

Return I. Holcombe Papers.

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August 20, 2018

amongst the bracken, ferns and heather. If Durham had one—and it most probably had—it has disappeared, as that at York has done.

Among minor curiosities may be numbered the tongs kept in some old country churches for the purpose of pulling dogs out of the hiding-places in which they wished to ensconce themselves, that they might be near their masters. There is a pair of oak extending tongs, with nails in the claws, in the little church at Gyllylliog, in Denbighshire. And finger-stocks may still be met with.

Most churches have their ancient carved or elaborately iron-bound oak chests for the custody of the parish books and registers, but few can boast the preservation of the large, flat semicircular receptacles for ancient vestments known as cope-chests. In this particular, Wells Cathedral is fortunate, for out of every one's way, quietly reposing upon the reputation of its usefulness in the old times when religious observances and ceremonials were a part of everybody's daily occupations, and esteemed, too, for the beauty of the iron scrollwork with which the hinges are strengthened and beautified, it is a fine example.

In a secluded spot in Westminster Abbey, in careful keeping, are preserved some of the effigies of kings and queens that, according to old custom, formed part of the pageantry of their state funerals. Some of the very oldest, perhaps of Plantagenet times, are stripped of their robes; but some others that are not much more than two hundred years old are still invested with the antique clothing with which they were made to represent the forms of the royal dead to their sorrowing lieges. As a realization of history, teeming as English ancient churches are with testimony, these relics must be regarded with surpassing interest. They are memorials of seasons in which the land was stricken with a great awe, and no man knew what the day might bring forth.

THE READY-MADE MAN.

BY MARION HARLAND.

WE could no more do without him than the theater could be run without the "supe."

"What kind of work have you been at lately?" asked a householder, impatiently, of a man who applied for "something to do to keep him from starving." "You have never taken care of a furnace, know nothing of stable-work, or gardening, and have no trade. What upon earth can you do? how have you lived?"

The fellow had a round, foolish face, and dropped his jaw when he answered, turning his napless hat with fumbling fingers.

"I've been 'on' at the —— Theater for nigh 'pon three years. Before that, I was 'on' in the —— —— Theater in Philadelphia."

"The theater! What possible use could they have for *you* there?"

"I used to come in at the back, dressed up, you know. Sometimes 'twas soldiers, an' we marched 'round; sometimes we was dressed ragged and hollered real loud; one time we rushed in with big clubs, and said: 'We *will* burn the house!' Most times, we jes' stood still—for the looks of it, you know. We got twenty-five cents a night, no matter what we did."

The Society Supe and the Ready-made Man are one and the same. *He* is never "dressed ragged," but his clothes are the only custom-made things about him. To say that he sets the fashions in morning, afternoon and evening costumes would imply a tincture of originality incongruous and impossible; but he is slavishly well-dressed always. You wonder how it happens, until you reflect that the stage-manager in this case is his tailor who does this part of the Ready-made Man's thinking for him. If he seem to wear his "blazer," or tennis suit, or evening "claw-hammer" *avec intention*, be assured it is but "standing at the back, for the looks of it, you know."

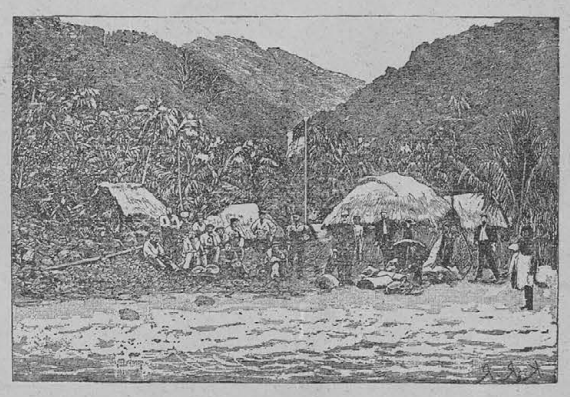
I ran over him at "The Hygeia" last spring. His breakfast "get-up" was inimitable; so was his lounge along the corridors, down which everybody else was hastening to dining-room or boat. So was his anglicized drawl. "I sent up a dozen superb 'Jacks' to her room with my card," he was saying to his chum. The creature always runs (or lounges) in pairs. "I thought that was the thing, you know, as she leaves this morning."

His whole soul is just now devoted to doing "the thing" at Long Branch, Mount Desert and Saratoga. He dances neatly; makes the same cut-and-dried comments upon the weather, the season and the occasion to each partner; smokes and refrains from smoking at appointed times; plays a mechanical game of tennis and billiards; and, when put upon what little mettle he has to be gallant or entertaining, does the "We *will* burn the house" act with careful emphasis and discretion.

Unless wealthy, our Ready-made Man is apt to remain a bachelor until he resembles a jointed and wound-up lignumvitæ mannikin. He is quite as often poor as rich; oftener than not a bank clerk or book-keeper off the society stage. The only fervent aspiration of which he is capable is the wish that we had a leisure class in America, and that he belonged to it. At forty-five he will still be a clerk in the bank, or a book-keeper upon a stationary salary. Sixty-five will bring no change, except that the "ready-made" stamp will be more pronounced, and his stand in a shadier corner of the background when the curtain is up.

As a married man, our subject's chances of marching and "hollering real loud" are exceedingly restricted. Even a silly woman soon fathoms his shallowness, and discovers the non-elastic nature of his mind. It must be good material which does not shrink in the matrimonial laundry. He who owes vivacity to youth and the consciousness of good looks, becomes what the society girl calls "a stick" within a few years after marriage. The Ready-made Man wears rusty at the seams and "gives" at the joints. The conventional briskness that helped pass him off in a crowd of actors and other supes when life was newer, yields before time and the wear-and-tear of every-day existence. He was only put into the world to fill up a crack, and another bit of putty will do as well when he has dried up into uselessness.

I saw a woman, a while ago—bright, tactful and ambitious—trying to galvanize her putty man into sprightliness. She stirred him with twenty different patterns of spoons; she fondled, praised and quoted him. He would not dance to her piping. As the boys have it, "he was not built that way." She is not the first of her sex who has discovered that marriage does not work a miracle, and that love is not inspiration. Our Ready-made Man is a society necessity, and to do the class justice, the supply is always equal to the demand. It is when he forgets that he is "on" at twenty-five cents a night, and struts too near the foot-lights, that he become a by-word and a hissing.



A PEEP AT SAMOA.

BY MERVYN YARDLEY.

ONLY a peep, nothing more. The mail steamer from Sydney—the only one flying the stars and stripes in the South Pacific—has been out a week from Auckland, the old capital of New Zealand, her last port of call. She has only once sighted land—namely, Sunday Island, in the Kermadec group, which she passed close enough to discern the blood-red cliffs and bright green valleys of that beautiful spot, inhabited by a single European family. The rest of the time has been one unbroken monotony of mild northwesterly breezes and almost unruffled sea, with nothing to attract attention save flocks of flying fish skirring over the surface of the water in their eagerness to escape from the voracious bonito. The crowded passengers have got thoroughly sick of one another, and of the dull round of eating and drinking, flirting, playing cards and sleeping.

Suddenly, one morning, everybody looks bright and lively, and displays an unusual inclination to be civil to everybody else. Even the gruff old captain has half a smile on his face, while the Irish purser is all politeness and small talk. We are expected to sight Samoa by midday, and to be there before sundown. Everybody who has glasses on board gets them out, and we all spend the day gazing on the horizon ahead of the ship, and speculating on what we are going to see.

Twenty times we have been deceived by clouds, airy nothings, rising afar off, assuming all sorts of fantastic shapes, and then vanishing as they came. At length, towards one o'clock, the chief officer, who has been standing in the bows with a powerful glass, joins the captain in the pilot-house and reports land in sight. The captain sees it too; the purser sees it; we all see it. We wonder why we did not see it before.

It looks like a mound of violet or opal, standing up in the sunshine above the sharply defined line of the horizon. In an hour we can make out hills and valleys, and in two hours we can see what we take to be ships sailing along the shore, and reefs of rocks, and white cliffs, all looking very strange and uncertain.

Well may they look so, for they are merely the effect of mirage. As we approach the land, everything straightens out and becomes quite plain. There is a large and lovely island, a veritable fairyland resting on a crystalline sea. The ships, as we thought them, are snow-white buildings, the largest having a high tower or steeple and being, in fact, the Roman Catholic Cathedral. The white cliffs are now seen to be coral beaches and the brown rocks are native villages. Flocks of sea-birds are wheeling and fluttering about the tiny islets between us and the land. The lower levels are covered with cocoanut palms, and the softly rounded hills at the back are densely covered with rich vegetation. As we shoot past a rocky point, we come in view of an exquisite little bay, with a smartly rigged schooner lying at the head of it, flying the great red, white and black ensign of Germany from her mainmast head. She dips it three times as we come in sight and we return the compliment. We are in the so-called harbor of Tutuilla—facetiously pronounced Titwillow by the lady passengers—which is little better than an open roadstead, slightly sheltered from southerly gales by the rocky point aforesaid.

The bay is shallow and the anchorage not good. The mail steamer merely shuts off steam a good way from the shore and remains motionless on the glassy water.

See! there is a large boat putting off from the beach, full of men in red shirts. How strangely they are rowing! Yet they get along very quickly. The large boat is followed by a number of other men in red shirts, who seem to be sitting in the water. What can it all mean? The red shirts are shirts of Nature's own making and dyeing. They are warranted to last a lifetime, and the color will wash. They are the red skins of the Samoan Islanders. The large boat is paddled by a dozen or more young men and women, while those who seemed to be sitting in the water are really in little catamarans—narrow troughs just big enough to hold a man, kept upright by a log of wood outrigged on one side, and impelled by the swift strokes of a paddle first on one side and then on the other. Both men and women are naked to the hips, and are tatooed round the waist in an elaborate pattern that looks like dark-blue lace and contrasts very effectively with the brick-red color of the skin. They all have exquisite figures, handsome, straight features, and a frank, good-natured expression. Some of the younger women are charmingly pretty. All have a fillet of green cocoanut leaf confining the bushy black hair above the brows, and the women have masses of hair flowing from beneath this fillet and descending below their middle. Their sole costume consists of a short petticoat or kilt of native cloth, fitting close to their limbs and hardly reaching to the knees. In a few minutes they are swarming round the steamer, holding up cocoanuts, baskets of fruits, palm-leaf fans, weapons and curiosities, for sale. They are not allowed to come on board, being expert and incorrigible pilferers, but trade is carried on by means of strings and baskets. They are intensely eager to deal and give very good value for money.

A trifling incident causes a complete change of scene. A passenger throwing down a quarter in payment for some fruit, misses the boat and the coin falls in the water. Instantly the native leaps over the side, dives like a fish and comes up with the glittering piece of silver in his mouth. This produces a shower of quarters, dimes and sixpences, and in a couple of seconds the boat and the dugouts are abandoned and all the natives—men, women and children—are swimming about under the water, and diving so deep as to go quite out of sight, in pursuit of the coins. Not a cent is lost, notwithstanding that some of the passengers throw the coins far away, on purpose to test the natives' swimming powers. Some of them dive under the mail steamer and come up the other side. They seem to be just as much at home in the water as they are out of it. They are, indeed, as nearly amphibious as human beings can be.

The sound of the steam whistle sends them all scuttling off, paddling for dear life, waving their hands and bidding us farewell in soft, melodious accents. The universal verdict is that they are the handsomest and most attractive people we have ever seen.

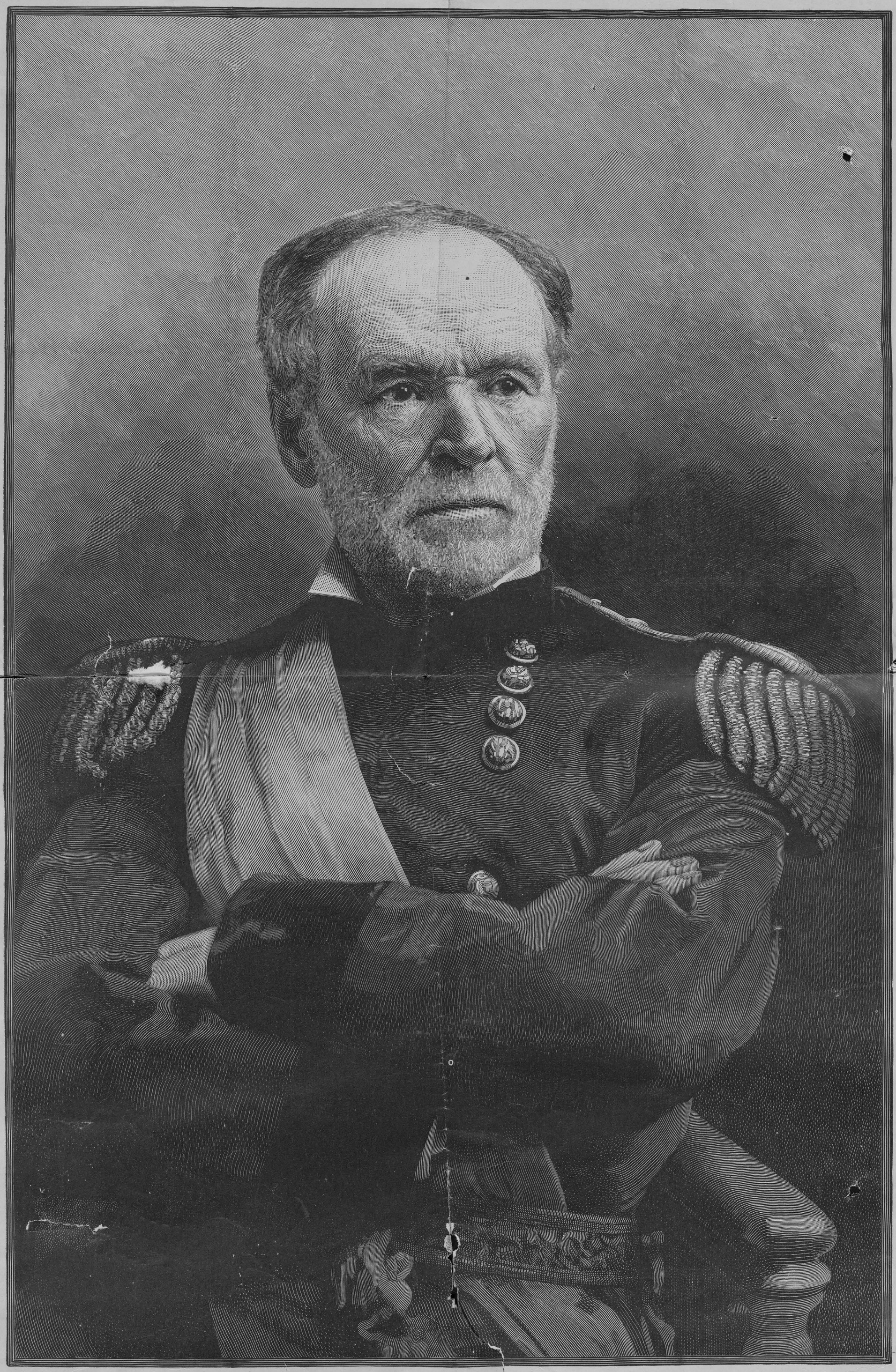
The mail boat is soon off the northern point of the island of Tutuilla, and in five or six hours is standing into the harbor of Apia, the chief port and settlement of the group. It is a small harbor, and not too well sheltered, but it affords good moorings close in shore, and is perfectly safe in ordinary weather. The most conspicuous object we notice are the wrecks of the American and German men-of-war which were destroyed by the terrible cyclone some months before our visit. The only vessel in port is the *Royalist*, a magnificent British corvette, the very perfection of smartness and strength combined. The huge red-cross ensign of St. George falls slowly to her very deck and actually sweeps the water, in response to our salute. In half an hour we are ashore, wild with excitement and utterly bewildered by the beauty and novelty of all around us. The brightness of the colors, the blueness of the sea and sky, the whiteness of the coral, the greenness of the trees, the gorgeous splendor of the flowers, the limpid softness of the tropical air, render any attempt at description perfectly futile. It is simply paradise.

The town of Apia consists of a single street of white stores and offices irregularly disposed along the beach, with numbers of picturesque villas and bungalows almost buried in trees, at the back, and groups of native houses, built of cocoanut leaves, all around. There are about 600 people in the town, which practically contains the whole European population of the group, the natives of all the islands numbering about 50,000. Many of the European houses are surrounded by exquisite gardens and plantations, the orange trees growing to a great size and almost breaking down with golden fruit. The air is laden with the perfume of tropical flowers, and all is beauty and fragrancy and sweetness and light. Everybody, Europeans and natives alike, seem bent on showing us the utmost kindness, in a languid, easy-going, leisurely way. We are in a veritable land of lotus-eaters, and it is impossible to imagine that such people could ever summon up enough energy to fight or do anything else disagreeable.

But our time is only too short. Having landed our mail and taken another on board, and had three or four hours to wander through the town and suburbs, we are forced most unwillingly to depart. We carry off innumerable oranges, bananas, pineapples, mangoes, cocoanuts and flowers, and we leave our hearts behind us, distributed in little pieces amongst about a score of red-skinned maidens with pure white teeth and great pathetic eyes like black current jelly.

MEN are governed by all sorts of motives, from the lowest and most selfish to the highest and purest. We advise and admonish, warn and expostulute, solicit and entreat, without producing any effect, because we present only inoperative motives. In all other matters we study cause and effect; but in dealing with human nature we strive to produce results from inadequate causes. The wise reformer or philanthropist will appeal to the best motive which can obtain a response; but he will not waste his time and powers by urging those that are utterly inoperative.

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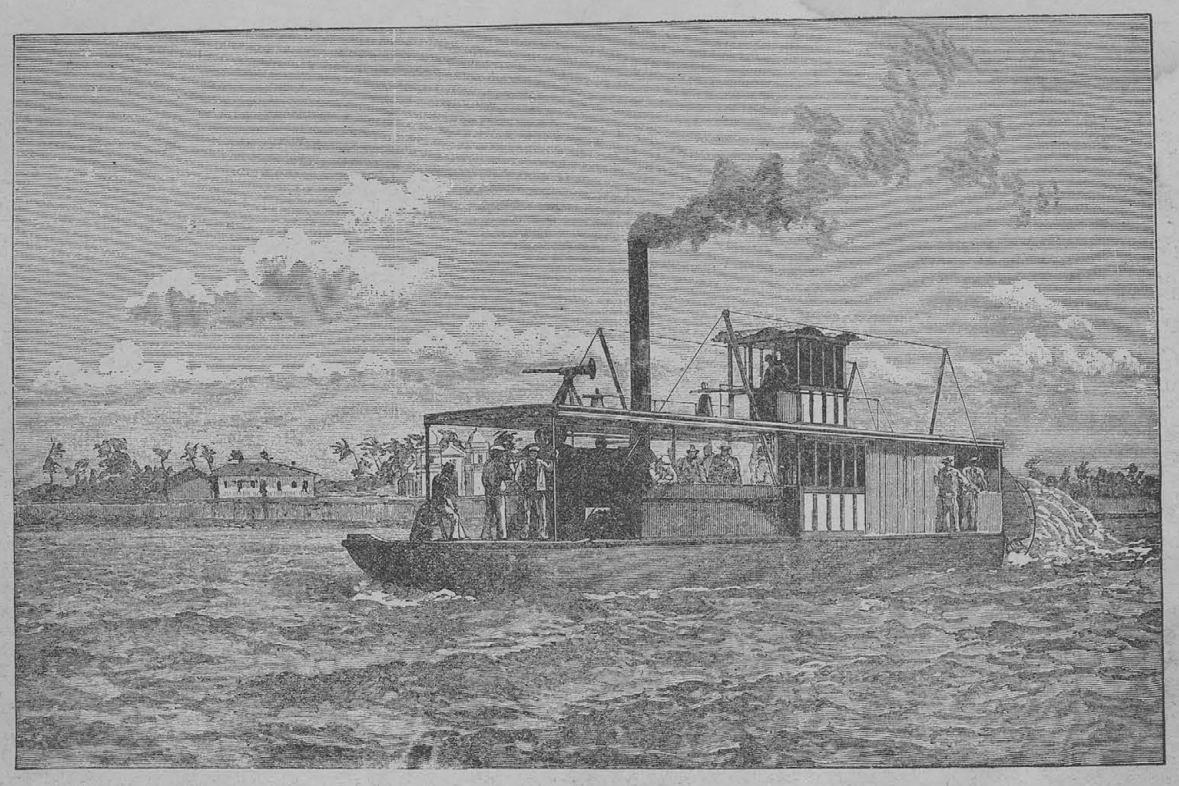


GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—(See Editorial.)

