George B. Wright and Family Papers

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Geo B Wright

his Scrap book

Dec 1875

Sacred to the trash which I would rescue from that oblivion to which a heartless world would consign it

WYOMING TERRITORY.

A Lost Lamb—An Old Settler Browsing on the Bunch Grass of the Western Plains.

CHEYENNE, Wy. Ter., July 23, 1875.

DEAR MAIL :—I left the other infants of Minneapolis sleeping the sweet sleep of childish innocence at the Hubbard House in Sioux City, while the mellifluous strains of a well grown and full blown brass band pervaded the inmost recesses of that fragrant and noble hostlerie, and pealed through stairway and corridor with the vigor of a No. 1 thunder storm, and silently folding my shirt like the Arabs I like them also stole what I could and departed in the grey dawn for Omaha and the west. The Sioux City and Pacific road, with rare fitness, runs from Sioux City toward Chicago, southeasterly down the Missouri bottoms, turning when a few miles above Omaha, and running due east to Missouri Valley Junction. It makes an admirable feeder for the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, and impresses all Minnesotians with admiration of the Donnelly who secured this direct line of Pacific railroad from Minneapolis and St. Paul toward San Francisco, and made the land grant designed to build us up, a feeder to the plans of Chicago. Donnelley is a statesman and a genius, and we ought to keep him in congress.

THE CROPS

down the valley have suffered from too much water, but except where drowned out, the corn was magnificent. Wheat is a poor crop on the bottom lands. The weeds overrun and choke it, and can only be kept down with some crop which can be cultivated.

Except in the Missouri bottoms I have seen no corn better than ours in Minnesota. The high-toned Platte Valley, advertised as the garden of the world, has no better corn than in Minnesota, 200 to 300 miles further north, and the wheat is quite inferior to ours.

OMAHA

has improved very much in the last five years. The cheap buildings are giving way to substantial brick. A handsome government building, about the size of the one in St. Paul, is nearly completed. It is built of the so-called "Cincinnati rotten sandstone" that is making such a disturbance in the Chicago custom house. Omaha has only about 20,000 inhabitants, yet like Denver (about the same size) has its street cars which are said to be doing a fair business. Minneapolis is decidedly behind the times in this respect. The Omaha bridge is a plain, but substantial looking affair, with no frills about it, but it quietly takes the commerce of a continent by the throat, and levies its little black mail with the true old-fashioned "stand and deliver" coolness which has made Dick Turpin and Robin Hood the admiration of all the young and susceptible portion of humanity. Every passenger between the west and the east pays 50 cents, and every car of freight $10 for crossing the Missouri river. The bridge is owned by a Transfer Company which stands between the railroads of Iowa and Nebraska, and levies tribute out of all. And as the railroad companies were feeble, the directors and inside men of the Union Pacific road magnanimously built the little bridge themselves, and are the transfer company, and suck the U. P. lemon with elegance and ease. This is a very clear case of

BROAD GOUGE,

which has arrived at such a stage of perfection in America, that its promoters do not think any other plan will answer. Their great objection to the little competing narrow gauge roads is, that building such roads may result in a *break of gouge*, which they greatly deplore. There is no break of gauge in railroad practice between Omaha and San Francico. He who fancies there is, will find his mistake in sorrow.

Prices elsewhere have tumbled, but west of Omaha there is no change—a dollar is the smallest change for anything from boot-blacking to sole-leather pies. The worst shebang that calls itself a hotel, charges $4 a day for hash, and the trimmings are extra. The traveller usually remarks that it is "two ($) much," and on account of the 2-muchness, as Artemus Ward used to say, he gets an unfavorable impression, and calls this a prairie dog-goned piece of sage brush, alkali and desolation anyhow you can fix it. And the traveller is not far out of the way. Except as coming to this region under any circumstances may be considered out of the way.

CHEYENNE

is about 516 miles, and twenty-six hours distant from Omaha, and "holds over" the latter some 4,000 feet in elevation. A casual inspection suggests the idea that it has gone up even more than that, and has attained the elevation mentioned by Rev. Samuel Wilkeson concerning the L. of C. In 1867 or 1868 Cheyenne had 7,000 or 8,000 inhabitants, such as they were. I asked a resident how it counts out at this time: He said four thousand. Another told me twenty-five hundred residents, with a thousand floaters waiting for the Black Hills to open. A third said that a recent census of the city gave twenty-two hundred. I walked across Croos Creek valley and up on the bluffs a half mile away, and inspected the town. There are 1,700 inhabitants according to my enumeration, and I will stake fourteen cents—all my available capital—that my census was the nearest correct of the four. Once the railroad company designed to build a large town here, and laid the foundations for immense shops, which have never been completed. A round house with twenty stalls was the only one of the lot that was finished. A part of it is used as a repair shop. Looking within I observed several specimens in good trotting condition, of that noble animal the iron hoss, and several others which were *hoss du combat* and under treatment in this improvised hosspital. Mousing around further I discovered a long train of tank cars and asked a Cheyenne what they were for. He said they were oil cars. I have always had objections to swallowing oil in large doses, and these sixteen or seventeen tanks didn't go down. Subsequently I elicited the fact that the U. P. company have procured water for some of their tank stations by boring 1,000 to 1,200 feet. I think I have discovered the oil in that cocoanut. Cheyenne is really beginning to grow and thrive now, and several brick buildings are being built. Among them is a fine hotel, the "Inter Ocean," nearly completed, built by a negro who has risen from the ranks to wealth and respectable social position.

To return to the water question, I am told that the village of Greeley has spent $60,000 in ditches for irrigation, a very imperfect substitute for the natural rains of Minnesota, which cost us nothing. But if these people choose to wrest homes from the clutch of the desert, none of the rest of us have any right to find fault. There's no law to compel them to have brains.

Did you ever hear how it happened that the U. P. road corkscrewed its way through these hills instead of going the straight valley line of either North or South Platte ?. The north route is the natural one and where they designed to go, but they wanted to reach the Pike's Peak mining region also. They built to Julesburgh, and wanted Denver to give a half million to bring the road to that point. But Denver felt sure of the road anyhow, and "couldn't see it." So the northern route was decided upon; but just then some sagacious engineer discovered that if they followed the North Platte via South Pass that they would only get $16,000 a mile government subsidy on account of it being too level, whereas by going through these hills they could get $48,000 a mile as mountain road, and so subsidy won, and the best route for a railroad and settlement remains yet to be opened and developed. This is not the first time that a good job has been nursed.

I write you again from Denver.

G. B. W.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE LAMB.

Colorado—Its Scenery—The Mining Delusion—The Denver Pacific—Weather Characteristics of the Country—The Greeley Tribune—The Colony—Denver.

DENVER, Colorado Territory,
July 25, 1875.

To the Editor of THE EVENING MAIL.

A hot summer day out of doors, with a blazing sky above and glaring walls on either side offers little encouragement to the wanderer in pursuit of useful knowledge. In-doors the air is soft and cool, and that peace born of a good dinner and conscience void of offence pervades the soul of the wandering lamb who addresses you. The melody of church bells floats on the summer air but wakes no ripple of troublous thoughts, no visions of the things undone which we ought to have done. The all-pervading fly lights upon the up-turned nose of your correspondent and irritatess to small purpose, for all is peaseful and carm.

I look out of a western window—an elevated view—somehow I always am successful in getting a high position in a hotel—out across a fine perspective of sky-lights and gravel roofs, across the South Platte, which runs northward through the western part of the city, its course marked by a few straggling old cottonwoods; across the high swelling plain, half desert and half prairie, where West Denver is beginning to be a town; beyond the foot-hills rising in rugged masses twelve to twenty miles away; and there—far up among the lazy summer clouds—as nearly a vision of heaven as anything we ever get here below—the great white hills lift their icy summits into the sky. The sight of ice lets down the mental thermometer won-

derfully, and these vast fields and clear cut peaks of eternal coolness must be a source of constant refreshment to the illogical observer whether old Fahrenheit and Old Probs. are affected by it or not. It seems cool under the shadows of three miles high of ice, even with the thermometer 100 degrees in the shade. And when you have said mountains, you have closed out the picturesque of this country, and Gen. Hazen is not far wrong in insisting that the Great American Desert is no myth. These mountains are crammed with all that is valuable in minerals and metals; but Colorado is not an agricultucountry, nor are its mines accessible to a poor man. It requires capital, machinery, experience, ingenuity. skill and endless pluck, and persistence to persuade Marm Nature to part with her jewels. Here are rich ores—gold, silver, lead, copper, tin, plumbago—everything in short; the assay shows a fortune in every mine, but through some intractable quirk in the combination only a fraction can be extracted. These great milky mountains exceedingly dislike to "give down" to the hand of the stranger, and about the first reliable discovery which a man from the states (he need not be a states-man) is likely to make, is that his money has "gone up the flume" which he has constructed solely with a view of conveying the golden rivulet into and not out of his own pocket. And so the wandering lamb with a calm consciousness of no money to lose, becomes a philosopher, and is glad that he hath not the corrupting lucre which leadeth astray, since—if he had—most inevitably like all the other lost lambs of Minneapolis, he would stake it all on the first salted wild-cat or delusive option which the heathen Chinee of Denver or, Chicago might hold up to his enraptured and obfuscated vision.

THE DENVER PACIFIC

extends from Cheyenne south to this place; is 106 miles long, and runs through a region undulating and in some places sharply rolling, lying a few miles to the east, and in full view of the Rocky Mountain range. Long's Peak bore southwest when we were at Cheyenne. Here I see it in the northwest, and from either place it must be sixty or seventy miles away, and is in the heart of the range. We are 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea, and the high, bare prairie is covered with cactus, the flatter-shaped prickly pear being the prevailing variety. An intelligent and unprejudiced agriculturist wouldn't be likely to pick out a farm here, The soil varies from ash colored to reddish brown, and there is a surplus of boulder gravel in it which the mills of the gods didn't grind fine enough to pass for XXXX brand in Minnesota. The cars are painted dark like the Pullman sleepers, and are neatly fitted up. There are but few passengers—fifteen or twenty perhaps—on the train, and the fare of ten cents a mile evidently is not a a very rich thing to the railroad company, though startling and discouraging to the lost lamb with a thin pocket-book. We sight a half dozen sharp, vicious looking thunder showers in the course of that 106 miles. One crosses our track and gives me a view of the sprightliest lightning I ever saw. It pours a torrent for a little while, and our good looking coach leaks like a riddle. That car is a painted fraud.

It was dry enough during the part of the season when plants needed rain, but now it rains and hails daily. Coming into Denver last night we ran down and crossed the dry sand bed of a broad river where water never runs except on special occasions. A water spout transpired up stream a few days ago, and came down with a breast eight or ten feet high, sweeping houses, bridges and railroad out into the Platte. The next morning it was dry again, but the railroad bridge is not rebuilt. A villanously black cloud passed us going southeast just before we reached here, and I hear of mischief out on the Divide to-day. Picking up a newspaper I read a dozen items of water spouts in the mountains, and of bridges gone and roads washed out for miles. Many miles of the Denver and Rio Grande road have been swept away, and over the portion from Puebla to Canon (40 miles) they have been rebuilt five times within the past month. The rainfall is mostly in the mountains, and little comes here. Everybody says that the rainfall is increasing year by year, but the records show little change at Denver, the amount being about 12 inches per annum for several years past, or a little more than one-third what we have in Minnesota.

At Cheyenne I picked up a newspaper which had no name, but a fearfully contorted streak of chainlightning done in printer's ink across the place where the head ought to be, left no doubt in my mind concerning it. It was the "Greeley Tribune," done in Horace's own Spencerian style. Nobody else could write so bad a hand as that and live, and it's my private opinion that it was nothing but the "striking in" of his own handwriting which brought the Tribune philosopher to insanity and a deplorable death. And the heading on that newspaper will be the ruin of of the

TOWN OF GREELEY,

yet. I see evidence of the same absence of mind which characterized the great editor at times, cropping out all over this much advertised and extensively blowed town. Greeley is a cheap basswoody town of some 1,500—perhaps 2,000—inhabitants. It has "colony" written all over it, and the traveler is certain that the majority of the people are of the good-for-nothing sort, here or elsewhere, now and forever. The gorgeous advertising done by our western railroads through the editorial columns and correspondence of such papers as the New York Tribune and Independent, and the over-persuading of land agents and colony managers, has precipitated on our western frontier a crowd of impracticables and imbeciles who are a damage to any country; who have undertaken farming without knowing the difference between a plow and a velocipede, and who cannot understand why corn shouldn't grow as well on the top of Pike's Peak or in the Desert of Sahara, as in the Missouri bottoms. The general expression of the town of Greeley is the saddest commentary and sharpest satire on the "go west young man" doctrine which has fallen under my eye for many a day. What a fearful amount of mendacious blowing the New York Tribune, and, indeed, the papers generally of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis, will have to account for some day. Ever since the day of bleeding Kansas, the idiots of the east have been taught that the vast treeless plain between the Missouri and Rocky Mountains is the one only and original garden of Eden flowing with milk and honey.

DENVER

is a different kind of place. There was reason for a town here and business for one. It is headquarters for the great mining district of Colorado. There's none of the go west sentimentality about it. Denver means business. It doesn't fool away its time on agriculture. If a Denver man wanted to go to farming he would go where the farming lands are. Here he is in trade, manufactures and mining and he makes it pay. But Denver is too big to be disposed of in a paragraph so I'll take it up another day.

G. B. W.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE LAMB.

In Which Denver is Fully Treated—Her Railroads and Citizens—The Climate of Colorado—Its Facilities for Agriculture—Irrigation.

DENVER, Col. Ter., July 28, 1875.

To the Editor of THE EVENING MAIL.

I left off my observations with the remark that Dever is a "big thing." Subsequent investigations have but confirmed first impressions. As a fellow-traveler remarked, "Sharp fellows there, if a man hasn't got his eye teeth cut they'll do it for him with elegance and despatch." The Continental Tourist, a publication much sold on the cars, expresses the same idea in the following: "They are good fellows—these Dener men—but they never divide a loaf if they can possibly swallow it all." If I were to give my own view of the matter I should say there's a heap of human nature in the Denver boys—old and young.

Denver is really a fine city of 20,000 people, well built, cleanly, wholesome, vigorous and thoroughly western and progressive. Nearly all the public buildings and a large proportion of stores and residences are of brick, many of the business buildings being three and some four stories high. Red brick, handsome and firm, sell at $9 and under, per M., while rough Colorado lumber of the hard mountain pine, quite inferior to ours, is worth $22, and the clear lumber of Minneapolis or Chicago sells at $75 or $80. The freights are so excessively high that only clear lumber can be brought from the east.

Denver has miles of handsome young trees along its streets, almost as many as in Minneapolis, and Denver is only sixteen yearsold; and every tree represents ten times the labor and money that ours do, for nothing grows without constant irrigation. Many ditches twenty or thirty miles long bring the water to the higher lands, back of the town, whence it is led by smaller ditches along both sides of every street down toward the South Platte. The city is now supplied with water on the Holly plan. There are three lines of horse railroad, gas, and all the other features of a city, and Denver is the terminus of six railroads, three of which are narrow gauge. Its mercantile business amounts to $15,000,000 a year, and it is safe to assume that a Denver man never lets a dollar go

through his hands without making it sweat.

THE CLIMATE.

I cannot specially commend it, and on inquiring I find that the bottom opinion of the old residents here is much the same as my own. They say that a person after living in Denver several years needs to *go east* once in a while, to keep from breaking down, and that the climate is especially trying on ladies. The air is dry, and (from the high elevation of this region) is also very light. It tastes *thin* to a Minnesotian. A little effort sets one puffing at a fearful rate, and breathing is like pumping at nothing. I think I can now appreciate the sentiments of a mouse under a glass with the air pump at work. In the middle of a summer day it is very hot—not of a sweltering kind, but a blazing and baking heat that dries the marrow in ones bones. Toward evening the air cools rapidly and the nights are chilly, not from dampness, but from rapid radiation. The thick blanket of moisture-laden air, that elsewhere serves to keep the days cooler and the nights warmer, is lacking here. These rapid alternations of temperature together with the rare and thin air of Colorado rapidly suck the vitality from one accustomed only to the strong tonic and wine-like taste of our Minnesota air, and an unpleasant consciousness of lessened physical power is one of the first impressions which an eastener gets here. Probably one might overcome it in time, and perhaps this thin air may tend to increased lung capacity, since what is enough for use in the Mississippi valley is evidently not enough here. Invalids whose lungs are much impaired cannot live here at all, but those whose lungs are only weak might, perhaps, if careful, receive decided benefit from this climate.

Being a granger of the grangers, I naturally revert at once to the

AGRICULTURE OF COLORADO.

Know ye the land of the cactus and aloe
Where the grasshopper breeds, and 'tater bug chaws.

That's Colorado agricultoora-li considered. I have seen nothing in the way of grass, grain or root crops here that would rate above "poor" in Minnesota. Of course you must take into account the fact that the greater part of the crops this year have been greatly damaged by hoppers and do not show what they might have been if let alone; but on the other hand, you should bear in mind that these high, dry, arid plains are the sweet home and native lair of the hopper, and that he can be relied upon with the utmost confidence.

I am forcibly impressed with the entire inadequacy of irrigation, as a substitute for natural rain showers. Probably a farmer can cultivate eighty acres of land in Minnesota with as little labor as required for ten acres here. A few farmers can do well here, in raising vegetables to supply the towns and mines, for fresh vegetables cannot readily be transported from the Mississippi valley, and consequently bring high prices; and to the extent of the home demand the farmer here will always have the advantage of higher prices, by just the difference of an exhorbitant railroad tariff which would always render any surplus they might raise, quite worthless. However, there is little danger of the farmers here ever raising any large amounts. The disadvantages of farming here are: 1st, a water tax of at least ten cents per acre yearly, in addition to all other taxes; 2d, labor in laying on the water, which consumes a very large portion of the farmers' time, and 3d, the extremely limited power of production caused by this extra labor of irrigating.

Any one who has tried keeping even an acre of lawn green and fresh during the very moderate drouths of the Mississippi valley, will appreciate the difficulty of farming extensively in a rainless country such as this usually is, with a blazing sun above and an atmosphere all around which takes up every atom of moisture like a thirsty sponge. The boast of the Mississippi valley is that "we tickle nature with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest" but in Colorado—to use the concise language of the Pike—"Yer'v got ter irritate this yer country right smart" before you elicit any response from Mrs. Nature, and I sum up the agricultural advantages at Colorado as *nil*.

THE GREELY COLONY

have, I believe, made a serious mistake, and are doing a work, which, if done at all, should have been done by the government of the United States, and would only be justifiable when the lands east of the Missouri river became packed with a population dense as that of Massachusetts, and to the young man who will "go west," I would say that following the lead of Sister Meeker and the N. Y. Tribune and settling in Colorado, what you knew about farming will, in a year or two be a considerable sum more than what you know about farming at this present time.

G. B. W.

THE LAMB ELEVATED.

He Wanders in His Mind—Effects of Too Great Elevation.

CENTRAL CITY, Col. Ter., Aug. 5, 1875.

To the Editor of the Evening Mail.

Eight thousand three hundred feet above the sea, or eight thousand—I forget which it is—one gets in the mood here of swallowing all statements, as they come, and of being surprised at nothing. At all events it is some distance outside of the regions of terrestrial atmosphere, and nearer heaven I fear than we (I speak for the miners—present company excepted) will ever get again. Locomotion is laborious in this mountain-top region. If snow ever comes here, it would make magnificent coasting though. A boy with a hand sled would go down twenty-five miles in about fourteen seconds. Central City is in a little vertical seam or slit in the mountain side. Up the gorge further is Nevada—not the state—while below, the memory of that distinguished American, whose scalping knife made things lively among the Caucasians of the Wisconsin border forty odd years ago, is tenderly immortalized in the name of our adjoining city of Black Hawk. The three towns, squeezed in here between the hard faced, pock-marked rocks, like a streak of gold quartz between the everlasting walls of granite, are one town—nobody knows where one leaves off and the other begins, except, I suppose by the survey. Probably under the mining laws nobody can hold a human lode like this of more than "1,500 feet long on the vein, with 50 feet on either side for working, including all the dips, spurs, and sinuosities thereof," and so this one town is called three. There are seven thousand people here, or seventeen hundred thousand—I'm not quite sure which—and they never see daylight. One half the twenty-four hours they burrow in slimy holes hundreds of feet deep in these mountains. The other moiety of time they burrow in fouler caverns half above ground where there is plenty of glitter which is not gold, and—incidentally—they sometimes sleep.

I hope nobody will take these statements of mine too much to heart, or construct any large amount of reliable statistics upon them. I should be false to the spirit of this region if I basely hampered my imagination with the tethers of ignoble fact. I am no Gradgrind. Scarcely.

The sun shines hotly down and I look up toward the hill-tops on either side—say 300 or 400 feet above me—they may be 30,000 for aught I know—feeling quite unequal to the task of climbing. Nobody rushes up stairs three steps at a jump, here. One foot wearily drags before the other, while the inside pump-works are making somewhat less than sixteen hundred revolutions a minute. I think they say that the atmospheric pressure only lifts water a foot and a half here, and that it takes a hundred horse power steam engine to run a dog-churn up on these mountain-tops. I have sad misgivings however, on that point, The hill-sides are bored full of holes. All this region is a huge prairie-dog town set on edge. Equality is unknown, everybody looks down on everybody's neighbor and turns up his nose at those above him. Such a kind of snobbishness—not to say snubbishness—due wholly to the inequalities of nature, I believe, never existed elsewhere. Even death is no leveler here, for the cemetery is on a side hill too steep for any other use.

Yonder is a miner clearing away the *debris* of fallen and crumbling crag in the back yard of a pleasant residence and calmly rolling down the chunks of rock against that devoted house. I know that he doesn't own the land there—but neither does the householder; and back yards have no sacredness here, nor have people who build houses any rights which the human gopher burrowing for gold is bound to respect. He is beginning with a pick and shovel now in the loose earth and bits of broken granite where he has cleared off the larger boulders, and I find myself wondering if this "Argonaut of '49"—Wandering Jew and searcher for the Golden Fleece in every mining field of the Rocky Mountains and Pacific coast, for the past twenty-five years, will at last strike his pile here, under the very nose, figuratively speaking, of this respectable citizen of Colorado. I hope he will.

Down yonder is another grimy human gopher laboriously wheeling out chowdered rock from his individual rat hole, now bored deep into the mountain side. I follow him into the slimy, dripping blackness of perdition where he burrows, and don't see anything, only some guttering candles stuck on the wall and dimly illuminating a circle a foot in diameter, more or less. I suspect the gopher never sees anything himself, and that the candles are a traditional necessity only.

It is surprising how little intelligence these miners exhibit, and how they stumble perpetually over untold wealth in their search for gold. Why just see here, this fellow is actually carting out acres and acres of

GOLD AND SILVER

and dumping it down here under foot. That comes of besotted ignorance. He doesn't even suspect that the wealth of a Creosote shines in the broken rock that he is so laboriously blasting and carting out. But I—bless you—I detected the thing at once. That comes of education and natural brilliancy, you see. Why that chunk (which I carelessly slip into my coat tail pocket) must be worth at least seventeen thousand dollars of the debased currency of America, and after buying this fellow out, I think I will consolidate the railways of the United States—run them on business principles, and with the surplus of my bonanza will pay off the national debt, after which I will die to slow music, with sky-rocket and green fire accompaniment. So I cautiously and with financial acuteness approach this ignorant being with an indifferent inquiry as to what he will take for what ore he has wheeled out—looking intently at a high hill meantime, lest he should suspect.

He is evidently a Frenchman. I detect that fact in his answer. "Be gobs ye can have it and welkim; bad cess to the iron praties."

I didn't expect to get it for less than a million, and it wouldn't be right to swindle the ignorant being in this kind of way—besides I always did set my face against acquisition of sudden wealth—it's immoral I think, and so sadly but firmly I return to my hotel. I undertook to write you a straightforward account of things here, but I think there's something demoralizing in this climate.

Here is a description of property in a

TAX SALE NOTICE

which I saw up the street just now. I copy verbatim.

"Short Thomas—Cabin on Bobtail Hill below Narragansett mill, B. H., do... 92c
Stevens James—Shaft house on Devil's Grip Lode, Bobtail, B. H., do..... 875

The nomenclature of this region is suggestive of a vigorous and peculiar phase of American civilization. On the map of the county, I observed that one prominent mining camp is designated "Virgin's Retreat." I never would have thought it, but being on the map, it must be so.

Well, my time is up and I must go back to Black Hawk and take the Cowtrail railroad for Denver. It is a mile to the station—that is one mile horizontal distance and one mile vertical.

I intended in this to give you some of the wonders of the Clear Creek canyon and the narrow gauge railroad, but looking back at what I have written I think it best to defer that statement.

I am afraid I should confine myself too rigidly to facts, and my tired brain needs rest.

G. B. W.

COLORADO SCENERY.

Our Wandering Lamb Still on the War Path—Clear Creek Canon—A Railroad Where the Locomotive Always Fronts the Rear Car of the Train.

DENVER Col. Ter., July 30, 1875.

To the Editor of the Evening Mail.

I promised to tell you something about Clear Creek canon and the narrow gauge railroad, and I'm going to do it. Not that I suppose you need or want it, but just like a fond parent who has promised his offspring a sound thrashing, I do it from a conscientious regard for my promise. There is a joy in keeping our word in such matters, especially when it becomes unpleasant for somebody else.

Denver is fifteen or twenty miles to the east of the foot of the mountains, and from this dry, cactus-covered plain the great white hills loom up in Arctic ~~columns~~, and draw one with an irresistible fascination. Every one who *can* get away—i. e., who can afford the trip—is off now in the mountains 50 to 200 miles away, hunting, fishing and camping. So I think it will always be. But the mass of mankind can never afford time or money for such expeditions. And the narrow gauge railroad up the Clear Creek is to all such persons what I suppose I must call

A BOON,

for it brings the grandest and most striking of mountain and canon scenery within the possible experiences of every Denverite who has a day of time and $6.75 in money. No lack of muscle is an impediment to this new and glorious kind of mountain climbing, for one has only to straddle the iron hoss—mountain pony rather—for a two-hours ride, exempt from any fatigue except from the strain of eye and view along the route. From here you take the cars of the

COLORADO CENTRAL,

broad gauge—a road ~~striking~~ the foot of the mountains from Denver northward. Except the first twenty miles, to Golden, it is a very crooked road, winding out and in along the base of the hills in an aimless sort of way, but reaching and supplying various mining towns and settlements in the mountains.

The Colorado Central was an independent company at first; afterward the U. P. got hold of it and commenced building an extension from Julesburg, on its main line, westerly up the South Platte, crossing the Denver Pacific at Greeley to connect with this Colorado Central and thus reach Denver and create a sharp competition with the K. P. and D. P. roads. A considerable part of this road was graded. But finally Jay Gould, the man with the—

Long, and sharp, and terrible claw,
The yawning mouth and omnivorous maw

got hold of all these roads; Union Pacific, Kansas Pacific, Denver Pacific and Colorado Central; and the Julesburg branch died, competition was at an end. The people of Denver pay the highest local passenger and freight rates on any distances, long or short, and the general position of the Colorado Central is like unto the dead baby,

Since I so very soon was done for,
I wonder what I was begun for.

But this is, as you may have observed, a digression, and as the way to resume is to resume, we will go back to our train, straight west ward across this undulating plain—barren, except when irrigated. As we approach the foothills, the action of water upon the rocks is very marked. All this region has been an elevated plateau which has been cut and washed down until now only isolated points, or flat topped hills stand to mark where the plain has been. The degradation caused by water is immense. I think I wont drink any more of it. The most noticeable of these flat-topped hills is

TABLE MOUNTAIN,

which rises abruptly from the prairie to a height of perhaps 600 feet, and it looks as though the level top would make a good sized farm certainly it is a well-fenced and easily drained one. I looked all around this Table Mountain for Truthful James, but failed to see him. I think the last of that family is dead, "ruined by Chinese cheap labor," of which you may see a plenty further up the gulch.

Behind Table Mountain and just at the mouth of the canon is Golden, a pretty place of some 2,500 inhabitants. It derives its importance of course from the mines; and from its situation at the foot of the gulch where the first paying gold discoveries in Colorado were made—the Gregory diggings, I think it must have been once a rival to Denver. Here we change to the narrow guage railroad of the Colorado Central company, and here, too, in the language of the bills

TROUBLE BEGINS.

Directly in front of us rises an apparently impassable wall, that couldn't by any accident have been named anything else but Rocky Mountains. There is room somehow. for a creek twenty feet wide (and which with all the financial laundry business—gold washing for short—carried on by help of its waters is anything but "clear,") to twist and wriggle itself down through this jagged heap of granite, and through any place that isn't so crooked as to be absolutely watertight, a narrow gauge railroad can corkscrew its way. So we take seats in a cosy little car, feeling that, although appearances are decidedly against it, we are going somehow to go through that rocky wall. In a minute or two we are off, with a vicious little yell from our bob-tailed iron horse, an odd looking animal, with legs so short that his belly drags the ground. I should explain that the driving wheels are little more than knee-high, the crank-pin almost out to the tire, and the whole machine low enough to tempt one to step over it accidentally. A moment more and we are in the midst of the

GRANDEST SCENERY OF THE CONTINENT.

From an almost level, uninteresting and dreary plain hundreds of miles wide, we are translated in an instant into a gorge where bare, gray rocks rise from your very hand straight up a thousand feet to the sky. A foaming mountain torrent is at our very feet, winding, whirling, eddying, at times in glittering cascades, at times shooting down between two smooth, parallel, curving walls, of which one is the rock embankment of the railroad. In places, their rocky walls sloping backward a little, are timbered with pine and fir to their very summits, twenty or thirty tree-lengths high. The conductor calls my attention to one point, overhanging the creek, which the engineers measured and found to be fifteen hundred and odd feet above the stream. In another place a beautiful

brook comes dancing down the mountain side in a succession of white cascades glittering now in the sunlight as we pass. A deep wooded glen comes in here, and looking far up we see the white summits of the "Rockys," elsewhere hid by the besetting crags of the canon. From the rear platform the view closes a hundred feet away. We have apparently come out of the mountain and have drawn the hole out with us. We carry along a bit of sky and daylight about twice the length of our little train. At the bottom of this well, fifteen hundred feet deep, we get vivid impressions of the lively times that must have transpired here when the mother earth had

THAT LITTLE INTERNAL DIFFICULTY,

which resulted in leaving things in the present mixed condition. Stratified rocks tilted up and standing on end from creek bed up to the giddy summit. Streaks of white quartz thread these black rocks from top to bottom. What a juicy time when melted rock was spurting up through the cracks of the mountains under a pressure of sixteen or seventeen hundred million tons to the square inch. There I'll stop. I'm getting unreliable again. After going through the canon I could believe anything, and if they tell me that the gorge is ninety-seven thousand feet deep; that the railroad grade is steeper than a church steeple and the curves "sharper than a serpent's tooth," or involuted like the snail shell, or spiral like the tallowed ringlet of beauty, I shall submit. The scenery "holds over me," and I "pass."

THE NARROW GAUGE RAILROAD

is not the least of the wonders here. The largest tangent in twenty odd miles is but a thousand feet. There are eighty-seven curves in five miles. It has no tunnels or very heavy rock cuttings, and it crosses the creek but two or three times. There is scarce a foot of level or uniform grade on the line. The track undulates and winds like a cow-tail along a mountain side, and turns around the pointed bluffs as sharply as the creek itself can. At times looking across a bend in the brook, the locomotive is seen running at right angles to the rear car. A moment after, turning the other way the whole train disappears around a rocky point. The grade rises at last to 275 feet to the mile, and the little eighteen-ton locomotives take three or four loaded cars up that grade and around curves of 42° per 100 feet. A constant succession of the most startling effects holds one in admiration and wonder of this marvelous piece of canon scenery and the effect is heightened beyond measure by the audacious performance of the little one-horse railroad.

It is far more impressive than even the finest scenery of the Weber river or the Sierras, on the continental route. Here, within two day's travel of the endless millions of human beings who will yet inhabit the rich plains of the Mississippi valley, is the grandest panorama of nature to be found on the continent, and the two hour's trip from Black Hawk down to Golden is the most thoroughly satisfactory exhibition which it has ever been my fortune to witness. I appreciate its sublimity to that extent I would like to own the place and charge fifty cents admission—fools double price. Adieu. Fondly of Thee. G. B. W.

AGRICULTURE IN COLORADO.

Mr. G. B. Wright, of Minneapolis, Minn., writes from Denver as follows on the agricultural advantages of Colorado. His remarks may be of interest to intending emigrants:

Know ye the land of the cactus and aloe,
Where the grasshopper breeds, and 'tater bug chaws?

That's Colorado agriculturally considered. I have seen nothing in the way of grass, grain or root crops here that would rate above "poor" in Minnesota. Of course you must take into account the fact that the greater part of the crops this year have been greatly damaged by hoppers and do not show what they might have been if let alone; but on the other hand, you should bear in mind that these high, dry, arid plains are the sweet home and native lair of the hopper, and that he can be relied upon with the utmost confidence.

I am forcibly impressed with the entire inadequacy of irrigation, as a substitute for natural rain showers. Probably a farmer can cultivate eighty acres of land in Minnesota with as little labor as required for ten acres here. A few farmers can do well here, in raising vegetables to supply the towns and mines, for fresh vegetables cannot readily be transported from the Mississippi valley, and consequently bring high prices; and to the extent of the home demand the farmer here will always have the advantage of higher prices, by just the difference of an exorbitant railroad tariff which would always render any surplus they might raise quite worthless. However, there is little danger of the farmers here ever raising any large amounts. The disadvantages of farming here are: 1, a water tax of at least 10 cents per acre yearly, in addition to all other taxes; 2, labor in laying on the water, which consumes a very large portion of the farmers' time, and 3, the extremely limited power of production caused by this extra labor of irrigating.

Any one who has tried keeping even an acre of lawn green and fresh during the very moderate drouths of the Mississippi valley, will appreciate the difficulty of farming extensively in a rainless country such as this usually is, with a blazing sun above and an atmosphere all around which takes up every atom of moisture like a thirsty sponge. The boast of the Mississippi valley is that "we tickle nature with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest," but in Colorado—to use the concise language of the Pike—"Yer'v got ter irritate this yer country right smart" before you elicit any response from Mrs. Nature, and I sum up the agricultural advantages at Colorado as *nil*.

The Greeley colony have, I believe, made a serious mistake, and are doing a work, which, if done at all, should have been done by the government of the United States, and would only be justifiable when the lands east of the Missouri river became packed with a population dense as that of Massachusetts, and to the young man who will "go west," I would say that following the lead of Sister Meeker and *The New York Tribune* and settling in Colorado, what you know about farming will, in a year or two, be a considerable sum more than what you know about farming at this present time.

Wright, and Yet Wrong.

Mr. G. B. Wright, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, has evidently been—perhaps still is—a visitor in Colorado for his health. But he is not afflicted with asthma, nor is he threatened with tubercular consumption. Mr. Wright has worms, and has 'em bad. Having tried no end of vermifuges, "dead shots" and exterminators, he has at last found great relief in spreading himself out over a few pages of letter paper, and transmitting his production to the correspondence column of a paper in Minnesota. Wright had evidently been in Denver several weeks or more, when he solemnly stated that he had "seen nothing in the way of grass, grain or root crops, that would rate above *poor* in Minnesota." We can excuse Wright for this mistaken impression, because of the severe stomach-ache which brought him amongst us. A man with cramping and griping in his bowels, cannot, in the very nature of things, pass a deliberate and unbiased judgment upon the quality or quantity of a grass crop—or upon anything else, for that matter. And so, of course, Wright could not possibly ascertain, what all intelligent and wormless people out here know, that the grass crops of Colorado are this year very fine, with here and there a rare exception, and that the root crops promise abundantly, even after a first planting has been entirely destroyed by grasshoppers.

There are some people who never find anything abroad half as good and excellent as they do at home. Wright appears to be one of this class. Now we all know that drouths, short crops, killing winters, and grasshoppers, even, have more than once caused the people of Minnesota to make ugly faces, and cry aloud for help. And for all that, we believe Minnesota ranks well agriculturally, and is in many respects a promising and flourishing state. But people *will* leave that region and come to Colorado by scores every year, happy to escape from the winter rigors of that terrible climate. Such letters as are periodically written by the McIntyres and the Wrights, may temporarily relieve their authors from a little superfluous wormwood; but the coming state of Colorado will survive them all, and her farmers will continue to grow fine crops and give the lie to these busy defamers of our resources and capabilities in agricultural enterprises.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Some Parallels—"Let Them Howl."

MINNEAPOLIS, May 8, 1875.

To the Editor of THE EVENING MAIL.

"The situation is one which should make every Minnesotian blush for very shame."—[The only clean cut, etc.

Oh, it is! It is! The O, C. C. expresses the public sentiment on the Pacific Mail business to a dot.

"Here is a United States senator who, to punish an editor who refuses to become his subservient tool, insults the citizens of St. Paul, and denies to them the right to express their opinion upon a question which very nearly concerns them."—[The only clean cut, etc.

Did William S. write the above? It must be so, for when certain representative citizens of the state of Minnesota once expressed their opinion on a question which very nearly concerned them and their state, some one—and if I remember rightly it was William himself—responded thus-wisely:

"Who constituted *you* either my masters or my judges that you thus impudently presume to issue instructions to me, and impose penalties for non-compliance with your insolent demands? Make hasty answer I pray you, for almost before this letter can reach you, you will have disappeared into that position of nothingness from which you were only lifted by one of those political accidents of annual occurrence in our state. And the only reply I have to make to the impudent demands of your joint resolution is, that in this, as in all other matters, my actions will be governed by my own sense of duty, of right and of propriety."

Once more:

"Against this high-handed outrage (by McMillan) the people of St. Paul have loudly protested."—[Wm. S. in the only clean cut, etc.

Against the high-handed outrage—the ousting of Col. Aldrich to make room for Dr. Keith—the people of Minneapolis loudly and unanimously protested some years ago, but public opinion didn't weigh much about that time. As the current rumor of the period stated it, the gentleman who carried the Minneapolis postoffice in his breeches pocket (when informed that the people were indignant at his slaughter of his old friend and benefactor) merely remarked—"D—n 'em, let 'em howl!"

"The postmaster general and the president—both desired to retain Mr. Wheelock. He has been a faithful officer."—[The Only Clear Cut, etc.

I desire to express my emphatic en-

dorsement of the above. I make bold to state that no officer of the government has more faithfully and regularly drawn his salary than Mr. Wheelock has, and even if he had twice as much of it to draw, I do not hesitate to predict that he would do it with equal promptness, and at whatever strain of muscle and pocket book. Such men are rare.

"He takes the opportunity to force into public position a man who is far from popular, simply because he is a ——— and in need of some employment.—[The Only Clear Cut etc.

The above is supposed to refer to the person who forced Dr. Keith into the post-office some years since. It is supposed that the blank was left on account of the indecency of the English language, to express concisely the sentiments of the writer. SPECTATOR.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

That Tax Levy.

To the Editor of the Evening Mail.

I see the report of a Council meeting fixing the tax levy for 1874, from which it appears that the Council have levied a percentage on the taxable property, as used to be the custom under the old law, instead of fixing the amount to be raised, as required by the new law.

Suppose the State Board of Equalization, which meets next week, should double our valuation, would not our taxes be doubled also, if the late action of the Council is legal? Section 77 of the new general tax law reads, "The proper authorities of towns, townships, districts and incorporated cities, towns and villages, shall, annually, on or before the fifteenth day of October, certify to the County Auditor the *several amounts* which they require to be raised by taxation." When the assessments were made this year we were told to put in our property at *full value* and that the taxes would be no higher, *because the tax levy was to be made by amounts, and not by percentage on the valuation.* Now we see, even before the State Board has met to fix definitely the valuations, that the Council proceeds to levy a percentage. This is, in our (10th) ward, about 12 mills, but as it does not include State, county or school taxes, it now looks to us like a 3 per cent. tax on a big valuation. Does our city charter leave a loophole whereby the Council is relieved from levying the tax as requred by the new law? If so, there ought to be another one found which would relieve the tax payers from assessments at full value, as required by the new law.

The system of levying by percentage is a false and vicious one. There is a constant temptation before a government to raise enormous taxes, and the extent of that taxation can be best concealed from the people by putting it as a percentage—so many mills and fractions of mills. The gross sum might frighten taxpayers into asking what is the need of so much money? And that is just what is needed. We want to know in dollars and cents just how much is raised and spent for each purpose. Let the distribution of that tax be a subsequent matter. When a man makes out a bill against me I don't want it sugar-coated with the remark that my property is very valuable, and that his little bill is only three per cent. of my wealth.

I want to know what the hard, black figures of dollars and cents are. If our city charter has got any such dodges of the general tax law in it, let us go to work and get them out of it. Meantime will some one who knows why these things be, rise and explain? ANXIOUS SEEKER.

VOTING REFORMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY GRAPHIC.]

The cumulative vote—the most popular of the various plans for securing minority representation in legislative bodies—is applied by dividing the State into districts, each of which elects at least three members to the Legislature. Each voter in a district may cast as many votes as there are members to elect from the district, and may divide his votes among two or more candidates in any proportion he sees fit, or he may cumulate them all upon (or, as expressed in England, may "plump" for) one candidate, and, as stated in the Illinois law, "the candidates highest in votes are elected;" or, in other words, a plurality elects. Thus by cumulating a minority of one-fourth—plus one—of the voters can always elect one man in a three-member district. A party numbering 25 to 50 per cent. of the voters elects one representative; 50 to 75 per cent. of the vote entitles it to two members, and if over 75 per cent. it elects all three. This plan effectually secures minority representation, sometimes considerably in excess of the numerical strength of the minority party; and if minority representation alone is a sovereign remedy for all political ills it can hardly be bettered. It has, however, the serious defect of requiring an efficient, systematic, and almost despotic party organization in order to secure the largest representation of the party in a legislature, so that instead of promoting personal independence in politics it makes party machinery and ring rule more necessary than ever, and makes ignorance instead of intelligence the synonym of power.

The preference vote—explained in a pamphlet published for gratuitous circulation by Geo. B. Might, Esq., of Minneapolis, Minn.—is a recent plan designed to counteract the tendency to rings, to restrain the power of caucuses, and to encourage independent action on the part of voters without impairing the efficiency of their support of party and party principles. It applies to the election of all officers, whether one or more are to be chosen. Each voter places as many names on his ballot as he pleases, but only one (the first, unless otherwise designated) is treated as his first choice or preference. All the others are considered each and equally his second choice or substitute candidates. Where but one man is to be chosen, the winner must be named on a majority of all the ballots cast. And as between two candidates, each named on a majority of the ballots, the preference is given to the one who is named as first choice on the greater number of ballots. Thus it will be seen that where party questions are considered of paramount importance the winning candidate will always be of the majority party, no matter how many candidates that party has in the field, and, furthermore, that he will be the really most popular candidate in that party, since to secure the election of either one the friends of each must support all the party candidates, and since also, as no votes will be thrown away by so doing, the voters will generally cast a ballot headed by their favorite candidate, no matter what ticket a caucus has presented.

When caucuses are shorn of their power and become, as they should be, mere conferences for the good of a party, the leeches will desert them and they will fall into better and worthier hands.

Where three, four, or more persons are chosen at large, a quota—*i. e.* one-third, one-fourth, or less, as case may be—of first-choice ballots will elect. That is to say, in a three-member legislative district any person named as first choice on one-third of all ballots cast is elected. Otherwise it requires, as in the previous case, a majority to elect.

Any minority of one-third the voters may therefore elect one man in a district electing three, or in a seven-member district one-seventh of the voters may elect one. They have only to agree upon their candidate and put his name at the head of their ticket. With the majority party no concert of action is necessary to secure its full quota of representation. This plan seems to offer all reasonable facilities to the advocates of minority representation, and at the same time allows to voters something more than the "choice of evils" which they have under existing laws. X.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Some Comment from a Thoughtful Citizen Who is Opposed to a Third Term—The Important Questions that Hang About the Subject of Education.

To the Editor of The Evening Mail:

I wish to say at the outset, that I do not believe in "third term," and that even were Grant the best man in the country for president, I should still regard his re-election as among the most dangerous of things, merely from its demoralizing tendency on the policy of the country.

Perhaps with this preliminary statement I may not be misunderstood in commending President Grant and the reforms that he urges in his last message.

He recommends—

1. A constitutional amendment requiring all the states to provide free schools for all their children.

2. A premium on education, and a safeguard of free government by requiring after 1890 reading and writing as a qualification for the elective franchise.

3. That the public school be absolutely secular, neither christian, pagan or atheistic, and that church and state be entirely separate.

4. Equal taxation of all property.

There are no more vital questions of reform than these, and none pressing more strongly for recognition upon the people of this country.

Free education in all the states; because in some of the southern ones there is nothing worth the name of public school, and because the property owners of the south have not yet come to understand that their only security against mismanagement, riot and anarchy, is in the education of all the people.

The test of intelligence in voting; because free government is and can be only sustained by that portion of the votes which are intelligently cast. Ignorant votes are simply a club in the hand of the demagogue; a danger, injury and disgrace to the state and to the ignorant voter also.

Non-religious public schools; because the Protestant can never take tenable ground against the Catholic claim of the right to a share of the public money to support Catholic schools, until the Protestant teaching in the public schools is abandoned.

There is no justice in using any portion of a public tax borne by all to support the special religious teaching of a part.

Equal taxation; because exemption of any class or interest is unjust to all other interests. Exempt from taxation any class of property from which revenue may be obtained, and that class of property will swallow up all other classes and interests. We have only to look at the Catholic countries of Europe to see the inevitable result. One half the land owned by the church—the other half taxed to death to support church and state. It is a constant source of danger, because it is a constant and terrible injustice, and as the president wisely says if not restrained "may lead to sequestration without constitutional authority and through blood."

There is in these suggestions of the president a remarkably strong vein of common sense, frankness and honesty. He speaks to the point and with no uncertain sound. He recognizes the fundamental fact that circumstances and surroundings make us, and that institutions and laws determine our national character and foreshadow our growth and greatness, or our decline and fall. He insists on square and honest dealing, and the sacred duty of every tub to stand on its own bottom.

The same clearness of vision and vigor of purpose shown in these suggestions of the president should have been manifested in one additional question of reform, one which is needed as much as any of the others. It is a constitutional amendment making the president elective directly by the people for a term of six years, and ineligible for a second term.

The last condition is needed. Now it is a disgrace to a president to serve but one term, for it indicates an unpopular administration and repudiation of the executive either in convention of his own party, or at the November election by the people. The first term, therefore, of a president must be employed to pave the way for a second. Thus far we have had no third term, but to a man who has served as acceptably for two terms as has the present incumbent, it is a standing temptation of fearful magnitude to outshine his predecessors and achieve a hitherto unknown honor by securing a third election for himself. And when one has served a third term, it is a standing mark of inferiority upon his successors if they fail to achieve what he did. The tendency of it all is, to the prostitution of the the executive office to personal ends, the appointment of officials pledged to secure a second and third term for their chief, and demoralization in all ranks of the public service.

If the term of any one man were limited to six years the public patronage could not be used to further any personal ambitions of the president. As length of time in office would no longer be the measure of honor, the president would endeavor to make as much good history as possible, during his term, and would be free from personal clogs in so doing. He no longer would be compelled to square his acts by their effect on his chances for the next term.

That our keen sighted president has not discovered any occasion for reform in this direction, indicates that U. S. Grant is the opaque object which closes that line of vision. That obstacle should be removed by a constitutional amendment. But for the reforms he *has* recommended in his message, he deserves the highest measure of credit.

WILLIAM MORGAN, THE ANTI-MASON.

The Only Full, Reliable, Consistent, Lucid and Comprehensive Account Ever Published.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 22.—It is concerning William Morgan—his fate.

I have read with interest the recent letter of Thurlow Weed detailing the preliminary escape of my friend Morgan, and the manner of his death by drowning, also the finding of a body belonging to Morgan and another man.

A day or two since, a gentleman of Anoka, this state, furnished the St. Paul Pioneer Press with the particulars of the subsequent career of Mr. Morgan in Maine, where for years he lived in obtrusive retirement the life of a most exemplary hermit. The Louisvillle Courier Journal has information that he was at the same time disguised as a drover of Texas steers, and that he followed that profession till the time of his death in 1857. These accounts are confirmed by collateral evidence, yet they fail to throw sufficient light on the career of a very remarkable person, whom it was my good fortune to be closely associated with, and the particulars of whose life and death I alone know.

I am the man who killed William Morgan! A heavy reward had been publicly offered by the Masons for his extermination. I well remember the tumultuous emotions raised in my mind on reading the advertisment in the old Courier and Enquirer. For William Morgan was my trusted friend. Greed of gold caused me to commit the deed. I enticed him into a low dive in Buffalo and laid a wager with him that he could not eat a gross of count oysters at a sitting. I knew they were bad. William Morgan died in unspeakable agony while upon his one hundred and fourteenth oyster. Then, as related by Mr. Weed, the body (which belonged partly to Mr. Morgan and partly to the other man,) washed ashore on lake Ontario. I was there. The body did belong to both men, for they were partners in business, and the loss was mutual. For some time after this Mr. Morgan avoided society, being apprehensive that his life was in danger. But his public spirit could not be entirely quenched. At the massacre of Wyoming, a tall form clad in white velvet and armed *cap a pie* sprang suddenly in among the terrified whites. He assumed the leadership. He restored confidence. He put the Indians to flight. He left on his card his pseudonym, "The Regicides," and vanished like a flash. They thought he came from the sky. It was Morgan. This is when he carried on business as a hermit in Maine. His life now became one of lively adventure. His mangled remains were shortly discovered in the bottom of a well on the John Brown tract at North Elba, and on my recommendation Captain Brown gave him a commission in the Pottawatomie Rifles, where he fought through the insurrection. In a letter which he wrote to me at this time, he said he had a presentiment of sudden death, but he lived till 1824, when he fell at the head of his company in the Black Hawk war. His skeleton was sold for that of Tecumseh to the Bellevue Hospitable. As I was examining the cabinet one day we recognized each other by certain Masonic signs. As soon as I saw the mole on his neck I said, "You cannot deceive me William," and he owned up.

He got a photograph wagon, and tried itinerant photography for a while after this, and then I heard that he was a brakeman on the Erie road. In four days he was lying at the bottom of a creek with a superincumbent pressure of seven freight cars loaded with pork. His death was widely lamented. He was a tall, well fed man, and his whiskers were just elegant. He endeared himself to all by his munificent charities. He was a fond husband, doting father, and faithful friend, and had many noble qualities of mind and heart. He had a greater ubiquity than any other man I ever met, and few human beings posess such remarkable versatility of departure.

I will only briefly touch upon the

prominent incidents in the subsequent history of Mr. Morgan. For years he toiled as a slave on a sugar plantation in Louisiana, and I next heard of him as guerrilla leader in Kentucky during the late unpleasantness, and then as a candidate for governor in Ohio, under an assumed family name. He also assisted the Eddy brothers.

He was now for a short time a peddler for a stall in Fulton Market. In person he was large and commanding. He had an eye like an eagle and a voice like a fog-horn, and his manner of calling "cla-a-ms" was the finest thing in American oratory. He died in 1872 in the seventy-fourth year of his age, mourned by all who knew him.

Last month in New York I saw a gentleman of bulky and imposing appearance majestically walking along Broadway. He was in a kind of portable wooden cage, and all over it was "Gosling's Vermifuge," "Buy Gosling's Vermifuge," "Eat nothing but Gosling's Vermifuge." I recognized the well-known form and martial step. I shall keep my eye on him.

W. A. C.

THE CENSUS OF 1875.

The figures which determine the movement of population and power are to the statistician as fascinating a subject of inquiry as election footings are to the professor of politics. Every census return is a mine of wealth to the perverse animal that subsists on figures. For the special edification of all that sort, we have looked into the census returns of this state. As heretofore Hennepin county leads, but in the past five years it has gone so far ahead as to be out of sight of the others. Fillmore was second in 1870 and only 6,679 behind us, and although it has gained 3,440 since that time it is still 20,408 inhabitants short of Hennepin. Ramsey, third then, has come up to second, and stands only some 13,000 behind us. The actual increase in population during the past five years (estimating Ramsey at 36,000 now) in the five counties of most rapid growth is as follows:

Hennepin	17,169
Ramsey	12,915
Otter Tail	7,217
Goodhue	5,882
Winona	5,074

Thirty per cent of all the growth of the state during the five years has been in those five counties, and of that over three-fourths is in the cities of Minneapolis, St. Paul, Winona and Red Wing. Otter Tail is the only purely agricultural county in the list. Less than ten per cent of its population is in the villages, and it shows by far the most rapid growth of any agricultural county in the state. Many of the older farming counties, some even with large towns in them, have grown but little during the last half decade. Thus Brown, (which suffered severely from grasshoppers) Benton, Faribault, Wabasha and Sherburne gained each less than 1,000, and Dakota, Dodge, Houston, Olmsted and Scott, all old rich farming counties, gained each between 1,000 and 2,000.

When the farming population reaches a certain density, growth stops till the new and unoccupied fields further west are filled. Hence, we need not anticipate any marked increase of population south of the Minnesota river (except in the towns) during the next five years, while at the end of that time the new western counties will probably compare favorably in population with the old ones in the southeastern part of the state.

In the senatorial districts, the most rapid growth has been in the 41st, comprising Otter Tail, Wilkin, Wadena, Todd, Polk, Clay, Becker, Pembina, Traverse and unsettled Beltrami, an empire 260 miles long by 125 wide, big enough in a few years for a dozen districts.

Populatjon in 1870	4,718
Population in 1875	18,686
Increase in 5 years	13,968

This is about equal to the growth in the 26th and 27th districts, which include the "thriving suburban village" of Minneapolis West, and considerably more than in the 23d and 24th districts, including Ramsey county and "the great commercial metropolis of the northwest," the same being the "entrepot of the nations," as Joseph used modestly to observe, together with what it has swallowed of Dakota county since 1870. The 38th district—eight "grasshopper" counties in the southwest corner of the state—shows a very gratifying and remarkable growth considering the discouragements with which the settlers have had to contend for three years past. The figures are:

Population in 1870	8,798
Population in 1875	19,765
Increase in five years	10,967

The 37th, 39th and 40th districts all on the western border, all show rapid growth; their aggregate increase is 19,109. About 28 per cent of the whole growth of the state is in these five western rich farming districts, which shows that "westward the star" and prairie schooner still take their course as heretofore. The only district which shows an absolute falling off is the 29th, embracing St. Louis, Lake, Cook, Cass, Carlton and Itasca. With only 5,420 inhabitants in 1870, and faith in Jay Cooke, and great expectations for the North Pacific R. R., they have succeeded in losing 703 inhabitants in five years. St Louis county (Duluth) is 1,012 smaller than in 1870. Martin county (grasshopper) shrinks 119, and Cass 151. These are the only ones that do not show an increase, and with the advent of the new North Pacific railroad and the exit of the pervading and omniverous grasshopper, they will resume their places as thrifty and growing divisions of the commonwealth that has grown 37 per cent—180,000 names—in the past five years.

THE NEW APPORTIONMENT.

About the only business of importance before the coming legislature is the apportionment of senators and representatives to stand for the succeeding five years. As every last member of either house will insist that his inestimable services are required on the apportionment committee, the business will of course proceed rapidly and harmoniously, and things will be lively for the boys. There are at present forty-one senatorial districts electing each one senator and from one to five representatives, some on a general ticket and some by single representative districts. In all 106 gentlemen "eminent for wisdom and virtue," as the statutes of the old states express it, adorn the benches of Representatives' Hall. The apportionment of 1871 was on a nominal basis of 11,000 population per senator and 4,500 per representative; *really* 4,150 to each representative.

The movement in population since 1870 will necessitate some very wide changes in representation. The subjoined table shows the changes that will necessarily follow, provided the bounds of the districts remain the same as now, and the house of representatives kept nearly as may be at the present number; a problem which is greatly facilitated by the dimensions of the hall; it being impossible to pack more than 200 pounds of pork—with the salt necessary to save it—in a barrel of given size. The table gives the territory embraced in the several districts, their population in 1870 and 1875, and the number of senators and representatives as apportioned in 1871, and as entitled to in 1876.

It will be noticed that as a general rule the older counties have not grown as rapidly as the whole state has, and hence lose more or less in representation, the basis of which will be nearly 15,000 for each senator and 6,000 for each representative. Thus the old counties of Houston, Fillmore, Faribault, Winona, Dodge, Steele, Waseca, Blue Earth, Wabasha, Rice, Le Sueur, Washington and Carver will each have to come down one representative to swell the manifest destiny of Minneapolis, St. Paul and the western frontier. Olmsted, which has only gained a thousand, (its old settlers have gone to Fergus Falls) will have to give a senator to its new colony. Dakota, through the combined effects of annexation to Ramsey and the shrinkage of Donnelly, will lose two representatives, while Meeker, the

especial woodchuck of Bill Greenleaf in the apportionment of 1871, and which, with only 6,090 inhabitants, a small territory and little government land to settle up, got a senator and representative; will necessarily come down like Crockett's coon, lose its senator and be absorbed in some other district—the 36th, Sibley and McLeod for instance, or Stearns, perhaps. The same fate awaits the 29th district, embracing Itasca, St. Louis (Duluth), etc., which has only 4,717 people, a material shrinkage in five years, recalling the celebrated witticism concerning a disagreement between Jay Cooke and a Superior Power as to the building up of a great city at the head of the lake.

The 28th and 29th districts should be consolidated.

The 25th district which now includes Hennepin east, should be confined to Anoka and Isanti counties, and would therefore lose one member of the house, and Hennepin thus united, makes three strong senatorial districts (two in the city of Minneapolis, the balance of the county forming one, as recommended by the last republican county convention) and will be entitled to 10 representatives—almost one-tenth of the house. Ramsey county likewise, swollen with pride and six square miles of Dakota county, will gain three representatives and become, it is feared—if possible—more offensive than ever. The new western districts 34, 37, 38 in the southern, and 39, 40, 41 in the northern part of the state, with 50,154 inhabitants, or 11 per cent. of the whole population of the state in 1870, return 101,418, or 17 per cent. in 1875. Although by numbers they were entitled to but five senators and ten representatives in 1871, the apportionment recognizing the probabilities of their rapid growth, generously gave them six and thirteen respectively, a liberality that was wisely exercised, since in 1875 they have a population sufficient on the basis adopted in 1871 to give them nine senators and twenty-four representatives. So that probably they have had on an average less representation to population than the older counties have. Similar fair treatment in the new apportionment would give them, as shown in our table, nine senators and twenty-one representatives. Of course it will be found necessary to change the bounds of many of the districts, but the representation of localities cannot be greatly varied from the table without giving favors to one region at the expense of injustice to another.

It has been pithily observed that in the eyes of the slave power, the great crime of the North was the census of 1860 and it is to be feared that some of the politicians of the older counties who will this winter be legislated out of honors and emoluments will take a similarly uncharitable view of the relentless logic of events in the state of Minnesota. We submit the table for them to ponder wisely and then prepare themselves for the inevitable.

Senatorial Districts, Population and Apportionment.

		1870.			1875.		
		Population	Senators	Rep's	Population	Senators	Rep's
1.	Houston county	14,936	1	4	16,767	1	3
2 3.	Fillmore	24,887	2	6	28,327	2	5
4.	Mower	10,447	1	2	13,682	1	2
5.	Freeborn	10,578	1	2	13,189	1	2
6.	Faribault	9,940	1	2	10,470	1	1
7. 8.	Winona	22,319	2	5	27,393	2	4
9 10.	Olmsted	19,793	2	4	20,950	1	4
11.	Dodge	8,598	1	2	9 618	1	1
12.	Steele	8,271	1	2	10,737	1	1
13.	Waseca	7 854	1	2	9,994	1	1
14.	Blue Earth	17,302	1	5	20,942	1	4
15.	Wabasha	15,860	1	4	16,456	1	3
16. 17.	Goodhue	22,618	2	5	28,500	2	5
18.	Rice	15,083	1	5	20,622	1	4
19.	LeSueur	11,607	1	3	13,237	1	2
20.	Dakota	16,312	1	5	17,437	1	3
21.	Scott	11,042	1	2	12,394	1	2
22.	Washington	11,802	1	3	14,776	1	3
23. 24.	Ramsey	23,085	2	5	35,000	2	8
25.	Anoka and Isanti	5 975	1	2	9,611	1	1
26. 27.	Hennepin	31,566	2	7	48,735	3	10
28.	Chisago, Kanabec, Pine, Aiken	5,277	1	1	7,312	1	1
29.	Itasca, Lake, St Louis, Cook, Cass and Carlton	5,420	1	1	4,717	0	1
30.	Sherburne, Benton, Morrison, Crow Wing, Mille Lacs	6,598	1	1	10,012	1	1
31.	Stearns	14,206	1	4	17,797	1	4
32.	Wright	9,487	1	2	13,775	1	2
33.	Carver	11,586	1	3	13,033	1	2
34.	Nicollet & Renville	11,581	1	3	18,401	1	4
35.	Meeker	6,090	1	1	8,626	0	1
36.	Sibley and McLeod	12,362	1	3	17,535	1	4
37.	Redwood, Brown, Lyon, Yellow Medicine and Lincoln	11,255	1	2	18,314	2	3
38.	Martin, Jackson, Nobles, Rock, Cottonwood, Watonwan, Murray and Pipe Stone	8,768	1	3	19,765	2	4
39.	Douglas, Pope, Stevens, Grant and Big Stone	7,444	1	2	12,552	1	3
40.	Kandiyohi, Swift, and Chippewa	6,388	1	1	13,330	1	3
41.	Otter Tail, Wilkin, Wadena, Todd, Beltrami, Polk, Clay, Becker, Traverse and Pembina	4,718	1	2	19,086	2	4
Total			41	106		42	106

NOTE—Population 25th district, 1870, includes only that population of Anoka and Isanti counties.

THE 41st SENATORIAL DISTRICT.

We call attention to the population of this district in 1870, and 1875 as given by the late census:

	1870.	1875.
Becker	308	2,256
Clay	92	1,648
Otter Tail	1,968	9,185
Polk	....	937
Todd	2,036	3,818
Traverse	13	101
Wadena	6	212
Wilkin	295	529
Pembina	....	400
Totals	4,718	19,686

It will be seen that in five years these counties have gained 14,968, or over 300 per cent.—a greater gain than any other senatorial district in the state. The basis of the last apportionment was a senator to each 11,000 and a member of the house of representatives to every 4,000. It will be seen that in anticipation of a rapid growth, we were allowed a senator and two representatives on a population entitled to one representative only. If the same number of members is preserved under the next apportionment—41 senators and 106 representatives—14,600 inhabitants will be entitled to a senator, and 5,660 to a member of the house—the population of the state being 600,000. With our present and prospective growth, it is certain that the old 41st district will be rent in sunder, and constitute two or more districts. Our representatives have no more important work to do next winter than to guard our interests in the coming new apportionment.

MINNESOTA CENSUS BY COUNTIES IN 1870 AND 1875.

	1870.	1875.
Aitken	178	205
Anoka	3,940	5,709
Becker	308	2,256
Benton	1,558	1,941
Big Stone	80	305
Blue Earth	17,302	20,942
Brown	9,396	9,832
Carlton	286	495
Carver	11,586	13,033
Cass	380	239
Chippewa	1,467	2,978
Chisago	4,358	6,046
Clay	92	1,248
Cook	....	215
Cottonwood	534	2,870
Crow Wing	200	1,031
Dakota*	16,312	17,437
Dodge	8,598	9,618
Douglas	4,239	6,319
Faribault	9,940	10,470
Fillmore	24,887	28,327
Freeborn	10,578	13,189
Grant	340	1,054
Goodhue	22,618	28,500
Hennepin	31,566	48,735
Houston	14,936	16,767
Isanti	2,035	3,901
Jackson	1,825	3,402
Kanabec*	93	311
Kandiyohi	4,921	8,083
Lake	135	161
Lac qui Parle	....	1,428
Le Sueur	11,607	13,237
Lincoln	....	413
Lyon	....	2,543
McLeod	5,643	8,651
Martin	3,867	3,748
Meeker	6,090	8,626
Mille Lacs	1,109	1,300
Morrison	1,681	2,722
Mower	10,447	13,682
Murray	209	1,304
Nicollet	8,362	11,525
Nobles	117	2,556
Olmsted	19,793	20,950
Otter Tail	1,968	9,185
Pine	648	793
Pope	2,691	4,058
Polk	....	937
Ramsey*	23,085	38,000
Redwood	1,829	2,982
Renville	8,219	6,876
Rice	16,083	20,622
Rock	....	1,861
St. Louis	4,619	3,607
Scott	11,042	12,394
Sherburne	2,050	3,018
Sibley	6,725	8,884
Stearns	14,206	17,797
Steele	8,271	10,737
Stevens	174	786
Swift	....	2,269
Todd	2,036	3,818
Traverse	13	101
Wabasha	15,860	16,456
Wadena	6	212
Waseca	7,854	9,994
Washington	11,809	14,776
Watonwan	2,246	4,024
Wilkin	295	529
Winona	23,319	27,393
Wright	9,457	13,775
Yellow Medicine	....	2,544
Unreturned towns	....	1,000
Pembina	....	400
Total	439,706	598,027

*Estimated.

t. Paul	32,684
linneapolis	10,743
Winona	5,809
Stillwater	5,632
Red Wing	5,524
Faribault	5,412
Mankato	4,345
Rochester	3,572
Hastings	3,310
St. Peter	2,900
Duluth	2,803
Owatonna	2,601
Austin	2,435
Lake City	2,324
Anoka	2,143
Northfield	2,179
New Ulm	2,080
St. Cloud	1,905
Waseca	1,840
Wabashaw	1,818
Shakopee	1,600
Winnebago City	1,569
Marine	1,440
Janesville	1,397
Plainview	1,250
Albert Lea	1,241
Rushford	1,178
Sauk Centre	1,135
Chatfield	1,118
Blue Earth City	1,103
Spring Valley	1,102
Lanesboro	1,096
Le Roy	1,023
Hokah	983
Monticello	967
Chaska	931
Brainerd	920
Kasson	900
Litchfield	879
Elk River	873
Caledonia	821
St. Charles	810
Taylors Falls	806
Brownsville	798
Henderson	797
Moorhead	707
Princet	698
Reed's Landing	668
Hutchinson	646
Wilton	614
Wilmar	614
Glencoe	606
Carver	603
Clearwater	584
Mendota	570
Fergus Falls	551
Farmington	549
Rush City	512
Sauk Rapids	512
Fairmont	469
Mantorville	450
Eyota	450
Delano	419
Darwin	400
Pine City	394
Jackson	388
ac qui Parle	300

OLD CERTAINTIES, of THE MAIL, having heretofore casually remarked that this would be a year of high water, now takes occasion to repeat definitely his observation. He gives notice that he will have no more foolishness about this business, and allows mill and log owners, tunnel drivers, etc., thirty days more in which to "get out of the wet" and prepare for trouble. After June 8th all wet goods will be at the risk of whom it may concern. And it will be easier to drive logs down from West Branch than up from Pig's Eye.

WHICH LICKED?

The transcendent question of the hour is, Which is the biggest? and if so, Why not? Six months ago Minneapolis promptly chalked 32,791 on the bulletin board. For six months Assessor McClung has carried the impending crisis of Saint Paul in his breeches pocket. Faithful to the last, he has allowed no feline quadruped to escape from the textile integument, and his cast iron lip has been sealed with the most impregnable of interviewer-proof combinations. But all things earthy are finite in duration, and the effete P.-P. at last announces the momentous combination number. St. Paul is precicely 33,237 and they won't throw off another darned one. No one disputes the integrity of Mr. McClung. He has undoubtedly put down every last name that had a right in that census table, and none other—unless where he may have been imposed upon. His own work has been of the faithful and fearless sort. But the facts of six months delay in the return, and of the various nervous appeals to citizens which have appeared in the St. Paul papers, during that time, are very good evidence that the assessor has from time to time revised his footings, and finding he was still short of the Minneapolis figure, has good naturedly allowed more time for St. Paul business men to drum up additions. It was vital that St. Paul should be ahead. They were out of meat, the minister was coming, and *this* woodchuck they had "got to have." If the P.-P. is correct St. Paul sees us and goes 446 better.

For the matter of a paper statement that St. Paul is the larger city, this 446, like Mercutio's wound, "will do," and we shall not dispute the figures. But as a matter of fact Minneapolis is, as we shall show by these same figures, much the larger city. The limits of St. Paul, including the 3,000 to 4,000 acres of Dakota county, which it annexed last year, and for which it had no use except in the census, cover between 21 and 22 square miles; Minneapolis less than 11 square miles. In round numbers, 14,000 and 7,000 acres respectively. St. Paul extends from a point on the Mississippi river more than 3 miles below its steamboat landing, northwesterly for 7½ miles, in an air line. Its southwest corner is only 3 miles from Minnehaha falls, and its western boundary but four miles from our state university, while its northeastern corner is at the harvester works, over 2½ miles out on the L. S. & M. R. R. St. Paul shows a population of 1,553 per square mile of its territory. Minneapolis has about 3,036 per square mile, or almost double. Yet it is one of the most marked features of the two cities, that St. Paul, within its residence limits, is more densely populated than Minneapolis. But the real city of St. Paul is a very different thing from its corporation. It partially covers about 5 square miles, within which are about 6,000 persons per square mile. Minneapolis proper extends over 7 to 8 square miles of its incorporated territory, within which the population averages about 4,000 per square mile.

