, Asst.-General Manager

Central R. R. of Iowa.

J. B. GRINNELL, Receiver.

INTERMEDIATE LINK
—IN THE—
Great North and South
THROUGH ROUTE
—BETWEEN—
St. Paul & Minneapolis
—AND—
ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY,
COMPOSED OF THE
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL,
CENTRAL IOWA,
—AND—
ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY AND NORTHERN
RAILWAYS.

This New Combination possesses the Unequalled Advantage of

A Termini in the Four Great Cities of the West!

AND A LOCATION EQUIDISTANT BETWEEN THE Mississippi and Missouri Rivers,

By which it becomes *The Great Route for Distribution of Travel to All Points*

NORTH, SOUTH, EAST OR WEST!

A FULL LINE OF
Pullman Palace Sleepers!
RUN DAILY
BETWEEN ST. PAUL AND ST. LOUIS.

The Kansas City Express Runs Daily Except Sunday.

THROUGH TICKETS are on sale to all important points reached by the THROUGH LINE or its connections.

J. G. JOHNSON, *Gen. Superintendent.* A. RUSSELL, *Gen. Pass Agent.*

THE GALENIC INSTITUTE.

☞ Established 1861 and chartered by the Legislature for the treatment of all diseases of the urinary and generative organs.

"The Secret Monitor,"
—AND—
Guide to Health,
A Private Medical Treatise on the Diseases of the
URINARY
—AND—
Generative Organs.

Including spermatorrhea or seminal weakness, impotency, gonorrhea, gleet, stricture, varicocele, hydrocele, diseases of women and their improved treatment, together with the anatomy and physiology of the sexual system in health and disease, containing 300 pages and over 100 plates and engravings, sent to any address under seal, on receipt of price, 50 cents.

A private medical pamphlet, of 32 pages on the above diseases, with valuable information for those afflicted, sent in sealed envelope on receipt of one three cent stamp.

The physicians of the institute especially treat all the above diseases, and may be consulted personally or by letter. Address all letters thus:

GALENIC INSTITUTE,
Office 45 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minn

Dr. A. G. OLIN'S

Private Hospital, 189 East Washington St., Chicago, Ill. ... [illegible]

MARRIAGE GUIDE [illegible]

Northern Pacific R. R.

"CUSTER ROUTE"
TO THE
BLACK HILLS.
THRO' EXPRESS TRAINS
FROM
St. Paul to Bismarck
DAILY.

Making close connections at ST PAUL with moving trains from CHICAGO and all points south.

No Delay! Continuous Run!

1878. Summer Arrangement. 1878

BRAINERD AND ST. PAUL DIVISION.

South.		North.
le. 12.56 p m.	†BRAINERD,	ar. 1.50 p.m.
le. 1.44 p.m.	Little Falls,	le. 12.30 p.m.
le. 3.10 p.m.	Sauk Rapids,	le. 11.10 a.m.
ar. 6.40 p.m.	St. Paul;	le 7.30 a.m.

BRAINERD AND DULUTH DIVISION.

East.		West.
le. 2.30 p.m.	†BRAINERD,	ar. 1.55 p.m.
le. 8.40 a.m.	"	ar. 10.35 p.m.
le. 4.15 p.m.	Aitken,	le 12.20 p.m.
le. 10.40 a.m.	"	le. 8.30 p.m.
le. 8.15 p.m.	N. P. Junction,	le. 8.55 a.m
le. 4.05 p.m.	"	le. 3.60 p.m.
ar. 10.05 p.m.	Duluth,	le. 7.05 a.m.
ar. 6.00 p.m	"	le. 1.30 p.m.

BRAINERD AND FARGO DIVISION.

West.		East.
le. 2.15 p.m.	†BRAINERD,	ar. 12.00 m.
le. 6.15 a.m.	"	ar. 6.00 p.m.
le. 7.00 p.m.	† "	ar. 6.00 a.m.
le. 3.57 p.m.	WADENA,	le. 10.00 a.m.
le. 10.00 a.m.	"	le. 2.40 p.m.
le. 10.29 p.m.	"	le. 2.15 a.m.
le. 7.30 p.m.	Glyndon,	le. 6.25 a.m.
le. 5.40 p.m.	"	le. 7.20 a.m.
le. 5.00 a.m.	"	le. 7.30 p.m.
ar. 8.00 p.m.	†Fargo,	le. 6.00 a.m.
ar. 6.30 p.m.	† "	le. 6.30 a.m.
ar. 5.50 a.m.	† "	le. 6.40 p.m.

DAKOTA DIVISION.

West.		East.
le. 8.20 p.m.	†Fargo,	ar. 5.30 a.m.
le. 1.42 a.m.	†Jamestown,	le. 12.35 a.m.
ar. 7.00 a.m.	Bismarck,	le. 7.25 p.m.

† Meals.

All Trains Daily except Sunday.

Connects at St. Paul with all trains East and South; at Minneapolis with all trains from that city; at St. Cloud with trains for Melrose and the Sauk Valley; at Brainerd all trains make close connections to and from Duluth and to and from the West and South.