THE DELAGOA BAY MISUNDERSTANDING—THE PORTUGUESE GUN-BOAT ON THE ZAMBESI.

The Portuguese gun-boat on the Zambesi, shown in our illustration, is one of those specially constructed for that Government. They are stern-wheelers, drawing only twelve inches of water, and carry machine guns, with which they took part, on the Shiré, in Major Serpa Pinto's conflict with the *Makololo*. His troops were formed of Zulus from Inhlambame, lower down the coast.



THE PORTUGUESE GUN-BOAT ON THE ZAMBESI.

THE SPANISH SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT EL PERAL.

The submarine torpedo-boat *El Peral*, which has been attracting much notice in Spain, is the invention of Lieutenant Peral, of the Spanish Navy, and Professor of Physical Science in the Marine Academy. He is a native of Seville, and thirty-six years of age.

Some five years ago Lieutenant Peral conceived the idea of constructing a submarine vessel, and set to work upon plans for the same with the greatest secrecy, for fear of his invention being anticipated. When, however, difficulties arose between Spain and Germany over the Caroline Islands, Lieutenant Peral deemed it right to disclose his plans to the Minister of Marine, and the inventor was immediately summoned to Madrid, where a commission of experts was appointed to consider the plans. These being approved by high naval authorities, the keel of the *Peral* was laid in the arsenal of La Carraca, October 23, 1887, but the boat was not launched till September 8, 1888.

As may be seen from our illustration, the vessel is cigar-shaped; she measures seventy-four feet from stem to stern, the breadth being nine and one-quarter feet. She is driven by twin screws, the motive force being supplied by electrical storage batteries, and is fitted with complete torpedo gear. The internal arrangements and machinery are kept a profound secret, the mode of working of the vessel being known to only a few persons.

The boat is steered from a conning-tower in the middle, whence the captain obtains an all-round view by means of a set of reflecting mirrors. In addition to the former, four other hands are required for managing the vessel, but she has accommodation for fifty men in case of need. The depth inside just enables a man to stand upright in her.

The boat was first tested in the docks of La Carraca, as shown in two of our illustrations, and other trials have been made in Cadiz Bay with equal success. On the first occasion, the boat remained under water three-quarters of an hour, steaming at the rate of about six knots, but the inventor maintains that double the speed may be obtained. It may be mentioned that so confident is Señor Peral of the safety of his vessel that on the next occasion his wife and three other young ladies will accompany him on the [illegible]

There will be performed a series of torpedo attacks upon an old hulk moored in the bay. This will be the most serious test of the boat; for the great drawback, as with every other submarine vessel yet invented, is the impossibility of seeing very far under water, so as to find the object which the vessel is in search of. It may be borne in mind that the Nordenfelt submarine boat some years ago went far to solve the problem of submarine navigation, but even this engine of war has not, as predicted, revolutionized naval warfare. It is a significant circumstance that, although Russia, France, Turkey, Spain and other nations possess these boats, the British naval authorities are far from considering them dangerous, and have, in fact, decided not to adopt them for defence in their present doubtful state of development.

Lieutenant Peral's plan is to girdle the coast of Spain with thousands of these vessels, rendering it invulnerable to attack, at an outlay, he maintains, of only half that expended upon a single first-class armor-clad.



THE FAMOUS TENOR, GAYARRÉ.

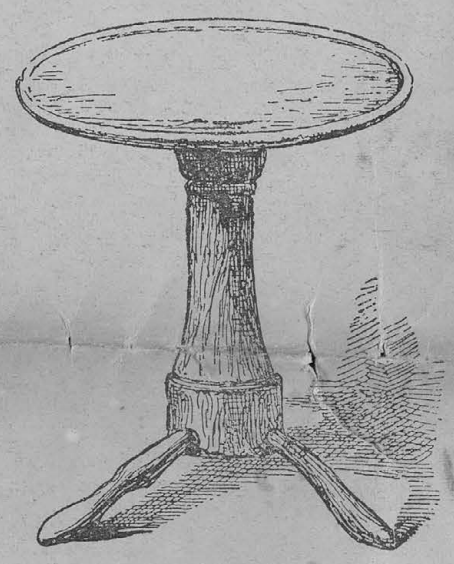
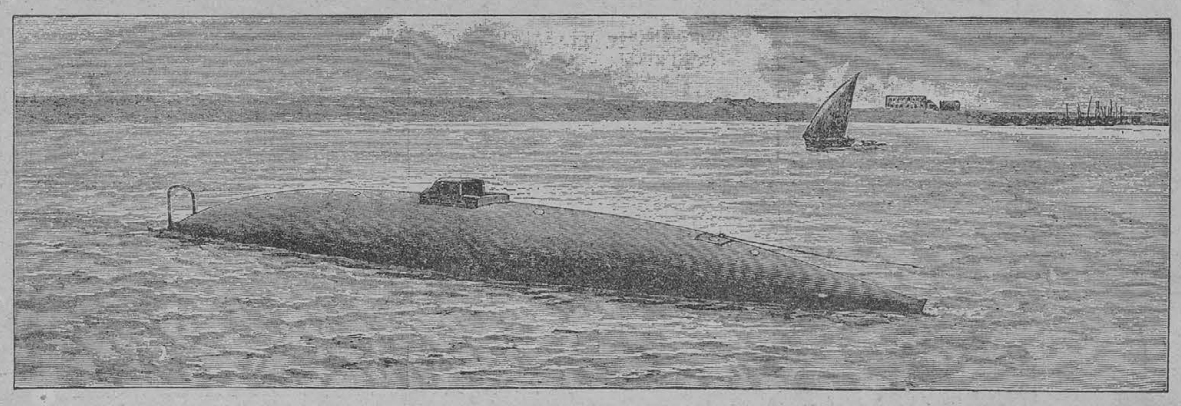


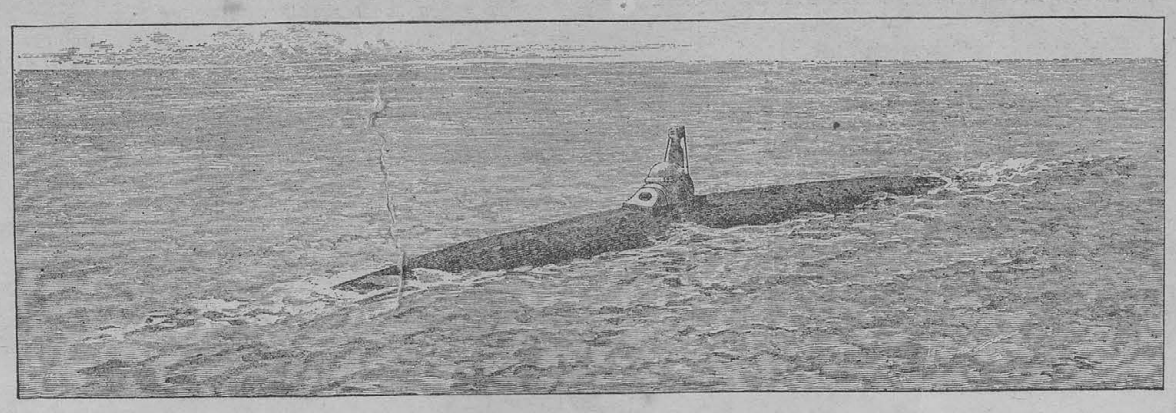
TABLE RECENTLY FOUND AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON—BELONGING TO SHAKESPEARE.

THE FAMOUS TENOR, GAYARRÉ.

Gayarré, whose delicious tenor voice has charmed hundreds of thousands, has died of the grippe, in Madrid, at the early age of forty years. The son of a simple farmer in Navarre, he worked for a little while in an oil factory, but the attraction of the footlights proved irresistible, and he repaired to Madrid to study music, fortified by a purse contributed by the municipality of Papeluna. He entered the chorus of a comic opera company, and, repairing to Milan, after conscientious study, made his *début* at La Scola, and proved a colossal success. The remainder of his brief career was a series of triumphs. His death was an event. His funeral was simply regal. The coffin, gorgeously decorated, was placed upon a magnificent carriage of the Louis XV. design, attached to eight coal-black horses, led by grooms in mediæval costume.



THE PERAL AFTER SHE WAS LAUNCHED.



THE PERAL SINKING.

So much of the enjoyment of life lies in easy, careless conversation that it would be absurd to wish that men should never give utterance to an idea without consideration. Moralists must not ask too much from mankind, or they will get nothing at all. In our moments of relaxation, after having acted a serious part for several hours, and spoken only in guarded and chosen terms, nothing can be more delightful than to give way to a gush of heedless prattle with the friends around us, flying from one idea to another, like the bee from flower to flower, lightly touching this, carelessly pressing that, here a little satire, there a little pathos, sometimes a witticism, and, over all, the light laugh that speaks the mind at ease with itself. Who would wish to see a precise, pedantic exactness introduced into converse such as this?

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The Fourth of July Under Difficulties.

From the Youth's Companion.

The people of the United States took to the Fourth of July very naturally. The first anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1777, was celebrated at Philadelphia as gaily as prettily and as enthusiastically, as though the inhabitants had had a century's practice in the art.

In the morning, all the ships, the market-barges and the armed galleys were drawn up in a line before the city, with their flags and streamers flying. At one o'clock, the shore being lined with eager spectators, the yards were manned, and each vessel in turn fired a salute of thirteen guns.

When the last salute was over, Congress, with a number of officers civil and military, dined together, and drank the usual patriotic toasts, each toast being followed by a discharge of artillery. And who furnished the music for the feast? Why, a band of Hessian prisoners, who had been captured a few months before at Trenton! Their music was much admired.

After dinner, there was a military parade consisting of companies of horse, a body of artillery, and a brigade of regular troops from North Carolina, which was witnessed by Congress and their guests from the banquet, besides nearly the whole population of the town. As night drew on the church bells were rung. As soon as it was quite dark, there was an exhibition of fire-works, and a general illumination. The young and old appeared to enjoy the occasion thoroughly from early morning until late in the evening.

Before the next Fourth of July came around, the people of Philadelphia were called upon to endure some of the severest experiences of war, as well as its panic terrors. Their troubles began when the British general, Howe, instead of going up the Hudson to help Burgoyne, suddenly, to General Washington's great surprise, turned southward, landed his army at the head of Chesapeake Bay, and began to manœuvre and fight his way toward Philadelphia.

The alarm in the city increased daily, as the British seemed to be getting nearer. The battle of Brandywine, which soon decided the question, was fought so near Philadelphia that the people heard the firing of the great guns. It was a long day of gloom and anxiety. Toward evening, a horseman galloped down Chestnut Street, bringing the dread news that General Washington had been defeated, that Lafayette was wounded, and that a great number of Americans had been left dead upon the field. Fugitives from the battle soon arrived, exaggerating the ill news and filling the city with consternation.

During the next few days, the panic and confusion were indescribable. Every man who had been at all conspicuous or outspoken on the side of Congress felt it necessary to get away from the city, with his family and effects. Congress packed up its papers and hurried away into the interior. Nothing less was expected than the sack and plunder of the capital of the rebellion confederacy, and many of the people feared a general massacre and conflagration.

We have the written evidence, in the diaries and letters of the period, that educated and intelligent people really believed that, when the British arrived, there would be universal pillage by the soldiers, during which the patriot party would set the city on fire. It was whispered about that fagots and other combustibles were already prepared, and concealed in cellars and outhouses, in various parts of the city.

The alarm was such that about six thousand persons fled from the place during the two weeks following the battle of Brandywine. Happy was the man who possessed any kind of horse or vehicle, and blest the family who could claim relationship with the occupants of a farm house on the safe side of the Schuylkill River! There was never seen such a fleet of summer boarders. In Philadelphia there were nearly a thousands houses and stores unoccupied.

At last the enemy so dreaded by the people actually arrived. What a surprise! Many boys ran two miles out of town to see them, just as the would to enjoy the sight of a coming circus. In after years, one of the boys of Philadelphia, then ten years of age, wrote down his recollections of this thrilling event. First, he says, marched the British Grenadiers, with Lord Cornwallis at their head. "Their tranquil look and dignified appearance have left an impression on my mind that the British Grenadiers were inimitable. I went up to the front rank of the Grenadiers when they entered Second Street. Several of them addressed me thus: 'How do you do, young one?' 'How are you, my boy?' in a brotherly tone that seems still to vibrate upon my ears. Then they reached out their hands and severally caught mine, and shook it, not with an exulting shake of conquerors, as I thought, but with a sympathizing one for the vanquished."

Next to the Grenadiers marched the detested Hessians, whose captive brethren had played so nicely at the Congress banquet on the Fourth of July. Their very appearance terrified the boy. Their brass caps, their fierce moustaches, their sour and and sallow countenances, and even the music of their band, combined to give him the impression, as he remarks, of plunder, plunder, plunder! The big drum sounded plunder. "To me" he wrote, "it was dreadful beyond expression."

A distinguished lady, who also saw the British enter the city, was deeply impressed with "the contrast between them and our own poor, bare-footed and ragged troops." But she saw no exultation in the demeanor of the enemy. Soon Lord Cornwallis arrived, and took possession of her mother's house, with all his staff, besides numerous soldiers carrying his baggage. On her remonstrance, however, Cornwallis said to her, with the utmost politeness, that he was sorry to give her much trouble, and would endeavor to have other quarters found for him; which he did that very afternoon, and moved away.

The English troops throughout their stay continued to behave well. There was no massacre, no plunder, no conflagration. Provisions, it is true, became scarce and dear, for General Washington hemmed in the British so closely that it required a party of two thousand men to get a few loads of hay and oats from the country four or five miles out of town. But there was a good deal of profitable business done in the city, created by the needs of twenty thousand soldiers and camp followers. Traders from New York came in, bringing tea, silks, spices and other foreign luxuries.

When it began to be rumored abroad, in June, 1778, that the British were about to abandon the city the Tory merchants were thrown into another panic, and offered to raise three thousand troops, if General Howe would leave two thousand of the king's soldiers to assist them in guarding the city. Howe could not grant this request, and he was in a great hurry to be off. General Washington at Valley Forge, twenty-one miles away, was stronger than ever, and a great French fleet and army were approaching the coast.

"The British troops," as a Philadelphian wrote at the time, "did not go away, they vanished." A Philadelphia lady wrote in her journal, June 18, 1778: "Last night, it was said, there were nine thousand of ye British troops left town; e'even thousand in ye Jerseys. This morning when we arose, there was not one red coat to seen."

Before the rear guard of the British had been gone fifteen minutes, a squad of American light horsemen cantered into the town. The instant General Washington heard the news, he set six brigades in motion, and, in ten days he came up with the enemy at Monmouth in New Jersey, and gave them a severe blow.

This was on June 28th, six days before the Fourth of July, 1778. It must be owned that the city of Philadelphia was not in good trim for a celebration. It looked very dirty, shabby and desolate, and there has been a pretty general destruction of property in the outskirts. People were coming in from the country, hundreds of them every day, to find there houses half-spoiled, and their furniture gone.

Nevertheless, the Glorious Fourth was not forgotten. There were salutes of artillery, and in the evening a respectable discharge of sky-rockets. There would have been an illumination also, if the stock of candles had been adequate. Some of the boys and young men, by way of ridiculing the towering head-dresses then in fashion, dressed up one of their number in an enormously high head-deess, and paraded him about the streets with fife and drum. The few members of Congress who had arrived assembled at the City Tavern, and enjoyed the usual Fourth of July banquet.

Gradually the town recovered its former pleasant aspect, and before long the circulation of French money gave its business an impetus it had never before known. Old Doctor Franklin at Paris was astounded and alarmed at the number of orders that came from Philadelphia—and some from his own daughter—for satins, silks, laces, fine jewelry and watches.

JAMES PARTON.

To Consumptives.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all throat and lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his Remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address. REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, Williamsburg, Kings County, New York.

As Postmaster Sheets, of LeMars, returned from his supper he saw a man jumping from the back window of his office. He gave chase and captured the thief, as he proved to be, who gave his name as Kelley. A confederate who was near was also captured. Both were held to the district court. They had stolen some stamps and cigars.

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THE LAST OF EARTH

The Remains of Judge McCrary at Rest in Oakland Cemetery.

Funeral Services at the Unitarian Church—Eloquent Tributes to a Great Man.

Gate City of the 25th.

All that is mortal of the late Hon. George W. McCrary lies at rest in Oakland cemetery. Yesterday, a large concourse of citizens paid to him the last sad tribute of respect and honor and love, and the curtain was rung down on the last scene in a life that has stamped itself indelibly upon the present generation.

The remains arrived on the 3:30 o'clock St. L. K., & N. W. train, yesterday morning, and were accompanied by the family of the deceased, the pastor, Rev. J. E. Roberts, a commitee of the Kansas City bar composed of Hon. James Hagerman, Frank Hagerman, J. M. Gelatt, Geo. H. F. Devol, H. C. Ward and Hon J. W. Jenkins.

The remains were taken to the Unitarian church, where the services were held. The massive casket rested amid a wealth of beautiful floral decorations in font of the altar. For an hour before the time of holding the services, friends of the distinguished man and his bereaved family poured into the church and at 10 o'clock every seat was taken. A few minutes later the funeral party arrived and were assigned to the seats reserved for them.

Rev. Hassall delivered the funeral sermon, which was brief, eloquent and full of merited tribute to the dead. He referred to Judge McCrary's long residence and intimate association in Keokuk, and said that the deceased belonged to Kiokuk and to the state of Iowa, and it was fitting that he should be laid at rest in this city. Rev. Hassell said that he had known Judge McCrary and knew him but to respect, honor and love him. We feel proud of the fact that his life has been so intimately associated with our city. The speaker paid a glowing tribute to the noble impulses which promoted his every deed. He said that Judge McCrary heard one voice before all others and that was the voice of duty. To his conscience was the sublimest and most lofty thing in the universe, and his every act was done in accordance with the dictates of his conscience. He was an American to the very core of his nature, a typical citizen of this greatest civilization. Americanism mean a great deal to him. It meant justice and goodness, and freedom of speech, thought and action. He was an earnest and devoted Unitarian, but in spirit he belonged to every church in the world. Deep down in his nature he had a profound and abiding reverence for God, Christ and religion. In the religion of every sect and creed, he saw the soul's recognition of duty. His religion was carried into all his relations in life. The future life to him was not a grand mystery, a leap into the dark. He believed that his soul would live on in that brighter world. The death was but the beginning of a larger, nobler and happier life. Rev. Hassall expressed the belief that as the soul lives and clings to those who are left behind, his spirit was present; that the soul was not away up among the angels but was witnessing the sorrow of his family and friends. The speaker closed by imploring the blessing of God to rest upon and sustain the afflicted ones.

I Would Not Live Alway, was sung by the choir, and then Hon. Samuel F. Miller addressed the sorrowing ones. Judge Miller stated that few persons had known the deceased longer than he, and no one knew him better. He then said: "The heart may be so full that the tongue is tied and palsied. Such may be my case to-day. Judge McCrary came to Keokuk a lad of twenty years or under and became a student in my office. He was admitted to the bar on my motion. When I had the honor to be promoted to the supreme bench, Judge McCrary was selected to fill my place in the office of our firm. There he worked many years, and from the position, as he did many others, with an integrity and fidelity that warranted all the trust that had been placed in him. Soon he became a public servant and his progress was rapid and varied."

The speaker referred to the various politicial positions held by the deceased, and said that in all it had been his fortune, now his pride, to have done something in securing the promotions. He continued: "Our families have always been intimately associated together, and now the heart bleeds for the bereaved wife and family. May God pity and bless you. Judge McCrary's character was of profound texture, of prodigious strength. In all his public life he was beneath no one, he was the equal of everyone. He filled every position with honor to himself and credit to his country. He did well. His race is ended and was well run. He has gone to that reward which he has so richly earned. I do not know whether there is position in heaven, but if honesty, integrity, purity of character and a sincere purpose is of any avail, George W. McCrary will be assisted to an exalted place in that better world."

Hon. S. M. Clark followed with a discourse upon Judge McCrary as he had known him. Mr. Clark said:

When St. Paulinus and his missionaries appeared at the court of the Anglo-Saxon King Edwin there was debate if the Christians should be heard. And one of the oldest of the King's Earl said: So seems the life of man, O King, as a sparrow's flight through the hall. When a man is sitting at meat in winter-tide with the warm fire lighted on the hearth but the chill rain-storm without, the sparrow flies in an out door and tarries for a moment in the light and heat of the hearth-fire and then flying forth from the other vanishes into the wintry darkness whence it came. So tarries for a moment the life of man in our sight, but what is before it, what after it we know not. If this new teaching tell us aught certainly of these let us follow it."