And here is the difference between Minneapolis and St. Paul. While the territory of the latter extends a mile or two in all directions beyond its population, the former reaches out fully to its limits nearly everywhere, and on the north, south and west overflows into the adjoining townships of Crystal Lake and Minneapolis. Several thousand acres of Minneapolis city additions are outside of the city of Minneapolis, and several of these are thickly built over. Not less than 1,500 to 2,000 people living on those platted additions are for all purposes except taxation and census a part of the city of Minneapolis, while if our city limits were spread over the same extent of territory that St. Paul has overwhelmed and desolated in its pursuit of universal empire we should rise up and announce a population of about 37,000.

The urban population gathered here at the falls numbers not less than 35,000. The similar aggregation at St. Paul about 33,000. And thus in a few brief years has the city of sawdust and bran outstripped all rivals. To-day it stands the proud metropolis of the northwest. 'Raw for our side.

WE received the following written on a postal card, this week:

A. J. Underwood:

If the time is out I paid you for your paper please stop it. I do not want to take a Democratic paper. I am a Republican.

J. A*****.

The same morning the above was received, three gentlemen "from the the deestrict," as Bell would say, walked in and subscribed for the JOURNAL—two paying cash down for a year, and the other getting credit till after harvest. "A fair exchange is no robbery."

Oh, Jacob, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and *hard to please*,
To stir a muss or raise a row
A min-is-ter-ing angel thou.

[Rise and sing.]

On the same day and hour that the people of Otter Tail county voted bonds to the amount of $150,000 in aid of a narrow guage connection with the Northern Pacific, they voted to repudiate the State bonds issued in aid of the railroads of the State. On which a writer in the Minneapolis Tribune pertinently asks:

How will it be with Otter Tail county when she goes east to negotiate her $150,000 of railroad bonds and has to confess that her people voted most solid in favor of State repudiation? Will she not be told to go home and sell her bonds to her own dishonored people? Is it not passing strange that a people should seek to borrow money, while in the same breath they prefer their requests, they pronounce in favor of repudiation?

GEO. B. WRIGHT'S REMARKS.

To Lumbermen.—I want to let a job of driving to a good reliable man experienced in Lake and River driving, and who will drive the business as well as the logs.

To Rent.- 2 acres near Pacific Depot for a term of years. Suitable for manufacturing purposes.

To Anxious Seeker.—As Gale says "I perceive that in all things you are too unhappy." Pause then American Citizen of the Nineteenth Century and consider—that nearly all the vast wealth of this world is held by those persons who own **"Lots and Lands."** Then delay not, for while you tarry undecided some wiser and happier individual may buy it up, and you be compelled to emigrate to the moon, or New Jersey, or some other foreign land, where the Indian title isn't extinguished yet. *Buy a Lot* and become a bloated aristocrat and one of the owners of the earth. Climb to the high second-story of the **Northwestern Bank Block** and pluck the luscious real estate from the overloaded branches of its native lair, so to speak. N. B.—This is an editorial joke of THE MAIL.

To Sell.—Cheaper than dirt ought to sell. **50 Best** residence lots in Wright's Addition. **60 Choice** residence lots in Spring Lake Addition, at Monitor Plow Works. High and in beautiful grove.

100 Residence lots in College Place, at Hamline University, 2 Blocks from Railroad Station, and 20 minutes' ride from either Minneapolis or St. Paul. Highest and finest land between the two cities.

100,000 Acres selected farm and timber lands for sale in 25 counties and six different languages.

6 Water Powers—Im- and unim-proved.

Also will if desired, talk a customer blind on Preference Voting, Narrow-gauge Railroads, or Fergus Falls (coming city of the Northwest etc.,) for which service satisfaction guaranteed or no charge.

Come in and see me.

George B. Wright.

GEO. B. WRIGHT'S REMARKS.

"For Sale—Sioux Half-Breed Scrip. Guaranteed genuine. All sizes. Cheap."

To Rent.- For a term of years. **2 Acres** near Pacific Depot, suitable for manufacturing purposes. **5 Acres** in Murphy's Addition near old Fair grounds.

To Anxious Seeker.—As Gale says "I perceive that in all things you are too unhappy." Pause then American Citizen of the Nineteenth Century and consider—that nearly all the vast wealth of this world is held by those persons who own **"Lots and Lands."** Then delay not, for while you tarry undecided some wiser and happier individual may buy it up, and you be compelled to emigrate to the moon, or New Jersey, or some other foreign land, where the Indian title isn't extinguished yet. *Buy a Lot* and become a bloated aristocrat and one of the owners of the earth. Climb to the high second-story of the **Northwestern Bank Block** and pluck the luscious real estate from the overloaded branches of its native lair, so to speak. N. B.—This is an editorial joke of THE MAIL.

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Also will if desired, talk a customer blind on Preference Voting, Narrow-gauge Railroads, or Fergus Falls (coming city of the Northwest etc.,) for which service satisfaction guaranteed or no charge.

Come in and see me.

Over Northwestern Bank, Corner Washington Avenue and First Avenue South.

George B. Wright.

GEO. B. WRIGHT'S REMARKS.

AFTER HOOD.*

Land ! Land ! ! Land ! ! ! Land ! ! ! !
Mould and loam and clay and sand,
The very ground on which we stand,
(To get it how we've starved and planned)
Broad landscapes, rivers, mountains grand,
White fields by blizzards gently fanned,
Brown lawns by torrid blazes tanned,
Pay dirt, washed out—prospected—panned.
There's not a thing at man's command,
Not even greenbacks, cash in hand,
Is really real——estate, but land.
Other wrecked craft may strew the strand,
The tiller of the soil will stand
Peerless; and none with failure brand
The honest hauler of the sand.

* Manhood and womanhood to settle up the country and have a bearing on the next census.

100,000 Acres selected farm and timber lands for sale in 25 counties and six different languages.

"For Sale—Sioux Half-Breed Scrip. Guaranteed genuine. All sizes. Cheap."

To Rent.- For a term of years. **2 Acres** near Pacific Depot, suitable for manufacturing purposes. **5 Acres** in Murphy's Addition near old Fair grounds.

To Sell.—Cheaper than dirt ought to sell. **50 Best** residence lots in Wright's Addition. **60 Choice** residence lots in Spring Lake Addition, at Monitor Plow Works. High and in beautiful grove.

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500 Lots in Fergus Falls, most promising town in Minnesota.

6 Water Powers—Im- and unim-proved.

Also will if desired, talk a customer blind on Preference Voting, Narrow-gauge Railroads, or Fergus Falls (coming city of the Northwest etc.,) for which service satisfaction guaranteed or no charge.

Come in and see me.

Over Northwestern Bank, Corner Washington Avenue and First Avenue South.

George B. Wright.

Not "with songs to greet you" on the present occasion. The market for underdone poetry being somewhat overdone at this time—Likewise the Beecher trial being nearly ended. Mr. Mottled Extremity gone home without any Peace Commission rifles—and Secretary Bristow having cut off the supply of meandered whisky there doesn't seem to be much left to make life joyous. Hence in language guileless and unadorned I would say that

FERGUS FALLS Is the "coming city of the Northwest" and for investment at present prices will beat Minneapolis two to one; its **Water Power** is the cheapest, most reliable and best in the entire west, and sufficient to grind **18,000,000** bushels of wheat a year. It is the best point for flour, paper or woolen manufacture in the State. To the west of it are 25,000 000 acres of wheat lands and not a single water power. **400 Choice Lots,** and a large amount of **water power** for sale.

SIOUX SCRIP. A little of it left for sale soon if you wish to buy.

Lots and Lands. Anything you want and at your own price.

FARMS. Along St. Paul & Pacific R. R., within two miles of railroad station, with 20 to 50 acres under cultivation on each. All on time to the right men, and at the price of wild land. Here is your chance to raise wheat. Several of these farms adjoin, and no better locality can be found for wheat farming.

100,000 acres unimproved farming land for sale.

TO SELL.—Cheaper than dirt ought to sell. **50 BEST** residence lots in Wright's Add'n. **60 CHOICE** residence lots in Spring Lake Addition, at Monitor Plow Works. High and in beautiful grove.

100 RESIDENCE lots in College Place, at Hamline University, 2 blocks from railroad station, and 20 minutes ride from either Minneapolis or St. Paul. Highest and finest land between the two cities.

GEO. B. WRIGHT,

Over Northwestern Bank.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

Tell us not ye mournful bummers
Lands and Lots are all a dream,
Or the town is dead that slumbers,
For sometimes you can't most always tell by the looks of a thing how it wos.

Lives of rich men all remind us,
We may make perchance a pile,
And in dying leave behind us,
Sands of time and other desirable real estate enough to keep the lawyers busy for fourteen (14) years after.

Town Lots that perchance another
Swelled with "Land upon the brain,"
An insane, demented brother,
Seeing—may be scooped by our legatee to the tune of a thousand dollars a foot, and what a satisfaction that will be to us—to be sure

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for real estate,
Ever buying—wealth accruing,
"Millions in it," if you'll wait.

Which the subscriber—his "Land being played" can't afford to, and hence will sell at a sacrifice—a few more lots.

Come in and see me.

Over Northwestern Bank, Corner Washington Avenue and First Avenue South.

WHEAT IS KING! Friend! Become a Granger and with the Grangers stand. I have 100,000 acres of the choicest wheat lands in Minnesota for sale. Selected early and from the millions of acres of the then Government lands, especially with reference to the great staple of Minnesota. Long time and low rates of interest. The following is a partial description of these lands:

3,000 acres in Brown county on Winona and St. Peter R. R., 2 miles from Sleepy Eye village, which has 300 to 400 inhabitants.
15,000 acres in Redwood county, convenient to river and railroad shipping points.
10,000 acres in Yellow Medicine county, with water powers and near flour mills.
10,000 acres in Chinpewa county, near St. P. and P. and H. and D. railroads.
6,000 acres in Swift county, 1 to 3 miles from Kerkhoven village and elevator, on the St. P. and P. R. R.
10,000 acres in Kandiyohi county, near Willmar, which already handles annually 300,000 bushels of wheat.
2,000 acres in Meeker and McLeod counties, in the old banner wheat region.
3,000 acres in Pope county, one of the best of the newer counties.
10,000 acres in Grant and Douglas near St. P. and P. R. R.
10,000 acres in Otter Tail county, the choicest tract in the State.
9,000 acres in Clay county, on line of North Pacific R. R.

TO PRACTICAL LUMBERMEN. I offer an interest in a lumber business paying a better profit than at any other point in the west. New mill and first-rate trade. The best chance in the country. A thorough lumberman who can take charge of the business is what is wanted.

FARMS. Along St. Paul & Pacific R. R., within two miles of railroad station, with 20 to 50 acres under cultivation on each. All on time to the right men, and at the price of wild land. Here is your chance to raise wheat. Several of these farms adjoin, and no better locality can be found for wheat farming.

THE BEST YET. 357 acres 18 miles from Minneapolis, 2 miles from R. R. station, at $3 per acre.

FERGUS FALLS Is the "coming city of the Northwest" and for investment at present prices will beat Minneapolis two to one; its **Water Power** is the cheapest, most reliable and best in the entire west, and sufficient to grind **18,000,000** bushels of wheat a year. It is the best point for flour, paper or woolen manufacture in the State. To the west of it are 25,000,000 acres of wheat lands and not a single water power. **400 Choice Lots,** and a large amount of **water power** for sale.

GEO. B. WRIGHT'S REMARKS.

Spirit of '76

EVERY PATRIOT should wear only Centennial Real Estate. With plenty of that "on hand" he can bid defiance to the haughty court of St. Giles-es.

And the subscriber has *got it*—got it bad—in 25 counties, and served in every style Revolutionary real estate, which our 4-fathers fout for, and which revolves on its axletree every 24 hours. The subscriber desires to revolve it into greenbacks. Hence this notice. Reflect, oh, reader, that you will not have another chance to buy centennial real estate for a hundred years. Come then, and buy a farm 4000 miles long (up and down) for two dollars and a half.

WHEAT LANDS—I still offer an immense amount of the very choicest selected wheat lands in the state. Along railroads and navigable rivers, in the counties of Brown, Redwood, Yellow Medicine, Kandiyohi, Meeker, Swift, Chippewa, Renville, Pope, Grant, Douglas, Otter Tail, Wilkin, McLeod, Stearns, Becker, Clay and Polk.

Good lands in Hennepin, Wright, Carver, Le Sueur, Sherburne, Benton, Morrison, Todd and Isanti. In Wisconsin and Dakota. Low prices and long time—every time and all the time.

TOWN LOTS In "College Place," at Hamline University.

In Fergus Falls, "the coming city of the northwest."

In "Spring Lake Addition," at Monitor Plow Works.

In Wright's Addition. In Heaton's Addition.

All the above cheaper by 20 per cent. than can be bought of "any other man."

WHEAT FARMS.—Along line of St. Paul & Pacific R. R., for sale at less than half the value of the crop of 1875 raised on the same lands. Farms cooked, raw and on the half shell.

FOR RENT—The best unoccupied site in the city, for cooper shops or a lumber or wood yard. Also, lots and acres in the city, and farms in the country.

WANTED—A woolen mill and a woolen man to run it. A machine shop and machine man, and a sash and blind factory and a sash (and blind) man to *see* it. In exchange for real estate and water power.

CONDENSED NOVEL—BY GEO. B. WRIGHT

1. Mystery

Why, oh why did he do it? Strange Unnatural Act! Could it be in the heart of man to Execute such a Deed as that? Suspicion gathered and Rumor pointed darkly to a high stone building on the CORNER OF WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SECOND AVENUE SOUTH.

2. A Sign.

Seventeen men and one small boy gazed breathlessly upward Something ominous was passing before them. It told of Blood and Slaughter. It was a butcher's wagon. Still they gazed heavenward at that strange sign. It read LOTS AND LANDS!

3. A Crisis.

A hoarse murmur of many voices rose on the startled air. "How could he do it? Gave them away!" Insane no doubt! Unnatural creature! Why oh why—" and then that small boy lifted up his voice and squealed "Cause he's *got to.—Minister's coming and he's out of meat. Dog me, but he's got to sell 'em for just what he can get.*"

4. Peace.

Every one of these men bought a WHEAT FARM of GEO. B WRIGHT. Every one married our heroine and settled down to raising wheat *et cetera*. Joy all over the prairie. Well springs and Olive branches loose through 25 counties, and 10 degrees of latitude. Go reader and *do likewise*.

Wheat Lands going off like hot cakes.

Centennial Real Estate—Genuine Old Hundred.

60,000 Acres. On Winona and St. Peter R. R. On Minnesota River. On St. Paul & Pacific R. R. (main line and branch). On St. Vincent Extension R. R. On Northern Pacific R. R. On Red River. On Hastings and Dakota R. R. On Mississippi river. These are all choice selected wheat, and grass or timber lands. Every piece examined and mapped before buying. Choice Water powers on some of them. For sale cheap and on long time.

Wheat Farms on line St. P. & P. R. R. to sell or rent.

For Rent—Site for Lumber Yard or Cooper Shop, near St. P. & P. Depot.

Fergus Falls, "coming city of the Northwest,"—Lots and Water Power for sale.

HE IS NOT PROUD

If he is Pretty and Famous and in the Lecture Field

To the Editor of the Evening Mail.

I wish to express my high admiration of the able committee who have announced and advertised me for this evening at the Second Congregational church. Their unstinted commendation of the affair (though amply deserved, no doubt) makes it so much superior to what I ever supposed it would be, that I have half a mind to go myself en masse and listen. I am gratified to note that the committee are sternly resolved to maintain the existing high standard of church entertainments, to engage none but first class talent and give everybody (especially the speaker) his money's worth. I can imagine nothing more deliciously fascinating than to pay twenty-five cents for a ticket and sit on a front seat this evening—unless, possibly, staying at home and keeping the twenty-five cents might possess superior attractions to the highly reflective mind.

I regret to observe a slight error in the advertisement. It is called a *lecture*. I had prepared to *read a paper*. Still I am reluctantly forced to admit that as a paper it is exceedingly able. It was built by Averill & Carpenter, expressly for the occasion, and guaranteed to stand any reasonable strain of facts. It is unnecessary to add that I have done my best to test it. They have more of the same sort. It is the best paper for church programmes and advertisements in general that I ever saw. In conclusion I wish to add that by the thoughtful liberality of the managers I am enabled to issue complimentary tickets to all my personal friends who wish to enjoy the entertainment, and which will entitle them to reserved seats in the steeple, or at their option in a vacant lot across the street. The anticipated rush for 25 cent tickets has rendered this course imperatively necessary.

GEORGE B. WRIGHT.

P. S.—Please charge this (at usual rates) to Averill & Carpenter. I can't afford to advertise them for nothing.

THE WHEAT CROP OF MINNESOTA

Nothing in romance equals the marvels of fact The wildest tales of Jules Verne and the Arabian Nights fade into insignificance before the solid columns of the Commissioner of Statistics. Notice the wonderful growth in 25 years of the wheat crop of this State:

Years.	No. of Farms.	Bushels raised.
1850	157	1,400
1860	18,081	2,186 393
1870	46,266	17,660,467
1875	60,000	31,475,000

The Commissioner states that there is an unoccupied wheat area sufficient for 100,000 to 150,000 new wheat farms of average size, yet remaining in this state. These would yield when in full cultivation 100,000,000 bushels; enough to wheat bread the world. The crop would load a solid railroad train 1,900 miles long, and the locomotive would have passed New York and Boston, and have reached a point 400 miles out in the Atlantic ocean before the last car of the train would have left the Minneapolis depot. Out of this great wheat field, George B. Wright, whose office is over the Northwestern bank, several years ago examined several million acres and selected of the very choicest tracts over 100,000 acres, which he offers at less price than the net profits on a single year's crop; on long time, so that purchasers can pay for the land out of its surplus earnings. No such opportunity for buying the very choicest lands has ever before been presented here, and it is not strange that a large number of shrewd buyers are taking advantage of the occasion to obtain wheat farms. None of these lands are sold except under conditions of cultivation. His recent sales will add nearly 100 farms to the next agricultural report of the State, and he reports that present indications are good for 15,000 acres more between now and the commencement of breaking season in June. More than double the amount of new cultivation will be done in 1876 than in any previous year, and the wheat crop of 1877 will aggregate with a fair yield forty million bushels.

FERGUS FALLS,

The Coming City of the Northwest, proposes to hump itself, and within two years to be the largest as it is already the best and smartest town northwest of Minneapolis. The county of Otter Tail has voted $150,000 subsidy to the Minnesota Northern Railroad, on which work will commence at once and the road completed to Fergus next year. New mills and a large number of other buildings will be built as soon as the railroad is started up. The railroad company will also require a large amount of timber.

Probably three to four million feet of pine lumber will be required in and around Fergus during the coming year. That mill and lumbering business is still for sale—one-half interest or whole. We sell to wagons 35 miles south and southeast, and 30 miles west and north. No Minneapolis or other lumber can compete. Mill first class.

Twenty-five millions stumpage, 1,000,000 lumber on sticks, 1,500,000 logs in pond, and more on the river. Also, good stock of shingles, lath, and pickets, and dry planed lumber under sheds. Prices from $10 (culls) to $50 (clear). The only place in the West to sell lumber at a good profit.

Fergus Falls Lots and water power to sell or lease. Also, Otter Tail county lands, best wheat lands in Minnesota. Best and cheapest water power in the West. Ample to grind 15,000,000 bushels of wheat yearly, and Otter Tail county can raise the wheat.

Geo. B. Wright's Remarks

The Coming City---Fergus Falls.

CHAP. LI.*

Behold in the West a coming city.

The same is the place where Fergus fell.

He stubbed his toe on a huckleberry bush and went down.

Like as the grasshopper of the field, the locus went him to grass.

He fell. He went down kerchunk. Upon his nose to everlasting smash went he down.

And the little birds sang. The codlings and the mudheads and the red horses wagged their tails about, and the green hills roared their roars and clapped their hands—to the tip of their nose—for joy.

And the place is called Fergus Falls unto this day.

Where the waters pour down, the waters of the mighty river, the waters that are green as of the trees and of the fields, and blue as of the sky above.

Wherefore the river, being green, it is called Red, and it is a mighty river.

The length thereof is a thousand Sabbath days journeys, and the crookedness thereof no fellah can find out.

For it meanders in uncounted sinuosities, and its convolutions are marvelous to behold.

The waters pour down. They come down with a yank. Down pour the green waters continually. From the high hills above to the deep valleys below the blue waters pour down.

They jostle together and roar like unto a primary meeting in Snanthny, and the roar of their roaring, roareth up for ever and ever.

For it is a mighty river, and is called Red because it is green.

And the place of the roaring, the same is the place where Fergus fell.

And it is the coming city.

As thou goest astride the iron hoss unto the province of the man Toby, in the Dohmeenyon, the land of the Kahnux, thou shalt tarry by the way in the coming city.

It is in a goodly land, a land flowing as it were with Scotch fife wheat, 62 pounds to the bushel, and potatoes and cabbage likewise. A land flowing also with babies, et cetera, et cetera.

The coming city is to-day a city of a thousand, and to-morrow (or thereabouts) of two thousand and thereafter there be millions in it, or words to that effect.

And it everlastingly humpeth itself.

For it is the coming city, and the subscriber is its prophet.

GEO. B. WRIGHT,
Over Northwestern Bank.

* No relation to the Chap what li-es.

FOR SALE,

THE ONLY PROFITABLE LUMBER BUSINESS IN THE WEST.

A half interest or the whole of the following:

Firs'--My New Mills at Fergus Falls, on Otter Tail or Red River. The best north and west of Minneapolis and Anoka, and as perfect of the class as any in the country. Nearly new, amply powered, run smooth as oil. Double-rotary mill, gang edger, log turner, chain conveyors, shingle and lath machines, planing and re-sawing machinery, lathes, etc. Buildings of most substantial character, painted and in perfect order. Complete fire protection. Booms, piers and log room ample and safe at all times. Plenty of ground and nothing cramped.

Second--Stock on Hand--800 M dry lumber, (a full assortment); 1,100 M shingles, 280 M lath, 500 M logs in pond; two millions being cut this winter. Having plenty of shore timber, and the work being well advanced, the recent thaw will not affect the cut.

Third--Stumpage--The best and, indeed, principal lot available on the river, estimated at twenty-five millions of excellent quality, both white and Norway pine, (the latter very desirable in that market.) Longest haul three miles, average 1 to 1 1-2 miles. Camps and main roads suitable for next five years, already built. Good stream and sure drive. Dams built to hold all water required.

Market--Present population of region of local trade not less than 10,000, and rapidly increasing. With fair crops this trade will not be less than 2 1-2 millions yearly. Within the limits of this local trade we are absolutely free from outside competition. Surplus can be run or rafted down stream and reach all points in Red River Valley, Dakota and Manitoba.

Present prices at yard: Common lumber $16 to $18; culls, $10; rough flooring, $25 to $30; clear, $50; shingles, $2.25 to $4.50. During past season sales have reached in some months over $3,000 per month, all at yard.

No other stream floats pine lumber into the great wheat region of western Minnesota.

The right man can get the above at a great bargain. Reasons for selling, I want time and money to carry out other plans.

GEO. B. WRIGHT,

"WHOOP 'ER UP 'LIZA JANE."

Longfellow.

The doctors generally admit that the chief difficulty at the present time with Hannah, is an eruption of railroads all over the system, and that the following will break out in 1878:

Southern Minnesota to Jackson.....	50	miles.
Minnesota Valley to Redwood Falls....	26	"
Hastings and Dakota to Granite Falls..	76	"
St. Paul and Pacific to Alexandria, Fergus Falls and St. Vincent.....	143	"
Midland to Zumbrota.....	40	"
Minnesota Northern to Fergus Falls....	50	"
Total.....	385	"

(With several rural districts to hear from.)

These, as we have heretofore remarked, complicated with wheat in the crop,

[40,000,000 BUSHELS,]

is what's the matter with Hannah. She's *got 'em*, got 'em bad,

THOSE WHEAT LANDS,

And I've got 'em, also—the wheat lands—in twenty of the best counties in the State, along the lines of five railroads.

Emigration is flowing in, and the lands are going off rapidly.

I am selling at bed-rock prices, and on the easiest of terms, at the rate of 2,000 acres a week—and somehow it don't appear to be very much of a time for selling lands either.

GEO. B. WRIGHT,

GEO. B. WRIGHT'S

BRIEF AND SELECT REMARKS.

"Lives of great men all remind us
Not at fate may we complain—
But this maxim leave behind us,
Whoop 'er up Eliza Jane."

Longfellow—The Psalm of Life.

NOW, where is the base, low-lived, malignant wretch who has been saying that I didn't quote correctly the immortal minstrel of the land of baked beans and codfish?

WHEREFORE we have whooped 'er up as follows: Recent sales, contracts No. 85 to 111.

Amount, $33,239.92,

and 27 families made happy.

THAT'S what I've been doing these last few dull days. And I have still got 'em—the wheat lands,

75,000 ACRES,

IN BROWN, Redwood, Yellow Medicine, Carver, McLeod, Renville, Chippewa, Wright, Meeker, Kandiyohi, Swift, Stearns, Pope, Douglas, Grant, Todd, Otter Tail, Wilkin, Becker, Clay, Polk, and other best wheat counties in Minnesota, all first-class mud, and cheaper than dirt.

REMEMBER, oh, pilgrim, in this vale of woe, that I have still left one-quarter section of land, and one lot in "Fergus Falls, the coming city of the Northwest," *reserved for you*, and that while the lamp holds out to burn, (or the stamps hold out to pay—which is much the same thing,) you can secure them without (much) money or price, of

GEO. B. WRIGHT,
Over Northwestern Bank.

He's Got 'Em.

GEO. B. WRIGHT'S CURSORY REMARKS.

Maud Muller on a summer's day,
Raked and bound twelve acres they say.

She rode a self-binder, and drove a span
Of mules, and she sighed, "O! for a man."

And of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been

Forty bushels to the acre or more,"
And Maud got only about twenty-four.

Whereas, if she had bought one of George B. Wright's choice SELECTED wheat farms, she might have had the largest possible yield, been amply able to support a husband elegantly, and could have married the man of her choice. But she failed to do so, and Hans went off with another girl. Rough on Maud.

MORAL.

Buy a Wheat Farm of Geo. B. Wright in

Brown,	Polk,
Redwood,	Clay,
Yellow Medicine,	Becker,
Renville,	Wilkin,
Chippewa,	Otter Tail,
McLeod,	Grant
Meeker,	Douglas,
Kandiyohi,	Stearns,
Swift,	Pope,

Or some other good county in Minnesota or Dakota, and avoid the sad fate of poor Maud Muller.

Remember, I'VE GOT 'EM.

GEO. B. WRIGHT,
Over Northwestern Bank.

GOOD.

The Paper Below from George B. Wright.

Read at the Meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences.

What He Knows About Botany.

The following paper was read by George B. Wright before the Academy of Natural Sciences. The people who know Mr. Wright need not be asked to read the production, as they are well acquainted with his ability to make a thing readable:

A CASE OF PLANTS ADAPTING THEIR HABITS TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

In the summer of 1866 I was engaged on the government land surveys in Pope and Douglas counties in this State. There had been a succession of dry seasons preceding that one, and the lakes and ponds were at that time lower than I have ever seen them before or since. This was, of course, more noticeable along the flat or slightly sloping margins of the shallow lakes, and especially so in the timbered parts of the country, where thickets of brush and trees usually overhang the water. At that time there was generally a broad margin of dry land between the usual and timber-fringed shores of the lakes and the existing water lines, a circumstance greatly facilitating the progress of the surveys of those lakes. I do not remember a single instance where the water had not at that time receded from the usual shore line, and I probably would have remembered it, had I been compelled to pursue my work in the usual manner of alternately wading and

CRAWLING THROUGH THICKETS.

There is a common plant found growing almost everywhere in shallow water and very wet marshes throughout this state—a large coarse kind of grass growing up 8 to 10 feet in height, with a stiff jointed stem like timothy. We called it "reed grass," I do not know its proper name, but you will see it standing up dead and white in almost any duck pond during the winter and spring months. It usually grows at the water's edge, or where but a foot or two deep. The long drouth had lowered the lakes some 3 or 4 feet on an average, and along the former, margins which had been occupied by the reed grass, it frequently happened that a beach, in some instances as much as 4 to 6 rods wide, intervened between the reed grass plantation and the water. This was a very awkward circumstance for the reed grass, inasmuch as not being gifted with legs, and being in a measure a fixture of the soil, it was thus cut off from its favorite tipple, by an arbitrary Prohibitory Law. Now mark what the reed grass did, and how ingenuity triumphed in that case, as it always does when there are any

BEVERAGES AT STAKE.

The reed grass travelled for water just as directly and unerringly as a thirsty dog or hunted muskrat would. A part of the long stems, instead of growing upright in the usual manner, would, after reaching a height of 3 or 4 feet, commence leaning toward the water, in every instance, never away from it. Drooping lower and lower, they would finally touch the ground, but, without stopping their growth at the usual 8 or 10 feet, would keep on toward the water. Roots put forth, and in a few instances, stems spring up from the joints. The principal business, however, seemed to be to reach water, and some of these stems, continuous and jointed, but bearing the character and appearance of a running vine, more than a grass stem, were, I think, not less than fifty feet long, and large numbers of them from fifteen to twenty-five feet. This seemed very wonderful, as they were of that season's growth, the running stem dying annually, in the same manner that an upright one always does. The plant must, I suppose, be perrenial, like the most of our grasses, else the polantation would have hardly maintained its position during three or four dry years, so far away

FROM WATER.

In some instances I found the dead running stems of the previous year among the live ones, showing that the plant had taken its cobbler through a long straw in 1865 as well as in 1866.

I think I could not have mistaken the roots of the plant for the stem, for I was while walking repeatedly tripped up by the bent stems which, having taken root again, were fast at both ends and bowed up in the middle, presenting a most elegant device for sending the passing pedestrian "to grass." These stems were always and wholly above ground (and sometimes several inches above) and the roots springing from the joints were, if I recollect rightly, fine and fibrous instead of stem like. Nor do I think I am mistaken in my impression that they invariaby travelled toward the water. Of many hundreds, perhaps thousands, that I saw, I think that three-fourths to four-fifths of them were in nearly direct lines from the original plant to the water. The remainder approached the water at greater or lesser angles, and a few were running nearly parallel with it. In most cases the stems maintained nearly straight lines, like water-mains, from the parent plant. There seemed to be very little foolishness or wandering of purpose on the part of

THESE STEMS.

Now, taking these circumstances together they seem to me very remarkable. I may be deceived in my observation, for I am no botanist, and what I thought were stems might have been roots, and this was my object in bringing the case before you. A botanist can probably tell at once whether the plant I mention grows with stem-like or fibrous roots. But if I actually saw what I thought I saw, and I had several assistants who observed the same, it is, I think, something remarkable.

That a plant which usually grows with a stiff upright stem, bearing leaves and the reproductive organs of the plant, should change its habit of life and convert a portion of those stems into running vines, thereby opening up long lines of communication with the water, the native habitat of the plant itself, seems to me very wonderful. That it should do this year after year, thus keeping up communication with the receding waters at a distance of 40 or 50 feet away, (for the south commenced, as you may remember, in 1862,) and regularly renewing that communication each year after the same had been destroyed by the cold of the preceeding winter, (just as our engineers regularly take up and relay our city water pipes every summer,) seems still

MORE REMARKABLE.

But the strange and startling part of the whole performance, and it is no less startling or strange whether we regard these long jointed pipes as roots or stems, is the evident intelligence, or what answers exceedingly well in the place of it, displayed in the whole matter. I take it that all will admit that the communication between the plant and the water was in some way advantageous to the plant, and that the direct and business like manner in which it proceeded to make that connection can hardly be called an accidental circumstance.

It meets the case much better to attribute the phenomena to something very nearly related to a positive selfish intelligence. Nature in her general laws has no pity; she is inexorable. If a brick at a hundred feet from the earth becomes released from all impediments to the action of gravitation, nature never modifies the law of gravitation because a prominent citizen—be he either a Bismarck or a Napoleon—happens to be in the direct line between that brick and the center of terrestrial attraction. The special laws which conduce to the welfare of a Bismarck may cause him to seek shelter

IN AN ARCH OR DOORWAY.

So, too, nature would inexorably starve out the thirsty reed grass did not a special law induce the reed grass for its own safety to send to the lake for water. To meet for the first time a silent plant which one has been in the habit of regarding very much as he does the sticks and stones on the highway—an inanimate senseless thing—and to notice all at once that plant, with evidently a keen perception and appreciation of the law of "Root Hog or Die" in nature, doing in the most direct manner, a thing entirely inconsistent with its usual mode of life, and yet so obviously wise, sensible and selfish that a philosopher or member of Congress couldn't recommend a better, is a thing to give one a tremor in the spinal column. A man doesn't exactly like to step on the thing or cut it with a knife, or pull it up by the roots after that. He has heard what Balaam's ass did on emergency and he don't exactly know what this darned thing might do, if hard pushed.

I leave two questions for your consideration:

1—Did the plant draw moisture and nourishment through that long fibrous pipe all the way from the lake, or was the observed phenomena only a step in the process of planting a reed-grass colony at the newshore of the lake?

2—Did the process in either case give evidence of anything akin to intelligent action on the part of the plant.

GEO. B. WRIGHT.

Minneapolis, Minn.,
Dec. 28, 1875.

Geo. B. Wright's Remarks.

Fergus Falls, the Coming City!

OPINIONS OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

Out of a mass of endorsements not received, we select the following:

"My great mistake in horticulture was in commencing *where* I did. There's been no end of town-site blowing about the Eden region by interested land sharks, but its all bosh. I've *been* there. Go west young man for good land. Had I settled in the *Park Region* and raised vegetation for the *Fergus Falls* market, I should never have had a snap-mortgage foreclosed on me, or been snaked out as I was, and I might have raised a family and lived to a green old age. You hear *me*. ADAM.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime;
Buying *Fergus* lots will find us
Turning each his honest dime."
HENRY WADSWORTH L——.

"Should I ever build any more flat-boats I should locate at *Fergus Falls*, where I could get and manufacture the valuable hard wood and pine timber of the upper Red River region.

The *lower* Red River Valley, from Breckenridge to Winnipeg, would in a wet season—such as I once encountered—afford lovely navigation throughout the whole extent." CAPT. NOAH.

"I shall go to *Fergus Falls*. I am almost certain that in that radiant land of hope, something will be sure to turn up." WILKINS MICAWBER.

"When I used to raise wheat in the lower Nile valley, we lacked facilities for making flour. With such a water-power as that at *Fergus Falls*, I should have built a mill considerably larger than the 'Washburn A.' The valley of the American Nile—the Red River of the North—with its unrivaled soil and water powers, possesses peculiar advantages not enjoyed elsewhere."
PHARAOH REX.

"In my reg'lar line of businidge, things at *Fergush* is a goin' on most igstrordinary."
SAIREY GAMP.

"Sir, I shall enter into no encomiums on Massachusetts. Not an encomb. Her beans are on the plains of Lexington, and her codfish on the heights of Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever. But, sir, the greatest intellect that the world ever saw sends this sentiment a whooping down through the resounding ages of time. *Fergus* and the *Park Region!* One and Inseparable!! Now and Forever!!!" D. WEBSTER.

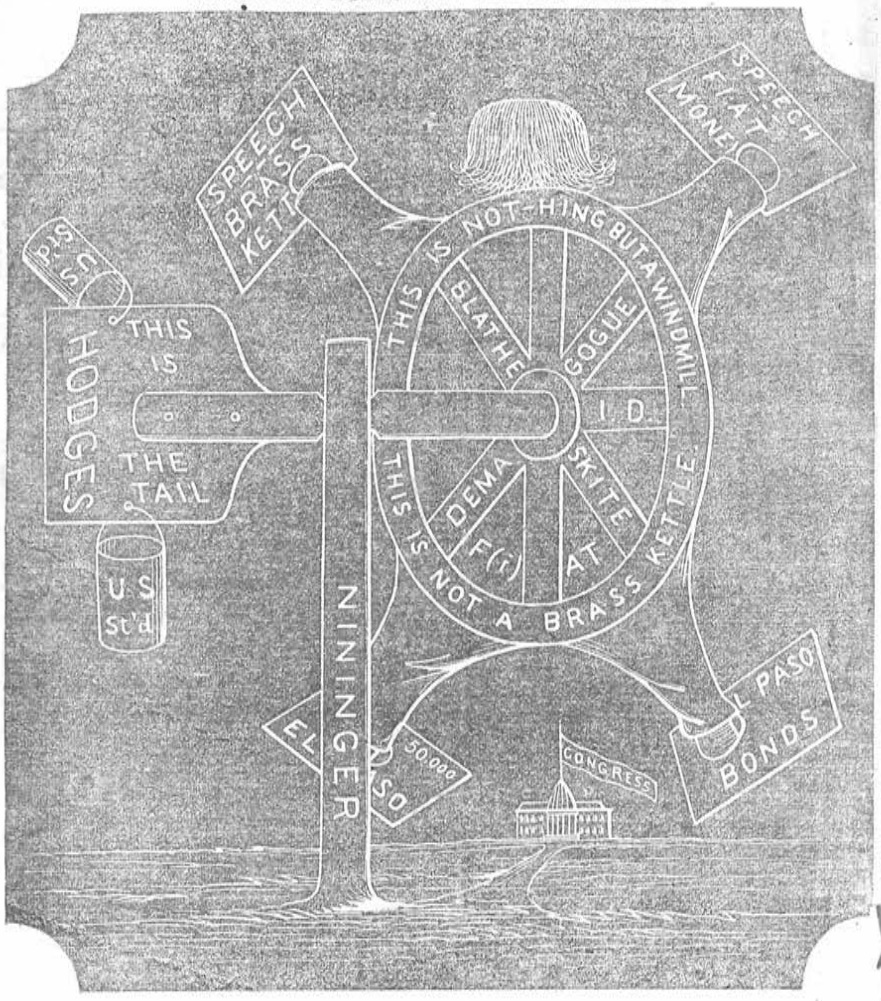
"To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, she remarks that the scenery of the *Park Region* round about *Fergus Falls* knox the Bey of Vennis and the Lakes of Kilkenny and all them bloody furrin shows hier'n Gilderoy's kite."
WILLIAM CULLEN B——.

"The nation must never forget the *Great Fraud*. Meantime I shall recuperate the bar'l by judicious investments in *Fergus Falls*." S. J. TILDEN.

"I am pleased to learn from your advertisements that the population of *Fergus Falls* is rapidly increasing. Let the good work go on. The royal family appreciates the 'posish,' and will contribute liberally or die in the attempt." VICTORIA R.

"I cannot tell a lie. Bang my hatchet but *Fergus Falls* holds over any town I've struck yet."
G. WASHINGTON.

FROM THE DONNELLY SECOND READER.



THE WIND-MILL AND ITS TALE.

What is this, Fath-er?

The wind-mill, my child.

Does the wind-mill go?

It goes round and round, but it does not go so far from Nin-in-ger as Wash'.

Which way does the wind-mill go?

Which-ever way the wind blows.

Why does the wind-mill turn round?

To raise the wind.

Has the wind-mill a tail?

It has a bob-tail with a brass ket-tle to it.

What is the brass kettle for?

To make a noise, as the mill goes round.

Does the wind-mill look like a man?

No, it looks like a fraud.

What has the wind-mill on his feet?

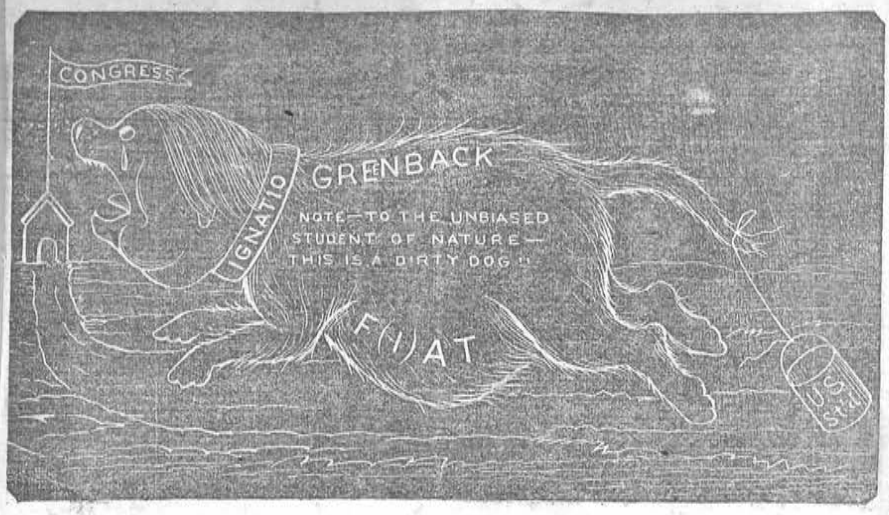
Some-thing which sticks to him and smells bad.

Why does it stick to him?

Be-cause he put his foot in it.

1878

EXTRACT FROM THE NEW DONNELLY SERIES OF SCHOOL BOOKS—FIRST READER.



THE DOG AND THE KETTLE.

1878

Oh ! my son, what is this ?

It is a dog with a brass ket-tle tied to his tail.

Poor dog !

Yes, it is a ver-y poor dog, but it is a ver-y fat dog.

Can the poor dog run well ?

No, the poor dog cannot run well---the subsequent portion of his inexpressible integument hangs too near the ground.

Who tied the ket-tle to the poor dog's tail ?

A bad boy whose name is Hodges.

Why did the bad boy whose name is Hodges tie the brass ket-tle to the poor dog's tail ?

To make the poor dog RUN.

It was ver-y wrong for the bad boy whose name is Hodges to tie the brass ket-tle to the poor dog's tail to make the poor dog run (for it did not make the poor dog run af-ter all).

The brass ket-tle makes a loud noise, and the poor dog howls like he had the stom-ach ache.

FERGUS FALLS.

DE COMIN' CITY DO COME!!

The lone and melancholy African of Fergus Falls, pensively attunes his banjo to the plaintive airs of his native land, and in the *Journal* of that city raises his melancholy voice as hereinafter set forth, more or less.

This touching melody is so expressive of the situation, that I take the liberty of copying without the permission of the author. The reader will observe that I have still "Lots, Lands, and Water power in the Coming City to sell."

I.

Oh say, you fellas, don't ye heah dat puffin
Like de debble comin jump, jump, jump?
Oh hark! don't ye heah dar's som'fin a tootin
Like 'twas Gabriel blowin de trump?
Oh see de smoke way down de valley
Whah de bullgine tear up de groun',
Oh Lordy! look, jess see 'im a comin,
A sailin straight for de town.
De bullgine come, ho! ho!!
De town he grow—ow—ow!!
It must be now de kingdom comin
An de yeah ob Jubilo!!

II.

The second stanza being too intensely expressive of the feelings of the author is omitted.

III.

Jess look dah now see de bullgine a flukin
And de kyars a comin full sail;
Dey goes like a mule when bissness pressin
Wid a hawnet nest to him tail.
See dar's a pile ob folks at de depo,
De gripsack walk, de buss man bawl;
'Pears like now all de nations comin
For to lib at Fergus Fall.
De bullgine snort, yah! yah!!
De nations come, ho! ho!!
It must be now de kingdom comin
An de yeah ob Jubilo.

IV.

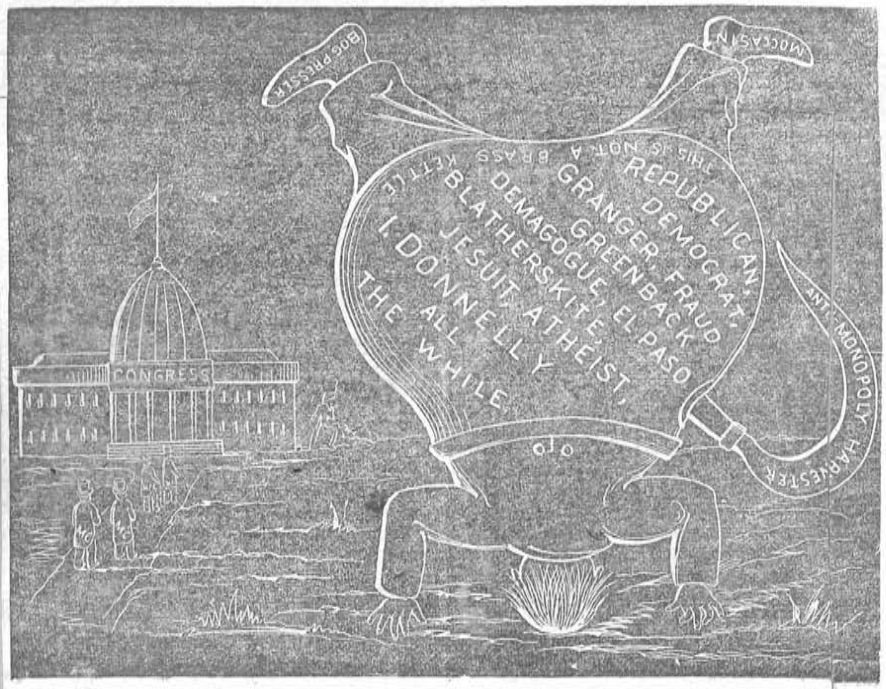
Now dis yah jess 'fin to 'pear like heaven,
De darkness ober me befo',
Guess dis chile now's agwine to git a livin
An de hard times neber any mo'.
Dey say Jim Hill and dem other fellas
Make a pile ob cash on land,
But guess I beat 'em if dey gib me a show
For to keep a pea nut stand.
For de railroad men hooray!
We's glad to meet, ho ho!!
For Fergus "come" to be de "city"
In de yeah ob Jubelo!

The congregation will rise and sing.

Respectfully submitted,

GEO. B. WRIGHT.

Some men are born so (M. C. brand). Some obtain it (by cheek) and some have it thrust upon them in large characters by the common verdict of mankind. Some are only broad enough for M. C. and some have room to write a whole chapter.



Donnelly in his great FEAT of standing on his HEAD and exhibiting his ASSTOUNDING qualifications for office.

THE OYSTER.—There is a good deal about an oyster that people who eat it don't know. He is simply enough constructed. There is no attempt at display about an oyster, and he doesn't go in for a great lot of organs that wouldn't be of any use to him. He doesn't need many, for he is lazy in his habits and doesn't travel around much. If you should put him on a desert island he would lie down and wait for the cocoanuts to drop into his mouth rather than climb after them or throw stones at the monkeys. But what few things the oysters does have in the way of anatomy are good. He has eyes stuck all around to save him the trouble of turning his head to look over his shoulder, and these eyes are not much to look at. They're little, short, yellowish brown things, that anybody else wouldn't have for glass eyes, but every single one of 'em is pedunculated. That seems extravagant, but after all an oyster doesn't have much, and he's entitled to have what few things he does have of the very best. Then he has only one pair of shells, and to look at 'em you wouldn't think he cared anything about 'em. He doesn't even take the trouble to get two of the same size. They are very irregular shells, and one of 'em is a good deal flatter than the other and smaller, and that one he keeps on top. If he was more careful of himself he would keep the other one uppermost for a sort of umbrella, now wouldn't he? But he doesn't care anything about getting wet. The older he gets the bigger his shells gets, and the top one leaves a lengthening groove for the ligament exposed along the beak of the adhering valve which is the left and lower, the deeper and more capacious, and attached to foreign bodies by a calcareous growth from the shell itself. A clam shell doesn't do anything like that. An oyster hasn't a leg or even a foot, so he doesn't need but one garment, but his natural instinct shows again in the matter of clothing. You'll never see an oyster go anywhere, even down to market for a Sunday dinner, without a mantle, and each oyster will have a double fringe on that mantle. You can't put him off with any cheap trimming. He doesn't care if it costs twice as much a yard, he'll have it double. And the female oyster is not pretentious at all. She isn't even what you would call tidy. She doesn't even brush off the outside of her shell, but she is one of the best of wives. She doesn't scold and cry and go complaining to her mother every time her husband comes in late with the marks of billiard chalk all over his coat, and she's ovoviviparous every time. 'Tisn't everybody that's that.

The oyster belongs to a good family, too. He is no parvenu. He wore his mantle when Adam and Eve sat around patching up figleaves. He belongs to the Ostreadae family.

The process of cooking, to an oyster is not a pleasant one. Lobsters have been said to enjoy it, but the oyster differs from the lobster and is never the same pleasant person after being cooked that he was before. The best way to cook an oyster is to eat it raw.—*N. Y. World.*

A Criticism As Is a Criticism.

Peck's Sun.

For two evenings of this week the people of Milwaukee were favored with first-class acting by Mary Anderson, who has become a great favorite within two years. The Sun blonde was on hand pretty regularly those two nights, as he always is when a beautiful woman is being pursued by villains on the stage. The first evening the play of the "Hunchback" was given, and even a deaf and dumb and blind person could not help but be impressed with the talent and beauty of Mary Anderson. She is a marvel, and can take on more emotions and dresses in a single evening than any of them. She is about six feet in height when in repose; but when her frame is charged with emotion, and she gets mad or excited, she seems to raise right out of the stage and telescope up until she is eighteen or nineteen feet high, and others on the stage look like dwarfs. How she does it the Lord only knows. She is the most versatile actress we ever sat in front of. At times she would put on a sweet, lovely look, and you would have to be held by two persons to keep you from rushing on the stage and telling her that you loved her like a steam engine, and then she would put on a dying look, and a wild, sacred, desperate expression, so you would want to rush out after a doctor. At times we would give a million dollars (in notes) to be in the place of *Clifford*, who didn't seem to know that she wanted him to hug her, and then again, when she got sassy at him, and began to roll her eyes, and her breast began to heave, and she began to swallow something, and look as though she were dying for a drink, we wouldn't have been within reach of her for eight hundred dollars. It was a singular study when her breast got to heaving. She must have a suit of lungs like a blacksmith's bellows, and when, in her excitement, she would exhaust them, she would look so thin that you could trace her wish-bone with the naked eye: but when, in her passion, her lungs became inflated, her bust rounded out, and her dress fitted her like the paper on the wall; and then all she lacked was her own Mary Anderson smile to make the average man give a Pacific railroad if she was his sister. O she beats them all. Mary Anderson does not rant. Some actresses chew soap to make them foam at the mouth, and they tear around the stage as though they had bees in their clothes. Mary does not do so. If she has anything to say very loud, and it is necessary to become excited, she does not rant, but just talks it right off as though she meant it; and you can tell by the expression of her face that she means business, just as well as if soap-suds was flying out of her mouth, and she was kicking over chairs. Another thing, in the matter of falling upon the stage, in tableaux, and in fainting, she does it so soft and gentle that you do not shudder for fear she has broken some bones.

"TOO LATE FOR ROGER."

Mark Twain Apologizes for not Making an After-Dinner Speech.

Mark Twain was recently at a dinner of the Stanley Club in Paris, and, being called upon for a speech, is thus reported by The Continental Gazette: "Mr. Ryan said to me just now that I'd got to make a speech. I said to Mr. Ryan, 'The news came too late to save Roger McPherson.' It is sad to know that some things always come too late, and when I look around me at the brilliant assembly, I feel disappointed to think what a nice speech I might have made, what fine topics I might have found in Paris to speak about among these historic monuments, the architecture of Paris, the towers of Notre Dame, the caves, and other ancient things. Then I might have said something about the objects of which Paris folks are fond—literature, art, medicine, (then taking a card from his vest pocket as if to take a glance at his notes,) and adultery. But the news came too late to save Roger McPherson! Perhaps you are not as well acquainted with McPherson as I am? Well, I'll explain who McPherson was. When we sailed from New York there came on board a man all haggard—a mere skeleton. He wasn't much of a man, he wasn't, and on the voyage we often heard him say to himself 'The news came too late to save Roger McPherson.' I got interested, and I wanted to know about the man, so I asked him who was McPherson, and he said: 'I'm McPherson; but the news came too late to save Roger McPherson.' 'How too late?' I asked. 'About three weeks too late,' he replied; 'I'll tell you how it happened: A friend of mine died, and they told me I must take his body on the cars to his parents in Illinois. I said I'd do it, and they gave me a card with the address, and told me to go down to the depot and put it on a box I'd find there, have the box put on the car, and go right along with it to Illinois. I found the box all right, and nailed the card on it, and put it on the cars; then I went in the depot and got a sandwich. I was walking around eating my sandwich, and I passed by the baggage-room, and there was my box, with a young man walking around looking at it, and he had a card in his hand. I felt like going up to the young man and saying, "Stranger, that's my corpse." But I didn't. I walked on, ate my sandwich, and when I looked in again the young man was gone; but there was that card nailed on that box. I went and looked on that card. It was directed to Col. Jenkins, Cleveland, Ohio. So I looked in the car, and there was my box all right. Just before the train started a man came into the baggage car and laid a lot of Limberger cheese down on my box: he didnt know what was in my box, you know, and I didn't know what was in his paper, but I found out later. It was an awful cold night, and after we started the baggage-master came in. He was a nice fellow, Johnson was, and he said, "A man would freeze to death, out there; I'll make it all right." So he shut all the doors and all the windows, built a rousing coal fire in the stove; then he took turns fixing the car and poking the fire, till I began to smell something and feel uncomfortable, so I moved as far away from my corpse as I could, and Johnson says to me, "A friend of yours? Did he die lately? This year I mean." Says I, "I'll fix it;" so I opened a window, and we took turns breathing the fresh air. After a while Johnson said, "Let's smoke; I think that'll fix it." So we lit our cigars and puffed a bit, but we got so sick that we let 'em go out again—it didn't do any good. We tried the air again. Says Johnson, "He's in no trance, is he? There's doubt about some people being dead, but there's no doubt about him, is there? What did he die of?" We stopped at a station, and when we started off again Johnson came in with a bottle of disinfector, and says, "I've got something now that'll fix it." So he sprinkled it all around, over the box, the limberger, and over everything; but it wouldn't do, the smells didn't mix well. Johnson said, "Just think of it. We've all got to die, all got to come to this." Then we thought we'd move the box to one end of the car; so we stooped over it; I took one end and he took the other, but we could't get it far. Johnson says, "We'll freeze to death if we stay out on the platform; we'll die if we stay in here." So we took hold of it again; but Johnson, he couldn't stand it, he fell right over. I dragged him out on the platform, and the cold air soon brought him to, and we went in the car to get warm. "What are we going to do?" asked Johnson, and he looked ill. "We are sure to have typhoid fever and half a dozen other fevers. We're pizened, we are!" At last we thought it was better to go out on the platform. In an hour and a half I was taken off that platform stiff, nearly frozen to death. They put me to bed, and I had all them fevers that Johnson spoke about. You see the thing worked on my mind. It didn't do me no good to learn, three weeks after, that there had been a mistake—that my corpse had gone to Col. Jenkins, Cleveland, and that I'd taken his box of rifles for decent burial to Illinois. The news came too late to save Roger McPherson—about three weeks too late.'" Amid roars of applause, Mr. Twain closed by saying, "When I'm not prepared to speak, I always apologize, and that's the reason I've told you so much about Roger McPherson."

THE LOVERS.

In Different Moods and Tenses.

Sally Salter, she was a young teacher who taught,
And her friend, Charley Church, was a preacher who praught,
Although his enemics called him a schreecher who scraught.

His heart, when he sought her, kept sinking and sunk,
And his eye, meeting her's, kept winking and wunk;
While she, in her turn, fell to thinking and thunk.

He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he wooed,
For his love grew until to a mountain it grewed,
And what he was longing to do that he dooed.

In secret he wanted to speak and he spoke,
To see th his lips what his heart long had soke;
So he managed to let the truth leak and it loke.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they rode;
They so sweetly did glide that they both thought they glode,
And they came to the place to be tied and were tode.

Then homeward, he said, let us drive and they drove;
And soon as they wished to arrive they arrove;
For whatever he couldn't contrive she controve.

The kiss he was dying to steal then he stole,
At the feet where he wanted to kneel then he knole,
And he said: "I feel better than ever I fole."

So they to each other kept clinging and clung,
While time his swift current was winging and wung,
And this was the thing he was bringing and brung.

The man Sallie wanted to catch and had caught—
That she wanted from others to snatch and had snaught—
Was the one that she now liked to scratch and had scraught.

And Charley's warm love began freezing and froze,
While he took to teazing and cruelly toze,
And the girl he had wished to be squeezing and squoze.

"Wretch!" she cried, when she threatened to leave him and left.
"How could you deceive me as you have deceft?"
And she answered, "I promised to cleave and have cleft."

"ARABELLER."

We heard one of our bachelor friends singing the following touching solo the other day. Guess his "Arabeller" is all right:

My Arabeller,
So ripe and meller,
And, goodness!
Can't she love a feller!

Her eyes are black,
And pink her smeller,
And, goodness!
Can't she hug a feller!

Her cheeks are red,
Her hair is yeller,
And, goodness!
Can't she kiss a feller!

DISARMING WELLS.

Dispatch to Inter-Ocean.

Considerable amusement has been created here by the alarm of Dudley Field lest Governor Wells should garrote him in the committee room. It was discovered by an officer in charge of Wells that he carried a revolver on his person, and Field has been shaking in his boots for fear its contents should be emptied into his person. "Why," said he, "the ruffian has already shot five men." The consequence was Field ordered Wells to be disarmed, and if report be true it required the whole force of the Sergeant-at-Arms' office and several policemen who were appointed under Cox's resolution the other day. It is stated that Wells carried on his person two large revolvers, one derringer, one slung-shot, one sword cane, one thug-knife, one bowie-knife, two pairs brass knuckles, and forty rounds of ammunition. The ordnance has been sent to the government armory in charge of the troops, and Mr. Field feels safer. As Governor Wells is an old man, over 70 years of age, the precautions were very wisely taken.

MARC ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR.

The Text from which Shakspeare Wrote His Version.

Friends, Romans, countrymen! Lend me your ears;
I will return them next Saturday. I come
To bury Cæsar, because the times are hard,
And his folks can't afford to hire an undertaker.
The evil that men do lives after them
In the shape of progeny, who reap the
Benefit of their life insurance.
So let it be with the deceased.
Brutus hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.
What does Brutus know about it?
It is none of his funeral. Would that it were!
Here under leave of you I come to
Make a speech at Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
He loaned me five dollars once when I was in a pinch,
And signed my petition for a post-office.
But Brutus says he was ambitious.
Brutus should wipe off his chin.
Cæsar hath brought many captives home to Rome
Who broke rock on the streets until their ransoms
Did the general coffers fill.
When the t the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept,
Because it didn't cost anything and
Made him solid with the masses. [Cheers.]
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff,
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
Brutus is a liar, and I can prove it.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown
Which he did thrice refuse, because it did not fit him quite.
Was this ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
Brutus is not only the biggest liar in the country,
But he is a horse-thief of the deepest dye. [Applause.]
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. [Laughter.]
You all do know this ulster.
I remember the first time ever Cæsar put it on.
It was on a summer's evening in his tent,
With the thermometer registering 90° in the shade;
But it was an ulster to be proud of,
And cost him seven dollars at Marcaius Swartzmeyer's,
Corner of Broad and Ferry streets, sign of the red flag.
Old Swartz wanted forty dollars for it,
But finally came down to seven dollars, because it was Cæsar!
Was this ambitious? If Brutus says it was
He is even a greater liar than Mrs. Tilton!
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
Through this the son-of-a-gun of a Brutus stabbed,
And when he plucked his cursed steel away,
Marc Antony, how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
[Cheers, and cries of "Give us something on the Sliver Bill." "Hit him again," etc.]
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts.
I am no thief, as Brutus is.
Brutus has a monopoly in all that business,
And if he had his deserts he would be
In the penitentiary, and don't you forget it.
Kind friends, sweet friends, I do not wish to stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny,
And as it looks like rain,
The pall-bearers will please place the coffin in the hearse,
And we will proceed to bury Cæsar,
Not to praise him. —*Oil City Derrick.*

SCIENTISTS.

The Learned Discussions of an Academy of Arts and Sciences.

San Francisco Mail.

A regular meeting of the Academy of Sciences was held Monday night. * * * Mr. Hoffer, the custodian of the treasures of the society, arose and said:

"There's a very interesting shell here. I suppose it belongs to the Chionœcetes Behringianus, but I don't know quite."

Then an old gentleman, with military whiskers and a cane, jumped up and said:

"You're wrong, sir. Them shells is loxorhynchus grandis, an' I struck him in the Colorado desert. Some say they're libinia affinis, but I don't agree with 'em."

Mr. Hoffer (with heat)—The shells are evidently of the genus microrhynchus.

Old Gent—Wrong again, sir; the shells are without doubt loxorhynchus crispatus.

Mr. Hoffer—Sir, you are mistaken. Any scientific man with half an eye can see that they are chionœcetes.

Old Gent—What!

Mr. Hoffer—Jest what I said, and if you will turn over them shells you will observe certain streaks which show them to belong also to the pugettia gracilis.

Old Gent—Oh, see here, a clam shell is a clam shell, an' when I say a shell belongs to the herbstia parvifrons, I mean it.

Mr. Hoffer—What's that to the chorilia longpipes?

Old Gent—The scyra auctifrons.

Professor Davidson—Come to order, gentlemen.

Order was obtained, and a motion of adjournment being put, was carried. Then the members went about among the pews, arguing in a loud, angry and threatening manner which shook up the bottled curiosities, and awoke the stuffed alligator to the extent that it fell against its glass case, and the crash of glass brought everybody back to the nineteenth century, and the consciousness that bills are an item of life.

MATRIMONIAL INCOMPATIBILITY.

A thin little fellow had such a fat wife,
Fat wife, fat wife, God bless her!
She looked like a drum and he looked like a fife,
And it took all his money to dress her.
God bless her!
To dress her!
God bless her!
To dress her!

To wrap up her body and warm up her toes,
Fat toes, fat toes, God keep her!
For bonnets and bows and silken clothes,
To eat her, and drink her, and sleep her.
God bless her!
To drink her!
And keep her!
And sleep her!

She grew like a target; he grew like a sword,
A sword—a sword—God spare her!
She took all the bed and she took all the board,
And it took a whole sofa to bear her,
God spare her!
To bear her!
God spare her!
To bear her!

She spread like a turtle, he shrank like a pike,
A pike—a pike—God save him!
And nobody ever beheld the like,
For they had to wear glasses to shave him.
God save him!
To shave him!
God save him!
To shave him!

She fattened away till she busted one day,
Exploded—blew up—God save her!
And all the people that saw it say
She covered over an acre!
God take her!
An acre!
God take her!
An acre!

A scientific authority states that "a single female house fly will produce in one season 20,080,320 eggs." Great guns! What must the married ones do.—Hawkeye.

The man who invents some way by which a fellow can take his liver out in the Spring and hang it up in the back yard and whip it as they do carpets, will confer a boon on his fellows.

SILENT MUSINGS OF A "POOR INDIAN."

BY THOMAS MCGINNIS.

I'm glad that I'm an Injun,
And with the Injuns stand;
With a scowl upon my forehead,
And a scalping knife in hand
For I can chop up white men,
When I've nothing else to do,
And the Government protects me
'Cause I'm a noble Sioux.

I love to scalp and murder;
It's my glory and my pride
To make myself a terror
In the country far and wide.
It's the heighth of my ambition
To be a cunning thief,
A murderer of white men,
And a noble Injun chief.

Oh, it's nice to be an Injun,
And roam the prairies o'er;
If I had a hundred scalps to-day,
I'd want a hundred more.
I love to chop up children,
And men and women too.
My name is "Blood and Thunder;"
I'm a gay and festive Sioux.

The Father of the white man,
From some city far away,
Sends us guns and amunition,
And never asks for pay.
We don't know why he aids us
In killing off his race,
Unless he has been smitten
By some dusky maiden's face.

I would not be a white man,
And live the life they do:
It would not suit a Christian
Like a Modoc or a Sioux,
For I can scalp and murder—
It's glorious fun for me,
But if a white man does it
They will hang him to a tree.

And if I am arrested
As a murderer or a thief,
They will take me to some city
And call me "noble chief."
I will tell them I'm "Poor Injun"
And they'll feed me cake and pie,
And give me lots of whisky
To drink when I'm dry.

And when I'm tired of luxuries,
And living free from sin,
Of eating pork and mutton,
And drinking wine and gin,
Those "squaw men" down at Washington
Will say, take off his chains;
He's a "poor, dejected Indian,"
A "red man of the plains."

Now, I'm on my reservation,
They feed me like a king.
I'll keep quiet through the winter,
But I'll kick up hell, next spring.
I do not like this sort of life,
It's mighty tough, I swear,
To have the whites come near me
When I can not lift their hair.

I'll be glad when winter's over,
And I am free to roam,
Then I'll sound the war-whoop loudly
Around the white man's home.
I'm tired of eating pork and beef,
And living where I am.
I think I'll join old Sitting Bull,
And clean out Uncle Sam.

Of course I'll go to heaven
When the race of life is run,
For the ministers have prayed for me
While I've been having fun.
Oh, yes, I'll go to heaven,
When this noble work is done.
They'll put wings upon an Injun
Beyond the setting sun!

Man is the only animal that blows his nose. The aligator has a nose nearly two feet long, and he never blows it. The elephant can reach over his nose and tickle his hind legs, and he often does, but he never wipes it. The blue-nosed baboon has a cerulean proboscis, of which the noblest animal may be proud, but it goes unblown. The double-nosed pointer has immense capacity for blowing, but he never will, and the oyster, whose nose reaches clear round to his back, refrains from exercising it. Man alone has reached the height of a pocket handkerchief, and he proudly waves his bandanna as a sufficient evidence of his superiority.

MARK TWAIN.

His Introduction on the Political Rostrum.

A Chance to Make Something of this Government.

Our Idiotic Civil Service System According to Mark.

Special dispatch to The New York Times.

HARTFORD, Conn., Oct. 1.—The Republican meeting in this city last night was great both in attendance and enthusiasm. Beforehand there was a fine torchlight parade of Boys in Blue. The meeting was presided over by Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain). It was his introduction on the political rostrum, and he was received with much favor. He spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I feel very greatly honored in being chosen to preside at this meeting. This employment is new to me. I never have taken any part in a political canvass before except to vote. The tribe of which I am the humblest member—the literary tribe—is one which is not given to bothering about politics; but there are times when even the strangest departures are justifiable, and such a season, I take it, is the present canvass. Some one asked me the other day why it was that nearly all the people who write books and magazines had lately come to the front and proclaimed their political preferences, since such a thing had probably never occurred before in America, and why it was that almost all of this strange, new band of volunteers marched under the banner of Hayes and Wheeler. I think these people have come to the front mainly because they think they see at last a chance to make this government a good government, because they think they see a chance to institute an honest and sensible system of civil service which shall so amply prove its worth and worthiness that no succeeding President can ever venture to put his foot upon it. Our present civil system, born of General Jackson and the Democratic party, is so idiotic, so contemptible, so grotesque, that it would make the very savages of Dahomey jeer and the very gods of solemnity laugh. We will not hire a blacksmith who never lifted a sledge. We will not hire a school teacher who does know the alphabet. We will not have a man about us in our business life, in any walk of it, low or high, unless he has served an apprenticeship and can prove that he is capable of doing the work he offers to do. We even require a plumber to know something [laughter, and a pause by the speaker] about his business [renewed laughter], that he shall at least know which side of a pipe is the inside. [Roars of laughter.] But when you come to our civil service, we serenely fill great numbers of our minor public offices with ignoramuses. We put the vast business of a custom house in the hands of a flathead who does not know a bill of lading from a transit of Venus [laughter and a pause], never having heard of either of them before. [Laughter.] Under a treasury appointment we pour oceans of money and accompanying statistics through the hands and brain of an ignorant villager who never before could wrestle with a two weeks' wash bill without getting thrown. [Great laughter.] Under our consular system we send creatures all over the world who speak no language but their own, and even when it comes to that, go wading all their days through floods of moods and tenses and flour shing the scalps of mutilated parts of speech. When forced to it, we order home a foreign ambassador who is frescoed all over with—with—with—indiscreetnesses, [laughter] but we immediately send one in his place whose moral ceiling has a perceptible shady tint to it, and then he brays when we supposed he was going to roar. We carefully train and educate our naval officers and military men, and we ripen and perfect their capabilities through long service and experience, and keep hold of these excellent servants through a just system of promotion. This is exactly what we hope to do with our civil service under Mr. Hayes. [Applause.] We hope and expect to sever that service as utterly from politics as is the naval and military service, and we hope to make it as respectable, too. We hope to make worth and capacity the sole requirements of the civil service, in the place of the amount of party dirty work the candidate has done. By the time General Hawley had finished his speech I think you will know why we, in this matter, put our trust in Hayes in preference to any other man. I am not going to say anything about our candidates for state officers, because you know them, honor them, and will vote for them, but General Hawley being comparatively a stranger [laughter], I will say a single word in commendation of him, and will furnish one of the many reasons why I am going to vote for him for Congress. I ask you to look seriously and thoughtfullo at just one almost incredible fact. General Hawley, in his official capacity as president of the Centennial commission, has done one thing which you may not have heard commented upon, and yet it is one of the most astounding performances of this decade, an act almost impossible, perhaps, to any other public officer in this nation. General Hawley has taken as high as $121,000 gate money at the Centennial in a single day [pause and applause], and never stole a cent of it. [Great laughter and long-continued applause.]