Close connection with Lake Steamers at Duluth; St. Paul trains at N P. Junction; St. Paul & Pacific Railroad trains at Glyndon for Fisher's Landing, Fort Garry and the British Possessions, via steamers of Red River Transportation Co.; at Moorhead, Minn., and Fargo, D. T., with steamers for Fort Garry, Pembina, and all points on the Red River; at Bismarck, with steamers to all points north and south on the Missouri River, including Standing Rock, Fort Rice, Berthold, Carroll and Benton, and other points in Montana; also with N. W. Stage and Express Co's line to Deadwood City and all points in the Black Hills.

Dated November 1st, 1877.

H. E. SARGENT, Gen'l Manager, St. Paul.
G. G. SANBORN, Gen'l Frt. and Ticket Ag't., St. Paul.
H. A. TOWNE, Superintendent Brainerd.

JANUARY, 1878.

FIRST DIVISION

St. Paul & Pacific R. R.

BRANCH LINE
THROUGH TRAINS
FOR
St. Cloud, Melrose, Sauk Rapids, Brainerd, Bismarck, Deadwood, and all Points on the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Leave.		Arrive.	
St. Paul....	7.30 a. m	St. Paul.	7.00 p. m
Minneapolis.	7.55 a. m	Minneapolis,	6.44 p. m
Brainerd, ...	12.30 p. m	Brainerd, ...	12.00 m.
" ...	2.30 p. m	" ...	2.00 p. m

ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS. TRAINS.

Leave.		Arrive.	
St. Paul, ...	8.10 a. m	Minneapolis,	8.56 a. m
"	10.00 a. m	"	10.35 a. m
"	12.30 p. m	"	1.03 p. m
"	2.50 p. m	"	3.26 p. m
"	6.10 p. m	"	6.44 p. m
Minneapolis.	7.55 a. m	St. Paul, ...	8.35 a. m
"	11.00 a. m	"	11.40 a. m
"	1.50 p. m	"	2.25 p. m
"	3.52 p. m	"	4.28 p. m
"	5.23 p. m	"	6.10 p. m

Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis LINE.

Time of departure of Passenger Trains from St. Paul, in effect December, 1876.

Leave for Chicago and the East,	11.25 A. M.
" " "	7.40 P. M.
Arrive from Chicago and the East,	5.50 A. M.
" " "	2.24 P. M.

CHICAGO, ST. PAUL & MINNEAPOLIS LINE.

That portion of the Chicago & North-Western Railway between Chicago and Elroy (via Madison), and the West Wisconsin Railway between Elroy and St. Paul, to Minneapolis, form a single Line between Chicago, St Paul & Minneapolis. This Line will hereafter be known as

"The Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis Line."

It is the ONLY LINE between St. Paul and Minneapolis and Chicago that passes through Hudson, Eau Claire, Black River Falls, Elroy and Madison, and

Is the Only Line

that runs on any of its trains the celebrated

Pullman Palace Cars.

All trains of this great route run through without change of cars. Pullman Palace Drawing Room and Sleeping Cars are run on all its trains.

All Express Trains on this route are equipped with Westinghouse Patent Air Brakes and Miller's Patent Safety Platform and Couplers—the Most Perfect protection against Accidents known.

This popular route is unsurpassed for Speed, Comfort and Safety. The Smooth, Well-Ballasted and Perfect Track of Steel Rails, the Celebrated Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, the Perfect Telegraph System of Moving Trains, the regularity with which they run, the admirable arrangement for running Through Cars between Chicago and all Points West, North and North-West, secure to passengers all the COMFORTS IN MODERN RAILWAY TRAVELING.

If you wish the Best Traveling Accommodations, you will buy your Tickets by this Route AND WILL TAKE NO OTHER.

All Ticket Agents can sell you Through Tickets and Check usual Baggage Free by this Line.

Passengers for Chicago, Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Cairo and all

Points South and East,

should buy their Tickets via

"THE ST. PAUL, CHICAGO & MINNEAPOLIS LINE."

Close connections are made at Chicago with the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, Baltimore & Ohio, Michigan Central, Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago, Kankakee Line and Pan Handle Routes, for all points EAST and SOUTH-EAST, and with the Chicago & Alton & Illinois Central for all points SOUTH.

New York Office, No. 415 Broadway; Boston Office, No. 5 State Street; St. Paul Ticket Offices, Corner Third and Jackson Streets and at Depot on Sibley Street; Minneapolis Ticket Offices, No. 3 Nicollet House Block and at St. Paul & Pacific Depot; Chicago Ticket Offices, 62 Clark Street, under Sherman House; 75 Canal, corner Madison Street; Kinzie Street Depot, cor. West Kinzie and Canal Streets; Wells Street Depot, cor. Wells and Kinzie Streets.

F. B. CLARKE, G. P. A., W. W. R'y, St. Paul.
W. H. STENNETT, Gen. Pass. Ag't, Chicago.

MARRIAGE SECRETS

A Book of nearly 200 pages [illegible]