The better experience, the eager longing, of this hour are as old as the race.

A year ago Judge McCrary spoke to this people at Oakland cemetery as the orator and statesman. He went about among you with the hearty greetings of neighbor and friend.

Now he hes there and his ears are deaf to him who was his teacher and his lips are mute to me who was his pupil.

His arms folded so calmly on his breast will never be lifted in love to wife and children again.

Faith may speak to the intellect. Hope may say somewhat assuring to the understanding. But the heart—the heart—it can only weep like Rachel for its lost treasures and will not be comforted because they are not.

One solace is left to the living, it is to speak of the worth of what is lost. The political economy of death makes values higher than any known to the laws of trade.

Emerson said that several persons are wrapped up in each individual. Judge McCrary may or may not have had this manifoldness of heredity but he was multiplied by positions and opportunities. Charles the Fifth said: As many languages as a man can speak so many times is he a man. But it is truer to say as many vocations, positions, opportunities and great experiences as a man has so many times is he a man. Judge McCrary was himself as man and citizen, and then as lawyer, and then as state and national law maker and statesman, and then as judge. Garfield said there was one man he was especially anxious to stand well with and that was James A. Garfield. Men are often quite different men according to place. There are men who are dishonest as lawyers and yet upright if they become judges; good as individuals yet knavish as politicians, so the same person can scarce recognize himself in the two different places. And there are Sunday school superintendents who should simply refuse to speak to themselves Monday morning, when they have gone down town to begin business. But Judge McCrary never did that in his life that did not leave him stand well with himself. The lawyer McCrary and the judge McCrary and the politician McCrary and the lawgiver McCrary, never had a secret of his own that he could't look the man McCrary in the face and tell it with clear honest eyes. He made righteousness the law of his life.

I speak with knowledge of Judge McCrary for thirty-one years. I was not only his pupil for many were that. It chanced to me to have an intimate and confidential relation to nearly all his public life. I knew his political life from the inside.

Wendell Phillips in order to whip Rufus Choate with the lash of his scorn, paid eloquent tribute to the Roman lawyer Popinian, who went to death rather than obey his emperor and make a false plea.

George W. McCrary took to the law as lofty a devotion to principle.

I knew him as politician and you did. I recall that when once Governor Cumback, of Indiana, paiated to a Keokuk audience the politician as rather a dark person, another speaker, contesting the point, had pointed to George W. McCrary, then sitting upon the platform, as a politician without reproach. And the ringing cheers into which the great audience broke, was a witness and a tribute, that you, his fellow citizens, knew that he was a knightly Bayard of politics, and that the experiences and temptations of politics but brightened the shield of his manly integrity and honor.

But to this audience made up of gray headed men and women who have known Judge McCrary and Mrs. McCrary since they came here in their youth, his distinction in statesmanship will be not so much in your thought as that he was your neighbor and your friend. That no monument that can be erected over his grave will match the purity, nobility and greatness of his character. And that you bury him in tears and love.

At the conclusion of Mr. Clark's address, the choir sang "Nearer My God to Thee," and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Hassall. Then the congregation was permitted to view the remains, after which they were viewed privately by the family, and then taken to Oakland cemetery. The funeral cortege was lengthy and presented a stately, solemn appearance as it passed through the streets. At the grave the services were brief, and the grief of the stricken ones, as the loved form was lowered to its final resting place, was heartrending. The grave is located on a shady hillside in one of the most beautiful spots in lovely Oakland.

Among others in attendance at the funeral were Milton Forrest, of Centerville; Hon. H. H. McCrary and Maj. J. C. McCrary, of Keosauqua; James C. McCrary and daughter, Miss Bertha, of Bentonsport; Miner McCrary, of Vernon and M. H. Cooley, of Farmington.

Ex-President Hayes telegraphed that he would be present at the funeral if possible, but was delayed enroute, and did not reach Keokuk in time for the services. The family returned to Kansas City in their special car, last night.

A Deleware justice of the peace sent a man to jail for sixty days for saying to a shoemaker: "Old man, I will yet live to spit upon your grave!" A lawyer got the man liberated, and the justice paid $300 to settle the case. He said he supposed the Deleware statutes included everything on earth.

W. H. Doane, the hymn writer, is manager of an iron foundery in Cincinnati. He can superintend the making of a big casting and then cast himself into religious frame and then cast off a hymn that will bring him $25.

IOWA REPUBLICANS.

They Meet in Sioux City, Adopt a Platform and Choose State Officers.

The Tariff and the Prohibition Resolutions Shuffling and Evasive.

The Quay Candidate Nominated for Governor in Pennsylvania.

SIOUX CITY, June 25.—The republican state convention was called to order at 11 this morning by Chairman Pray, of the central committee. S. M. Weaver of Iowa Falls, who was elected temporary chairman, made an address at some length, eulogizing the work of the party and predicting success at the next election. Membership of the committee on resolutions was then announced. At the afternoon session the reports of committees were received and adopted. Judge George G. Wright, of Polk, was made permanent chairman; H. L. Byers, of Lucas, secretary, and W. H. Berry, of Warren county, reading clerk. The following state central committee were named:

First district—C. M. Junkin, of Jefferson.
Second—J. W. Kemble, of Muscatine.
Third—C. W. Mullen, of Blackhawk.
Fourth—J. E. Blythe, of Cerro Gordo.
Fifth—Geo. A. Lincoln, of Linn.
Sixth—B. W. Preston, of Mahaska.
Seventh—T. T. Anderson, of Warren
Eight—J. F. Wall, of Ringgold.
Ninth—P. L. Seever, of Guthrie.
Tenth—D. F. Cole, of Humbold.
Eleventh—E. E. Mack, of Buena Vista.

W. M. McFarland, of Emmett county, was nominated for secretary of state on the second ballot, getting 503 votes, to 327 for Byrkit and twenty three for Church.

The platform committee the reported as follows:

Resolved, That we, the republicans of Iowa, in convention assembled, reaffirm our devotion to the principles of the national republican party, and we make no other test of fealty to the republican party of Iowa.

We heartily endorse the able, prudent, and patriotic administration of President Harrison, with special commendation of the movement for closer and better relations, both business and political, among all American governments, and people.

We do specifically state our adherence to the principle of protection to American industry applied wisely, in view of the interest of all conditions of our people, and administered in view of the interests of all our industries. We agree that discriminations may be wisely made, but never in behalf of the strong against the weak, never against the masses. In this spirit we hold all legislation should be had whether it concerns the raising of the revenue, or the disbursement of the same by general government, by state or by sub-division of local government; whether in concerns domestic aggregation, or be in definitions of the limitation upon foreign aggregations.

We are in favor of such expansion of currency as will meet the growing demands of increase in population and trade and offset the contraction resulting from the continual withdrawal of national bank circulation. To this end we favor such legislation as will utilize as money the entire silver products of our mines, and we favor laws that will aid in the ultimate unrestricted use of precious metals as money.

The republican party of this state is in favor of promoting in every fair and honorable way the industrial interests of the people of the state. We believe the business interests of the people are interchangeable and mutual and that injustice toward one class, must sooner or later work to the injury of all classes. Particularly do we believe that the great industry represented by the farm stands at the head of Iowa industries, and that faithful guardianship of that interest is prime obligation upon those who make and administer our laws.

We congratulate the people of this state, irrespective of party relationship, upon the measure of success attained in the contest in this state in behalf of just legal control of railway corporations doing business in this state, and we appeal to the people to see that there be no recession in the just policy of the state in this regard.

We believe efforts to nullify the interstate commerce law should be resisted to the end national protection and state protection may alike be equal to all communities, and among all classes.

The republicans of Iowa offer their sympathy to the producers of the south, who seek now for disenthralment from the industrial bondage of grinding monopolies of states of that section, protected and promoted by all power of the organized democratic party of those states. We believe that in the breaking up of these systems, under which industrial freedom is impossible, and which rob and persecute the poor, lies one great hope of freedom of elections and popular government, social and general prosperity in the southern states. Recognizing the revolt in the south in behalf of liberty and justice, popular government and popular rights, it is a matter of minor concern in what name the battles are fought and won.

We welcome the first growth and spread of the power of republican principles. We cordially approve the purpose of the republicans in congress to so amend and improve the pensions laws as to make further and more generous provisions for the union soldiers, their widows, parents and children, and gladly believe the day is not far distant when a general service pension law should and will be passed.

We express our abhorrence of all trusts and trade conspiracies of every kind intended to destroy competition and create and perpetuate monopolies, and call for the enactment and enforcement of both federal and state two laws to completely exterminate such iniquitous and dangerous combinations and to prevent their further organization.

We declare against compromise with the saloon and stand by the people of this state in their hostility to its existence, spread and power. We favor such legislation on the part of congress as shall protect the police power of the state in their efforts to regulate, confine or prohibit a public bar, and for approval of the work and record of the republican party of this state in this great cause of temperance, involving the public peace and safety of good government, we appeal confidently to the electors of Iowa.

We congratulate the people of Iowa upon the promise of the year, upon the measure of success that has attended the past and upon this confidence and courage with which the state awaits the future.

The platform was adopted. J. A. Lyons was nominated for auditor, receiving 514 votes, to 340 for McCarthy, and 106 for Lyle.

Gen. B. A. Beeson, of Marshalltown, was then nominated for treasurer by acclamation. Judge J. H. Rothrock was renominated for the supreme bench over N. M. Pusey, of Pottawattamie. Hon. John Y. Stone was renominated for attorney general by acclamation. G. D. Pray renominated for clerk of the supreme court on the second ballot. N. B. Raymond, of Polk, was nominated for reporter of the supreme court; J. W. Luke, of Franklin county, was nominated for railroad commissioner, after a stiff fight and over heavy oposition.

PENNSYLVANIA REPUBLICANS.

HARRISBURG, PA., June 25.—The republican state convention was called to order this morning. After effecting organization and the reading of the resolutions and platform, the following gentlemen were nominated for governor: G. W. Delamater, General Hastings, General Osborne, Major Monooth, Charles W. Stone and Henry Clay McCormick. Delemater secured a large majority on the second ballot, and his nomination was made unanimous. General Hastings was elected chairman of the state committee, but he delined the position. Wm. H. Andrews was selected and the convention adjourned.

Deprived of Representation.

The new federal election bill, for the control of elections by federal officers, was before congress last week. In the course of the debate, Mr. Hemphill, of South Carolina, brought out the delicate subject of the distranchisement and the brutal gerrymander, of hundreds of democrats in the north. The 147,000 democrats of Kansas have never had a representative in Congress, and the 175,000 democrats of Iowa, being the majority party of the state at the late election, have one representative in congress and their opponents ten. Mr. Hemphill said:

"A good deal has been said about the new south, but what the country really needs was new north—a north that will take a view suggested by facts and not by preconceived prejudices, that does not believe it has all the virtues and the rest of the country none. That would not waste all its time in remedying the abuse of distant places; that would not think that an Anglo-Saxon in the south was always in the wrong when he had any trouble with Africa. What was the use of talking about a free ballot in Kansas when the state has been so that 147,000 democrats of Kansas had never been represented on this floor. Kelly, of Kansas, asked, "How do you expect to get a democrat here when there are not four democratic counties in the state." Hemphill—"It does not matter how many democratic counties there are. The democrats have never been represented here. If there were fair representation on this floor the proportion would be 163 democrats, 154 republicans five prohibitionists and two labor men. Hiscock and Evarts were on the floor of the senate representing the state of New York, and the same was true of Connecticut, which had been democratic for years. When the republicans of the north had taken the beam out of their own eyes and fixed laws so the people's wishes might be honestly expressed; when they practice as they preached, the southern democrats would receive them with open arms. Under this system which it proposed to revive, the people of the south had been robbed some years ago by picked villains of the north backed up by the United States army. The south did not want to be put in that position again. "We," Mr. Hemphill continued, "know we must either rule that country or leave. Now for myself, before the people of the United States and before God, in all reverence, may I swear, we will not leave it. [Applause] I do not hesitate to say a colored man has as many rights as I have, but he can't have his rights and mine too, and this law is intended to put him again in control of the southern states; intended to awaken that race prejudice which is fast dying out; intended to bring about again that constant irrigation and clash between the two colors in the south, which will retard its growth and be destructive of the very principles of human government."

The trousseau of the Archduchess Marie Valerie, of Austria, is now on exhibition, and occupies no less than four so-called "saloons" in the imperial palace, while a fifth is crowded with wedding gifts, over which sentinels stand constantly guard. There is a gorgeous display of jewelry, including three magnificent diadems, splendid laces, gold and silver plate, and a limitless profusion of costly gifts of all kinds.

A saddle horse going at an easy pace down State street Wednesday afternoon carried on his back an equestrian who attracted universal notice. It was a handsome black and white dog, sitting upright and alone on the saddle, at perfect ease to all appearances, and wearing an air of dignity and indifference equal to a railroad ticket clerk.—Springfield Homestead.

Van Buren Democrat

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THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1890.

THE FOURTH.

One hundred and fourteen years ago from over the great declaration was promulgated announcing to the world the intention of the colonies to sever their political connection with Great Britian, and establishes a new nation on this continent. At this time what war had been waged between the mother country and the colonies for more than a year.

The first murmurs of discontent were heard about 1763, at which time a convention was held in New York in which the different colonies were represented, to protest against taxating without representation, and especially against the import duties and the tax resulting from affixing a government stamp on legal and commercial papers. The colonies were a part of Great Britian and Great Britian, under the lead of that famous statesman, Pitt, was constantly imbroiled in Europe and was frequently in need of money to pay its enormous debts, and the colonies were called upon to discharge some part of it. This they eventually refused to pay. Recently, in North Carolina the patriots, as they were called, refused to pay the salaries of the colonial government. They organized an armed resistance, and in a conflict went out to fight, and several of them were hung. Finally Great Britian repealed the stamp act and imposed only the import duties, except on a single article, which was not manufactured or used to rap.

The first conflict of arms was a riot in the streets of Boston, when several citizens were killed, and this was called the Boston massacre. Finally the open defiance of the Americans at Lexington and Bunker Hill, the regulars of Gen. Gage at Concord, and later the evacuation of Boston, and the capture by the enemy of New York, and finally the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, which was the turning point of war. Then the scene of operations was transferred to the south, and Savannah was captured, and the bloody defeat at Camden, when Gen. Gates fled. Finally Greene and the Continental congress retreated to Philadelphia, and Yorktown fell. Finally all came in the form of arms and aid from France. Cornwallis made the fatal mistake of retreating into the peninsular at Yorktown, who he was hemmed in and forced to surrender. That was the end.

The American forces were small and poorly equipped. Our largest army in the field numbered only 11,000 men. The British armies were not much larger, and were composed of the best marshers handled their forces as well as the circumstances allowed, but then, with no great generals on either side, as generalship is now understood. Gen. Francis Marion, the South Carolina "Swamp Wolf," was perhaps the best partisan leader, and Greene the most skillful leader the war produced.

The success of the cause of American independence was due largely to fortunate unforseen circumstances, rather than to the strength of the armaments. Had it not been for the assistance received from France, we should have failed. And had it not been that King Jorge and his ministers engaged in a contest with that required all her resources to defend herself at home, the independence should be the more highly prized because of the providential interposition in behalf of a nation in its infancy, to give us victory and self government, that many colonies have ever been blessed with.

JUDGE MCRARY.

We hold England last year $417,000,000 worth of goods and bought from her only $150,000,000 worth. There is no strong feeling in England now in favor of putting duties on our goods as retaliation for the McKinley bill. If that is done we should manifestly be the heavy losers—and our farmers the heaviest losers of all.

The present congress is rather a disheartening one. It is carrying the country a long way in the direction that threaten the ruin of the republic. The surplus in the treasury has at last done all its prophesied harm by tempting the congress and the people alike. The most senseless and demoralizing extravagance has taken possession of congress and the people. Economy is laughed at as a public offence.—Gate City.

There is not a sensible union soldier in America who will support Harrison's estate Ingalls acad about not caring if it takes a thousand millions a year to pay pensions. That is crap and you know it. It is to be in congress who talks such maudlin idiocy and demoggery. Ingalls has the brains to know this in his bonnet, and brilliant as he is hasn't much common sense. A billion dollars taken from the American people yearly for any purpose would be such a burden of taxation as would crush them into poverty.—Gate City.

A REPUBLICAN PROPHET.

New York Epoch: The expectation that were formed of radical changes in the McKinley tariff bill by the senate committee, do not seem likely to be realized. We can only say that this is no less misfortune for the country at large, than to the republican party. The fact is the McKinley bill has in it the probability not only of grave commercial disaster, but of party ruin. It is difficult to conceive of its acceptance by any body or men not smitten with partisan blindness. It is difficult to find any disinterested observer to see in it anything better than the speedy downfall of the system which is intended to make more secure. Its provisions have been fully as objectionable as very likely to make Massachusetts a democratic state. Kansas, Iowa and Illinois, not to mention Michigan and Minnesota, doubtful, and to place the electoral vote of New York securely under democratic control. It will break up the republican solidity of the west, without alienating the democratic solidity of the south—whatever radical law this congress may pass for the benefit of the colored voters. The results will be swift, because the causes which will provoke it will be powerful. Between 1891 and 1892 there are enough vacancies to be filled in the United States senate to change its character and so sweep aside the barrier which that body might otherwise present to tariff changes in a direction the reverse of that taken by the McKinley bill. As for the house, its republican majority can hardly survive the election of next November.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C. July 1st, 1890.

After the long dispute between the Louie and senate, regarding the final disposition of the pension problem we find has been reached. Immediately bills on the subject have been introduced in both houses. The original measure of the senate, was a dependent pension bill, of the same character as that vetoed by President Cleveland. The house introduced upon the introduction of a service pension; by granting a pension of $8 per month to every soldier of 60 years of age and hereafter when he got 62 years old. The senate was hostile to the idea and forced the house to drop it; but in turn, it has been compelled to make a greater concession. A conference committee of both houses have made an agreement bill which has already been acted upon by the senate, and been signed by the president, which briefly stated is as follows: All soldiers who are now receiving a pension of $8 and been honorably discharged and who are now, or may hereafter, be suffering from any mental or physical disability of a permanent character, not the result of their own vicious habits, which incapacitates them from the performance of manual labor, so as to render them unable to earn a support are to receive pensions of from $8 to $12 per month, the amount depending on the degree of inability to earn support.

One section of the bill relates to the widows of deceasing pensions, and as it femit is made to facilitate it, in respect to dependent parents. Heretofore it has been that will be obliged to be established, will be the soldiers death, and their own dependence upon manual labor for support; and the fact of the soldier by reason of existing laws could not have secured a pension for himself, does not interfere any longer with the parents.

Soldiers' widows, regardless of the cause or time of the soldier's death who dependupon "daily labor for support," are to receive $8 per month. If the has left no minor children, they are to receive $12 per month until they reach the age of 16, and indefinitely after such, if they be mentally or physically helpless from imbecility or epilepsy. Meyer was subsequently removed to residence and will receive in a few days.

D. W. Stoner, aged twenty-two, was killed at Arriona on the line of the Iowa Central railway. Four boaths from sunstroke at Dubuque Sunday and four on Monday.

The Western Union Telegraph company is to run a line direct from Ft. Madison to Los Moines.

NEIGHBORING COUNTIES.

J. B. Bottgat, who left a train at Burlington Junction apparently in an intoxicated condition, has recovered under treatment and left Monday. He is a French-man, and was enroute to his native land. He has since recovered his valuables, and left for Scotland. The Favorite Lake Pic Pinickers, of Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha will hold a Basket Picnic Chair Car to North Branch, on Lake Okoboji, Thursday, July 10. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Car service. Train leaves Des Moines at 7:30 a. m. Tickets for the round trip, $1.50. CHIC. & NORTH WESTERN RY. Lake Okoboji, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The DIRECT LINE to and from Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Ogden, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

VIA THE ALBERT LEA ROUTE,

Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE to all) and local those points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake, and Sioux City, and Sioux City and Ashland. The Favorite Line to Pipestone, Watertown and the West, and the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities for travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul, and For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada.

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. CHICAGO, ILL. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agent.

STATE ITEMS.

A Mrs. Duncan was arrested at Burlington, on a warrant ordered by Iowa Supervisor Blowey, for refusing to answer questions at the enumerator.

Monticello has passed an ordinance taxing original package liquors $25 a year.

H. W. H. Collins, a theatrical man, was stricken by sunstroke at Burlington, Iowa, Sunday.

The total population of the United States as shown by the last census, will not be far from 63,000,000.

The Keokuk district conference of the M. E. church will be held at Centerville July 7, 8 and 9.