Intercepted Dispatches.

A California paper says the following dispatches were intercepted at Salt River Station:

To Governor Lafayette Grover, Salem, Oregon:

15 GRAMERCY PARK, March 2.

Exploded, desperation, ruinous, expense, folly, cramps.

[Signed] USUFRUCT.

To. S. J. Tilden, 15 Gramercy Park:

SALEM, Oregon, March 2.

Condolence, useless, disgusted, impecunious, hopeless, disgrace.

[Signed] GOBBLE.

FAMILY NECESSITIES.

The Spring Trade in Pets Opening—Great Reduction in the Cost of Lions and Anacondas—The Camel Within the Reach of Every Man—Corner on Hippopotamuses.

[*From The New York Times.*]

In these times, when money is scarce, trade is depressed, and values are inflated, it is cheering to see that a few of the actual necessities of life can still be purchased at reasonable figures.

The price list of wild animals has just been issued and received in this city. It is very gratifying at a time when people feel obliged to economize, to learn that many of the most desirable and useful beasts and reptiles are lower.

You can get

A GOOD, SOUND LION

now for from $1,500 to $2,000. Lions are down. A great many people during the past hard winter have been compelled to deprive themselves of lions on account of their high price. Some families, not accustomed to habits of self-denial, it is true, paid the largest figures rather than be without lions, but the majority of people have been obliged to wait until the lion market was somewhat easier. But the prices which now prevail leave no excuse for the man who would suitably provide for the comfort of his family. With lions at such cheap rates, scarcely a householder need be without one. The father who would deny his home circle the pleasures of a lion now, would make his wife take in washing, and his children strip tobacco.

Every one will be glad to know that

ELEPHANTS ARE EASIER.

They are quoted from $2,000 to $6,000, according to size. A neat, reliable elephant, suitable for a cottage house and a small family can be obtained for the inside figure. The largest ones, appropriate for the spacious drawing-rooms of Seventh street and Linden Hill palaces, of course, are much higher. But from the wide range of prices everybody will be able to select a very good elephant at a cost within his means. As the public became aware of the fact that they are no longer held at exorbitant figures, elephants will be restored to their proper place in the domestic circle. No one who makes any pretentions to wealth or distinction will hereafter incur the taunts and sneers of fashionable neighbors by being without one. A single elephant will do very well for a family of ordinary size and means. The proud and affluent, however, will indulge in more.

A GOOD PARLOR CAMEL

can be obtained for a mere song. The best ones can be purchased for $600. This fact will make them unpopular among the affluent classes who will not look with favor upon anything cheap, whatever may be its intrinsic merits. The camel has his good points, but he is erratic about his meals, and is said to be an intractable pet, as he gets his back up with no apparent reason. But the cheapness of camels will always recommend them to the humbler circles.

WE ARE DISAPPOINTED IN GIRAFFES.

They are still very high. We had hoped, in common with thousands of others, these important essentials to the happiness of every home, would be furnished this season at more reasonable rates. It is hard to do without one's giraffe. It is painful to pay $3,000 for such an actual necessity during these hard times. The result of this high rate will be that people, especially the poor, will retain their last year's giraffes, and consequently, the suffering will be much less than at first might be supposed.

But if giraffes are high, we find a very agreeable recompense in the next item:

ANACONDAS,

These fashionable and popular reptiles are much easier. The fears that were entertained during the winter that the great demand for anacondas would create a marked advance in their price have proved groundless. They are lower than ever before. A handsome, trustworthy anaconda can be purchased for $500. This is by the single serpent, mind you. Families who desire a dozen or more in all probability can supply themselves at more favorable rates. There certainly need be no cause for grumbling this year at the price of anacondas. People who have been borrowing trouble about the anaconda market may now rest easy. It is quite probable that larger orders than usual will be the rule, in anticipation of an advance. It is not safe to assume that anacondas will remain long at the present low figures.

LEOPARDS

are very reasonable, being quoted at $500, while bears—a home commodity—are rated at $1,200. The latter figure seems high, but it must be remembered that Custer's and other expeditions to the Black Hills have made bears scarce.

People who have been greatly annoyed at the discovery of the poverty which the want of

A RHINOCEROS

betrays, and have determined this year to be on a par with their more stylish neighbors in this respect, will be pleased to know that rhinoceroces are quite reasonable. A very good one can be purchased for $5,000, and the most elegant and stylish can be had for $10,000. This will bring them within the reach of almost everbody. A person who would complain at these rates would walk a mile to ride in a three-cent stage, and would try to beat down on the price of a paper collar.

There is one item on the list which will cause astonishment, and cast a shadow upon many happy hearth. stones.

"HIPPOPOTAMUSES,

$12,000 to $15,000." This is cruel, heartless. A person may go hungry, and sleep in a hard bed, but he will not willingly deny his wife and family the comfort of a hippopotamus. Even the poor and lowly can not be without one. What is home without a hippopotamus? There is no good reason in this advance in one of the necessities of life. No information has been received of a short crop of hippopotamuses. It looks very much as if this rise in price was the result of a ring, a diabolical combination formed to put up the cost in the face of a great demand. If this is so, the base, infamous scheme should be at one exposed. If there is a hippopotamus corner the people should be made acquainted with it, and the sooner the better; and the fiendish manipulators who would ruthlessly deprive the poor man of his hippopotamus should be held up to public execration and contempt. It may be urged that it is the government duty on them which makes this advance. If this is true, then it is one of the saddest efforts of a protective tariff, and no stronger argument can be made in favor of free trade than this unjust, extortionate increase in the cost of hippopotamuses.

THE BIBLE OF THE FUTURE.

WE wonder we had not seen the following, which *The Pall-Mall Gazette* credits to a Cincinnati paper:

GENESIS: CHAPTER II.

1. Primarily the Unknowable moved upon cosmos and evolved protoplasm.

2. And protoplasm was inorganic and undifferentiated, containing all things in potential energy; and a spirit of evolution moved upon the fluid mass.

3. And the Unknowable said, Let atoms attract; and their contact begat light, heat, and electricity.

4 And the Unconditioned differentiated the atoms, each after its kind; and their combinations begat rock, air, and water.

5. And there went out a spirit of evolution from the Unconditioned, and, working in protoplasm by accretion and absorption, produced the organic cell.

6. And cell by nutrition evolved primordial germ, and germ developed protogene, and protogene begat eozoon, and eozoon begat monad, and monad begat animalcule.

7. And animalcule begat ephemera; then began creeping things to multiply on the face of the earth.

8. And earthy atom in vegetable protoplasm begat the molecule, and thence came all grass and every herb in the earth.

9. And animalcule in the water evolved fins, tails, claws, and scales; and in the air wings and beaks; and on the land they sprouted such organs as were necessary as played upon by the environment.

10. And by accretion and absorption came the radiata and mollusca; and mollusca begat articulata and articulata begat vertebrata.

11. Now these are the generation of the higher vertebrata, in the cosmic period that the Unknowable evoluted the bipedal mammalia.

12. And every man of the earth, while he was yet a monkey, and the horse while he was a hipparion, and the hipparion before he was an oredon.

13. Out of the ascidian came the amphibian, and begat the pentadactyle; and the pentadactyle, by inheritance and selection, produced the hylobate, from which are the simiadæ in all their tribes.

14. And out of the simiadæ the lemur prevailed above his fellows, and produced the platyrhine monkey.

15. And the platyrhine begat the catarrhine, and the catarrhine monkey begat the anthropoid ape, and the ape begat the longimanous orang, and the orang begat the chimpanzee, and the chimpanzee evoluted the what is-it.

16. And the what-is-it went into the land of Nod and took him a wife of the longimanous gibbons.

17. And in process of the cosmic period were born unto them and their children the anthropomorphic primordial types.

18. The homunculus, the prognathus, the troglodyte, the autochthon, the terragen—these are the generations of primeval man.

19. And primeval man was naked and not ashamed, but lived in quadrumanous innocence and struggled mightily to harmonize with the environment.

20. And by inheritance and natural selection did he progress from the stable and homogeneous to the complex and heterogeneous—for the weakest died and the strongest grew and multiplied.

21. And man grew a thumb, for that he had need of it, and developed capacities for prey.

22. For behold the swiftest men caught the most animals, and the swiftest animals got away from the most men; wherefore the slow animals were eaten and the slow men starved to death.

23. And as types were differentiated the weaker types continually disappeared.

24. And the earth was filled with violence; for man strove with man, and tribe with tribe, whereby they killed off the weak and foolish and secured the survival of the fittest.

Gov. Allen and the Indians.

"I would advise the Government," says Gov. Allen, "to deal with these Indians the way my old friends the Israelites used to deal with the Philistines. I recollect once I lent my jaw-bone to Samson, a young man of considerable promise out there, and he went out and killed 10,000 Philistines with it in a few minutes. He hit most of them on the head and I never got all the hair out of my teeth yet. I was looser in the joints then than I am now, and I don't think I could take that bone out; but I am willing to go out and shake it at them." The old gentleman thinks the Black Hills ought to be opened."

—The New York Maill has intrenched itself behind a long line of facts, and feels its fortified position secure enough to make the following demonstration for the admiration of its readers:

Bunker, of Bunker's Hill, is not now living. He expired peacefully some years since, in his bed, surrounded by his weeping family. His death was the result of a illness previously contracted, which he could hilly bear, wherefore he flew—if we may be allowed the expression—to other hills he knew not of.

Such a statement Breed's mischief, or is likely to, and we must inform our contemporary that although the British made the redoubtable old fellow sick, it is the prevailing impression in these parts that nausea disappeared as soon as he had given up some intrenchments.—[Boston Courier.

The following stanzas are seasonable:

Who shtands der streets und gorners around
Mit sefrel agzes to be ground,
Und shmiled, und bowed, und nefer frowned?
Der Gandidate.

Who hold your hand ven you would start,
Und dold you you vas mighty shmart,
Und how he luved you mit his heart?
Der Gandidate.

The Face Not the Measure of the Man.

Worcester Press.

One of the feminine newspaper correspondents closes a critical review of Senator Booth's physiognomy with the remark that, "If there's any destiny in a man's face, Senator Booth's will carry him to the White House. But there isn't. The person who, of all others whom we have met, has the most poetical cast of features, and seemed destined to become the Byron of the present age, is now a clerk in a New York coal-yard, and has no idea of going into poetry. The most sensitive, refined and spiritual countenance we ever had the pleasure of gazing upon belonged to a young man who was a regular "big bonanza" of awful blasphemy. We remember seeing a meek-looking little boy, with flaxen hair, clear blue eyes, a delicate blush on his smooth cheek, bashfully enter a Sunday school and take a seat in the corner. One of the young lady teachers approached him and tenderly said: "Little boy, won't you recite your verses to me?" The little boy did not burst into tears, as the teacher expected he would; but with marked emphasis he planted his heel on the desk in front of him and delivered himself of a negative remark of such startling profanity that it is not permitted us to indicate, even by initials and dashes, the substance of his speech. He is now grown to be a man. The same clear, blue eyes contrast with the delicate pink on his cheek; the same flaxen hair wreathes his forehead and gives him a look of sensitive innocence; and when last heard from he was pursuing the avocation of river thief on the Lower Hudson.

STATE OF MINNSOTA, } ss
COUNTY OF HENNEPIN. }
Court of Common Pleas.

Levi M. Stewart against Edgar Nash, Grove B. Cooley, Ed. J. Davenport, L. T. N. Wilson, Eugene M. Wilson, and James W. Lawrence.

Now comes the above named defendant, James W. Lawrence, and for his separate and distinct answer to the complaint of plaintiff in the above entitled action, avers as follows, viz:

Said defendant admits that said plaintiff is an attorney in all the courts of this state, that this defendant now is and ever since prior to the 7th day of October, 1875, has been an attorney of all the courts of this state, that the complaint set forth and stated in plaintiff's said complaint was made and sworn to by defendant, Edgar Nash, that a warrant was issued thereupon against said plaintiff, that said plaintiff thereafter was arrested, that plaintiff by his counsel moved to dismiss said complaint, that said motion was denied, and that thereafter said action was dismissed, and said plaintiff discharged from custody.

And defendant Lawrence further avers, that as to whether said plaintiff is a good, true, honest, just and faithful citizen of said state, and as an attorney of all the courts of said state hath always behaved and conducted himself, and hath not ever been guilty or suspected to have been guilty of any crime, and as to whether said plaintiff had deservedly obtained and acquired the good opinion and credit of all his neighbors, clients and other good and worthy citizens of said state, and as to whether said plaintiff is a bright and shining light in church and state, and in social and professional relations, and an example to be held up to the gaze of, admired and emulated by the youth of the present age and by posterity, and as to either and all of them, this defendant is not sufficiently well advised to be able and willing to admit and swear to the same, and he therefore leaves said plaintiff to the proof thereof.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, } ss
COUNTY OF HENNEPIN. }
Court of Common Pleas.

Levi M. Stewart, vs. Edgar Nash, Grove B. Cooley, Ed. J. Davenport, L. T. N. Wilson, Eugene M. Wilson, and James W. Lawrence.

Eugene M. Wilson separately answering the complaint of plaintiff in above entitled action, says:

That as to whether plaintiff is a "good, true, honest, just and faithful citizen of the State of Minnesota," the defendant has never heard the same asserted until alleged by plaintiff in his complaint, and defendant has not therefore knowledge or information on the subject sufficient to form a belief.

That as to whether plaintiff "has "ever before been guilty or been sus- "pected of being guilty of the crime of "perjury," defendant has never heard the same denied until denied by plaintiff in his complaint, and defendant has not therefore knowledge or information upon the subject sufficient to form a belief.

That as to whether plaintiff has "de- "servedly obtained and acquired the "good opinion and credit of all his "neighbors and clients and other good "citizens of Minnesota," as by plaintiff in his complaint alleged, defendant has such good grounds for serious doubt that he denies the same.

And defendant denies that he ever conspired with defendants or with any one, to have plaintiff charged with, arrested or committed for the crime of perjury and denies that he in any manner counselled, aided or abetted malliciously or otherwise, in procuring the committing of the acts by plaintiff complained of, and says all the allegations of the same as by plaintiff made are false and untrue, as plaintiff well knew when he made them.

WILSON & LAWRENCE.

Gen. Jennison's Humor Abroad.

Questions of dignity and prerogative are always delicate ones. For example: The Senate of Minnesota recently directed the Secretary of State to furnish it with certain information. He complied, but at the same time entered his protest against the assumption of authority on the part of one branch of the legislature to direct the action or prescribe the duties of any officer named in the constitution as a member of the executive department, adding: "I think it my duty respectfully to assert the high constitutional dignity of the office from which I am about to retire." Of course the Senate couldn't permit itself to be snubbed in that style; so it nuanimously returned the communication to Mr. Jennison, with the observation that it was "uncalled for, and an impertinent attempt of a subordinate officer of the state to instruct that body in its rights, privileges and duties." The recalcitrant officer having been thus sat upon, the Senate of the Commonwealth of Minnesota moved grandly forward with the discharge of its duties.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.

Lo-a-Watha.

An exchange prints quite a lengthy poem by "Shortfellow," entitled "Lo-a-watha." The author deserves to be blown up on a Red River-of-the-North steamer, for so disenchanting us with "Minnehaha—Minnehaha, laughing water." The closing lines are as follows:

* * * * * * *

'Mid the curling smoke of wigwams,
'Mid the fish scales and the offal,
Lo! the maidens there are squatting,
Seeking "animated somethings;"
Finding them among their tresses,
Raven tresses, tangled tresses.
Thick as blackbirds in the cornfields,
Thick as locusts in their season,
Thick as crows around a carcass—
Hark! the cracking now commences,
Not of rifles—game is plenty!
Quite too plenty, I should fancy,
Here we see your "Minnehaha,
Minnehaha—laughing water,"
As she is, and true to nature:
Oh! behold her! she NEEDS water.
Yonder see them making sugar,
Maple sugar in the forest;
Packing it in birchen baskets,
Sweeter than the sweetest nectar!
Sweet as lips of Minnehaha.
When she kissed her Hiawatha,
Sweet, oh sweet beyond expression!
But I'd like to see them make it,
See them boil it, see them strain it,
See them cleanse it, see them stir it.
Well, behold them, they are at it;
Now they spread their Indian blanket—
Dirty, greasy, full of vermin!
See them strain their syrup through it!
Here's your nectar, poet, sip it—
Made for you by "Minnehaha."
She, the arrow-maker's daughter,
In the land of the Dakotas,
In the land of Minneopa,
In the land of Okabena,
In the land of Hiawatha,
Makes her nectar for the poets,
Sweet enough for gods to feed on.
Take it, poets, if you want it;
I'd prefer a *different strainer*;
I'd prefer it rather *cleaner*;
Thus the "Red Man," stripped of romance,
Thus the red girl, squaw or squalling,
Are dirty as the swine that wallows.
This I've seen in Minnesota,
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the land of Hiawatha,
In the land of Minnehaha,
"Minnehaha—laughing water!"

The Monkey's Address to the Polyp.

Evolved from thee, forsooth, thou thing?
Thou pulpy nondescript, with no sure place
In either kingdom! Who the faintest trace
Perceives of future power and simian grace
In thee small polyp?

Behold these limbs, so supple and so strong;
These eyes, which keen intelligence express;
This tail! Oh! may its shadow never grow less
In that humiliating, base process
The (so-called) wise affirm.

Darwin, forbear! The very thought
Of evolution from a pulp like this
Doth make all Simiadæ howl and hiss,—
We that are ranked as gods and live in bliss
Where India's temples rise.

Give us the proof, ye scientists! Bring on
The fossil beast whose lineaments betray
Transition's progress; then, perhaps, we may
Believe the wild romance. But now, nay, nay!
'Tis ducks we surely hear.

Survival of the fittest! If, indeed,
This doctrine be the true one, tell me why
Yon ugly mandrill stalks beneath the sky,
While fairer simian flowers in silence lie,
To frisk no more.

Search the silurian beds for proof, what then?
Your megatherium, towering to the sky,
And ichthyosaurus, will not yet supply
The missing link to tell how such as I
Sprang from a polyp.

—[L. T., in New York Evening Mail.

The Gas Monopoly Illustrated.

During one of the few cold snaps that we have had this winter, the gas-meter in Mr. Butterwick's house was frozen. Mr. Butterwick attempted to thaw it out by pouring hot water over it, but after spending an hour upon the effort he emerged from the contest with the meter with his feet and trousers wet, his hair full of dust and cob-webs, and his temper at fever-heat. After studying how he should get rid of the ice in the meter, he concluded to use force for the purpose, and so, seizing a hot poker, he jammed it through a vent hole and stirred it around inside of the meter with a considerable amount of vigor. He felt the ice give way, and he heard the wheels buzz around with rather more vehemence than usual. Then he went up stairs.

He noticed for three or four days that the internal machinery of the meter seemed to be rattling around in a remarkable manner. It could be heard all over the house. But he was pleased to find that it was working again in spite of the cold weather, and he retained his serenity.

About two weeks afterward his gas bill came. It accused him of burning during the quarter 1,500,000 feet of gas, and it called upon him to settle to the extent of nearly $350,000. Before Mr. Butterwick's hair had time to descend after the first shock he put on his hat and went down to the gas office. He addressed one of the clerks:

"How much gas did you make at the Blank Works last quarter?"

"I dunno; about 1,000,000 feet, I reckon."

"Well, you've charged me in my bill for burning 500,000 more than you made; I want you to correct it."

"Less see the bill. H—m—m; this is all right. It's taken off the meter. That's what the meter says."

"Spos'n it does; I couldn't have burned more'n you made."

"Can't help that. The meter can't lie."

"Well, how d' you account for the difference.

"Dunno, 'Taint our busines to go nosing and poking around after scientific truth. We depend on the meter. If that says you burned 6,000,000 feet, why you must have burned it, even if we never made a foot of gas out at the works."

"To tell the honest truth," said Butterwick, "that meter was frozen, and I stirred it with a poker and set it whizzing around."

"Price just the same," said the clerk. "We charge for pokers just like we do for gas."

"You ain't actually going to have the audacity to ask me to pay $350,000 on account of that poker?"

"If it was $700,000, I'd take it with a calmness that would surprise you. Pay up, or we'll turn off your gas."

"Turn it off and be hanged!" exclaimed Butterwick, as he emerged from the office, tearing his bill to fragments. Then he went home, and, grasping that too lavish poker, he approached the meter. It had registered another million feet since the bill was made out. It was running up a score of a hundred feet a minute. In a month Butterwick would have owed the gas company more than the United States government owes its creditors. So he beat the meter into a shapeless mass, tossed it into the street, and turned off the gas inside the cellar.

He is now sitting up at night writing an essay on "Our Grinding Monopolies" by the light of a kerosene lamp.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.

A WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

Mark Twain Contributes the Following to Tom Hood's Annual.

The only merit I claim for the following narrative is that it is a true story. It has a moral on the end of it, but I claim nothing on that, as it is merely thrown in to curry favor with the religious element.

After I had reported a couple of years on The Virginia City (Nevada) Daily Enterprise they promoted me to be editor-in-chief; and I lasted just a week by the watch. But I made an uncommonly lively paper while I did last, and when I retired I had a duel on my hands and three horse whippings promised.

The latter I made no attempt to collect; however, this history concerns only the former. It was the old "flush times" of the silver excitement, when the population was wonderfully wild and mixed; everybody went armed to the teeth, and all slights and insults had to be atoned for with the best article of blood your system could furnish. In the course of my editing I made trouble with a Mr. Lord, the editor of a rival paper. He flew up about some little trifle or other that I said about him—I do not remember at this time what it was. I suppose I called him a thief, or a body-snatcher, or an idiot, or something like that; I was obliged to make the paper readable, and I couldn't fail in my duty to a whole community of subscribers merely to save the exaggerated sensitiveness of an individual. Mr. Lord was offended and replied vigorously in his paper. Vigorously means a great deal when it refers to a personal editorial in a frontier newspaper. Dueling was all the fashion among the upper classes in that country, and very few gentlemen would throw away the opportunity of fighting a duel. To kill one man in a duel caused a man to be more looked up to than to kill two men in the ordinary way. Well, out there if you abuse a man and that man did not like it, you had to call him out and kill him, otherwise you would be disgraced. So I challenged Mr. Lord, and I did hope that he would not accept it; but I knew perfectly well that he did not want to fight, and so I challenged him in the most violent and implacable manner. And then I sat down and snuffed and snuffed till the answer came. All the boys—the editors—were in the office "helping" me in the dismal business, and telling about duels and discussing the code

with a lot of aged ruffians, who had experience in such matters, and altogether there was a loving interest taken in the matter that made me unmistakably uncomfortable. The answer came—Mr. Lord declined. Our boys were furious, and so was I on the surface.

I sent him another challenge, and another, and another, and the more he did not want to fight the more bloodthirsty I became. But at last the man's tone began to change. He appeared to be waking up. It was apparent that he was going to fight me after all. I ought to have known how it would be—he was a man who could never be depended upon. Our boys were jubilant. I was not, though I tried hard to be.

It was now time to go out and practice. It was the custom there to fight duels with navy six-shooters at fifteen paces—load and empty till the game for the funeral was secure. We went to a little ravine just out of town and borrowed a barn door for a target—borrowed it from a gentleman who was absent—and we stood this barn door up, and stood a rail on end against the middle of it to represent Lord, and put a squash on top of the rail to represent his head. He was a very tall, lean creature, the poorest sort of material for a duel; nothing but a line shot could fetch him, and even then he might split your bullet. Exaggeration aside, the rail was, of course, a little too thin to represent the body accurately, but the squash was all right. If there was any intellectual difference between the squash and his head, it was in favor of the squash.

Well, I practiced and practiced at the barn door and could not hit it; and I practiced at the rail and could not hit that; and I tried for the squash and could not hit that. It would have been entirely disheartened but that occasionally I crippled one of the boys and that gave me hope.

At last we began to hear pistol shots near by in the next ravine. We knew what that meant! The other party was out practising too. Then I was in the last degree distressed, for of course they would hear our shots and then send over the ridge, and the spies would find my barn door without a wound or mark and that would simply be an end to me; for of course the other man would immediately become as blood thirsty as I was.

Just at this moment a little bird no larger than a sparrow flew by and lit on a bush about thirty paces off, and my little second, Steve Gills, who was a dead shot with a pistol—much better than I was—snatched out his revolver and shot the bird's head off. We all ran to pick up the game, and sure enough, just at this moment, some of the other duelists came reconnoitering over the little ridge. They ran to our group to see what the matter was, and when they saw the bird Lord's second said:

"That was a splendid shot. How far off was it?"

Steve said, with some indifference: "Oh, no great distance. About thirty paces."

"Thirty paces! Heavens alive! Who did it?"

"My man—Twain."

"The mischief he did! Can he do it often?"

"Well, yes. He can do it about four times out of five."

I new the little rascal was lying, but I never said anything. I never told him so. He was not of a disposition to invite confidence of that kind, so I left the matter rest. But it was a comfort to see those people look sick, and see their jaws drop when Steve made that statement. They went off and got Lord and took him home; when we got home, half an hour later, there was a note saying that Mr. Lord peremptorily declined to fight.

We found out afterward that Lord hit his mark thirteen times in eighteen shots. If he had put those thirteen bullets into me it would have narrowed my sphere of usefulness a good deal. True they could have put the pegs in the holes and used me for a hat-rack; but what is a hat-rack to a man uho feels he has intellectual powers?

I have written this true incident of my history for one purpose only—to warn the youth of to-day against the practice of dueling, and to plead with them to war against it. I was young and foolish when I challenged the gentleman, and thought it very fine and grand to be a duelist and stand upon the "field of honor." But I am older and more experienced now, and am inflexibly opposed to the dreadful custom. I am glad, indeed, to be enabled to lift up my voice against it. I think it is a bad immoral thing. It is every man's duty to do all he can to discourage dueling. If a man were to challenge me I would go to that man and take him by the hand and lead him to a retired room—and kill him.

Col. King and E. M. Wilson.

MINNEAPOLIS, March 22, 1876.

To the Editor of the Evening Mail:

You yesterday published the Pioneer Press interview of W. S. King, in which he says, "There is a candidate or two in both parties who have privately and scandalously slandered him, and to whom he will pay his respects," &c.

You add editorially, "that it is understood that he referred to W. D. Washburn and myself."

As to the latter you must be mistaken. The descriptive circumstances do not fit. I am not in any manner a candidate. Neither have I in any manner "privately and scandalously slandered him." My only utterances concerning him were in times considerably past, and were particularly public. To have scandalously slandered him would have been impossible. You are mistaken.

Yours, &c., E. M. WILSON.

That Would Make Bill Run.

[Monticello Times.]

We beg leave to nominate for Congressman from the Third district Col. William Shakespeare King, of Minneapolis, a gentleman whose overweening modesty will, we fear, cause his merits to be overlooked. If the Republicans want a candidate who will run well let them nominate Mr. King and then place a subpœna for him in the hands of the Congressional Sergeant-at-Arms.

Lord Ullin's Daughter.

Lord Ullin was a Scotchman, who flourished about—well, he flourished about as he pleased, as was the custom with Scotch lords at the time of which we write. "Are we write?" He had a beautiful daughter, who was brought up to obey her father in everything, and when she did'nt she was brought up with a round turn.

She was well taught in the accomplishments peculiar to Scotch lassies of the period—could play on the Scotch bagpipes, dance the Scotch reel, indulge in Highland flings (at lovers she didn't like,) repeat the poetry of Burns, together with receipts for scalds—was on visiting terms with the Lady of the Lake, and used Scotch snuff. In fact, she was Scotch all through.

When she arrived at years of indiscretion she fell in love with a chieftian whom her father disliked. We don't know what particular reason Lord Ullin had for opposing the chieftain's suit. Perhaps they disagreed in politics, or there had been a feud. Feuds were very common among Scotch chieftains. In fact, few'd allow their daughters to marry into a family with whom there had been a feud. Or perhaps they were both in the oil business, the lover "chief of Ullin's *ile*," while his prospective father-in-law was president of an opposition company. Be this as it may.

Lord Ullin, on discovering his daughter's preference, shut her up in his castle, and refused to allow the chieftain to see her. But the chieftian, not to be put off in this way, determined to put off the old fellow's daughter instead. So he planted a ladder under his sweetheart's window one night, and it being about the the season for planting ladders, it sprouted at once, and grew so tall before morning that the girl could easily descend on it with the assistance from the chieftain. Then they mounted swift chargers, and rode away in the direction of the nearest justice of the peace.

The flight was discovered, of course, and Lord Ullin, with his trusty retainers followed in hot pursuit. The chase continued for three days without change of horses, a cruelty to animals that would not have been tolerated if the Prevention Society had had their mounted police organized at that time. Away they raced, over hills and through valleys. It was hard to see an old man trying to run down his daughter in that way. There were no bridges in those days, except in euchre, and when they came to a river they had to dash right in. But both parties were rich and they could 'ford it. Toward the close of the third day a sudden storm came up. The lovers found themselves on the shore of Loch Gyle, which they must cross in order to escape an enraged father-in-lawlessness. Love laughs at locksmiths, but it couldn't laugh at Loch Gyle, not very much, for the waves were high—higher than they were with gold at $2.50, and the storm fiend abroad upon

the water while making himself disagreeable at home on land. The chieftain, though of undaunted bravery, was appalled. He was ready to risk anything for the guileless girl beside him, but if there had been one Gyle less he would have better satisfied. A boatman was just tying up for the night, thinking the shore was a pretty good thing to tie to during such a storm, and him the chieftain importuned with offers of big money to row them over the ferry. He told who he was, related the particulars of their flight, and intimated that there would be a dead chieftain lying around the dock if they didn't hurry up.

The lady importuned him, too, declaring she preferred the raging of the elements to meeting a stormy old dad. That settled it. The boatman scorned the money, but beauty in distress he could not resist. Lord Ullin arrived at the beach just as they were pushing off. Perceiving the danger that menaced them, his cruel heart relented. He shouted to them to come back, offering to forgive the Highland chief, allow him a portion of his castle to live in, rent free, and take him in partner in his business, or back him in cattle stealing, but alas it was too late. The storm-king didn't recognize any return pass. For a moment the now agonized father saw his child as she stretched one lovely hand to him for succor, while the other encirled that other sucker, her chieftain, and then the remorseless waves swallowed them forever.

But these things are Ullin a life time.

MR BEECHER'S PLEA FOR EATING WITH THE KNIFE.—I avow myself as an advocate for the rights of the knife. Now, custom has reduced it to the mere function of cutting up one's food. That done, it is laid down and a fork serves every other purpose. By practice one gains unexpected dexterity in using a fork for purposes to which it is ill adapted The Chinese, in like manner, make awkward chop-sticks rarely serviceable, by practice little short of legerdemain: but is that a good reason for the use of chop sticks? A fork, as now made, is unfitted to pierce any morsel upon its tines, and yet they are sharp enough to afflict the tongue if carelessly used. They are split so as to be useless for liquids, and yet they are used as if they were spoons. The fork compels the manipulator to poke and push and pile up the food material, which tends to fall back and apart; it is made to pursue the dainty tidbits, in which often the very core of flavor resides, around the plate in a hopeless chase, and at length a bit of bread is called in as an auxiliary, and thus, while the slim-legged fork, in one hand, is chasing a slim liquid mouthful, a wad of bread in the other goes mopping and sopping around to form a corner, and between the two is at length accomplished what is called genteel feeding! Meanwhile, a broad knife is fitted for the very function which the fork refuses, and the wad of bread ill performs. The reasons for refusing the knife as an active feeding implement are worthy of the awkward practice. "It is liable to cut the mouth" no more than a fork is to stick into lip or tongue. If men ate with razors there would be some reason for avoidance. But table knives are blunt edged. It is even difficult to make them cut when one tries, and if they are properly used the back of the blade will be turned to the mouth. We do not object to the fork: but we demand a restoration of the knife from banishment. We do not desire to enforce its use, but such a liberation as shall leave each one free to use the knife for conveying food to the mouth when that is most convenient, and the fork when that is preferred. Equal rights we demand for black and white, for home born or immigrant, for rich and poor, for men and women, and for knives and forks.

THE DENOUEMENT.

Says Mr. Blaine to Mr. Knott:
"You cannot me deceive;
You dare not, Knott, swear you did not
A telegram receive!

"From Mr. Caldwell did it come,
Now do not Knott deny.
Oh, say not, Knott, you got it not,
For 'twould, Knott, be a lie!"

Says Knott: "I will not now confess,
Nor I will not deny.
Some day I will this knot unknot,
And will you notify."

The fiery Blaine broke out in wrath,
No chill Blaine, sure, was he!
Says he: "I will not, Knott, permit
Such naughty trickery!"

Says Knott: "You are before the Board,
And bored we wont be here."
Says Blaine: "I mean that Board to plane,
And make knots disappear."

Then Knott of pistols loud did talk,
And called the members fools,
And geese, and snakes; but kept within
The Parliamentary rules!

Then Blaine retired, with victory flushed,
For well he'd played his role.
But not so Knott. He felt that he
Could crawl through a knot-hole.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

Irwin Russell, in Scribner's Monthly.

You, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah!
I'd hab you for to know, sah,
I's a-holdin on de lines.
You better stop dat prancin';
You's pow'ful fond ob dancin',
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob your shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out—
Fust t'ing you know you'll tin' out
How quick I'll wear dis line out
On your ugly stubbo'n back.
You needn't try to steal up
An' lif' dat precious heel up;
You's got to plow dis hel' up,
You has, sah, for a fac'.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!
H 's comin' right down to it;
Jes' watch him plowin' t'roo it!
Dis ni ger ain't no fool.
Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
Now, dat wou'd only heat him—
I know jes' how to treat him;
You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger.
If he was only bigger
He'd fotch a mighty figger,
He would, I *tell* you! Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a clickin'!
He's as gentle as a chicken,
An' nebber thinks o' kickin'—
Whoa dar! Nebuchadnezzah!

* * * *

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de debbil got me?
Was dat a cannon shot me?
Hab I laid heah mor'n a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin'!
De beast was sp'iled in raisin'—
By now I 'spect he's grazin'
On de oder side de creek.

Phineas P. Gage.

In your issue of last Wednesday you gave in truthful detail most of the facts relating to the extraordinary case of Gage, through whose brain a tamping iron weighing thirteen pounds went crushing at Cavendish in the y ar 1848. Some additional particulars relating to his subsequent history may be interesting to your readers.

Gage, who was in charge of Dr. John M. Harlow, now of Woburn, Mass., recovered from the shock in a good degree, but with intellect impaired, so as to be able to labor and transact business.

Dr. Bigelow, then and now, if living, a leading physician of Boston, could not believe it possible for a man to live under such circumstances, made a personal examination before he could be convinced. He took Gage to Boston, and kept him a while exhibiting him to his friends and the profession.

After the lapse of a few years Gage went to California, where he died some eight or ten years after the accident, but from causes, if my memory serves me, disconnected with his original hurt. His skull was brought back, and is now in Boston, with the tamping iron. H.

HON. WM. S. KING,

present member of Congres from the Third Congressional District of Minnesota. He is a "brunette" and some little ways on this side of fifty A man of marked ability. A "subsidist" by profession. He is well posted in the stock raising business and is regarded here in his own State as a fine genial gentleman, but a very little corrupt. He spends the *winter season* in Canada East and in the summer loaiters in the vicinity of Minneapolis. We are of the opinion that he is a "secret commissioner" appointed by President Grant to look after our interests in Canada, and hence his "visit" to that section last winter. He is the man who, "having passed through a fiery ordeal, with the bars behind him, if made president, would point onward and upward to that golden shore, where with harpes and things we can listen to the beautitudes of the universe as they chant through all eternity in lovely unison an anthem of holy praise for the statue of limitations." We hope to see the rights of Minnesota and William S. K. observed in this presidential respsct for Minnesota has never turned out a president and, then, William is *so* worthy an deserving of further political honor, and his residence in Canada greatly enhances his chances as well as his connection with PacificMail.

ORIGINAL STORY.

THREE NICE PARTIES.

A Scientific Christmas Story, Adapted to Upper Latitudes and Modern Civilization.

BY P. GREEN.

[Written for the Journal.]

Three nice old gentlemen, nicer would be quite impossible to find in peerage or penitentiary, in society or slums; three parties who were nice old men and three nice old men for a small party. Their names were Schnou-Schnou, Kohl-Kohl and Bliz-Bliz, and in those days names were scarce and poor folks couldn't afford but one apiece, but no gentleman who made any pretensions to blood or affluence could for a moment think of anything less than a double-barrelled name, hinge-jointed in the middle. Hence it will be quite apparent to the astute reader that, these three old parties were persons of distinction. In the language of the ancients, they were some pumpkins if not more.

Herr Schnou-Schnou was an excitable old gentleman, with long white hair, and whenever anybody trod on his corns or spilled hot soup down his back, and whenever he had a jumping toothache or his washerwoman detained his Sunday shirt until he had settled old scores, this nice old gentleman would tear out his white hair by the millions of tons, and almost wish he were dead. That's why I know he belonged to one of the very first families, and why the associated press and Old Probabilities always mentioned him in the telegraphic dispatches. He lived on the shores of Hudson's Bay, in the State of Nudity, and as might be expected frequently indulged in pneumonia and other similar luxuries appropriate to arctic latitudes and his particular costume and habit—of life—so to speak.

His next door neighbor and intimate companion was the genial and eccentric Von Kohl-Kohl, an exceedingly nice person, whose nose was an icicle fourteen miles long, and whose ears towered aloft and glistened in the sun like mountain peaks. Though a nice gentleman and the admiration of all the young ladies of Alaska, he was yet a little stiff in the joints and had a bad catarrh caused by his going around bald-headed and neglecting to take an internal conflagration of equal parts anthracite, train-oil and kerosene, as prescribed (with a big R) by all the medical faculty of Kamtschatka, and he had a lovely habit of twisting the noses of school boys till they turned white, and then swelled up as big as nine noses ought to be. And beside that he used to turn soft water into hard, and cram the mercury down to the bottom bulb, and any amount of other amusing juggler's tricks that endeared him to everybody, especially the coal-merchant and apothecary. Oh a sweet old pair were Schnou-Schnou and Kohl-Kohl and it was charming to see them together.

And not less lovely was Signor Bliz-Bliz, one of the most delightfully familiar and free old gentlemen that ever was seen, although of course it is quite impossible to conceal the fact that he was sometimes a little too familiar with the ladies, and that they found it impossible to resist his advances even in their most proper clothing; but good gracious he never thought of such a thing himself, and beside he never showed any partiality whatever. If he *had* a fault, it was in being a trifle vain, for he was always blowing and reminding everybody that he was around, and entitled to their immediate consideration, and whenever he had taken anything that disagreed with him and put him on the ragged edge, instead of quietly taking a peppermint lozenge and retiring to a cave of gloom, as a less eccentric person might do, he used to just get up on his ear and howl, and that's why some bad people were in the habit of prefixing an expletive to his name whenever they mentioned him.

And these three nice old gentlemen lived together on the delightful shores of Baffin's Bay and Hudson's Bay and the great Polar Ocean and all those nice geographical resorts, from which they made annual excursions southward bringing their sheaves and catarrh and pneumonia with them, and tearing their hair and raising the devout petitions of all good people for their speedy and safe return to their usual places of abode among the lovely shades of Greenland's icy mountings.

Well, these three nice old gentlemen, on the Christmas eve Nineteen thousand million years ago, having exhausted all usual plans of holiday amusement, bethought themselves of a grand spree, which should do honor to the occasion, and demonstrate their superiority in the liquor business over any peer of the realm, holy friar of the church, or St. Louis manufacturer of highwines.

So they bribed the government inspector and went to making it crooked in the most natural and elegant manner possible, and then the inspector struck for higher wages and they had to make it faster and faster until according to all accounts it was by odds the juciest time on record. It drowned out all the old settlers except one who happened to have a ferry charter which authorized him to land above high water mark. By this time these three old gentlemen were very jolly and Kohl-Kohl could no longer resist the temptation to play off a new trick, which he had learned of Herrmann, the prestidigiwhatdyecallit; so he stuck his long cold nose in the liquid and presto; it all became as solid as rock. Miles deep it covered the whole country all the way from Alaska to Cincinnati, and all smooth as glass, and white as an Indian agent after an investigation. Just then Signor Bliz-Bliz stooped down to take a drink and bumped his nose against the frozen liquor till the blood and profanity flew in all directions. So he arose and howled and made himself unpleasant all across two continents and through fifty degrees of latitude. I have already mentioned that he had a habit of blowing around in an indiscriminate manner, and when I add that he had a mouth ten thou-

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sand miles broad and lungs of proportionate capacity, any person with any degree of penetration whatever will readily perceive that Kohl-Kohl's scurvy trick upon him must have rendered him a very voluble person indeed. Prohibitory laws have ever proved failures, and only those which require us to do exactly what we please, should be inflexibly enforced.

Nor did the trouble cease here, for just then Herr Schnou-Schnou happened to step on the frozen liquor and in less time than you could remark, J. Robinson Esq., his heels flew up to the sky and he sat down with such a shock that it dislocated all the geological strata of North America, elevated the coal measures to twelve and fifteen dollars a ton, and produced the greatest scarcity of metalic currency ever known except under the tyranical influences of a protective tariff. He rose saying "Give the old man a chance," and proceeded immediately to tear his venerable locks in the most tragic manner. Still Von Kohl-Kohl never relented but remained gloomy as a comic poet, and rigid as a marble statue. He reasoned wisely that if his companions chose to get their backs up about such a trifle as *that*, they might blow and tear their hair till the cows come home for all of him. And so they did—For forty-eight thousand six hundred ninety-two years six months and nine days, did Bliz-Bliz perpetually blow, and during the same period of time did Schnou-Schnou yank out his flaky tresses by cart loads and strew them over the northern hemisphere. He became nearly bald headed during the prolonged operation and but for his thoughtfulness to provide himself previously with a 25 cent bottle of Allen's Hair Restorer, would have become wholly so.

Ages passed, and the capillary productions of Schnou-Schnou, wafted southward on the incessant breath of Bliz-Bliz, heaped high over all the land, and chilled by the frigid look of the obdurate Kohl-Kohl into stony solidity, pushed forward with irresistible force toward the Gulf of Mexico. Nothing like it has ever been known in the whole history of hair-dressing; for the modern chignon is but a feeble imitation of an arctic glacier, and a modern waterfall can scarcely hold a candle to the magnificent cataracts of the glacial epoch. Mountains of rock were hewn down and ground into first class real estate

BISON AND SITTING BULL.

One Who Knows All About It—John Parker, of Excelsior, Rises to Explain.

Editor Evening Tribune.

My Beloved Friend:—I rise up to observe that this thing has gone about far enough. I am daily pained and grieved in reading the grossest representations concerning those who are not only dear to me, but whose good name and honorable standing, I feel it my duty to maintain as sacredly as I would my own honor or varacity. I appeal to you to assist me in setting things to rights. We can do it, and we only can. You know me and know my ability in that line, and you know that reliable narrative is is my exceeding best holt. Now all these newspaper stories about Bison and Sitting Bull are grossly at fault. To be sure, there is a great deal of truth about them and a great deal of good history (mostly irrelevant, however,) but then they don't tell the whole story, and are not the clear and satisfactory version which the reading public demands. *I alone can produce the exact facts* required, for I am the

GREAT GRANDFATHER

of the one and the maternal aunt (by marriage) of the other, and have intimately known both from my earliest infancy. You will bear in mind, as I have frequently told you, that my ancestors were among the very first families of Virginia—perhaps the *very* first—having resided there, according to the town clock, since about the time that William the Conqueror (whose surname was Poole, and who subsequently died a true American) came over—or, to use the modern construction of language, "come it over" Hair-oil the Scandinavian. Three out of my four fathers were married at various periods to the late lamented Pokahontas, whence ensued the line at the extremity of which I am. One of those ancestors was John Smith, from whom I inherited my tendency to rigid and self-denying veracity, and also my versatility of appearance and "numerousness," as it were.

You will perceive by this narrative that I am nearly related to Col. Parker, late Indian Commissioner of Affairs, and also to Hon. D. W. Logan, with the moustache.

I am thus minute in regard to my own extraction (Indian extracts in general being much valued) that you and your readers may understand why I am so familiar with the facts which I here propose to publish, and why I

CANNOT TELL A LIE.

Sitting Bull and Bison are one and the same. Whoever says to the contrary should go west and grow up with the country. They were born, the latter in company with Jonathan Carver, La Salle and others in the interior of North America in the year 1492, and the latter at a somewhat subsequent date. I well remember the infantile days of Sitting Bull, the guileless innocence of his childhood, and how we used to give him a truthful little hatchet and butcher knife and the old yellow cat all for to play with. I should judge that he must have scalped that old cat as much as sixteen or seventeen hundred times before he was three years old. It was beautifully touching to observe what an interest that child took in dumb animals—particularly that cat. And then to see him draw rations and blankets and things just in play. Why I have seen him walk around the tepee hour after hour, and every time he would come up and answer to a different name and draw acorns for rations and burdock leaves for blankets and fish bones for scalping knives. You see, he would always set up a rotton basswood stick, with two clam-shells for eyes, looking straight up to the sky for an agent. It used to bring tears to my eyes to see him sometimes, it reminded me of his dear papa, who went out scalping once in fun, and had something happen to him so he didn't come back again. We named him Sitting Bull when he was only two years old, but when he grew up a little and begun to develop the peculiar traits of his great great grandfather and greater ancestor, John Smith, we were sorry we hadn't called him

LYING BULL INSTEAD.

When they arrived at years of indiscretion we sent them to the government house of correction at West Point, where they assumed the name of McLean, commonly known as "Freeman" McLean. Several young ladies of the vicinity can testify to the latter fact. I am proud to say that in this respect my honored relative nobly sustained the articles of war and Soldier's Code of Morals. As described in various newspaper articles, they were in personal appearance "full-bearded and hair-bodied, with a large head and bold, full face." Mr. Noah Webster, who was undoubtedly well acquainted with them, describes them also as having "short, black, rounded horns, with a great interval between their bases. On the shoulders is a large bunch consisting of a fleshy substance." This last, however, is no exclusive peculiarity of Mr. Bison. I have known whole families in that way. All the muttonheads are built similarly.

Well, as I was saying, my relative, when he was a young man, went west and has since gradually distributed himself over a large extent of country. It is true as stated by The Richmond (Va.) that he was in 1852 (and ever since for that matter) in New Mexico, and has to a considerable extent joined the Gila Apacha Indians. I have seen him by thousands on the plains of Kansas and Colorado. The inherited family trait is strong in him, and except the grasshopper he is unequalled in fertility and

UBIQUITOUSNESS.

He has been, during his long and varied experience, killed and skinned to a greater extent, probably, than anybody else in this country. Squeamish people may object to being scalped, but what would they say to being not only scalped, but regularly flayed from head to foot, and not only once, but by hundreds and thousands of times, and

more brutal than all that, even their very skins sold by the bale as merchandise? Ah, I assure you, Mr. Editor, my dear relative has not been treated well. It is not surprising, therefore, that he has become all at once so very offensive; almost anybody would, after being so treated. Nor can you now wonder (knowing his family antecedents) at his appearing simultaneously at so many places. Not content with inhabiting at once the Black Hills, the Humboldt and Big Horn mountains, the North Platte, Colorado, Powder, Rosebud, Missouri and Big Horn rivers, he has recently been seen making treaties and alliances with all the Indians between Nova Scotia and Puget Sound, and from the

GULF OF MEXICO TO THE NORTH POLE.

On the 8th of July last he appeared in overwhelming numbers simultaneously at six or seven hundred different points all along our western border, driving in our skirmish line of old veterans who fought mit Sigel, and had it not been for timely reinforcements in the persons of Brigadier General Nichols, Major General Macy and Lieutenant General Pusey, there is no computing the direful results. We now know it was occasioned by a bull, and S. Bull was no doubt the one. Lately I saw him (through a glass donkey) in close consultation with the man of the moon, engaged as usual in making a warlike treaty. When, I ask, are these things to stop?

I trust, Mr. Editor, that I have succeeded in establishing the identity of Bison and Sitting Bull, and that this long communication will, in view of the vast importance of the subject, and the clearness of demonstration which I have applied to it, be regarded as not unworthy a place in your columns, on the literary reputation heretofore achieved by your's truly,

JOHN PARKER,

P. GREEN'S LETTERS.

[Written for the Fergus Falls Journal]

THE FRONTIER LANDLORD.

Being Vivid Recollections of P. G. when he was Young and Verdant.

I shall always remember him. He was so sociable and took such an interest in me, and brought his remarks so directly down to the level of my comprehension.

You know I was pretty young then, and had never been outside the shade of the elms of Cambridge. My mother and sisters admired my thin, pale forehead, and thinner and paler goatee, and looked forward with confidence to the day when the future Professor Greene would be, as they expressed it, "the brightest jewel in the crown of Harvard university." It is perhaps needless to remark that their gem never received that kind of polish or setting. He was rubbed down on a different kind of grindstone. My father—name John Green—who was a short, stout man; who dealt (not extensively) in hides and leather upon a not too conspicuous street in Boston; whose orthography as well as physique was perhaps a little too robust; a person, in short, with whom the rest of the family did not associate much, suggested one day that "Prax" (Prax was only the first joint of my front name in those days; my mother never neglected calling me Praxiteles, especially before company) that "Prax 'd better go west; mebbe'l do 'im some good." I came west.

One of the first persons I met was

THAT LANDLORD.

I didn't rush into his arms, as I had been accustomed to do with my mother and sisters at home. Something restrained me. I stood before him and asked with diminishing confidence in myself if I could procure entertainment at his house. With the storms of twenty additional winters of great severity whitening my bald hairs, I should now address that landlord (should I meet him again, which may I never) with "Say, old mudscow, just open out yer shebang, I'm going to stay here to-night." When he slowly swung his old damaged turret around and unclosed the the red-flannel lined shutters of his one eye upon me, I felt the impending crisis in my vitals, and w'en he opened his cavern and thundered, "Entertainment! yer kin *stay* here I spose if ye wants to," I felt that the sepulchre had opened its portals to receive me. I had met the enemy and was his'n. In one eventful second he had seen, measured and sat down on me. When he leveled that solitary red flannel optic at me on the next morning, I realized in my inmost soul that he knew I had passed a night of sleepless agony, but instead of telling him as I ought to, that his old log rattery was cram full of the most venomous bed bugs in America, I—*lied* to him, lied meanly and deliberately. Fully sensible of the depth of my degradation, I told him that I had never slept a sleep so sweetly in all my life. And then he expressed his opinion of some young soap locks he had seen afore now, who hadn't traveled, and didn't know when they was well off, and was eternally growlin about the beds, and the wash dish, and towel, and comb, and hair brush; and all that time I never suggested to him, as an experienced traveler would, that an everlasting fortune in soap grease stared him in the face—within point-blank range of his nose—in and around that "sink"—of corruption—where travelers were expected to "wash."

Of course I went to breakfast as a man goes to a funeral—his own funeral by the way; and if that landlord was master of the situation elsewhere, if he "come out strong" under other discouragements, he was just the Supreme Controller of the destinies of that breakfast table; and he couldn't have been better satisfied with himself if the band had been playing "see the conquering hero comes" right ahead of him all the time. I have not heretofore mentioned that he wasn't what you might call a handsome man, but then I didn't became so conscious of that fact until I sat down to the table. No, there was too much whisky inside, and too much tobacco juice and sediment of one sort and another outside of him. He had been the secretary of too many prize fights, and had kept the tally of their results on his nose, his left ear and over one eye to an extent that marred his architectural beauty, and there was evident too little comb and too much of the three great kingdoms of nature in his hair.

But that didn't worry him any. Neither did the melancholy end (or any other end for that matter) of the flies in the milk, butter and gravy. Indeed I have never shed any sympathetic tears over the fate of those flies myself. There were no inducements, no mitigating circumstances no reason whatever for suicide. Perhaps they didn't do it—perhaps that landlord deliberately murdered them—perhaps the smell of that butter "fetched" their young lives down to the sticky tomb.

The history of that eating room from the earliest antiquity, was done in elaborate fresco of coffee, egg and molasses up and down the length and breadth of the tablecloth. It was the long record of that landlord's trials and triumphs, and he gazed upon it with udisguised admiration. And when it came to eating, how sociably he was. What long and cheerful stories he told about fellers that had sot at that table and et and et till they was fit to bust—fellers that it didn't seem as'o they'd ever stop chawin and hoggin down the vittles—

rellers that 'ud (here he passed me that fly-cemetery which he facetiously called the butter dish, while his one eye held mine in undeviating point blank range) jest jam down more'n fifty cents wuth of butter and never wink, (they must have been tough veterans) and as for sugar—I had just asked for some—they daub it all over their vittles till a hog couldn't eat 'em. Had I been the experienced infant who now ad dresses you, I should have merely yelled "All korrect old skinflint, just you sluice down the balance of that hash this way and skurry round for some grub that a white man can eat." But that was twenty years ago and I sat there while that battered old border ruffian poured his broadsides of wrath through me at the "fellers that et so darned much." And when at last he turned his batteries on them sneaks that go round the country allers a grumblin at the fare and the bills, an a tryin ter bankrup every tavern they come to, I didn't talk to him likh a Dutch uncle as I ought to; I didn't remark to him, "Sa-ay old peppercorn, here's five cents, take your pay for your sh-bang and yourself, your bunks and your bed bugs, your flies and your soap grease, give me my change and I'll burn the whole caravan."

No, I didn't do anything of that sort—I merely took off my watch and chain emptied my wallet and pockets, peeled off my clothes, handed up my valise and said: "Take these sir—take these and let me go in peace, a spared monument of mercy." He took them an I I left. I said I wouldn't forget him, and I haven't.

Sadly I am

P. GREEN.

AND now another enthusiast individual arises and inquires why a drop letter bearing the Minneapolis post mark of Jan. 10, is only twenty-three days reaching his postoffice box. Allowing the stamping table to be twenty-three feet from that box, it can be demonstrated that that letter actually advanced more than a foot every twenty-four hours—and in the dead of winter, too. Why that is nearly equal to the watermelon express. Truly we live in a wonderful age. Only think what will be accompiished in the *next* 100 years—and—and weep.

A LETTER TO NASBY.

By Tildin Ann Reform, "Wich You Understand A'int My Reel Name."

The "Atrositys" Being Committed Here in the North—The Outrage at Northfield.

Charley Pitts, Bill Chadwell and Jessy Jaims as "Mizzury" Missionaries.

Editor Evening Tribune:

The following, consigned to me (reason unknown) by T. A. Reform (Mr. or Miss—sex doubtful) to be forwarded to Rev. P. V. Nasby, is entrusted to your care, it being the only mode left me for conveying intelligence to that gentleman. The Post Office Department informs me that the mails are no longer delivered at Confederate Cross Roads, Ky. Respectfully, P. GREEN.

ERINGOBRAWVILLE, LASURE KOUNTY } MINNYSOTY, Sep. the 11, 1876. }

Rev. Petroleum V. Nazby, Sur, Cornfedrit X rodes, (wich I'm afrade won't be postmaster):

Revrend and deer frend, mi blud biles with indignashen as I take my pen to inform you uv the atrositys wich is bein cummitted hear in the north. I allood to the horribel outrage at Northfeeld, ware too uv our best frens Charly Pitts and Bill Chadwell was murdered in cold blud an without enny provacashun lass Wensdy. The troo histry uv that event is as follers:

Urly lass munth our friend Jessy Jaims the leder of that noble band uv Moral Evangelists who have neerly rescood Mizzury from the heel of the tirant, rote me that he shood cum north on a mishunnary tower and wood partake of my hosspitalty. Ez I hev been in the hosspitalty bissness fur sum yeres in the lasure woods I knew wut he ment. He rote futher thet the objex of his tower wus three. First to rase a campane fund to use in Mizzury, wich gittin shaky agin. Tildin (& Reform) didn't send only a small kag uv greenbax (wich orto be inflated) to Jessy, an' told 'im to ekonomize and live within his incum, an Jessy sed he was bound to do it, even if he had to increese the incum. Then he wus a goin to spoil the filistines sum and laber in his ushel humble but konvincin way to brake down the grindin monoply uv the bloted bondholdin ollergarky (wich is the banks that has got the munny). I understood that too pretty well.

An larstly, he was a goin ter spred the lite of Mizzury sivilazashun an hi toned shivilry amung the degraided mudsils uv the north. All of wich sentimence is ennobin and commans my hiest rerpec. So I fixt up my humbly cot to reseeve cumpany. Jessy sed he calkilated to hev a few apossles along, an wud hold servises probaly in Mankato, Saint Petre, Northfeeld an faryboo, an wood want a quiet an inconspikuwus retreat ware he cood rest his weery frame after his labers in evangelizin these benighted towns. Alars! how little did he no uv the stile uv

THESE BLUDDY MINNYSOTY SAVAGES!

Our noble patrits reseeved no incurrigment in the work of Reform (an Tildin) from the minnit they struk this stait. They wus subjectid to evry indignity. The tavern keepers wudent trust, and in Sant Pall they wus charged the most outragis prisis for hossis wich as thay hed never pade enny thing for thare hossis afore wus a onexpectid hardship. But that wusnt the wust uv it. At nite they strayed into a festiv resort in that wicked sitty, hopin to recooperate their finansiz an was outrajed an clened out uv nerely the last greenbak in the Reform (an Tildin) fund, by a onprincipled femail an too hartles retches from the black hills hoo plade the wust game uv poker ever seed on the continent. You may well suppose that sich tirannikle tretement by this infamus Linkin desputizn cood not be endured by our noble herose. Unable to kompete with the pawper labor uv the north tha struk boldly for Northfeeld dezinin to preech a convincin gospil into that

SINFUL TOWN,

and purswade the radikle retches hoo inhabit it, too turn from the error uv there waze. Neer Northfeeld they got dinner with a duchman who they suspectid had munny hid somewhares, but the ignerent and grovelling creeter had no idee uv polyticks an they coodn't even git the cowardly sneek to bet on Minnysoty, tho thay offerd (1000) dolers onto Tildin an Reform. The contemptyble meneness an pusillanamus uv these northern heshuns is awfle. How is the free born suns of the south to git a livin? Thats what I'd like to no. Tha never see a pickayoon uv that old duchmans munny an jusly indgent tha left, fnr Northfeeld. Arivin thare three uv the mishunarys went in to

INTERVOO THE CASHEER,

and the rest rid ther hossis up an down the strete kindly warnin fokes aginst the danger uv goin out doors to much doorin the solemnitiz, and to impres thare remarx onto the radicles they kalled em suns uv —* and yoosin thare revolvers in a sportiv stile by wich one idjeotic swede hoo didnt know anuff to kepe out uv range got hurt sum and serve him wright. But it makes my blud bile agin evry time I think uv the owtrajis an obstinate konduc uv that casheer, hoose grovelin sujecshun to a bloted korporashun, indoosed him to refoose the resnable reques uv Jessy fur a redistribooshun of kerrency, an thareby presipitated the fatal sooiside of the misgided man. But ear this a horribel trajady hed ben enackted outside. The streets uv Northfeeld hed flode with the best blud uv the Cornfedrisy. Too uv that noble band uv Appostles hed bin fendishly murderd in cole blud by villins in hooman shape an a

BROOTAL MOB UV HIRELINS

wus even then surroundin our shivalrus frends. Thair wus not a instant to be lost, and without havin acheeved enny reward for the hardships and dangers thay hed exposed thereselves too, our brave boys wus kompelled to beet a haisty retrete. "O, how diffrent this is frum our beluvd Mizury," sed Cole Yunger in menshinin it to me thet nite.

And now begun won uv the most barbarus pursoots evver knone in histry. The feendish malignity uv the Kossucks uv Moskow kin nowhares be compaired to these northren savagis.

It wus with the gratis diffyculty that our herose wus abel to reach my unpretendin home. Heer fur the present, they is safe, but I feer the bludthirsty minyens uv the north, urged on by mersanary motivs, may diskuver their retrete, and then even the sanktity uv home an the fact thet my hous is my cassle an I hev the hiest rite to perteck it, will I fere avale me nothin. Alreddy hes too vigrus voters (wich in Mizzury is good fer too hunderd votes) for Tildin an reform gone to the boorn whents no voter gits back, and shood this brave band be seazed and incarserated in a northern basteel till after eleckshun I feer fer Tildin (an reform) in Mizzury.

The fackt is the

BOYS MISTOOK THARE FEELD.

Dimmycrats ez wall ez Blak Rebublikins dont seem to hev no simpathy or feelin for em, and all jine in the hartless pursoot totally regardlis uv the nesessitiz uv the kampane in the sunny sowth. Alars, it remins me of 1861, wen our luved and trusted frens in the north poosillanamusly went back onto us wen we drove the invader outn Charlsn harber.

I feer for the Amerikin cornfederashun. Wen this awfle noose reaches Mizzury an Kintuky a seen of horrer will ensoo. The brootal and degradid niggers hoo hev bin kep from devastatin that fare land only by feer uv the noble Jaims and Yunger patrits will now brake loose, kummit varius owtragis, vote without enny holesum restraint—an konsequently agin Tildin (ann Reform), an the hull confedrit cos be lost an the suthern war clames indefinit postponed. O, wy did thay

LEEVE MIZZURI,

ware thay are so mutch needed, an cum heer ware ther aint no yoose cummin, an ware thay aint wantid? The dooty onto you, revrend frend, is pressin. The war uv rases is enevatable. Rouse the Caucashion rase to thare peril. Let every man seese his dubbel barrild gun an protek his harthstun an fer sevril miles around from the bludthursty and infooriatid nigger. Mizzury an Kintukky may yit be carrid fer the hero uv Noo York, hoo sucksessfully resistid the onconstituoshenal Lincum tax in 1862 and subsequent.

Yoors,

TILDIN ANN REFORM.

(Wich you understand aint my reel name, it's only put on—an Alice so too speek.)

* The High Morals of America not permitting in print the name of the female dog, I am reluctantly compelled to mutilate the manuscript of my valued correspondent at this point.—P. G.

Shammy, dear Shammy, come down, will you now?
Old Maine like a knell has struck one;
That income return is raising a row,
And you're wanted to tell how 'twas done,

The day has grown dark and Seymour won't stick,
It's a Fletch.* of a fix we are in,
And exceedingly plain you must rise and explain,
Or we're busted in spite of your tin.
Come down, Shammy!
Dear Shammy!!
Come down!!!

*"H— F—" Fletcher, otherwise known as "the gentleman from Winnipeg."

Gurreat Caesar Leaves.

Editor Evening Tribune:

I wish to correct an erroneous, not to say false and slanderous, imputation to which currency has been given, concerning a prominent and worthy person. I allude to J. Cæsar, Esq. Certain persons, whose names are known, but whom, out of consideration for their interesting and innocent families, I forbear to particularize further, have for some time past, to forward ulterior designs of their own, circulated false the and and injurious report that Mr. Cæsar is dead. Some, more cautious and adroit than others, and with an evident purpose of avoiding legal liability in the matter, have darkly insinuated what they dared not charge openly. For instance, I overheard one of those persons, in speaking of a prominent Democratic politician, recently, remark that he was as dead as Mr. Cæsar, or words to that effect. The person alluded to was, of course, (though unconscious of the fact) very dead, indeed, and the natural inference in the case was very unjust to Mr. Cæsar.

Now, I wish to put a stop to these libelous remarks. They injure Mr. Cæsar's business and commercial credit. No one feels like doing business with him or taking his note of hand after he has been dead for a length of time, particularly as the past summer has been one of unexampled high temperature.

Mr. J. Cæsar is as I have reason to believe, in as good health, spirits and appetite as at any time during the last thousand years or so. I last evening accompanied that noble savage, "Young-Man-Afraid-of-his girl" to his reservation at the Academy and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Cæsar face to face, so I know precisely what I am speaking about, and I know that he "ain't dead yet." I wasn't so sure of it at first for I detected a family resemblance between him and a robust young lady of my acquaintance named Pocahontas, who stands in front of a cigar store on the avenue. I thought she might be a descendant of his, or he a descendant of hers perhaps. However, I admired his blue shirt and the grass rope that was tied around his skull to keep his noble brains from bustin' out, and was satisfied. But when I saw how calmly and peacefully he breathed for an hour or two, while Mr. Anthony (grandson of Susan B.) was talking bosh to the Democratic voters I knew that the crisis was past and that he would survive. When I beheld again that blond countenance and ruby nose I knew that he was out of danger, provided he joined the Good Templars in season, and when (letting on to be an unsubstantial Roman angel) he made the boards creak under him, I no longer needed the assurance of Mr. Brutus that J. Cæsar may still be depended upon for a vigorous a and active existence.

And now having made this important discovery, if any person alludes to Col. Cæsar as defunct, I shall assess that offending individual a royalty of $10, 30 per cent. discount if paid before I leave the city. Shakspeareiently yours,

P. GREEN (Col.)

The Chicago Times publishes the address of Mr. A. C. Botkin, (editor of the Milwaukee Sentinel,) in favor of Minority Representation, in which he reviews, with other projects, that of Mr. George B. Wright, of this city, known as the Preference Vote.

THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.

There is no more striking evidence of the growing intelligence of the people, of the elevation of public sentiment in political matters, of the increasing disposition of people to read all sides, learn all the facts, weigh them and then decide in a dispassionate and judicial way upon all political questions, than the rapid strides forward which the independent newspapers of the country are making. Nearly all the great newspapers are on the independent platform. They publish the best speeches of the ablest leaders of both parties. They are not afraid to give credit or blame to either party whenever deserved, and they habitually sum up and strike the balance of partisan credits and debits every little while, that their readers may know the strength and the weakness, the safety and trustworthiness or insecurity and dishonesty of the several parties of the country. The independent newspaper is the daily political market report, and its value depends wholly on the accuracy with which that report is made up, the clearness of its judgemnt and its fidelity to and entire reliance upon settled principles of human action. For instance if a political success is gained by a trick or juggle, the independent newspaper will bear in mind, and carefully note the fact that such a victory is in the end always defeated. The independent newspaper exposes so soon as the evidence appears, all vote-catching devices, and the man who builds a cheap reputation as patriot and reformer while fishing for an office, is likely to have a hard time of it before he gets through with the independent press.

The "organ" style of journalism is getting sadly at a discount among intelligent people. As soon as a man realizes that his newspaper's sole business is always to praise his party, always to gloss over its errors and excuse its crimes, always to magnify its prestige and prospects and decry and smirch the opposition, just so soon he begins to have a contempt for the paper. When he learns that he cannot trust its statements of fact, that its estimates of coming events are totally unreliable, then he discovers that it isn't worth its subscription price and he has no further use for it. When it lauds an outrage in his own

party, and besmears with its adulation some sc[illegible] has succeeded in getting [illegible] party nomination, the thing gets to be a little *too* thick, and he throws away the "organ" in disgust.

The New York Tribune and Herald, the Chicago Times and all the come-outers from party ranks are better papers now than they ever were or ever could be as party newspapers. The Pioneer-Press and Tribune is the best paper Minnesota ever had, and the chief merit of all those sheets, as conducted to-day, is that they are able and not afraid to see and discuss both sides of party questions. It is a noteworthy fact that nearly all the independent papers of the country, after weighing the two great parties, their platforms, candidates, acts and tendencies in this year, have decided—as they say "on the whole"—that Hayes and Wheeler are to be decidedly preferred over "Tilden and Reform," and hence are giving their hearty support to the repulican nominees. And *such* support carries with it infinitely more weight than the partisan roar of "organs" like the Washington Republican and Cincinnati Enquirer, that applaud indiscriminately every dishonest and disgraceful trick of their own party, with the same amount of gush that they display in holding up to the world its honors and virtues. So at last in journalism as everywhere else, the best service a man can do his party or any party, is to tell the truth about it. The best citizenship is the best partisanship always, and this is the lesson that newspaper men are rapidly learning, and the result is that growing and fearless leader of public opinion—the independent press.

Fergus Falls, Friday Sept. 15, 1876

A. J. UNDERWOOD, Editor and Publisher.

P. GREEN'S LETTERS.

[Written for the Fergus Falls Journal]

JOHN CHINAMAN ON TABLE ETIQUETTE.

I shouldered my lead pencil and went out to interview him concerning the great social convulsion that is rending America from centre to circumference. I wanted to get the Celestial opinion on the right under the constitution, of an American citizen to cut tough piecrust with a knife, under any circumstances; and whether the unhappy individual who inadvertantly touched his knife to his lips ought to be served up from the cannon's mouth, *a la* Sepoy, or simply broken on the rack and then toasted over a slow fire.

SNOB SHAM,

WASHING

Such is his inscription in front of his place of business. I observed that there were nine or ten of him thereabouts, and to be on the safe side in addressing the first one I met, I fell back on the conventional designation of the Heathen Chinee the world over.

"Morning John. Hope I see you well."

"Belly well," returned John.

"Excuse me," said I, "I am not particular about an anatomical account of stock of your viscera, so we will omit the remaining stanzas of the inventory. You are doubtless aware that the most important question now agitating this continent is the knife and fork revolution. The guillotine has been abolished in France, the table knife has been driven in disgrace out of "society" in America. No well bred person now would dare to put a knife to his mouth. He may starve his grandmother and hurrah for Jeff Davis. Robbing a blind beggar or assassinating a president are venial offences that society can forgive, but eating with a knife, never! Not only is the act of placing the knife in the mouth the one supremely filthy and disgusting habit which any person having any regard for cleanliness must utterly abhor, but it is also the most perilous of foolhardy undertakings. There is constantly the greatest possible danger of swallowing the knife, which (as few Americans have any experience in such feats of jugglery) would undoubtedly not agree with the person eating it, and the slightest false motion at any time would inevitable sever the head of the unfortunate knife user from his body, leaving only the ghastly and unsatisfied under jaw vainly striving to chew the vacant air, and thus create a very unfavorable impression on the remainder of the assembly. No, sir, eating with the knife can no longer be permitted in this land of the free, and no well-bred person will do it.

"Well bled Melican—dam fool alle same," observed John sadly.

"And then, take notice how admirably adapted for the purpose the fork is. See the fine curve it has from end to end. Not so straight as a scythe snath, but far straighter than a cork screw. How fittted for the delicate manipulation required at the table. And observe these elegant four prods at the end of it. If you don't get the thing you are spearing for, it will fetch something else every time. None of the dangers which on every hand surround the knife eater, are to be apprehended in using the fork. In the first place no one can cut his throat with a fork, and it is so crooked that it cannot be swallowed—at least more than half way, and in such a case a skillful dentist with a pair of forceps can always afford relief at the slight cost of two dollars and fifty cents.

"And then again nothing else so distinguishes the rude uncultivated boor—the shoddy pretender— from the genuine blue-blooded Brahmin. He who can perform the most difficult table feats left handed, with a fork, (for the fork in the right hand at any time signifies banishment from heaven, or good society, which is much the same), must have been born of superfine stock. To eat gravy left handed with a boomerang shaped fork, in the most elegant manner, is the highest prized of all accomplishments in this country—one life is too short to master the art, a person has to be born so. And yet it is very singular—lefthanded accomplishments in any other line are considered not only awkward but vulgar. Now, John, tell me truly your opinion of it."

"Melica man eat glavy—him usee fole plong fish spear—makee big fuss. China man eat licee soup alle same chop stick—no makee fuss. Melican man humbug," serenely responded John.

"Lice soup!" said I, starting back in horror.

"Him bully. China man makee alle out he own head. Licee soup, bluebelly pie you bet."

Before I could in proper terms express my horror and detestation of the filthy and degrading customs of the vile Chinee, the big whistle on Dean's mill sounded the dinner hour,

and the place where John had lately stood became vacant. I followed him and beheld twelve slant eyed, blue bloused celestials, each with five feet of pig tail coiled like a black snake beneath his straw hat, seated around a huge pan of rice soup. Every heathen of them was armed with a couple of big knitting needles, with the aid of which twelve streams of soup were flowing through the air toward those twelve heathen mouths.

Talk no more of the superiority of the Caucasian race. Is the table knife too typical of the sword and of blood and courage generally, and is the table javelin a less sanguinary and dangerous weapon?

The chop stick of China is the most pacific implement ever invented by man. No man was ever yet beheaded or stabbed to the heart with a chop stick. Is the elegant left handed use of the fork the one unmistakable index of high birth and breeding to be acquired in perfection only after generations of painful and persistent application?

The Chinaman has been cultivating the high art of chop stick eating for the last nineteen million years, or thereabouts. What is our mushroom elegance of two or three generations in the face of such a record as that?

Is the left handed use of a fork to do the light gymnastics of the table absurd and ridiculous?

Since the world begun, the equal of the chop stick for absurdity has never been seen. In every qualification of the table fork, which so endears it to the world of elegance and fashion, the celestial chop stick surpasses it as the meridian sun outshines the tallow dip. Hail and farewell.

The fork is dead!

Long live the chopstick!!

Alas! Alas!

"Is our civilization a failure or is the Caucasian played out."

Despondingly, your

P. GREEN.

[Written for the Fergus Falls Journal]

NEWSPAPER GEOGRAPHY--ON AN AVERAGE.

The following remarkable piece of information, which I clip from a "patent insides" newspaper of Sept. 8, 1876, is now spreading over the face of this fair land, ravaging not only the grasshopper districts of the west, but carrying consternation, as it were, through the very bowels of America. It is estimated that it appeared simultaneously in the entire issue of over 2,000 patent in'ards, circulating a half million copies, and read with direful effect by about six millions of the men, women and children of the republic. If the British orders in council locked the bowels of mankind, as asserted by Sidney Smith, "through fourteen degrees of latitude," who can compute the laxative effect—at this dangerous season of the year—of the following:

"SUNKEN LAKE.

"Sunken Lake, in Florida, is a most remarkable body of water. It is situated in the Cascade Mountains, about 75 miles northwest from Jacksonville. This lake rivals the famous valley of Sinbad the sailor. It is thought to average 2,000 feet down to the surface of the water all round. The walls are almost perpendicular, running down into the water, and leaving no beach. The depth of the water is unknown and its surface is smooth and unruffled, and it lies so far below the surface of the mountain that the air currents do not affect it. Its length is estimated at twelve miles and its breadth at ten. No living man ever has and probably never will be able to reach the water's edge. It lies silent, still and mysterious in the bosom of the everlasting hills, like a huge well scooped out by the hands of the giant genii of the mountain in unknown ages gone by, and around it primeval forests watch and ward are keeping. A rifle fired into the water at an angle of 45 degrees, gave a space of several seconds of time from the report of the gun until the ball struck the water. The lake is a most remarkable curiosity."

Now I like newspaper enterprise. No one can appreciate more than I do the value to a newspaper man of a vivid imagination. When bloodthirsty murders fail, when the harrowing accident crop is cut off by early frosts, and the whole line of blood-curdling sensations experiences a sudden falling off in product, the active newspaper man *must* make his paper interesting somehow, and he who cannot work a little extra seasoning into the daily hash which he serves his hungry readers, deserves our profound sympathy.

But there is a d[illegible]erdoing the imaginative business[illegible]imes, or rather of making too heavy a draft on the imagination of the reader. Some newspaper facts I have seen, would be likely to bankrupt a reader of only moderate affluence if he undertook to carry them alone. My advice to all young writers would be: Don't issue a remarkable fact that is likely to go to protest.

Now I am not sure but the above mentioned Sunken Lake may possibly be a trifle too large to pass the esophagus of the critical reader. It is not perfectly clear to my mind but there may be some apparent inconsistency in the narrative, as though the story didn't seem to jibe, somehow.

When we reflect that to travel 75 miles northwest from Jacksonville, Florida, carries one at least thirty miles into the state of Georgia, there occurs to us a slight discrepancy in the account. When we consider that all that region of country is as flat as a pancake; that in the few places where it isn't an everlasting cypress swamp, it is a sandy barren, where nobody has ever been able to find a lake of any sort, and that the water stands within a foot or two of the surface of the level plain all around there, it strikes one as a very singular circumstance that a lake 2000 feet below the sea level, and in the middle of lofty mountains, should have existed there for any considerable length of time without getting filled up.

As we further investigate we find that a line of railroad runs straight as an arrow through the region of that remarkable lake of a hundred square miles surface, and that the little railroad village of McDonald occupies the identical site of the greatest natural curiosity of the continent. It really seems singular that the McDonalds have never had their attention called to the fact that they are living directly over so insecure a foundation as theirs must be. The drainage is no doubt excellent, but the danger of stepping off the sidewalk of a dark night must have a depressing influence on the saloon business in that flourishing burgh. As to the railroad, it was probably carried over the lake on piles. There are difficulties about the pile theory, however, (since very little of the air

down that way grows over 1000 feet long), but I shall stick to it nevertheless, because I don't see any other way out.

It is a little trying to the constitution to have this lake situated in the heart of the Cascade mountains,—there being no Cascade mountains to speak of anywhere around there, or within a matter of three or four thousand miles of there; but I suppose that constant readers of newspapers can get used to such circumstances, so that it doesn't worry them any.

The fact that a rifle ball fired down requires several seconds (say 8 or 10) to reach the lake, appears to me to present an additional difficulty. Suppose the initial velocity of the bullet to be, say, 2000 feet per second, and that the attraction of the earth (or lake rather for it is evidently the big thing of the two) is continually augmenting that velocity, it becomes apparent that it cannot be less than 5 or 6 miles down to the water surface, and that the effort required to note the precise time and place where the ball strikes, must be somewhat straining on the eye of the unprejudiced observer. I very much fear that my pile-bridge theory will have to be given up after all; and I confess my inability to take a controlling interest in the stock of that Sunken lake. If the newspaper man had only given me time to get up a syndicate I might have worried the thing through. On this short notice I do not see how I can in justice to the many helpless infants dependent upon me, honor his draft on my confidence. The inspired writer of the article says truly (but unnecessarily) that "no living man ever has and probably never will be able to reach the water's edge." The language is mixed, but the intent was excellent; and when he says that this lake rivals the famous valley of Sinbad the sailor, he advances a proposition that connot be controverted by mortal man.

Still I am anxious about that pile-bridge business. Doesn't it strike you as being somewhat—*—*—*—*—*—P. GREEN?

WRIGHT ON THE 'HOPPER.

He Advises the General Government to Stick to the Scientific Field of this Pest.

A very Interesting and Thoughtful Paper by this Sensible Investigator.—Ideas for You.

To the Editor of The Minneapolis Tribune:

Once more that grasshopper. I sincerely hope that none of the efforts being made to induce the general government to take hold of the matter will be in the direction of relief to the grasshoppered districts by money appropriations. It is foolish and futile to expect such aid, and an injury to any community to receive it. Nothing demoralizes a community sooner than the accepting of money relief from either state or national government. It takes all the sap out of a man's self-respect and self-reliance to become a beggar. But there is a wide and proper field in which the general government can work wisely and profitably in the solution of this grasshopper business. It is in the purely

SCIENTIFIC FIELD

and by purely scientific methods. Now, I hope nobody will turn up his nose at the suggestion, for the facts are all on my side. I need only instance two very recent cases in point where a little science has saved a great deal of money. Our own "signal service" saves a hundred times its cost—many millions of dollars, indeed, yearly, and the investigations of M. Pasteur a few years ago rescued from total destruction the silk growing interest in France, one of the most important industries among that forty millions of people.

It is by precisely such methods as have been applied in these two cases that our government should advance on the grasshopper enemy.

We already know some broad general facts in regard to the 'hopper which suggest the proper point of attack. Let me enumerate some of them.

First—He delights in sunshine and thrives best in dry climates.

Second—The broad plains lying eastward from the Rocky Mountains are dry, simply because the warm, damp Pacific air-current flowing up the western slopes and over the high cold summits of that range are dried out by condensation. Hence the deep snows and violent storms of the mountains, and hence also the vast plain lying to the eastward has ever been and will ever be the "great American desert" of scanty vegetation, slight rainfall and bright, sunny sky; a belt 300 miles wide by 1,000 long, scarcely habitable for man because of lack of rain, and by the same token the happy home and infinite breeding ground of the grasshopper. The general government in all its late legislation, recognizes the western limit of the agricultural lands of the Mississippi basin to be the 100 meridian. One-half of Dakota and Nebraska, one-third Kansas, and all of Wyoming and Colorado lie on the wrong side of that line.

Third—Going eastward the rainfall increases. At Denver and Cheyenne it is 10 or 12 inches a year. Along the Mississippi it averages 30, and on the Atlantic coast 45.

Fourth—For some reason the grasshopper raids—which have come from this western breeding-ground, the "American desert"—and which have done great damage everywhere west of the 93d or 94th meridian, or a line drawn north and south through Minneapolis, central Iowa and Missouri, have been comparatively harmless to the east of that line. There is thus, a belt 450 miles wide by say 1,000 long of the best portion of the Mississippi basin, subject at times to his incursions and perhaps destined to depopulation unless he can be fought successfully in the barren region to the westward.

Fifth—Everywhere along the eastern margin of the grasshopper field, his various natural enemies are found. These are generally birds or insects, and are more or less effectually destructive of the eggs and partly and fully grown 'hoppers.

CONCLUSIONS OF NATURAL LAW.

First.—There are purely natural causes why the grasshopper does not move eastward much beyond the Mississippi river or 93d meridian.

Second.—Those causes are probably due to an unfavorable and too moist climate, or to the destruction caused by natural enemies, such as birds, parasitic insects, egg eaters, etc., many of the latter being perhaps of only microscopic size: as for instance, if great numbers of 'hoppers should be found dead without apparent cause, stricken as we should say by a mysterious contagion, the probabilities are that a microscopic insect within or upon the 'hopper itself is what did the work, and that under favoring circumstances living or dead 'hoppers so infested, might be transported to other localities and be the means of spreading the same disease or rather of propagating those insect enemies of the 'hopper. The silk worm disease of France was caused by such an insect in the worm.

Third—Those causes can be learned only through purely scientific methods. Experienced entomologists, who are close, careful observers, patient and thorough in investigation, will probably yet solve the question for us. The grasshopper has little to fear from any engine of destruction except the microscope.

I would suggest, therefore, as a proper line for government action the establishment, with money enough for effective work, of a

GRASSHOPPER CORPS

of observers, modelled on the organization of the present signal corps, and perhaps using the same force of observers at least in part, or requiring the present force at all western signal stations to telegraph the daily movements and changes in the grasshopper line, in connection with the present wind and weather reports. And a special force of trained entomologists and weilders of the microscope, some of whom at least shall be ready at a moment's notice to pounce down on any locality where any unusual circumstance is reported by the signal officer.

THE FIELD OF INQUIRY

should be:

First—Why does not the 'hopper move further east?

Second—In any case of death without obvious cause, of large numbers of 'hoppers, immediate investigation should be had to determine the cause.

Third—Wherever grasshopper destruction is caused by insects, especially by microscopic ones, from which most is to be hoped, their nature and habits should be thoroughly studied, and if they are not found to exist among the 'hoppers of the "desert," they should be sent there and carefully watched to ascertain whether they will thrive and prove equally destructive to the 'hopper in that dry climate.

Fourth—Should such an enemy of the 'hopper be found—and the history of all insect plagues, which invariably records their mysterious disappearance from some unknown but no doubt natural cause,

would make such a discovery probable—then the general government might go to work strongly and intelligently in the destruction of this great pest by spreading and propagating the natural means of its destruction.

GENERAL CONCLUSIONS.

First—We cannot successfully fight the egg and the young 'hopper in any already thickly settled community by the known means of plowing, ditching, burning, harvesting, etc.

Second—The same means can not be applied in the vast almost uninhabitable dry western plains.

Third—We are constantly subject to raids of the flying 'hopper from that vast region, and are powerless against them.

Fourth—We cannot transport our climate, or any of the climatic consequences unfavorable to the 'hopper to those dry plains.

Fifth—We probably *may* transport efficient minute natural enemies of the 'hopper to that region.

Sixth—The work of doing this is properly within the province of the general government to do. Respectfully,

GEO. B. WRIGHT

Minneapolis, Dec. 4, 1876.

We would call special attention to the able communication of Geo. B. Wright, Esq., favoring the application of scientific methods to the extermination of the grasshopper pest, which we print in another column. Mr. Wright has given the subject careful consideration and his conclusions are logical throughout. It is a universal law that nature corrects her own eccentricities. The visitation of this pest is out of the usual order of things, and human agency unaided is impotent in the work of its extermination; therefore we have never doubted that there exists a natural enemy that eventually could and would be applied successfully to the task.

A Slight Correction.

Editor Evening Tribune:

In my G. Hopper communication published by you yesterday, I wrote, "We *can* successfully fight the egg and the young 'hopper in any already thickly settled community." Your types taking a mean advantage of me, compel me to say "*cannot*," which alteration it seems to me modifies to some extent the meaning intended to be conveyed; kind of lets me down gradually, as it were. However, it may be a mere matter of opinion anyway, and not worth grambling about. Don't you think so? So here's to the health of the "intelligent compositor."

Yours, etc., GEO. B. WRIGHT.

Minneapolis, Dec. 9, 1876.

Oct 1876

P. GREEN'S LETTERS.

[Written for the Fergus Falls Journal]

THE EXCAVATION DEMON.

A True Story for Good Little Taxpayers.

Some people have such curious tastes. There's fellows now that couldn't be contented and happy anywhere, but in a butcher's shop or soap and candle factory. Some doat on cleaning out old sewers, and some never are satisfied with this world until their longings to dig deep wells in dry sand, or excavate high banks that have a frozen crust at the top, have been rewarded. Now one wouldn't suppose that gravedigging and that sort of work, would as a general thing conduce to cheerfulness, but it does. And what a delight and fascination there is to some people in "dry grinding" of cutlery, turning of grindstones and such like. They all know that every one who does it, dies of consumption with as little delay as consistent with any orderly and well conducted mode of suicide, and that fact seems to be the chief charm of the business; I don't believe anybody would follow it but for that.

There's Phin. Maginnis for instance, who lives in the 7th ward (Minneapolis). I don't believe Phin. has done a stroke of work for the last five years. It tires him to work anyhow, and so he don't like it, and then again he couldn't if he tried. Yet Phin has lived—what there is of him—on purple and fine linen and arrayed himself in the fat of the land as it were, ever since I knew him. He wasn't worth anything, except two yellow dogs, when he came here, and now he resides (all except what the doctors have in bottles) in a mansard roof out on the avenue. I never saw anybody in better spirits than Phin is, especially that part of him in the museum, and as he soaks the balance liberally every day in Oswald's best brandy, I don't see any reason why he won't keep for years—if he is economical and distributes himself judiciously. The city pays Mayor Ames and Phin ten thousand two hundred dollars a year in salary and perks; two hundred to the mayor and the balance to Phin. The mayor manages to live and thrive on his share, and Phin. barely exists on his. Not but what the pay is enough, but Phin's occupation is kind of wearing on the system. It has worn Phin. off first at one end and then the other till he hasn't got any more arms and legs on him than a seed cucumber. Phin. is getting proud now, and has a big gilt sign over his door, which reads:

EXCAVATIONS FALLEN INTO
DONE HERE, BY
P. MAGINNIS.

Phin. is, you observe, like Jerry Cruncher, "a honest tradesman," and hasn't anything low or underhanded in his record to be ashamed of. He never puts up jobs on the city authorities. He never collects money on a broken wooden leg by palming it off on the city physician for a genuine meat one, as so many disreputable fellows in his profession are every day doing. No, Phin. would scorn to earn his bread by the sweat of a wooden leg in that way. His motto is "square deal and regular profits"—"so much Maginnis for so much city revenue fund." To be sure some cranky people might object to Maginnis's tariff on butcher's meat, but such folks don't understand political economy. Gold as gold is worthless—we can't eat it, drink it or wear it with any kind of satisfaction; but just put it where it will do the most good, and it is roast beef, champagne and broadcloth all in one. So Maginnis *as Maginnis* was "no account" but Maginnis sold at retail to the city, is the highest priced beef ever quoted on the market, and Maginnis is the astute financier who knows it.

When we only had sidewalks here there wasn't much of a chance for Phin. to develop his talent, but he did the best he could. He used to wander around town looking at the sky, but he never seemed to harvest much, till the planks begun to get rotten. There was a bad place down Washington avenue and Phin. used to walk up and down there every dark night in a disconsolate way like the ghost of a doctor waiting for his first patient. The poor fellow was awfully hard up. Finally he struck a lead. The hole was a small one, but he managed to get the toe of his boot in it, and so went over on his nose. There's nothing small about Maginnis, and he honestly tried to give the city its money's worth.

That was the worst nose I ever saw. It looked like a tomato that somebody had stepped on. The doctor tried to gather it up in a bag and make it grow on again, but Phin. wouldn't hear to it at all. He said he never would defraud the city in that mean, low way. And so the doctor shaved it off clean, and hung it up in his front window, and Maginnis made out his bill for a thousand dollars and handed it to Lawyer McNabbem, who multiplied it by three and sent it up to the council, and the council paid it like the little men they were, and called it dog cheap. Why *should* they haggle over the price of a choice cut off the Maginnis?

And so rose the sun of Phin.'s prosperity. And when we got to grading and laying sewers and gas and water pipes, it was just as good as a general war in Europe to Phin., and of course Maginnis steak rose to war prices right away. Every few weeks Phin. would manage to get into one of those excavations or have a corporation plank or casting drop on him and mash him somewhere, and the next thing before the council would be Lawyer McNabbem with a fresh butcher's bill for liquidation. It was better than a silver mine to Maginnis. But the doctors have got Phin. pared down now so that he looks like a penguin, and his folks have to stand him up on end in a rack, like they do eggs, else he would whop over and spill may be, on private property somewhere, so that the city wouldn't be responsible. They are very choice of the old veteran's remains, and well they may be, for they know him for a man of inestimable worth.

Minneapolis you know pays a half million in taxes yearly, and has got a million of bonded debt. The Maginnis did it. She will buy her Maginnises at wholesale hereafter. They come cheaper that way.

Financially yours.

P. GREEN.

This is the way The St. Louis Globe treats a local affair: "According to good local authority, Minneapolitans fold up their ears these cold mornings, and twist their noses around under their arm.—St. Paul Dispatch. And in St. Paul they use the slack of The Dispatch reporter's ear for circus tents in summer and skating rinks in winter, and they do say that the vegetable-garden business down there is busted since they have got to selling slices off his nose for purple egg-plant."

STARTLING LEGISLATION.

Jan — 1877

P. Green Sees Ignatius Donnelly and Goes Him One Better—Endless Donkeys.

The Bills Introduced in Our Legislature and Some of Their Statesmanlike Points.

Editor Evening Tribune.

It don't do to go very much on state legislatures as a general thing. They are so prone to make endless donkeys of themselves. The results of their efforts are so liable to exhibit an unparalleled density of imbecility that the spectacle is hardly edifying.

But the present legislative body of Minnesota is the one delightful exception. It is the one gem of purest ray serene in the vast waste of legislative paste and putty. It is the oasis in the desert that renders life endurable and keeps alive in the human breast the hope of brighter days to come.

When Donnelly introduced his little bill to suspend the collection of taxes in Dakota county, I said to myself, "Now this is something like. This hasn't any of that disgusting demagoguery about it that is so common in legislatures." And when senate and house passed it promptly under suspension of rules I said, "Now Green this is business—legislative energy and economy—they don't fool away time on little bills." I was particularly delighted with Senator Wilkinson's showing that the bill wouldn't lessen the tax collections any, because you see the taxes have been already paid by non-resident tax-title speculators, and what we scoop out of that kind of a shark, is just so much clear gain. I tell you, there's nothing to teach a man broad and far-sighted statesmanship like a few terms in the U. S. senate and H. of R. topped out with a "liberal" education in the party of reform. And Donnelly's other suggestion, about fixing salaries of county officers at the average income of the local tax payers. How simple, how wise, how practical, and how popular! None of your visionary crude schemes that. And the illustrious senator from carver and his little bill to reimburse, et cætera. Why the thermometer hasn't dared to show itself above zero since that delightfully cool proposal was advanced. For a delicate bit of humor there's no equal to it in the language. If I recollect rightly it came about in this wise: Frank Hassenstab, county treasurer, collected $14,000 out of the tax payers and "lit out," leaving an aching void in the office and assets. Admirable joke that, in itself. The contingency having arrived for which bondsmen are provided. Frank's bondsmen became persons of interest. So last year the honorable senator got his little bill through the legislature allowing the county board to release the bondsmen from responsibility. An exceeding happy burst of humor. That, also, Nasby never did a better one. But it was nothing to the Napoleonic facetiousness of the senator's little bill this winter, which simply asks the state to pay the expenses of heating the legal poker used to tickle the Hassenstab withal. It beats Mark Twain's happiest efforts, and I see nothing for the legislature to do but pass it under suspension of rules, so as to give the senator time to bring in his grand Himalayan joke of another bill to reimburse Carver county the original $14,000 out of the state treasury, pass it, and then take to the platform as The Great Centennial Humorist—the man who has perpetrated the boss joke of the everlasting ages.

There's no use in talking—this is certainly a remarkable legislature.

The only fault I find with its work is (what several honorable members have already called attention to,) that the blessings of the various stay laws and tax reforms, etc., proposed, should be general and not local.

With this in view, I have prepared, regardless of cost and things, the following bill, embodying all the valuable ideas of reform which have thus far been advanced in the legislature, and have moulded them into one comprehensive whole, A bill which corrects all evils, which promises everything that everybody asks, which relieves us of the burden of taxation and furnishes everybody a good steady income.

I have no question but it will meet with universal favor in St. Paul, and being, as it is, an omnibus bill of unlimited capacity, that it will pass by an overwhelming majority, and prove the most popular measure of the age.

A Bill to Reduce County Officers to their Proper Level; to Abolish Hard Times and to Enable the People to raise themselves by the slack of their ——.

Section 1. The salaries of all county officers are hereby irrevocably fixed at the average income of the resident tax payers of the several counties. —*Donnelly's bill.*

Sec. 2. The time of redemption on all taxes is hereby extended for ninety-nine years, and the rate of interest on delinquent taxes is fixed at one per cent. per annum.

Sec. 3. All county treasurers are hereby retired on half pay, as they will not be required for active duty.

Sec. 4. There is hereby annually appropriated the sum of five dollars a week to each and every man, woman and child in the state who from grasshopper loss, general indigence, or constitutional indisposition to endure manual exertion, are unable to procure the said sum otherwise, which fact shall be substantiated by the statements made under oath of the persons seeking said relief. And the state treasurer is hereby required to pay the said sums hereby appropriated weekly to the persons entitled thereto, in legal tender money of the United States.

Sec. 5. The bondsmen of all defaulting officials are hereby relieved from all responsibility for the moneys economized, and there is hereby appropriated the sum of ten millions of dollars as a fund out of which to reimburse the several counties subjected to loss through such economy for all such losses and for all expenses incurred in connection therewith.—*Lieneau's bill.*

Sec. 6. For the purpose of putting in force the first section of this act. There is hereby created the following state offices with the salaries fixed thereto respectively: One grand commissioner of intellectual acrobatics, agricultural eccentrics and mathematical evolutions, with a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars per annum, and the Hon. I. Donnelly is hereby appointed permanent grand commissioner. And a deputy commissioner and computator for each school district with a salary of three thousand dollars each per annum. The said deputy commissioners to be appointed and removed at the pleasure of the grand commisioner aforesaid.

Sec. 7. The said deputy commissioners shall annually ascertain the average income of the resident tax payers of their respective districts and for that purpose are empowered to administer and to issue as many oaths as necessary, and to send for persons and papers. Each commissioner shall be provided with a patent back-action permutation computating engine for the purpose of facilitating his collections, and the sum of five millions of dollars is hereby appropriated for the purpose of procuring said engines. The product of the farm consumed thereon, shall not be considered as income, and the term "resident tax-payers" shall be held to include only those who *pay* their taxes under the stimulus of this act.

Sec. 8. All existing tax laws and laws for the collection of debts are hereby repealed.

There, now—if that doesn't cover the whole case like a night-cap, I should like to be informed what *would* do it. Respectfully,

P. Green.

Calculation

Jan 1877

PATENT RIGHTS.

The Experiences of Mr. Blugger with Modern Highwaymen.

For The Minneapolis Tribune.

"Putty nigh everything's been patented," said Mr. Blugger meditatively. "I used to think that this 'ere wus a land of liberty, and that most everything was God's blessed gift to his poor creeters here below, and that they couldn't be grateful enough fur it. But 'pears like now a days, that God didn't have much to do with it, an that this yer world was principially constructed arter designs in the patent office, and that we ort to give thanks for our daily bread ter some long legged Yankee thet's been a inventin' it fer us. Which I hain't the slightest objection to, only them kind of fellers ain't the sort that are willing to take it out in thanks. Not any!

Now, only last spring I was bildin' a fence and a feller in town wanted ter sell me some three cornered pickets. They wasn't half so good as tother kind, but the feller offered 'em awful cheap an told a slick lingo about the *prosess* of makin 'em which made 'em come so cheap. Wall, I bought a lot of his three cornered pickets and then Bill Muggins and his brother Sam, and all the Muggins family, they up an bought a lot more, and the Widder Wax and the Magivinses, and the rest of 'em down our road, all bought three cornered pickets till the road was picket-fenced fer about six miles. And then about that time I used to see a cigar and a feller holdin it with all his might, on that road most every day. Powerful big cheek that feller had too. I never see any feller 'pear to be so much interested in three cornered picket fences like that feller was. I've seen that feller going along and lookin at them fences every darned picket of 'em day after day. Mighty socionable feller he was, too. He asked every feller down that street wut his name wus, and how much land he'd got and how fur it went down the road and lots of such things. Never did see any feller have so much curiosity 'bout things like that feller had. So one day he comes along and says he, "Mr. Blugger, I allow you're been a infringin' with that air picket fence of yourn." "Yes," says I, "I estimate it does look putty well that way." "Mr. Blugger you're been a infringin' on my patent, a using trilateral pickets without a *lic*sense," says he. "I bought 'em and paid for 'em," says I. "And I don't care how many you *buy* of 'em. Its the *process* of *usin'* 'em without a *lic*sense is what you've got to pay me for," says he, and he pulled out a bill and give me. It was this:

JOSHUA BLUGGER, Dr.
To the Great International Trilateral Picket Company, for using 2,147 trilateral pickets without licence, @ 10c.....$214.70

Wall, wall, tain't no use cussin' now—'twon't do any kind of justice to the question, and it won't git back the $214.70. The money that galoot yanked out of the Mugginses and the Widder Wax and the rest wasn't less than two thousand dollars clean cash. It made the dearest picket fences ever *you* see. And then when the critter was gone we jest found out that he and the feller that sold three cornered pickets so cheap was pardners. That's what makes me feel bad about it.

And then I wanted a barn-yard gate that wouldn't sag. So I studied it all over and fixed one up that I thought was pretty cute, and all the naborhood built them kind of barn-yard gates. And as soon as they wus all built, another feller—*he* had a big cheek, too, you observe—come round and corrected his roy*a*lty for the *process* of usin' them kind of gates. He had a patent, and he had the opinyun of a patent exsquirt on it, that nobody couldn't use that kind of a gate after that patent was made, because that feller had paid the patent office for the exclusive right to use thet kind of a gait. And then he had the decision of a justice of the peace in Maine that nobody hadn't no right to the *process* of usin' common sense about making no kind of gaits after that patent was made. Well, I paid him $25 for *that*. And if I havn't paid some such feller on every washing macheen, and churn, and wringer, cheese-knife, blacking-brush, box of soap, tooth-pick and carpet-tack that ever come into the house just for the *lic*sense on the *process* of usin' 'em, then my name ain't Josiah Blugger. It wus only yesterday as I blowed my nose with the two fingers of my left hand, when a feller stepped up an' presented his bill for infringin' onto his *process* of blowin' noses secoored by letters patent. I'm a man of peace, and I haint anything against the *process* in general, but I foreclosed in chancery on that critter and blowed his nose by a secured *proces* as he hand't reckoned on, before I thought what the patent esquirt would say about it. Howsoever, I settled with him and give him a another patent mortgage on the humsted, (there wus sixteen on it before) and got a *lic*sense and shell blow my nose now with my left hand if I want to. But wut troubles me now is that I *breathe* sumtimes, and have noticed one of them patent gutter-snipes watchin' me; and I want to know if he has got a patent on *that process* too, and if he can shut off my wind, unless I get a *lic*sense. Really it 'pears to me like there aint much left in the United States of North America except the patent offis and the *process*, and am almost afeared that they wont let a feller die till he gets a *lic*sense and then poor men will have to live forever."

And the unfortunate man gathered himself up and moved wearily on. P. GREEN.

THE TRUE SOLUTION OF THE RAILROAD QUESTION--A $50 LEADER.

To the Editor of the Alexandria Post:

Dear Sir—I clip the following from your paper:

"We'll give fifty dollars per column for a clear, convincing, overwhelming, unanswerable, irresistible, understandable, courteous and amiable leader on this most confounded railroad question. We switch off and wait for the coming man."

Mr. Post, I am your huckleberry. Rake down the universe with a fine tooth comb, and behold I am the solitary individual that can fill the bill. Other people who have given the same exhaustive attention that I have, for the past thousand years to the St. Paul and Pacific matter, have become confused, bewildered in its intricacies; their minds and morals have given way and they have gone down to everlasting wreck and ruin. Some, alas, are dead. Hundreds crowd our insane asylum and the balance are in the state prison and legislature. I alone of all who have grappled that tremendous problem still remain, clear of intellect, unimpeachable in morals, and I am the humble individual that proposes to relieve you of your little fifty dollars.

For many years I have advocated and denounced every plan, proposition and scheme connected with this railroad problem. Others have been misled, muddled and inconsistent in their opinions and actions, but time has but demonstrated the soundness of all my views, the justice and wisdom of all my acts. On this question at least I have always been right. To make the matter plain it is necessary to begin at the beginning, and assuming the truth of the nebular hypothesis and the aggregation theory with the inevitable deductions therefrom, that Darwinism and the doctrine of special creations are unmistakably proven by a *priori* demonstration; together with the historical facts concerning William Tell, Pocahontas and the hatchet of George Washington, it naturally and logically ensues that the following is a succinct statement of facts on the present condition of the St. Paul & Pacific matter, and any one who desires to examine will find all the following statements fully established by documentary evidence in the U. S. court, the records of the U. S. congress and executive departments, the laws of Minesota and records of the governor's office, and the official records of the St. Paul & Pacific, the first division of the St. P. & P. and the Northern Pacific railroads, and among the bondholders and stockholders, Delano, Becker, Farley, Lipman Rosenthal & Co., J. S. Kennedy and Co., his Satanic Majesty and others. You perceive that I have fortified my position by authorities that in railroad matters cannot be gainsaid.

1st. It is apparent at a glance that the company (which company is not so clear) has acted honorably, and done everything in its power to build the roads and make all the money possible out of it, and that the stockholders have put all their immense private fortunes into the enterprise, and that the bondholders have been swindled by themselves out of their own money, which Lipman Rosenthal & Co. fraudulently withheld, and that whereas if Mr. Moorhead had not wrongfully diverted the funds forwarded to him by L. R. & Co. (ample to build the roads) in pursuance of said L. R. & Co.'s express dictation, whereby DeGraff & Co. were induced to make consummate asses of themselves (and served them right), because you see Jay Cooke & Co.—of which firm Moorhead was a partner—being in a failing condition and interested in the District of Columbia ring and controlling Northern Pacific legislation adversely to the interest of the Sauk Valley line, whereby 400,000 acres of the grant and the iron seized at Duluth became tied up

and unavailable, thus rendering necessary the connection from Breckenridge to Glyndon via Osakis, Alexandria "and the Otter Tail river *near*" (say 5 or six miles) to Fergus Falls, as will be apparent at a glance of the original chartered line from Crow Wing to St. Vincent, whereby the St. P. & P. company became entitled from 1857 to all the lands in conflict with the N. P. near Glyndon, and thus rendering impossible the construction of any road since September, 1872, it becomes apparent, as you will observe, that had it not been otherwise the result would have been very different from what it was not. Do you not think so yourself?

2d. Now, then, the case being narrowed down to the very simple condition of facts stated above, the necessary legislation to effect all that is desired may be stated briefly. The points to be embraced in the bill would necessarily be the following:

The repeal of the iniquitous Gilman bill, thus allowing the N. P. R. R. Co. (represented by Mr. Comstock) to secure an outlet via Breckenridge, and the invaluable trade of the Red River flats, whereby Moorhead and the steamboat interest on the Red river can be doubled (like a jack-knife); The immediate forfeiture to the United States of the land grant, thus relieving the railroad company of a great deal of anxiety and enabling them to go on with the roads more rapidly than heretofore; The unconditional extension of time for five years to any company unable to build the roads, coupled with the most stringent conditions that the Sauk Valley line shall be built and built *near* Fergus Falls and other places; The irrevocable affirmation of the law prohibiting the Breckenridge and Glyndon cut-throat-off, thus thwarting the infamous schemes of the N. P. company to prevent any trade between St. Paul and the Black Hills; the transfer to the same company of the Brainerd branch whereby the dangerous policy of the St. P. & P. company to force the immediate construction of that line in defiance of the dearest interests of the myriads of horny headed grangers that infest and occupy the fertile jack pine plains of Morrison and Crow Wing counties; The repeal of the wicked DeGraff bill and the immediate recognition of Crooks & Co. by appropriate legislation giving a prior lien on everything left after all other claims are satisfied, subject to appeal to the courts under the provisions of the ordinance of '87, the terms of the fugitive slave act and the 16th amendment, as expounded by the "odd man," in whom resides the spirit. This, with a clause protecting all settlers on railroad lands who had proved up, got their patents, had them recorded and then sold the land, prior to the act granting lands to the railroad company; And another prohibiting the poor swindled landholders from obtaining anything that they are entitled to and confirming to them everything that they have stolen from other people, would, I am confident, prove sufficiently comprehensive for all purposes here or hereafter.

Nothing indeed, has been for years wanting to a complete solution of this complicated question, but the application to it of that gigantic intellect which your munificent offer has called into action. And now, sir, having honored the great trust and confidence you have reposed in me, I cannot doubt you will in like manner honor the following:

ALEX. POST,

At sight—pay—

Fifty Dollars—to

Yours, &c., P. GREEN.

$50. Without recourse. P. G.

A FEW of our subscribers played a good one on the editor of the Alexandria Post. Hear him: "The subscribers of the Fergus Falls JOURNAL cut out of the columns of that excellent paper Mr. Green's sight draft on us, appended to his open railroad letter, and sent them to us for payment. We promptly cashed the first 1,500 with ready money on hand—$75,000. Then called on the bank to pay the next 2,000 out of our deposits—$100,000. Then borrowed to the extent of our credit to pay the next 1,000—$50,000. And for the 1,500 since received we are simply endorsing acceptance and turning over railroad bonds as collaterals. We are out now $300,000 on account of P. Green's letter, and consider it cheap at that. For this immense outlay of money, and for P. Green's vastly luminous exposition, to us and to him the whole country will give thanks by acclamation."

SAMMY.

An Anniversary Tail of a Centennial Boy.

Sammy, which was named after its uncle the farmer.

And lived on the big farm where he picked up things that was lying 'round loose.

Likewise begun to calkilate about owning the farm hisself.

For his Uncle Samuel, both gay and frisky, was a hundred years old, and had many nephews.

Which Sammy says, "He will peter out, and the greatest good for the greatest number must follow, which the greatest number is the first number and stands in front, and them as comes after be noughts, so—1.000.000.000."

And everywhere the uncle went Sammy was sure to go.

In the morning when Uncle Samuel, gay and frisky, walked in the garding.

A flipping up his blue glass coat tails with his two thumbs, and chawing tobacker like he was satisfied with hisself.

And Sammy came also.

Which the old gentleman he stops and he says, says he:

"Watts the matter here now, and whar's the infernal little rascle as has digged up my Oregon cherry tree and planted this yer contemptible red-nosed egg plant in the place of which?"

"That air is the Crownin' ornamint of the garding," says Sammy, says he.

"And be you the little whelp as planted that air purple tumor right here before my very eyes?" says Uncle Sam.

Thus he proceeded to intimidate Sammy's off ear.

"Ouch!" says Sammy, says he, "Uncle, I cannot tell a lie, I cannot decieve you ——"

"Which latter part of your observation is immensely kerrect," remarked the old gentleman.

And the bulldozin continued to proceed.

"Uncle, I cannot tell a lie—I did it with my little barl o' corrupshen," observed Sammy, quite sollemn.

"That's what I thought," says Uncle Sam. "Come to me arms me cheeild, let me press you gently—across this loving knee, while I fondle yer anatomy," sighed the tender-hearted old man, shedding a tear of tobacco juice into the eye of a democratic cat as had been a purrin' round his off boot-leg.

Which arose to heaven a yowl of agony.

And the uncle took up a small board which had vacancies and many holes in it—as a skimmer.

The same was called a paddle in the days of the patriarchs, but being returned to plague the inventors, is called a returning board.

And the board went behind the face (so to speak) of the returns and arrived at the bottom facts.

"I druther—a grate deal ruther you'd dig up every cherry tree I've got than ter bring that blue nosed bladder of corruption into the Washington wegetable market," sighed the fond old man as he applied the board.

"And its better—for the country—that you should be right than be president, Sammy, a grate deal better," said he.

Whereas Sammy lifted up his voice and wept sore, being as he was sore in some spots and weeping in others.

Which the board having gone behind him, he desired an odd justice to go also behind the board.

But the odd justice put on his spectacles and said as how he couldn't see it.

And he couldn't git behind the board because as being a board it didn't have any behind side to git.

So Uncle Samuel still frisks his blue glass coat tails in the garding, and little Sammy raises no more purple tumors for the Washington market, and is not the heir appeeriently.

0 (which is a cypher.)

LIGHT BREAKING.

Out of the darkness and gloom of presidential tribulation there beams one ray of light, one purest ray serene. It is the phosphorescent trail of the "bar'l," lighting up the gathered shadows like the gleam of the putrescent fish along the midnight strand. Athwart the cimmerian sky of Indiana politics, traced by the pen of heaven's own lightnings, there flashed upon our bewildered vision, even as came to Constantine of old the sign of the prophet Abram, an order to "buy seven more mules."

Appealing to the nostril rather than the retina, we detect the bar'l in the glittering panorama where stalks across the scene the gorgeous Finley; for the proverb of carcass and buzzard is ever true. The light of the bar'l streams across a continent, and illuminates either ocean with a five thousand dollar emanation to buy one more most obstinate mule in Oregon. Trace the lightnings to their source, and like the star of the east, they point to the great and good reformer himself. A flood of light pours on the scene, and the pure and modest patriot of Grammercy Park stands illuminated and glorified amid the stage fires of his own illustrious bar'l.

Slow music; ring down the curtain. Good bye.

You may dig, you may bury the bar'l if you will,
But the smell of the Tilden will hang 'round it still.

THE MUSKRAT AS THE FOUNDER OF THE BACONIAN PHILOSOPHY.

BY P. GREEN. 1877

EMINENT SCIENTISTS. — The subject of this paper is one of no ordinary scientific interest. I trust I shall treat it in no ordinary scientific manner. At the outset, to avoid misinterpretation of motive, I wish not only to disclaim any purpose of destroying the high philosophical reputation which that great, modest, pure and high-minded man, Francis Bacon, has for two centuries enjoyed, but, on the contrary, to express my high regard for the talents and virtues of that gentleman. I regard him, decidedly, as "no slouch;" likewise all the members of his family. I admire that ingenious old inventor-monk of the 13th century, Friar Bacon; and Fried Bacon of the 19th century is my best hold. No one can accuse me of lack of scientific devotion to the great name of Bacon. But I do mean to assert that the philosophic atmosphere that lingers around that great name like a perfume, shall be, when I have rescued the muskrat from his present obscurity, recognized in HIM and OF him to a far greater degree, by every scientific nostril that smells.

Go with me to the nearest shallow, marshy pond, and you shall find there the ancient philosopher, his wife and family—his home and his occupations, all the resources of his very respectable and venerable civilization before you. I commend you to cultivate his acquaintance, and then to answer this question: Is there anything presumptuous in the muskrattian theory that the muskrat is the central figure in creation? that he is made of finer clay than that used in the lower animals? that all the world is flat as a rat pond, and that the universe itself revolves around the rat-house of his hopes, fears, desires and purposes?

The muskrat is usually described as living along the margins of streams, in holes or lodges of considerable size, which are approached by passages extending from beneath the water. These passages slope upward, and sometimes extend backward from the stream for forty or fifty yards. The residence is always above high water mark, and for extra security, back alleys are sometimes constructed, extending further up and back from the stream. The residence is always well supplied with bedding, and the family always take meals at a neighboring restaurant under the waters of the stream. They live (in America) on the European plan, and in Europe they don't live at all, unless in zoological gardens, or such like toney resorts; and they are—not from mere principle, but from a rigid and uncompromising sense of preference—strict vegetarians. A very snug, cosy, quiet resort is the muskrat's home in the river bank. You might go along there a hundred times, and not notice it. There are advantages in that style of house. The front door is never left ajar, and no rubber weather-strips are required to keep the wind out, and there is not a recorded instance of an insurance agent or lightning-rod man coming in at the muskrat's front door.

Probably few writers on the muskrat have ever had any large experience of him on the broad prairies of the West, and the conditions under which we are mostly acquainted with him here are usually ignored, or treated of very briefly in their writings. On the other hand, propably a very large proportion of the people of this state, who have had the honor of any acquaintance whatever with the muskrat, know of him only as the gentleman who builds a thick house in preparation for a cold winter, and a high one when coming deep snows and high spring waters render such a precaution conducive to his comfort. Comparatively few people here know anything about his quiet, unobtrusive residence under the river bank, but the trapper always knows the bank muskrat for the "shrewd old rat" that he is; a fellow of sagacity, up to infinite snuff, and not to be caught with delusive chaff.

The STRONG characteristic of the muskrat is,—excuse me,—not the one that might readily occur to the inquiring investigator, but the extreme readiness with which he adapts his habits of life to the surrounding circumstances, the readiness with which he comprehends the situation and makes the best of it. He looks out for number one. He never carries his coals to Newcastle.—He has a truly logical mind, and instead of doing things in one way, instinctively, he does the best thing possible with his powers under varying circumstances. He has heaps of "horse sense."

The bank house is a very advantageous and safe place for a rat of a quiet turn of mind, one who does n't wish to be disturbed by callers. But, on the other hand, it is n't a particularly good place to get a living, and the rat who resides there cannot expect to acquire a competence, become a person of prominence in business, or leave anything worth quarreling for by his heirs. And that last remark leads me to say that as a "family man" he is usually a success, it being quite probable that the product of a single pair, carefully protected for a term of six years, might reach as high as a million individuals, in view of which fact, it seems likely that the muskrats themselves regard ten cents apiece for rat-skins as a fair price—a price allowing a GOOD DYING PROFIT to the rat.

As I was saying, the bank house by the river is not a good place to get a living. The roots and stems of the aquatic plants which form the food of the muskrat are not abundant in swift-flowing water; they grow in soft, rich mud and still water. It is not often, therefore, that a suitable bank, close by the deep water of a running stream, is also convenient to marshy, food-producing still waters. Hence, the great multitude of the numerous descendants of the patriarch rat must push out into the world and hunt a chance for themselves. This they do, and the countless shallow ponds and marshes scattered over our prairies—many of them many miles from the nearest running water—are crowded with the rat colonists. There they find abundant food and fair shelter, in favoring years, and multiply with astonishing rapidity; and there, too, they are exposed to great dangers from inferior animals armed with spears and traps, and from severe cold or wet, by which they are sometimes drowned, and sometimes frozen or starved, in consequence of their pond becoming frozen to the bottom. I think it will be found that the bank rats are continually sending out colonies to the marshes, which latter sometimes seem to be entirely depopulated.

Audubon says they prefer SPRING lakes, and that "they seem to be aware that the spring water will not become solidly frozen." Now, that seems to be very simple; but I take it that there's a deal of unpleasant history back of and causing the preference mentioned. The muskrat had previously collected some startling statistics bearing on that question. He had grouped and generalized these facts. He had established a general law, and from that founded his deductions; and applying them to himself as an individual rat, had adopted a personal rule of action never to live in a pond that would freeze up, if he could help it. Why, you see, just as soon as you look into it, that it was a very complicated problem the rat had to gnaw through; and if I do not, before I get through, succeed in getting it mixed up still more hopelessly, then there 's no virtue

Read before the Academy of Science

in Baconian philosopy as expounded in these degenerate days. Why, the very fact that the marsh rat-house and bank rat-house differ from each other almost as black from white, and that there are the best of reasons for that wide change in structure, is in itself a very surprising circumstance; one directly fatal to the doctrine of instinct as being something different from reason acting on experience; and when I speak of experience I mean the experience not only of the individual but of the race. You will find, if you undertake to shoot a rat after the dusk of evening comes on,—he cannot see well in bright daylight, having been on the night police so long that his spectacles have become permanently adapted to that kind of work,—that he dives at the flash of even a percussion lock, and is far down the watery depths before the duck-shot patter around the spot where he lately lay. He doesn't wait even for the sound to reach him; he would be a dead rat if he did.

INSTINCT, is it? Well, why don't he duck every time a firefly fires up? and what kind of an instinct is that which was put into the rat, and stayed there, lying around loose in him for thousands and millions of years, may be, just waiting till gunpowder should be invented and blunderbusses constructed, so that when the auspicious moment came, the rat should be ready to dodge? No, no; instinct don 't keep fresh in that way, and is not ready-made to fit any infernal inventions of the adversary which may hereafter turn up. I tell you that the muskrat and his ancestors have had sad experiences with shot-guns, and very good memories and reasoning powers, too. He would say to you, just as you pulled the trigger: "Now, sonny, this thing is about played out. All muskrat experience has shown that the blamed fool who stands looking into the muzzle of a shot-gun any considerable time after that little flash, trying to find out what it was, got it into his head in a way that all his remaining relatives regretted; in short, we have established a general law that the quicker a rat gets away from there, the healthier it is for him; hence, when I saw that flash just now, I concluded to put myself in harmony with that general law; so bye-bye; here's my tail;" and that tail is the last you 'll see of him. Now we shall see, in examining the rat-houses, in how many points they are specially adapted to the circumstances surrounding them.

The entrance to the bank house is under water deep enoughto both elude the observation of the prowling book agent and the action of frost. An entrance above water-line would be, as no doubt the rat has learned by previous experience, rather inconvenient, when two feet of solid ice or frozen earth should cut him off from his food supplies in the bottom of the stream. His residence is warm and dry and placed above high water-mark. He has noted the hight of the highest flood on the stream, and is civil engineer enough to tell, in running his tunnel up into the bank, how high he has got to go, to be safe—not a very simple engineering trick, either.

The dwellers in the marsh have a very different condition of things around them. They are, some of them, a long way from any running stream or convenient bank close to deep water. Few of the myriads of marshy ponds on our western prairies are fed by springs, and many of them are but slight depressions in a level country, where the bank system of living is not applicable, there being no banks.

The muddy bottomed ponds where food is most abundant are shallow, and for a considerable distance from the shore freeze solid to the bottom every winter. The muskrats go out where the water is 3 or 4 feet deep, and there build a house of grass, weeds and mud. Its cellar foundations go to the bottom of the pond. Its basement story is under water, and the living rooms are above high water mark. Above the water, the walls are made everywhere thick and warm to keep out the cold of the coming winter, except in one place, a ventilating shaft is left communicating with the outer air. This shaft is always small—not large enough for a rat to pass through. His outer door is deep down in the water, below the frost line. In the bosom of his family with plenty of choice society in the neighboring rat houses; time to discuss business prospects and scientific problems with the doctors from the other side, while the ladies post up on the fashions; free lunch at all hours among the grass roots. No dry goods bills, taxes, water rents, gas bills; were it not for the Arch Enemy man, the muskrat would be, as the boys say, "well heeled."

The old houses decay and sink, and are replaced or new ones built every year, this being done in August or September. They do not wait till December, like some foolish people, I know of, before they put up their storm windows and bank up the cold walls.

There is nothing in the effect of the August sun that suggests cold fingers; in fact, if we could imagine a little coolness just then it would be a grateful relief. But about that time the old rat begins to hustle around and make himself unpleasant in the family circle with his suggestions about going to work.

"My children," says he, "I have noticed always that this extremely hot weather is followed after a little while by a period of extreme cold. This beautiful lake becomes hard like a smooth rock all over, and, as you have yourselves observed, it is impossible for us to stay under water for a great length of time, it follows that as the rock I have spoken of fits closely to the water, that we cannot live below it; moreover, it is too thick to gnaw through, and it will therefore cut off our supply of delicious grass roots. Besides, all experience shows that if we remain above, and without our grass roots, we, too, like all that we see around us, shall become rock, which has been found a very unpleasant thing to do. But it has been repeatedly demonstrated that our race may live comfortably and happily through those cold periods by constructing a vast tower from the bottom of the lake—not here—but where the water is deeper; for the broad rock I speak of grows to about four tails-length in thickness, and by carrying the tower up about six tails above the water, it enables us to live inside of it and above the water without becoming unpleasant rocks ourselves; and neither does the water within our tower become rock, and hence we may pass down through it and out beneath the rock sheet to where free lunches abound.

These, my children, are great natural laws, based on the uniform experience of ages."

And then he continues, after a pause: "And there is another great natural law, which is, that young rats that do not take hold and help build these castles I have mentioned, invariably get thrashed within an inch of their lives. In the experiences of a long and varied career, I have noticed that these two circumstances occur always in conjunction, and may the Evil One trap me, if I don't think that they are going to happen right here immediately."

It is noticable that shortly after this the rat houses begin to appear in the ponds.

I do not put any great stress on the muskrat's prophetic powers. That he builds at all, is because he has the testimony of all past experience that winter will surely come. That he builds thick and warm, is no doubt because he believes the winter will be colder than usual. That he forms that opinion on any better grounds than man does his convictions of weather, is not probable. He builds his houses always above what he believes to be high water mark. He has the best of reasons for doing so. An engineer would build a bridge in that way. Another might think it needed greater hight to escape extraordinary floods.

We see great differences in rat houses in the same pond. Probably the idea that in some years the rats build their houses all higher or thicker than in other years is mainly imaginative. Just so far as he does go, we see no difference between his method of arriving at a conclusion and our own, and I doubt not all the learned societies of muskratdom would take in high dudgeon the suggestion that their operations are guided by any superstitious notions of prophetic inspiration; but it seems to me slightly discouraging to the evolution theory if the so called "brightest of mankind" only two hundred years ago discovered a system of philosophy, that the muskrat has been practicing for thousands of years without making any fuss about it.

[Written for the Fergus Falls Journal]

A RELIABLE ROUTE FOR THE BLACK HILLS.

P. Green Discusses a Late Chicago Map

Lord! how this world is given to lying. Every place is nearer to the Black Hills than every other place, and if a man could advance simultaneously on the auriferous deposits of the Cimmerian mountains via Salt Lake, Cheyenne, Sidney, Yankton, Sioux City, Lake Kampeska, Bismarck, Duluth, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, St. Petersburg and Pekin; time and distance would be wholly annihilated and he would arrive at his destination several months before starting, with untold wealth in his pockets, derived solely from the saving in time, distance and expense on each of the competing routes over and above all others. Unfortunately the average citizen is unequal to this simultaneousness without calling in the aid of nitro-glycerine; and if he does that, there is a subsequent difficulty in rallying on his centre and maintaining his organization. However, I have concluded to take the northern route anyhow, and wishing to post myself up in the geography of our noble state, and to learn the best route from Minneapolis to Bismarck, I have procured regardless, etc., a full and accurate railroad map of the new northwest (banana champion belt inclusive) done in the year 1875 in oil colors, by one of the high old masters residing in Chicago, and warranted genuine or no sale (except of purchaser.) I like a map. There's something tangible about that. These newspaper advertisements are vague, unsatisfactory and fraudulent, but a map—now that's a thing you can just put your finger on; and this railroad map of mine does hold over any other map I ever struck. There's more red and green and blue and yellow paint than I ever saw on one square yard of canvass before, and it's an 1875 map, too, and you and I know that there hasn't been any railroads built up in this northwestern country since then. So I get my map and inspect its gorgeous front to find the highway of the universe from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Bismarck.

Taking the St. Paul and Pacific line we sweep westward from Minneapolis, passing the crowded cities of Maple Point and Waverly in Hennepin county, and after crossing Crow river at a point 15 miles west of Crow station we pass in succession the thriving towns of Smith, Orton, Hassel and Summit. The main track continues straight westward from Willmar for a hundred miles, but as it doesn't appear to terminate anywhere, we conclude to switch off and take the northern branch running via Pomme and Dora to Brecenridge and thence northwest via Dead Colt junction to that celebrated mart of commerce, the Mandan village, near Fort Clark on the Missouri, where it makes junction with the Northern Pacific. I find, however, that I can if I choose, go from Brecenridge by rail to Abercrombie and there take the Sauk Valley line from Sauk Rapids via Otter Tail lake and Abercrombie to Dead Colt junction, which route is a great public convenience to be sure. I observe further that the flourishing village of Alexandria is about four miles north of the Willmar road and near Pomme station, while these important points, Irving and Kandiyohi are respectively about 6 and 25 miles south of Willmar on the road to the city of Pajutasee, which lies on the railroad extending from Minneapolis via Olencoe and Yellow Medicine (at the mouth of the Redwood river) to the commercial emporium of western Minnesota, known as Trading Post. And that the manufacturing city of Wascata is situated on the Red river a short distance east of Brecenridge. I had heard that there was a place somewhere up there by the name of Fergus Falls, but the map says there isn't and of course there isn't, and there's no use in making further inquiries. Having heard, however, that the Northern Pacific is the best route to Bismarck, I make further examination with a view to discover if possible that route. I ascertain that I can go from Cloud via Crowling to Crow Wing city, from whence there is a railroad extending west to Otter Tail Lake and thence north to Otter Tail City, or I can go east on the main line (extending from Crow Wing city to Lake Superior) about 20 miles to Brainerd Junction, and from there north and west (on a narrow gauge line probably) to Otter Tail City. However, that don't matter, the main point evidently is to reach Otter Tail City, as from there one can take his choice of railroads to the north or west. It being the terminus on my map of four extensive railroad systems, must of course make it the commercial metropolis of the northwest and the proper outfitting point for the Black Hills. Wherever else you go on your way to Deadwood, don't fail to go to Otter Tail City and there secure your outfit. Mayor McDonald will welcome you and tender the hospitalities and freedom of the city, and his resplendent plug hat and courtly grace of manner will remind you more of Paris and Vienna than of the shoddy vulgarism of New York and Boston so-called civilization. The North Pacific road westward from Otter Tail city is quite crooked especially among the Red River mountains. The crossing of that noble flood is made at or near the city of Georgetown from which point the road runs northwest to Fargo, which is situated on a river having no visible outlet. However, we are on the Northern Pacific road and this is the direct line to the Black Hills, for Kindred, the land agent of the road, told me so himself. Proceeding westward from Fargo we arrive at Mandan village in due time, and thence passing up through the the badlands of the Little Missouri reach the Black Hills and elsewhere with as little delay as may be. This is by all odds the best route, according to my map, which I am delighted with and would not think of selling.

I am, to be sure, somewhat disappointed in not being able to find Bismarck anywhere, but am consoled with the reflection that what is Bismarck's loss is my great gain. And what is home or country without a map, anyhow? The examination of that wonderful work of art and fiction has revealed to me the wonders of geography that are like the peace which passeth understanding. To my young readers I say: Go home and study a reliable railroad map. Search the inscrutable mysteries of the geographic fiend of Chicago, and then like me you will abandon the idea of going to the Black Hills as utterly impracticable by any known route laid down on any trustworthy railroad map of our great, glorious and united country.

Confidently,

P. GREEN.

SIC TRANSIT.

Sour are the uses of adversity. McNair thinks so, and Mac. ought to know. The profound wisdom expressed in the sententious remark of the untutored aboriginee, that "white man mighty oncartain," presses on the consciousness of Mac. like a nightmare. Says Mac. to the Scandinavian vote, "Behold I have piped and ye have not danced, I have squandered my fifteen cents like a little man and ye have not responded. I did go cheerily forth to Budstick and sadly I came home bad stuck. The world is hollow—my doll is stuffed with sawdust—my goose is cooked, and I will go to, and become me a nunnery."

Especially—inexpressibly and inexplicably sad is the event in Otter Tail county. The breezy bummer of the south, blowing like a summer tornado for McNair and Reform, spread over the prairies and through the groves of the Park Region like the breath of a pestilence. In the presence of the political scourge the locust invasion faded. The yawning mouth of the grasshopper was naught to the volcanic eruption of the democratic vocal Vesuvius. Scarce had the ghastly apparition of a Bassett—bird of ill-omen—faded from the view, when the glittering gleam of a Gilmore sweeping athwart the northwestern constellations with blazing front and two hundred millions of miles of red whisker trailing backward across the skies, burst on the blinded vision of beleaguered Fergus, a dreadful harbinger of greater evils at hand. The Grand Sultan himself with his mamelukes, his sublime port, his budstickens, his seraglios and barl's and things, poured down on us from the south. Men went back to the prayer of 400 years ago, "Save us from the devil, the Turk and the comet."

We were told that two years ago the most lavish expenditure of a festering Pacific Mail fund, barely saved Otter Tail to a corrupt republican party by the meager margin of some 250 majority for Bill King. Was it not clear therefore as the noonday sun, that Reform and Budsticken and McNair, to say nothing of the purifying effect of that bar'l—placed where it would do the most good—would sweep the county like a remarkable new broom? To be coursely it would!

But November came—melancholy days, the saddest of the year—the chill northern winds nip the eager bud (stikken) of hope—Scandinavia don't deliver worth a cent. Stewart's official majority in this county—as we remarked last week—is 686, a gain of some 400 over King two years ago. We have no heart to comment further on this sad and surprising circumstance, but we know we but speak the sentiments of every true republican when we say—"Mac., we feel for you—feel deeply; you'll know better than to ever do so again. Farewell."

NEW BOOKS.

THE SENTIMENTAL SONG BOOK; by Julia A. Moore, "The Sweet Singer or Michigan:" J. F. Ryder, Cleveland, Ohio. Price, 25 cents.

This is truly a remarkable book. We hazard nothing in saying that since the day of immortal Shakspeare the world has not seen its like; nor will it again for centuries. We judge that such a book has a period of revolution, of say about four hundred years, and its return—like the comets of earlier days—moves men to prayer.

Discarding the conventional trammels that have hitherto confined the pinions of song, the gifted singer soars through realms ~~hitherto~~ unsoared. She tells us in regard to her early life that she lived on a farm—

"And it was four miles from a village
Or any other town;"

and that—

"It was my heart's delight
To compose on a sentimental subject
If it came in my mind just right.
It is natural for me to compose,
And put words into rhyme;
And the success of my first work
Is this little book of mine."

The information contained in these last lines, though startling, must not be discredited, as the writer tells us in her introductory note that the book is truthful, or, at any rate, contains "more truth than poetry;" an observation so intensely correct that we shall decline "going back" on any of her subsequent statements.

Of Enos Page, who enlisted in the "Eight Michigan Cavalry," she remarks, with touching tenderness, that—

"His life was despaired of
On account of numerous fits."

And she appeals to a generous public to treat her works gently and—

"Not critizise as some have done
Hitherto herebefore."

We are quite sure that no human being with bowels will hereafter critizise "herebefore" to any extent. She tells us in regard to Hi. Helsel that—

"He was a small boy of his age
When he was five years or so,
Was shocked by lightning while at play
And it caused him not to grow."

Rough on Hi., but then if earthly immortality can be gained by investing in lightning, perhaps it is as economical a way of setting the thing up as any known.

Concerning "William House and family" she has the following advices:

"His family was eleven in all,
I do not think it was very small."

And also that—

"From there they went to Chicago,
Which proved their fatal overthrow."

It is wonderful how the uniform experience of mankind has been "biled down" and crystallized into the above few simple words. The perfect construction of the couplet reminds us of some of the oft quoted lines of Gray's elegy, and yet there is but one single passage in the whole range of literature that to our mind equals that beautiful couplet. It is the well known—

"~~The~~ grasshopper sat on the sweet potato vine,
Sweet potato vine, sweet potato vine."

But words fail and we "pass." The book is full of gems of purest paste serene. There are sixty pages of just such as we have quoted, and a portrait of the author which is well worth sixty pages more and she finishes her literary labors with the mournful inquiry:

"Have you heard of the dreadful fate
Of Mr. P. P. Bliss and wife"—

Who she assures us were plunged

"'Neath the wheel of tide."

On the whole we advise everybody to buy the book. It may save doctor bills, and will, we feel assured, quite do away with the necessity of castor oil as a family lubricator.

As we previously remarked, it is a remarkable book. The evidence of the "divine flatulence" of poesy "sticks out" as it were in every line of the work.

Apropos of the postponement of the extra session, the Chicago Times remarks that "the Democratic Bourbons are *disgruntled* because they think their chances are not so good for a mutiny in the Republican camp and for preserving the integrity of their own party will be less in October than in June," and that "the Republican Bourbons are *disgruntled* because they fear their chances of committing their party against the Southern policy of the President will be less in October than in June." Now we at we desire to know is,where this word "disgruntled" came from. Who is responsible for it, what is its origin, and how did it acquire its peculiar signification?

"Disgruntled."

MINNEAPOLIS, May 11.

To the Editor of the Pioneer Press:

I answer your conundrum. It is from the verb *to grunt*—as a hog. It signifies satisfaction—hence *gruntled*—satisfied—as a hog. *Disgruntled*—dissatisfied—as a hog.

See it? Authorities are Grant White, or Yours, etc.. P. GREEN.

THE census officers put Litchfield down with a paltry 900. Rowell's Newspaper Gazette informs the advertising world that Litchfield numbers 8,007 inhabitants. Rowell knows how to make allowance for specialties, but the census man is tied to absurd red tape rules. You see its just here:

Rowell's census.....	8,007
Official census.....	900
	7,107

The "discrepancy" is Daggett. Daggett stands for 7,107 ordinary American citizens (male, female and infant) which at an average of only 130 pounds each, makes a grand total of 990,001 pounds of Daggett, or a little over 495 tons. This is a percentage of increase exceeding the most sanguine anticipations, and we look forward to the census of 1880 with most serious apprehensions.

LINCOLN'S GREATEST SPEECH.

An Account of It by an Intimate Friend of the Late President.

Editor of Minneapolis *Tribune*:

Hon. W. A. Howard, of Michigan, a congressman from that state during the dark years of the rebellion, and later land commissioner of the Northern Pacific R. R., told the story, which I shall give as nearly as I can now remember as he gave it to me. He was one of the presidential party on the trip to Gettysburg. Of course the conversation turned on the coming ceremonies and the oration by Everett. Some friend of Mr. Lincoln's—a member of the cabinet, I think—turning to Mr. Lincoln, said to him: "They will want to hear from you." Mr. Lincoln's manner and voice indicated that the idea of a speech had not before occurred to him, as he said: "No, guess not, will they?"

"They certainly will, and you must be prepared," was the response. Other members of the party joined in urging him to prepare some remarks before reaching Gettysburg. Mr. Lincoln then and there, in the car, which was moving, got some paper and penciled off the Gettysburg speech, using the crown of a plug hat, which he held on his knee for a writing desk. Mr. Howard went on to say that at the close of the exercises at the dedication the president stepped forward and warmly thanked and congratulated Mr. Everett for the splendid oration he had just given them. The answer, full of humiliation and almost of reproach, was, "Mr. President, I would gladly give all that I have ever said or done to have been able to say the words that you have spoken here."

Some time after (but a few days before his death and after his famous second inaugural, I think it was), an intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln's asked him what he considered the best thing he had ever written or said. His characteristic reply was, "I do' 'no! What do you think? "Well, said his visitor, "I think it was the Gettyburg speech." A few days after, meeting Mr. Lincoln, the latter stopped him and said, "I've been thinking of what you said about my Gettysburg speech and I jings if don't believe you were about right." The whole idea which Mr. Howard conveyed was that the speech was a spontaneous tribute, born of the hour, and that after it was made Mr. Lincoln seemed to be quite unconscious that it was the grandest production in the language. I was with Mr. Howard several days on the Northern Pacific road, and a large part of one day was spent in his personal reminiscences of Mr. Lincoln, whom he fairly worshipped as the greatest and best man that ever lived, and with whom during those dark years of war, he was intimately acquainted. The old man was in feeble health, but whenever he spoke of Lincoln the fire and enthusiasm of youth came back to him, and though his voice trembled, it was with the feeling and eloquence of devoted love and enthusiastic admiration for the man who spoke at Gettysburg.

GEO. B. WRIGHT.

Minneapolis, Jan. 26, '78.

ELECTING COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

The Single District Plan--Minority Representation.

To the Editor of The Tribune,

In some of the recent discussions of city and county government, the idea of electing all County Commissioners "at large," or on a general ticket, was advanced. This was promptly "sat down on," and very properly, too, as being a centralizing and anti republican idea. Under such a plan, a bare majority of one may elect all the officers. One irresponsible scalawag, whose vote could, in the absence of competition, be bought for two bits, might thus be the dictator of the hour. This evil was early recognized in our government, and the law-makers hastily seized the apparent remedy lying nearest their hands.

They were misled by the popular formula "The majority must rule," and lost sight of the underlying principle of our government, that all have equal rights. Not seeing clearly how to secure majority rule and yet preserve any rights whatever to a minority in a large district electing several members, they hit upon the ready expedient of single member districts—small constituencies—maintaining in each little district the rigid doctrine that the majority is, of right, an absolute monarch, and that the minority has no rights.

The whole theory of the law-makers has seemed to be that the country is made solely for the benefit of two great parties constantly waring with each other for the mastery. Fair-minded men saw the evil resulting from the action of deliberative bodies unrestrained by the presence and voice of a single opposition member, and they foresaw that the single district plan would obviate that evil. But they carefully nourished the root of the evil, by cultivating and enforcing the idea that in elections minorities have no rights, and they batched and reared a new broop of collatteral villainies unknown under the old system.