Fairfield will put $100,000 into new building this year, and Red Oak will expend about $140,000 in the same direction.

The board of supervisors of Shelby county have refused to submit to a vote the question of building a new $30,000 court house.

White caps in Dubuque strung up a drunken fellow who was in the habit of beating his wife when drunk and almost choked him to death.

Chris Hoberg entered the family of Frank Williams, living near Lisbon, Iowa, with a mouth ago, and he has since buried the wife and nine children.

Wm. Bodell, an engineer on the Q. road, was killed near Mendota and lay down near the track at Batavia, when he was struck by the fast train and instantly killed.

Michael Daly, arrested at La Crosse, Wis., for stealing a gold watch and $12 in jewelry tricks at Waverly, has been identified as the discreet youth to the tune of $1,000.

A couple of fellows started an original scheme of canvassing Decorah, and succeeded in the calaboose in a couple of weeks, where they now lay in default of $300 bail.

Perry Chambers, the man who was shot by Deputy Sheriff Gilbert Sunday night at Oskaloosa, died at 4 o'clock Monday morning, calling for his mother. The deceased was a son of Governor Cumback, of Indiana, was found on an Iowa City hotel Saturday evening, with laudanum by his side. Despondency has been in Iowa City about a week, and the cause of the suicide is unknown. Cerebral congestion was the immediate cause of death.

Carl Meyer, of Keokuk, fell on the street at Davenport Saturday in a fit. He lay there for hours before any one gave him medical attention. It was found that he had a congestion of the brain and epilepsy. Meyer was subsequently removed to residence and will receive in a few days.

D. W. Stoner, aged twenty-two, was killed at Arriona on the line of the Iowa Central railway. Four boaths from sunstroke at Dubuque Sunday and four on Monday.

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GENERAL ITEMS.

It is believed ex Appraiser Ham, of Chicago, and Mr. Estes, of California, will be appointed appraisers, under the customs administration bill. Secretary Scofield, of Minnesota, is slated for the assistant secretaryship provided for in the new legislative appropriation bill.

The president Saturday sent to the senate the following nominations: Alexander C. Moore, of Iowa, to be minister resident and consul general at Hayti and United States Consul Samuel H. Dawson, of Illinois at Belleville.

M. E. Cochran will, of the Irish National League, has received a letter from Mr. Parnell regarding the proposed convention the latter says he and all the Irish leader says he and leading colleagues have given the subject serious consideration, and are unanimously of the opinion no such event would be held now a convention at present and that it should be postponed.

Ed. Smith, district agent for the Star Union line, at Quincy, was shot by a burglar at his room at that city early Sunday morning. Smith attempted to capture the thief when he was shot in the mouth, the ball lodging in his neck. The wound is not serious.

The United States grand jury has indicted P. F. Bramburg, dean of Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, and ten others for illegal practices in the Louisiana state lottery. Bramburg was arrested and released on $2,000 bail.

The superintendent of the census has telegraphed the special agent at Minneapolis, Minnesota, and the supervisors districts reffered to in a telegram in relation to the number of looms and spinners who were arrested had joined the 10 per cent reduction movement.

The official count of the population of the district of Columbia is 229,795 a gain of 44 years or something over 28,000.

The approximate gross earnings of the Atchison system for June, are $2,197,000 an increase of $200,000.

The steamer Grand Island of the Allen Bradley distillery Co., at Louisville, was completely destroyed by fire early Monday morning, entailing a loss more than $150,000. The building insured.

The scene of the opening party at the Paran Hill mine has been changed. The first opening will be at Red Oak, digging will be turned to the left. There the Grand Central Hotel the Paran Hill mine will be reached.

Early Monday morning a building was set on fire at Sarnia on the premises occupied by Mardier, Lose & Co., type founders, and before the flames were burned. Total loss $100,000. Partially insured.

During Saturday and Sunday there were 18 fatal cases of sunstroke at the Chicago exposition grounds.

W. A. Hoffman, principal owner of the Port Huron Times, died in Chicago, Sunday. He was a broadly public-spirited man.

The "original package" boom has reached Illinois, and several St. Louis and Mt. Pleasant. As in a French-man, and was enroute to his native land. He has since recovered his valuables, and left for Scotland. The Favorite Lake Pic Pinickers, of Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Omaha will hold a Basket Picnic Chair Car to North Branch, on Lake Okoboji, Thursday, July 10. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Splendid Dining Car service. Train leaves Des Moines at 7:30 a. m. Tickets for the round trip, $1.50. CHIC. & NORTH WESTERN RY. Lake Okoboji, Portland, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The DIRECT LINE to and from Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Ogden, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitariums, and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

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E. MANNING'S

LATEST ANNOUNCEMENT.

Have just Received and have Opened at

Tesanqua, Vernon, Douds Station, Leando, Selma, and Cantril Stores

A New and Choice Assortment of the Latest Novelties and Varieties in

Ladies' Dress Goods,

Men's, Youths' and Boys'

-:CLOTHING:-

Boots and Shoes, Etc., Etc., Etc.

150 Ladies', Misses and Children's Shoes, Newmarkets.

300 Men's and Boys' Suits.

200 Cases of Boots and Shoes.

A good variety of Notions.

A Complete Assortment of Groceries.

Our facilities for furnishing the Latest and Best Styles of Fashionable Goods are equal to the best. We are at Lowest Market Value and sell Cheap as the same Good Goods and Bargains always call at

MANNING'S.

READ THIS.

A Good Watch Free

Now is the Time to Get Up a Club.

OUR LIBERAL OFFER

THE VAN BUREN DEMOCRAT

Will Give Away,

A good watch to every person who sends us a club of ten new yearly subscribers and $15. These watches are thoroughly tested and adjusted before leaving the factory, and the cases are made solid silver-nickle, a metal guaranteed to wear as long as sterling silver. Remember they are stem-set and handsomely and carefully keep good time and give first-class satisfaction.

ANOTHER OFFER.

To the getter up of a club of five new subscribers and $7.50 we will give a watch with a case like that described above but with key-wind.

It will require very little labor to get up a club and the watch comes to you free.

A sample watch may be seen at any time by calling at the DEMOCRAT office.

To secure to circulate among your friends and you will soon be the owner of one of these excellent time-keepers. Ladies are invited to accept this offer and secure the premium. Let us hear from you if you desire any further information regarding the offer, and if you desire to see the watch give us a call.

Again let us urge you to begin early.

Yours Respectfully,

VAN BUREN DEMOCRAT,

KEOSAUQUA, IOWA.

Van Buren Democrat

P. WATKINS, Pres. A. C. DUFFIELD, Cashier.

Keosauqua Banking Company,

KEOSAUQUA, IOWA.

Will do a General Banking Business. Collections a specialty.

LOCAL NEWS NOTES.

Call at J. C. Strickling's drug store.

Call at Herick & Stong's.

See Eilefsen Burglar and a force Comedy July 3 and 4.

Carey Watkin is Herbert Wanshor in the Burglar on July 3rd at Open House.

A marriage license was issued this week to Mr. Hennon H. Bonwer and Miss Minnie Beale.

Farm loan at better rates than heretofore. Get my terms before borrowing.

R. J. Tuppan.

The Democrat office is prepared to do all kinds of job printing in the best style and at the lowest prices.

Mr. Henry Grages has been appointed special administrator of the estate of the late Mandus W. Walker, with bond at $450.

Itch, mange and scratches on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Sold by Mc Cullough & Jaus. Sold by McCullough & Duckworth, druggists, Keosauqua.

We can do job printing of every description, at the lowest prices consistent with reasonable rates. Our work is never thrown back on our hands, neither do we have to keep patrons in order to get them to take it.

I have recently finished burning a stills of brick, near the school house. Parties wishing to buy can do so, as small quantities can be accommodated. Call at my office near bridge.

J. C. STRICKLING, BLACKSMITH.

Mrs. Mary Fletcher, whose death is alluded to elsewhere, left at estate of $1,500 to $2,000. Mr. H. H. Disbrow has been appointed trustee of the estate, with bond of $3,000. A. C. Quick, of Des Moines, is named as executor in the will.

The wheat is all harvested in this section. While the growth of straw is not as large as some years, the heads are well filled, and the crop a very good one. We trust that the price may be such that our people may realize something from their toil.

The late Judge McCrary, as is well known, spent his boyhood and early manhood in the Bonaparte valley. His father lived and died here, and he has two brothers living here. The Judge taught school, his last term being in Bonaparte, when he was about 20 years of age. He was also afterwards his wife a Miss Gelatt, was a teacher in the same school.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, sweenny, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by McKibben & Duckworth, druggists, Keosauqua.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Dr. Bennett and ebook reading to be given at Bonaparte, Haney's Opera Hall, Saturday evening, July 5th, at 8 o'clock p. m. A. E. Hendrix and J. A. Holiday, to be followed by a Musical Conclusion, conducted by Prof. Beason. The citizens of Bonaparte have probably never had an opportunity to join a chorus class under such able leader as Prof. A. E. Hendrix. We hope that all who are interested in raising the standard of chorus and choir singing will attend and help to boom the entertainment.

Mr. Thomas Fry, living near the fair grounds, was severely hurt Sunday evening. He was driving a runaway horse and in jumping from the buggy he struck his head on a stone. He was found in the stable, and the cart in its place, and how they got there is a mystery.

Mr. C. Hoskins delivered 189 fleeces of fine wool to market here last week weighing 1,738 pounds. The lot of sheep was pull the wool over these fleeces if he can. Miles Herald.

That it came. Ed.

sen delivered to E. H. Skinner, Wednesday afternoon, 1,000 pounds of wool that weighed 2410 pounds, an average of 11 pounds to the fleece. To fleece were from yearlings. The lot of sheep thoroughbred and averaged 124½ pounds, and 4 of them weighed 93 pounds. Jackson is a good township, but it is a solid day when they can beat Washington on wool.—Enterprise.

The original package business seems to prosper on the demand of the citizens. No one can get a drink here with-out consumers there could be no business. "Boot-legers" have flourished and prosper in most all communities, but not in this county for many months. They have pitied their business without the sanction of law, but not without the sanction of the people. This notorious violation of prohibition has been an open request on the part of the town to get a license for the original packages. There is now a disposition to read the riot act to the liquor man, entrenched behind the supreme court decision, that ought to have been read long ago. The people are slow, but they will get there when the supreme moment comes. The world's great wrongs have so far been wiped out by suffering and blood. The law is weak in the face of wrong entrenched in the appetites of men.

Personal.

Judge Robt. Sloan was in Keokuk Tuesday.

Mr. S. T. Baker visited Ottumwa Monday.

Mr. Elsworth Brady, of Quincy, Ill., came home to spent the 4th.

Mrs. W. R. Walker, returned to her home at Hedrick Monday.

Miss Lillie Walker made a trip to Missouri the first of the week.

Mr. Julien Monnet is whiling away his vacation in Keosauqua.

Mrs. Dow Johnston and Mr. S. E. Irish were in Fairfield Tuesday on legal business.

Rev. Geo. F. Smith and daughters departed Monday for Denver and other Colorado points.

Miss Cora Monnet returned home Monday after closing a successful term of school at Wilsonville.

Mr. O. C. Cone, who has been in New York for some time past, returned to his home in Milton, last Saturday.

Mr. J. G. Pringle and Miss Nettie Kellogg, the actors, have been staying at the Russell for a week past.

Mr. Ed. Collier, the level-headed editor of the Birmingham Enterprise & Courier, was in the "hub" Tuesday and Wednesday.

Dr. W. P. Norris, of Birmingham, is a progressive Keosaqua visitor, being one of the physicians in attendance upon Mr. Morton.

Mr. Steckel and family, of Bloomfield, were called here Saturday by the serious illness of Mr. J. N. Morton. A sister of Mr. Morton, residing at Moravia, arrived Monday.

Mr. George Hulbert has graduated at the Iowa State university, and formed a law partnership with Mr. R. J. Topping of this place. Mr. Hulbert has ambition, energy, and ability, and we believe will attain a good rank at the bar.

There is talk of the Santa Fe shops being removed from Ft. Madison to Galesburg, but there is probably no foundation for it. The shops will be a fixture where they are for a long time to come.

Saturday about a dozen young chickens were hatched out in the egg cases on the train from Kentucky. Quite a number died over the country. The chickens were taken care of by one of the employes who was bringing them to market.

Mr. John N. Morton, who has been confined to his home for a week or more, was taken seriously ill on Friday last, and his friends were anxious for his safety. With care and wise medical attention he seems to be in a fair way to recover.

George Kofmas, of Jefferson county, who was bunoood out of $1,245 by a fakir with Wallace's, show has recovered $1,000 of the amount. Kofmas is the biggest detective named Norris, of Springfield, Ill. The fakir was overtaken at Mankato, Minn. A few days since Kofmas attempted suicide.

The postoffice at Troy was robbed Saturday night. Money order blanks and stamps were taken to the amount of $191.32. Many money order and notary blanks were also taken. The postoffice was robbed of a considerable sum of money.

Timothy and clover seed for sale at E. Manning's.

Georgia watermelons are in the market.

A new stock of baby carriages at Valentine's.

Little Katie Stoops will assume the character of Little Edith in the Burglar, July 3rd.

The county board refused to make a division of Village township at this session.

The county decided not to make an appropriation for the Ottumwa Coal Palace.

Mr. Alex P. Erlum and Mrs. Susan J. Koons, of Memphis, Mo., were married here Thursday by Rev. C. V. Gowan.

Mr. Wm. Johnston, of Des Moines, was in the city Monday, and will turn and celebrate somewhere to-morrow.

Flour Prices Still Lower.

Best flour in the market $1.15 per sack. 2nd grade $1.05 per sack.

WM. PUNK.

Anyone desiring a premium list of the Forty-First Annual Van Buren county fair, can obtain the same by calling on H. H. Disbrow.

Rev. C. V. Walker preached by request to his people last Sunday morning. He expects to be in St. Louis next Sabbath.

We regret to learn that Mr. Henry Grages has had to take his oldest son, Louis Grages, to the asylum at Mt. Pleasant.

The executive committee of the Seventeenth Iowa infantry association had a meeting at Keosauqua, Saturday, and arranged for a reunion at Brighton Aug. 26 to 28.

Grand Benefit July 3 and 4, of the Leister Band, J. G. Prindle and Miss Nettie Kellogg assisted by local talents in Eilefsen Burglar. Reserved seats 25 cts. Admission 15 cts.

Mr. Sol. Baker has sold his grocery and restaurant to a Mr. Rigger, who has taken possession. Mr. Baker and wife, Mr. Rigger takes possession Monday. Mr. Baker has built up quite a paying business.

Mr. Hoover, of Hedrick, was in the city Monday, and will be assisted by Prof. J. A. Holiday, Chamberlain Institute, Redolph, N. Y.

Prof. Hecox has spent several years in the conservatories at Quebec, and has also conducted several musical conventions, six of which have been a complete success. He comes highly recommended. Prof. Hecox has given special attention to voice training, and a convention under his charge cannot fail to be a decided success. Let every friend of music and of book advanced and elementary work, and all who are interested in this kind of work should join the class.

Musical Convention.

Prof. A. E. Hecox, of the Conservatory of Music at Oberin, Ohio, will conduct a Musical Convention at Keosauqua, to begin on the 21st day of July, 1890, and continue for three weeks. Prof. Hecox has given special attention to voice training, and a convention under his charge cannot fail to be a decided success. Let every friend of music and of book advanced and elementary work, and all who are interested in this kind of work should join the class.

Supper time came and with it the white clothed spread upon the clean table, and the delicious dishing dishing of berries seasoned with sugar and cream seasoned with innocent fun, as they deftly set out the pickles, cake and chipped beef and buns and lemons brewed and squeezed because they were sour, and their mouths sweet with sugar and put to soak in water to make them go down easy. We see the Democrat reader's confidence will be increased by the announcement, and the programme was carried out as nearly as possible.

Mrs. D. Pellings and a liberal pay and efficiency which greatly enhanced the success of the occasion.

Many more delightful events marring prevented that full attendance from the adjacent rural schools confidently anticipated.

The village schools of the county were fairly well represented by active and enthusiastic workers. The promise of the future is bright, and with a reasonable effort on the part of township and county officials, Van Buren county may become the banner Sunday school school districts in the state.

Mr. Holyoke offered the following at the close, which was heartily and unanimously adopted, viz:

Resolved, That we are more than pleased with the conduct and the proceedings given as by the good people of Bonaparte; and we do hereby tender our thanks to the Ladies' Aid Presbyterian church for the use of their church, and the committee of arrangements and to the families who have so kindly entertained the delegates, and by anticipating our every want, rendered our visit here so pleasant, and we do hereby extend a renewed invitation to visit them here after will not be declined.

The following young years' president, J. M. Ernst, Birmingham, secretary; J. F. Junkins, Farmington; treasurer, J. C. Warner; vice-presidents, T. Q. Hargrove, E. J. Hostman.

Executive committee: S. D. Fillows, Mrs. Geo. A. Moore, Mrs. Ida Hoover.

Place of meeting 1891 Farmington; time and programme left in the hands of the executive committee. Township secretaries will be notified by the secretary.

Respectfully submitted,

E. B. YALE, Secretary.

Proceedings of the Extra Session of the Board of Supervisors.

KEOSAUQUA, Ia., June 21, 1890.—Board met at 10 a. m. Board called to order by president, H. B. Edmonson; other members present, James A. Fowler and E. B. Hill.

Minutes of previous term read and approved.

James A. Fowler reported that he had viewed the road petitioned for by Frank Teters et al. of Des Moines township, and recommended the same.

The board met the county commissioners of the Ottumwa Coal Palace, and Chairman. The board heard for and against an appropriation for the same. After due consideration the board decided not to make the appropriation asked for.

Adjourned to meet in regular session Sept. 1st.

LIFE'S YOUNG DREAM.

Baskets, Berries and Beauties on the Banks of the River.

There's a beautiful isle up the river
Des Moines,
Where the shadows and echoes are sleeping
Where the rivulets wash with hazelly and hues,
Then the waters are cool and refreshing.

"There they come! There they come," said the visitors from Bloomfield, as a carriage with dashing team drove up to the handsome residence of Mr. John N. Morton and took the two young ladies in. In other parts of the town similar scenes were being enacted until several carriages were filled with young gentlemen and ladies, good enough, and pretty and pleasure loving sufficiently to make the occasion a "grab day."

"What so fair, as day in June."

Nothing unless it could be the fairies who laughed and made the occasion famous in their youthful exuberance and doubly companionable for the young men, because they were real, and not fairies.

There is not much chance for dullness when eight couples of young people set out for a day's pleasure. The best carriages of town were out, they were loaded with some of the best, and we noticed the young people had on their best duds and their best gaits and best fellows met there is sure to be a "protracted meeting" of pleasure.

The shadows were just as cool near town, and the grass just as green, but the river was a charm to forego, and the country air, and odors from the fields and woods have an inviting way to young people. Even a drive, long distance to find them. Besides, there is pleasure in pursuit, especially if there is a reward for the toil by the hunt. It was so on this occasion, and the carriages moved up stream near Mr. Pearson's, opposite Big Island.

The cool shade and the breeze from down the river and from the woods are cool and dustless, and have such a smell of country with echoing voices whispering out of the syivan retreat, welcoming to rest and recreation after the long drive. Soon the fires and shadows were broken in upon by lawn dressed forms, and swinging hammocks and the "grab" was ready to be "had down" upon unless relied to excess and overcome with swordpoons. Two to enough but there is something "grabbed" so, the dumbing process went on until you saw here a couple in the stow swinging and there another stood upon the grass, the visiting young lady with the young Doctor and there on a log, by the running waters, sat the editor's son deeply and delightfully in the fair, dear "Lea" before him, fresh as the morning and sun-lit with joy. Back in the recesses of the forest were the ice man with a frozen expression upon his happy face, talking of the melting ways ice and water in the days.

Supper time came and with it the white clothed spread upon the clean table, and the delicious dishing dishing of berries seasoned with sugar and cream seasoned with innocent fun, as they deftly set out the pickles, cake and chipped beef and buns and lemons brewed and squeezed because they were sour, and their mouths sweet with sugar and put to soak in water to make them go down easy. We see the Democrat reader's confidence will be increased by the announcement, and the programme was carried out as nearly as possible.

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Pearl Smith.