The gerrymander is one of the foul birds from that nest, and the rotten-borough is another. The object of the one is to practically disfranchise as large a number as possible of the voters of the state; of the other to limit the choice of a voter to narrow, arbitrary geographic limits. His choice for a particular office may be his neighbor across the street, a man tried and true, fit and in every way worthy. But that man lives in another ward, and the only alternative the voter has is to sell his own house and buy a residence for himself in that other ward, with a reasonable prospect that the next Legislature will gerrymander the boundaries so that he will have to move again; or else he must take the caucus nominee in his own ward. His choice is restricted, as once stated by John Stuart Mill, to a "choice between the few rotten oranges in his own local market."

The gerrymander and the rotten-borough (or to use a better term—the "stinking fish" choice in politics) are direct products of the single-district system, and both directly strike at popular liberty, the one by practical disfranchisement of great numbers of voters, the other by limiting his choice to such unsavory viands that the voter prefers to go without his political dinner.

In business we allow the utmost freedom of action. Why should we not do the same in the matter of voting.

If I do not like the flavor or texture of the beefsteak in my own ward, why should I not have the right to select it from the clean, wholesome shop on the opposite corner? Men do not *naturally* work together according to narrow geographic bounds; but according to business interests, habits, tastes and mental convictions and beliefs. Why, then, should a street line prevent their concert of action? Why, for instance, should not a voter any where in Hennepin county have the right to select freely from all men in Hennepin county the ones he deems most fit for commissioners? The answer is that professional politicians do not care to see the people have much freedom in the matter of selecting public masters, (it

is a misnomer to call them servants so long as the caucus is sovereign) and the people do not see clearly how to secure that freedom. When that meeting of citizens indignantly "sat down" on the proposal to elect the county board on a general ticket, they threw away the most potent of weapons of popular liberty against centralization and party despotism. The sword was double edged, had they known how to use it.

Elect the Commissioners on a general ticket *and provide that any one fifth of the voters of the whole county can by concert of action elect one of the five men to be chosen*—in other words, apply the preference vote to the election of Commissioners, and at one stroke you secure the liberty and efficiency in political action on that question, that we now have in selecting our dry goods and groceries, our lawyer, doctor and minister.

Men would then combine naturally in acting on that question, and according to what they considered the most important interests to be effected by such action.

If there were important local matters affecting their interests at stake, the people of that locality interested would naturally join hands in electing a commissionor to represent that interest. If lax or corrupt administration was to be feared, honest, thoughtful and earnest men in all parts of the country would unite upon and elect one or more men of conspicuous ability, integrity and fearlessness to guard the general interests of the county. Where is the sense in confining such a selection to ward or township line?

If party feeling ran high, and for a time came to be regarded as the most important question at stake, each party would secure in the county board its full share of representation, and no gerrymandering of district boundaries could deprive it of that strength. Not until we recognize the fact that minorities have rights, will the majority really rule or the people be really free. GEO. B. WRIGHT.

Minneapolis, Feb. 3. 1879.

A Hardshell Sermon on Railroads.

BY PROF. THEOPHILUS SPARKINS.

Delivered before the Branch Limekiln Club, and reported verbatim by P. Green.

Beloved Brethering: The words of my text may be found in the early epistles of Levi, the same who singeth in Long Meter and is Elder.

"Verily thou shalt make meet and acceptable terms with the Thomas cat when thou hast his tail in the door crack."

Ah my brethering, the prophet was a man gifted and far seeing.

For the Thomas cat purrs and smiles and yanks his tail-ah, but he has claws like the roaring lion, and you can trust him when you have his tail in the door crack-ah.

His face is bland like the face of a trunk line president, and he will steal a chicken as quick as an Eastern manager can squirt a railroad across the Mississippi ah.

For he is full of guile, and you can trust him when you have his tail in the door crack-ah.

And my beloved bretherin, there air a great many things that air like the feline cat-ah, and there be many Thomases that air like unto the Thomas cat-ah. There be doubting Thomases what don't believe that two and two make four-ah, and when you asks 'em what they thinks about it, they hyste up their shoulders like the Thomas cat hystes up his back on the midnight fence-ah. And when they raise a yowl, it means, my brethering, that they prophesies the impending evil to their tail-ah, that they see the great day a-coming when they will have to come to time-ah.

And when you see railroad engineers—mighty men of war-ah—a hurryin' to and fro over the face of the yearth-ah; a bildin' of ralerodes across the Mississippi, and up and down of all our streets and by-ways-ah; *then* you may know, my brethering, that sumthin' troubles their minds-ah; and you may call to mind the Thomas cat that you can trust when his tail is in the door-drack-ah.

For why, oh my hearers, are they troubled, and why do they howl-ah? Is it because an election is coming, and they fear the pressure of events on to their latter extremity-ah?

And when they tell us they will build us many railroads—railroads in number like unto the sands of the sea-ah if we will only be obliging and not put the twist on their tails-ah; but if we *do* put their tails in the door-crack they will neither build us many railroads nor any railroads-ah, but will devour us like as did the bears the wicked boys which said "Go up old bald head-ah;" then, my bretheren, remember the words of the prophet-ah: "and ye shall make meet and acceptable terms when their tails are in the door-crack-ah."

Do you not remember the day when the railroad magnates, and the ogemas and high-cock-alorums told us aforetime they would build us a *great* railroad, and this should be the one end and the other should reach to Puget's Sound-ah, and how they purred in our ears like the deceitful Thomas cat-ah, and how while we was a waitin' on some of 'em in the parlor, the ballance of 'em was a stealin' of our chickens in the back-yard and a buildin' of the great railroad to St. Paul-ah; and all because we didn't have their deceitful tails in the door-crack-ah

And I say unto you, my beloved brethering, that the men and kind of men who are anxious to build our railroads for us *pro*-vided we won't vote any bonds to help ourselves-ah; will be a great deal more likely to build the same railroads *pro*-vided we do vote bonds to help ourselves-ah, for my brethering, we shall have their caudal appendages in the door-crack-ah, and when they tell you they will go away mad and do dreadful things if we vote any bonds—don't be alarmed, if you have a good grip on the door-knob-ah, for *then*, my hearers, they will stay and listen to *reason*-ah. And when you see the mighty men of *St. Paul* and their *newspapers*-ah: a sweatin' around raisin' Cain, and a tryin to stop the narrer gage railroads because they will ruin Minneapolis and carry everything to *St. Paul*-ah: don't get scared, my friends, but remember that of all things that sweat, and tear around and yowl—there ain't probably anything on this green yearth that in that line of biz holds over a Tom cat when he fust gets his tail in the door crack—ah.

And agin remember, my hearers-ah, that wen a broad-gage ralerode man opposes hisself agin narrer-gage rodes becus they aint no account and a positive cuss to any town, and will be bustid hier ner a kite ez soon as the broad-gages sets down on 'em-ah; that that air kind of man ain't the kind of onprejudiced man to set on the jury-ah, and that instid of tellin' the truth, more'n as likely agin as not, the squeal that comes out of him is becus he's afraid his broad-gage tale will git pinched in the narrer-gage door crack-ah. Fur the Tommus cat is of all animils most onreliable, and in the language of my tex you shall make meet and acceptable terms with him when his tail is in the door crack-ah.

Pope and Porter.

To the Editor of the Pioneer Press:

You seem to have stirred up a good-sized hornet's nest of surprise and indignation by your recent review of the Fitz-John Porter trial. Republican readers have been quite ready to assume that the whole trial was a "put up job" of whitewash, in keeping with the southern war-claims, tissue ballots, etc. Yet your review of the Porter case was not only eminently just; but for many years, enough of the facts have been before the public to warrant a complete reversal of the popular judgment in regard to that unfortunate officer. Probably no history of the war has had a wider circulation than Greeley's "American Conflict." Among Republicans and old anti-slavery men, none has been considered better authority, for it is as a rule sufficiently severe on Democratic leaders to satisfy the most exacting of Republican critics, and Porter came in with the rest, for his share in the general condemnation, I will therefore only refer to his one work—the "American Conflict."

The story of Porter's part in the battle of Gainesville or "second Bull Run" is told on pages 133 to 187, volume 2, published in 1866.

Of the operations of August 29th, Greeley says: "When Longstreet, before noon, came rapidly into action on the right of Jackson, already hotly engaged, the rebel army was once more reunited, and felt itself invincible."

This was the day of the celebrated 4:30 p. m. dispatch sent by Pope to Porter—the peremptory order to attack Jackson's right, which we now know did not reach Porter till dark.

After the above statement of the junction of Longstreet and Jackson—a statement borne out by Pollard, the southern historian, and by Longstreet in a letter published years ago, the following from Pope's official report reads queerly enough, and shows that even then he entirely misapprehended the situation of the rebel army at the time he issued the 4:30 order, or willfully misrepresented the facts.

Speaking of Porter, he says: "I do not hesitate to say that if he had discharged his duty as became a soldier under the circumstances, and had made a vigorous attack on the enemy, as he was expected and directed to do, at any time up to 3 o'clock that night, we should have utterly crushed or captured the larger portion of Jackson's force before he could by any possibility have been sufficiently reinforced to have made an effective resistance."

And again: "I am positive—that at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 29th Gen. Porter had in his front no considerable body of the enemy. I believed then, as I am very sure now, that it was easily practicable for him to have turned the right flank of Jackson, and to have fallen upon his rear, that if he had done so we should have gained a decisive victory over the enemy under Jackson before he could have been joined by any of the forces of Longstreet."

Fool or Knave—The whole of Longstreet's army had been waiting half a day for Porter's attack at the very point where Pope assumed there was nothing in the way. And Greeley says of that day's operations:

"But Pope was really beaten, though he did not yet know it. His aim had been to overwhelm Jackson before Lee with Longstreet could come to his assistance; and in this he had conspicuously failed. Had his entire army been in hand and in line of battle by 9 o'clock that morning his success would have been certain and easy."

At the first Porter court-martial there was really no excuse for Pope's theory that Longstreet had not arrived in front of Porter at the time the latter received the order of 4:30 to attack. That theory condemned Porter to infamy, but it was even then as indefensible as now, for it must have been known in Washington that Longstreet's advance passed through Thoroughfare Gap at 3 p. m. of the 28th; that Rickett's division, defending the Gap, had been driven back with loss by Longstreet, before dark of that day; and that the rebels had been pouring through the Gap and pushing to the support of Jackson all night. Pope himself was apprised of the movement and of the sudden retreat of our forces under King and McDowell (which left no obstacle to the junction of the rebel armies), before morning of the 29th. As the whole distance from the Gap to the battle-field was but about ten miles, it required an unusual amount of hardihood to assume, as Pope did, that up to "5 o'clock on the afternoon of the 29th" Longstreet's army could not have reached and reinforced Jackson, and it required a density of stupidity rarely equalled for the court that tried Porter not to discover the absurdity of the claim that the rebel army could not have marched ten miles in twenty-four hours.

Porter may have been as willing to see Pope defeated as his chief appeared to be, but there has been nothing thus far in the history of the case that should condemn Porter, or justify Pope in his treatment of that officer.

GEO. B. WRIGHT.

MINNEAPOLIS, April 14, 1879.

Wanted—A Man Who Don't Need References as to His Character—Party Surgery.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 7, 1875.

To the Editor of the Evening Mail.

I am a republican, and I wish to express my sincere thanks to you for a piece of square, fearless and necessary surgery which you are doing for the republican party. I allude to your "spotting on the spot" in your very next issue after the convention, the republican nominee for railroad commissioner, Mr. C. A. Gilman. An "independent" newspaper condemning an unworthy nomination made by the editor's personal and party friends, is

ARCTIC SODA AND ICE CREAM

in the great American desert of politics, and in this instance it has refreshed the conscience and opened the eyes of half the republican newspaper press in the state. It is quite unnecessary and altogether too thin for the Pioneer Press and Tribune to call for "proofs." The editors of those papers know perfectly well—just as everybody in his congressional district knows—precisely what kind of reputation C. A. Gilman has had for the last ten years. That reputation was

MR. GILMAN'S PRIVATE PROPERTY

until he became a candidate for public office, and then it became a legitimate subject of newspaper comment. The "proofs" which the Tribune demands are, I think, not far away, but the business of a convention ought to be to nominate a sort of men concerning whom "proofs" will not be called for. Nobody ever has asked for "proofs" of the honesty of Edwin W. Dike or John S. Pillsbury. They have the kind of reputation that doesn't require the "proofs." The days of voting a party ticket "straight" are fast going out of fashion, whereat I rejoice. "Let every tub" (that's candidate) "stand on its own bottom" (that's merits). The best party service that a republican can do is to "spot" every unworthy republican nomination, and fealty to the bottom principles of

THAT GRAND OLD PARTY,

demands the fearlessness as to results and the sacrifice of personal feeling necessary to "spot" every such case. Whenever the republican managers come to understand that a nomination is not an election, and that the newspapers and intelligent voters of the party will "spot" unworthy nominations, we shall see care taken in republican conventions to present men for the suffrages of the party concerning whom we shall not require any "proofs."

Yours with respect,

A REPUCLICAN OF '56.

The Entomological Deluge.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

I observe with concern that the Riley—the "Big Muddy" of Pike county, Missouri—has again overflowed his banks and is devastating the happy fields of American journalism with his annual June rise of entomological theory. So long as the Riley was confined to the Hoop-pole bottoms of Pike county, he was comparatively harmless. The great world doesn't greatly worry itself about the overflow of a Missouri professor. If he could satisfy the Pukes that their's was the promised land of milk and honey and that all else was abomination of desolation, he would at least do other regions the favor of keeping the Pukes at home.

Not until re-inforced by a congressional appriation did the Riley become dangerous. How he has since dwelled until he has filled the Mississippi Valley with his grasshopper slush, a weary world well knows. He extends to the Arctic Ocean, and his flood over-tops the loftiest Ararat in all the Rocky Mountain range. He ought to be leveed or dammed or his congressional springs of greatness summarily cut off, lest a new Noah get a new job of ship-building.

Fortunately the Riley deluge is thin. It is mostly wind. He tells us in his last overflow that he has advices "from the extreme northwest where the locusts are permanently located." The locusts have advised him that they are on the hatch as usual. However, he gives himself away slightly by classifying Utah as in the "extreme northwest," and further that they are also hatching in Kansas in "limited proportions." It is to be presumed, therefore, that in the "permanent regions" of the Northwest (an expression which he uses in nearly every sentence of his communication) whenever a grasshopper hatches, he hatches in *unlimited* proportions and regardless of symmetry. One paper quo ing the Riley, says of the grasshoppers that "they cannot perpetrate themselves in the lower country." According to all advices, they perpetrated somewhat in Kansas, Missouri, Indian Territory and Texas in the years 1876–7. The Riley informs us for the hundredth time that the "permanent region" is a district "lying two or three degrees on either side of the boundary line between the United States and British America"—that the 'hoppers never do harm in the "lower countries" until they become a "prodigious multitude in the northwest"—that when they go "too far south" they weaken, die and cannot return to the "permanent region" as they "always try to."

Now if there is any one thing well established it is that the region of highest heat suits the grasshopper best, and that the "permanent region" is the dry, hot district extending south into Mexico, and embracing all the interior basin between the Sierras and the Rockies and thence east to the region of abundant rain fall and moist air. The "permanent region" coincides with the region where irrigation is a necessity in agriculture. But the people of the United States pay this Pike county fraud—this professor of all the things he don't know—a liberal salary for publishing monthly bulletins, that Missouri and Kansas can by no possibility be troubled by grasshoppers until Minnesota and Dakota are first devoured. Congress can not too soon dry up the fountains of the entomological liar and climatic humbug of "Mizzouri." Cut off the appropriations and he will, in the language of another—"retire to that position of nothingness from whence he so recently emerged." I am, sir, with relief,

Yours truly, GEO. B. WRIGHT.

MARK TWAIN'S CAT STORY.

A Good One Not In Any of His Collections.

I knew by the sympathetic glow upon his bald head—I knew by the thoughtful look upon his face—I knew by the emotional flush upon the strawberry end of the old free liver's nose, that Simon Wheeler's memory was busy with the olden time. And so I prepared to leave, because all these were symptoms of a reminiscence—signs that he was going to be delivered of another of his tiresome personal experiences—but I was too slow; he got the start of me. As nearly as I can recollect, the infliction was couched in the following language:

"We were all boys then and didn't care for nothing, and didn't have no trouble, and didn't worry about nothing only to shirk school, and keep up a revivin' state of devilment all the time. This yah Jim Wolf I was talkin' about was the 'prentice, and he was the best hearted feller, he was, and the most forgivin' and onselfish I ever see—well, there could not be a more bullier boy than he was, take him how you would, and sorry enough was I when I see him for the last time.

"Me and Henry was always pestering him, and plastering horsebills on his back, and putting bumble-bees in his bed, and so on, and sometimes we'd crowd in and bunk with him, notwithstanding his growling, and then we'd let on to get mad and fight across him, so as to keep him stirred up like. He was nineteen, he was, and long, and lank, and bashful, and and we was fifteen and sixteen, and tolerably lazy and worthless.

"So, that night, you know, that my sister Mary gave a candy pullin', they started to bed early, so as the company would have full swing, and we run in on Jim to have some fun."

"Our winder lookt out into the roof of an ell, and about ten o'clock a couple of old tom cats got to rarin' and chargin' around it, and carryin' on like sin. There was four inches of snow on the roof, and it was frozen so that there was a right smart crust of ice on it, and the moon was shining bright, and we could see them cats like daylight. First they would stand off and e-yow, yow, yow, just the same as if they was a cussin' one another, you know, and bow up their backs and push up their tails, and swell around and spit, then all of a sudden the gray cat he'd snatch a handful of fur out of the yaller cat's ham, and spin around him like the button on a barn door. But the yaller cat was game, and he'd come and clinch, and the way they'd gouge, and bite, and yowl, and the way they'd make the fur fly was powerful.

"Well, Jim, he got disgusted with the row, and 'lowed he'd climb out there and shake him off'n that roof. He hadn't reely no notion of doin' it, likely, but we everlastin'ly dogged him, and bully-ragged him, and 'lowed he'd always bragged how he would not take a dare, and so on, till bime-by he highsted up the winder, and lo and behold you, he went—went exactly as he was, nothin' on but a shirt, and that was short. But you ought to see him. You ought to see him creepin' over that ice, and diggin' his toe nails and finger nails in to keep from slippin', and 'bove all, you ought to seen that shirt-tail a flappin' in the wind, and them long, ridiculous shanks of his a glistenin' in the moonlight.

"Them company folks were down there under the eaves, the whole squad of them under that ornery shed of old Washin'ton Bower vines—all sett'n round about two dozen sassers of hot candy, which they'd set in the snow to cool. And they was laughin' and talkin' lively; but bless you, they didn't know nothin' 'bout the panorama that was goin' on over their heads. Well, Jim, he went a sneakin' up, unbeknown to them cats—they was a swishin' their tails and yow-yowin' and threatenin' to clinch, you know, and not payin' any attention—he went a sneakin' right up to the comb of the roof, till he was in a foot and a half of 'em, and then all of a sudden he made a grab for the yaller cat! But, by gosh, he missed fire and slipped his holt, and his heels flew up and he flopped on his back, and shot off'n that roof like a dart—went a slashin' and a crashin' down through them old rusty vines and landed right in the dead center of them comp'ny people!—sot down like a yearthquake in them two dozen sassers of red-hot candy, and let off a howl that was hark f'm the tomb! Them gals—well, they looked, you know. They see he wasn't dressed for company, and so they left. All done in a second, it was just one little war whoop and a whish! of their dresses, and blame the wench of 'em was in sight anywhere!

"Jim, he was a sight. He was gormed with that bilin' hot molasses candy clean down to his heels, and had more busted sassers hangin' to him than if he was an Injun princess—and he comes a prancin' up stairs just a whoopin' and cussin', and every jump he gave shed some china, and every squirm he fetched he dropped some candy!

"And blistered! Why, bless your soul, that poor cretur couldn't reely set down comfortable for as much as four weeks."

The worst stutterer in this country was at a picnic near Des Moines on the Fourth. Just as they were camped around the table cloth, preparing to lunch, he started at some object, pointed his finger and said: "There's a 's—n—' and two women climbed into the excursion car in two seconds and one lap. 'A s—n—,' continued the stutterer, and three white skirts in one time and one motion fluttered from the lowermost branches of a neighboring tree, 'a sn—sn,' he continued, while the heels of two pairs of No. 3 gaiters were seen vanishing over an eight rail fence with a confederate rider. The stammerer was red in the face, and great beads of perspiration stood on his brow as he struggled on, and the male members of the party hunted for clubs and stepped as high as an Arabian courser. 'A sn—sn—sn—snide egg in this custard pie,' he finally managed to stutter. Then two women came down from that excursion car, and three women slid down out of a neighboring tree, and the owners of two pairs of No. 3 gaiters gathered themselves together, and they gathered around that festive board and fell upon the enemy and smote him hip and thigh. *Des Moines Register.*

MARK TWAIN AT HARTFORD.

Response to a Toast at the Reunion of the Army of the Potomac on the 8th inst.

To the regular toast, The Benefit of Judicious Training, Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) responded as follows:

"Let but the thoughtful civilian instruct the soldier in his duties, and the victory is sure."—Martin Farquhar Tupper on the Art of War.

Mr. Chairman: I gladly join with my fellow townsmen in extending a hearty welcome to these illustrious generals and these war-scarred soldiers of the republic. This is a proud day for us, and, if the sincere desire of our hearts has been fulfilled, it has not been an unpleasant day for them. I am in full accord, sir, with the sentiment of the toast, for I have always maintained with enthusiasm that the only wise and true way is for the soldier to fight the battle and the unprejudiced civilian to tell him how to do it. Yet when I was invited to respond to this toast, and furnish this advice and instruction, I was almost as much embarrassed as I was gratified, for I could bring to this great service but the one virtue of absence of prejudice and set opinion. Still, but one other qualification was needed, and it was of only minor importance. I mean, knowledge of the subject. Therefore I was not disheartened, for I could acquire that, there being

TWO WEEKS TO SPARE.

A general of high rank in this army of the Potomac said two weeks was really more than I would need for the purpose. He had known people of my style who had learned enough in forty-eight hours to enable them to advise any army. Aside from the compliment, this was gratifying, because it confirmed an impression I had had before. He told me to go to the United States military academy at West Point, and said, in his flowery, professional way, that the cadets would "load me up." I went there and stayed two days, and his prediction proved to be correct. I make no boast of my own account—none. All I know about military matters I got from the gentlemen at West Point, and to them belongs the credit. They treated me with courtesy from the first, but when my mission was revealed, this mere courtesy blossomed into warmest zeal. Everybody, officers and all, put down their work and turned their whole attention to giving me military information. Every question I asked was promptly and exhaustively answered; therefore I feel proud to state that in the advice which I am about to give you as soldiers, I am backed up by the highest military authority in the land—yes, in the world, and if America does say it—West Point. To begin, gentlemen, when an engagement is meditated, it is best to feel the enemy first—that, is, if it is night; for, as one of the cadets explained to me, you do not need to feel him in the day time, because you can see him then. I never thought of that, but it is true—perfectly true. In the day time the

METHODS OF PROCEDURE

are various, but the best, it seems to me, is one which was introduced by Gen. Grant. Gen. Grant always sent an active young man re-doubt to reconnoiter and get the enemy's bearings. I got this from a high officer at the Point, who told me he used to be a redoubt on Gen. Grant's staff, and had done it often. When the hour for battle is come, move to the field with celerity—fool away no time. Under this head I was told of a favorite maxim of Gen. Sheridan's. Gen. Sheridan always said: "If the siege train isn't ready, don't wait—go by [illegible] trains that are handy; to get there is the [illegible] thing." Now, that is the correct idea. As you approach the field it is better to get out and walk. This gives you a better chance to dispose your forces judiciously for the assault. Get your artillery in position and throw out stragglers to the right and left to hold your lines of communication against surprise. See that every hod-carrier connected with the mortar-battery is at his post. They told me at the Point that Napoleon despised mortar batteries and never would use them. He said that for real efficiency he wouldn't give a hatful of brickbats for a ton of mortar. However, that is all he knew about it. Everything being ready for the assault, you want to enter the field with your baggage to the front. This idea was invented by our renowned guest, Gen. Sherman. They told me that Gen. Sherman said that the trunks and baggage make a good protection for the soldiers, but that chiefly they attract the attention and rivet the interest of the enemy, and this gives you an opportunity to whirl the other end of the column around and attack him in the rear. I have given good deal of study to this tactic since I learn about it, and it appears to me it is a rattling good idea. Never fetch on your reserves at the start. This was Napoleon's first mistake at Waterloo. Next he assaulted with his bomb-proofs and ambulances and embrasures, when he ought to have used a heavier artillery. Thirdly, he uncovered his right by ricochet—which uncovered his pickets—when his only possibility of success lay in

DOUBLING UP HIS CENTER,

flank by flank, and throwing out his chevaux de frise by the left oblique to relieve the skirmish line and confuse the enemy—if such a maneuver would confuse him, and at West Point they said it would. It was about this time that the emperor had two horses shot under him. How often you see the remark that Gen. So-and-so at such and such a battle had two or three horses shot under him. Gen. Burnside and many great European military men, as I was informed by a high artillery officer at West Point, have justly characterized this as a wanton waste of projectiles, and he impressed upon me a conversation in the tent of the Prussian chiefs at Gravelotte, in the course of which our honored guest just referred to—Gen. Burnside—observed that

if "you can't aim a horse so as to hit the general with it, shoot it over him and you may bag something on the other side, whereas a horse shot under a general does no sort of damage." I agree cordially with Gen. Burnside, and heaven knows I shall rejoice to see the artilleries of this land and all lands cease from this wicked and idiotic custom. At West Point they told me of another mistake at Waterloo, namely, that the French were under fire from the beginning of the fight till the end of it—which was plainly a most effeminate and ill-timed attention to comfort and a foolish division of military strength; for it took probably as many men to keep up the fires as it did to do the fighting. It would have been much better to have had a small fire in the rear and let the men go there by detachments and get warm, and not try to

WARM UP THE WHOLE ARMY AT ONCE.

All the cadets said that an assault along the whole line was the one thing which could have restored Napoleon's advantage at this juncture, and he was actually rising in the stirrups to order it, when a sutler burst at his side and covered him with dirt and debris, and before he could recover, Wellington opened a tremendous and devastating fire upon him from a monstrous battery of vivandieres, and the star of the great captain's glory set to rise no more. The cadet wept while he told me these mournful particulars. When you leave a battle-field, always leave it in good order. Remove the wreck and rubbish and tidy up the place. However, in the case of a drawn battle it is neither party's business to tidy up anything. You can leave the field looking as if the city government of New York had bossed the fight. When you are traversing the enemy's country, in order to destroy his supplies and cripple his resources, you want to take along plenty of camp followers. The more the better. They are a tremendously effective arm of the service, and they inspire in the foe the liveliest dread. A West Point professor told me that the wisdom of this was recognized as far back as scripture times. He quoted the verse. He said it was from the new Revision, and was a little different from the way it reads in the old one. I do not recollect the exact wording of it now, but I remember that it wound up with something about such and such a devastating agent being as "terrible as an army with bummers." I believe I have nothing further to add but this: The West Pointers said a private should preserve a respectful attitude toward his superiors and should seldom, or never, proceed so far as to offer suggestions to his general in the field. If the battle is not being conducted to suit him, it is better for him to resign. By the etiquette of war it is permitted to none below the rank of newspaper correspondent to dictate to the general in the field.

Facts Concerning Jay Gould.

From the San Francisco Post.

The other morning while Mr. Cole, the proprietor of the approaching circus and menagerie of that name, was picking his teeth on the steps of that excellent circus hotel, the Russ house, a tall, sunburned, bald-headed man, with pine-burrs in his clothes and a stick of sassafras in his mouth, approached and said:

"Be you the wild animal man, mister?"

The proprietor of the Double Mammoth Mastodon Aggregation admitted that such was the fact.

"Then," proceeded the party from the mountains, "I think I'll get you to make me an offer for a large-sized, healthy mountain lion I've got."

"Good specimen, eh?" asked the circus man.

"Good? Well, I should say so. Measures eleven feet from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. Caught him myself when a cub. Just four years old to-morrow."

"Hum—good appetite?"

"Appetite? Great Scott—appetite! Well, I should smile—that's just the point—that's just why I'm parting with Jay—I call him Gould, because he takes everything in. If it wasn't for his appetite and the queer little things it makes him do, I wouldn't part with Gould for a fortune."

"Savage, eh?"

"Well, no; I don't know as I should call Jay savage, exactly—sorter nibblish, though, he may be. He has a kinder habit of gnawing up things, so to speak. In fact, the neighbors—I live up at Bladder's Peak—have gotten to be so fussy and particular of late that I can't so so much as unchain J. G. for a little fresh air without their getting grumpy over it!"

"There's no pleasing some people," said the hippodromer.

"I should say not. Now, f'rinstance, 'bout three months after Jay got to be as big as a boarding house sofa, I came home one day from a picnic and found he had eaten up Aunt Maria, who had been left at home to mind the house—leastwise she was nowhere to be found; and as Jay Gould seemed sorter bulgy like, and kept coughing up hairpins and false teeth for a day or two, we kinder suspicioned the whole thing."

"Maternal aunt?" inquired the showman, thoughtfully.

"Exactly. My wife took on dreadfully at first, and wanted me to shoot Jay right off. But I told her that he probably suffered a good deal as it was, and that most likely he'd catch rheumatism and things from the remains, and we'd better call it square."

"And did she?"

"Well, she kinder got reconciled after a while, especially as Jay seemed fond of playing with the children. One morning soon after that my wife's mother—whole family lived with me, you see—didn't come down to breakfast. As all her false hair was hanging over a chair-back, and Gould crawled out from under the bed licking his chops, and with his tongue a good deal coated—mother-in-law was always taking things for the liver complaint—we saw at once it was another visitation of providence, and that the heavy hand of affliction was again upon us."

"Looked that way, didn't it?"

"Well, as you may suppose, the old lady—that's my wife—pranced around a good deal then, and got down the breech-loader right away. But just then arrived a gold medal from the S. P. C. A. society, awarded on account of my forbearance in the Aunt Maria business, and so I got her calmed down after awhile."

"Pacified her, eh?"

"Yes; I managed to arrange a reprieve for Jay, somehow. You see, I was always awful fond of pets, and tender-hearted, and all that, you understand. I argued that the poor animal didn't know that he was doing wrong—merciful man is merciful to his beast, etc. That smoothed things over for another month."

"What happened then?"

"Well, one day I sent Johnny, our youngest boy, down to the store for some sugar, and he took Gould along for company. Now, whether it was because Jay was fond of sugar or not, I don't know, but he came home alone, and as soon as we noticed a peculiar kind of bulge on his ribs, about as big as Johnny, we concluded that the dread archer had marked another Skidmore—my name is Skidmore—for his own. The whole family took on like mad, and Mrs. Skid. was about to shove the powder keg under Jay Gould and touch it off herself, when I pointed out that it wouldn't do to desecrate our offspring's tomb in that way. So I just had the burial service read over the lion and tied crape around his neck for thirty days. How does that strike you?"

"After that you kept the animal chained?"

"Well, no. The fact is, I set out to get a chain several times, but one thing and another prevented, until one day last week I actually missed the old lady herself. I looked around for her a couple of days, when somehow of a sudden I sorter intentioned where she was. I gave Gould about half a pound of emetic right away, but all we could get out of him was a pair of high-heeled shoes and a chest protector. It was too late—too late! We put the shoes and things in a coffin, and had Jay led behind the hearse to the cemetery. Wanted to have as much of the corpse present as possible—don't you see? We had the animal all decorated with flowers and things, as fine as you please. Folks said it was the touchingest thing that ever took place in them parts," and the bereaved husband sighed heavily.

"Don't wonder you want to sell the beast," remarked the menagerie man, after a pause.

"Well, I sorter do, and I sorter don't," said Mr. Skidmore, abstractedly. "There's so many memories and things clustering around J. G., seems kinder like parting with one's family burying lot, as it were. On the other hand, though, now that the old lady is gone, I sorter feel as if the insect had—well, had outlived his usefulness, so to speak. So suppose I just have his box hauled around to your show after the performance this afternoon, and see if we can't strike a bargain."

"All right," said the manager. "I'm going up Salt Lake way after awhile, and perhaps I can work him off for big money to some of the Mormon elders."

"There's a mint of coin in him as a family pet," said the other earnestly, and after striking the circus proprietor for a season deadhead, the widower shouldered his umbrella and drifted sadly down the street.

An Invention that Wasn't Needed.

It was in a smoking-car on the Hudson River road. A New Yorker was exhibiting an invention to several gentlemen, when an old farmer with a settled look of sadness on his face, heaved a sigh and said:

"I never see such a thing without wanting to weep."

"Nothing about this invention to weep over, that I can see," replied the inventor.

"Wall, it sort o' calls up old recollections. Twenty years ago this fall I thought I had a fortune in my grasp. Yes sir, I believed I had struck the biggest thing since steam was brought into use."

"What was it?"

"One day when the old woman was flat down with her lame leg, I had to cook my own dinner. After I'd got the pan-cake batter all fixed up I couldn't find the greased rag the old woman used to rub over the spider. Sort o' absent-minded like I picked up a piece of raw turnip from the table and used it instead. It worked to a charm; no smell, no smoke, no stick."

He paused here to wipe away a tear, and then continued.

"There was the fortune. I figured that 9,000,000 greased rags were used in this country five months in the year. Fifty thousand barrels of grease were used up greasing spider. Over $100,000 wasted and gone. One turnip would make six greasers; 1,000 bushels would make enough to supply the country. All that was needed was to cut them up into fancy style, affix a handle, and go to supply the demand at ten cents each."

"There was money in it."

"No, there wasn't. I bought 100 bushels of turnips, $56 worth of wire, and hired two men to go to work, and then I took a greaser and went over into Vermont to see how it would take; they would not have it. They had something more simple and much cheaper."

"What could it have been?"

"They spit on the spider!" [illegible]ied the old man, as a tear made a [illegible] his nose and was swallowed up in the dust on the floor.

TAKING HOME OYSTERS.

The Uses of the Paper Bag; Also of a Man's Various Pockets.

From the Detroit Free Press.

A First ward man was told by his wife to bring home a quart of oysters to fry for supper. He drank a few prescriptio ns of egg nogg, and then took a paper bag full of selects and started for home. He stopped at two or three saloons and the bag began to melt, and when he left the last saloon the bottom fell out of the bag and the oysters were on the sidewalk. We will leave the man there, gazing upon the wreck, and take the reader to the residence where he is expected. A red-faced woman is putting the finishing touches to the supper table and wondering why her husband did not come with the oysters. Presently a noise as of a lead pencil in the key hole salutes her ear, and she goes to the door and opens it, and finds him taking the pencil out of the key hole. Not seeing any oysters she asks him if he has forgotten the oysters. "Forgotten noth— hic)—ing," says he. He walks up to the table and asks for a plate, which was given by the unsuspecting wife. "Damsaccident you ever (hic) see," said the truly old man as he brought his hand out of his overcoat pocket with four oysters, a little smoking tobacco and a piece of cigar stub. "Slipprysoystersey (hic) er was," said he, as he run his hand down in the other pocket, bringing up five oysters, a piece of envelope and a piece of wire that was used as a bail to the pail. "Got all my p(hic)ockets full," said he, as he took a large oyster out of his vest pocket. Then he began to go down in his pants pocket, and finding a hole in it he said: "Six big (hic)sters gone down my trowsers leg. Spossi'll find them in my boot," and he sat down to pull off his boot, when the lady took the plate of oysters and other stuff into the kitchen and threw them into the swill, and then she put him to bed, and all the time he was trying to tell her how the bag burst just as he was in front of "All Saints' ca(hic)thedral."

THE CORNER INTO WHICH WE DRIVE ALL OUR GRUMBLING VERSIFIERS.

We make this attempt to coop up the vagrant rhymesters who usually infest and desolate our columns without restraint. The gift of poesy is supposed to be conferred only in seasons of strong passion, and the passion for grumbling seems to be a prolific source of inspiration. Rhyming proves to be a safety-valve for indignation, mortification, tribulation, or any other sensation.

For instance, here is a Granger who is not satisfied with potato-bugs; and a man who will complain of potato-bugs would be unhappy if he had the mumps or his jury stood nine to three. There are some people who will not be satisfied with anything:

THE GRANGER AND THE POTATO-BUGS.

Wall, John, my pertaters is pizened;
The leaves is chawed, little and big;
My hull patch it withers and dies, and
Ther ain't enough left fer to dig.
I picked off the bugs an' they doubled;
I fit 'em with fire—it didn't balk 'em;
W'en somebody said, "Ef yer troubled
Buy Paris green—that's wot'll knock 'em."

They tackled my orchard, ez usual;
I laid a sheet down fer the bugs,
Then shook the trees, ketched twenty bushel,
An' fed 'em right out to the hogs.
But I swun! it didn't thin 'em a speck,
An' a neighbor nex' day hollered, "Herrick, O,
Percure Paris green—buy a peck—
For that's wot'll knock 'em to Jericho!"

They chawed up the mats on the porches;
They et up the close on the line;
They gobbled old shoes in their marches,
An' didn't leave a harness of mine.
An' one wretch bit little Delphine—
Do ye wonder now, John, that I hate a bug?
And the *Banner* said, "Use Paris green,
Fer that's wot'll knock the pertater-bug!"

Three bushel I bought the nex' mornin'
An' mixed in three gallons of water;
Them cusses didn't care for the warnin'
No more ner a lamb fer the slaughter;
They flocked round ez ef 'twas their bitters
An' they had all paid me fer mixin' it—
Why, John, the darned imperdent critters
Clum up to see how I wuz fixin' it!

Then softly I screwed on the nozzle
An' slily I dipped in the hose;
"Now, blast ye," ses I, "ye ken guzzle
And fill yerselves full, I suppose."
I squirted it on 'em like blazes;
I sozzled it on the pertaters;
I played on the roses and daisies,
An' quinces and beats and tomaters;

I soused the ole pear tree an' cherries,
The plums that wuz pretty nigh dead;
I sprinkled the wilted strawberries,
An' doused the asparagus bed.
Bugs fell like the very ole Nick—
And now wouldn't the hens have a crawful?
Fer the dead lay at least an inch thick,
An' I see that the carnage wuz awful.

They would writhe an' roll over and die,
Fer they wuz remarkable eaters;
The hogsheads wuz empty, and I
Wuz most sorry I'd murdered the creaters.
I waked about midnight: three bugs
Stood there, lookin' pleasant an' merry—
Canteens wuz strapped on 'em, an' jugs,
An' their noses wuz red ez a cherry.

Sez one: "Say, ole Skeesicks, fill mine!
That wuz a big drunk, an' we like it;
But the bugs 've gone back to the vine,
As chipper an' spry ez a cricket.
We like this 'ere new kind of diet;
So jest tip us out some more liquor,
Or fork over money to buy it—
Say, old Beeswax, stir around quicker!

"Git up!" and he grappled my collar;
I ris, an' pervided them some,
But, John, they will get every dollar,
An' I'll hev to morgage my hum.
And, John, my pertaters is pizened;
The leaves is chawed, little and big;
My hull patch it withers an' dies, and
There ain't enough left fer to dig.

THE HOUSE THAT BOWEN BUILT.

Mr. Croffut, from his country home at Geo. B. Wright's, has written the following bit of satire, after "Mother Goose's Melodies," on the Beecher business:

To the Editor of the Daily Graphic.

I.

Plymouth Church—This is the house that Bowen built.

II.

Grace, Mercy and Peace—This is the meal that lay in the house that Bowen built.

III.

Paroxysmal Kiss.—This is the mouse that hid in the meal that lay in the house that Bowen built.

IV.

Gossip—This is the cat that hunted the mouse that hid in the meal that lay in the house that Bowen built.

V.

Dissimulation—This is the dog that worried the cat that hunted the mouse that hid in the meal that lay in the house that Bowen built.

VI.

Vicky.—This is the cow with the crumpled heel that kicked till the dog was *aus ge spiel* that worried the cat that hunted the mouse that hid in the meal that lay in the house that Bowen built.

VII.

Sir Marmaduke.—This is the swain all tattered and torn who soothed the cow with the crumpled heel that kicked till the dog was *aus ge spiel* that worried the cat that hunted the mouse that hid in the meal that lay in the house that Bowen built.

VIII.

Elizabeth.—This is the maiden all forlorn who jilted the man all tattered and torn who carried the cow with the angry heel that kicked till the dog was *aus ge spiel* that worried the cat that hunted the mouse that hid in the meal that lay in the house that Bowen built.

IX.

H. W.—This is the priest all shaven and shorn who almost wished he had never been born when he kissed the maiden all forlorn who jilted the swain all tattered and torn who coaxed the cow with the lively heel that kicked till the dog was *aus ge spiel* that worried the cat that hunted the mouse that hid in the meal that lay in the house that Bowen built.

X.

Mrs. Moulton—This is a "Slice of the Judgment Day" whose "downright truthfulness" carried dismay to the naughty priest in "the cave of gloom" who "sat on the ragged edge" of his doom when he kissed the maiden all forlorn who jilted the man all tattered and torn who soothed the cow with the vicious heel that kicked till the dog was *aus ge spiel* that worried the cat that hunted the mouse that hid in the meal that lay in the house that Bowen built.

XI.

"My dear Von Moltke."—This is the name of the Mutual Friend who carried the secrecy through to the end for the sly old priest in the cave of gloom who kept a dangerous cup in his room, when he kissed the maiden all forlorn who jilted the man all worried and worn who coaxed the cow with the versatile heel that kicked till the dog was *aus ge spiel* that teased the cat that hunted the mouse that hid in the meal that lay in the house that Bowen built.

XII.

Mrs. Morse.—This is the typical mother-in-law with the terrible tongue and flexible jaw, the eagle eye and avenging claw, who told of all that she heard and saw, who indulged in various comments aloud, and made it sultry for all the crowd—for the Mutual Friend who dared to refuse to let her get at his budget of news; for the priest who, caught in what he had done, said, "Mother, I wish you would call me son;" for her desolate daughter all forlorn who jilted T. T. (Tattered and Torn) who carried the cow with the frisky heel that kicked till the dog was *aus ge spiel* that worried the cat that hunted the mouse that hid in the meal that lay in the house that Bowen built.

XIII.

The Graphic.—This is the cock that will crow in the morn when Justice blows her delinquent horn, commanding all to acknowledge the corn; for the mother-in-law with the lingual thorn; for the Mutual Friend with his lofty scorn; for that Slice of the Day of Judgment born to comfort and scare and guide and warn; for Bessie, who, as she has sworn, by Marmaduke from her bed was torn, and unto his screaming and sleeping borne; for the social priest all shaven and shorn who kissed the maiden all forlorn who jilted the man all worried and worn who soothed the cow with the limber heel that kicked till the dog was *aus ge spiel* that worried the cat that hunted the mouse that hid in the meal that lay in the house that Bowen built.

W. A. CROFFUT.

It is reported that the friends of Colonel Baker, of England, who has retracted his confession of an assault on Miss Dickinson in a compartment car, have addressed to him a letter of confidence and admiration, proposing a public reception when he returns from his summer resort. It is signed by colonels exclusively, and sets forth that he is the victim of a vile conspiracy, that Miss Dickinson was induced by her friends to make the charge, that his so-called speech of contrition was extracted from him while he was in an emotional and self-accusatory mood, that his style is proverbially hyperbolical and untrustworthy, that it is an attempt to blackmail him, and that he is believed to have already paid large sums of money to hush the matter up, mortgaging his commission to raise it; and, finally, that his character is known by his brother colonels to be good, and that it is morally and physically impossible that he could commit the offence charged. The Crystal Palace has been hired for the ovation.

MINOR IDIOCIES.

Under this head we sling together such small pertinences and impertinences as have come to hand:

NOBODY.

Rockaway, Rockaway, trains will collide,
No one to blame for the people who died,
No one to blame for the smash of the train;
Hitch up the engines and try it again.

THE AMERICAN TEAM.

The team reports: "The less we have
The more our bill enlarges."
How odd to hear a rifleman
Complain of overcharges!
But let us hope the Yankee team,
Which in the race has led,
Will homeward trot when it has been
Sufficiently cupped and bled.

HANDS FULL.

"He says he'll pull my ears, does he,"
Said a loud-mouthed lubber on a spree,
As he his cronies met,
And in these words he hid his fears:
"If Jim undertakes to pull my ears
He'll have his hands full, you bet."

GOING WITHOUT ET'N.

How differently they treat the blawsted Yankee!
Our team are feasted by the men they've beaten,
But preacher Moody and his singer Sankey
Get no invite to any public Et'n.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Briny Tears Shed at Samson's Tomb by the Liberal League.

Resolutions to be Forwarded to His Afflicted Family.

There was a large audience at Harrison Hall yesterday afternoon. The resolutions appended below were introduced, and elicited considerable discussion. They were finally adopted by a nearly unanimous vote:

WHEREAS, Samson, the noted ruler and lawgiver, is dead, having been fatally injured by the tipping over of a public building where he was stopping, causing some surprise to his enemies and a great deal of trouble to his brethren, who traveled 38 miles to bury him; and

WHEREAS, We do not expect to look upon his like again' for some time to come; therefore,

Resolved, That the Liberal League joins this day with the Sunday schools of the entire land, in celebrating and drawing lessons of wisdom from, this high-toned worthy, whose pure and merciful life has been thus prematurely cut off.

Resolved, That the summary method of Judge Samson in deciding cases that came before his tribunal, denying all motions for a supersedeas or a change of venue, preventing the subterfuge of habeas corpus and forbidding a dilatory appeal to other courts, should be adopted by his successors to facilitate business and to discourage litigation.

Resolved, That the fact that seven of the miracles of our departed brother were wrought to obtain a wife who finally got away from him; and the other five to circumvent the plots of his concubines, is an illustration of the principle that the course of true love never did run smooth.

Resolved, That the transaction of paying his lost bet with the plunder obtained from the bodies of 30 inhabitants whom he murdered for that purpose, shows the man of sagacity and resources whom no emergency could baffle.

Resolved, That the friends of Samson should be congratulated that this weapon with which he killed his thousand men, being at the rate [illegible] a minute for 17 hours, was a "*new*" jaw otherwise the skull of the nine hundredth Philistine might have broken it, thus compelling Samson to slay the last hundred with his naked hand as he did the lion.

Resolved, That while we extol the valiant deeds of Samson, we cannot forbear to render some praise to this thousand Philistines who waited patiently and politely till their time came to be knocked on the head by the hero of Israel with his osseous tomahawk.

Resolved, That a similar mead of partial approval is due to the 300 foxes which came and meekly backed up to him while he tied their tails together and fastened firebrands thereto for the desolation of the enemies of the Lord.

Resolved, That this affliction to his bereaved family and his fellow-citizens should be tempered by the reflection that Samson's faithful god, the succesful rival of Dagon, for the most part stood by Samson through thick and thin, and would doubtless have saved Samson's life at the last if he could have possibly done so.

We have received the following screed from one of the inspectors who has just been turned out of office out West. His case is a hard one, and the race is very much degraded indeed if a man cannot serve a friend and reciprocate a little favor as Teddy did without being snapped right up for it. We trust he will be reinstated:

LAMENT OF TEDDY THE INSPECTOR.

Oh, James! in faith a shame it is; last evening Patrick Byerly
Come from below to let me know I'm ruined now intirely;
Sure when a mon gits nigh the fire the divil loves to shove him in't!
How happy wur I racintly insphectin' for the Govermint!
I earned my bread vid honest work, as busy as a miller is,
Stirrin' the rectifiers up and watchin' the dishtilleries.
I got my pay, two dollars a day—for that I toiled the life o' me;
You know yersilf t'wud not supply the dhudeen and the wife o' me.
An' so the seven dishtillers said, "'Tis surely cruel suffermint
That you should shlave fer sech a pay a comin' from the Governmint."
They told me, an' I seen 'twas so; the nashin wuz abusing me,
So little pay fer so much work—insulting and misusing me;
An' so they said, "We see yez are so faithful, Teddy Mallory,
We'll club thegether, siven of us, an' pay yez treble salary!"
And, Jimmy, oh, a plazin' time indeed ye well may say I had;
I lived on wine, cigars, and game—six dollars every day I had,
An' ne'er a hap'orth had to do but ridin' and injoyin' it;
Me time wuz all me own, there was no raison for imployin' it.
Sich bosses!—why, the gintlemen who raised my mager salary
Said, "Don't you work! You need a heap o' restin', Teddy Mallory."
So when they stamped their liquor, not sushpectin' any bad in them,
I always turned my back to show the confidence I had in them;
I'll say, if anything wuz wrong, I niver hev detected it,
And they hev niver made so much as sence I have inspected it.

And yet auld Brishtow turns me out—just out of animosity—
And robs the honest men I owe so much of generosity.
The nation kicks its servants out—such villinous ingratitude
Was never seen afore, I think, in any land or latitude.
An' now the counthry 'll go to wreck; injustice an' severity
Can niver thrive—an' Misther Grant will niver see proshperity.

Why is it that certain sour-minded people are always making game of Miss Anthony—of her physiognomy, her gestures, and her prolonged age? Merely because she keeps herself before the people on the Beecher question a vicious rhymester says:

Susan B.
Anthony, she
Says the ignorant public has no idee
What she and her brother,
And mebby one other,
Could tell about B. and Elizabeth T.
She puts up her hands
And akimbo stands,
And says that she ought to have testified,
For facts are suppressed
That cannot be guessed.
To show how prominent parties lied.
Susan B.
Anthony, she
Says the ignorant public has no idee.

THE SMELLS.

AN UTTERANCE APROPOS TO HARLEM FLATS.

See the quagmire with its smells—
Sev'ral smells!
What a run of pestilence their prevalence foretells!
How they flutter, flutter, flutter,
Through the hacks of Harlem Lane,
While the bullfrogs seem to mutter
Their approval from the gutter
With a crystalline refrain.
And they tell, tell, tell,
In a sort of Runic yell,
Of the Cincinnati ration that so juicically wells,
With the smells, smells, smells,
Smells, smells, smells,
From the handy Pandemonium of smells.
Catch the garbage freighted smells—
Pungent smells!
What a tale of fever now their feculency tells!
Street one hundred or along there,
The contractors know what's wrong there;
Jones, McQuade, and Michael Garvin
Do not earn the pay they're havin'.
Cats! rats!
In the mud of Harlem flats—
Fusty, musty putrefactions,
Foul and fetid putrefactions,
All malarial deposits
From the stables, carts, and closets,
Quite differentiated from the rose when it blows,
Ever-reeking, ever seeking for a nauseated nose.
How it smells!
How it dwells
In the nostril! How it tells
Of the cholera that's coming and the tolling of the bells!

O the smells, smells. smells, smells,
Smells, smells, smells!
The reiterant putridity of smells!

Hark! I see some other smells—
Novel smells—
A sweet concatenation of fish and oyster-shells;
It is time, time, time
To cover up this slime;
Why don't they use the carbonate of lime?
Our Commissioner of Health
Shall do no good by stealth,
He shall never be forgotten,
For the filth, although 'tis rotten,
It has lent
To the beggar breeze a scent
Which it spent
Building to the man I mean a monument.
And the wharves and piers aquatic,
And the cellars and the cells
And the aromatic attic
Pour forth a deadly medley of the smells—
Of the smells, smells, smells, smells,
Smells, smells, smells,
The unlawful, awful offal, and the smells!

THE LIGHTNING TRAIN.

With lungs of iron and wings of flame,
With nerves and sinews of quivering steel,
With ribs of brass and a giant's frame,
He spurns the earth with an angry heel.
Through the midnight black
His eyeballs glare
With a ghastly stare
On the startled track,
And he rends the sky with a scream of pain—
Oh, a monster grim is the lightning train!

The legend tells of a milk-white steed
That carried Mohammed from earth to heaven;
As swift as a flash of light her speed,
And jewelled feet to her feet were given:
Each leap was as far
As the eye hath sight,
And each hoof as bright
As a blazing star,
And a gleam like the stream that the comet yields
Al Borak left in the rosy fields.

A wonderful arrow was that of old
That bore Saint Abaris through the land;
It was feathered with light and barbed with gold,
And sped by the touch of Apollo's hand.
With a sibilant song
It cleft the cloud
That shouted aloud
As it flashed along,
And the sea never saw from its throbbing tide
A vision so rare as the prophet's ride.

The Sultan's cap and magical wand
Bore Fortunatus to isles remote,
The talisman took him to every land
And to every sky in its airy boat;
But the gleaming shaft
From the archer's arm,
Aladdin's charm,
And the phantom craft,
And the steed that skimmed the azure plane
Are all combined in the flying train.

It devours the forest and drinks the lake,
Then plunges down the wild ravines
With the wealth of the world on its burdened back
A sooty man from the saddle leans,
And a murky wreath
Its jaws emit
As he tightens the bit
In the dragon's teeth,
And his cheek is swept by the fiery mane—
Oh, a monster grim is the lightning train!

W. A. C.

For The Minneapolis Evening Mail.

THE ST. PAUL CONSOLIDATION.

What will come of this alliance—this surprising *coup d' etat*—
This oil-and-water union of the papers?
And why should sturdy champions of journalis- war
Go to cutting up such amatory capers?
Outside the walls of Zion
Can the native lamb and lion
Together lie in peace do you suppose, if
The little woolly brother
Isn't inside of the other?
No sir! Not though his forward name is Joseph.
Not for Joey!
Oh no!
If he knows it, not for Joseph,
Not for Jo!

"If two ride on a donkey one must always ride behind;"
Both cannot sit in front or in the middle;
But Dave and Jo apply for dress-circle seats assigned
Side by side upon the pommel of the saddle.
D. will guide it up the bank;
J. will give the rein a yank
And poor P-P cares not where it goes; if
It could its tormentors baffle
And escape the cruel snaffle,
'Twould pitch David topsy-turvy over Joseph!
Over Joey!
Even so!
It would throw him over Joseph
Over Jo!

Absurd are the maneuvres with authority divided,
Like a puzzled army under two commanders;
Its muzzles pointing every way, its purpose undecided,
We would rather be the foe than the by-standers.
Dead and buried is the Press,
With its face and form and dress;
And its principles are given to the crows; if
This consolidated phiz
Tells what the successor is,
Its solicitude is not at all for Joseph!
Not for Joey—
No, no!
And he knows it—not for Joseph—
Not for Jo!
The government would send him, recognizing his ability,
As minister to Russia or Morocco,
To Java where the kangaroo exhibits his agility
Or Yucatan, the native land of Jocko.
But Joseph's dander's risen
He'll have none of that in his'n;
And he wrote, when Grant suggested one of those, "If
You hope to silence me
In this nation of the free,
You needn't offer nary one to Joseph."
Not to Joey—
No go!
Subsidies are not for Joseph,
Not for Jo!

ELEG WALES.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

A Deserved Tribute.

MINNEAPOLIS, May 10.

To the Editor of THE EVENING MAIL.

In a theological newspaper which exhibits great learning and ability, in the stupendous intellectual stress of editing which Prof. Gabriel Campbell generously employs much of the time for which the state pays him to teach psychology to the students of the university, I find the following kindly allusion to the pamphlet containing the discussion in the Liberal League of the question of a Supernatural Revelation:

"The teleological and cosmological arguments were attempted by Mr. Gale and Mr. Croffut. But, strangely enough (or shall we say naturally enough); neither gentleman made the really rebutting point in these proofs. The arguments (?) are chiefly an irreverential tirade against the bible and christianity—a reiteration of gratuitous clap-trap which has been answered and corrected over and over, a thousand times, so far as worthy of notice. The really sober thinkers in the club doubtless feel mortified at the presentation of such a mass of *a posteriori* assumptions (mostly stale and dead) when the subject in hand demanded an *a priori* treatment. A presentation of this kind may of course have some effect upon those who have no ability to reason radically and correctly and who, until they come to an experimental knowledge of the excellency and genuineness of the christian religion, may, perhaps, as well believe one thing as another."

There is something charming in Professor Campbell's style; in it blossom charity and meekness, and all the conspicuous Christian virtues. Humility is his strongest point; there is a gracious condescension and conciliation about him that disarms an antagonist. A different man in criticising a local publication, might have exhibited egotism and dogmatism, vanity and superciliousness, arrogance and ignorance, but Prof. Campbell has such a modest, deprecatory air, such a habit of depreciating his own profound abilities, that the pathetic spectacle really excites the emotions of the spectator; while, at the same time his prose moves along so majestically that it is impossible to imagine any friend so familiar and so intrepid as to call him by his first name. Somebody, in behalf of the state, ought to arouse and stimulate Prof. Cambell's confidence in his own talents.

I need not call attention to the elegance and beauty of metaphor in which the reviewer alludes to the pamphlet as "a reiteration of gratuitous clap-trap;" all of those who have obtained it will see how accurate this description is.

But it is especially for his preference of the *a priori* method over the *a posteriori* method of reasoning that I wish to add my weak commendation of Prof. Campbell's efforts. Since the time of Bacon and Bentham and Mill men have fallen into a ridiculous fashion of consulting facts before drawing their conclusions; and it may be said that nothing tends more strongly to overturn the foundations of some of our most sacred opinions. This *a posteriori* method of reasoning from effect back to cause sometimes called induction, has been popular with Galileo, Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Legendre, Laplace, Halley, Herschel, Kepler, Davy, Cuvier, Montaigne, Humboldt, Faraday, Darwin, Agassiz, and others of those weaklings and foolish men who are known as scientists. It has done lots of mischief in the world. It inspired Bacon to produce the Novum Organon; it moved La Place to set forth the nebular hypothesis in the Mechanic Celeste; it directed Newton in the Principia; it enabled Morse to dream out the magnetic telegraph in the cabin of an Atlantic sloop; it has filled thousands of minds with schemes of improvement and invention, and taught them to reject that sacred principle of sticking to all the blessed old assumptions, which animates Prof. Campbell and makes him a light-house among men.

It is high time that our colleges were brought back to the beautiful and ancient *a priori* method of reasoning from general assumptions—the method by which Cosmas learned that the world was flat and square; by which the Holy Pontiff of blessed memory ascertained that comets were the work of the devil; by which Tycho Brahe learned that the sun revolved around the earth every day; by which King John of Portugal found out that there was no land whatever west of his own dominions.

By the *a posteriori* method we reason from the known to the unknown; by the older and more fascinating *a priori* method we reason from the unknown to the guessed at. How can we hesitate to adopt the latter as the basis of logic? There has been enough of this irreverential prying into the secrets of the universe.

If Professor Campbell can wield so effectively his journalistic weapon as to abolish the new-fangled *a posteriori* method of drawing great conclusions from facts and experiments, and can substitute for it the glorious old *a priori* method of drawing conclusions from assumptions and appearances, he will not have lived in vain.

W. A. CROFFUT.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

What Mr. Croffutt Has to Say About the Prince's Visit to India.

To the Editor of The Graphic.

He ought not to have gone. The idea of a young man running off to a fever stricken, cholera-ridden, tiger-infested and scorpion-haunted community, when his death would plunge thousands into bankruptcy, is preposterous. The trouble is, you see, a good deal of property in England is held

under lease during the lifetime of some person specified in the contract. As the Prince of Wales is so conspicuous a person that his death would be well known, his name has been inserted in many cases to fix the duration of a lease. Some of the lessees, to cover the contingency of his sudden death in India, have now insured his life at a heavy premium. So a fatal accident to him would create a householders' panic on the fast-anchored isle. This may account for some of the loppered milk in the British cocoanut, and the anxiety is more fully explained in the following statistical table:

THE PRINCE ROYAL IN HINDOSTAN.

Come home, Albert Edward, come home from your spree;
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you wouldn't go to that dangerous sea,
And now you're way off in Ceylon!
O Albert, my lease only lasts till you die,
And then I'm the victim of Giles;
And yet, when the sheriff has me in his eye,
You are struggling with live animiles!
Come home! come home! Albert, dear Albert, come home!

Come home, Albert Edward, and stay with your wife,
And share in our profit cahoots,
For if you should lose your illustrious life
It would jerk us right out of our boots.
Having hedged on insurance and paid up the dues,
We'd be sorry to hear you were dead;
Oh, look out for scorpions hid in your shoes
And under the bungalow bed.
Come home! come home! Albert, dear Albert, come home!

Come home, Al., come home to your regular work,
If you wish to save us from despair;
Don't get your feet wet or stay out after dark,
And give yourself plenty of air.
Don't ride on an elephant—best go afoot—
Don't fight tigers, Prince, but return!
And oh! do examine the hash that you put
Into that noble stomach of yourn!
Come home! come home! Albert, dear Albert, come home!

AMSTERDAM STATION, ILLINOIS

A SKIPPER'S STORY OF THREE SAINTS.

They sat on the steps of a station
And waited for trains to connect—
A colporteur eating his ration,
And a skipper who twice had been wrecked,
And the strangers began conversation.

The skipper was wrinkled and hoary,
His skin was the co'or of leather;
The other looked hungry and sorry.
And after discussing the weather
The skipper struck into his story.

"I'll tell ye of three saints I've know'd of,
That giv' up their lives for their brothers—
A sort you may not hev' allowed of,
But folks that'll die to save others
Is heirs for God to be proud of.

"The ship Swallow, Cap'n James Bee,
In a fog off the Hatteras coast,
Was wrecked on a ledge of the lea;
Jim stood like a rock at his post
And went down in a gulp of the sea.

"He showed how to build up a raft,
And crowded her full as she'd float;
He sprung to the davits abaft
And lowered and loaded each boat;
Then stuck to the battered old craft.

"He saved every life but his own—
Women, children, the men and the crew,
Cheered when the last dory was gone—
No room for him in her, he knew,
And he went to the bottom alone!"

"My friend," asked the colporteur grim,
"Had Bee made his peace with the Lord?"
And he laid down his cracker. "What, Jim?"
Said the skipper; 'I shouldn't s'pose God
'D be mad at a feller like him!"

"Another was young Andy Bell,
Who worked in the Cumberland coal;
He stood at the mouth of the well,
The mine was afire, and the hole
Blazed up like the furnace of hell.

"The man was imprisoned below;
The women was screamin' above;
The boss shouted, 'Who'll face the foe,
And fly to the rescue for love?'
And Andy remarked, 'I'll go;

'I kin die in the shaft, for I haint
Nary father, ner mother ner wife!'
And down in the bucket he went;
Saved fifty by losing his life—
I say Andy Bell was a saint!"

"Did he pray God," the colporteur cries
"To help him fight with the flames?"
"Now I think on't," the skipper replies,
"I heard Andy mention his name—
More frekent than some would advise!"

"Did he love Jesus? Bow at his shrine?"
Asks the colporteur; "then it is well."
The skipper says, "Thar was no sign—
But ef Jesus didn't love Andy Bell
I don't want no Jesus in mine!'

"The third one, Newt Evans, my friend,
Took his engine to Prairie du Chien;
Saw a speck on the track at the Bend,
And cried at the stoker 'Eugene!
Ef that ain't a brat I'll be demned!

A baby—an' makin' mud pies!
Mind the train.' To the chrick of the bell
He ran forward; sprang out for the prize—
Saved the girl? Yes; but, parson, he fell—
Both the legs were cut off at the thighs."

"Was he washed in the blood of the Lamb?"
Asked the preacher, "and cleaned from his sin?"
The skipper arose—"Am-ster-dam!
Let me jest git my bearin's agin,
An' sorter make out where I am."

He walked to the office, was mute;
When the agent asked him what he desired,
He tapped on his pate in salute,
Then turned out out his thumb and inquired,
"Who—is—this 'ere crazy galute?"
—[W. A. C., in the Graphic.

THE GUILELESS SCHUMAKER.

A lawyer lived near to New York,
He was one of Coke's cunningest scholars;
He made the Pacific Mail fork
More'n a fourth of a million of dollars—
And John G.
Schumaker he
Is the man that it turned out to be.

"That's a pile!" said the banker surprised;
"Your name? Such a check is a rarity."
"I travel incog—and disguised—
For the sake of concealing my charity."
And John G.
Schumaker he
Added "That's not much money for me!"

And to Irwin he chuckled, "You're sly,
But my conscience is clean, every fibre,
I will never a Congressman buy,
For I am not corrupt or a briber."
And John G.
Schumaker he
Said, "My name it is Old Honestee."

He dined with two Dicks and a Jim,
"No bribes for our hon'able brothers!
Oh I guess not!" And they winked at him
And he slung a wink at the others.
Then John G.
Schumaker, he
Ten thousand reserved for his fee.

He took fifty thousand and strayed
Where he saw a chap taking a nipper;
"Ho! Stranger!" he shouted and laid
The money right into his flipper.
And John G.
Schumaker, he
Walked right off and went to his tea.

"His friends called him Smith" he reflected,
"It was kind of Smith not to refuse it!
And 'hoped he would get re-elected;'
Perhaps for the gospel he'll use it."
And John G.
Schumaker, he
Said "I trust he is pious like me."

Then he thought "I can't guess who he is—
That is more than back-pay and per diem;
But it's not quite the way to do biz:
For he may not be honest as I am."
And John G.
Schumaker, he
Said "O that's what's the matter with me."
—[Peleg Wales.

BOWEN BEFORE THE CHURCH.

W. A. CROFFUT IN THE GRAPHIC.

Of old the silent few
Were by the poet sung,
And wise was he who knew
Enough to hold his tongue;
The man of blab
Was all adrift—
A fatal gift
The gift of gab.

How different nowadays!
A man declines to talk,
Forbears to blame or praise,
Maintains a silent walk—
They curse his whim,
Their doors they shut,
And strive to put
A head on him.

They prod him like a Turk,
They rowel him with jeers,
And angrily they jerk
Each other by the ears;
High words ensue,
And tit for tat,
Until the at-
Mosphere is blue.

And when the silence breaks,
They listen but demur,
Are angry that he speaks,
And brand him slanderer:
Their pride is stung;
They wish he'd had
A double pad-
Lock on his tongue.

WINTER AT LAST.

W. A. CROFFUT IN THE GRAPHIC.

Come meditative Muse—fantastic fay!
Come, rack your sconce and rake your tunes together;
Get up and hump yourself without delay—
Let's sing The Weather!

Hail, snow-flakes, snow-storm, snow-drifts—heap on heap—
These are delightful where the mud was odious;
Tender thy strain in midst of winter sleep—
Thou snower melodious!

Now blithe lads pelt each other with the snow;
Now roses deck the cheek and noses tingle,
And warm hearts hide beneath the buffalo,
And sleigh-bells jingle.

The jolly wind a serenading goes;
To show each lovely damsel what he kin do,
He plays on his catarrh and blows his snows
Beneath her window.

The rural locomotive plies the plough,
The festive farmer flourishes the shovel,
Eight feet of snow drowns and disguises now
Palace and hovel.

Three feet of ice upon the rivers freeze,
And Billy bellows like a bull of Bashan,
When he falls down and bumps his head and sees
A constellation.

THE SPEAKER RISES TO EXPLAIN.

I find that members me impeach
Because I could not give to each
A chairmanship; I do not see
How we can find a remedy,
Unless the House its sphere enlarge
Enough to give you each a charge.
The Speaker therefore now suggests
These matters for your special quests.
A change or two besides he makes,
To rectify his past mistakes.
I slighted Barnum; he must go
To Philadelphia to the show.
And Sayler, whom on land I stranded,
Is to the navy now commanded,
With Conger, Seal, and Seelye, too!
Claims to Dunham; Patents to New;
On Cuba, Rea and Bright; if Spain
Gives trouble, why we must add Payne.
The Weights and Measures go to Scales
And Gunter: Holman takes the mails,
Of course; and Sparks the females leads
To Bliss by Eden's flowery Meades.
Messrs. Starkweather, Rainey, Hale
Will "Old Probabilities" assail;
While Gordian Knott and Patience Randall
Investigate the Beecher scandal.

Let Hunton go for Charley Ross,
And Ketchum try to find the Boss;
Parsons to church; Cannon to war;
Whitehouse, the third term—there you are!
Put Hereford, Durham, Metcalfe, Milliken
On dairy products with old Billy King!
Let Cox, Swann, Hatcher watch the nation's
Proud Centennial incubations—
And when we've pipped our hundredth shell
Expand with Joyce and ring out Bell!
Let Beebe and Tucker, Rice and Lapham
Our infant commerce nurse and pap um!
Page must the journal regulate,
And crooked whisky go to Strait;
O'Neill the chaplain have in charge,
And Singleton cheap freights enlarge;
Let Wood reduce the tax on iron,
And give up salt fish to O'Brien!
I thought to give the Currency
To Banks, but people wished it free.
Would you believe it—purpose vain!—
Our stop Cox turns—to Wash McLean?
If Cox *could* wash him orthodox
No power on earth could then wash Cox!
——Now, gentlemen, for a beginning,
Bring out your soiled and dirty linen!

[If we are not seriously at error, the above is the composition of W. A. Croffut. We clip it from The Graphic.]

OUR CENTENNIAL MARDI GRAS.

BY W. A. CROFFUT.

—And looking up the street I heard a "hurrah"
At the Fourth-of-July procession, and saw
The gilded chariots and steeds to draw
The pageants of "labor" and "love" and "law"—
Our great Centennial Mardi Gras.

And then the procession came up the street,
With blare of brass and skurry of feet;
The first tableau we happened to meet
Had a flag, 'Our Staples,'' painted neat,
And a load of Rings—the lot complete—
Railroad rings and rings replete
With things to wear and things to ea ,
Rings of pork and rings of wheat;
While old Boss Tweed, the King of cheat,
Sat perched up high on the driver's seat,
And six police, called off for a treat,
Were looking for him on that same beat!