This noted character died at the poor farm Thursday last. There is hardly any one living in Van Buren county who has not a personal interest in this man, if he be no more than in the way of taxes. Some sixteen or more years ago he was detected in placing obstructions upon the rail way for the purpose of throwing the train from the track. He was to be the penitentiary and served out his time, but it was evident that his mind was shattered, and that probably his whole life was lost to himself and to any of its acts. Certain it was that the crimes and recollections, his jail and prison experiences, and the evident mentality befell upon toward him, as he thought, tended to unsettle his mind naturally weak. He had a strange mania for music and went around every night to borrow a violin from who ever he met. Airtimes, harmless as a child, and he possessed of more than seven devils, he became a terror. He has been a county charge in one way or another for a long time. After he was released from Ft. Madison, he took up his residence at the farm, where he died. The funeral took place at the poor house on Hey. Walker of Keosauqua officiating. The inmates of the poorhouse assembled in the sitting room where was placed, and a christian burial given to the poor man who had learned by a better expert; and in the presence of this world were no lighter than the dust that clave to his feet. "a messenger rode all night to tell the dead, and the dead arose from their dead brother's face, but she declined to come. Poor in purse, emulated in worldly goods, he was not in mind uncultivated, his poverty was such as only God can pity, and was to compassionate. The funeral service was very impressive, with instructions to let in the beggars unquestioned, has been standing a long time with open door anticipating the coming of the messenger, and to receive with her unfortunate, and keepers of the farm tried to do their duty by the helpless, and they have done it well in decency and respect. Unloved and unwanted he has passed away, a stranger to all human interests, sinking down to the bottom of human responsibility.

The Bloomfield Creamery is a Success.

Among the many enterprises which Bloomfield boasts of is the Bloomfield creamery owned and operated by W. H. Dewey & Son. The creamery started in the creamery for about twelve months and during that time he has paid about many hundreds of dollars to the farmers of the county. He now employs eight hands, six to gather the cream and two to help in the creamery, and turns out on an average 250 pounds of butter per day. His product commands the top of the market in New York where he ships every week. As an evidence of Mr. Davis put in a new engine and boiler, and dug a well 216 feet deep in order to get a supply of water to use in the creamery. The cream which is gathered during the day from farmers living as far south as Cantril and as far north as Selma is placed in cans with ice during the night and started the next day. Every patron of the plant is treated alike and shows evidence of thrift and enterprise in the princip

THE VETERAN'S COLUMN.



Shall we forget those far-off days,
Which made us comrades all,
Shall we forget how swift the feet
That ran at duty's call?
Shall we forget the honored dead,
That sleep beneath the sod,
Who gave their lives for liberty
Our country and our God?

ROWLEY'S RETREAT.

It was to be expected that the hero whose cowardly feet pressed the sacred soil of the battle field at Franklin, Tenn., more than twenty years after the war would run at the first intimation that the veteran column meant business.

It was to be expected, too, that he would not meet the issue which he himself had raised, but would turn around in his frightened retreat and make faces. Good heavens! The fellow would run if you pointed your finger at him and said: "Letts" quit. Sixty rounds fired at legs on the run away from danger is a useless expenditure of ammunition. We will none of it.

Does Mr. Rowley and the Republican outfit think the abuse of a minister whom it supposes" has written more or less for the press, is a sufficient answer to justify its abuse of the old soldier and an attempt to keep people away from Decoration services? What has Mr. Walker to do with Rowley's rascality and mean political methods? If Mr. Rowley don't want to quarrel, why did he begin the fight? Does this two penny liner suppose that the G. A. R. Post is going to allow him to spit upon it and not resent the cowardly attack. Mr. Walker was in no way responsible for Mr. Rowley not being hired to play on Decoration day. He plays to morrow,—and we can see him sweltering and wading in the dust blowing with doleful, yet nervous apprehensions lest he may at any moment be blown up by some honest soldier looking the coward in the face. Other people could own silver horns, and fill their houses with them, and their neighbors' ears with discordant notes, if they had their hands in the treasury.

Other people who now are paying heavy taxes, could decorate their fences and buildings with green paint—fresco their parlors and hang pictures upon the walls, if they had undisputed bills allowed at the people's expense. Of course the Republican can afford to be silent—be dignified—like Tweed of old, and hold everybody in supreme contempt who asks for honest political and business methods. But Mr. Rowley will find out before he is through with this matter that the people are not going to be satisfied with simply making faces to these charges, and saying to some one whom he personally hates, "I know I am guilty, but you are as black as I am." The eyes of the people are not to be blinded by the "stop thief cry." Take your hands out of the public treasury, sir. Don't bull doze the board of supervisors into allowing a thirty six dollar printing job, to be saddled upon the county at fifty dollars. The people are not asking about Mr. Walker, his preaching or his living. His church is able to manage that without your interference, but they do want to know why it is that you publish the semi-annual treasury report without a single justification of law? The veteran column has no fight to wage with Mr. Rowley, as a citizen, but with Mr. Rowley as an editor, political boss, public printer and manipulator of base political methods as practiced upon the soldier. We don't believe Mr. Rowley can find any personal quarrel with Mr. Walker. He has none. But if he has any, we doubt not Mr. Walker will take care of himself. Our advise to our clerical friend would be, Never fight with a skunk—he will always have the best of you, and besides if you skin him, the pelt is not worth the trouble. We congratulate the Republican neighborhood that the junior editor has announced that he is not going to allow himself hunted down and caught; were it otherwise, you would all have to bury your clothes. It is pitiful, but if is true, he holds up both hands and says, be careful veterans, our hides are not in the market, you make it uncomfortably warm with a single cartridge, don't fire the sixty.

Let the band play "The Rogue's March," and the retreat continue.

MINNIE BALL.

We remind you all as you rejoice to-morrow that the 4th of July would have no place today in the memory of the people worth possessing, had not Decoration Day been made possible with heroic sacrifices. July 4th, 1863, the shodow lifted from the nation; but forty-thousand killed and wounded boys in blue parted the clouds of uncertainty and let in the sunlight of hope that has gilded the flag with increasing glory ever since. The bullets of Gettysburg and Vicksburg gave significance to July 4th, and marked the progress of the nation never to be put back by traitorous hands. Mr. Rowley may think it is smart to try and steal away the good name of a man, who, though wounded, lived through the battle of Gettysburg, and walks the streets today, though poor, the peer in character and in life, to the man who tries to pour contempt upon him.

An English sailor, coming up the British channel after a long journey, exclaimed: "Thank goodness, we've done with them eternal blue skies and that blinding sunshine. The taste of good old English fog puts new life into a fellow.

As the result of weighing 203 newly born children to determine the weight of brain, the male infant's brain weighed 11.9 ounces and the female 11.6 ounces, the weight of the brain being to the body as one to eight or thereabout.

A Snake Story Brought Him Fortune.

A resident of Martinsville, Ind., named Jerry Givens, has received a letter from a rich uncle in California which indicates that the young man is likely to be adopted and made his heir. A strange family history is recalled by this incident. There was an estrangement between the man now in California and the father of young Jerry, who is long since dead. Henry, the elder brother, drifted to the far west, and discovered the whereabouts of his young heir only through a publication which narrated a remarkable adventure in which the latter was engaged. Some time ago while hunting in the White river bottom she encountered a great nest of snakes. This circumstance gained wide publication in the papers and finally caught the eye of the elder Givens. Exchange.

The Final Disposition of the Property of the Late Senator Grimes.

BURLINGTON, Ia., June 26.—The last will of the late widow of Senator and ex-Governor Grimes was made known in the district court here today, and was a big surprise to all interested. Senator Allison is cut off entirely, the $43,000 supposed to fall to him being only left him in trust for Miss Lilly Nealy, a niece of the deceased lady. Mrs. Colonel Higbee, of this city, who was the widow's favorite relative in life, was left but $2,000, and the bulk of the $100,000 annuity trust left by the late governor, in the hands of his wife, is distributed among the children of her brothers and their heirs. A marble bas relief of the late William Pitt Fessenden is bequeathed to the state of Iowa, and the large tract of land in this city known as the Grimes homestead, which it was expected would be a gift to the city for a public park, is left to nephews residing in Boston.

Once an Office Holder, Always an Office Holder.

Smith D. Fry, the Washington correspondent, who hails from Keokuk, talks about Washington as the Mecca for ex-office holders in the following lively style: "Ex Gov. M. M. Walden, of Iowa, has accepted a chief clerkship in the treasury department. He says that he will only remain for a few months in that position, as he has business interests which will require his return to Iowa in the fall. An experience of several decades in this wicked city makes me doubt if the ex governor gets away from here unless it be in a coffin. The town is honeycombed with ex-governors, ex-congressmen and ex-everythings, who only come here for the purpose of remaining a few months, but they never get away. The city is more beautiful than any in America, and is eclipsed in Europe only by Paris. It is growing constantly, and money cannot be safely invested anywhere else in real estate. I don't blame the ex-gentlemen for staying here. The old story of coming "only for a few months," however, only amuses me; because that is the story I told George W. McCrary, when he was secretary of war, and I came to him seeking and getting an office. Mr. Walden thinks he will leave here by next December—but he won't. He will live here several years, grow old, ill, and die, and I will attend the funeral and put flowers on his bier. History repeats itself in this city very often."

All Liquor Legislation in Kansas Declared Void and Inoperative.

TOPEKA, Kan., June 26.——United States District Attorney J. W. Ady has written an opinion on the validity of the Kansas prohibitory law which has cast a gloom over the prohibitionists of Kansas. He declares that the law is absolutely null and void, made so by the recent supreme court decision. He says: "The supreme court decides that the state laws now in force have no application to the subject of liquors imported and sold in original packages. It is not a crime now to make such sales within the state. Congress has no power to make any act done in Kansas a crime under our state laws, and congress does not attempt to do so. It would be a singular act of congress that would put into effect a license law in Minnesota, local option in Pennsylvania and straight prohibition in Kansas. After the Wilson bill passes, the sale of liquors in original packages will still continue to be inter-state commerce. The court says that inter state commerce is free, and the presumption that congress and the states intend that it shall be free, will continue until there is a direct act on the subject. All state laws on that subject now are no laws; they are dead matter. The Wilson bill will not infuse new life into them. It is surprising, almost marvelous, that the American people should have gone on legislating on this subject for a century, and that it was reserved for the supreme court of this day to render a decision affecting so profoundly as this does all they have done. But neither the singularity of the doctrine nor the magnitude of the evil results, in any way impair its validity and force as law.

HOT WEATHER.

Sudden Deaths Reported from all Sections of the State—Work Suspended.

DES MOINES, June 26.—The mercury has reached above 100 degrees on each of the past four days in Des Moines and reports of excessive high temperature from all parts of the state. Cases of sunstroke are numerous. A two year child stricken down yesterday, died today. Mrs. George Kidder, of Boone, was overcome by the heat and died with in three minutes. B. F. Tuttle, a prominent farmer living near Fontanelle, went out to look after his hogs, was overcome by the heat and died at once.

BURLINGTON, Ia., June 26.—Mrs Henry Christ, of this city, was stricken with the intense heat at noon yesterday and died within a few moments. Two laborers were also overcome yesterday afternoon. One of them will recover and the other is in a critical condition. The heat here has been terrific for the last three days, the nights being almost as stifling as the days. The thermometer registered from 116 to 120 degrees today.

The heat yesterday exceeded anything recorded in June since the signal service was established here, reaching ninty-seven degrees. Street work, and much work in factories, mills and lumber yards was suspended. Several men were overcome by the heat.

BELLEVUE, Iowa, June 27.—Owing to the extreme hot weather business was entirely suspended yesterday. The mercury stood at 102 in the shade.

A. J. DAVIS' MILLIONS.

BOSTON, June 26.—A case of considerable interest came up in the probate court yesterday. It was a contest over the millions left by the Montana miner, A. J. Davis. The testimony showed a plot on the part of Erwin Davis of New York, a brother, to defraud minor claimants to the property. The heirs are numerous and living in various parts of the country. The homestead of the family is in Connecticut. Erwin seems to have had an idea that he could make what terms he chose with his co heirs, but Henry A. Root, of Montana, a nephew, is fighting him. To-day's testimony brought out little that was not adduced before the Montana court last month, when Root applied for and was refused appointment as administrator in that state. The case had been adjourned to the September term. As the deceased left $2,500,000 worth of property in Massachusetts, an administrator must be appointed here. Erwin Davis wants the position. Root's candidate is William Coram of the Butte and Boston Mining company.

HUMOROUS ITEMS.

RATHER EMBARRASSING.

"Know that young lady at the piano, Mr. Blunt?"

"Yes, I an slightly acquainted with her."

"Well, I wish I was."

"Why?"

"I'd cultivate her until I knew her well enough to tell her she can't sing. Her voice reminds me of the cry of a fish-hawker. Can't you introduce me?"

"With pleasure. I am her father."—New York Leader.

LOOKED A LITTLE LIKE IT.

At a Fourth Ward house all the children of the neighborhood seem to be congregated in the one yard. The enumerator, after speaking a few words to the lady, said:

"Are all of these your children, madam?"

With a flash in her eye that was ominous of trouble she exclaimed savagely:

"What do you take me for, anyhow, an incubator?"—West Superior Leader.

THE ENTERPRISING OFFICE BOY.

Irate citizen, to office boy—I want to see the editor,

Office boy—What do you want with him?

Irate citizen—I want to thump the clothes off of him.

Office boy—Oh, do you? All right; give me your name, age, etc., etc., and fifty cents.

Irate citizen—What's that for?

That's the price of death notices; half the regular rates, you know.—Washington Star.

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

Economical wife—There, didn't I do well to buy a silk dress with that $25. Here's elegant jet trimming and handsome fringe, and lovely buttons and the very best linings, and every little necessary for a whole suit.

Husband—Oh, yes; and the silk?

E. W.—Oh, my goodness! I do believe I forgot all about that!—Detroit Free Press.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"It never rains but it pours!"

"What is the matter now?"

"Johnny broke his arm and keeps hollering all the time."

"I hear him. Never rains but it pours. I should say it never pains but he roars."—Chicago Ledger.

Jones—Poor Arthur's gone up.

Brown—Arthur who?

Jones—Arthur Mometer.

The NEW VIBRATOR

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BATTLE CREEK MICHIGAN

STATE ITEMS.

Dubuque can have a typewriter factory employing 250 hands by putting up a bonus of $25,000.

A canvassman with Sells Bros'. circus was drowned while bathing in the river at Red Oak Sunday of last week.

After being in turn a politician and an editor, "Calamity" Weller has become an expounder of the gospel.

A young man named Lynch, of Guthrie Center, lost his life Sunday while bathing in the Coon river.

At Cedar Rapids last week Robinson Bros.' foundry was entirely destroyed by fire. Loss, $3,000; insurance, $600.

A Davenport citizen, with a queer fancy, is raising a family of young polecats, which he intends to domesticate as household pets.

More than 300graduates of the state university have resolved to organize by congressional districts and work for the advancement of the university.

Lightning struck a big cottonwood tree at Davenport the other day, splintering it to pieces and hurling a six-foot section over a house near by.

While Charles Kelley, of Viola, Linn county, was fording Crow creek, near Stone City, Monday, rider and horse went down and both were drowned.

Horse thieves have made their appearance in Guthrie county. Two spans of horses, a spring wagon and two sets of harness were stolen Sunday night from a farmer living six miles southwest of Bayard.

Thodore Oleson, a student in the Rock Falls schools, was drowned in the Shell Rock creek at that place Sunday. He went to the creek to bathe and was never again seen alive. His body was recovered.

Rev. Dr. E. James, a colored divine and corn doctor, is traveling around the state warning the people to let up on wickedness and prepare to go hence, in a body, on the 2d day of July, 1891. He claims to have a revelation that the earth will be totally destroyed on that date.

The Iowa State Temperance Alliance have sent H. L. Chaffee, of Des Moines, to Nebraska to assist in the amendment campaign. He will make fifty speeches at prominent points in that state. The meetings are generally largely attended, and the campaign appears to be open in earnest.

Judge Kavanaugh, of the district court, at Des Moines, has rendered a decision on the "original package" in the case of the State vs. Terry Chambers. He holds that a case containing bottles of liquor is the original package and that liquors cannot be shipped in barrels or kegs and drawn off into bottles.

Work on the water works at Creston has been stopped by creditors attaching the property of the contracting company. The amount of the attachment is about $18,500, and unless the water works company can settle the claims a new local company will, it is said, be organized, and the works completed by them.

Constable Allen, of Des Moines, while passing along a street in the city the other day, noticed a woman digging in a garden and tearing up peculiar looking vegetables. After she had loaded her apron and left the scene, the constable went over and did a little digging on his own hook, unearthing several gallon jugs of whisky.

1890. PROSPECTUS 1890.

THE CHICAGO GLOBE.

A Thoroughly Democratic Newspaper.

Daily, Sunday Weekly.

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MARKET REPORTS.

In this paper merchants in the interior will find always the most trustworthy reports of the Chicago and other markets. Among the leading business men of the city the commercial columns of THE GLOBE are accepted as the briefest, most compact and best record of the movements of the local markets. To persons interested in the cattle trade, THE GLOBE can be confidently commended for its unequaled daily reports of transactions and the state of the market at Chicago Stock Yards and other centers of the trade.

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

With a competent corps of local reporters and its arrangements with the Press News Association and special correspondents at many points, THE GLOBE is able to give a complete and comprehensive survey of the news of the day, as developed in Chicago and elsewhere. It wastes no space in tedious detail, and does not impose upon the reader the labor of examing an armful of waste paper in order to learn what is going on in the world, but gives ALL THE NEWS in the most concise way, presenting the CLEAR GAIN WITHOUT THE CHAFF. In this peculiarity THE GLOBE stands alone among the morning papers of Chicago.

IN POLITICS.

THE GLOBE is a stalwart and uncompromising Democratic paper. Its managers and writers are Democrats from conviction, and are not sustaining the party, its principles as a policy as a mere newspaper speculation. To the political columns of THE GLOBE the events of the present session of Congress, and the discussions incident to them, will lend special interest during the greater part of the year.

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From Register
Rockford
Ill.

Date 9/27 1890

A FLOCK OF SPRING ANGELS

Hovering Around "Heaven" and the Lord—But Heaven Knows Where They Sleep Nights—The Convocation Not Sensational for a Cent—Schweinfurth Merely Ringing His Chestnut Bell.

George Jacob Schweinfurth may be omnicient and omnipresent and omnipotent and omnivorous and all that, but if he can take care of all the angels that are hovering around Heaven this week he's a good one. They are so thick that they fairly overflow Heaven and hang on to the celestial domains by their eyebrows and toenails. Heaven and Schweinfurth only know where they all sleep of nights for they couldn't be all accommodated if there were six beds in each room. There are about sixty present to the holy convocation, coming by special personal order from Schweinfurth. Here and there a man angel is seen, but they are mainly girl or woman angels, indifferent as to looks and indifferent as to age, but wrapped full of Schweinfurth.

Of course the reporters have been flocking about "Heaven" trying to catch on to an item or an angel, but with mighty slim success in either direction. The angels fight shy of anything so chock full of guile as a real, worldly reporter.

So far as the public is able to find out there really is nothing new, novel or sensational about the whole outfit. They meet every noon and Schweinfurth preaches at them till his voice gives out, just in the same style as he does every Sunday in the year. Then the angels and disciples sit down and talk it all over, and then meeting adjourns. They will keep it up thus for ten days. It is simply a school of instruction for some of the more intelligent members of the faith so that they can go out into the world well equipped to win converts. Whether there are any private sessions in which the new members are initiated with rites and orgies of an odd nature, such as could not be described in a high grade family newspaper; whether

SCHWEINFURTH REALLY IS A SULTAN

presiding with all the privileges and pleasures of his Turkish majesty over the angelic members of his heavenly Harem—whether such performances are engaged in, the outside world may never know from a personal discovery, unless some detective proves shrewder than the Chicago woman. She went there determined to betray Schweinfurth into some of the indiscretions of the natural man, and found him cold as ice (to her advances and fondlings at least) and as pure on the surface as the driven snow. Schweinfurth claims that carnally as well as spiritually his people are the purest and freest from any human passion of all people on this footstool.

And so it came about that the reporters who are nosing about Heaven for news are rather knocked out of any sensation. The porch was full of baggage, showing clearly that the angels who were in the convocation were earthly enough to want a

CHANGE OF UNDERCLOTHING,

an extra pair of striped stockings to flash before the eye of the Lord and carry his mind towards celestial things, and a party dress or two so that if there should be any harp soiree at "Heaven" they could rag out in proper style. The reporter also saw a house-full of people, mainly women. They occupied every chair and filled the parlors and halls standing. They were walking about the grounds and leaning against trees, and seemed to be having a sort of a picnic. But when Mr. Schweinfurth was asked how he could take care of them all he said, "The Lord will provide," and changed the subject. But it is understood that the barn is good enough for the male apostles, who, by the way, work like nailers fulfilling the master's imperious orders like slaves. But the angels sleep in the house, doubling up or tripling up as best they can, while Schweinfurth occupies a central chamber, gorgeous in its rich oriental trappings, so as to be near at hand to protect his angels and interpret any heavenly visions they may have in the silent watches.

To the reporter, Mr. Schweinfurth had no new information to give. He rang all the chestnut changes that have already made the world, and especially the Rockford portion of it, very weary. He was the Son of God; he was pure. His church was the true church of the Redeemed and was to convert the world. He was sinless, free from guile or passion, never had a bad tinge to his heart nor "thunk a bad think." He then told how he could raise the dead, and cited the case of the boy 2 years old, who was dead as a door nail, but touched by him and brought to life. When asked why he did not save the bright little Weldon girl he said he didn't have to; it was ordained different.

In fact nothing new or peculiar could be elicited from the imposter, and all his conversation was the 'damnable iteration' of the same things which have filled the papers heretofore. He said the general topic of this ten-day conference was the new covenant and condition of the redeemed hereafter, when all prophieces shall be fulfilled.

[1891] THE

TO THE OTHER SHORE

DEATH OF MRS. GEN. R. W. JOHNSON—HER BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

After a brief illness of only a few days' duration Mrs. Rachel E. Johnson, wife of Gen. R. W. Johnson, passed away about noon to-day at the family residence, No. 520 Cedar street.

The above brief announcement will bring heartfelt sorrow to a wide circle of friends, who will sincerely sympathize with the bereaved family in their heavy affliction.

Mrs. Johnson was taken ill last Wednesday with a cold which speedily developed into pneumonia, which terminated as before stated.

The deceased was about sixty-two years of age, being the daughter of Gen. James Steele, of the war of 1812, and who came West in the pioneer days of Minnesota.

She was a sister of Mrs. Gen. Sibley, deceased, and her grandfather, Capt. William Steele, was noted for his gallant record in the war of the Revolution.

In 1850 she was united in marriage to Gen. R. W. Johnson at Gen. Sibley's house in Mendota, the union resulting in three sons, Dr. R. W. Johnson, Jr., now in Arizona; Henry S. Johnson, engaged in the real estate business in this city, and Lieut. Johnson, of the regular army. The former is in Arizona, and Lieut. Johnson fortunately arrived in the city from Fort Logan, Col., where he is stationed, only yesterday. The deceased was esteemed and admired by all who knew her, being the possessor of a kind heart and cultured and amiable mind.

The funeral will take place from the House of Hope Church Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, the services being conducted by Rev. D. D. Neill, who also officiated at the time of their marriage.

A sad circumstance of her untimely death is the fact that when taken sick the house was torn up preparatory to moving in their new house on Portland avenue.

Save all you can, both health and money, by using Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. 25 cents.

7, 1891.

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WANTED — GIRLS, AT THE Knitting Works, St. Paul Park. Steady work and good wages. Apply at once to C. E. Ovenshire & Co. 81-82-83

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WANTED—A GOOD RELIABLE girl for light house work; no children. Apply at once. 716 Laurel avenue. 80-82

WANTED—YOUNG GIRL TO ASsist in housework. 201 West Sixth st., near Fort st.

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS WAIST trimmer at 40 West Ninth st. 85

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WANTED—500 GIRLS TO SIT FOR photographs at Burdick's; 50 cents per doz. 225 East Seventh st. tf

TO RENT.

OFFICE FOR RENT—IF YOU want an office come and see me. N. R. Frost, 19 Frost Block. tf

Amendments to Articles of Incorporation

—OF THE—

Elmo Home-Builders Society.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify [illegible] special meeting of the stockhold-

Advertising the Red River Valley.

The passenger department of the Great Northern Railway, under the charge of Mr. F. I. Whitney, with Mr. Folsom, Mr. Holcomb and other able assistants, is advertising the Red River Valley, its fertile land, abundant crops, energetic people and manifold advantages, on a most extensive scale. The department has recently issued a four page, seven column paper, which is filled with a description of the valley, facts relating to the experience of farmers and business men, as given by them, showing names, dates and post-office address, and quotations from local newspapers where specific cases are mentioned with details sufficient to identify the parties, so that when inquiry is made all the claims can be verified and corroborated by the inquirer. The paper contains a record of results of farming in the Red River Valley, which, when taking the price of land and facilities for reaching market into consideration, cannot be duplicated in the United States or in any other country. Fifty thousand copies of this paper will be sent out and placed in the hands of men who are looking for just such opportunities as are told of by the hundreds in its columns. Besides the above mentioned method, the department publishes a three column, eight page little paper called the "Great Northern Bulletin," which is filled with information relative to the valley and other portions of Minnesota and North Dakota, and testimony of actual settlers as to the success they have met with in farming and in other business. The department has lately adopted a new wrinkle in advertising. It has had a large number of little envelopes printed with an inscription stating that within is a sample of hard wheat raised in the Red River Valley. These are sent by mail to actual addresses It seems to the NEWS that this will prove a very convincing way of advertising, as it is tangible, a proof of things seen and felt. With this far reaching manner of advertising, together with the influence of general prosperity which is manifested by spoken words and in letters emanating from residents of the valley, there can be no doubt of their influence upon people who are longing for new homes and a greater prosperity. That the Red River Valley will see a large influx of newcomers next spring and summer is as certain as anything can be that has not already taken place.

Happenin All Right

A PRISONER OF WAR

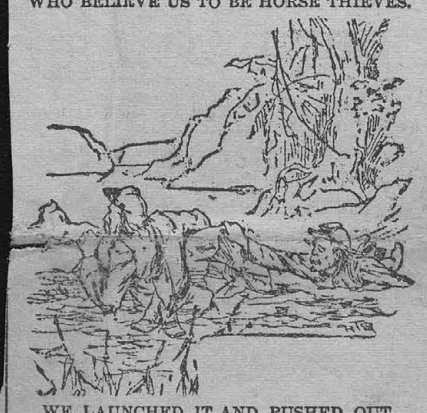
The Escape of Two Union Officers from Millen, Ga.

By ALFRED R. CALHOUN (Late Major U. S. Volunteers).

[Copyright, 1891, by American Press Association.]

CHAPTER VI.

WE ARE CAPTURED BY THE HOME GUARD, WHO BELIEVE US TO BE HORSE THIEVES.



WE LAUNCHED IT AND PUSHED OUT.

The fact that the horsemen searched the cabin convinced Bell and myself that we were not the men they were looking for, but this assurance did not make the prospect look brighter. Our situation and appearance were not in our favor, and that our captors were not prepossessed was evident from their oaths and scowling faces. Before our escape from Millen we decided on the story we should tell once we got away and stick to it without any variation. This we had done except in the case of the negroes who had befriended us, so that now we were ready to confront any of the white men with whom we had spoken to prove that we had been persistently consistent in our statements. It was not our policy to volunteer information, but we were not slow to resent in a spirited way any attempt to treat us with indignity.

From force of habit rather than the result of any agreement, Bell always told his story first, and after he had worked himself into a high pitch of indignation and become reckless in his profanity and eager to fight any number of men in any way they chose, "but not mor'n two at a time," I assumed a lofty manner and used my finest language—the latter I found was always potent with even southern men of education. The leader of the gang of horsemen was a loud voiced bully, and that his military record was confined to the home guard was evident at a glance. With a loud oath and a threatening gesture in the direction of his pistol he addressed Bell, perhaps because he was the older and the stronger looking.

"Well, you d—d horse thief! You infernal cowardly deserter, we got you and this boy; now if you don't tell us whar the rest of the gang is, by ——, we'll take our halters and swing you two fellows up right here!"

To prove that he meant business, the man—his name was Holland—flung himself from the saddle, and the others followed his example. Bell did not quail; indeed, there was that in his manner that alarmed the horsemen. He strode toward Holland and, looking him full in the eyes, prefaced his introductory speech by informing the fellow that if he dared to intimate that either of us was a horse thief he lied like a sneak and the truth was not in him, and, further, that if he (Holland) was not the biggest coward that ever wore a beard he would either apologize or else give the man he had so grossly insulted an equal chance to prove his honor and his courage. This bold course had an excellent effect, and Bell was quick to see it. Turning to the other men, with a manner that indicated he was sorry to see a lot of fine fellows in such company as Holland's, he said:

"We uns is sojers on furlough a-tryin to make our way to the mountains. We uns hez been whar the man that dares to insult we uns never was and never will be, and that's whar Yankee bullets hez been flyin around. Just look at that!" With a dramatic intensity and a force of action such as I have never seen surpassed on the stage, Bell tore open his shirt and pointed to the still unhealed bullet hole in his right breast. It had been made by a rebel, but who could tell that?

Holland calmed down somewhat, though he was not inclined to yield gracefully. He and his men were out hunting deserters and horse thieves. They had been tracked into these woods, and, while Bell's story might be true, it was the part of prudence to make us prisoners until we could prove that we were honest men and away from the army on furlough.

And now I seemed to side with Holland. I assured him that his precaution was right and reasonable, but I urged at the same time that it was hard for men who were good soldiers, and who had been wounded and lost their health in the service, to be treated like deserters and thieves. Every day's delay shortened our furlough, and to prove it I showed him the papers I had prepared at Dillard's. They were in proper form, they were watersoaked and had all the evidence of having been issued by Major Huger at Pocotaligo three weeks before. We belonged to the Thirty-seventh North Carolina, but had been detailed, while at Wilmington, for battery service further down the coast.

Holland and others looked over the papers, and if they doubted my story it was not indicated at that time. But one middle aged man, with a long beard and a campmeeting cast of countenance, asked very solemnly:

"Is it not the rule to furnish transportation to men who are furloughed?"

As this was one of the questions I had prepared for in advance, I replied with a bow:

"I see, sir, you are well acquainted with the service. We did have transportation to Raleigh, and the quartermaster there would have seen us through as far as he could, but we lost our papers, everything but the actual furloughs and a little money, at Branchville. Then we knew that we must either go back and lose time or be arrested as deserters and lose more time, so we made up our minds to take to the woods and get home in that way. That is why we are here. Now, gentlemen, we do not fear arrest; indeed, we have done nothing to merit it. You can search us if you will"——

Here Holland interrupted: "Search h—ll! Can't we see you ain't got no horses about your clothes?" At which speech the others broke into a roar of laughter, while I breathed easier, for had they searched me they would have found in my trousers pocket the memorandum book given me by Turner's adjutant, Latouche, in Richmond, and this was now pretty full of notes, indicating my prison experience and giving a brief daily record of our doings since our escape, nearly three weeks before.

After talking apart with his companions for some time Holland came back and said:

"I reckon, gents, you'll have to come along; we can't afford to take no risks. If you're all right, why, well and good for you; and if you ain't all right, well and good for us."

"But where do you propose to take us?" I asked.

"To the court house."

"Where is that?"

"Abbeville court house; it's nigh 'bout fifteen mile from har, and the jail's comfortable. So there's no way but to come right along."

The men mounted. Bell offered a vigorous protest and I tried to make light of the whole affair, though my heart was "down in my boots," and we started off, the horsemen formed in front and rear, as if we were a brace of the most daring criminals.

As it was now about the middle of the afternoon it would be impossible for us to make the distance on foot before 9 or 10 o'clock, and although Bell and I could have traveled fast enough if there was anything to be gained by making a run we chose to go along slowly. Holland tried several times to urge us into a faster gait; the others, with more humanity, protested that we were doing our best, and one of them said, with a motion of his whip at myself:

"It looks to me powahful likes if that boy would gin plum out before we've gone half the distance." He was a kindly man, but I noticed that he did not offer to take me up behind or to give me a turn in his saddle.

The country we passed through was known as "the Calhoun settlement." It had been the home of the great Nullifier, and so might be called "the cradle of secession." Just before sunset we halted at the plantation of Mr. Patrick Calhoun, and that hospitable gentleman, after a careful survey of Bell and myself, invited the party to remain for supper. The horses were taken to the stable and we were left on the wide piazza in charge of a guard. A black woman brought us out an ample meal of bread, meat, milk and berries.

After supper Mr. Calhoun and the guards came out and smoked and talked with the greatest freedom about the war. They were very certain that Lee had the best of it in Virginia, and they were equally sure that some fine day "when he got good and ready," as our host put it, he would rise up and wipe Grant and his army off the face of the earth. Affairs in Georgia did not please these gentlemen. They discussed Sherman and "Joe" Johnston with an intelligence that showed that they knew the proper thing to do a great deal better than the man in command. "Johnston has lost his grip." "He's never got over the wound the Yanks gave him in the seven days' fight." "He's a-gittin too old; we want a younger man;" but I noticed that they never once took into consideration that Sherman had a stronger and better army.

Though all the speakers seemed to feel certain of winning in the end, there was an undertone of sadness and depression in their voices that told they were whipped if the men at the front were not. From the war the talk drifted to the gangs of deserters then plundering the planters, and they said that these outlaws were mountaineers from Kentucky and Tennessee who had deserted and were now proving themselves a greater curse than the Yankees. "The only thing to do with these wretches," urged our host, "is to shoot them down or hang them up like dogs as soon as they are caught."

The same authority was sure that there were fully a hundred of these "outlaws" then hiding in the Abbeville district, and he advised Holland to leave Bell and myself in charge and keep on the search with his men till they had cleaned out the neighborhood. "It won't look like business," he said, "to have six strong, well armed men going up to the court house with a couple of such creatures as these," and he motioned at Bell and myself with his pipe.

This proposition was agreed to, and then Mr. Calhoun sent for a lantern, and conducting Bell and myself to a smokehouse he told us to go in and keep quiet, an order which we obeyed without a word. After a few minutes Holland and our host appeared again, and a black man who accompanied them threw down on the smokehouse floor a bundle of fodder, which we were told was to be our bed.

"You'll be locked in," said Holland, "and the first of you that shows a sign of getting out will find a bullet in his head."

The door was fastened with a padlock, and then the men went off, leaving no guard that we could hear outside. It was as dark as it well could be, and the heat was intensified by the odor of rancid bacon and creosote. It did not take us long to decide that it would be imprudent for us to attempt to get out of the smokehouse that night. "But," said Bell, "if you could play downright sick tomorrow they might let up on us so as to give us a chance." My appearance was in my favor. I was far from being in good health and I determined to try it, and we went to sleep; but it was only to wake up again and again in the course of the long, black night with a feeling of awful depression and the consciousness that we were being slowly suffocated to death.

The sun had been shining through the smokehouse cracks for an hour or more, when the door was opened by one of Holland's men and a refreshing current of air blew in. A black man brought us some breakfast, which we were permitted to eat sitting in the doorway. We were about to be locked up again when I begged the man to have us taken to some place where there was fresh air, and urging that I was sick, as in truth I was. He said he would see about it, then locked us in and went away. He came back soon, saying he had permission to take us to the stable. Here we were sent up to a loft, and I asked the man on guard below if he could not send for a doctor, but he said, "It wouldn't be no use, for thar was only one doctah this side of Abbeville, and he was dead down on horse thieves."

We were kept in the loft all day, a man with his long hunting rifle between his knees sitting on a box at the foot of the ladder. After we had had our supper and just before dusk the guard was relieved by an elderly man, who came provided, in addition to his rifle, with a book and a lantern. During the day we got a good idea of our bearings, and when we saw our guard and realized the fact that we were at least 500 feet from the house, our spirits rose. We tried to talk to the old gentleman, but he was very reticent, and finally told us, with anger in his voice, that we must not bother him.

He rested his rifle against the ladder, hung the lantern just above the box, then adjusted his spectacles and began to read. About 10 o'clock Mr. Calhoun came out with a decanter and a glass, and after drinking he told the guard that he would relieve him at midnight. But the old man protested that he could "stick it out as well as them brave boys who had to stand picket duty all night," and, warming up with his second glass, he asked as a favor not to be relieved till daylight. This was finally agreed to, and, after leaving the decanter and glass within reach, Mr. Calhoun said "Good night, Squire," and left.

"Hit's mighty promisin," was Bell's whispered comment on this proceeding. Our guard read, looked at his watch occasionally, and to our great delight he helped himself several times from the decanter. Bell, who was nearest the ladder, began to snore about 11 o'clock, and our guard laid aside his book and paced the floor like a man in profound meditation. After a time he returned to the box and sat down. He yawned, stretched out his legs, got up, took another drink, first holding the decanter between his eyes and the lantern, then he sat down and rested his elbows on his knees and his gray chin on his upturned palm.

I had fallen off into a doze, when Bell shook me and whispered, "Fasten yer boots about yer neck and foller me." He had his knife between his teeth as he went softly down the ladder, I following as silent as a shadow. Just as we reached the foot of the ladder the rifle fell with a bang and the guard started up. Before the cry could burst from his lips Bell seized him by the throat and felled him with a powerful blow, then hissed, "By ——, if you uns holler I'll bury this knife in yer heart!"

With the hitching ropes hanging from the pegs it did not take us many minutes to bind and gag the man, using his own powderhorn for the latter purpose. He made no outcry, and I feared he was dead; but we had no time to bother about that. We extinguished the lantern, and again I had to beg Bell not to burden himself with a rifle, and he agreed, with a surly oath.

There was no time for discussion, no need to speak. Barefooted, we hurried from the stable and made for the northwest, and fortunately we were right as to the direction. It was not till we had gone about half a mile from the house, stopping now and then to listen, but without hearing any alarm, that we broke into a run. It was not the flight of men demoralized by fright. We knew that everything depended on husbanding our strength and keeping on at a gait that, under the circumstances, we could have maintained for a day.

It was about 12 o'clock when we left the stable, so that we had five hours of darkness, and we determined to use it. We overheard the men saying the evening before that the Home Guards were patrolling the roads at night in that district, and this kept us in the fields or woods. We were in the foothills of the Blue Ridge and the country was broken, making travel particularly trying in the darkness; added to this, creeks and streams beset our course every mile or two, so that we were soon drenched, and as Bell could not swim, I always entered the water by his side in a state of alarm, though fortunately that night I was not called on to help him, for we crossed no water that was not fordable.

The sky, which had been overcast when we started out, cleared off toward morning, and we discovered that we were going due south. As the country grew rougher in the direction we had been going, and so would have bothered pursuing horsemen, we decided not to change, reasoning that we must soon reach the Savannah, which we had made up our minds to recross into Georgia.

Just before daylight we came to a halt on the banks of a stream, which we hoped was the Savannah, and waited for daylight. When light came, the width and character of the river convinced us we were right, but it needed no soundings to assure me that it could not be forded at that point. We had to act and think quickly. We found a drift log on the shore to which Bell could cling, and without hesitation we launched it and pushed out. I do not think I ever met a man with more physical courage than my companion, but his ashy face and the awful look in his eyes as he clung to that log, while I swam and pushed it along, I shall never forget.

The undertaking was not difficult, but when I reached a point where it was safe for my friend to drop down his legs and abandon the log, we both sent up a fervent "Thank God!" The Georgia shore was rocky and wooded, and we at once hurried to a position from which we could not be seen from the South Carolina side. We wrung out our clothes, and after finding that the woods afforded many places for concealment we decided to remain there till dark. As we were pretty well fagged out, and nothing was to be gained by standing guard, we made a couch of boughs in the midst of a great pile of rocks and slept till late in the afternoon, by which time our fatigue had gone and we were as hungry as wolves.

I believed, from the time we left Millen, that Sherman's army should be our objective point, but Bell's heart was set on the mountains, and as he "knew the Blue Ridge as well's if he'd built hit," I yielded again, and we made up our minds to travel in the direction of sundown.

The sun had set, and we had gone about a mile, keeping the river on our right, when we came to a clearing, and above the trees at the other side we saw a smoke pillar that indicated a house. Walking along the fence we came to a road leading toward the house, but the deep, bell-like baying of dogs in the distance sent our hearts into our mouths and made us run back to the woods again. After concluding that the dogs were not after us we moved on once more, and at length reached a good, well beaten road that led in the right direction. We met a wagon and a number of horsemen, but we took care that they did not see us.

About midnight we met a man on foot who was very drunk, and seemed to have lost his horse and his bearings. He told us that he had been a soldier, "the best sojer ever sent out by this here county of Elbert or the whole state of Georgia," he declared. He further informed us that if we kept straight on for about ten or fifteen miles we should fetch up at Montevideo, but he proposed that we should see him home, when he would treat us like gentlemen and send a team with us as far as Hart on the morrow. We thankfully declined, and left the gentleman singing "The Southern Wagon" beside the road.