The second "float" had a chapel bell,
Which rang as the platform rose and fell,
And Moody appealed to the infidel
To believe and fly from the verge of hell;
In a cave of gloom did Beecher dwell,
Likewise Glendenning and Frederick Bell,
And the church said they'd done very well.
Then the tongue of the bell rang a funeral knell
As the moving platform rose and fell.

"Bosstown" was painted on number three—
And thousands wept o'er the prostrate tree,
A very old elm it seemed to be,
And an orator, which it was Wendell P.,
He swung a small hatchet exceedingly free,
And he said, "This havoc was made by me;"
While Winslow, of Puritan pedigree,
He wrung out his handkerchief over the lee,
And moaned, as he dreamed of his forgeree—
"Alas, alas! for my favorite tree."

The fifth tableau, and the last that came,
Was labeled "Honesty"—heavenly name!—
The Credit Mobilier flaunted its shame,
The Union Pacific put in its claim,
A terror the Indian frauds became,
While the courts declared "nobody to blame."
Jay Gould and Orton, and ducks as lame,
With thimbles played their little game;
And Belknap drove, with a whip marked "Fame;"
On the seat beside him our honored dame
Columbia sat, with her cheek aflame.
—[N. Y. Graphic.

UNTRUTHFUL JAMES.

"Jimmy Blanchard, the precocious little reprobate who has so resolutely claimed to be Charley Ross, arrived at Millford, N.H., last evening, where he was recognized. He has kept the land in a stew for a fortnight, has excited the hopes of the Ross family, and has cost thousands of dollars, but he was received with 'a grand ovation.' The streets were crowded, and his weeping mother clasped the little liar to her bosom, and promised not to whip him The crowd were overflowing with good nature and joined in a long, loud laugh as the boy stepped from the car. As they caught sight of the boy each and every one exclaimed: 'It's Jimmy.'" —[Telegraph Dispatch.

Say, mister! To-day I'm exackly a hundred,
And times is so altered to me
In a way I hev frekently wondered
Tu see.

This rogue, Jimmy Blanchard, the papers all speak of,
Pretendin' to be Charley Ross,
An' lyin' it through with the cheek of
The Boss.

The little rapscallion! How luckly his lot!
If I, when a shaver, hed tricked
My folks, you know what I'd a got?
Got licked!

And this little villain should tingle with smarts of
A lath or a shingle—its whack
Laid on the most tenderist parts of
His back.

Don't tell me! If I was his mother I'd "son" him;
I'd labor with him till he whined
For some arnica gently rubbed on him
Behind!

I'd "clasp to my bosom," as she did, the laddy,
And when I had done with the pet
He'd remember that I was his daddy,
You bet!

Yet he's a legitimate child of the nation;
Its morals and manners is his;
He's a plant of Centennial creation—
Ho is!

It's impudence nowadays wins, and not merit;
It's fraud that succeeds, and not worth;
And deadbeats and liars inherit
The earth.

Rogues prosper. Their dress and their jewelry strike one;
They toil not but gather their fees;
And Solomon was not robed like one
Of these.

Embezzlers and bummers are busy as millers;
"That's jolly!" says Jimmy, says he;
"I'll go and be one of them fellers—
Sir, ee!"

Say, Graphic! Tu-day I'm exackly a hunderd,
And times is so altered tu me,
In a way I hev frekently wondered
Tu see.

W. A. C.
—[Graphic.

GIVE THANKS FER WHAT?

"Let earth give thanks," the deacon said,
And then the proclamation read.

"Give thanks fer what? An' what about?"
Asked Simon Soggs when church was out.
"Give thanks fer what? I don't see why;
The rust got in and spiled my rye,
And hay ain't half a crop, and corn
All wilted down and looked forlorn,
And bugs jest gobbled my pertaters—
The what-you-call-em *Lineaters;*
And, 'less a war should interfere,
Crops won't bring half a price this year;
I'll hev to give'm away, I reckon."

"Good fer the poor!" remarked the deacon.

"Give thanks fer what?" asked Simon Soggs,
"Fer th' freshet carryin' off my logs?
Fer Dobbin goin' blind? Fer five
Uv my best cows that was alive
Afore the crashin' railroad come
And made it awful troublesome?
Fer ten dead sheep?" sighed Simon Soggs.

The deacon said, "You've got yer hogs!"

"Give thanks? And Jane and baby sick?
I e'enmost wonder ef Old Nick
Ain't runnin' things!"

The deacon said:
"Simon, your people *might* be *dead!*"

"Give thanks?" said Simon Soggs again;
"Jest look at wat a fix we're in!
The country's rushin' to the dogs
At race-horse speed!" said Simon Soggs.
"It's jest a month since we all went
And voted fer a President,
And now no man knows wat to do
Or how is how or who is who,
And troops is going South in flocks,
The bay'net guards the ballot-box;
Some votes too little, some too much,
Some not at all—it beats the Dutch!
Again the same old Ku-Klux Klan
Is harassin' the Union man;
The nigger skulks in night's disguise,
And hooks a chicken ez he flies;
Three States ez mad ez they kin be—
Say, deacon, wait an' you will see
That 'fore a President's counted in
The war must be fit over ag'in!
Give thanks fer *what*, I'd like to know?"

The deacon answered, sad and slow,
"Kneel right straight down in all the muss,
And thank God that it ain't no wuss!"

W. A. C.

A Conundrum With Explanation.

New York Graphic.

"Why," asked Plato of Socrates, as they languidly rose from the symposium and walked up the Appian way, "why is a lazy dog like a sheet of paper?" Socrates thoughtfully rubbed his ear and said, "Seems to me I've heard that before somewhere." "Well, old anthropos, guess it, *ille respondit* quickly." Socrates made seven futile attempts, turning the pun on the words tale, write, canis, &c., when Plato became impatient and told him: "Because it's a slow pup." "Yes," said Soc., "I've heard it before, but I don't tumble to it now, some way. How is a sheet of paper a slow pup?" Socrates smiled and remarked, "You had better swap off that old pumpkin head of yours; a sheet of paper is an ink-lined plane, isn't it?—and an inclined plane is a slope up, perhaps you see!" Then they walked slowly to the Keller and Socrates remarked in a pensive tone, "Swei!"

Who the Beys and Pashas Are.

New York Graphic.

Osman Pasha is a Tennesseean named Crawford, in disguise. The telegraph reveals him. It is also announced through private channels of communication, that Suleiman Pasha is Oakey Hall; that Baker Pasha, instead of being the Colonel Valentine, late of the English army, is, in fact the Baker who killed Bill Pool; that Mehemet Pasha is Dr. Mary Walker—the Me-he-met being a malicious allusion to the janitor of the treasury department; that the Grand Duke Nicholas is Bishop a Clevelandoff Coxeski, of Buffalobazar, and General Neopokoitchitski is Old Bender, formerly of Kansas. Harrigenet Pasha controls the sultan's treasury. Slippridik Pasha is the head of the commissary department, and Chairlos Bey is an infant drummer now before Plevna. This is curious.

Lady (speaking with difficulty)—"What have you made it round the waist, Mrs. Price?"

Dressmaker—"Twenty-one inches, madam. You could'nt breathe with less."

Lady—"What's Lady Jemina Jones' waist?"

Dressmaker—"Nineteen and a half, just now, ma'am. But her Ladyship's a head shorter than you are, and she's got ever so much thinner since her illness last Autumn!"

Lady—"Make it nineteen, Mrs. Price, and I'll engage to get into it. ?"—*Punch.*

I AND YOUNG SIDLE.

How We Two Greenhorns Got into a Bunko Shop in New York.

And How the Experience was Worth More than it Cost.

MINNEAPOLIS, Aug. 30th, 1875.

To the Editor of the Evening Mail.

This letter, like Col. King's celebrated epistle to the unregenerate editor of his newspaper, is "delayed but unambiguous." As I write, a cold and clammy current of chagrin runs down my back, and I feel, as I hope the infant monster, Jesse Pomeroy, felt, when making his confession. That I should have accompanied a young and guileless boy into a metropolitan den of sin, and allowed him to lose his money there, is a folly which I shall think of to my dying day, with a variety of conflicting emotions. Let me tell you how it was:

Scene: Broadway, near Fifth Avenue Hotel; time, June 9, 5 o'clock p. m.; *dramatis persona*, self, armed with hand-bag and umbrella, making my way up the street.

"Why, how are you, Croffut? Where did you come from?" said a young man of twenty, with a hand-bag, stepping out from the crowd that was surging down on the other side of the walk, and seizing me by the hand.

"How are you?" I replied, responding to his cordiality with a manner that showed some hesitation. "Where are you from?"

"Cornell," said he; "going home; why, don't you remember me?—Sidle—son of J. K. Sidle. Just in on the cars—going to Minneapolis to-morrow."

Boys are liable to grow and change rapidly, and I did not remember him at first; but I told him I was glad to meet anybody from home, and as he took my arm, reminded me that he met me, when home last, in my office in Minneapolis, and hoped the grasshoppers would not clean out our fine wheat crop this year, I recalled Sidle's visit and traced in his clear-lycut features a resemblance to his father. (Physiognomy has always been a passion of mine.) He asked "How was Camp when you left?" I laughed and told him there was a prevalent impression that the Major was in good health. He had heard he was ill, he said.

I asked Sidle if he had heard of Judd's failure for $200,000. He was much astonished and replied "No—the infernal old rascal! How he put on style, and everybody thought he was rich. I don't believe the old man is stuck," continued Sidle, thoughtfully, "for Judd didn't bank, I think, at the First National."

"I'm lonesome," he confessed after a moment or two; "you're the first acquaintance I've met; where's Minnesota headquarters?" I did not exactly know, but I knew there was such an institution, and I gave him the address of a Minnesotian in town who could tell him. He took the address on his memorandum book.

We were now at the corner, and I was passing on, having an appointment just above, when he said, shaking hands, "Well, good-bye—by the way, let's try this beer—they say it isn't as good as ours." Whereupon we entered the saloon and irrigated with the dark-brown aloe-juice of the metropolis. (He didn't remark "ho!") He scowled with disgust as he paid for it, and said "they" were right; it was a fraud. To this I cordially agreed.

As we passed out, Sidle burst into a loud laugh, and held up a little paper which he had in his hand, showing that he had drawn a prize in a Kentucky lottery. I examined it. It purported to confirm to him a prize of $1,000. He said he didn't know whether it was good for anything or not, but a glib agent visited Cornell and sold 500 tickets, and he guessed he was the only one that had got a thing. I told him it was folly; that buying lottery-tickets never paid, and that every dealer ought to be shut up as a common thief. He agreed to it, and said he would never buy another; but he added that his expenses this term had been heavier than they ought, and this ticket offered him the money necessary to get home with.

"Very well—be sure you get it," said I, and was about going my way, when he held me by the arm, and exclaimed, "See here, Croffut, see me through; it's close by here; I have been to the bank down town, and they sent me up to this branch office to get my check—422, Sixth avenue, it must be near here"—and he looked along at the signs.

Thus entreated, and feeling that I might be of real service to a young and unsophisticated fellow-townsman, in a strange and thief-infested city, I fell in and we turned down Sixth avenue.

I asked Sidle what class he was in. "The Fourth Class," he said. "Ah, the Seniors?" I asked. "Yes," he rejoined, "it's the same, but they call it Fourth."

"I asked him if he knew Charley Ames. "No," he replied, "Charley is probably in a lower class." "Yes he is," I acquiesced.

I eagerly looked all along at the numbers, for 422. "Here it is!" I opened the door and rushed in, in a superserviceable manner, desirous of helping young Sidle out of his scrape. Then, I stood aside, and he preceded me up stairs.

Second floor: As I followed him I took in at a glance the surroundings. A room fifteen feet square, or so; a neatly-dressed man sitting behind a table in the center, busily examining some documents; sides of the room covered with gorgeous advertisements of Kentucky lotteries. Sidle approached and handed the banker his certificate, adding "$1,000, I believe?"

"No," said the banker, smiling, "only $100. This is a tenth of a $1,000 ticket. As you see." And he showed, first him and then me, certain fractional marks of which we had not previously understood the significance.

"Very well," said the undergraduate, somewhat downcast in face and voice; "that's better'n nothing; give me the money for that."

"I have no money here," explained the banker; "I will give you a check which you can get cashed in the morning down at the central bank where they gave you this certificate."

"All right," said Sidle cheerfully, and as the banker rose and went to a desk in the corner, my young companion winked at me with suppressed satisfaction. The banker then brought a check for $100 on a down-town bank and handed it to Sidle, and we turned to go. (I do not remember the name of the bank.)

"Gentlemen," said the banker, rising and recalling our attention, "there is a supplementary drawing here, held at regular hours, for the exclusive benefit of prize ticket holders. It is after hours, now, and the president has gone home, but as you have found me here, I will permit you to draw if you wish to, and not trouble you to call again." With this speech, neatly delivered, he whisked off a large advertising card with which the table was covered, and disclosed a queer-looking board about two feet by eighteen inches, divided off into squares.

The reporter instinct came uppermost in a minute, and I examined the concern curiously enough. I remarked that I "never saw one of those before," and I counted off eight squares one way and five the other. Besides these there was one square in each upper corner, and one in the upper center. All the squares were numbered—from one to forty-three,—irregularly about the board; in about a dozen of the squares were also (under the numbers) placed figures indicating sums of money, from $2 up to $2,000—I remember the extremes—and in the other thirty, or so, were large red stars. The banker explained to young Sidle that the red stars meant blanks; and that, with two tickets, he would have two chances to draw.

At this the banker tossed two tickets to Sidle, with "$1" painted on each in a large figure, and took from the drawer a pack of cards. These last were simply blank cards, with one of the nine digits printed on each. There were in the pack five "suits," ranging from 1 to 8—that is, five 1s, five 2s, &c. Sidle was to shuffle these, and draw any nine cards; whatever sum the figures footed up would be the number on the board to which he would be entitled. He learned the method shortly, drew the cards and won $20! He chuckled quietly as the banker went to the desk again, drew a check for the amount and delivered to him.

"Now you try the other," said Sidle generously pushing the ticket over to me. I demurred, but he insisted that I should give him the benefit of my luck, and, as every man likes to believe himself a favorite of the gods, I picked up the pasteboards and "shook." Lo!—nothing!—a blank. Then Sidle took them and got another blank. Then I tried my luck again, and the numerals footed up 27. Well do I remember that fateful number! It was found standing in the detached square in the upper center of the board, and under it was the sum "$200," and over it, spanning it in a golden bow, the printed words (a foot long,) "IN CHANCERY."

"That's hard!" exclaimed the banker, "$200 apiece, that entitles you to,—and another draw."

"Whew!"—and my young friend Sidle blew a long whistle of surprise and joy, —$200—a—piece!"

The banker, sad and thoughtful, went to his official desk and made out two checks of that denomination and brought them to us. I handed over to Sidle the

check which the banker had delivered to me, remarking, "That'll get you to Minneapolis." No, he said he wouldn't touch it; I had drawn it, he declared, and had drawn another for him, and I must keep it. I really didn't want money obtained in that way, though, unlike most people, I have no objection to money in the abstract, so I compromised and let it lie on the table.

I told Sidle that I was almost sorry I had succeeded, for though my own convictions of the folly of lotteries was so strong that I should never buy a ticket, yet I feared success might tempt him to venture again. And I preached him another short sermon, showing him the degrading and impoverishing tendency of gambling. He acquiesced in my condemnation of "all such schemes," and even reinforced my argument where he thought it weak, adding solemnly that he would never buy another ticket. The banker merely said there were "plenty who would."

"Minneapolis you came from, did you," asked he, "in Minnesota?"

Yes, we said.

"There was a Minneapolis man here in April," he continued, "who took out of the bank $4,500 in an hour."

Who was it, we wanted to know.

"M—— M—— M—— Morrison," he answered, tracing down a list of names with his finger, "D. Morrison."

Sidle and I burst into a loud laugh, I probably leading a little,—it seemed so ludicrous and improbable,—and I recollect that the young student slapped me on the back boisterously, and shouted that it was "a good 'un anyhow!"

We rose to go.

The banker had our checks. "These are in chancery, you see," he quietly remarked. "This gives you a right to draw four times more apiece."

"How can you afford so many prizes for a dollar, and furnish the dollar yourself?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "we make our money in the big lotteries; this is a kind of free lunch, for the benefit of prize-holders. Besides, this board is arranged so that we don't lose much usually."

"We'll give up our other chances and take our checks," said I. "We don't want to draw any more." To this Sidle eagerly agreed.

"But they are in chancery," smiled the banker blandly, and must be redeemed.

"Well—how is it? how is it?" asked Sidle, impatiently.

"Now you show $10 apiece," explained the banker, with the utmost apathy, and yawned. "Then you can draw, and if you win anything you are entitled to all."

Sidle pushed up his $100 check. "Take it out of that."

I hesitated. I began to see, dimly, that there must be a trick in it. "Do we bet the $10?" I asked. "Not at all," said he, "you simply show it, as a guaranty to the bank."

"Guaranty of what?"

"Guaranty of good faith. If you prefer not to do it you lose your checks."

"Very well," said I, and took out of my wallet a $10 bill and laid it on the table. We both shuffled and neither of us got anything. I put my hand on the bill.

"Well, what next?" asked Sidle, eagerly.

"Now you show $20," explained the banker, with the same *sang froid*.

"How's that?" I asked.

"As a guaranty to the bank," said he.

"Is it a bet, and is there any chance of losing it?" I asked.

"If you win, you take it away, with all winnings," was the reply, "and if you do not you simply leave it lying on the table with the $10." And he talked most glibly all around the subject, for ten minutes.

"How long does it lie there?" I asked; "explain this thing to the end."

"Well," he said with sudden frankness, "I dont want you to go in blindly at all; every time you deal you show twice as much as the time before—$10, then $20, then $40, then $80—and that's all."

"Any chance of losing it?"

"Only one chance in fifty at the end," he finally said, and you have eight chances to draw, and you receive twice as much as the sum on the board—for instance, if you draw $500, you really receive $1,000.

"I will go no further," I announced at this point, and put the $10 in my pocket.

"That $10 is forfeited to the bank," said he, eagerly.

"I have it and shall keep it," I replied.

"And you forfeit all the checks besides the $10."

"I am sorry for Sidle," I said, but the game is his and the checks are his, and I cannot go with him any further."

Then Sidle set up a roar of rage and grief; he walked the floor excitedly; he moaned that he could'nt get home; he swore dreadfully, but he launched his maledictions at the bank; then he pathetically appealed to me to help him through. If we withdrew now we should lose $510, for his first $100 check was also "in chancery." If I would stand by him now he would guarantee me against loss. He took out what money he had to plank down for his "show."

I really felt sorry for the inexperienced fellow, and if $10 or $20 would have soothed him I would have given it gladly, and relied on J. K. to reimburse me, as I knew he would if he loved his own flesh and blood. But I now clearly saw that this little board was a swindling device, and I boldly resolved to save the young book-worm from losing his last penny. My heart yearned for him, and the anxious pleading of his beardless face was difficult to withstand.

"I have no more money," said I determinedly to the banker; "we will go, Sidle."

"Show what you've got!" exclaimed Sidle, "I saw some $20 bills when you opened your pocket-book."

At this moment, a gleam of returning sense shot athwart my vision. I looked suspiciously at Sidle. It could not be, I thought, that that guileless youth, with a gold watch, and white vest, and eye-glasses, and dove-colored eyes, and hair brushed supernaturally smooth, was a stool-pigeon!—that he was not a Sidle and never was in Minneapolis! Even so! I saw through it *at last*.

The banker rose, and demanded, in a quiet voice, that I "go on or return the $10 forfeited to the bank." I declined. He then went out into the hall. I looked out and saw that it was twilight there. He talked in a low tone with another man. I looked around the room, and observed for the first time that the shutters were closed. Sidle entreated me to rally and save him, and showed by the board how certain we were to win. The banker returned, and walked around to an alcove at my right, and searched in a big trunk. I wheeled around against the wall, so as partly to face him. After some further argument and entreaty from Sidle, I at last suggested that I might borrow from friends in the vicinity enough to carry forward the "show" with and redeem our checks. To this, after long talk, the banker reluctantly agreed—I slid down the stairs and the outside door was locked on the inside with a key! I went up and found an old woman who opened it for me, and let me out into the air.

I went around to Broadway and found a policeman. He was "in the 24th precinct," he said, and he couldn't interfere. At his direction I went up to the 29th precinct, and got a detective in citizen's clothes. He urged the utmost secrecy on me; and he sent me straight down, while he made a detour of three blocks to see the first policeman I hailed. I went to 422 and ascended the stairs. No sound. The room was locked. Presently the detective came. The old woman opened the door. The room was empty! No bunko-board. No desk. No trunk. No advertising sheets. Nothing left but dirt—and the cards in the table-drawer, which I secured and brought home as a trophy. Both the thieves had fled.

I shall always believe that the first policeman gave 422 notice to quit.

Now I know how a bunko-board looks. I should recognize one anywhere.

And I am no longer sorry for that poor young man, who suffers from midnight oil at Cornell.

It is sad to learn "on the very highest authority" that J. K. Sidle hasn't a son to his back. Henceforth young Sidle, "in the Fourth Class," will be to me one of the shadowy personages of history, like Homer, and Mrs. Harris, and "your sister Betsy Trotwood."

I see through it, part way, at least. A bunko skirmisher fixed on my name on the register of French's hotel, and inferred that a man all the way from Minnesota must have some money. He then identified me, and perhaps thought I looked like a "bloated aristocrat." As I left the hotel, for new headquarters, he followed me, in another or the same "bus," up town, where he or a pal pounced on me. But how came they to know so much about me and Minnesota and Minnesotians? or was a part of it guess work? How were the gang sure that I knew J. K. Sidle, and did not happen to know but that he had a son away at school? For this they probably took their chance. They exhibited a wonderful knowledge of human nature, and a degree of coolness and shrewdness that ought to make a fortune in the same kind of business on Wall street.

I lost nothing by the transaction, and it cost them ten cents for beer. It was a bad place to be locked up with two thieves, but it is not likely that they would resort to violence in the daytime. At any rate, they didn't.

If I had been shrewder, I should probably not have been caught in such a den at all, even to help a young and unsophisticated friend, but it is sweet to remember that verdancy is the badge of the confiding and innocent, and that the meek shall inherit the earth. W. A. C.

CHRONICLES OF THE HOUSE OF YAM.

AN OLD PARABLE WITH LIVELY CURRENT INTEREST.

And it came to pass during the reign of the last Cæsar in the Empire of Erehwon that two mighty princes sojourned within the gates of the chief city.

And one was surnamed Yam.

And the name of the other it was Tenneb Ymmij. And, verily, they were cronies.

Now the sister of Yam was very comely in the sight of all men, and she did needlework and made pies, and was not slothful.

And Ymmij did set much store by her and say unto himself: "Go to, now; she is my good angel; I will make her my wife."

And he spake thus unto her father and her brethren.

Which kept a top eye open concerning all things which were to come to pass.

And the day of the offering drew nigh, and the maiden was decked in fine linen and Tyrian purple and the precious stones of Ophir, and the laces which grow in the land of the Beige.

Now when the lamps were burning and the feast was spread, and the bride appeared and the rabbi stood up and all things were ready,

Behold the bridegroom came not,

For he was journeying on foot without scrip from the tent of Ymmij, even unto Melrah.

And the same it is called pedestrianism.

When the night was passed Yam came unto him and rebuked him, and said: "Why camest thou not when the bride appeared and the rabbi stood up and all things were ready?"

And Ymmij answered and said:

"Verily, verily, I say unto you, I forgot it. I will come to the wedding on the morrow."

And again the lamps were burning and the feast was spread, and the bride appeared and the rabbi stood up and all things were ready.

And again behold the bridegroom came not.

For he was journeying on foot from the tent of Ymmij even unto Melrah.

And the same it is called pedestrianism.

And once more Yam rebuked him and asked him, saying: "What the dickens is the matter with thee that thou turnest not up at the bridal?"

And Ymmij moved away from him a short space and answered, "As my soul liveth I forgot all about it."

And Yam was wroth, and he clinched his hands together and said, "Thou art a fool. Thou wilt remember it ere the sun goeth down or I will put upon thee a head."

And again the lamps were lit and the feast was spread and the trousseau came forth, and the bride appeared and the rabbi stood up and all things were ready.

And for the third time behold the bridegroom came not.

For he was journeying on foot to Melrah, in a crooked path by a street which is called Straight.

And the same it is pedestrianism.

And the maiden of the house of Yam sent unto him, saying: "I will have naught to do with thee. Henceforth thou art a stranger."

Then Yam went forth and lay in wait for Ymmij. And when he came he smote him on the nob.

Moreover, he mussed up his ulster and frescoed his dexter peeper.

He likewise calcimined him and put upon him a Mansard roof.

And Ymmij arrayed himself in a bandage and went away to a place which is called Notsob, in the country of the Pharisees.

And his friends assembled themselves together and said one to another, "Now what shall he do?"

And one said, "He must sit in the door of his tent and lie in wait for Yam and shoot him at sight."

And another said, "Nay, let them stand up forninst one another and do battle, and he who is innocent shall escape, as of old."

And a third put in his lip and said: "Mayhap the favorite of the gods may have the poorest rifle and get killed."

And a fourth exclaimed: "If Yam should be slain would not the land of Erehwon be too hot to hold Ymmij?"

And a fifth said, "Let them draw lots, and he who getteth the blank shall give all of his goods to the other and lie down on a buzz-saw."

And they were vexed sore.

When they saw what was up, all the people spoke with one accord and said: "This row hath gone far enough. Let Ymmij write an epistle and post it at the corner of the streets, saying, 'I have been foolish. Because of my folly have I hurt my friends—this maiden and her brethren. Because of my love for them will I not raise my hand against them, and I will no more go to Melrah by a street which is called 'Straight.'"

And all the people rose up when they heard it and they cried, "Selah! Selah! Keno! Mashaliah! Altro! Fightsoff! Goodnuff! Bully for you!"

And peace once more prevailed in the kingdom of Erehwon.

HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

He made a daily paper's jokes.
The boss of paragraphic mokes,
Yet, when alone, he thus invokes
His mother-in-law:

"Who ran to raise me when I fell,
That night I couldn't find the bell,
'N' the keyhole skipped around like—well,
My mother-in-law.

"Who frekently pulled down my vest,
An' laid a poultice on my chest,
An' dosed me till I couldn't rest?
My mother-in-law.

"Who often wi-ped off my chin,
Got Em'ly to forgive my sin,
An' sot me on my legs agin?
My muzzer-in-law.

"Who—who—wait—hark!—I'm pretty sure—
No 'taint—'s a rat—here's let's drink to 'er,
Honest and faithful, though she's poor—
My muth-in-law!

"Who—tip it up, I'll sing (hic!) song—
Who's alluz helpin' me along
An' meddlin' with my doin' wrong?
My muzz-in-law.

"Who, wen I drift I'm bad to wuss
An' carr' on like a crazy cuss,
Is alluz roun' (hic!) makin' fuss?
My muthin-law?

"Who—who—I hate 'er juss fer zat!
Fer pickin' me up wen I am flat—
Con (hic!) fusion to ze ole witch-cat,
Mimozz-r-lin-law.

"I wish she'd go t' (hic!) Texas, sir!
I'd be jess happ' 'f twan't fer her,
House izh too shmall fer me'n fer
My (hic-huc) mull-in-law!

"If she shtays roun' (hic) I'll be undone!
Wait—wot's 'er name? Le's make a pun!
Whoop! (hic!) she'll give us lots o' fun—
My mulzer (ep!)-lin-raw!"

Next day she found him on the flag
And bound his head with a moistened rag,
(For it felt like the brow of Brobdingnag;)
Then down to his desk he managed to drag
And made a joke, the jovial wag,
A "stunner"—about "that meddling hag
My mother-in-law." W. A. C.

CROFFUT.

He is Sketched by "Jay Charlton" in The Danbury News.

Croffut was formerly of THE MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE, whereon he made a reputation as a paragrapher. He is a man of more than medium height, with a head as big as a bushel basket, covered all over with thick auburn hair. His complexion is of that translucent kind which belongs to men with the auburn thatch. He is in appearance a large sort of Mark Twain; and this resemblance is helped out by a big piratical auburn moustache, which is in size a third edition of Twain's. He is a nervous man for one who has good muscle and bone about him, and in this respect I never saw two men more unlike than Bayard and Croffut Croffut is full of points—lively, socialistic, a man of "ideas," ahead of time, soberly bubbling, whipt into intellectual excitement by the goads of his own temperament. I never saw a more frank or an honester man, worldly or intellectually, than Croffut. Talking with him is exciting, because he keeps you on tip-toes: but if you wanted to go out on a hot night and roll down the side of a roof into a Turkish bath, you'd take Croffut in your arms and "go." Croffut must please Croly, of The Graphic, for Croly is a man who has "ideas." By ideas, I mean those that are snapt out by Spencer and Huxley. Croly is a man who would never be satisfied with heaven unless he could have a half holiday occasionally to go down and experiment with the other place. He would not be happy with one place without the other. Croffut is one of those inspired fellows, like a sorrei colt that my grandfather used to have. That colt was as handsome as a picture and when he was in harness he could outtravel any other road horse I ever saw; but the minute we turned him out into pasture he'd go around all the fences until he saw a weak place, and then he'd go over, as much as to say, "I know the taste of that pasture, and I'm going to know how it tastes on the other side." Croffut is a big hearted fellow, full of poetry and full of scientific ideas; and I guess a good many girls must be in love with him.

LINES TO MY LAWYER.

"Oh, where art thou gone, Oakey Hall, Oakey Hall?
Oh, where art thou gone, charming Oakey?"
"I have gone to Brookulyn
And a slum I have got in
With some people I consider rather poky."

"Oh, where hast thou skipped, Oakey Hall, Oakey Hall?
Oh, where art thou fled, jolly Oakey?"
"I have sailed to Enguland
And a partnership have planned,
In a city that is villanously smoky."

"Ah, tell thy fre-end, Oakey Hall, Oakey Hall,
Ah, tell me t—rue, frisky Oakey;"
"Well, I'm on a Yankee string
Up in beany Bostuing,
Where the natives swear by Halifax and Hokey."

"Oh don't prevaricate, Oakey Hall, Oakey Hall,
Ah, do not q-u-ibble, candid Oakey."
"Well—I'm up in Quee-u-bec
Holding Sweeny boy in check
Till I hear his credibility is broky."

"Oh, did you Suicide, Oakey Hall, Oakey Hall,
Oh, did you suicide, solemn Oakey?"
"Oh, yes, I've had a die
As reported—on the sly—
A great relief from Blackeystone and Cokey."

"Oh, have you gone abroad, Oakey Hall, Oakey Hall,
Oh, have you crossed the sea, strolling Oakey?"
"Not much! I'm feeling gay
Down in Flori-orida,
And I'm fishing in Lake Okefikenokee!"

"Oh where are you now, Oakey Hall, Oakey Hall,
Oh where be you now, truant Oakey?"
"Oh, I'm now in Jap-u-an
And I'm quite another man,
For I'm surfeited with Hyson Skin and Tokay."

"Oh, dost enjoy the trip, Oakey Hall, Oakey Hall?
As far as thou hast got, roving Oakey?"
"Yes, the Chinamen I see
Are a queue-riosi-tea!
Observe the puns? You know I'm always jokey."
W. A. C.

Cronin.

This is the man with the stalwart nose that over the land like a beacon glows, that lights his path wherever he goes with a piller of fire for friends and foes, and a glare like a gleaming bonfire throws to the far-off realm where "Gable" grows, that shines on the breast's and the maiden's woes, on the farrow cow who for office lows, on the dog that delights to discompose the querulous cat her meal of crows, who when she couldn't get any of those just arched her back and made an assault on the musky mouse that liked the malt that lay in the house that Sam built.—*New York Graphic.*

THE NEW CRUSADE.

[*From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*]

In the days of the voice of the seventh angel, when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of God should be finished, as He hath declared to His servants, the prophets.—Rev., x., 7.

I.

Trump of the Lord—I hear it blow!
Forward the cross; the world shall know
Jehovah's arm's against the foe.
Down shall the cursed Crescent go!
To arms—to arms!
God wills it so.

II.

God help the Russ! God bless the Czar!
Shame on the swords that trade can mar!
Shame on the laggards, faint and far,
That rise not to the holy war.
To arms—to arms!
The Cross our Star.

III.

How long, O Lord!—for thou art just:
Vengeance is Thine—in Thee we trust
Wake, arm of God, and dash to dust
Those hordes of rapine and of lust.
To arms—to arms!
Wake swords that rust.

IV

Forward the Cross. Break clouds of ire!
Break with the thunder and the fire!
To new Crusades let Faith inspire:
Down with the Crescent to the mire!
To arms—to arms,
To vengence dire!

V.

Forward the Cross. That night recall,
Of ravished maids and wives withal,
With blood that stained Sophia's wall,
When Christians saw the Cross down fall.
To arms—to arms,
Ye nations all!

VI.

To high Stamboul that Cross restore!
Glitter its glories as of yore,
Down with the Turk. From Europe's shore
Drive back the Paynim drunk with gore.
To arms—to arms,
To arms once more!

VII.

Forward the Cross. Uplift that sign!
Joy cometh with its morning shine,
Blossoms the rose and teems the vine;
The olive is its fruit benign.
To arms—to arms!
Come Peace divine!

A. CLEVELAND COXE

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

In reply to the above, by the Bishop of the Episcopal Church of the Western diocese, we present the following:

What a fine-looking thing is war! Yet, dress it as we may, dress and feather it, daub it with gold, huzza after it and sing swaggering songs about it—what is it, but murder in uniform? Cain taking the sergeant's shilling?—*Douglas Jerrold.*

I.

Thou man of God, who thus implore
Thy brother's sacred blood to pour
In hateful tides of turbid gore
From Dardanelles to Danube's shore,
Be still—be still!
Blaspheme no more!

II.

God help the babes! God bless the wives!
Shame on the priests that whet the knives!
Shame on the church whose altar thrives
By wrecking peaceful peasants' lives!
Be still—be still!
'Tis Hell that drives!

III.

How long, O Lord, before thy shrine
Shall men pray, "Vengeance, God, is thine,"
Then worship Moloch as divine,
And drink the battle's bloody wine?
Be still—be still
O, heart of mine!

IV.

Forward the Race! Let creeds impart
No barb of poison to the dart
That flies from Mammon's bow, or start
Tasmanian devils in the heart!
Be still—be still!
Love sits apart.

V.

"God bless the Czar!" Beneath his eye
Poor Poland writhes and cannot die,
And as the bandit's minions ply
The knout, to Heaven ascends her cry.
Be still—be still!
O, Infamy!

VI.

Put up the sword! And ne'er again
Let the grim Crusades' fiery train
Drag o'er the earth its awful stain—
'Tis branded with the curse of Cain!
Be still—be still!
Let Mercy reign.

VII.

Come Holy Peace! May Muscovite
And Moslem end their wretched fight;
Women with songs shall hail the light,
And children flock with flags of white—
Be still—be still—
O, sacred sight!

W. A. CROWFUT.

THE "RING" STATESMAN.

A Sunday School Sermon Prepared by "The Graphic" for Clergymen Who Voted for John Morrissey.

New York Graphic.

My dear young friends, you will, most of you, grow up to be men, and you must all try to become great and good men. Some of you will doubtless become rulers of the people. You will become governors, senators and perhaps presidents. I want that every one of you should from this hour try so to live that you may become at least a state senator. You must save your pocket money and buy a pair of boxing gloves. Mr. Morrissey did so when he was a little boy. Or if you cannot beg or borrow the money, practice the noble art of self-defence without gloves. Go it with your fists, my dear children. Mr. Morrissey did when he was a boy. It is the more manly way. Go out, dear children, into the back lots and have it out with your little brothers. If you can't get your brothers to stand up in a fair knock-down fight, try your sisters. They'll do for a round or two. It is good so to contend. We have many other and older examples than that of Mr. Morrissey. David fought Goliah and overcame him. Samson was man enough for many of the Philistines. Moses slew an Egyptian. Cain slew Abel, and Mr. Morrissey always overcame his man. Dear children, when you grow a little older, you must be studious, attentive, regular at your devotions, and the time may come when you shall shy your castors in the ring and be put in all the sporting papers, "stripped to the buff," fighting to maintain your country' honor. We need more of such Christian heroes. Yes, and then you should learn cards, dice, faro, monte, keno, roulette and rouge et noir. (Dear children, let us give three cheers for the red, black—and blue.) Mr. Morrissey learned all these little games. See where he now is. And after a time you can start a little gambling den, and then your business will grow, and grow, and you shall wax fat and prosperous and move into a bigger den and then a bigger one, and a more stylish one, with better whisky and more mirrors, pictures, cut glass and elegant lunches, and finally you may become the owner of two, one here in our Christian city of New York and the other in the Christian watering-place of Saratoga, and when the young man, simple and void of understanding, comes therein he shall be cleaned out of his substance. This is the way to be honored of the people. This is what Mr. Morrissey did. It is what you must aim to do. We are told, dear children, to be diligent in business. So I trust you will treasure my words in your ace of hearts—no—I mean your own hearts, and to-morrow you must buy your boxing gloves if you can, or practice hitting straight out from the shoulder, without gloves, if you can't buy any, and don't forget the little pack of cards and the "little joker," and the little old games of monte, faro, keno and roulette. Get your father to show you how to "buck the tiger." I presume we—I mean they all know something about it. Read your Bibles carefully, and remember that a full flush rakes down the whole pile. Let us pray.

DEDICATED TO BISHOP COXE.

Trump of the Turk! it takes a trick!
The Moslem bantam seems to lick
The Russian shanghai pretty quick!
Our fighting Coxe should claw the chick.
To arms! To arms!
The shanghai's sick!

Oh, rally, Coxe! Oh, Bishop Coxe!
Behold! The wicked Moslem knocks
From holy Russia all the socks,
And drives her from the Balkan rocks;
Two legs! To legs!
An awful box!

HOUGHTON AND HIS DINERS.

There was a rich din-ni-er in Bosting was give,
'Twas very distonggay as sure as you live,
'Twas nobby and quite literati becors
They was all the *Atlantic's* contribu-i-tors.

At this point the guests will arise and follow the lead of Mr. H. W. Longfellow in singing:

Ri tu ral i ural i ural i day
Ri tu ral i ural i rural i ay!
Ri tu ral i ural i rural i ay!
Singing tural i ural i ural i day!

The guest of the banquet was John Whitti-er,
Which same told the tale of Maud Mulli-i-er,
The poet in which these pe-o-ple took stock
Was seventy that evening, about eight o'clock.

Concerning which pleasant eventuality the sage of Amesbury will arise and whistle the following reminiscent stanzas:

Ri tu ral i ural i ural i day,
Ri tu ral i ural i ural i day,
Ri tu ral i ural i ural i yay,
Ri tu ral i ural i ural o day.

Now Whittier he was a teetotu-al-ler,
To strong drink he always did stoutly demur,
Therefore they set out by the side of his tea
Eight sorts of wi-ine—wine-ding up with brandee.

Singing uproariously by all—articulation slightly eccentric:

Rturaliyuraliooraliay?
Lituralyuri (hic!) yurlay!
Tiluralyurai——oway!
Ri-tu-r-r-r-r——aaaaay!

No fair sex was present at that ta-bu-el
Because Whittier favored, as known very well,
Rights of women to vote, and all that sort of thing,
Therefore, they did *not* ask no wim-u-i-ing!

Miss Susan B. Anthony will please sing from her present standpoint, in a shrill and indignant voice:

Oh, *not* right—ri tu ral i urul i day,
But very much *wrong* tu ral ural ayay—
Left out in the cold—oh, la tu ral i ay—
By the heel of the tyrant whack fol de rol ay!

Mark Twain told of catching, in Californee,
Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, all on a spree,
Which breach of con-fi-dence it caused when he'd done
A marked-wane in his repu-ta-she-i-un.

Comments by Mr. Emerson, accompanying himself on a bag-pipe:

Commy coo! iddle oo
Killy coo i quan! W. A. C.

A WORD TO THE PRESIDENT.

Ruthy, dear Ruthy, come home from the South ;
This gushing effusion strikes one
As running entirely too much to the mouth
In Evarts and Hank Watterson.
Come home, oh, come home, for you're safer with us ;
Down there, if you're ever so good,
You're likely to get in a terrible muss,
And sure to be misunderstood.
Come home ! Come home ! Ruthy ! dear Ruthy
Come home !

Ruthy, dear Ruthy, come home from your spree ;
This hugging is perilous sport,
As you'll presently see, though the kisses may be
Of the most paroxysmalest sort.
Though Porter may string out his gab by the mile
And Schurz his mellifluous talk ;
Though Hampton may smile, without guile, all the while,
Still—'tis not exactly the chalk !
Come home ! Come home ! Ruthy, dear Ruthy !
Come home !

Ruthy, dear Ruthy, what does it all mean ?
Is the steerer of banco abroad ?
Does he flatter the "friend" whom he never has seen,
With blarney that leads to the fraud ?
Now, who is the dupe of this plundering hoax
We wouldn't like to say if we knew ;
But a right smart chance of respectable folks
Think, Ruthy, dear Ruthy, it's you !
Come home ! Come home ! Ruthy, dear Ruthy !
Come home !

Cui bono ? though Key in his ecstacy quote
The speech that he made at the Hub ?
Though Hampton should weep till his chair is afloat
And Van Zandt should fill up a tub ?
Perhaps it is true, as they say, that you make
Supporters wherever you've been ;
But some of those fellows that float in your wake
Are maud-a-e i-o-u-lin.
Come home ! Come home ! Ruthy, dear Ruthy !
Come home ! W. A. CROFFUT.

CONG LING AND GOR DING.

Sen Cong Ling he was a Chinee;
Sen Gor Ding he was a Hindoo;
They quarrelled and could not agree,
And they looked at each other askew
In the councils of Sam the Yang Kee.

Now Gor Ding was jerking chin-chin,
When Cong Ling remarked "Hire a hall!
Dry up! Let the business begin!"
The request was both modest and small,
For to yawp all the while is a sin.

Cried Gor Ding, "You want to be boss!"
And he pounded his desk with a rap;
"O, I'm a hyena and hoss—
And a brass-mounted, terrible chap
For a strenger to happen across!"

"O, you are a lyre, I believe,"
Remarked the brave Brahmin, Cong Ling;
"You're played, it is true, and I grieve,"
"A lyre?" Why, it seemed to Gor Ding
He was charged with attempts to deceive.

"I'll settle this insult with you,"
Cried Gor Ding, "outside of this hall!"
In a voice which the doh kee pah knew
Meant Bla Den Bug, powder and ball,
And tea and revolvers for two!

Oh, did they not welter in gore?
Not a welter, but quite the reverse;
They shook hands and smiled as before,
And said, "Brother, good men are scurse—
And we cannot be spared from the floor."

Then Thur Man and Ham Lin said, "We
And Tim How have settled it slick,
No enemies Ling and Ding be,
But they spake in the tongue of Pick Wick,
In the councils of Sam, the Yang Kee."

W. A. CROFFUT.

Thanatopsis.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

To him, who in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language ; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days and thee
The all beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the image of ocean shall exist
Thy imago. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again :
And lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complainingg brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's grayand melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-haired man—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

ZOE.

The following exquisite tribute by W. A. Croffut to his little daughter, who di d in Minneapolis four years ago, has just appeared in The Graphic :

ZOE—FOUR YEARS AFTER.

My absent daughter—gentle, gentle maid,
Your life doth never fade !
O, everywhere I see your blue eyes shine,
And on my heart, in healing or command,
I fell the pressure of your small warm hand
That slipped at dawn, almost without a sign,
So softly out of mine.

The birds all sing of you, my darling one;
Your day was just begun,
But you had learned to love all things that grew;
And when I linger by the streamlet's side,
Where weed and bush to you were glorified,
The violet looks up as if it knew,
And talks to me of you.

The lily dreams of you. The pensive rose
Reveals you where it glows
In purple trance above the waterfall.
The fragrant fern rejoices by the pond,
Framing your fair face in its feathery frond.
The winds blow chill, but sounding over all
I hear your sweet voice call !

My gentle daughter ! With us you have stayed—
Your life doth never fade.
O, everywhere I see your blue eyes shine !
In subtle moods I cannot understand
I feel the flutter of your small, sweet hand,
That slipped at dawn, almost without a sign,
So softly out of mine !

—*W. A. Croffut.*

A WORD WITH THE EX-.

There's only one rhyme for your prenomen, Roscoe;
And that is a word that is ominous—Moscow!
Where Europe's ambitious and arrogant master
First reaped the red harvest of woe and disaster.
The ones who were ruined that cruel December
Were mainly his friends and himself, you remember.

If New York should give you another commission,
Don't you see, even then, that youv'e lost your position?
The factional friendlings whose flatterings inflate you,
And flunkeys who fawn, how can they "vindicate" you,
If you sulk in your tent while they amble about you,
And the great party goes on, or with or without you?
'Tis vigorous, virile, quick, calm and defiant,
The hot blood of youth in the frame of a giant
As stout as it was in its sturdy beginning,
And no one man's folly can keep it from winning.
It takes more than one man to make mortal panics,
And Tommy don't count, for he's only an annex.

Now, Roscoe, see here; turn your ear-flap and listen—
A tale with a moral—just hearken to this 'un:
An Injin, capricious and haughty—moreover,
You somewhat resemble that rubicund rover,
Old Ungapo, chief of the Crees and Camanches,
Primate of the wigwams and boss of the ranches;
He wore shining ear-rings and very tall feathers,
And sported red ochre in all sorts of weathers,
And swore that no being should live in his borders
Who wouldn't obey his peremptory orders.
A railroad was built and he said on reflection,
"These wild engineers must be brought to subjection."
So one day, selecting his longest and best rein,
He starts out to capture the Lightning Express Train.
One end of the lasso he ties 'round his body,
Then hides in the bushes, then swallows some toddy.
The rattle of wheels in the distance is humming;
The desperate fury-fed dragon is coming;
He leans from the rock, and a moment he lingers,
The coil held aloft in his flexible fingers;
A whistle! A roar! The little lasso leaps yonder,
And hovers in air like a coiled anaconda.
The train rushes by—a dense cloud interposes,
But the lasso the neck of the monster incloses!

I have but to add—here the moral is hingin'—
That they never found head, neck or heels of that Injin!

—*W. A Croffut.*

A NEW BROOM.

It has long been the fashion among naralists to represent the mother-in-law wild, untamable, and dangerous. BUFF admits that the mother-in-law, if captur when comparatively young and treated wit extreme kindness, may develop affections Christmas presents, and other commendable qualities, but he nevertheless refuses to class her among domestic animals. In this matter the naturalists are wrong, as any man who has made a thorough study of the mother-in-law is perfectly aware. It is undeniable that she is sometimes vicious, and has been known to create great havoc in defenseless households, but she can in most cases be rendered amenable to kind but firm treatment, and when thus tamed can be made extremely useful.

As has been often remarked, the Philadelphian is not an inventor. Even the system of charges adopted by the Philadelphia hackmen during the Centennial reign of terror was not a novelty, but was simply a servile copy of the world-renowned system which prevails among hackmen of Niagara Falls. It is true that occasionally a Philadelphian brings out a new invention, but it is uniformly useless, however ingenious it may be. As for PENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S device of fascinating a young lady by walking before her front door with a loaf of bread under each arm, and a third one in his mouth, it reflects no credit upon Philadelphia, since FRANKLIN was a pure and unadulterated New-Englander. The last inventive effort of the Philadelphian mind is a new method of utilizing a mother-in-law; and it can be easily shown that the method, if not entirely impracticable, is open to many grave objections. The inventor's name is MCDONALD, and it is announced that he recently "swept the floor and brushed the table-cloth with his mother-in-law." This exhibition was made in the presence of a circle of astonished and presumably admiring friends, and is hailed by the local press as proof that the mother-in-law can be made to supply the place of a broom and of a crumb-brush.

Of the details and specifications of Mr. MCDONALD'S plan we are not informed. He leaves us to conjecture by which end he held his mother-in-law, and whether he swept the floor with her head or with her skirts. It is evident that only a small-sized mother-in-law could be used as a substitute for a broom. While the mother-in-law varies greatly in weight, she, as a rule, weighs more than one hundred and twenty pounds. Now, no man could swing a broom weighing even a hundred pounds and do anything like justice to a carpet. The strain upon his muscles would be enormous, and long before his task approached completion he would throw down his mother-in-law and declare that, for his part, he hated an excessively clean room. Mr. MCDONALD, doubtless, performed his experiment with a light, dry mother-in-law, weighing in the neighborhood of sixty pounds. Such mothers-in-law are, however, by no means common, and their number is far too small to render any general substitution of them for brooms possible.

Let us grant, however, for the sake of argument, that light and easily-handled mothers-in-law are abundant. It will still be apparent that for sweeping purposes they are inferior to brooms. If the head of the mother-in-law is made to perform the functions of the broom, this inferiority will be immediately apparent. Her curls are fastened merely with hairpins, and will be sure to come off and litter up the room, and her back hair, even when fastened securely, is too soft to produce any effect upon a dusty carpet. If, on the other hand, Mr. MCDONALD would have us hold the mother-in-law by the head and shoulders, the unfitness of her skirts for sweeping purposes would be still more evident. Let any man possessing a light mother-in-law take her in one hand and a dustpan in the other, and try to sweep up a collection of chips and bits of paper with her skirts. It is safe to say that he would lose his patience in less than three minutes, and would express views highly derogatory to Mr. MCDONALD'S inventive genius.

As to using the mother-in-law as a crumb-brush, a very little reflection will show that the scheme is a very objectionable one. Guests would strongly object to have the waiter insert a mother-in-law between them, and use either her head or her skirts to remove crumbs. She would be far too large and unwieldy for the purpose, and would be almost certain to upset glasses and flower-vases. Her skirts would become entangled with the forks, and her hair, if it became loose, might cast unworthy suspicion upon the butter. The more we think of the scheme the more undesirable and impracticable does it seem. And yet Mr. MCDONALD evidently thinks that this feature of his invention is a peculiarly meritorious one.

Even were all these objections to be overruled, the simple fact that Mr. MCDONALD

Minnesota Cities.

The following is the population of forty cities in Minnesota, whose population exceeds 1,000 persons according to the census of 1870 and 1880:

	1880.	1870.		1880.	1879.
Minneapolis*.	46929	18079	Albert Lea...	1966	1147
St. Paul.....	41738	20030	Waseca	1708	551
Winona.....	10205	7192	Blue Earth C.	1661	1121
Stillwater....	9059	4124	Fergus Falls.	1654	....
Red Wing....	5811	4260	Sauk Centre..	1598	1155
Mankato.....	5552	3482	Taylor's Falls	1589	1003
Faribault.....	5432	4103	Le Sueur.....	1414	1029
Rochester....	5103	3953	Crookston....	1380	....
Hastings.....	3810	3458	Spring Valley	1256	1279
Duluth.....	3487	3131	Litchfield....	1252	352
St. Peter.....	3463	2124	St. Charles...	1155	1151
Owatonna....	3161	2070	Alexandria...	1106	....
Anoka.....	2706	1498	Chaska.....	1081	847
Lake City....	2597	2608	Glencoe.....	1080	527
New Ulm....	2471	1310	Kasson.....	1054	515
St. Cloud....	2464	2161	Cannon Falls.	1046	957
Austin.....	2305	2039	Lanesboro....	1032	1646
Northfield....	2293	2278	Janesville....	1022	947
Jordan.....	2063	1520	Willmar.....	1002	....
Shakopee	2047	1349			

*Including East Division or St. Anthony.

The Weekly Tribune.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A NEW POEM BY BRYANT.

[The "Midsummer Holiday Number" of *Scribner's Monthly*, which will be published to-morrow, contains a new poem by William Cullen Bryant. Rich as is the number in gathered literary treasures, this will be hailed as the one supreme contribution. Never before has any poet, writing in the latter half of his 82d year, shown such enduring power of imagination, such grace, freshness and force of expression, and such easy mastery of rhythm. The lines rise, and sink, and sway, with the movement of the Flood of Years, as it reveals itself to the poet's eye, and they breathe forth those grave, lofty and haunting harmonies which have made "Thanatopsis" immortal. It is interesting to find Bryant, now so near the usual limit of life, returning to the first strains of his youth,—not repeating even a phrase or a cadence, but adding a second voice, of richer compass and more assured power. We congratulate the editors and publishers of *Scribner's Monthly* on having secured such a rare and memorable gift for their great circle of readers.]

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A Mighty Hand, from an exhaustless urn,
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life; the Present there
Tosses and foams and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind—
Woodman and delver with the spade—are there,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mounting billow seen—
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.
There groups of revelers, whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
And as they raise their flowing cups to touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armed men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid,
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the steed and rider; the plumed chief
Sinks with his followers; the head that wears
The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's with cropped ear and branded cheek.
A funeral train—the torrent sweeps away
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud; the flood rolls on;
The wail is stifled, and the sobbing group
Borne under. Hark to that shrill sudden shout—
The cry of an applauding multitude
Swayed by some loud-tongued orator who wields
The living mass, as if he were its soul.
The waters choke the shout and all is still.
Lo, next, a kneeling crowd and one who spreads
The hands in prayer; the engulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine, at his touch,
Gathers upon the canvas, and life glows;
A poet, as he paces to and fro,
Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they ride
The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
Strikes them and flings them under while their tasks
Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe that smiles to her again—
The torrent wrests it from her arms; she shrieks,
And weeps, and midst her tears is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
To glistening pearls; two lovers, hand in hand,
Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart; the youth goes down; the maid,
With hands outstretched in vain and streaming eyes,

Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
An aged man succeeds; his bending form
Sinks slowly; mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks and then are seen no more.
Lo, wider grows the stream; a sea-like flood
Saps earth's walled cities; massive palaces
Crumble before it; fortresses and towers
Dissolve in the swift waters; populous realms
Swept by the torrent, see their ancient tribes
Engulfed and lost, their very languages
Stilled and never to be uttered more.
I pause and turn my eyes and, looking back,
Where that tumultuous flood has passed, I see
The silent Ocean of the Past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of fleets, where mast and hull
Drop away piecemeal; battlemented walls
Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand
Unroofed, forsaken by the worshipers.
There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed
The graven legends, thrones of kings o'erturned,
The broken altars of forgotten gods,
Foundations of old cities and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard
Upon the desolate pavement. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within
The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago were dust; and all around,
Strewn on the waters of that silent sea,
Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks
Shorn from fair brows by loving hands, and scrolls
O'erwritten,—haply with fond words of love
And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung
Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
A moment and then sink away from sight.
I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold, in every one of these,
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
Dissolved in air, and happy days, too brief,
That sorrowfully ended, and I think
How painfully must the poor heart have beat
In bosoms without number, as the blow
Was struck that slew their hope or broke their
Peace.
Sadly I turn, and look before, where yet
The flood must pass, and I behold a mist
Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope,
Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers
Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
And reappearing, haply giving place
To shapes of grisly aspect, such as Fear
Molds from the idle air; where serpents lift
The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
The bony arm in menace. Further on
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
Long, low and distant, where the Life that Is
Touches the Life to Come. The Flood of Years
Rolls toward it, near and nearer. It must pass
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?
Hear what the wise and good have said. Beyond
That belt of darkness still the years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight,—all that in them was good,
Noble, and truly great and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
Sages and saintly women who have made
Their households happy—all are raised and borne
By that great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,
From stage to stage, along the shining course
Of that fair river broadening like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken—in whose reign the eternal Change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

HURRICANE IN LAKE COUNTY.

Tree-tops and Board Fences Flying Through the Air.

A correspondent of the *Napa Register* writes from Mountain Mill House, Lake county, as follows: One of the most terrific hurricanes ever known in these parts passed over here last Sunday. About 2:30 P. M. a rumbling sound was heard coming from the northeast, which sounded like distant thunder. On going to the door we saw a sight that we wish never to witness again: Large trees, four and five feet through, were torn up by the roots and carried away, while smaller trees were twisted off and carried several hundred yards, and limbs of trees larger around than a man's body were snatched off as if they had been pipe-stems, and sent whizzing through the air. The whole heavens were, for a time, full of tree-tops, boards and debris. The property of Thomas H. Reynolds suffered most. A great many trees near his residence were blown down and twisted off. Almost all the fencing, the tent and his own residence were blown flat to the ground, and it is believed by men that work there that but for their efforts his new house would have blown over.

The wind and rain at Dr. James Blake's place, one and a half miles northeast of here, was terrific. There the storm raged but a few minutes, but when the rain ceased the ground was covered with loam to the depth of six inches. At Alexander Keun's, three miles from here, the hurricane was in full force and carried out of sight and beyond recovery boards sixteen feet long and one wide. I have not been able to ascertain the amount of damage done in this vicinity. Last Sunday the creeks were higher here than ever known before. It commenced raining January 17th and has rained every day or night but three, since. To-day it is pleasant and the sun is shining brightly. The rainfall for the season is 62.32 inches. The roads are in a horrible condition, and we have not had a mail for four days. There is something wrong with old Mt. St. Helena. All Sunday and Monday nights she sent forth ominous sounds resembling the noise that might be occasioned by the fall of a 20-ton rock down some deep cavity in the mountain.

Minneapolis has no fault to find with St. Paul. On the contrary, she has an undisguised respect as well as the most ardent affection for her venerable sister down river. If the latter *has* turned the corner a little without arriving at perfect felicity, it isn't her fault, for "she hath done what she could." If a young city, lacking the experience in the ways of this wicked world which her ancient relative has, may be permitted to criticise the latter in anything. She might gently insinuate the suggestion that the antediluvian spinster's engagement as governess expired when Minneapolis became "of age."

From a Minneapolis Lumberman.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 6.

To the Editor of The Lumberman:

In your article, last, week, on "Taxation," you spaak of the tendency among certain honest grangers to organize county governments merely for the purpose of extravagant tax eating, and the necessary cousequence thereof—immediate realization on the stumpage and abandonment of the land by the owners, to avoid excessive taxes.

Let me give you an instance in point, which recently eame under my notice: A tract of inferior pine land, owned by one of those conscienceless non-resident land sharks, was taxed at about $60 per quarter section by the honest granger fathers. The owner indignantly protested at the outrage, and asked relief, which was refused. So sure were the honest grangers that they were on the right track, that next year they slapped on a tax of $83 per quarter section. A large part of this $143 per quarter (for the two years) was for a local school tax, in a district on the other side of the county, and through many miles of woods and swamps. As the simplest way out of the question, the heartless land shark stripped the land of its timber, and now those rural grangers are painfully inquiring of each other "Who makes pay for all dot" $143 and interest at two per cent. a month, commissions, expenses, fees, rattage and stealage? And all the other owners of pine in that vicinity are slashing down their pine as fast as possible—the young, thrifty groves, as well as the full grown timber. They give as a reason, always and only, "excessive taxation." "A;"

[Written expressly for The Enterprise.]

AUTUMN IN THE WEST.

BY MRS. GEO. HAYNES.

Autumn has come; the fading leaves,
The dying flowers have gone at last;
So bright the sunshine shone upon them once
Now lying dead and withered at your feet,
I'm far away in the West.

Within the passing year a change has come
To pass my autumn hours,
So bright the sunshine seems to me,
I would not leave the far, far West.

The friends at home I love so dear,
But a dearer one I have out here.
When shared with one like thee,
The days they pass, the hours fly fast,
And no more autumn,
But winter in the far West with thee.

Verse and Worse.

The phenomenal poet has broken out again. The eruption is in western Minnesota this time. To be exact about it, at Campbell, in the "beautiful Bois des Sioux valley."

Love inspired the fair songstress in this instance, as Love is very liable to do, but it is possible that Topography also had its influence, as Campbell is in what Mrs. Partington once described as a "wet, flatulent country," and the poetry seems to indicate a dangerous overflow in that region. As yet the poem has not been classified, although an admiring reader who handed it to a Professor of Sacred Harmonies to be set to music, reports that the professor called it the blank blankest verse he ever encountered. One thing is certain: The Sweet Singer of Michigan will have to hump herself, and haul her muse out of dry dock, where it has been undergoing repairs ever since the advent of her last red-headed baby; or else throw up the sponge at once.

We append a single stanza, which is probably as much as can be put through a power press with safety at any one time:

"The friends at home I love so dear,
But a dearer one I have out here.
When shared with one like thee,
The days they pass, the hours fly fast,
And no more autumn,
But winter in the far West with thee."

A Way They Have.

"How many thumbs?" smilingly asks the sitting-room carpet, looking up at its colleague, and battered stove-pipe. With a wink in its disjointed elbow the stove-pipe, riveting its gaze on its friend, replies: "Only three, but I've raked enough skin off the other knuckles to make a pair of boots." Chuckling responds the carpet: "Not so well as you did last year. I got a couple of finger nails, two whole trousers' knees, started a good crop of hang-nails on every finger in the house, and I think I have a divorce suit pending."

"That's a pretty good spread," replies the pipe, and then, turning to an exhausted tack hammer that was resting itself on the window-sill, asked: "How is your score?" "Oh, don't ask me," gasped the tack hammer. "I've been busier than the master's gavel on a chapter night. I haven't missed but one knuckle since I started in, and then I caught the ball of a thumb plumb centre, and raised a blood blister as big as a walnut." And the graceless trio smiled in silent chorus and an old, rheumatic mop that was standing on the porch listening to the conversation through the keyhole pumped itself against the door in an ecstacy of delight and fell fainting across the wheelbarrow with one leg that was waiting on the walk for somebody to come along and fall over it.

A NEW RACE OF RHYMERS.

Talk about your comedy, your funny men your Twains, your Burdettes, your Danbury *News*, and Detroit *Free Press* men! They fade into absolute nothingness beside two meteoric poets who have lately arisen in the West. One of them, the "Sweet Singer of Michigan," whose book we have mentioned frequently in THE INTER OCEAN, and which, by the way, is selling tremendously, has already achieved fame. The other is on the road to it with lightning speed, and is none other than the Rev. James Ballard, of Iowa.

We do not know whether the poems of these new applicants for favor are as funny to others as to us, but if they are, there is some danger in sending them out careless-like among the people. Considering this hazard, we have hesitated to give the following astounding production to the public. As the readers of THE INTER OCEAN have been in a measure prepared, however, by a former publication in these columns of a poem from Mr. Ballard's pen, we venture to risk it. Mr. Ballard prefaces the poem which he sends us with a letter, from which we make the following extracts:

Editor of the Inter Ocean, Sir; I saw your Correspondent St. Clair; Oct 28th & he told me he would try and get me a salary, if I would Contribute to the Inter Ocean regulary every week: in reply I would be very glad to do so. it is Just what I have been aiming at for 9 months; I verly believe that if I did contribute to your paper regulary, & you tell the people so, it would work up as big a sensation *almost* as Moody did, for the fact of having made nearly 2,000 lines of poetry in 9 months with very little study, ought to be evidence enough of my ability, thus your paper would increase in circulation, to such an enormous extent, that you would think you could not do without my Pieces. Please try me one year & see, & be convinced. J. B.

We shall consider this proposition. We are not sure but that he is the man we have been looking for.

Mr. Ballard seems particularly struck with the rhymes of the "Sweet Singer of Michigan," and addresses her the following stanzas:

1
Sweet Singer Beautifull name
Will it always remain the same?
Do it mean Julia A. More?
A name I've seen since I wrote before.

2
Or is it the title of her book?
I feel ancious to in it look;
But I will give her more time,
To see if she answers my last ryhme.

3
My bargins made she need not fear,
That I intend to court her;
But years ago when I did choose,
I wrote in ryhme my BillAdoos (Billetdau's)

If the "Sweet Singer" can resist that appeal she has a flinty heart, indeed.

Mr. Ballard sends us his photograph, with he following pleasing couplet on the back tthereof:

Ballard I write in black and white,
So plain that you can see;
So every time you read this rhyme
Think and remember me.

We shall try and do so. The picture represents Mr. Ballard with an immense key suspended from his neck by a window-curtain cord. We gather from an article inclosed, clipped from the Council Bluffs *Nonpareil*, that this key was presented to Ballard by the admiring citizens of Creston, Iowa. What it signifies we are unable to state. The *Nonpareil* says:

We thought at first glance that Peter with the Golden Key was before us, but upon further inspection we discovered that it was only the heavenly countenance of James Ballard, the poetical orator!

And this describes fairly our own impressions on beholding the face.

Mr. Ballard closes his letter to us as follows:

I send you a Likeness, & one of my first publications, viz *Sun Dial*, & a piece from the Nonpareil, & if you engage me to write I shall send you some very weighty Poetry, & make Marshaltown man "STARE" MORE! I am not a *mushroom Poet*. see my sun Dial. I remain
Yours Respectively
Rev James Ballard
Red Oak Iowa.

The production, "Sun Dial," is certainly one of the most remarkable poems we ever read. We quote a stanza or two:

Ive traveled through England and Canada,
And the United States of America;
And wherever I go, I aim all the while,
To prove just as true as any sun dial.
Chorus.—Sun dial, sun dial;
To prove just as true as any sun dial.

Although I've traveled as I've mentioned to you,
I never did court much till (1862) sixty-two:
And when I commenced I aimed all the while,
To prove just as true as any sun dial.
Chorus.—Sun dial, sun dial;
To prove just as true as any sun dial.

I don't like to promise, and fulfillment neglect,
No, I'd rather do better than one would expect;
For I would hate for to promise, and all the while,
Prove just the reverse to a sun dial.
Chorus.—Sun dial, sun dial;
To prove just as true as any sun dial.

We think this will answer for one dose of Mr. Ballard. Meantime it would be interesting to know what peculiar condition of the earth or the heavens has caused this sudden outbreak of rhyming lunatics in the various portions of the West. There is another one in Iowa signing himself G. W. Terpening, King of Poets, fully equal to Ballard. Terpening, it seems, wrote an ode for the Fourth of July, which was submitted to the inspection of a committee of citizens in Creston, and rejected—though not for lack of merit. We quote from the report:

1. We find the poems of Mr. Terpening brimming with poetic genius.

2. We would recommend them as worthy of a place with the productions of Milton or Shakespeare, subject, of course, to the decision of the national convention.

3. We indorse and recommend to your favorable consideration the sentiment quoted:
"Will the Goddess of Liberty ever here *dwell*,
Until woman is acknowledged as man's *equal*?
Then will not true happiness be its *sequel*,
And they have *better times* on the Fouth of July."

This we consider the most sublime sentiment ever uttered by mortal man or woman.

We are compelled, however, reluctantly, almost tearfully, to *decline* to give it a place on our programme of exercises to-morrow.

Because, first, it has such a preponderance of genius that the oration will pale in its superabounding radiance; second, the solemnity of the thought conveyed in the poems should not be placed on a par with the frivolity of a Fourth of July; third, as the programme is now completely filled, we must decline amphibious matter.

This report roused Terpening, and, having been offered a hall, he held a meeting which was a "tremendous ovation," and at which hundreds laughed till they were exhausted. Terpening came off victor, and now publishes the report of the committee in connection with a volume of his "poems."

It is evident that rich and rare amusement is by no means confined to large cities.

FINANCE IN ASSORTED SIZES.

A little good-humored satire, skilfully done, is often more effective than grave argument. As the German proverb says, there's no use of getting a steam-engine to crack a nut; and there is no use in constructing ponderous syllogisms to batter down arguments of straw. The New-York *Tribune*, therefore, shows wisdom in this neat bit of satire on the Western inflationists:

The State of Ohio produces more finance and of a more diversified quality, one year with another, than any other territory of equal area on the habitable globe. No able-bodied citizen of Ohio considers himself equipped for the ordinary duties of life unless he possesses a fiscal system of his own, so that fiscal systems are as prevalent in Ohio as theories of the universe are in less favored lands. This year the growth of finance has been stimulated by an approaching State election and the depreciation in value of Alexander Hamilton's silver dollar, until everybody has a little more than he can consume, and consequently Ohio finance in large quantities has been thrown upon the general market. It is noticed that the article doesn't "run even," no two lots being found which can be graded in the same class; but they all have cheap money and a stretchy measure of value as central characteristics. The more modern of these Ohio financiers may be at daggers-drawn on other points, but they are sure to agree in longing for a dollar with fewer than 100 cents in it, which will expand and contract with the weather.

The gutta percha coin movement is now very promising. A gutta percha dollar would be cheaper and more pliable than silver even, would give more aid and comfort to the debtor class, would be more effectual in swamping credit, and would enable an Ohio gentleman to think he was rich when he owned very little except his fiscal system. But the civilized world is not educated up to the Ohio level, and the Government of the United States can hardly afford to experiment with any more or more elastic standards of value. There are certain obligations of honesty and honor, and certain laws regulating exchange, which cannot be violated outside of Ohio without some inconvenience to the violator.

Briggs' Rash Bet.