By way of appeasing our hunger we drank at every stream we came to, and when the cocks began to crow Bell was sorely tempted to find their roosting place. The dawn of another day found us on the same road, with a pleasant, hilly and cultivated country on either hand. It was thirty-six hours since we had tasted food, and during that time we had traveled a distance estimated at seventy miles. This would have taxed strong, healthy men, but we were weak to start with, and the terrible strain and privation were not calculated to improve our vigor. We both had "flashes of fever and right smart spells of chills and ager," but the determination to win or "to die a-tryin" kept us at it and roused us to effort when our feet felt like great burdens that could not be lifted again, and we reeled and staggered through the darkness like drunken men.

The light in the east warned us to find another hiding place for the day, and we hurried toward the nearest woods. Thoroughly exhausted and with the hunger burning our vitals again, as it had done at Libby and Charleston, we tottered into the underbrush and lay down like famished wolves. We were roused from our sleep by feeling ourselves pushed, and starting up we found ourselves in the midst of a half score of those long nosed, razor backed hogs to be found no place outside of southern woods.

Bell sprang to his feet with his knife in his hand, but before he could strike the wild black creatures were off in a state of great alarm. "We uns must have grub," reasoned Bell, "and I'm in for goin to the very first house and gittin it by force if need be, for we uns might as well be killed as starved to death." I agreed with him in this, and we started off to find a house that did not look too rich and forbidding.

CHAPTER VII.

WE ARE CARED FOR BY TWO NOBLE WOMEN.

The scarcity of fruit and the fact that southern planters did not pay much attention to the cultivation of vegetables made the south a difficult country for fugitives like Bell and myself to pass through. The only way we could get food in mid July was to come into direct contact with the people, for though we now and then made a raid on a hen roost, the supply was uncertain and the risk very great.

Made desperate by hunger and the sore fatigue of our long march from South Carolina we left the bushes in which we had been sleeping and made straight for a pretentious looking house, with an avenue of giant locusts bordering the driveway that led up to its wide piazza. We walked on with a military step, so as to create a favorable impression, if we should chance to be seen approaching. On the piazza we saw seated a matronly looking old lady and a younger woman clad in black and wearing a widow's cap.

It was arranged as we drew near that I should do the talking. Standing on the steps we removed our hats, and the ladies rose and looked at us, first in alarm; but as I told them my story of hunger, wounds and sickness and asked for a little food to enable us to get to our home in the mountains, I was rejoiced to see that an expression of pity came into their faces, and they invited us up and had chairs brought for us, and the younger woman went off to order us something to eat.



WHEN WE PARTED WITH THOSE KIND WOMEN.

There was that in the accent and bearing of the motherly old lady that told me she was not of southern birth, and as she was disposed to ask questions and not at all afraid to give her views, this fact came out very soon. We told her the same old story, in the relation of which we had become adepts by this time, and she shook her head and, as nearly as I can recall her words, said:

"It is not war, it is fratricide. Why should you young men want to kill the men from the north; did they ever do either of you harm before this trouble began?"

This was the most surprising question that had as yet been put to either Bell or myself. We exchanged glances of satisfaction, for it was evident that this was either a Union woman or a fine moral philosopher. We hastened to assure her that the Yankees had never wronged us, and then my companion got off the trite saying, "This is a rich man's quar'l and a pore man's fight."

"Oh, it is monstrous and cruel," she continued, with much feeling. "I am a northern woman, born in Pennsylvania. My daughter, the lady who has just left us, married Mr. Duffy, a southern man, some years before the war. I came here to visit her just before the trouble began. Her husband went away with a company, and within six months his body was sent home; he was killed in a skirmish near Harper's Ferry—killed, perhaps, by my own boy, who is fighting on the other side, and who loved him like a brother and would have died for him. My God! my God! how long is this to continue? Do the men who keep it up realize that the bullets never rest in the hearts they pierce on the battlefield, but wing their baleful way to some once happy home and find their resting place in a woman's heart?"

I do not pretend to give the exact language, but there was a pathos and an eloquence in Mrs. Tyson's words that brought tears to our eyes. Her own eyes were wet, and her hands trembled above the sewing that had fallen into her lap. We attempted no reply. We were here under false colors, and as we dared not tell the truth respect forced us to keep silent.

Mrs. Tyson asked Bell what he thought about the result of the war.

"I think," he said, "we uns is licked. The Yanks have got the men and the money. Hit's all men and money in war. Hit don't matter the right or the wrong of the thing. We uns undertook too big a contract and failed, as shore's yer bawn. There'll be more fighting, and a lot more men kilt and property destroyed, but hit's doggoned pride that keeps the south at hit."

We almost forgot our hunger, but while listening with great interest to Mrs. Tyson, we expected to have the food served to us tramp fashion on the piazza, for we did not feel that we were clean enough to enter a decent house, but, to our surprise, the mistress of the mansion invited us into a charming dining room and her mother preceded us and sat at the foot of the table—to our discomfort, for we were ravenously hungry, and so I told her.

I have before remarked that my mountaineer friend, Bell, was one of the most profane men I ever met, yet his nature was intensely religious. He prayed whenever he felt grateful and swore when angry. Before he sat down to that splendid feast he raised his face, closed his eyes and asked a long blessing on the food and on the noble women who had supplied it, and he ended with an invocation for peace that was really earnest and eloquent.

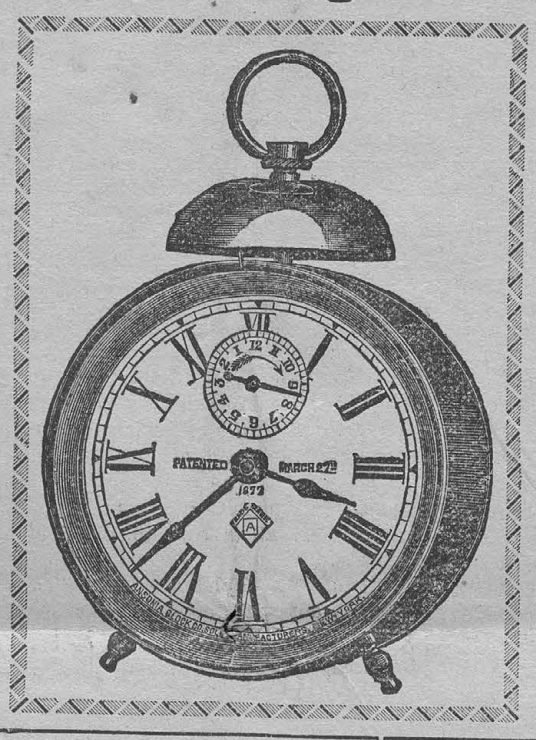
Seeing that their presence restrained us, the ladies left the dining room and told the big eyed and astonished black girl to remain within call. There was a snowy cloth on the table and there were daintily folded napkins beside our plates. The dishes were china, cut glass and silver, and the food was abundant, varied and well cooked. The whole thing seemed to me at first like a dream, from which I must awaken to find myself near the long nosed black pigs in the bushes.

I recall that while devouring the food I found myself ignoring the silver fork; and as for using the napkins, they were so pure and white that to touch them seemed like sacrilege. It is surprising how soon even the daintily nurtured can

Continued to the fourth page.

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WASHINGTON LETTER.

(*From our Regular Correspondent.*)

WASHINGTON, DEC. 18, 1891.

Speaker Crisp thinks that he will be able to announce the committees of the house on the 23rd. inst., if the senate does not ask for an earlier adjournment for the holiday recess. Quite a number of the members think it would be better to defer announcing the committees until after the recess, as that would give the speaker that much more time to consider the matter. It appears to be generally conceded that Springer will be chairman of the ways and means committee, and that Holman will be chairman of the committee on appropriations. In breaking precedent, which has usually made the chairman of these two committees members of the committee on rules, and appointing Messrs McMillan and Catchings as the democratic members of that committee, speaker Crisp has pleased those members who believe that the first named chairman have influence enough over legislation as heads of their committees, without being also on the committee on rules.

Representative Oates, of Alabama, offered a resolution, which was referred to the new committee onrules, providing for the appointment of a standing committee of fifteen, in order of business, of which the speaker shall be ex-officio chairman, which shall have jurisdiction of the order in which business shall be considered, having due regard to fairness and equity among the several committees and to the transaction of public business.

It was this week announced that the treaty of commercial reciprocity which has been in course of negotiation some weeks between the United States and the British West Indies and British Guina, had been concluded, and that presidential announcement of the details will be made January 1st.

The political status of Senator Kyle, of South Dakota, has been practically settled this week. The republican caucus left him out of its committee assignments, although it provided for Senator Peffer, and some of the senators said that Mr. Kyle had asked to be taken care of by the republican caucus. This Mr. Kyle denies. At any rate it was the democratic caucus that gave him his committee places. In answer to a direct question of how he would vote on political questions Senator Kyle said: "Shall I vote with the democrats? Well, I do not anticipate many situations here which will call for a straight party vote. I have not forgotten, however, that my election was brought about by democrats, and I want to honor those to whom honor is due.

Senator Quay's reported retirement from the senate has a string tied to it. He says: "I am not a candidate for re-election to the senate, nor do I expect to be when my term expires. But if the position is tendered me by the legislature of Pennsylvania I will accept it." Mr. Quay appears to have taken a lesson from Mr. Blaine.

War with Chili is again being persistently talked up by naval officers These would-be heroes are asserting with much positiveness that if the government of Chili has not given a satisfactory answer to the demands of his government by the time congress comes together after the Christmas recess, Mr. Harrison will send a special message to congress reciting the facts and recommending that war be declared in order to enforce our demands. The source from which much of this sort of talk emanates, rises the suspicion that the administration is "feeling the pulse" of the public on this subject.

Senator Hill, of New York, was given just as good committee assignments by his colleagues as if he had been here since the opening of the session. As he made no requests nor expressed any preference, it was presumed that he had no choice as to what committee he was put upon.

Mr. Harrison did recognize the democratic party in his nominations for six of the new circuit court judgeships sent to the senate this week, by giving it two of the judges. Following are the nominations: First district, Judge W. L. Putnam, of Maine, who was once democratic candidate for governor of that state, and who was appointed a member of the Canadian joint fisheries commission by Mr. Cleveland; second district, Judge Nathaniel Shipman, of Connecticut; third district, George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, who is an able lawyer and a democrat; fourth district, Nathan Goff, of West Virginia, who was for a while secretary of the navy under Hayes; sixth district, W. H. Taft, of Ohio, who is solicitor general of the department of justice; seventh district, Judge W. A. Woods, of Indiana, who as judge of the United States District court for the district of Indiana, earned a somewhat notorious reputation on account of his decision in the "blocks of five" case.

Warren Truit, of Oregon, has been nominated United States district judge for Alaska.

Representative Mills, who has been quite ill, is somewhat better, but is still confined to his room.

We learn that Mr. C. L. Morehous has sold out the *Evening News* and will give possession on the first of January. Mr. Morehous has maintained successfully a daily newspaper in our midst for a good many years. He has never been discouraged by any seeming adversity and be the day ever so gloomy, or the times ever so hard, the outlook ever so dreary, his jolly laugh and pleasant greeting have become proverbial, The only times when the *News* editor has seemed at all serious or solemn visaged is when his party campaign managers brought the pressure to bear for him to speak unkindly of some political opponent. This went sorely against the grain. He would much rather pass it all off as a huge joke and see everybody happy and successful. And so we shall miss our jolly editor and his good natured jokes. With a clear conscience he can "rest and fatten up," and prepare himself for new fields of labor, for he will not long be idle.

"*Marriage is a lottery.*" This is an ancient adage about which pages have been written for and against. The time has come when this matter must be decided, for if marriage is a lottery as has been so long maintained, then no proposal of marriage can be allowed to go through the mails because anything pertaining to lottery is prohibited by law.

It has been computed that between 36,000,000 and 37,000,000 babies are born into the world each year, or about 70 per minute. A line of cradles containing them would extend around the world unbroken, but the silence would be broken in several places.—*Boston Globe.*

"Had Been Worried Eighteen Years."

It should have been "married," but the proof reader observed that it amounted to about the same thing and so did not draw his blue pencil through the error. Unfortunately, there was considerable truth in his observation.—Thousands of husbands are constantly worried almost to despair by the ill health that afflicts their wives, and often robs life of comfort and happiness.—There is but one safe and sure way to change all this for the better. The ladies should use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription,

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The Racket.

Fine Melton Overcoats	$11.00
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Boys' Suits, age 13	$1.00 to 1.50
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Now try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a cough, cold, or any trouble with throat, chest or lungs, Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is. Trial bottles free at Van Cise & Co's drug store. Large size 50c and $1.00:

A Surprise to All.

After using "Mother's Friend" two months I was so speedily and easily relieved that it was a surprise to those attending me. "Mother's Friend" undoubtedly lessens the pains, shortens the time and restores the mother speedily to health. Will recommend it to all expectant mothers, and advise them to use it. Mrs. J. A. R., Muncie, Ind. Sold by J. H. Jericho & Co.

From Rome.

We take pleasure in introducing this week to the readers of the FREE PRESS one of Rome's leading business men.



J. H. DUNLAP.

Many wealthy and influential citizens have developed in our favored county of Henry within the past few years. Many who have started within her borders penniless and friendless, now count as their own large bank accounts, rich acres, a large business or extensive and remunerative professional clientage. These men are everywhere known as self made men. They succeed and prosper where others fail, and this demonstrates that they have strength, energy, honesty and manhood. Substantial prosperity follows the efforts of such men.

Mr. Dunlap was born in Salina, Jefferson county, Iowa, in 1853, where his father conducted a blacksmith shop for many years, and raised a large family of twelve children, eight boys and four girls. His father being German-Irish and the mother German, we have the mingling of the two races that give to men the conservative energy found to be almost universal with the world's most successful business managers. Without capital and having his own way to make, the farm claimed his services until 1879 when he left the farm for two years to learn the mercantile business from a huckster wagon. Always saving a part of his earnings, at the end of this time he was able to purchase the business in Rome where he now conducts a first class, well stocked and liberally patronized general merchandise store. Here by his universally obliging and considerate dealing with the people of the surrounding country he has built up a large business, which under his most excellent management is constantly increasing.

To conduct a business successfully during these days of close competition all goods must be well bought and all discounts saved, for cash. This is the method adopted by Mr. Dunlap.—When customers come to his store for goods he is prepared to sell at the lowest margins, which are living margins only, by doing a large business.

Mr. Dunlap married in 1879 to Miss Lucretia Snook, of Jefferson county. He has continued to make Rome his home.

Politically Mr. Dunlap is a democrat. He stands opposed to the protective tariff policy and other kindred evils advocated by the opposite party. Acting as a committeeman for his precinct, no locality in the county can show better democratic results than this where he led the organization this fall against an aggressive, active and powerful opposition. Their home candidate for county supervisor Mr. G. W. Swails, was given a vote of over three to one in his favor; and the head of the ticket a vote of nearly two to one in favor of democratic supremacy.

Mr. Dunlap is a prompt and careful business man, a genial and honorable friend, a pleasant companion, a fair and open politician. He has won and deserves the confidence, respect and good wishes of all who know him.

This closes a brief notice of another leading Henry county citizen whose life and success is an honor to his township and his county, and whose example to the young men of his acquaintance is elevating, showing what can be attained by a proper degree of energy and industry, right here at home. Mr. Dunlap knows no such word as fail. The difficulties and obstacles in life but cultivate and discipline his manly resolutions and strength of character. Hence t disappear before his well directed forts and he is accounted a succe There are other of Henry county c zens coming to the front in this w and there is room for all such.

Rome.

After so long rest from reporto duty, those of the FREE PRESS read who chance to read our items may pect an unusually interesting issue. it is impossible to exercise one's when news is so difficult to find.

Saturday forenoon, the 19th in shortly after midnight, passenger tr No. 5 collided with a freight train at depot here. The freight was being si tracked when No. 5 came in sight, ru ing along at the usual rate and a co sion was obvious. However, both e gineers had sufficient time to reve their engines, thus partially averti what might have been a most disastro wreck to life and property. Two e gines, an express car and a few freig cars were the wrecked result of the ac dent. The freight crew all escap without injury. Fireman of passeng engine was painfully but not seriou injured, and the passengers were forc bly awakened by the sudden stop of t train. No. 5 was delayed but little mo than two hours by the accident, a little delay was occasioned to oth business on the road—trains were di patched by way of side tracks. Almo twenty-four hours were spent in clea ing away the debris so traffic could resumed on all the tracks.

The Baptist church will celebra Christmas eve. in the usual way. T gifts this year will be pendant from cross instead of a tree. The children program and music will comprise t exercises.

School closed Friday for the holida vacation until January 4th.

C. C. Churchill, postmaster here f the past eleven years, resigned his du recently and is succeeded by J.A. Sheri dan.

Sufferers from the famous grip, un modified, are numerous. Fortunatel no deaths have resulted.

Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf and daughte Mrs. Baldwin, and daughter, Miss Na and a few others went to Fairfield to day, where they will be baptized in th Baptist faith this evening.

The coffee social given by the ladie ladies of the Baptist church couple of weeks ago to imburse the co and oil fund, realized something ove nineteen dollars.

On account of the impassable condi tion of the roads the Christmas enthu siasm is not as marked as would delight the merchants.

Dillon Turney and Fred Speilman, o Fairfield, paid Rome friends a vis Wednesday evening. During th day they made the quails and other game wish they were out of sight, and wit guns and dogs made Rome's portion o the earth quake with fear.

Miss Alice Downing has gone to spend a portion of the winter with Mrs. C. S Kessinger, of Ottumwa.

Miss Mary O'Loghlin is home from school for the holidays.

Mrs. D. Kister, of Sigourney, who visited at the home of her aunt, Mrs. J. W. Beaber, for several weeks has returned home.

Wishing the readers of the FREE PRESS and all Henry county, a most prosperous 1892. Respectfully.

Dec. 22, 1891.

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so fully and fairly presents the opinions of the leading writers and thinkers on all questions of public interest as THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. — *Boston Journal.*

THE

North American Review

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His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, Hon. David B. Hill, Hon. Thos. B. Reed, Hon. R. Q. Mills, Col. R. G. Ingersoll, Archdeacon Farrar, Professor Rodolfo Lanciani, and other distinguished writers.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

During the coming year, the REVIEW will be of special interest and value to every American voter, as it will lay before its readers discussions of the important issues of the Presidential campaign by the recognized leaders in the several political parties.

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The North American Review,

3 East 14th St., New York,

[DEC. 24, 1911]

A Prisoner of War

Continued from the first page.

sink to the level of his savage progenitors.

When we returned to the piazza, after the most satisfactory meal I had ever eaten, we found the sky overcast and heavy black clouds sweeping in from the east. But in our present state the storm had no terrors for us. Bell produced his wad of filthy Confederate currency and offered to pay Mrs. Duffy, but, with a glow of something like indignation in her beautiful, pale face, she refused the money, and said that if we chose to remain for the night she would gladly give us a bed. I thanked her, and I know there were tears in my heart, if not in my eyes, as I pointed out the filthy state of our clothing, and said that being no cleaner than the beasts of the field and used to their life that it might be better for us to keep on.

"My son," said the old lady, "I have a boy, a soldier on the other side, and it may be that he needs tonight a mother's care and a sister's love. Stay here, wash, and we will give you a change while trying to make your poor rags presentable. You will look less like savages and feel more like men after this."

We showed our papers, but the ladies would not look at them. Then we pointed out that search parties were out picking up strangers and sending them back to the army, and that if we were caught in the house this might be our fate despite the fact that we were furloughed men. But this objection had no weight with these noble women. They assured us that we were as safe there as in our own homes, so there was nothing left us but to consent.

Tubs of water, towels and soap were placed in the laundry, and before a black man conducted us thither Mrs. Tyson, who had covered her dress with a big apron, made us sit on the back porch, and then, with an immense pair of shears, she cut our hair. It hung in matted masses down to our shoulders, and when she had finished she said:

"There. It will be easier to comb, and you won't look so much like frights."

That night we went to sleep in a well furnished bedroom under the roof. There were clean sheets on the bed, and after looking at them for some time Bell scratched his head and said:

"Wa-al, this is somethin we uns ain't uster. Hit's too d—d bad to spile them things, so I propose we uns sleeps on the flooah. Hit's a heap sight better'n anything we've had since befoah the wah."

As we had had a good bath and nightshirts were laid on the pillows, I pointed out that it would be a violation of the laws of hospitality not to use them, and believing that I knew more about etiquette than he did, Bell gave way.

A rap at the door the next morning and a black man came in with our clothes cleaned and patched. Our worn boots looking like new, and two pairs of stockings and two straw hats which Mrs. Duffy sent with her compliments, were just what we wanted. Bell declared that I "looked so doggoned peert he wouldn't a knowed me," and the change in him was striking, for he was a remarkably handsome, very well built fellow.