Our old friend Briggs rushed one day into a lawyer's office, and put it to him thusly: "I called in, Judge, to get your opinion about a little point of law. S'posin' you lived near door to a man named Johnson. And s'posin' that you was to say to Johnson that a splendid illustration of the superiority of the human intellect was to be found in the power of the human eye to restrain the ferocity of a wild animal. And s'posin' Johnson was to remark that that was all bosh, and you should declare that you could hold the savagest beast that was ever born if you could once fix your gaze on him. Well, then, s'posin' Johnson was to say he'd bet a hundred dollars he could bring a tame animal that you couldn't hold with your eye, and you was to take him up on it, and Johnson was to ask you to come down to his place to settle the bet. You'd go, we'll say, and Johnson'd introduce a dog bigger'n any four deacent dogs ought to be and sick him on you, and he'd come at you like a sixteeen-inch shell out of a howitzer, and you'd get skeery about it, and try to hold the dog with your eye and couldn't. And s'posin you'd suddenly conclude that maybe your kind of an eye wasn't calculated to hold that kind of a dog, and you'd conclude to break for a plum tree. You ketch my idea? Very well, then. Well, sir, s'posin' just as you got three feet up the tree, Johnson's dog would grab you by the leg and hold on like a vise, shaking you until you nearly lost your hold. And s'posin' Johnson was to stand there and holler, 'Fix your eye on him, Briggs!' and so on; and s'posin' he kept that dog on that leg until he made you swear to pay that bet, and then at last had to pry the dog off with a hot poker. S'posin' this, what I want to know is, couldn't you sue Johnson for damages?"—*Max Adeler.*

The Reason Why she Didn't Become a Baptist.

New York Times

It is very easy to say, now that the affair is over, that Miss Wilson ought to have left her cork leg at home. In that case, however, she would have been compelled either to limp to the water on crutches, or be carried thither by self sacrificing deacons. Moreover, her appearance in public without her customary leg which would not only have shocked her sensitive feelings, but would have detracted from the solemnity of the scene. When in addition to these facts, we remember that she was a woman residing in a country town, to which champagne baskets rarely penetrated, and was hence presumably ignorant of the scientific fact that cork is light and buoyant, her neglect to remove her cork leg prior to the baptism seems entirely excusable. So long as the water was only two feet deep, Miss Wilson, who weighed two hundred pounds, managed to wade toward the minister, but as soon as the minister took her hand and led her into deeper water, the cork leg asserted its buoyancy, and Miss Wilson was suddenly reversed. The minister, with much difficulty placed her on her feet again, and rather surlily requesting her not to do that again, began to make a brief and formal address. Before he had spoken ten words, Miss Wilson, with a wild shriek, fell backward, and her cork leg shot swiftly upon the surface. Perhaps this is the point where a veil should be dropped. To finish the narrative in as few words as possible, it may be said that after half a dozen futile efforts, the attempt to baptize Miss Wilson was abandoned. With all his skill and strength the minister could not counteract the effect of the cork leg, and could not keep the convert right side up long enough to baptize her. She bore it with patience until the minister called for a sixty four pound weight, with a view to ballasting her, when she indignantly scrambled ashore, hastened home, and subsequently joined the Presbyterians.

CHESTNUTTING.

Experiences of a Down-East Girl Who Climbed the Trees of Nuts and Burs—A Sad Predicament and a Rescue.

New York Times.

To the youthful mind there is a rare fascination in gathering chestnuts. This is due partly to the meritorious qualities of the chestnut itself, and partly to the fact that there is a spice of danger in the act of gathering it. It is true that there is rather more bur about a chestnut in its native state than seems really necessary, and there is no doubt that is the chestnuts were to grow on one tree and the burs on another, it would be a more generally satisfactory arrangement. Still, the boy who has climbed to the topmost branch of a chestnut tree, and sees approaching in the distance the angry owner, accompanied by a large club and a savage dog, will hastily fill the front of his jacket with unopened burs, and grind them against his body as he slides down the tree, with a fortitude surpassing that of the historical Spartan small boy who stole an anise-seed bag from the master of the Argos county hunt, and allowed it to blister the entire surface of his stomach in preference to admitting his guilt and undergoing the inevitable thrashing. It is a curious provision of nature that chestnuts must always be stolen. The trees always belong to another man, and there is no small boy living whose father ever had a chestnut tree on his own land. Why this should be so is a mystery which it is the province of moralists to solve, and which, therefore, needs no discussion here.

It is the opinion of Miss Anthony that the tyrant man has committed one of his worst outrages in monopolizing the sport of chestnut gathering. It cannot be denied that the female sex is virtually shut out from that delightful pursuit. To gather chestnuts successfully involves climbing trees, and the mature woman or the full-grown girl rarely cares to incur the risks which are inseperable from climbing in the present fashion of female dress. Of course Dr. Mary Walker could gather chestnuts with impunity, but among women who have not put on—that is to say, who still wear skirts, there is a general feeling that stockings should not publicly wave either from clothes-lines or branches, unless they have been previously and carefully emptied. Nevertheless there are infrequently and exceptionally daring girls who indulge in the hazardous amusement of secret chestnutting, and the experience of a Massachusetts young lady who recently climbed a chestnut tree in Berkshire county is worth narrating.

The young lady in question—and it is perfectly useless for anybody to offer twelve gratuitous teams of wild horses to assist in dragging the secret of her name to light—was remarkably beautiful, and was the object of the devoted attachment of two local young men, one of whom was a model of all possible virtues, while the other was a bold, bad youth, who was known to be in the habit of smoking, and who was currently believed to have more than once visited a circus. Early in October this estimable young lady suborned her younger brother—aged ten—to accompany her on a clandestine chestnutting expedition. A chestnut-tree, separated from the road by a narrow but dense belt of trees and bushes, was soon found, and the pair zealously searched the ground for fallen nuts. The young lady—and perhaps we had better call her Miss Y., for the purpose of identification, as the lawyers say—soon grew weary of this occupation, and determined to climb the tree. With the aid of a fence rail and zealous "boosting" of her brother, she succeeded in reaching the lowest branch, from which her progress was easy. Pleased with her success, she soon grew careless, and finally ventured out upon a limb until it bent under her weight. Becoming frightened, she lost her presence of mind and hold, and suddenly fell. Fortunately, she did not fall far, for her skirts caught in a fork of the limb and suspended her between heaven and earth in the attitude of an umbrella which has struggled with a violent gust of wind and experienced a reverse.

Her voice, though somewhat smothered by the peculiarities of her situation, could be easily heard by her astonished brother, and in accordance with her calm directions that devoted small boy instantly fled for help. Now, it so happened that each of the young lady's lovers had noticed her as she started from home in company with her brother, and each had independently determined to meet her as if by accident. Thus it fell out that the first person the small boy met as he rushed along the road was the mild young man, who listened to his incoherent tale and hastened to the rescue. No sooner, however, did he arrive within sight of the tree than he promptly paused, turned his back upon the object of his adoration, and in a faltering voice explained to the small boy that he thought his sister would not care to have him help her, but would prefer the assistance of a vague servant girl, in search of whom he professed himself ready to start. The small boy, having no sense of delicacy whatever, called the good young man names, and said he was afraid to climb a tree, but failed to shake his resolution. So the latter started on a run to find his hypothetic servant girl, and, unlike Lot's wife, refused to look back, though the indignant small boy sent a shower of stones after him.

Meanwhile, the bold, bad young man was approaching the scene of action, "cross-lots," at the top of his speed. His iron nerves did not falter even when he reached the tree that temporarily bore such marvelous fruit. Requesting the young lady to calm herself and trust him to rescue her, he armed her brother with a knife, and instructed him to climb the tree and cut his sister loose. The small boy, hailing with delight the opportunity to cut something, did as he was bid, and in a few moments, amid the noise of rending garments, the young lady dropped safely into the bold, bad lover's extended arms. Half an hour afterward eleven women, bearing five step-ladders, approached the tree while the good young man waited behind the bushes to receive his rescued mistress. It is needless to say he was disappointed, and his disappointment was still greater when he was subsequently told that she was to be married at an early day to his bold and bad rival. Thus we see that, as Solomon might have said, there is a time for step-ladders and a time for decided action, and that the bold young man gathers his bride from a chestnut tree, while the simple minded man flees afar off and howls for servant girls who are useless, and for the step ladder which satisfieth not.

ETHNOLOGICAL.

The Origin of Bald-Headed Men.
Milwaukee Sentinel, 27th.

The organization in the city of the society of bald-heads, makes a brief inquiry into the nature and habits of the bald-headed eminently proper. There are many reasons for believing that a large number, if not all, of the bald-headed class, have at one time been human beings like the rest of us. We acknowledge the force of Prof. Huxley's argument in opposition to this view and admit that the hypothesis advanced in his essay on "The evolution of the so-called bald-headed man from the billiard ball," has never been adequately met: still we have private reasons for regarding bald-headed beings as having had a human origin, or at an early period approached nearly to the human race.

Of course it must be admitted that what we shall take the liberty (in spite of Prof. Huxley) to call bald-headed men, do not, in the advanced stage of baldness, exhibit many human characteristics. For instance, no clearly defined man ever places himself on the front row of seats at a ballet performance, with an opera glass having a magnifying power of 3,000 diameters. Why pink tights exercise such an attractive force on bald heads has never been satisfactorily explained. But no scientist can justly regard this attraction as a conclusive evidence against the human origin of the bald-headed. For it is equally mysterious why males whose steps of retrogression can be clearly followed back to a human parentage, carry frail canes when between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. Again, the bald-headed person differs from the acknowledged man in his inordinate desire to sleep at unseasonable times, and particularly during church services; but, we must differ with Prof. Huxley in his statement that the summer craving of the bald-headed man for sherry-cobblers and the winter craving for hot Scotch, are without a parallel in the human race.

The proper and scientific method of inquiry suggests a consideration of the question whether baldness can be developed in a person known to be human. Married men show an ungenerous indisposition to reveal the secrets of their domestic affairs beyond the general and vague declaration that "there are such things as certain lectures." Whether such lectures have a tendency to produce baldness cannot be definitely ascertained. Married men who have gone home at an unusually late hour after having dined out, have been subsequently overheard to question a barber as to the efficacy of certain hair restoratives, but when boldly asked to explain their sudden thinness of hair they have unblushingly affirmed that it is due to the habit of carrying Sunday school books in their hats in early life. The scientist is again puzzled by the assertion that many men have grown bald by carrying bricks in their hats—now why any man should carry bricks in that way is simply incomprehensible.

Another difficulty in trying to determine whether the human being ever gets bald, is in the stout denial of baldness on the part of many. So long as a man has three hairs on the back of his head he will train them carefully over his pate, with the same tenderness a woman shows in training a sprig of ivy, and will persist in the declaration that he is not what might be justly called a bald-headed man. As we have said, we are inclined to favor the view that bald-headed beings have at some time been human; but we confess it is a subject that will still bear much study, and further light may overturn all existing views on the subject. In the meantime the barbers will continue to roll up magnificent wealth by their outrageous profits on hair-restoratives. We ought, perhaps, to direct the attention of scientists to the fact that women never get bald. We have never yet seen a woman whose hair has been thinned by sickness, trouble or age. When fashion demands heavy coils of hair, a sufficient quantity for the purpose springs up like magic.
Milwaukee Sentinel, 28th.

A bald-headed man, in response to an editorial in yesterday's paper, writes that "to some men God has given hair—to others brains." And we may add, to some He has given neither.

FARMING.

A Few Ideas on the Subject, Got Togther With a Coarse Harrow.

Geo. A. Quimby in Boston Weekly Globe.

As near as I can crawl up to the facts in the case, Adam was the first farmer. I have given this subject a large pile of thought, but I cannot find any reliable person who wants to give bonds that he can name a man who tried to earn a dollar by farming before Adam struck in.

I consider that Adam—I forget his other name—started in on his career under very favorable auspices. Adam had his garden all planted and the things up before he rented it. All he had to do was to just go right in and occupy.

He had no competition. He could put any price he pleased on his garden truck, and not lie awake nights and worry because somebody might undersell him. He could charge twenty-five cents a box for strawberries, and if his customers didn't like it he could tip his hat over his ear and intimate that if they didn't like his berries at that price they could refresh their stomachs on dried apples.

He had to take no one's advice as to how he should plant his stuff, or when he should hoe it. If he wanted to plant his dried pumpkins in the same hill with his baked beans he did not have to read through an agricultural paper to see what some editor who had never saw a farm had to say about it. His post office box was not filled with circulars, advertising fertilizers and patent dressings, for raising salad and mixed pickles.

Ah! Adam, if you were here now, and had to take all the advice that the farmer of to-day does, you would wish yourself back in the garden of Eden putting in your winter rye.

Then Adam had a splendid wife. It is not Eve—ry man that can get such a woman. I know there is a good deal of fault found with Eve, but she certainly was the best woman in the world when Adam married her, and I shall stand up for her as long as I have legs. Eve didn't have any great amount of clothes. She didn't worry herself what she should wear to church, or have to run and fix herself up when she had callers.

I take it that Eden farm was run on the militars plan. At any rate, Adam had a commissary connected with the farm, for we read that the serpent was sutler than any beast of the field, and the account shows that he got a mortgage on the farm, and foreclosed on Adam before he had taken off his first crop. Sutlers have changed but little since the creation.

But the farmers of to-day are different creatures. They are really the only useful class of people we have. Were it not for the farmer, you and I would go to bed hungry before Saturday night, but if I were put under a hydraulic cotton press and all the farming qualities squeezed out of me, there would not be enough to raise one grain of mustard seed. I would sooner be cut up into railroad spikes and driven into oak ties, than farm it, so little do I love the pursuit. If it were left to me to earn my living by farming, I don't think I could raise sausage enough to keep me from starving.

I honor the farmer, as I do the truthfulness of George Washington, but I should have lied the old man right out of his boots about that cherry tree, if I had been George. I freely confess that I do not like farming any better than I do castor oil. There is more hard work to the acre in farming than in any occupation I know of, if we except the dentist. There is a heap of hard work to the acher in that business, though the work is chiefly to the acher rather than to the dentist.

The farmer has an inborn idea that the sun will not rise unless he gets up and personally superintends the job. When I was a small boy I was told by my good mother that the sun rose every morning and—I always believed her. I never got up to see, for I always felt as if it would look as if I doubted her word.

After the farmer is up he must cut up some green wood for his wife to build the fire with. A farmer's wife who had kindlings and dry wood furnished her would consider that she had good grounds for a divorce. While the breakfast is being cooked the farmer hies to the barn to take care of and feed his cattle. Anybody who has ever taken hold of a pitchfork handle when the thermometer is below zero will never outlive the remembrance of it. There may be things colder, but I never touched them. I took hold of a white oak pitchfork handle over twenty years ago, and have never had the full use of my hand since.

After completing the chamber work in the barn, the next thing is to water the stock. Watering stock on Wall street and watering it on a farm are two different things. Pumping water up through a leaky pump, when it seems as if the first drop came from the center of the earth, is more cheerful to read of than to do. Perhaps it is not a pump, but an icy well-pole that you are called upon to embrace, and as it slips through your fingers, and the cold drops of water splash up your shirt-sleeve, you begin to wonder whether this really is the bright world that you always thought it was, and whether you will be called upon to draw water from a deep well with an icy pole in the other land beyond the skies.

It is during the winter that the farmer throws aside the drudgery and hard work of the farm, and engages in the sport of cutting and hauling out cord wood. Next to making tatting, there is scarcely any labor more easily done than breaking out a wood-road through snow three feet deep, and then chopping down trees, splitting and cutting them into cord wood, then hauling a load of it fifteen miles to market, and then stand in the street all day, and finally sell it for $5 a cord, and take your pay in something you don't want. When I think of this easy way of earning a dollar I have to hire a stout man to hold me down into a chair, in order to keep me from plunging out and buying a wood lot.

When spring fairly sets in, then it is that the farmer begins to realize that he owns a farm, and that he is a sturdy yeoman. He starts out with his plough to turn up the furrows in the glad earth. How beautifully the poets sing about all this, and how nice it sounds if the poetry is good! I think there is a charm about a poetic life that does not exist in prose.

For a delicate invalid, a course of treatment consisting of holding a plough for fifteen hours a day, through a rocky field, would be likely to make another man of him in a short time. It might possibly be a dead man, but still it would be another man. I held a plough once and helped to break up a piece of new land. Through the kindness of friends I was taken into a machine shop and rebuilt over as well as the machinist could do the job. I have never seemed to feel exactly right since, but I don't suppose I ought to blame the man. He said my arms were both pulled out of the sockets and I was stretched all out of shape, and he did as well as anybody could for me. I shall not hold a plough again as long as I hold my reason, and when that leaks out of me it will not matter much what I hold or what holds me.

When a farmer wants a little play, instead of putting out his croquet set, he turns to and builds a piece of stone wall. Building stone wall is more exciting than playing billiards, for there is more variety to it. Amateur billiards always reminds me of the itch, there is so much scratch to it, but building stone wall is diversified; something to do all the time, like catching fleas.

No one can realize the charm of digging round a big rock, and getting a chain under it, and twitching it onto a drag, or of getting a crowbar under it; and lifting and straining on it, enough to strain the whole Atlantic ocean, and then of having the bar slip, and the stone roll back, barking a shin, or otherwise bruising you, while you plunge forward with force enough to drive your head into the ground. I say no one can realize the charm of this unless

Court Scene at a Mining Camp.

Austin (Nev.) Times.

At Owen's River Mining Camp when Big Bill Moody swore point-blank at a trial to ascertain the exact line between two claims, that he had seen the original stake driven in 1852, Mr. Graham said:

"Mr. Moody, do you swear that you saw that stake driven in 1852? Remember, sir, you are on your oath."

Moody—Yes, I do.

Mr. Graham—Could you not be mistaken? Think, sir, was it not some other stake?

Moody—No, sir; it wasn't.

Mr. Graham (his hand slowly gliding round to the back of his belt)—Do you swear, sir, you could not be mistaken?

Moody—Well, I—I am pretty sure.

Mr. Graham (firmly, as his hand grasped something at his back, which answered with a click, click(—Don't you know it to be a fact that you never saw any stake in any place driven into anything by anybody?

Opposing counsel calmly draws a navy six and examines it contemplatively.

The Court—I will state to the opposin' counsel that there shan't be no shootin' done in this court, an' for drawin' a shootin' iron, which that is contempt of court, the opposin' counsel stands committed until further notice.

Mr. Graham—A righteous sentence.

Opposing Counsel (slowly rising)—If your Honor please, it is a well-established point of law, as laid down by that eminent jurist, Chief Justice Storage, of Texas, that it is the right of the counsel in a suit at bar to see to it that the learned counsel on the opposite side does not get the drop on his witness. Your Honor may have heard the ominous cocking by my learned brother of a deadly weapon known and described as a six-shooter. I submit to your Honor that if I stand committed he should be sent with me.

The Court—Yes; it is so ordered.

As the nearest jail was sixty miles distant, as Caliph's judicial acquirements did not include a knowledge of how to draft a commitment, and as the constable was himself "one of the boys" and perfectly understood the matter, these occasional interruptions of a trial amounted to no more than a temporary adjournment, during which the constable and the bar, and a few inside friends, had a convivial game of draw.

An Aboriginal Chant.

What time the glittering rays of morn
O'er hill and valley steal,
Chief Joseph's squaw, with dog and corn,
Prepares the Indian meal.

And if, with wild, rebellious shout,
The pappoose shall appear,
The chieftain leads the bad child out,
Clutched by the Injine ear.

The breakfast o'er, the daughter strolls
Down glen and shady dell;
While gay young braves, from wooded knolls,
"Look out for the Ingine belle!"

Each stricken brave she turns and leaves.
Her coyness to bewail;
Her dragging blanket stirs the leaves—
The well-known Indian trail.

A Black Hills miner, scalped and dead,
Upon the ground is found;
Grim speaks the Chief: "There's been, I'm afraid,
An Indian summer's round."

What time he rideth forth to shoot,
His favorite horse the dapple is;
And when he wants a little fruit,
Goes where the Indianapolis.

When finished are his warlike tasks,
With brazen incongruity,
For overcoats and food he asks
With charming Indianuity.

At night, before his bed he'll seek,
With countenance forlorn
He takes his scalping knife, and eke
He trims the Indian corn.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THAT BAD BOY.

The Worst Small Boy Yet Discovered.

From the New York Times.

For a long time it has been the boast of the Fitst Congregational Society at Birchville, O., that they possessed a minister, who, in point of lungs and legs, was fully equal, and in some respects superior, to Mr Talmadge. There is no doubt that this boast is to a certain extent ustifiable. While the Rev. Mr. Sunbright is admittedly inferior to Mr. Talmadge in the management of his left eg, and never attempts the eloquent feat of throwing both legs simultaneously over the front of the pulpit, he can pound the desk or stamp his right foot with a violence which the Brooklyn athlete has never yet approached. His voice is simply unequaled in power, and on calm Sundays, has more than once reached the next village distant nearly three miles from the meeting-house, and created a temporary alarm of fire.

Of course, these great qualities have made him exceedingly popular with the thoughtful members of his congregation, but they have not secured for him the respect and admiration of the small boys. His invariable habit of rumpling a small boy's hair the wrong way while pointing out to him the general sinfulness of his ways, is unquestionably adapted to awaken the baser passions of fallen juvenile human nature. To this objectionable habit he also adds the practice of insisting upon an unusual amount of catechism, and a total prohibition of circus, and the result is that he is hated by the small boys of the cogregation with great unanimity and bitterness.

Among the small boys in question is one of exceptionally studious habits and mechanical ingenuity. When, one day early in the winter, this small boy approached the pastor and asked for the loan of a book that would fully explain to him the elementary principles of natural philosophy, including the mechanical powers and the strength of the materials. Mr. Sunbright rumpled his hair with real enthusiasm, and remarking that he loved to see a boy with a mind above marbles and circusses, promptly lent him the desired book. For some weeks that ingenious small boy devoted his whole time to study and experiments with carpenter's tools and heavy weights in the woodshed, and his father and Mr. Sunbright congradulated one another upon the extraordinary goodness and intelligence of the studious youth.

It was on the Saturday afternoon preceding the fifth Sunday in January that the ingenious small boy, together with several of his juvenile companions, gained secret access to the Congregrationl meeting house. The pulpit was an old-fashioned affair placed upon a high platform. Underneath this platform was a dark space to which access was gained by a movable panel and in which the sexton was accustomed to store dilapidated benches and other ecclesiastical rubbish. The boys first carefully cut an opening in the floor of the pulpit about four feet square, and then, entering into the lumber room below worked for hours in comparative silence and with the aid of a lantern. The ingenious stundent of the mechanical powers arranged a weight and a lever in such away as to support the improvised trap door in the pulpit floor until a pressure of 180 pouds should be brought to bear upon it.

Without the application of this pressure the trap door would retain its position, and would be invisible to any but the closest scrunity. With such pressure it would proptly give way, but would resume its position as soon as the pressure should be removed. The Rev. Mr. Sunbright weighed precisely 172 pounds, and it was calculatsd by the ingenious juvenile miscreant—as it will shortly be necessary to call him—that the momentum of the average stamp of the pastor's foot would infallibly be equivalent to an increased pressure of 15 pounds. As the result showed, this calculation was correct, and the arrangement of the lever and weight was made with admirable skill.

It was about the middle of the next Sunday morning's sermon, when the Rev. Mr. Sunbright was eloquently denouncing the corruption of the church of Rome that he executed one of his ablest and most convincing stamps and disappeare d from view with startling celerity. The audience looked upon his disappearance as a new rhetoric figure, and were filled with admiration. One young man, who had visited New York, whispered quite audibly that he had seen both Te. De Witt Talmade and Geo. L. Fox, and that neither of them had ever executed so neat and agile a trick. The minutes came and went, but the pastor did not reappear. Doubtless, so the people thought, he was waiting to give full effect to his eloquence, but after a time they be bame somewhat surprised at the unusual pause in the services.

Presently an elder arose and said that their beloved pastor evidently intended his hearers to spend a litte season in meditation, whereupon everyone meditated with great assiduity for five minutes longer. At the expiration of this time it was feared that Mr. Sunbright might have fallen down in a fit, and three gentlemen simultaneously went into the pulpit, and amid general consternation reported that he had totally vanished. The excitement that ensued was tremendous, and the meeting broke up in disorder. No one ventured to explain the mysterious disappearance except an elderly single lady, who suggested a sudden raid on the part of envious angels. This story rapidly gained adherents, in the absence of any opposite theory, and might have been generally accepted had not a faint knocking beneath the pulpit been heard. An examination was instituted, and Mr. Sunbright was discovered, much abraded as to his surface, and inwardly filled with righteous indignation.

Fortunately, he had sustained no serious injury, and he was conveyed into the adjoining lecture-room and subjected to a variety of soothing processes by the local medical man. There probably never was a worse small boy than the ingenious contriver of the trap. To a certain extent he has expiated his offense, but Mr. Sunbright is firmly convinced that there is no punishment that will do justice to the culprit, in which opinion all respectable persons will agree. At present the small boy studies as well as recites on his feet; but that circumstance, with all it implies, gives but transient comfort to the injured minister. The pulpit floor, as well as Mr. Sunbright, have since been thoroughly repaired, but

he has sat on a fence, as I have, and seen it done.

the painful incident deserves to be noted, partly as a warning to Mr. Talmadge and partly as a melancholy evidence that Birchville possesses positively the worst of all exisiting small boys.

THE BROOKFIELD HARVEST.

Most good boys die young. This is a beautiful provision of Nature. When we read a memoir of a truly good small boy, and think how unutterably tedious he must have been, and how much his parents must have suffered from his incapacity to thrill them with the crash of furniture and the sweet music of the tin horn, we can scarcely feel too thankful that he is securely buried. The small boy in his normal state is sufficiently exasperating, but what parent is there who would not be crushed to the earth with sorrow were his small boy to suddenly model himself upon the dead small boys of Sunday-school literature, and at the same time refuse to die?! How true it is that we do not appreciate our blessings, and at times actually murmur over the lack of true goodness among our boys.

Rev. Mr. SAWYER, of West Brookfield, Vermont, possesses a unique treasure in the person of a small boy whose inventive powers and devotion to his parents have rarely been paralleled. "He is not precisely what you would call a good boy," remarked his father on one occasion, when his son was led home by the ear by an irate minister of the Methodist denomination, and charged with having fastened thirty-two distinct cats in the minister's study, "but his heart is full of love for whatever is just and right." This eulogy was fully merited, for although Master SAWYER was in no respect like the good small boy of literature, he lately did a wise and noble act, for which the language of ordinary praise is far too feeble.

In Northern Vermont that peculiar form of social outrage formerly known as "surprise party," but of late commonly called a "Bulgarian atrocity," is still lamentably frequent. On a cold evening in the first week of the present month, Mr. SAWYER and his family were seated quietly by their social hearth, enjoying one another's society. The clergyman was reading aloud the Bishop's pastoral letter; his wife was busily calculating how to cut up her husband's old overcoat, so as to supply him with a new waistcoat, herself with a new overskirt, and Master SAWYER with a new pair of trousers, while that excellent small boy was reading the improving adventures of an eminent pirate, and wondering whether he would ever be able to emulate them. Not one of the family was prepared to receive visitors. Mr. SAWYER had on his dressing-gown and slippers; Mrs. SAWYER had let down her back hair to give freedom to her mental processes, and Master SAWYER had temporarily slipped off his trousers to supply his mother with a pattern, while he wrapped the hearth-rug about him. Suddenly, and without the least warning, more than four dozen people of all kinds and sexes, including men, women, reformers, and theological students, burst into the room, carrying cake and devastation with them. Master SAWYER fled howling; the clergyman pushed back his spectacles, and tried to smile a ghastly smile; and his heroic wife, by hurriedly twisting her back hair with both hands, and holding her comb between her teeth, managed to avoid uttering the welcome which the invaders expected, but which her conscience forbade her to express.

The marauders conducted themselves after the usual custom of their kind. They conversed with one another with great hilarity, ignoring the sufferings of the clergyman and his wife. They spread their cake upon the table, and devouring it without plates, scattered the crumbs over the new carpet. One young man, having laid a large piece of jelly-cake on the sofa, subsequently sat down on it, and Mrs. SAYWER felt that she would gladly join the Church of Rome on condition that the mediæval tortures of the Inquisition should be revived and she herself delegated to apply them to that particular young man. After having reduced the furniture to that state of grease that it was no longer safe to sit down, the miscreants gathered around the piano and sang "What Shall the Harvest Be?" until Mr. SAWYER, mild as he was, regretted that he could not take a sharp scythe and reap an immediate and bloody harvest.

While these blood-curdling outrages were in progress in the parlor, the good small boy kept himself carefully out of the room. He was not, however, wasting his time in idle rage. He, too, heard the melodious inquiries as to the harvest, and remarked to himself that they would find out all about the harvest if they would only wait a few minutes. Meanwhile, he was busily engaged in carrying pails of water and emptying them on the front step and along the walk leading from the front door to the gate. The night was cold, and the water froze rapidly. Under his admirable management the ice acquired an unusually smooth and slippery character, and when the work was thoroughly done, the small boy retired to the second-story front window and waited for the surprise party to break up.

The moon was at the full, and shone brightly when the first pair of miscreants—the young man who sat on the jelly-cake and a heavy young lady, to whom he was affianced—issued from the front door, and instantly sat down with tremendous emphasis. Close behind them came the rest of the raiders, who with one accord strewed themselves over the ground, until in some places they were collected three or four deep. The shrieks of the ladies and the stronger remarks of the men filled the air. No sooner would a struggling wretch regain his feet than he would sit down again with renewed violence. The affrighted clergyman and his wife gazed with wonder at the appalling spectacle, and the good small boy never ceased to sing "What Shall the Harvest Be" at the very top of his lungs—interspersing that stirring hymn with a wild "whoop" whenever a particularly brilliant pair of stockings waved in the air.

Although only three persons sustained fatal injuries, there was scarcely a member of the party who escaped without more or less serious wounds, either of body or clothing. Seventeen legs, two ribs, six arms, and a nose were broken; five ankles and six wrists were sprained, and one shoulder was dislocated. The icy pavement was strewed with fragments of teeth, spectacles, coats, trousers, and skirts, and Master SAWYER picked up enough copper and silver change the next morning to enable him to buy twelve tickets in a raffle for a broken shot-gun, and to subscribe handsomely to the missionary fund. It is generally believed that there will never be another surprise party in Brookfield, and it is under contemplation among middle-aged householders to present Master SAWYER with a service of marbles and a life membership in the Foreign Missionary Society, as a testimonial of their esteem and gratitude.

Jacob's Losing Deal.

"Yah vohl! Yaw vohl! Dad man he svindle me, shudge! s'help me Moses! He svindle me!' said the excited descendant of Isaac to Judge Morgan yesterday morning.

"How did he do that, Mr. Wolfinski?" asked the court.

"I vill tell all aboud de pizness, shudge. You see dot feller, Mansmann, of Tenth avenue, come de oudra day to mein shtore, in Chatham street, and he say to me, 'Yacob, gif me dot suit of cloes for ochtsene tollare,' und, sacht Ich, "Mansmann, dot is verth more as ochtsene tollare, but du beist mein freund, so take it along mid you.' Vell, shudge, dot feller he try on dem cloes, und dey vas a leetler too loose in de pants back und goat sleeves; so, sacht Ich. 'Mansmann, I fix dem for you und I bring dem bei your house on Tenth avenue.' Vell, I do dis, und I go bei Mansmann's sein house gesterin aboud mit dot suit of cloes, und he try dem on und dey fit shust like a glove. I tell you he vas glead. I bet you! Und sacht er bein mir, 'Yacob, you're a pully poy, I bet you! Take ein glass bier!' Den I say, 'Pizness first und bier after.' Den he pay for dot suit o' cloes. Den we trink dree, four, coople glass o' bier, yaw! Und Mansmann sacht, 'You got blenty dime, Yacht! Let us blay pinagle. Vell, ve do dis! De limit was ein tollare a game. I can blay pinagle pooto vell. I bet you! Never have I see off mein life enny man he beat me a square game! I bet ten tollare he don't blay square. He beat me more as ochtsene dimes, und vin back all dot money vot he gif me for dot suit of cloes. Vat shall I do now? He got dot suit o' cloes und he got dot money for it too. Och! der svindler!" hissed the irate Hebrew to the innocent looking Mansmann, who stood at the bar in the guise of a prisoner.

"Well, Mr. Wolfinski, didn't Mr. Mansmann pay you $18 for the clothes before you began to play?" said the judge.

"Yaw! Dot ist vare! Dot ist so! But he vin it all back, und I got noting; no cloes, no money!"

"Didn't you play to keep what you won?" said the court.

"Dot's so! But I don't vin somedings!"

"That's it! You lost. Now I think you had better go home or you'll lose your Thanksgiving goose. Next case."

Yacob stood like one in a dream for a minute. But when he realized that Mansmann was actually leaving the Jefferson Market court a free man, possessed of a suit of clothes which had cost him nothing, he exclaimed bitterly: "Vell, s'help me greecious, I don't can tink I was avake. Him got mein goods! Dot's so! Und him got mein guelt! Dot's so! Yacob, dot's besser you goin' home und ask your vife if you wasn't a yackass mit long ears!"—*New York Herald*

This is Poetry.

Lives of great towns all remind us,
Warfare constant we must wage.
Busted on the North Pacific,
We must build a narrer-gage!

BOB BURDETTE.

The Hawkeye Man Passes Through Lebanon, Indiana, and Has a Talk With a Brakeman.

Who Describes in Railroad Vernacular the Different Tracks Taken by Different People to Heavenly Regions.

In a letter to the Burlington Hawkeye, dated at Lebanon, Ind., Burdette says:

There are not many cedars left in Lebanon now. I suppose the newspapers here used them up for pencils. Or may be the tornado destroyed them, for this bright little city had a matinee a few years ago with a tornado that pulled down all the signs, tore up nearly all the trees, walked off with some roofs, kicked in the west end of the court house and sat down on the new Presbyterian church, a handsome edifice that has since been only partially rebuilt. Since the cedars are all gone, I live here under the protecting arms of Charley Wilson, of the Patriot, who makes my sojourn so pleasant that I don't want to hurry away. This is also the old home of H. V. Dooley, of the Modern Argo of Quincy, and I have met more of his friends than I can count. Major Horner's old army comrade, Capt. Hudson, of the Seventeenth Iowa, is a prominent man of Lebanon, whom I have also had the pleasure of meeting. It is a good city, this Lebanon, and has a population of 3,000 people waiting for the census marshals to come along. Lebanon is the capital of Boone county, and Boone county is the thirteenth county in the State for agricultural wealth and resources. And there is one very remarkable fact in the history of the city and county: They have no debt, either bonded or floating. And what is more remarkable, neither city or county ever had a debt. They paid as they went, and they are consequently rich, contented and prosperous, and if all the people in Lebanon are like the people I met, they deserve to be rich. There may be some stupid people in Lebanon, but I wasn't introduced to any of them.

On the road once more, with Lebanon fading in the distance, the fat passenger drumming idly on the window pane, the across passenger sound asleep, and the tall thin passenger reading "Gen. Grant's Tour Around the World," and wondering why "Green's August Flower" should be printed above the doors of "A Buddhist temple at Benares." To me comes the brakeman, and seating himself on the arm of the seat, says:

"I went to church yesterday."

"Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you attend?"

"Which do you gues?" he asked.

"Some union mission church?" I hazarded.

"Now," he said, "I don't like to run on these branch roads very much. I don't often go to church, and when I do, I want to run on the main line, where your run is regular and you go on schedule time, and don't have to wait on connections. I don't like to run on a branch. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal?" I guessed.

"Limited express," he said "all palace cars and $2 extra for a seat; fast time and only stop at the big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform, conductor's punch and lantern silver-plated, and no train boys allowed. Then the passengers are allowed to talk back at the conductor; and it makes them to free and easy. No, I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road enough. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed for that line. Some mighty nice people travel on it, too."

"Universalist?" I suggested.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman, "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor doesn't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at all flag stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. No smoking cars on the train. Train orders are vague though, and the trainmen don't get along well with the passengers. No, I don't go to the Universalist, though I know some awfully good men who run on that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman, "pretty track, straight as a rule; tunnel right through a mountain rather than go around it; spirit-level grade; passengers have to show their tickets before they get on the train. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow; have to sit one in a seat and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there's no stop-over tickets allowed; got to go straight through to the station you're ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the car's full, no extra coaches; cars built at the shops to hold just so many and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free Thinkers?" I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman, "dirt road bed and no ballast; no time-card and no train dispatcher. All trains run wild and every engineer makes his own time, just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to; kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep, and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you please and get off when you want to. Don't have to show your tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir, I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. I don't like to travel on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road run to, and he said he hoped to die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me, and he said he didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had he didn't know any more about the road than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to and he said 'nobody.' I asked a conductor who he got orders from, and he said he didnt take orders from any living man or dead ghost. And when I asked the engineer where he got his orders from, he said he'd like to see anybody give him orders, he'd run that train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now, you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, made no connections, run nowhere, and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've railroaded too long to understand it."

"Did you try the Methodist?" I said.

"Now, you're shouting," he said with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, eh? Fast time and plenty of passengers. Engines carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it; steam-gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road; when the conductor shouts 'all aboard' you can hear him to the next station. Every train-lamp shines like a headlight. Stop-over checks given on all through tickets; passenger can drop off the train as often as he likes, do the station two or three days, and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled, companionable conductors; ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes; every passenger pays full traffic rates for his ticket. Wesleyanhouse air-brake on all trains, too; pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday.

"Maybe you went to the Congregational church?" I said.

"Popular road," said the brakeman, "an old road' too; one of the very oldest in this country. Good roadbed and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too; directors don't interfere with division superintendents and train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. See, didn't one of the division superintendents down East discontinue one of the oldest stations on this line two or three years ago? But it is a mighty pleasant road to travel on. Always has such a splendid class of passengers."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptist?" I guessed once more.

"Ah, ha," said the brakeman, "she's a daisy, isn't she? River road; beautiful curves; sweep around anything to keep close to the river, but it's all steel rail and rock ballast single track all the way and not a side-track from the round-house to the terminus. Takes a heap of water to run it though; double tanks at every station, and there isn't an engine in the shops that can pull a pound or run a mile in less than two guages. But it runs through a beautiful country; these river roads always do; river on one side and hills on the other, and it's a steady climb up the grade all the way till the run ends where the fountain head of the river begins. Yes, sir, I'll take the river road every time for a lovely trip, sure connections and good time and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows. And yesterday, when the conductor came around for the tickets with a little basket punch, I didn't ask him to pass me, but I paid my fare like a little man—twenty-five cents for an hour's run and a little concert by the passengers throwed in. I tell you, Pilgrim, you take the river road when you want—"

But just here the long whistle from the engine announced a station, and the brakeman hurried to the door, shouting:

"Zionville! This train makes no stops between here and Indianapolis!"

A FALLACY EXPLODED.

Efforts of Darwin and Other Great Philosophers to Explain Why Girls Don't Snore.

A Young Man's Alarming Discovery on a Sleeping Car—Waking the Wrong Passenger.

Theories almost without number says The New York Times, have been invented to explain why young ladies do not snore. Mr. Darwin thinks that no one snores unless lying on his personal back, and that inasmuch as girls always sleep coiled up after the fashion of cats, they could not snore even if they were willing to descend to such a depth of baseness. This explanation is perfectly worthless. Mr. Darwin's assertion as to the position in which girls sleep is mere assumption. He has no evidence to support this assumption, and in the nature of things it is impossible that he should have any, and he ought to be ashamed of himself. Mr. Huxley pretends that the proximate cause of snoring is a relaxation of the muscles of the face. "The tightness with which the female back hair is twisted prior to sleeping"—remarks this bold but too speculative naturalist—"prevents the relaxation of the muscles of the scalp and face, and hence renders snoring impracticable. This is a beautiful provision of nature and shows us that the back hair is not merely an ornament, but like every other work of nature serves a high and holy purpose." If Rev. Joseph Cook had read these remarks, with what joy would he have proceeded to tear Prof. Huxley's argument to tatters. To say that girls do not snore because their back hair is tightly twisted, is to ignore the fact that the back hair is always detached and hung on the back of a chair whenever its owner prepares for sleep. How then can it exercise any possible influence upon snoring? Like Mr. Darwin, Prof. Huxley is a very able man so long as he confines himself to extinct animals, but when he undertakes to discuss girls he falls into abysses of error. Apparently, he is perfectly aware the back hair is detachable. "Get thee to a nunnery," Prof. Huxley! and learn the true nature of back hair before building your theories upon no better basis than your own ignorance.

While learned men have thus vainly sought to find why girls do not snore, it does not seem to have occurred to them that perhaps girls do snore after all. On what is the universal belief that snoring is exclusively a masculine vice based? Obviously upon purely girlish testimony. Every girl claims that she does not snore. It is plainly her interest to make this claim, and she well knows that no one can produce evidence to contradict her. The truth is, this fancied freedom of the fair sex from the loathsome and unpardonable habit of snoring has no substantial foundation, and a recent event has conclusively shown that girls both can and do snore. The world may, perhaps, be slow to believe so unwelcome an assertion, but there is at least one young man, late of Clinton, Ill., who knows to his sorrow that it is true.

This unhappy young man was engaged to one of the fairest daughters of Illinois, and

was intrusted by her parents with the precious privilege of conveying her to Oshkosh, where she intended to visit her father's half-sister—a Mrs. Johnson, with slightly reddish hair, and a drop in her left eyelid. The train in which the young people traveled started late in the afternoon and arrived in Oshkosh early the next morning. The first part of the journey was delightful. The young man heaped pea-nuts and prize packages, and illustrated papers, and fresh figs, and other railway delicacies upon his beloved, and felt that he could travel on that train for eighteen months without even once wishing to get out and stretch his legs. Evening, however, arrived, and about 9 o'clock the young lady in a low tone and with a slight blush remarked that she must "retire," and that perhaps he would like to go into the smoking-car for a little while. He was, of course familiar with the western dialect, and at once understood that she wished to go to bed, and that her delicacy forbade her to indulge in that recreation while he was not in the car. Accordingly, he bade her good-night and departed, after which she went to bed and drew her midnight curtain around her.

An hour later the young man, who also had a berth in the sleeping car, entered and was appalled to find that some one was snoring with tremendous violence. He cared little for his own ears, but he was indignant that the slumbers of his beloved should be disturbed by this rude and wicked snorer. He soon found that his indignation was shared by nearly all the other passengers. They found it impossible to sleep, and the language in which they expressed their views was forcible and sometimes extremely ingenious.

The young man was unwilling to content himself with mere words, and resolving that the object of his affection should know that he was watching over her slumbers, announced in a loud tone that he would wake the snorer up without farther delay. Accordingly he approached the berth where the wretch was lying, drew aside the curtain, and without trying in the dim light to perceive the snorer's features, shook him violently by the shoulder, and, in a loud voice, told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself. The miscreant made a sleepy and inarticulate reply, but ceased to snore, and the young man, feeling that he had accomplished a great work, sought his own berth and composed himself to sleep.

The calm was deceptive. In a few minutes the snoring recommenced louder than ever. Soon a general call was made by the passengers upon the young man who had already shown his desire to protect them. They begged him to get up and kill the wretch, to throw a bucket of cold water over him, or, at least, to drag him out on the floor. Believing that his beloved was awake and waiting for his response, he sprang up determined to earn her gratitude and the admiration of the passengers. With great boldness he caught hold of snorer's ankles and abruptly dragged the guilty person out of the berth. This time the snorer was thoroughly awakened, and, with a loud shriek, sprang to her feet. Before she had time to plunge back into her berth and wrap herself with the remains of the curtain the miserable young man had recognized her as his own heart's idol, and she had also recognized him. Over a scene so terrible and heart-rending let us draw a veil. It is sufficient to say that the most interesting maniac now in the Chicago lunatic asylum is a young man who constantly repeats, "She snored! Great heavens, she snored!" weeping meanwhile large and bitter tears.

A cry baby. Stanley tells of a snake in Africa so deadly that when it appears in the village the village moves off. So when that child appears the adjacent passengers gather up chairs, wraps and books and leave.

A young man starting out to see the world, meaning more particularly thereby the flesh and the devil. He wants to see "life," and will pay for his entertainment in the wages of sin, which is death.

A Legend of the Norseland.

Bjrobert Bjurdette.

It is a beautiful legend of the Norseland. Amilias was the village blacksmith, and under the spreading chesnot treekin, his village smithophiken stood. He the hot iron gehammered and sihod horses for 50 cents all round please. He made tin hjelmets for the gjodds and stovepipe trousers for the hjeroes.

Mimir was a rival blacksmith. He didn't go in very much for defensive armor, but he was lightning on two-edged Bjswords and cut and slash svrcutlasssses. He made cheese knives for the gjodds, and he made the great Bjsvastasen, an Arkansaw tooth-pick that would make a free incision clear into the transverse semicolon of a cast-iron ichthyosaurus, and never turn its edge. That was the kind of a Bhjairpin Mimir said he was.

One day Amilias made an impenetrable suit of armor for a second class gjodd, and put it on himself to test it, and boastfully inserted a card in the Svenska Norderbjraviskjkanaheldesplvtdenskgorodvusaken, saying he was wearing a suit of home-made, best-chilled, Norway merino underwear that would knick the unnumbered saw teeth in the pot-metal cutlery of the iron mongery over the way. That Amilias remarked to his friend, Bjohnn Bjrobinsson, was the kind of a Bdjuockk he was.

When Mimir spelled out the card next morning, he said, "Bjjj!" and went to work with a charcoal furnace, a cold anvil, and A. T. Hay's isomorphic process, and in a little while he came down street with a sjvaard that glittered like a dollar-store diamond, and met Amilias down by the new opera house. Amilias buttoned on his new Bjarmor, and said:

"If you have no hereafter use for your old chvjeese kjnife, strike!"

Mimir spat on his hands, whirled his skjvaard above his head and fetched Amilias a swipe that seemed to miss everything except the empty air through which it whistled. Amilias smiled and said, "Go on," adding that it "seemed to him he felt a general sense of cold iron somewhere in the neighborhood, but he hadn't been hit."

"Shake yourself," said Mimir.

Amilias shook himself, and immediately fell into halves, the most neatly divided man that ever went beside himself.

"That's where the boiler maker was away off in his diagnosis," said Mimir, as he went back to his shop to put up the piece of cutlery 65 per cent. in all lines, with an unlimited advance on special orders.

Thus we learn that a good action is never thrown away, and that kind words and patient love will overcome the hardest natures.

HOW THEY VOTED.

THE MENAGERIE ON THE PRESIDENCY.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

The elephant came strolling into the big tent just after the close of the afternoon performance, and the animals were talking politics, having caught it from the chatter they had heard in the audience. They didn't know a great deal about politics in the cages; but that, you know, children, is no bar to talking politics. Indeed, no. Some of our congressmen, who hold on to office the longest, and talk the most and the loudest, don't—but I digress. The elephant listened to the rest of the animals for a little while, and then he said to the giraffe:

"Who is your candidate for president?"

"Blaine," said the giraffe.

"Yes," the elephant said, "that's you. Your ideas are always away up. You can't get your head out of the top of a pine tree. Just because Mr. Blaine was so quick to see where the giraffe came in in Dr. Garcelon's menagerie, you think he will pay any particular attention to you. You take care of yourself, my aristocratic friend. Your head isn't as long as your neck by forty feet. You can't come the giraffe over Mr. Blaine. I say, Old Faithful," he continued, addressing the big dog in the "Happy Family," who is your man?"

The Newfoundland said he was for John Sherman.

"Yes," the elephant said, "because he's interested in the cur-rency. If he is elected you will want the tariff put upon dog wood, just the same as Peruvian bark. Well, go ahead, howl for a free ballot and

AN UNMUZZLED PRESS,

and don't whine if you are beat, as you usually do." "Jean Valjean," he went on, turning to the tiger, "who do you go for?"

"Any man that comes close to my cage," replied the amiable animal in the convict's suit.

"Correct you are," said the elephant, "but you can count me out when you begin balloting. Who is the next animal to vote?"

The hyena said he was for Tilden, first, last and all the time.

"I'll bet you," commented the elephant, "anybody might know you would go for a dead man, you wretched apotheosis of an Ohio medical student. Ah, you Seventeenth ward resurrectionist, you'll run against a Circleville torpedo some of these days that will knock that smile of yours into a cocked hat. Any respectable citizen of the menagerie ready to express his preference before I close the polls?"

The tortoise said he was in favor of Fitz John Porter.

"Of course you are," said the elephant, "because he moves just about fast enough to suit your gait. If he doesn't move forward any livelier for the presidency than he did for Gen. Pope, he won't hear of the nominations until six weeks after election. You'd make a good running mate for him in war time, and you ought to get along pretty well in politics. The next zoological wonder and living curiosity will step up lively; can't keep these polls open all night; we've got to dress for the evening performance yet."

The turkey expressed himself warmly in favor of David Davis.

"Right you are," said the elephant. "And that's because he keeps you company on the fence all the time. Moreover, he looks more like me than any of the other candidates, and it is eminently proper and respectful in you to support him on that account. Any other voice from the plains and the jungles?"

The gopher shouted as loudly as he could for Mr. Seymour.

"Sure enough," said the elephant, "because he stays in his little hole all the time, just like yourself. Well, gopher him if you wish; this is a free country, all except the menagerie, which costs you just one quarter of a dollar every time you look at it. Come, now, move along lively or you lose your vote; polls close at——"

The wild ass of the desert here stepped to the front and raised his voice for Mr. De La Matyr of Indiana, amid the wildest enthusiasm and loud hootings throughout the tent.

The elephant winked at the cages with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "That's right, my brave cactus eater," he said, "you are naturally and properly one of Mr. De La Matyr's followers. Brays him up to the skies if you want to. Nepotism is fashionable in this country now. Next voter."

The monkey timidly said that if he was allowed a vote he would vote for——

"Proctor Knott!" roared the whole menagerie, but the elephant said sternly, "There, now; enough of that; no intimidation at the poles. No one else. Oyez, Oyez! The poles are closed, and the judges will now proceed to count the ballot."

He then announced the result of the vote as follows: Grant, 54.

"But," inquired the animals, "how does that come?"

"Well," said the elephant, "it comes all the same, and don't you forget it. Don't I weigh more than all this menagerie put together? What do you animals know about politics, anyhow?"

And the animals were well pleased to think they were allowed to vote, anyhow, and they were delighted that the election was over and their man elected, so they gave three cheers for Grant, and rolled around in the straw to dress for the evening's performance.

Farming in Dakota.

The Whopping Stories by Which Time Was Beguiled for an Imaginary Company Down East.

[From the Brooklyn Eagle.]

"Yes, sir," resumed the Dakota man, as the crowd of agriculturists drew back from the bar and seated themselves around a little table, "Yes sir; we do things on a rather sizable scale. I've seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plow a straight furrow until fall. Then he turned round and harvested back."

"Carry his grub with him?" asked a Brooklyn farmer, who raises cabbages on the outskirts.

"No sir. They follow him up with a steam hotel, and have relays of men to change plows for him. We have some big farms up there, gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one on which he had to give a mortgage, and I pledge my word, the mortgage was due on one end before they could get

it recorded at the other. You see it was laid off in counties."

There was a murmur of astonishment and the Dakota man continued:

"I got a letter from a man who lives in my orchard, just before I left home and it had been three weeks getting to my dwelling house, though it had been traveling day and night."

"Distances are pretty wide up there ain' they?" inquired a New Utrecht agriculturist.

"Reasonably, reasonably," replied the Dakota man. "And the worst of it is, it breaks up families so. Two years ago I saw whole families prostrated with grief. Women yelling, children howling and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp truck packed on seven four-mule teams and he was around bidding everybody good bye."

"Where was he going?" asked a Gravesend man.

"He was going half way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied the Dakota man.

"Did he ever get back to his family?"

"It isn't time for him yet," returned the Dakota gentleman.

"Up there we send young married couples to milk the cows, and their children bring home the milk."

"I understand you have mines up that way," ventured a Jamacia turnip planter.

"Yes, but we only use the quartz for fencing." said the Dakota man, testing the blades on his thumbs preparatory to whetting it on his boot. "It wouldn't pay to crush it, because we can make more money on wheat. I put in 8,900 townships of wheat last spring."

"How many acres would that be?'

"We don't count by acres. We count by townships and counties. My yield was $68,000,000 on wheat alone, and I am thinking of breaking up from 80 to 100 more counties next season."

"How do you get the help for such extensive operations?" asked the New Utrecht man.

"Oh, labor is cheap" replied the Dakota man. "You can get all you want from $29 to $47 a day. In fact I never paid over $49.

"Is land cheap?"

"No, land is high. Not that it costs anything, for it don't; but under the laws of the territory you have got to take so much or none. I was in luck. I had a friend at Yankton who got a bill through the legislature, allowing me 42,000 square miles, which is the smallest farm there, though it is—"

"Look here," said the barkeeper, as the eastern husbandmen strolled out in a bunch to consider the statement, "is all this thing you've been telling true?"

"Certainly," responded the western man; "at least it is a modification of what I saw in a Dakota paper that was wrapped around a pair of shoes last night. I dont dare to put it as strong as the paper did, for no one would believe it. You can slate that last round of drinks, and I'll pay in the morning. I live here on Myrtle avenue."

It was on a Sound boat, and, the mate was evidently annoyed about something. "Carry it forward," he roared. "Carry it forward, you lunkheaded son of a sculpin, or I hope to be gee whizzley gaul dusted to jude if I don't maul the dad slammed head off'n ye with a capstan bar, you hog-backed molligrubber, ye!" And the deck hand looked up in profound admiration, and said: "By George, cap, if I had your culchur I wouldn't be a runnin' as mate for no man on these waters; I'd be a commandin' a boat of my own."

"Let the Battle Begin."

At a meeting of the New York Democratic committee last week, Chairman Faulkner became heroic in his enthusiasm. Said he: "Victory awaits us; let the campaign begin!" This Napoleonic order reminds the Tribune of an incident in the famous battle of Dutch Gap:

"Talk about your ginerals," said Corporal Finnegan, "there's none 'o thim that can compare with ould Ben Butler. He knows whin's the time to fight. At the battle of Dutch Gap, whin we were all drawn up in line, waitin' to pitch into 'em, ould Ben came ridin' down full gallop till he came to Company K, of my regiment. 'What regiment is this?' says he. 'The Twintieth New Jersey,' says the colonel. 'And where is Company K?' says he. 'Here,' says the captain. 'An' is Corporal Finnegan here?' says he. 'Here,' says I, as I steps to the front. 'Thin,' says ould Ben, taking off his hat to me, 'victory awaits us; let the battle begin.'"

An invalid with a hacking cough that suggests a coffin hack.

A beauty; one who has been a beauty for, I fear, these many years. Ah, time, intrepid time, that ever advances and never retreats! The poor lady seeks to preserve her charms, as we do timber, by judicious coats of paint, but she must find a better ruse than ceruse if she is to deceive us longer.

Another beauty; an honest one. Alas, she exemplifies the Japanese proverb; "the beautiful woman is unhappy." She ate a salad at lunch, and now she is pouring oil on the troubled waters.

By her side, another passenger by rail. I asked him as I passed what was up. "My dinner," was the laconic response.

The card players playing whist, the game that five play at, four holding the cards and the fifth looking over your shoulder and asking: "Why in the world did you play this and didn't play that?" But cards are a good game, of great antiquity and biblical associations. Yes, and their sinful tricks date back to the prophets, for we read in Isaiah xxiv., 16, that "the treacherous dealers have dealt treacherously." Still, what would whist be without its tricks?

A party of actors, most of them boisterously well, but one so sick that I hear he has thrown up all his engagements.

AN AWFUL MISTAKE.

What Befell a Young Man While on the Way to Visit his Girl.

Rockland Courier.

A Rockland young man until quite recently was courting a fat girl at the North End and has progressed very favorably with his suit. One evening last week he dressed up in his best clothes, carefully combed his hair, and started out to make his tri-weekly visit to his fair one, who was waiting in the parlor with fond expectation in her heart and a cold in her head, superinduced by the fluctuating weather. This was, as you might say, the prologue to the tragedy. It appears, moreover, that the fat girl's father—who is worth many thousand dollars in good, sensible bonds, and as a consequence is an object of the young man's tender regard—had for several nights previous been the victim of some unknown miscreant who had raided on his hen pen with disastrous effect. Sick of such foolishness, he prepared a ghastly retribution for the fowl villains, and to this end had filled a big garden syringe with about a gallon of ancient beef brine, seasoned with garlic and flavored with assafœtida, and was lying in ambush behind a box, where he could sweep every approach to the hennery. The young man, who is pretty well acquainted with the whole family, thought he would surprise his girl by entering the house unexpectedly by the back way. This is the situation:

a is the hennery; *b* is the old man, and *c* the syringe; *d* is the young man lightly turning to thoughts of love as well as the corner of the fence; *e* is the house itself, painted brown; and *f* is the fat girl sitting by the piano and singing "Father, dear father, come home;" *gggg* is the gathering darkness.

Gayly up the back yard the young man comes. Silently in ambush the old man lies. Cheerily the fat girl warbles. Quiet but awful is the syringe. In the uncertain light of early evening the old man sees a figure stealthily drawing near his guarded pen. With bated breath he waits the onslaught. The syringe sounds its dreadful "wh-s-s-h-p," and its deadly contents fly through the air like a wild and mad avenger. A yell that tore the azure robe of night fairly knocked the fat girl off the piano stool and curdled the old man's blood, followed the discharge, and when the neighbors rushed in, under the impression that the Blaine boom had burst right in the neighborhood, they found the unfortunate young man pawing madly around on the ground, and screaming out awful Mexican words terrible to hear, while the old man hovered over the scene with the syringe in his hands, looking like an animated figure escaped from an allegory. Sympathizing arms bore the young man into the house, after their owners had stopped their nostrils with cotton, and it required the combined efforts of the fat girl and eight friends to bring him to, and it was some hours before he was able to fairly enquire if the meteor hit anybody else when it struck. That night, beneath the darksome shade of a cypress tree, whose thick branches the struggling moonbeams vainly strove to pierce, an old man's tottering form rested upon a spade, and silently viewed a new made grave. He had just buried the syringe.

THE DAILY EVENING MAIL.

WILLIAM S. KING.

Our Long-lost Congressman Sends His Compliments to the Legislature.

He Again Asserts His Entire Innocence of the Charges of Corruption Against Him.

And that in Due Time He Will be Able to Prove it to the Satisfaction of All.

To the Legislature of Minnesota:

GENTLEMEN SENATORS AND REPRESENTATIVES—It has been my good fortune to come into possession of a copy of certain "Joint Resolutions," relating to myself, which resolutions are said to have been passed by the House of Representatives on the 30th day of January last, and by the Senate on the 5th day of February, 1875.

Aside from any bearing these Joint Resolutions may have upon myself, they are, as coming from your body, very extraordinary in their character. They are, gentlemen, very extraordinary in so far as they so correctly illustrate your lack of knowledge of the common proprieties and decencies of official position, of your painful disregard of Truth, in your official action, and of your false and hypocritical pretences of virtuous regard for the "honor of the State of Minnesota." In dealing with you and your Joint Resolution, therefore, I shall, gentlemen, speak of you as I know and understand you, paying no regard whatever to that official greatness you so pompously assume, during the brief sixty days allotted you wherein to fit and complete yourselves for that undying political fame and immortality which each of you, no doubt, supposes himself to have been born to.

As for your Joint Resolution, gentlemen, in which you so indecently assume the falsehood that I "accepted money as a consideration for his (my) services in aiding the passage of the subsidy bill to the Pacific Mail Steamship Company," they are, interpreted in other and more common language, *Legislative Lies.* They are *Lies* in a double sense, inasmuch as they not only charge [illegible] broadest implication with

of these "Joint Resolutions" very many of you spoke and voted as my "friends." Even the gentleman who introduced the resolutions into the House and demanded such hasty and immediate action upon them, though a political opponent professed to speak and act "in no partisan spirit," but "as a personal friend." Let me not be so ungrateful as to intimate that this statement was any more false or "Crook-ed" than are the resolutions themselves. For the sake of the argument, I will concede that it was not. And so of others; they spoke "as friends," and they voted for the resolutions "as friends." May God make me sufficiently grateful to my "friends."

I observe, gentlemen of the Legislature, that in presenting and adopting these Joint Resolutions, you express the fear that my "future usefulness will be greatly impaired and dishonor cast upon the escutcheon of Minnesota," unless I shall at once comply with the demands you make upon me. That seems to be the fear that oppresses you; the nightmare which disturbs your slumbers; the sense of danger which haunts your waking and sleeping hours, and plunges your virtuous souls into the very depths of despair. Well, gentlemen, from what I know of your political lives and characters, I should have expected nothing else. Taking your "representative men" and your leaders as fair samples of the present virtuous "Legislature of Minnesota," and I can readily imagine the anguish of heart which would pervade your whole body upon the disclosures of my assumed wickedness. There is my old time "friend," Morton S. Wilkinson, for instance, who adorns by his life and virtues one branch of your body. What a teacher and exemplar of official honesty and purity is he. How he weeps and wails over the danger to the "escutcheon" from unworthy Representatives. And how carefully *he* guarded the "escutcheon" when a Senator and Representative in Congress. How nobly he stood for public virtue and honesty when he so stoutly insisted on a "fair divide" in those Indian transactions, so well known and understood by so many in our State. How earnestly he insisted that "something handsome should be made" out of the confirmation of certain treaties with foreign powers where his vote was needed. And with what touching devotion did he champion the cause of public virtue and benevolence by so strenuously insisting upon the broad and generous doctrine of "give and take," he always playing the humble and virtuous part of "take." How bravely he advocated the cause of "Cuban Independence" in the House, when Cuban bonds were not worth one per cent. on the dollar, and with what independence and vigor he denounced Gen. Grant's first administration for not adopting his suggestion as a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and going in for a policy which would have made those same bonds worth seventy-five cents on the dollar, simply by our going to the trifling expense of a war with Spain. But, gentlemen, "Wilk" didn't care anything about the "bonds." Bless him and his virtuous souls, no! the insignificant amount

spirit," but rather "as a friend," I feel myself bound to make proper recognition of the fact. As the sturdy foe of "political corruption" and the degrading influence of the "lobbies," as the eloquent champion, both by pen and voice, of "political reform," to say nothing of his having enjoyed the somewhat questionable honor of having so recently been voted by you "a man after your own hearts," I come to pay my tribute to his public worth.

In entering upon this task, you will not, of course, expect me to do it anything like full or complete justice. Neither time nor space will admit of that, and so I must, of necessity, omit much which would, if disclosed to you, exalt Mr. Donnelly still more in your estimation. But I pass by those comparatively trifling matters connected with his thrifty transactions at the "Leach Lake" and "Bayfield" Indian agencies; the "meat-y" little jobs picked up from the Pacific railroads, when a member of the railroad committee of the House of Representatives; the bold and dashing "business" propositions made by him during the Senatorial contest of six years ago; and proceed to call your attention to the following "high testimonial" as to Mr. Donnelly's honesty and virtue, those two prominent traits of character which so strongly commended him to your sympathies, your votes, and your "moral support." This testimonial is dated at the rooms of the Executive Committee of the Memphis, El Paso and Pacific Railroad Company, April 10th, 1869, and is an extract from the proceedings of that committee, as follows:

"*The Committee also approve of a* TRANSFER OF TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS OF STOCK, *made by W. Schmoele* to IGNATIUS DONNELLY, and authorize W. Schmoele to PAY TO SAID DONNELLY A DUE BILL OF FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, *out of the proceeds of the loan in Paris*, as fast as convenient, said due bill being signed by J. C. Fremont and B. H. Epperson, *and dated February*, 1869, and to be considered *as a retaining fee for the said Donnelly as counsel* for this Company, *required to effect a connection of this Company with the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, for united action* TO OBTAIN SUBSIDIES."

It will be observed, gentlemen, that while these proceedings bear date of April 10th, 1869, the transaction with your candidate and leader, Mr. Donnelly, seems to have been completed some two months previous, the "fifty thousand dollar due bill, being dated February, 1869," while, you will remember, Mr. Donnelly was a member of the House of Representatives, and guarding so vigilantly then, as he is now, the "honor" and the "escutcheon" of Minnesota.

I do not wish to be understood as charging that, by reason of the above recited transactions, Mr. Donnelly's vigilance in guarding the "escutcheon" was in any way relaxed; for it may be—and I give Mr. Donnelly the benefit of the suggestion—that he "pinned" the stock and the "due bill" fast to the "escutcheon," so that he could conveniently keep his eye upon both at the same time.

God forbid, gentlemen, that I should be so uncharitable as to insinuate that any knowledge you may have possessed of the facts upon which this "high testimonial" is based, or [illegible] generous figures it contains, had [illegible] to do with your adoption of

and when your sixty days of Legislative life have expired, you can all go home and put your biographers at work upon the rich material to be found therein.

One more point, gentlemen of the Legislature, and I am done—for the present. Others there are who, though not members of your illustrious body are equally honest and virtuous as yourselves, and who, equally solicitous for the "escutcheon," may lay claim to consideration at your hands as your outside pillars and "moral" supporters. They, too, have suffered by reason of my assumed wickedness. Their hearts have bled as freely as your own at the fearful picture of my wrong-doing. There is the late chairman of the Democratic Congressional Committee, who mourned so deeply and roared so loudly over his own lying statements of the expenditure of money in the canvass last Fall, but who was finally detected in [illegible] and disbursing the thousand checks of my opponent. [illegible] was "another one," if possible more virtuous one, who had attempted to bribe me when an [illegible] of the House of Representatives, to betray the community in which I live, and whose bribes having been spurned by me, was very loud and emphatic in his expressions of my unfitness for Representative in Congress—as for all such as he, I most certainly am. And then, gentlemen, there is your very proper "organ," The St. Paul Dispatch, the editor and proprietor of which, while trying to blackmail me out of a large sum of money after my nomination last Fall, upon the promise of supporting me, was not only willing I should be elected to the House, but strongly insisted that I should be a candidate for United States Senator; but who, when I peremptorily refused to "come down" as demanded by him, suddenly discovered, to his virtuous horror, that he had been vainly trying to sell himself and his paper to one of the most corrupt and dangerous men

of the age. Gentlemen of the Legislature, I beg for these, your virtuous compatriots in the sacred cause of guarding the "honor" and "escutcheon" of our State, the privilege of consigning themselves to immortal honor by joining with you in this solemn "Joint Resolution" ceremonial as "subscribing witnesses." In your common efforts for a great cause you should not be divided by the mere lines of position, but, hand in hand, in united brotherhood of spirit you should walk together to the end.

Then, upon your brave and manly act in engrafting upon the legislative records of our State a slander and a falsehood against a private citizen, whose life for seventeen years past has been unselfishly and honorably devoted to the advancement of the best interests and the honor of our young Commonwealth, let there be a benediction pronounced by some "fine type of an old-school statesman," whose official record, truthfully written, would be the fit "companion piece" of that of Ignatius Donnelly, and your actions in this matter of your "Joint Resolutions" will be complete and harmonious in all their parts.

With as much respect, gentlemen, and as little contempt as it is possible for me to feel towards you under the circumstances,

I remain, unresigningly yours,

WILLIAM S. KING.

Febuary 11th, 1875.

JOHN SHERMAN, Secretary.

"ACCEPTED AND WILL APPEAR."

One evening while reclining
In my easy chair, repining
O'er the lack of true religion, and the dearth of common sense,
A solemn-visaged lady
Who was surely on the shady
Side of thirty entered proudly and to crush me did commence:

"I sent a poem here, sir,"
Said the lady, growing fiercer,
"And the subject which I'd chosen—you remember, sir, was 'Spring,'
But, although I've scanned your paper,
Sir, by sunlight, gas and taper,
I've discovered of that poem not a solitary thing."

She was muscular and wiry,
And her temper sure was fiery,
And I knew to pacify her I would have to lie—fib like fun.
So I told her ere her verses,
Which were great, had come to—bless us
We'd received just sixty-one on "Spring," of which we'd printed one.

And I added, we've decided
That they'd better be divided
Among the years that follow—one to each succeeding spring,
So, your work, I'm pleased to mention,
Will receive our best attention
In the year of nineteen-forty, when the birds begin to sing!

—*Chicago Times.*

Fergus is erecting an addition to its High School at a cost of $796. This, when completed, will be heated by hot air, and there are a number of ventilating flues in all parts of the building.

THE FINANCIAL GOSPEL.

No one denies that it is unfortunate that churches should be burdened with debt. When a congregation builds a new church and executes a mortgage upon it for $200,000, no one except physicians and undertakers regard the existence of the debt otherwise than as a calamity. The burdened congregation is thenceforth compelled to adopt all sorts of expedients to meet its financial obligations. Fairs, festivals, concerts, and picnics follow one another without end. The astute young physician and the enterprising undertaker scent the fairs and festivals from afar, and flock to the debt-burdened church, confident of reaping an abundant juvenile harvest. And yet in spite of the profuse way in which delicate young ladies are squandered and children are thrown away in midnight festivals, the congregation can barely meet its current expenses and the interest on its debt, while the principal, of course, remains undiminished. A church cannot very well take advantage of the Bankrupt law, and there is a limit to the taxation which the pew-holders will bear. Thus its burden is forever on its shoulders, and black care sits constantly in the pulpit or the pews of the vestrymen.

Latterly a new method of freeing churches from debt has been invented by the Irrev. Mr. KIMBALL, a gentleman who has recently conducted a series of Sunday evening financial services in various churches and meeting-houses in this City and Brooklyn. As a preacher of the gospel of money-raising he is without a rival, and the skillful manner in which he urges his hearers to rid themselves of sin and debt is quite unprecedented. He is perfectly impartial in his labors, and occupies an Episcopalian or a Methodist pulpit with equal alacrity. Other men have exhorted congregations to pay their debts, but to Mr. KIMBALL belongs the merit of inventing a ritual in which religion and money-raising are inextricably mingled. It is probably untrue that when he conducts a financial service in an Episcopal church he begins by remarking: "The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the people take out their pocket-books and dollars," but his omission to do so is a manifest oversight. He passes from the souls to the pockets of his hearers with startling rapidity, and interpolates his requests for money with prayers and hymns. Thus far he has certainly prayed and sung and preached a large amount of money out of the pockets of church-goers, and has infused into the ordinary routine of religious meetings much of the earnestness and spirituality of the Stock Exchange.

While it is universally conceded that churches ought to pay their debts, it is sad to be compelled to mention that there are men who object to Mr. KIMBALL'S innovations. The other night a well-known citizen rose up and went out of church when Mr. KIMBALL began his financial service, and subsequently remarked that in his opinion churches should be opened on Sunday evening for religious and not for financial purposes. It cannot be concealed that this view of the matter is shared by many otherwise good men. They are ready and willing to contribute money to pay church debts, but they have a strange prejudice

Geo. B. Wright's Remarks.

A TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

The thousands of pleasure tourists who will next summer glide (tourists always glide) in the palace parlor cars of the St. P., M. & M. over the longest railway line and through the best and most attractive region in Minnesota—over the FERGUS FALLS Division, in short, will pass over the new route from St. Paul, Minneapolis and St. Cloud, *via*

AVON

Flow gently, muse, and kindly note it down
That this will be—in Dutch—a von horse town.

The traveler now invades an aromatic region where the perfumes of Araby the blest oppress the sense, and the first town he reaches is

MELROSE,

Half Dutch, half Yank, a mixture hard to beat;
A rose by other name would (s) 'Mel as sweet.

A few miles further on, the tourist sensibly discovers that the chief town of that region,

SAUK CENTER,

Is on strong footing, in its vig'rous prime,
A rich sock-scenter—"in der soomer dime."

Escaping from the pressure, the traveler rapidly passes through Alexandria, and in the midst of a beautiful region reaches

BRANDON.

If 'ton or 'don means town, then this in fine
Must be the best stuffed bran-town on the line.

Five miles beyond, among the groves of the Park Region, is

EVANSVILLE.

A pious cockney here might run a mill,
Or shop, or farm, it being "evings will."

All roads lead to roam, but this one after roaming leads to

FERGUS FALLS.

Historic spot—of which the ancients tell,
Where down a hundred feet, great FERGUS fell,
Only to rise again; wherefore

We rise to remark that for Lots, Lands, Waterpower, Mills, Presbyterian meeting houses and Locomotive Shops in Fergus Falls, apply to

GEO. B. WRIGHT,
Over Northwestern Bank.

To CONTRACTORS!

I want some tenement houses built at Fergus Falls. Plans, specifications and conditions at office of L. S. Buffington, Architect.

GEO. B. WRIGHT.

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of the levee, and it was discovered that it was washing somewhat. A force of men was promptly placed at work on the weak places and no trouble is anticipated at that point. Above the bridge are several soft places, but the prompt measures adopted yesterday will prevent any damage.

SACRAMENTO AND PLACERVILLE ROAD.

In addition to the washouts on this line reported yesterday, which are being repaired rapidly, the Carson Creek bridge, two miles beyond White Rock, was this morning reported out of line. The down train from Folsom, due here at 6:10 A. M., was delayed about half an hour. Several small washouts are reported above Folsom, but none of them are serious, and as soon as the water subsides repairs will be made rapidly. It is expected the entire road will be in good running order by to-morrow, but for the present trains can not get above Folsom.

CALIFORNIA AND OREGON ROAD.

Trains are running through to Redding to-day on this line, the washouts and other repairs having all been fixed. The train which left here yesterday afternoon only got as far as Red Bluff, and the train from there this morning got here on time.

THE CALIFORNIA PACIFIC.

The train due here last night from Vallejo at 9 o'clock did not arrive until about 11 P. M., the delay having been occasioned by transferring the passengers, baggage, etc., around the break near Davisville. A train left here via this route at 6:30 this morning and also this afternoon at 3:30. The train due here at noon was an hour late, the trouble being as before stated. It is expected, however, that the train due here at 9 o'clock this evening will come through all right, without transferring passengers over the break.

The road between here and Woodland is all right and trains are running regularly on that portion of the road.

Between Woodland and Knight's Landing the road is again impassable, and the only communication with the latter place at present is by water.

Beyond Black's, on the Northern Road, no trains are running at present, the track being washed out badly there.

THE GENERAL SITUATION.

On the outside of the R-street levee the water raised considerably last night, while on the inside the drainage water gained on the pumps, but with a continuance of the present clear weather the six pumps now running will reduce it rapidly.

Burn's slough raised considerably last night, and in the southeastern portion of the city much annoyance is occasioned by the drainage water, which has run back as far as Fourteenth and O streets. On account of this the street cars are not running over the eastern end of the O street route.

WORK AT THE BREAK.

The work at the Lovedall break is well under way and progressing steadily. Efforts were at first made to run a row of piler on the line of the levee washed away, but on account of the depth of water and yielding condition of the soil it was abandoned. Last night a line of piles had been driven at the north end of the break, slanting out to the line of willows outside the levee. From this point they will run in a straight line along the willows, there being through there less depth of water and firmer soil, to the opposite side, where another line will run to the levee. The pile driver is just inside the willows, and secured to the steamer and barge anchored this side of the break. The piles already driven number 16, are 30 feet long and 3 or 4 feet apart. Heavy 3x12 planks will be placed on the outside of the piles all the way to the bottom, so that the pressure of the water will keep them firmly in place. The interstices will be filled by a liberal use of brush and sand-bags kept in place by the same natural means. Persons who have not seen it can form no adequate idea of the strength and fury with which the current rushes between the piles already driven, notwithstanding the slight toll offered by barge and steamer. One of the large 3x12 planks to be used on the outside of the piles became caught yesterday between one of the piles on one side and the pile-driver on the other, and the current with one rush snapped it in the middle as it might have done a twig. In the middle of the break is a marked increase in the volume and force of the torrent, and a small boat could only go safely through it by one chance in a hundred.

The Minnesota Boom for Windom Believed to Be a Cover for Grant.

NEW YORK.

TILDEN'S GREAT STRUGGLE.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., April 18.—Every indication points to the belief that Tilden will endeavor to carry the Convention, body, soul, and boots. The hypocritical assertion of the palsied perverter of Cipher alley that he cares more for harmony than his nomination is regarded as a clever dodge to secure sympathy. No one believes for an instant that the old man will withdraw. He is more eager for the candidacy now than ever before. It is the hight of his ambition to be placed before the people of the United States as the Democratic nominee for the Presidency. Tilden's advance guard, consisting of Herbert O. Thompson, Sheriff Rowe, George H. Powers, and John Fox, have arrived from New York, and are looking over the field. Thompson avers that Tilden will capture the Convention.

CERTAIN IT IS,

the sage of Gramercy will leave no stone unturned to gain his point. Heretofore Tilden's strength has been in the country. The rural districts are almost without exception against him. Tilden's strength lies almost exclusively in three factions in New York County and Kings County, which includes Brooklyn, and Albany and Rensselaer Counties. In New York, Kings, and Albany Counties, the County Committees appoint the delegates instead of letting the people choose them. In the rural counties the people vote for their own tellers and inspectors. If the people had had a voice in New York, Kings, and Albany Counties, the result would have been the same as elsewhere, decidedly anti-Tilden; but Tilden controlled the organizations, and could name whoever he liked for delegates. The country, the old wire-puller will find, is mighty, and it seems likely that it will prevail.

THE CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS

are opposed to Tilden, and if the Convention leaves it to them to select the delegates to the National Convention Tilden will surely be defeated. The sage of Gramercy proposed to take away from the Congressional districts the power of choosing the delegates and confer it upon a committee of five. In order to appoint this Committee a resolution to that effect would have to be offered in the Convention. The anti-Tildenites will fight this, and this will prove a test of the relative strength of Tilden and anti-Tilden.

The anti-Tilden men will attempt to secure the Convention at the outset. When the nomination for Chairman is made in the temporary organization it is understood that the Hon. William C. Ruger will rise and oppose it. Mr. Ruger defeated an effort of the ring to assume power in this manner at Albany, two years ago. If the regularly-elected delegates are allowed to take seats Tilden will not get the National candidates. Without doubt, however, the Tildenites will attempt to use the paper delegates. It is, of course, a question whether the Convention will not think more of harmony than causing a further split. If the anti-Tilden delegates should be allowed to cast their ballots in convention

TILDEN WILL BE VOTED DOWN,

in an emphatic manner. There is no doubt but that the Committee will commit some high-handed operation. This has been a characteristic of the Tildenites from the start. If they could not carry their point by fair means they would by foul. The Tilden leaders will attempt to enforce the unit rule. If paper delegates are used the rule will be adopted, but if the anti-Tilden delegates are admitted it will be killed in spite of every effort to get it through. Tilden claims the uninstructed delegates, but the anti-Tilden men affirm that one-half of them will desert him when they reach Syracuse and learn the feeling. The country delegates are solid for harmony, and will permit nothing to stand in the way of unity in the party. For this reason a third convention must be held.

The Convention will not conclude, it is thought, before Thursday. Tuesday will be occupied entirely with the temporary organization, which will be the scene of an intense struggle for supremacy. There are a large number of contesting delegates, who, with the paper delegates, will demand admission. The two elements will fight for the possession of the Committee on Contested Seats.

It has hitherto been supposed that Mr. Tilden had the Brooklyn and Irving Hall delegations solid, but it is likely to turn out differently. The Hon. John E. Devlin, a member of the Democratic State Committee, and a supposed supporter of Mr. Tilden, in conversation recently said that he would oppose the nomination of Mr. Tilden so far as he could at Syracuse. He believed him entirely unavailable, and his nomination would be against the wishes of the Democracy and

SURE TO ENTAIL DEFEAT.

Mr. Devlin's first choice is Gen. Hancock. Mr. Kinsella, editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, is also pronounced in his opposition. Up to a recent period he was one of Mr. Tilden's stanchest allies. George H. Purser, the moneyed man of the anti-Tammany organization, and a delegate to the Convention, is also against Tilden. Smith Weed, Lester B. Faulkner, and George Raines are understood to have been selected by Mr. Tilden to champion his cause on the floor of the Convention. Now that the cross-roads which have been Mr. Tilden's stronghold in the past have repudiated him it is thought that the delegates may have the good sense to insist upon the Convention's taking a course that will commend itself to the State and Nation alike.

SEYMOUR.

HIS CHANCES.

Special Dispatch to The Chicago Tribune.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 18.—A gentleman recently from New York who has special means of knowing the results of recent important conferences between the Democratic leaders of the two factions of that party in New York City, says that at a meeting last week it was practically agreed that the Tammany and anti-Tammany parties would unite upon Horatio Seymour as a common candidate. This action seems to be based upon the belief that, notwithstanding the alarming reports as to the condition of Mr. Seymour's health, he would, if called upon by the representatives of both factions, consent to become the Democratic standard-bearer, with the object of securing the Electoral vote to the

THE FLOOD.

THE SACRAMENTO HIGHER THAN AT ANY OTHER TIME SINCE 1862.

The Water at Sacramento Over the Railroad Track on the Levee—An Overflow on the Yolo Side—Etc.

[Special Dispatch to the CHRONICLE.]

SACRAMENTO, February 19—10 P. M.—Considerable suppressed excitement existed here to-day in reference to the safety of the city from inundation. At 4:25 P. M. the river at the foot of K street was at the extreme high-water mark, and the water-gauge recorded a depth of twenty-five feet six inches, an increase since 8 A. M. of two inches. At L street freight trains are compelled to run through water six inches deep, and the passenger track is barely above water. The railroad company has been busily engaged in removing freight cars, and the residents in the vicinity are preparing for the worst. The river at the California Pacific Railroad bridge is up to the ties, and fears were at one time entertained that travel would have to be discontinued. In the center of the stream the water-gauge marked 23 feet above low-water mark, and the velocity of the current was given at six miles an hour. On the Yolo side, at Washington, everything points to an overflow of the levees. On the upper side of the bridge the water is within four inches of the top of the levee, and the citizens are anxiously guarding against an increase of the flood, and attempting to stop threatened breaks with sacks filled with earth. The levees here hold well, but the severest test will come probably on Thursday. The American River is reported stationary, with the water up to the base of the levees. Rainfall for the past twenty-four hours, 0.61 of an inch; total this season, 18.45 inches. Extraordinary efforts are being made to place the levees in a safe condition, and at the Lovedale ranch break a barricade is being made of the heaviest timbers. The water still rushes through the crevasse with tremendous fury, and it is almost impossible to retard it. It is clear at this hour.

The Flood in Yolo—The Railroads.

From the Sacramento *Bee* of yesterday we take the following: From Captain Fairfield of the steamer *Centennial*, who passed there since daylight this morning, it is learned that the break on the Yolo side, reported yesterday, is widening rapidly and that an immense volume of water is pouring through it into the tule lands beyond. The levee gave way a mile and a half below the Five-Mile House, at J. Williams' hop ranch. So strong was the force of the water when it broke through, that it carried away Williams' house and barn and landed them a considerable distance back in the tules. The scene where the water rushes through is described as peculiarly grand, the roar being deafening, and is said to look as if the whole river was running out at that point, consequently the break must have attained very large proportion since it broke through yesterday.

THE GWYNN LEVEE WASHED AWAY.

In consequence of this break, the water rushed with tremendous force down through the country back of the Gwynn levee, built last Summer to reclaim what is now known as Lisbon district, on the Yolo side, about opposite Freeport and below Clarksburg. The strength of the current was irresistible, and in a short time it backed up against the west Gwynn levee and soon after it broke, flooding the entire district and proving most disastrous to the settlers, who had just begun to get their ground and lands in good working condition. The trouble had been looked for, however, after the break above occurred, and every precaution had been taken to get off the stock, agricultural implements, etc., yesterday, consequently much was saved and brought to a place of safety on the steamer. The portion of this district owned by William Gywnn of this city was some 3000 acres of the finest land reclaimed, and the loss is a severe one to him.

Back of Walnut Grove the country is all under water, which is coming in now from the Mokelumne and Cosumnes rivers, both of which streams are very high.

Runyon District is thus far all right, the Pierson levee holding well at all points, although the water is within an inch or two of the top of it at the present time.

AROUND THE ISLANDS.

In the lower Sacramento, the water is higher in Steamboat Slough and Old River than it has ever been since the islands were leveed, but it is not yet as high as it was in the flood of 1862. As yet the levees in that direction are all holding well, but it is expected they will be put to a severe test in a day or two, when the water now pouring through the break at Williams' ranch gets down that far, as the water from the break will pass through the Cache Creek Slough and then empty into Steamboat Slough, about a mile and a half below the Hog's Back.

On the Yolo side the levees are all right to the south, except at the break above mentioned, while in a northerly direction they are in good order as far as Gephart's ranch, 16½ miles up the river. The levee at Pritchard's ranch, on the Yolo side, has been repaired and is now holding well.

At the lower end of Reed's orchard, just below the town of Washington, the water of the morning raised within a few inches [illegible]

here. Total rainfall for the season is 13.85 inches.

DAMAGES TO RAILROADS.

An Engine Wrecked by a Washout near Niles—Other Breaks.

At 8 o'clock on Monday evening last an East-bound freight train on the Central Pacific Railroad when at a point about three miles above Niles Station in the Alameda canon, and while passing over a culvert the timbers gave way; there was a sudden and powerful rush of water, and the engine and tender were ditched and are now lying badly wrecked and half buried in the mud. The engineer, hearing the crash of the timbers, reversed his engine and then, together with the fireman, jumped off from her and escaped unhurt. At the time of the accident the train was moving at a slow rate of speed, and the freight cars and their contents were not damaged. On the receipt of the news at Niles a wrecking train was sent to the spot and a temporary track laid around the wreck, and by 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon the road had been repaired so that trains could pass. Yesterday morning a washout caused by the late rains occurred a mile east of Pleasanton Station, damaging the track for the distance of one hundred feet. It was quickly repaired, and at 10 o'clock last evening was in condition for trains to pass over. These accidents occasioned some considerable delay to the various freight and passenger trains. The East-bound express which left here yesterday morning was obliged to return and the passengers were sent via Vallejo. The overland train, due in this city at 6 o'clock last evening, was very late in arriving and also came by the Vallejo route. The Los Angeles express was 12 hours behind time, and did not reach the city until 1 o'clock this morning. The Central Pacific road at this time is open on the main line from San Francisco to Ogden, and to-day all the trains will be running on their usual time. On the Southern Pacific road there has been a pretty bad washout at Pampa Station, and also several others further south, and it will require two or three days to repair the road, and in the mean time the trains will be unable to run.

FERGUS FALLS JOURNAL

Fergus Falls, Friday, May 4, 1877.

A. J. UNDERWOOD, Editor and Publisher.

POETRY.

THE FAWN.

I lay close down beside the river,
My bow well strung, well filled my quiver.

The god that dwells among the reeds
Sang sweetly from their tangled bredes.

The soft-tongued water murmured low,
Swinging the flag leaves to and fro.

Beyond the river, fold on fold,
The hills gleamed through a film of gold.

The feathery osiers waved and shone
Like silver thread in tangles brown.

A bird, fire-winged, with ruby throat,
Down the slow, sleepy wind did float,

And drift and flit and stray along,
A very facile flame of song.

A white sand isle midmost the stream
Lay sleeping by its shoals of bream.

In lilied pools, alert and calm,
Great bass through lucent circles swam;

And farther by a rushy brink
A shadowy fawn stole down to drink,

Where tall thin birds unbalanced stood
In sandy shallows of the flood.

And what did I beside the river
With bow well-strung and well-filled quiver?

I lay quite still, with half-closed eyes,
Lapped in a dream of paradise.

Until I heard a bow cord ring,
And from the reeds an arrow sing.

How quickly brother's merry shout
Put my sweet summer dream to rout!

I knew not what had been his luck,
If well or ill his shaft had struck;

But up I sprang, my bow half drawn,
With keen desire to slay the fawn.

Where was it then? Gone like my dream!
I only heard the fish-hawk scream,

And the strong, striped bass leaped up
Beside the lily's floating cup.

I only felt the cool wind go
Across my face with steady flow:

I only saw those thin birds stand
Unbalanced on the river sand,

Low peering at some dappled thing
In the green rushes quivering.

LETTER FROM P. GREEN

[Written for the Fergus Falls Journal]

NEWSPAPER INTERVIEWING.

ITS EFFECT ON MY GENERAL HEALTH.

You know how popular it was eight or ten years ago. How we all learned more of the true inwardness of our most intimate associates in five minutes through the daily paper, than we otherwise would in a lifetime. There was Jim Scullins of the Times, who used to do the Jenkins business. Now he was a genius. It was a gay winter and big parties were all the go. Jim never got into a single house; and yet his reports were always red hot in next morning's Times. He had it all down, everybody that was there, what clothes they had on, what they said, how they looked, who got drunk, which ones popped the question and how many of them got mittened. Oh it was glorious. And I always did yearn to be an interviewer. There was something about it that instinctively touched me, and seemed to say, "Young man there's your gait."

You see I was of an investigating turn naturally. I had an aunt who was noted all over Goshen as a person who always knew more news than anybody else in town, and I always felt that all I needed to make my name eminent was the opportunity for investigation and research. I did think seriously at one time of going into the anatomical surgery line, post mortem dissections and that sort of thing, but was discouraged when I found that one had to fool away a good deal of time on old fogy treatises, that a man couldn't do the cutting up to suit his own taste, and that the most of the stiffs were people of no account, the dissection of whom wouldn't give a fellow any rational satisfaction anyhow. I observed by contrast that the interviewing line didn't require any previous study or education; and as the cutting up would be chiefly of people in the very highest walks of society, who being also mainly quite alive to the subjects interviewed upon, would naturally take an interest in the business and appreciate a fellows efforts as it were. So I watched my chance for a posish, and when one day young Sniggle of the Tidal Wave corps wrote up a pretty lively piece of information about Col. Mulvey, street commissioner, and in consequence got a 32-100 caliber opinion of the Colonel's, through his head next day, and permanently retired from the interviewing business, thus leaving a vacancy on the paper, I was ever so glad and grateful, and felt that there is a providence that doeth all things well. So Col. Mulvey thought, and so did the citizens generally. As soon as I heard the glad news I made a straight wake for the Tidal Wave office, and eluding the various intervening obstacles reached the room of the manager. The door was appropriately inscribed "Positively no admittance," so I walked in at once without making any fuss about it. The people outside were busy, and I didn't wish to disturb them. The manager commenced drawing a cowhide, and I merely remarked, "Say Boss, Sniggles gone up the spout—vacancy—I want it."

"Young man," said the manager sternly, as he laid down the rawhide, have you the moral qualities requisite for an interviewer?"

"I should say so. Wasn't I educated at the moral reform school expressly for that business?"

"Have you the delicate modesty, the shrinking sensitiveness, the instinctive appreciation of the proprieties of life under the most touching circumstances, which is the crowning glory of the true reporter?"

"Bet your life old hoss—didn't you notice that's my strong suit by the way I came in just now? leave me alone to interview the afflicted and distressed. Why, I'll just pump the agony right out of 'em, and leave 'em as cool as a summer iceberg."

"Young man," said the manager, with still deeper solemnity, "are you the soul of honor—the essence of truth and honesty?"

"Venerable buffer," remarked I, "what kind of a gun-wad do you chiefly take me for? Think you I have contemplated for naught the record of the great and good of all ages? Of Pericles and Solon, and Charles II, and Sinbad, and Boss Tweed and Daniel Drew? No, no; your candidate I cannot be, and I confess that I did it with my little hatchet."

"My son," said the manager, bursting into tears, "you shall be a reporter—on the munificent salary of four dollars a week. Go forth and interview this wicked world, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul—if you have any."

Now you might get me at a bad disadvantage in a great many ways, but when it comes to a conscientious discharge of duty, why I am the rooster that's right on his own dunghill, as it were, and I tried to give the Tidal Wave the worth of its four dollars a week, if any man ever did. I skirmished over the morning papers and got a few items, which I thought might yield well if worked for all they were worth. I transcribe from the first leaf of my note book used on that eventful day the following memoranda:

"See Rev. Dr. McKinley, 1826, N. Girard st. Scandal in church.

"Miss Morton, 2209 Cincinnati av. —married next Sunday from St. Pauls —rich.

"Judge Holmes, cor. Division and Summit—dead—family in great distress—afflicting scene, etc.

"John Lawson, 1442 Portland av. —row in a dance house—gone to lockup—see his family."

"There," said I, mentally, as I closed the directory, where I had laboriously hunted up the addresses, "if that doesn't make a good day's work, may I go to congress."

I took the street car up to Dr. McKinley's, rang the bell, informed the servant that I had an important appointment with the old man, and was shown directly to his study. Very benevolent and thoughtful looking man—very; evidently surprised somewhat to meet me then and there, though I think I made him feel quite at home directly. High church, evidently—six-feet-two at least; broad church, too, rather; go—say two-fifty Fairbanks measure. Fust rate house —nice books—pretty pictures—h'm—'m; Edwards on Will, Rise and Progress, Great Tribulation—'m—'m—should say so—razor—'m—does his own shaving; don't see any spittoon —don't use tobacco, probably—'m; yes, I see.

"Well, sir," said the baldheaded old fossil with some asperity of manner, "is there anything you wish of —?"

"Oh, yes, I had almost forgot. Fact is, parson, I ran up to see about that little smell in your sin-agog. Ha, ha! —joke. That old reprobate, Deacon Jones, you know, and the pretty Sunday school teacher, Kate Martin. I want you to tell me all about it, you know, so I can trot it out with big head lines in the Tidal Wave to-morrow morning."

"Sir!" said he, swelling up like a bullfrog, "what means this unmannerly, outrageous intrusion? What—"

"Ha, ha," said I, "that's *good*—very good. You're an old one, you are; but you can't bottle up the facts in that way; not when this infant is rooting around after 'em. Come, now, dominie, just give down; it's all out, you know, and of course he's guilty and who blames him? You and I would—"

"Silence, you puppy! I'll not have such insults to one of my most—"

"Oh, pull down your vest, parson; all I want are the facts, and of course you know 'em, and you may as well shell out now as any time, for I propose to stay with you—"

In that respect I found myself moving to reconsider. I do not know exactly how it transpired, but presently I was sitting in the luxuriant herbage underneath Rev. Dr. McKinley's study window, which was closed in my face—slammed, I might almost say—with unnecessary emphasis, by a large baldheaded gentleman, who wore on a very florid countenance an expression not calculated to invite further confidences on my part.

"Very singular conduct, indeed; the clergy of this country are fast losing that gentlemanly politeness of manner which should be one of the most marked characteristics of the profession. Doctor McKinley is a disgrace to the cloth; evidently a ritualist seeking to veil his nefarious design, which is no doubt to carry his church over to Rome and the Spanish inquisition by the disguise of his sanctimonious professions. Oh, I shall proceed to show him up in tomorrow's Tidal Wave."

Thus I thought rather than said. But the morrow I had pictured came not. A tidal wave of grief sweeps over me even now as I recur to the events of that sad day. I must pour some balm and pain killer on my wounded spirits ere I can resume the recital.

In grief,

P. GREEN.

THE TWINS.

Two Gigantic Urban Babes of the West.

St. Paul has the Better Site but on the Whole Minneapolis is the More Charming.

Rev. Dr. McLean Writes Interestingly About Minnesota's Wonder Cities—University Management—The Census Disagreement.

Special Correspondence of the ENQUIRER.

It is prudent for one who is, in the same letter, to write about St. Paul and Minneapolis, to put a good safe distance between himself and them before he begins. Just now particularly. The census man has been about. No American city is, in these days in the best of humor. The air is full of frauds and rumors of frauds. Municipal unhappiness is endemic. The enumerator's scalp is nowhere safe. One wonders how even tranquil Oakland's temper endures the strain of shrinkage.

As between the "twin cities" there is war to the knife. The tomahawk has been unearthed, the pipe of peace snapped in twain.

Divided from each other, geographically, by only a corporation line, there has been a recent tendency to grow together in feeling as well as in space. Far seeing citizens on both sides have been quietly but actively favoring this. As a result a variety of "Twin City" organizations have come into existence. Of late still closer steps have been taken. The name "Twin City" had been found inadequate, had begun to be laid aside and that of "Dual City" substituted. No longer two but one began to be a dream of the future between Paul and Minnie. It seemed only necessary, in the minds of some, to name the day and the happy union might be consummated.

But all that is changed. In an ill starred hour the census man appeared and put an end to the municipal wooing. The "balcony scene" will for the time being be omitted so far as the twins are concerned. It is more than a coldness, it is a fracas. It is the "Duel City" now. Minneapolis has been accredited with some forty thousand heads more than her older brother down the stream. St. Paul says it isn't so, he knows it isn't. It isn't fair and it isn't true. He stoutly avers that Sister Minnie pads. He not only complains in the newspapers but sends a communication to Washington to the census department demanding to have the count of Minneapolis taken over again.

It is easy to imagine Minnie's feelings.

With such a state of affairs prevailing, a visitor with interests in either city is obliged to practice extraordinary circumspection, lest he spoil his welcome in both.

At the distance of 1500 miles away, however, it is safe to say that each of these fair cities has much to commend it to the eye of the traveler, and it is easy to see that each of them affords good grounds for the enthusiastic regard of its citizens. Indeed, the main secret of their intense jealousy is the so nearly even balance of their charms.

St. Paul possesses the prettiest site. She has elevations. By a somewhat strained effort of the imagination, they may even be termed hills. A Californian has, however, to shut his eyes very tight and swallow very hard to call them so. At a point called Dayton's Bluff, a very fine view indeed is to be had, not only up and down the Mississippi, but also up the valley of the Minnesota river. St. Paul possesses, also, the finest avenue of elegant homes. Summit avenue is a really magnificent street. The Minneapolis man himself, in confidential moments, will admit it. She has, too, by all odds, the finest trees and some pavements of genuine Trinidad asphalt, which are kept beautifully. Men

ire constantly employed keeping them swept, and one might almost say feather-dusted. St Paul has, too, the finest newspaper building, that of the *Pioneer Press*, a much finer, more presentable and altogether more impressive structure than a recently erected nondescript in San Francisco. She has fine churches, fine public buildings, fine business blocks, fine outside and inside drives. And best of all, she has some of the very finest people to be found anywhere in the world. Let me emphasize here one phenomenal railway official. I had a simple business letter to him, which called for no extension of courtesy whatever. Not only were the requirements of this promptly and cordially met, but the busy man, of a hot day, too, under the stress of which he was stripped of coat and vest, and constrained in the intervals of occupation to use a fan, was at pains, unasked, to present me with a railroad and local guide of the twin cities, point out the lines of street railway which would take me through the parts of chief interest, and supply items of information which enabled me in only a brief while to put myself into a tolerable acquaintance with the town! Think of that, Fourth and Townsend! There are saints on railways in St. Paul, at least.

But if brother Paul greatly pleased me, it was sister Minnie, after all, that—after the universal fashion of her sex—won my heart. Minneapolis is the only place I know on the continent to which, if I were to be banished from sweet Oakland, I would willingly migrate. She lacks but one thing to bring her almost (I say *almost*, dear friends; observe it) up to Oakland; she has no mountains. Not a vestige of one. Not even hills in sight, and no mountains within access. And that is here only earth without heaven! I don't know what the Minneapolis Christian does with himself when he reads that verse in his Bible, "I will look up to the hills whence cometh my help." He can't even console himself on the ground that that passage is contained in one of the epistles of St. Paul. It is said no Minneapolis preacher ventures to take a text from St. Paul. But Minneapolis, despite this lack, is a fair and goodly city. In fact, she is doing what she can to supply even this shortcoming. She already has a twelve-story building, that of the Guaranty Loan Association. A building of twelve stories, with a restaurant on the upper floor and a garden on the roof. A real garden of veritable flower beds and flowers, and with a tower extending several feet higher into the air. This is a fine off-set to St. Paul's bluffs! Or if necessary she can put up a building of eighteen stories. In fact one enthusiastic Minneapolitan has devised one of twenty-eight. She has many other very handsome, very solid and very tall business blocks, running up six, eight, ten, and one other beside that named goes up twelve stories.

Among these stands a monument of evil omen. The shell of the *Journal* newspaper building which was burned some months ago, and in the destruction of which several lives were lost. It stands as the fire left it. The outer walls are nearly intact. Some litigation is in progress over the property. Its chances for continuing to remain a tower of warning are therefore good. It bids fair to be one of the permanent features of the city. Time would fail one to speak of the great flouring mills, and of the million dollar hotel, which claims to be, and doubtless is, the finest in the whole northwest.

The University of Minnesota, located in Minneapolis, and although but a young institution, is rapidly taking position among the great schools of the land. One phenomenal thing about this State is that it has actually allowed the president of its University to remain in office six full years! More remarkable that the institution has flourished under this erratic management. In the six years of President Northrop's incumbency a new building per year has been erected and the number of students increased from two hundred up to near a thousand. If our regents could see it consistent with their duty to allow an experiment of this kind it might not be so disastrous after all. Or suppose we were to ship the regents annually and keep the president!

There are one or two other amusing things about this young city. Not very long ago she put up a High school building costing $90,000, and within four years enlarged it at a cost of $40,000 more. To a gift of $75,000 for a public library, the city has lately added $125,000 out of municipal funds and maintains the magnificent institution at public expense, including even a public art gallery. Moreover, she has seven lakes lying within her corporate limits, more than one of them as large as our Lake Merritt. Can a citizen of Oakland believe—she has actually constructed a boulevard around all seven of those lakes! No, I don't mean has merely been talking about doing it on and off for the last seventeen years, but has done it and the drives are open to-day. More than that it is a double boulevard, has two driveways; one close beside the margin of the water, another a few feet higher up the bank among the groves of oak trees which abound there on every hand. Both of them well made, fine driveways. One in the sun, one in the shade. But even this is not all. This preposterous young city—I have it upon reliable statement—is expending $200,000 a year in constructing and maintaining a system of intersecting boulevards to give the better access to her lake drives. And as for public parks—well, I had better stop. No Oakland public man will believe me so far as I have already gone. But I will say that in addition to a quite wide park area before held, a public spirited citizen of wealth has just donated forty acres more, which the city began to improve within sixty days of the date of its transfer.

I believe that we in Oakland now and then speak of Boulevard. So long as we only speak of it perhaps we can afford to spell it with a big B. That don't cost anything.

Just outside of Minneapolis lie the falls of Minnehaha. A lovely cataract on the most inconsiderable stream of water. The State has purchased a large tract of land including these falls, beautified it and set it apart as a public park. Within its limits the Soldiers' Home has been located and has a fine outfit of buildings.

Sixteen miles by rail in another direction is situated Minnetonka Lake, the fashionable as well as popular resort of the city. Minnetonka Lakes would be the proper name, for within a comparatively small compass lie over forty separate bodies of water, while the main lake is composed of at least five or six connecting bodies. The map of the place looks as though a handful of lakes had been hurled down through the air and had landed at hap hazard in a bunch together. They are all of glacial origin. The main lake has a shore line of not less than a hundred miles. And this throughout nearly its whole extent is occupied by great hotels, smaller boarding houses, cottages of all degrees and many beautiful and expensive villas with broad, smooth lawns. The lake is well supplied with steamer service. Among the numerous boats is one with a carrying capacity of a thousand, and another which claims to be able to accommodate two thousand. Some thirty or more small steam yachts supply the demand for pleasure and fishing parties. It is stated as a remarkable fact that while for the past five years these steamers have carried an average of 200,000 passengers per season, only two lives have been lost. One of these was an intoxicated man, the other a venturous newsboy. These lakes, like the other hundreds in the State are well supplied wtih fish. Black bass and pickerel abound in the lakes, besides many varieties of the smaller sort. The railroads run half hourly trains during the season. Many families have lake-side homes and spend the summer by these clear, cool waters.

One other item may be of interest to the Oakland public just now. The entire street car system—owned by one individual—is about being changed to the electric motor plan. A contract had been concluded for putting in a cable line, and much of the material was already on the ground, but the owner has cancelled the contract and is putting in the electric system everywhere.

J. K. McL.

July 10, 1890.

THE INDEPENDENT PRESS.

There is no more striking evidence of the growing intelligence of the people, of the elevation of public sentiment in political matters, of the increasing disposition of people to read all sides, learn all the facts, weigh them and then decide in a dispassionate and judicial way upon all political questions, than the rapid strides forward which the independent newspapers of the country are making. Nearly all the great newspapers are on the independent platform. They publish the best speeches of the ablest leaders of both parties. They are not afraid to give credit or blame to either party whenever deserved, and they habitually sum up and strike the balance of partisan credits and debits every little while, that their readers may know the strength and the weakness, the safety and trustworthiness or insecurity and dishonesty of the several parties of the country. The independent newspaper is the daily political market report, and its value depends wholly on the accuracy with which that report is made up, the clearness of its judgemnt and its fidelity to and entire reliance upon settled principles of human action. For instance if a political success is gained by a trick or juggle, the independent newspaper will bear in mind, and carefully note the fact that such a victory is in the end always defeated. The independent newspaper exposes so soon as the evidence appears, all vote-catching devices, and the man who builds a cheap reputation as patriot and reformer while fishing for an office, is likely to have a hard time of it before he gets through with the independent press.

The "organ" style of journalism is getting sadly at a discount among intelligent people. As soon as a man realizes that his newspaper's sole business is always to praise his party, always to gloss over its errors and excuse its crimes, always to magnify its prestige and prospects and decry and smirch the opposition, just so soon he begins to have a contempt for the paper. When he learns that he cannot trust its statements of fact, that its estimates of coming events are totally unreliable, then he discovers that it isn't worth its subscription price and he has no further use for it.

When it lauds an outrage in his own party, and besmears with its adulation some scalawag who has succeeded in getting a party nomination, the thing gets to be a little *too* thick, and he throws away the "organ" in disgust.

The New York Tribune and Herald, the Chicago Times and all the come-outers from party ranks are better papers now than they ever were or ever could be as party newspapers. The Pioneer-Press and Tribune is the best paper Minnesota ever had, and the chief merit of all those sheets, as conducted to-day, is that they are able and not afraid to see and discuss both sides of party questions. It is a noteworthy fact that nearly all the independent papers of the country, after weighing the two great parties, their platforms, candidates, acts and tendencies in this year, have decided—as they say "on the whole"—that Hayes and Wheeler are to be decidedly preferred over "Tilden and Reform," and hence are giving their hearty support to the repulican nominees. And *such* support carries with it infinitely more weight than the partisan roar of "organs" like the Washington Republican and Cincinnati Enquirer, that applaud indiscriminately every dishonest and disgraceful trick of their own party, with the same amount of gush that they display in holding up to the world its honors and virtues. So at last in journalism as everywhere else, the best service a man can do his party or any party, is to tell the truth about it. The best citizenship is the best partisanship always, and this is the lesson that newspaper men are rapidly learning, and the result is that growing and fearless leader of public opinion—the independent press.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

COUNTIES.	J. A. Thacher.	James J. Green.
Aitkin	45	24
Anoka	975	523
Becker	693	138
Benton	251	355
Big Stone	450	254
Blue Earth	2729	1821
Brown	1293	708
Carlton	216	229
Carver	1294	1148
Cass	131	68
Chippewa	860	161
Chisago	1246	252
Clay	920	349
Cottonwood	717	128
Crow Wing	328	227
Dakota	1610	1742
Dodge	1702	600
Douglass	1438	295
Faribault	1863	734
Fillmore	3216	846
Freborn	2461	625
Goodhue	4040	1354
Grant	596	43
Hennepin	8036	4105
Houston	1907	1297
Isanti	839	64
Jackson	767	126
Kennebec	101	48
Kandiyohi	1608	150
Kittson	158	73
Lac qui Parle	878	47
Lake	20	..
Le Sueur	1333	1882
Lincoln	468	112
Lyon	1141	195
McLeod	1111	1031
Marshall	127	88
Martin	863	190
Meeker	1334	564
Mille Lacs	265	101
Morrison	459	667
Mower	2088	861
Murray	557	184
Nicollet	1273	274
Nobles	693	227
Olmsted	2486	1558
Otter Tail	2628	772
Pine	221	235
Pipestone	358	171
Polk	1638	667
Pope	924	111
Ramsey	4334	4586
Redwood	866	217
Renville	1452	598
Rice	2493	1761
Rock	653	165
St. Louis	698	418
Scott	834	1776
Sherburne	431	212
Sibley	970	1061
Stearns	1415	2469
Steele	1642	944
Stevens	638	513
Swift	899	566
Todd	664	361
Traverse	118	85
Wabasha	2040	1867
Wadena	366	107
Waseca	1381	963
Washington	2067	1508
Watonwan	745	220
Wilkin	261	94
Winona	2572	2555
Wright	2110	1317
Yellow Medicine	854	70
Totals	93903	53315
Thacher's majority	40588	

P. S. G. B. W. has kindly consented to reduce his impressions regarding Miss Anderson to writing, and we append them here.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

"Mary Anderson, Wednesday evening." A few persons here have had the fortune to see her acting and they will go to the Academy Monday evening. The greater number of Minneapolis play goers probably know very little of this new star, and as Minneapolis play goers have had a somewhat unfortunate experience with highly advertised new stars it seems probable that many will lose this one opportunity of seeing a really great player, simply through fear of being humbugged. I happened to be in New York city some months since at the time Mary Anderson was playing her first engagement there. She came entirely unknown, and fairly "took the town by storm." Everybody was asking, "Who is she?" and "Where did she come from?" and everybody who could went to see and hear her. Of course people see on the stage a great deal that isn't there, for which exaggeration due allowance must be made. The Mary Anderson I saw and heard was a young girl, in vigorous health and strikingly beautiful—of a tall and commanding figure—possessing a magnificent and well trained voice and great dramatic power.

She was playing the leading parts in the old standard tragedies that (in New York at least) none but really great actors dare attempt. Charlotte Cushman had hardly passed off the stage when Mary Anderson appeared, and it seemed the height of audacity—almost a sacrilege indeed—for this unknown girl to attempt the characters that had been made famous by the gifted and lately departed artist. But she did present them, and won substantial success in them.

The newspapers were full of comment on the new dramatic comet that had come up from the western horizon, and the critics all seemed to understand that the style of puffing that fits the "lovely Scott Siddons" and the "Gorgeous Granger" wouldn't do at all for Mary Anderson. Newspaper praise of the common sort of actresses may be very flattering to them as pretty women, but it isn't very valuable as dramatic criticism. Mary Anderson's acting provoked genuine criticism such as men would give to Booth or Barrett. The general verdict seemed to be that she gives promise of being *the* great actress of America. All admitted her wonderful genius and power, and the most adverse criticism in itself was an admission that her defects were those which more stage experience would readily correct, and related mostly to inelegancies of attitude and disposal of drapery. It is perhaps an open question whether or not in moments of violent passion or terrible suffering a person ought to be perfectly graceful—even on the stage; and it is far too delicate and dangerous a field of inquiry to attempt answer to the momentous question, whether any other actress is as pretty or wears as good clothes as the Scott Siddons, but those who wish to see really good acting will not be disappointed in Mary Anderson, and she, if not disappointed in her audience, will, no doubt, come again.

GEO. B. WRIGHT.

MINNESOTA POSTMASTERS.

How They Are Paid Under the New Readjustment of Salaries.

Special to the Pioneer Press.

WASHINGTON, June 24.—The biennial readjustment of postmasters' salaries has just been completed. The following list shows the new rates of pay for all offices in Minnesota from $1,200 upwards: Alexandria, Anoka, Kasson, Glencoe, St. Charles, Shakopee, $1,200 each; Litchfield and Spring Valley, $1,300; Fergus Falls, Marshall and Wabasha, $1,400; New Ulm, $1,500; Albert Lea, Brainerd and Waseca, $1,600; Austin and St. Cloud, $1,700; Owatonna, $1,800; Duluth, Faribault and Hastings, $1,900; Northfield, $2,000; Mankato, $2,100; Rochester, $2,200; Red Wing and Stillwater, $2,400; Winona, $2,500; Minneapolis and St. Paul, $3,000. The State contains no first-class office, of which the salary is $4,000, the highest paid any office in the United States except New York, which by a special law pays $8,000. In addition to the above list of Minnesota offices, Lanesboro, Plainview, Rushford and Worthington are each worth $1,100 per annum, and Moorhead pays $1,000

THE ST. CLOUD RING.

Graphic Pen Picture of That Institution by the St. Paul Correspondent of The St. Cloud Journal, Supposed to be Old Delano.

From The St. Cloud Journal, April 29th.

Reader, did you ever see a Chinese puzzle, or a block puzzle, or the chain ring puzzle? Do you know how to take a deck of cards and give them all the scientific shuffles and cuts known to the sporting fraternity Do you know how to fix up an old worn-out horse and make him young, sound and frisky? Have you ever read the Bible clear through from Genesis to Revelations, apocrypha included? If you have done part, or all of these things, you probably think you are smart and know something. But let me tell you that if you have never seen the *"St. Cloud Ring"* in operation with their working clothes on, you don't know much, nor have you seen all the sights. If you should die and go hence from any part of the country tributary to St. Cloud or Stearns county, and should claim to be admitted above on that account, one of the questions asked would be, "Do you know the Ring *fellers* down there?" Be careful as to your answer, for if your chances depend on that answer, it may put you in a mighty tight place. The best place to see this Ring operate in its full glory is at the Merchants' Hotel in St. Paul, during a session of the legislature, when a senator is to be elected, or when something is to be done of great benefit to the people, or a contract is to be let. To see Wait, McClure, Clark and Charley Gilman move around, to see them trim the side-lights and set up the wall flowers, to see them spin the smaller tops and hear those tops hum—I say to watch their performances for a week or two is worth going a thousand miles to see, including the expenses of the trip.

Fergus Falls 1628, Not 1028.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

In the Sunday TRIBUNE'S "State News" appears this hollow mockery of the boasted superiority of the great American newspaper:

"The population of Fergus Falls is one thousand and twenty-eight."

Mr. Editor, I can stand anything but that. What is a newspaper if it has no moral character? Lacking veracity, it lacks all things. Involuntarily I heard myself exclaiming as I read the above mendacious paragraph, "Are there not shot-guns enough under the sweet heavens to wipe that libeller out and make him a white and lovely corpse?" The libel was evidently constructed upon an item in The Fergus Journal that reached here on Friday, in which the official enumeration is put down in plain figures 1628.

It is generally humiliating enough to be compelled to come down to the cold realities of the heartless United States census, without this added malignity of 40 per cent. discount made by a dunder-headed newspaper (no allusion to THE TRIBUNE here intended). Now, then, in lieu of shot-guns and slugs, allow me to fire the following chunks of

SOLID FAX,

quarried out of that same United States census:

1. Fergus Falls is the largest town in the western two-thirds of the state of Minnesota, and don't you forget it.

2. Fergus Falls, in six months after getting a railroad, beats Litchfield, Willmar, Sauk Centre, Alexandria, Moorhead, Brainerd and Crookston, that have been great railroad centres for, lo! these many years, and don't you forget it.

3. Otter Tail county has for the last ten years grown more rapidly than any other agricultural county in the state; and from a population of 1,968 in 1870, and 9,174 in 1875, now pans out about 20,000. From being No. 41 ten years ago, and No. 26 five years ago, it now stands about No. 8 among the most populous counties of Minnesota, and don't you forget it.

4. Fergus Falls is the chief town in Otter Tail county, the "coming city" of the northwest, the best manufacturing town in America, and the "boss town" on the planet, and don't you forget it.

Indignantly yours. GEO. B. WRIGHT.

VOTE OF OTTER TAIL COUNTY.

On State and County Bonds, including the Vote on County Bonds in May, 1876.

	COUNTY. 1877.		1876.		STATE.	
	Yes.	No	Yes.	No	Yes.	No
Aastad	4	24	2	18	0	28
Aurdal	62	1	50	1	0	64
Buse	40	1	34	0	0	42
Clitherall	108	3	73	3	1	98
Compton	38	8	19	0	33	7
Dane Prairie	29	20	21	17	0	50
Deer Creek	15	5	10	1	2	18
Eagle Lake	41	16	19	34	0	59
Eastern	6	11	1	25	13	5
Effington	14	11	..	..	0	23
Erhard's Grove	25	41	0	61	0	67
Elizabeth	81	5	15	29	16	68
Friberg	19	0	11	1	18	1
Fergus F. Vill.	169	2	151	1	7	150
Fergus F. Town	24	9	26	0	1	32
Gorman	0	36	0	35	14	22
Hobart	4	14	1	12	1	13
Leaf Mountain	20	7	17	4	0	27
Maine	4	32	12	16	1	35
N. Y. Mills	22	1	22	3	22	1
Nidros	41	0	46	0	0	41
Norwegian Gr.	6	77	1	85	25	59
Oak Valley	14	5	..	..	2	18
Oscar	30	70	3	67	1	101
Parkers Prairie	58	18	44	37	23	53
Pelican	43	20	0	70	2	61
Perham	2	152	6	132	12	141
Rush Lake	0	68	0	56	1	67
Scambler	24	25	4	54	1	47
St. Olaf	28	72	29	70	0	100
Tordenskjold	114	2	57	13	0	122
Trondhjem	4	94	1	103	0	99
Tumuli	40	13	24	21	0	53
Western	31	0	6	16	0	37
Woodside	12	8	..	..	2	17
Total	1172	872	795	990	198	183

THE RAILROAD QUESTION AGAIN.

We publish to day a full letter from Geo. B. Wright, in which he defends himself from blame in the course he has pursued towards the bill now pending before Congress for the extension of time for completing the St. Vincent line of railroad. Mr. Wright quotes from a late letter of Gen. Averill, which is of the same tenor as letters received here from that gentleman and also from Senator Ramsey, viz: that "able lawyers" claim that the bill as at present protects Fergus Falls, and places the Company subject to State law. From the day that this substitute for Ramsey's bill passed the Senate, we have doubted the soundness of these opinions. Indeed Gen. Averill is not satisfied with the present bill, and will only make effort to secure its passage because at this stage of the session this bill must pass or none at all. A thorough railroad man from St. Paul, and one who is disinterested, at the request of a portion of our Congressional delegation, has taken the pains to look up the law, and he hesitates not to say that the bill now before Congress releases the Company from any shadow of obligation to State legislation. That the clause in the act of 1871 fulfilled its mission and was released from further service when the act was found to be in accord with the State laws at that time —*then* the Company became entitled to all the benefits,—which benefits were renewed to them in the act of 1873, and are further extended in the bill now pending.

We are glad to believe that Gen. Averill has done and is doing everything in his power to secure such legislation as will promote the construction of the St. P. & P. branches, and we also believe that if the bill now pending passes the House we shall be indebted to the personal efforts of our Representative for its success.

Gen. Averill has taken a decided interest in the question of the location of the St. Vincent branch through Fergus Falls. And as the act of '73, which is renewed by the pending bill, provided that the road should be built "as now located with the approval of the Secretary of the Interior," the exact location at this point has been a matter of interest, and has not escaped his notice. Sam. H. Nichols has received from Gen. Averill the following letters from the General Land Office, procured from Secretary Delano at Mr. Averill's verbal request. It will be seen that they correspond with the letter recently published by us from the late Commissioner Drummond to Gov. Davis:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
GENERAL LAND OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 20, 1874.

Hon. C. Delano, Secretary of Interior:

In reply to your verbal inquiry, I have the honor to state that the line of definite location of the St. Paul & Pacific R. R. St. Vincent Extension, as shown by the map filed in this office Dec. 20, 1871, passes through Fergus Falls.

Very Respectfully,
W. W. CURTIS,
Acting Commissioner.

And again under date of the 23d the same officer writes:

SIR: Referring to my letter of the 20th inst., I have the honor to state that the map of definite location, and the only map, of the St. V. Extension of the St. P. & P. R. R., filed in this office, shows that the line of the road was definitely fixed through sections 28, 34 and 35, of T. 133 N. of R. 43 W., Sept. 13, 1871. It crosses Red River in the S.W. corner of sec. 35, where Fergus Falls is marked on the map. The village of Fergus Falls is not laid down on any of the official maps in this office, but from Colton's atlas it would appear to be situated in either sec. 33 or 34 of T. 133, R. 43, and the line of the road as definitely located cannot pass more than a mile from the point so indicated."

The settles the matter of "definite location" through Fergus Falls.

Narrow-Gauge—Last Call.

To the Editor of the Tribune.

I observe in The Pioneer Press this morning another article against the narrow-gauge roads from the man who thinks it would be better for this city to spend $1,000,000 for broad-gauge railroads than one cent for narrow-gauges. He comes out with o her propositions and arguments almost equal in brilliancy to that. He asks, "does any enthusiast of that system think for a moment that the broad-gauge roads will allow the wheat within ten or fifteen miles of them to pass over a competing line without an effort?" No, they don't. There will be competition, and that is what troubles the gentleman and the people he represents. Now, how does competition act, and how will the broad gauges try to get the wheat away from the narrow? A person would imagine from the article in question that they would do it by raising the rates of freights. But most likely they will find after trying that plan, that it won't succeed and they will have to reduce them. The millers are buying wheat all along the broad gauge lines. Now, suppose they have been buying at a certain station, and paying the railroad company fifteen cents a bushel freight to Minneapolis. Under the competition of the narrow gauges the broad gauge road puts the rate on wheat down to ten cents. According to my arithmetic the miller will save five cents a bushel over what he paid before. At the same time the millers' agents along the narrow-gauge roads will be able to buy a few bushels, and they will have a rate at least as low as the broad-gauge, and the millers will save five cents a bushel there too. Now just what the process is by which the millers will lose in this transaction is involved in some obscurity.

The next point made in the article in question is that the roads will not terminate here, but go on to St. Paul. St. Paul, no doubt, will be anxious to reach the country tapped by the narrow-gauges, very much of which is out of reach of the roads now centering in St. Paul. And in order to reach it she may build a narrow-gauge to this great center. If she does, we will turn over to her such of the wholesale business as we find we can not do ourselves. She will find herself in a good deal the same position with reference to our narrow-gauges as we have occupied with reference to the broad-gauges controlled in St. Paul. We certainly will carry all her freight (next week) and her passengers too. But as the terminus of the road is fixed here by law, and the spare cars will always be here, I have no doubt our merchants will find it a trifle handier to send off their freight, than the St. Paul merchants will by these lines. In plain English, the same discriminations annoyances and del ys that have been practiced against us by certain companies whose manifest interest as railroad men th.y have sacrificed to their interest as citizens, may, can, might, could, &c., be practiced against St. Paul, until the merchants of the "largest jobbing town in the state," would perceive that the best place for "the largest jobbing town in the state" is at the largest railroad centre in the state—and take such steps as will give them equal facilities with our merchants here. It is needless to remark that these steps will be taken in the direction of this city. We are advised that if any new roads *are* needed we build them *broad gauge*. That is on the principle I suppose new broad gauge roads would not arouse the competitive ire of the roads now running, and that St. Paul could not tap that kind of a road to any extent. Ah!

MERCHANT.

HE DAILY EVEN

the most prosperous community that the sun ever shone on.

The fraud in Spartanburg was from 13,000 to 14,000, but the census detective, with one hand holding his hat before his eyes, and the other upside down behind his back, "couldn't see it."

The returns from Marion are as follows:

1850.	1860.	1870.	1880.
17,407	21,190	22,112	34,107

The Carolina eccentricity is only about 10,000 or 12,000 in this case. They didn't do as well as they might. With the exception of some six or eight counties the fraud of 1880 is plain as day on the face of the returns the whole state over. In Charleston it is about 15,000; Orangeburg the same; Sumter 10,000, and the remaining districts from 2,000 to 8,000 each. The conclusion is irresistible that the tissue ballots and the census frauds of 1880 are a part of one stupendous villainy, planned by the same leaders and carried on by the same tools for the purpose of stealing power from its rightful owners and nullifying the honest vote not only of South Carolina but of the entire nation.

GEO. B. WRIGHT.

October 8, 1880.

NOTE.—In the above I have made no account of the new counties, Oconee, Aiken and Hampton which have been carved out of old ones and which show a population of 57,145. Not having a new map at hand I could not locate them accurately. Aiken seems to have been taken out of Edgefield, Lexington and Barnwell. Their aggregate population in census years is given as follows:

1850	1860	1870	1880
78,800	86,209	90,825	104,294

But in 1880 we have to add Aiken with 28,122, making a total of 132,416. The gain in the last thirty years is:

1850 to 1860, 7,409
1860 to 1870, 4,616
1870 to 1880, 41,511

of which undoubtedly 30,000 are fraudulent.

G. B. W.

MINNEAPOLIS, I

that the country prefers to go to Prussia rather than Mexico, and that the result of an appeal to rifle clubs and "committees of safety," to seat either Mr. Tilden or Mr. Hayes by violence will pretty certainly result in the appointment of General Grant "as receiver with power to run the concern and collect the debts." Let Mr. Waterson and all his stripe walk up and taste the medicine they are trying to stuff the people with and tell us how they like it. Another thing: If the elections all through the southern tier of states shall continue to be the farce that they have been, there will be a Solid North to say "You have got to protect every man's rights at the ballot box or go under a military government not of your own choosing." That is an inevitable conclusion—the forms of free government cannot long be maintained after its spirit is gone. After all, what humanity wants is stability in institutions and protection from them, rather than freedom, if freedom means what some patriots are howling for—the right to "rule or ruin."

Yours, &c., GEO. B. WRIGHT.

but five per cent in population, would in ten years of war, adversity, turmoil and poverty gain at all or even hold its own? Either every census that went before was fraudulent, or that of 1870 was true. No other conclusion can be reached. What, then, must we think of that of 1880? A gain in ten years of 207,774, or forty-three per cent; more than eight times the gain in the ten years of peace ending with 1860; nearly two and a half times as much as in the thirty years from 1830 to 1860; more indeed than in the fifty years from 1810 to 1860.

No, no, it wont do, that style of yarn wont wash.

Even throwing out the census of 1870 entirely, and spreading the tremendous gains of 1880 over twenty years, throwing out all the results of the war and count those twenty years as a period of peace and prosperity; even then the census business is altogether overdone. No person who has any sense can be mislead by the theory that South Carolina has gained in the last twenty years over twice as much as in the previous thirty years, or, (in other words), three times as fast. The answer must still be, "the boy of 1880 lied."

Nor is South Carolina alone in this. The returns show pretty conclusively a conspiracy for seizing power by fraud where force had failed, extending all over the South.

To my mind this is the most desperate, dangerous and least defensible of all the forms of southern political "cussedness" that has yet come to light. Much can be excused in the heat and excitement of a political campaign, but a cool, deliberate conspiracy involving a dozen states in all their length, breadth and detail; requiring for the consummation solid reams of regular systematic perjury and designed and carried out for the purpose of neutralizing the honest vote of the north as the tissue ballot had already swamped the honest vote at home, cannot in my judgment be punished too severely, and if the villainy is not traced to the bottom, punished and made forever incapable of repetition, then free representative government is already dead in this country and I for one shall go in for recognizing that fact. Better a one-man power that makes no pretense of anything else, than a false and fraudulent republic.

Yours for a free vote and fair count,

GEO. B. WRIGHT.

November 7, 1880.

OTTER TAIL CENSUS.

Complete Returns from Otter Tail County, Showing a Population of 18,557.

MORE THAN DOUBLED IN FIVE YEARS.

Town.	Total Pop.	Males.	Females.	No. Farms.
Amor	209	110	99	42
Aastad	207	117	90	50
Aurdall	470	233	237	75
Bluffton	325	180	146	50
Buse	315	185	130	55
Clitherall	574	317	257	109
Candor	182	106	76	37
Compton	528			
Deer Creek	302	166	136	47
Dora	138	83	55	46
Dunn	136	85	51	
Dane Prairie	437			70
Eastern	244	129	115	46
Elmo	176	94	82	39
East Battle Lake	160	93	67	30
Eagle Lake	457	248	209	84
Everts	117	67	50	27
Elizabeth	577	300	277	76
Effington	312			70
Erhards Grove	415	211	204	76
Fergus Falls village	635			11
Fergus Falls Tp	284	161	123	56
Friberg	179	100	79	42
Gorman	386	198	188	53
Hobart	248	147	101	51
Inman	175	100	75	24
Leaf Mountain	289			65
Leaf Lake	159			39
Lida	107			22
Maine	340	187	153	58
Norwegian Grove	559	315	247	85
New York Mills	368	231	137	63
Nidaros	311	174	137	
Oscar	618	336	282	110
Oak Valley	262	142	120	65
Otter Tail	46			8
Parkers Prairie	432	238	194	92
Pelican	550			89
Perham	920			108
Rush Lake	445			82
Scambler	371	201	170	76
Star Lake	179	102	77	
St. Olof	660	348	212	110
Swerdrup	276	143	134	59
Trondhjem	634	340	294	102
Tordenskjold	444			86
Tumuli	392			61
Woodside	319	180	139	63
West Battle Lake	48	24	24	6
Western	240			72
T. 132, R. 44	44			11
T. 136, R. 37	34	21	13	16
T. 137, R. 37	27	13	14	10
T. 135, R. 42	102	48	54	12
T. 133, R. 44	130			20
T 136, R. 36	15			
T. 137, R. 36	14			
T. 132, R. 38	74	38	36	
Total	18557			

THE RESCUE.

A Tale in Five Spasms.

I.

Algernon Augustus Dehoward stood upon the extreme seaward end of the New Montgomery-street wharf, feeding a pocketful of bird-shot to the seals that sported below in the first blush and freshness of their young love. But he dispensed his bounty in a perfunctory, absent manner, hardly knowing what he was about. He was about thirty-one. For he was thinking of his debts. It was an awful moment! An adjacent banana skin, which had been watching him, observed his distraction and took a terrible advantage of it. With a sly and sinuous wiggle like that of the lithe hippopotamus creeping upon its prey, it advanced, cautiously and with frequent circumspection, until it was within half a yard of its unwary victim; then with a sudden dart forward it slipped itself beneath his foot and overthrew him. He pitched forward toward the sea, and with a fiendish laugh that rang out upon the evening air like a chime of dumb-bells, the banana skin went back to its former position. Its subsequent history has not been ascertained.

II.

The man had not far to fall and was soon submerged, the bird-shot still in his pocket assisting to take him down. Above him on the wharf was a great concourse of excited men and women, drawn together by the plash and trying to rescue him. They threw him ropes, letting go their own end. They heaved over paving-stones at which he clutched without much success. One gentleman employed on some street improvement at a compensation of twenty dollars for himself and horse and cart per trip of three blocks, gallantly threw off his coat, backed up his loaded chariot to the end of the wharf and amid the cheers of applauding thousands dumped a whole cargo of gravel upon his head. All in vain. He was about to sink for the third time, and when a drowning man does that it is all up with him if he doesn't rise.

III.

Suddenly a woman's shrill scream rent the air from top to bottom. She was rich, no end. Early in her youth Arabella Decourcey had—but no matter; this was not early in her youth. Hastily throwing off her sealskin jacket and sending her overshoes flying like a couple of pigeons, she sprang upon a pile, clasped her hands prayerwise before her, lowered her head and before an arm could interpose to prevent the rash act asked the drowning man why he did not walk ashore. It had not before occurred to him; it was like a revelation. Placing his right foot on the surface of the water and throwing his whole weight on that leg, he slowly drew himself out and walked ashore. The crowd dispersed with some more cheers.

IV.

Behold these two—the wet man and the dry woman—alone in the gloaming. "Noble lady," he exclaimed, laying his dripping head upon her shoulder and permitting her arm to encircle his waist, "the life that you have saved is mine."

"Is '*yours*' you mean, doubtless," replied the lady; "that is the regular formula."

"That is what I said," he remarked; "it is *mine*."

The lady regarded him for a moment with a look of pain and distrust.

"We do not seem to understand one another, but your idea doubtless is that I having saved your life, you will devote it to making me happy—you will give yourself to me in marriage."

"Are those your terms?" asked the rescued Algernon Augustus Dehoward, coldly.

"That," said she with a stony stare, "is the usual price."

He pulled aside his obscuring forelock, dashed the seawater from his eyes and attentively considered her. He walked around her and prospected her with the skill of an expert. He measured her back, thumped her chest; wiping her cheek with his damp sleeve, he inspected the wipe. He ran his fingers through her hair and tried the stanchness of her teeth. Then he paled with a desperate purpose, cast his eyes upon the beautiful world and the glad blue sky above, and with a sigh of everlasting regret said in a low but firm tone: "Put me back in the water!"

V.

She put him back in the water.

coming of the grasshopper scourge. I had heard the report, and had evidence of its truth, but did not appreciate the fullness of its truth as I do now. It seems as though there had been waiting on our borders, through all the years of uncertainty, multitudes waiting for the solution of the grasshopper problem before making for themselves homes here and aiding in the development of a vast region almost uninhabited. The country is fairly alive with land-seekers. Hotels are filled with them, trains loaded, and land and real estate offices crowded. There is a good deal about the rush that savors of excitement, but there are among the number a great many who will make themselves homes. Mr. Greenleaf, receiver of the land office at Benson, states that since the first of the month not less than 125 have taken up claims in his district. Mr. Listoe, register in the Fergus Falls district, adds that the number in his district is not much smaller, and the railroad companies might give similar evidence, to say nothing about sales of lands by private parties. I presume that the same state of affairs exists in other parts of the state, and that the public lands in other districts are almost, if not quite, as much in demand. The officers find for the first time in years that they are doing

"A LAND OFFICE BUSINESS,"

with all that the name implies. But the business in the United States land offices is not a good criterion of the actual settlement that will ensue another year. Mr. Greenleaf, receiver in the Benson district, expresses the belief that not one out of ten who file on public lands ever expect to settle upon them. There is prevalent just now, he says, a feverish excitement, which leads parties to desire to secure lands whose first thought is how little they can live upon them to secure them. Often times the parties filing never even look at the lands; come out one day, clap their application on, and rush home the next day. This is not so much the case in the Fergus Falls district, the office in which district is further removed from the railroad, and therefore not so available to adventurers whose only thought is how to get lands cheapest, and with the least possible trouble. There are among the claimants, of course, many who desire to be bona fide settlers, but the larger number of actual settlers are seeking railroad lands because they are more available now to what must be for a long time the market for products, and which can be secured at but little more cost than can be the lands belonging to the government. The greater number of the applicants in the Fergus Falls district may be considered those who desire

TO BECOME ACTUAL SETTLERS.

The office is off from the railroad, and though the market for grain is far removed, and patience has been almost exhausted waiting for a railroad, the country embraces a greater variety of land, though very little, if any, superior to that lying further west and south. There are the advantages of timber, ample water, and meadow in parts of Otter Tail, Douglass, Pope and Becker counties, while all the region west, embracing Swift, Stevens, Big Stone, Traverse, Lac qui Parle, Wilkin, Chippewa and Clay is one vast prairie. The same may be said of the counties further south. And any discription that might be given would fail of giving a conception of the extent and character of this prairie. The Red River valley is a wonderful region. It will be more wonderful still when its rich soil is made to bear the best wheat that is raised in the world. It is as level as a barn floor.

"ILLIMITABLE" DOES NOT BEGIN TO EXPRESS IT.

As far as the eye can reach, for miles and miles on every side there is nothing save the never varying plain reaching away and dissolving into the horizon. We drove yesterday from Breckenridge to Fergus Falls, a distance of about thirty miles. Fully twenty-five of this was over this immense prairie, and in that

GEO. B. WRIGHT'S TOWN.

This letter is growing to unwonted length, but I can not let the opportunity pass of making some mention of the place from which I am writing—Fergus Falls—though George B. Wright could more eloquently portray the advantages and prospects of the thriving little village, and perhaps with more of quaintness than I can. It may be accepted as a remarkable fact that despite the depression which the whole state has suffered, despite the fact that what at one time promised to be very speedy railroad connections, and that the town of Fergus Falls is almost upon the very confines of civilization, twenty-five miles from any railroad, it has continued to prosper, and is to-day the most thrifty town northwest of Minneapolis. It may be that she has caught some of the thrift of her big sister—for Fergus Falls claims very friendly relationship with Minneapolis. Her people, to a great extent, have at some time or other been Minneapolis people, and the nature of her future enterprises will be similar to our own. With a magnificent water power, the best wheat country in the world west of her; a section, too, that has no water power, nor fuel in sufficient quantities to warrant low prices enough to secure steam power, Fergus Falls expects some day to be second only to Minneapolis in her manufacturing enterprises. Just at this time she has very flattering assurance of the railroad connections she needs to insure her continued prosperity. Mr. Wright has evolved a "narrow guage" scheme, of which he has long been a disciple, and the county has just issued in the shape desired $150,000 of bonds to aid in the construction of

THE MINNESOAT NORTHERN RAILROAD,

which will extend almost due west from Fergus Falls, to the Northern Pacific, which it will tap at Wadena. The distance is a little more than 40 miles, and the road can be built and equiped for $400,000 at the farthest limit. Mr. Wright says he knows where the money to build the road can be secured, and that work will be commenced another season. Fergus Falls has about given up looking for the St. Vincent Branch, now that the cut-off has been put in. Of course they expect it to come some time, but not until the country is more settled up than it is at the present time. Even the land grant is not so much of an inducement as it might be. Mr. Listoe, of the land office, had occasion the other day to look up the lands that may accrue to the St. Paul & Pacific for use in a suit in which the Northern Pacific is plaintiff, and he was surprised to discover how few can be deeded to the company. Pending the construction of the St. Vincent branch, the people of Fergus Falls are looking forward to the outlet which the "narrow gauge" will afford, and which will, now that the Brainerd extension is completed, afford comparatively direct communication with the cities. If Mr. Wright demonstrates the advantages and feasibility of the narrow gauge in fact as ably as he has many times upon paper, he will have done the state good service. He has large interests in this section and while he by no means comprises all of the enterprise of Fergus Falls, he has a generous part in it.

J. N. N.

THE REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE.

Henry W. Longfellow, in Youth's Companion.

In that desolate land and lone,
Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone
Roar down their mountain path,
By their fires the Sioux Chiefs
Muttered their woes and griefs
And the menace of their wrath.

"Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face,
"Revenge upon all the race
Of the White Chief with yellow hair!
And the mountains dark and high
From their crags re-echoed the cry
Of his anger and despair.

In the meadow, spreading wide
By woodland and river side
The Indian village stood.
All was silent as a dream
Save the rushing of the stream
And the blue-jay in the wood.

In his war-paint and his beads,
Like a bison among the reeds,
In ambush the Sitting Bull
Lay with three thousand braves
Crouched in the clefts and caves,
Savage, unmerciful!

Into the fatal snare
The White Chief with yellow hair
And his three hundred men
Dashed headlong, sword in hand;
But of that gallant band
Not one returned again.

The sudden darkness of death
Overwhelmed them, like the breath
And smoke of a furnace fire;
By the river's bank, and between
The rocks of the ravine,
They lay in their bloody attire.

But the foeman fled in the night,
And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight,
Uplifted high in air
As a ghastly trophy, bore
The brave heart that beat no more,
Of the White Chief with yellow hair.

Whose was the right and the wrong?
Sing it, O funeral song,
With a voice that is full of tears,
And say that our broken faith
Wrought all this ruin and scathe,
In the Year of a Hundred Years!