That morning we had the rare honor of breakfasting with the ladies and Mrs. Duffy's little daughter, a lovely child of five, who wanted to know if we had met her father in the war. Mrs. Tyson asked Bell to say grace, and he really excelled himself, though he quite forgot to mention the food while calling Heaven's special attention to the "good Samaritan women, who like angels of marcy had been so kind to pore critters like we uns."

When we parted with those kind women that morning it was with the feeling that to have met them was in itself a full compensation for all our suffering. To this very day the sight of a locust tree recalls Mrs. Tyson, and I never see a widow wearing a white cap that the beautiful, sad face of the young Confederate captain's widow does not rise before me as distinctly as the face of my own daughter looking in on me as I write down these memories of that terrible past.

We were within sixty miles of Tallulah Falls, and in a straight line not more than 120 from the Blue Ridge, west of Buncombe county, North Carolina, which was our objective point. Once there, Bell was certain that we could cross to Greenville, east Tennessee, the home of Andrew Johnson, and at that time the headquarters of Carter's gallant division of loyal mountain men.

About noon we sat down beside the road to rest and to eat the luncheon so thoughtfully provided by Mrs. Duffy. In the course of the morning we had met a number of men and talked with some of them, but our appearance was so clean and respectable that they treated us with consideration, and one gentleman of whom we asked the distance to "the falls" requested us to remain over to dinner.

Coming up the winding road we saw two wagons evidently going in our direction. Cleanliness and hunger allayed gave us courage, and we determined to stand our ground. The sight of them forty-eight hours before would have sent us flying into the woods like hunted beasts.

Each wagon was drawn by four mules, the drivers were lank, wiry white men, and the loads were corn and bacon, the "tax in kind," which they were taking to Walnut Hill, in Franklin county. This tax in kind was keenly felt by the planters of the south. I cannot recall the percentage of farm products that had to be turned over to the Confederate government, but, if I mistake not, in 1864 it amounted to fully one-third, and in addition to this the planters suffered from the raids of their own people quite as much as they did from ours; that is, if their place chanced to be along the ever increasing and ever devastating line of march. This tax in kind, while cheerfully borne by the few planters who had risked their all on the hazard of the war, had a most disheartening effect on the masses who had given their sons, and who believed that they were being robbed of the food necessary for their wives and children by the Confederate authorities.

The men driving the wagons were Confederate soldiers. Each had a musket beside him and a big revolver on his right hip. They were evidently mountain men, for they spoke with a voice, accent and vernacular so much like Bell's that I could not have told them apart with my back to them. We told the men our destination, and they offered to carry us to Walnut Hills, forty miles northwest. As this was nearly the direction we were making, it did not take us long to decide. Bell and I had a chance to whisper to each other, "The same story all the time and no trimmings;" then he got up beside one driver and I beside the other, and our flight was resumed under circumstances that were the acme of comfort compared with the sufferings and subterfuges during the preceding month.

The man to whose wagon I was assigned was named Sim Sleigh. He was from Habersham county, which he assured me "was the garden spot of all God Almighty's creation. I was born up thar in the Nacoochee valley. Ever hear on't? No? Waal, you uns don't know nothin of this yar world. That's the land of iron, that's the land of gold, and thar dimements grows bigger'n eggs. Thar ain't no place like it foh water and trees, foh cohn and wheat and fruit; and as foh the men and women, my friend, they can't be beat for strinth and beauty"——

I stopped the eloquent mountaineer to assure him that if the men were like him he must be quite right. He shook hands with me, and continued:

"You and me's sojers and d—d fools. Your from Kaintuck, and she showed a hell of a lot of sense in fightin without secedin. Why in blazes didn't they leave Habersham county alone? We didn't like the Yanks any more'n the rest of Georgia, but, d—n old Brown, nothin would satisfy him, the cussed luny, but Habersham county must go out with the state. Why, we uns met up at Clarksville Court House and passed resolutions declarin that, if Georgia had a right to secede from the Union, then, by G—d, old Habersham she had a plum right to secede from the state. But it didn't work; the d—d conscription officers come in and every doggone man that could tote a rifle, and some that couldn't, was swore in. The folks down south of us that's got lots of niggers was hell bent on wah, but they ain't done much o' the fightin. I went up to Varginny and was shot at Gettysburg. Jest look at that," and he held up his mutilated left hand. "Then they sent me home and placed me in the quartermaster's department to raise the tax in kind, and I tell you, neighbor, I enjoy collectin hit—outside of old Habersham."

This was said as we drove along, and was broken into by explosive crackings of his whip and whole volleys of objurgation fired at the mules in the lead. The "off" mule he swore he would kill as soon as he reached Walnut Hill.

I asked Mr. Sleigh why it was that he was carrying provisions in the direction of the mountains when Johnson's army, a few days' march to the southwest, needed supplies.

"If you uns can tell me why anythin's done in this d—d wah, I can explain. But the talk is that Mr. Wharton, he's a-comin up har and a-goin to make up a raid into aist Tenn'see and on into Yankee land, and he's got to have feed goin over the ridge. But, between we uns, hits all a d—d lie. Hit's the quartermasters! Why, they sell the tax in kind, and they're a makin money hand over fist. The quartermasters and commissaries and receivers has a soft thing of it, d—n 'em!"

This and much more in the same vein Mr. Sleigh pointed out with intense bitterness and amazing volubility. He believed "the Confederacy was away to h— and gone," and he said with refreshing frankness that when the end came, and he evidently expected it very soon, he "was a gwyne to freeze on to them thar mules," and the son of a gun who tried to take them away from him "would have the biggest fight on hand old Habersham had seen since Adam was a barefoot boy."

That night we encamped in a lovely little valley through which flowed Silver run, a tributary of Hudson's fork, which in its turn is a tributary of the Savannah. I slept with Sim Sleigh and Bell with McNeil, the other driver; but as we sat about the fire before lying down, it was evident that the other driver was quite in accord with mine. It surprised me then, and the surprise increases as I think it over after all these years, that the Confederacy—rotten within and hammered remorselessly from without—lasted as long as it did. And yet, with all the discontent of these drivers, if the Yankees had attacked our little camp that night I am certain they would have defended their charge as bravely as if their hearts were entirely given to the war. It was the savage pride that refuses to acknowledge defeat that kept these heroic men fighting after the principles with which they began were lost sight of and the cause that called them out was entirely hopeless.

About noon of the second day, and just as Sleigh, who was now in the lead, was looking ahead for a place where he could rest the animals for an hour and cook dinner, a young man with one bar, the insignia of a second lieutenant, on the collar of his faded gray coat, halted the wagons at the forks of the road and said he was ordered to take them on to Carnesville, ten miles away, instead of to Walnut Hill. That country is filled with springs and streams, so that we had no difficulty in finding a camping place near by.

Lieutenant Owen was about my own age, and, although burning with anxiety to meet the Yankees, he had never seen one. He and I became chummy at once. He was at school at Athens, Ga., when the war broke out, and would have gone to the front but for his mother, who lived near Carnesville and was an invalid. He quite envied me my experience, and told me he had hopes of going with Wharton on the raid into east Tennessee.

This bright young fellow, whose name would indicate that he was himself of Welsh extraction, was firmly convinced that the Yankees were of an entirely different race from the southern people. He believed that nine-tenths of the men in the Union army were "Hessians and hirelings," and that they were only here by virtue of their overpowering numbers. The memory of young Owen's confidence and my own feelings as he denounced the Yankees as "cowardly cutthroats" makes me smile now, but I distinctly remember that I lay on my face looking up at him with all the tiger in my nature swelling my muscles and increasing the beating of my heart. He had a sword strapped to his belt and a big pistol on his hip, and although I was unarmed, save for the knife given me by Abe back on the Lamar place, it gave me a feeling of intense satisfaction that I, a fugitive Yankee, if alone with this kindly braggart for one minute, could strip him of his arms and tie him with his own trappings. As it was, I actually found comfort in echoing his assertions that "the Yankees were doggone cowards."

As we marched west and south the roads grew rougher and the hills higher, so that the drivers offered no objection when Bell and I proposed to get out and walk. As we went on to Carnesville, and about the middle of the afternoon, we were overtaken by a troop of cavalry—bronzed, sturdy fellows, who looked as if they had just come out of the furnace heat of battle. They were a detachment of Chenowith's Kentuckians, and, rebels though they were, my heart went out to them, for they were soldiers, men whom I had myself met face to face in battle, and I loved them none the less for it.

They swore at the teams, they chaffed the drivers, they joked the lieutenant. They asked Bell and myself where we were caught, and then passed us and were hidden in the dust cloud from 400 hoofs. Bell and I did not want to go to Carnesville, and so told the drivers and young Owen, but the former informed us we were fools and the latter told me he would take myself and friend to his father's house to rest as long as we chose. Indeed, the kind hearted young fellow insisted that I should ride his horse for the rest of the distance, and there was nothing left but to accept the generous offer.

There were pistols in the holsters, and we were behind the wagons; there was a clear road to the rear, and if it had not been for Bell I should have yielded to the impulse that came into my heart as I felt the stirrups beneath my feet and the reins in my left hand to "wheel and run for it." Young Owen kept beside me with his hand on the pommel and his bright face upturned to mine. He talked to me about school days and authors, and we discussed history and poetry and love and literature in a way that might have been very interesting to me if I could have forgotten for one minute that I was an escaping Yankee or that I was acting and must not forget my role.

We reached Carnesville about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and found it a pretty village, with the court house, stores and several hotels facing a little plaza, about which was a long line of hitching racks. Mr. Owen introduced Bell and myself to the landlord of one of the hotels, after having secured our promise to go with him the next day to his father's place and spend a few days with him. Soon after our arrival several hundred cavalry and a battery of mounted howitzers took possession of the town, and all the officers put up at our hotel.

Bell and I stuck close to our room, in which there were three double beds. We were discussing the situation when the landlord, whose name I made no note of, entered with four officers who were to share the room with us. They were manly fellows, but I noticed that one of them seemed surprised to see my companion, and refusing his proffered hand, he asked:

"Ain't your name Tom Bell, and ain't you from Buncombe county, North Carliny?"

"I'm from Tennessee. My name's Bell, and I've got a Cousin Tom 'bout the place you uns call to mind," replied my companion.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

D. N. Richardson's Lecture.

The special members of the Library Association who undertook to make this lecture a financial success under difficulties, and in the face of prophecies of failure, are deserving of all credit, not only for their energetic sale of tickets, but for their attention to all details of stage setting and all the delicate touches that were so complimentary to the audience,

Farmers Alliance.

For Free Press:

I see an article in the FREE PRESS headed "Trenton Tracings." The author seems to dwell largely upon the introduction and formation of the Farmers Alliance in Henry county, stating that their ultimate aims seem to be rather dimly understood.

This statement we regret, is too true among those who read only from their dominant party newspapers that has led them to believe that the National Farmers Alliance and Industrial Union are dying out in the west. Over the facts as shown by official reports from the election returns, showing a gain in Kansas People's ticket of from ten to forty per cent (viz.) republican vote 90,338; democrat vote 31,833; fusion vote 39,338; people's ticket, 113,280. This shows a plurality over the republican of 22,942, and over the democrats 81,447, and over the fusion 73,432. Remember the peoples party carried fourteen out of thirty-seven fusion counties, where the two dominant parties united on one ticket.

But what seems more strange yet is that the author of the above article has such antipathy against the republican party, and yet we see them greet them with brotherly love and fraternal greetings, and walk up to the ballot box and vote together like two little twin lambs would walk up to the slaughter to have their heads cut off, in order to thwart and ward off the demands of thousands of the fair sons and daughters of America who are only asking for equal rights and justice to relieve them from their desperate down trodden, tax ridden, mortgage cursed condition. This alliance is here for the education of the great masses on financial and governmental economy. "W."

A WORD IN REPLY.

Is it any wonder the democrats of Henry county fail to appreciate the beauties and advantages of the farmers' alliance organizations in Henry county? Before the election one Mr. Barnes attempted to introduce the order here. He labored especially with the republicans in a scheme to rope in as many democrats as possible, and in this way weaken the strength of their party or ganization. He did not succeed to any great extent. The charge made by our correspondent above, that the democrats and republicans work together against justice and the rights of the downtrodden class has no shadow of foundation, in fact. While the republican party is mortgaged and pledged to the monopoly interests of the country, the democrats are headed in the opposite direction working in every practical way for the elevation of the people and the amelioration of their condition from the clutches of the money power. But to show that the farmers' alliance organization in Iowa was, through its officials, sold out absolutely to the monopoly interests, the republican party in the last fall's election, we have only to reproduce a letter written by J. B. Furrow, president of the Iowa farmers' alliance, written to Edgar E. Mack, chairman of the Iowa republican central committee in the midst of the campaign. We invite "W" whoever he is, give this letter a careful perusal, when he will no longer wonder that democrats view all efforts to further the interests of this order with distrust if not with disgust, for all honest men despise and loathe hypocrasy and deceit.

GARWIN, TAMA CO., IOWA, SEPT. 19, '61
Office of J. B. Furrow,
President Iowa Farmers' Alliance.
Edgar E. Mack, Des Moines, Ia.:

Your kind favor of the 10th inst. received and contents carefully noted. In answering will say, I think it best to work privately with the farmers, as my work is mostly organizing the alliances, of the counties and district alliances and I assure you that it is my highest pleasure to help in bringing back the grand old party to its Eden glory, and you can count on me doing all I can to bring it back to its old time majorities in Iowa. Shall be pleased to hear from you again. I go to Sac county next week, and I think I can do some good work up there and have some work to do in the fifth district, and perhaps some in the seventh district. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am yours respectfully, J. B. FURROW.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Produce Market.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23, 1891.
1:15p. m.—Close.

Wheat—92 cents.
Corn—39 cents.
Oats 33 cents.
Rye—88c.
Barley—59 cents.
Butter—Market Creamery, 20 to 28c. Dairy 18 to 20.
Eggs—24.
Cheese—Full cream cheddars, 12 cents.
Hides—Heavy and light green salted, 4¼

Chicago Stock Market.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23, 1891.

Cattle—Receipts were 7,500 head, there was a good inquiry, and values show an advance of about 10c on most descriptions. Native steers sold at $2 90a5 10 for poor to choice and $5 30a5 60 for fancy stockers at $1 75a2 75; feeders at $2 65a3 25. Texas steers at $2 00a3 15, cows and heifers at $1 00a2 60, and calves at $2 50a5 25.

Hogs—Receipts were 51,000 head, The market was rather dull and under large offerings prices were fully 10c lower. Light grades quotable at $3 40a3 75, rough packing at $3 55a3 70, mixed lots at $3 60a3 90, heavy packing and shipping grades at $3 75a3 50; and pigs at $2 50a3 50.

Sheep—Receipts estimated at 7,000 head. Demand fair and price unchanged. Native sheep sold at $4 00a5 25 for poor to choice, and $5 50a5 75 for fancy. Lambs brought $4 50a5 40 and western sheep at $4 00a5 00.

Mt. Pleasant Grain Market.

Corrected weekly by Mt. Pleasant Milling Company.

MT. PLEASANT, Iowa, Dec, 24, '91.

Winter wheat, per bushel	.....	85
Spring " "	.....	80
Oats "	.....	26
Yellow Corn "	.....	33
Rye "	.....	80

Mt. Pleasant Cash Produce Market.

Carefully Corrected each week by J. C. Bowman & Co., 107, N. Jefferson St.

MT. PLEASANT, IOWA, Dec, 24 1891

Eggs, ...	.22
Butter, choice	.22
Honey.....	.10
Potatoes	.30
Beans, strictly prime	2.25
Cheese.....	.10
Lard.....	.07
Tallow.....	.03
Dressed Chickens.....	.09
Spring Chickens, per doz.....	2,80
Apples... ..... per bu,	.75
New Corn.....	.35

Advertised Letters.

List of letters uncalled for at the Mt. Pleasant, Henry county postoffice for the week ending December 23, 1891.

Bishop, Will	Clark, Lee
Daugherty, Effie	Daugherty, Mary
Denny, B S	Hite, John
Idinger. Mr	Kellogg, Benjamin
Laughery Mabel	Miller. Mrs O
Phillips, Belle	Ross, Mrs M C
Rupp, H B	Smith, C F

Persons calling for the above letters will please give date of advertising.

J. W. SATTERTHWAIT, Postmaster.

From Oakland Mills.

For Free Press:

The citizens of this place were so a written up a few weeks ago that we f bear to say more in that way, and m confine ourselves to the incidental currences to make up our chat. To sure the incidents are at present st In the mud, but will try and pull th out.

There will be two or three 'thin happen here within the near future, b as my knowledge is premature, will n mention them at present for publi tion.

The farmers' alliance is organiz and at work here.

A protracted meeting is in progre here for a few nights. It is conduct by two young men from the 1. W. U.

I want your readers to know wh the people say of James Dickey, c store keeper and postmaster, and t is that he is the right man in the rig place.

Mr. Marcellus Armstrong's new hou stands out in the field quite conspi ous and with no trees to keep it comp ny, but inside we know there is plen of home cheer, for his wife and daug ter are there.

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Armstrong a much thought of here, and deserved They two are the only ones of t home circle at present. Their your est child, Miss Josie, is at present in Cincinnati art school. Yours from th

REPAIR SHOP

Can You Eat

Heartily, with relish, and without tress atferward? If not, we recomm to you Hood's Sarsaparilla, which ates a good appetite and so invigora the stomach and bowels that the food properly digested and all its nutrime assimilated.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetab perfectly harmless, effective, but not cause pain or gripe. Be sure to g Hood's.

An active republican politician sa yesterday: "I cannot understand the r sult. The preachers were with us, nea ly all the drug store men were with u and I know of my own personal knov edge that the boot-leggers helped Boies' losses in the strongest whisky calities prove beyond question that whiskyites who do not wish to p license opposed Boies. I really cann understand it. Democracy's greate gains seem to have come from the ho est, temperate, church-going farme We had supposed that the preache would control the farmers and that connection with this influence the go ernor's New York speech would ruin h chances amongst the rural populatio I cannot understand it."—*Creston Com monwealth.*

AT GIMBLES

Oysters. Fruit, Candie

all kinds of

FANCY GROCERIES.

Brazelton House Block.

He invites Customers, old and n to call on him at his new quarters. erything fresh, and of best quality.

10dec3w

We want every mother to know th croup can be prevented. True cro never appears without a warning. T first sympton is hoarseness; then child appears to have taken a cold cold may have accompanied the hoars ness from the start. After that a pec liar rough cough is developed, which followed by the croup. The time to a is when the child first becomes hoarse a few doses of Chamberlain's Coug Remedy will prevent the attack. Eve after a rough cough has appeared th disease may be prevented by using th remedy as directed. It has never bee know to fail. 25 cent, 50 cent and $ bottles for sale by Theo. Waibel, drug gist.



Just A Word, Please

A word about Clothing. Clothing you know, is our hobby. We have our money wrapped up in it—in fac we have ourselves wrapped up in it Do you wear clothing? Then we want to see you in our store soon We want to see you wrapped up in one of our fine suits or overcoats, and send you out to advertise our busi ness. We want to prove to you tha our first-class clothing costs no mor than you have been paying for com mon goods. Will you give us a trial We will not disappoint you.

G. W. S. Allen & Co.

No. 107. North Side.

Our readers will notice the advertise ments in these columns of Chamberlai & Co., Des Moines, Iowa. From per sonal experience we can say that Cham berlain's Cough Remedy has broken u bad colds for our children and we ar acquainted with many mothers in Cen terville who would not be without it i the house for a good many times its cos and are recommending it every day.—*Centerville* (S. D.) *Chronicle and Index* 25 cent, 50 cent and $1 bottles for sal by Theo. Waibel, Druggist.

English spavin liniment removes al hard, soft or calloused lumps and blem ishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc Save $50 by use of one bottle. warrant ed the most wonderfull blemish cur ever known. Sold by Van Cise & Co druggists. Mt. Pleasant. July 30

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.



CHAPTER IV.

WE MEET WITH OUTLAWS IN THE SAVANNAH SWAMPS.

The mounted searchers went up the road along which Bell and I had come, and the sound of their excited voices could be heard long after the tramping of the horses' hoofs died out. After a short consultation we decided to stick to the road for the present. It certainly led northward, and the walking along it was preferable to blundering blindly through the woods and across half cleared fields. Traveling at night had the advantage of coolness at least, and as long as we could see the stars we had no doubt as to direction.

At the first stream that crossed the road, and there were many of them, we took off our shoes and stockings and bathed our feet, and as they were blistered and swollen so that it was torture to pull on our boots, we were loath to leave the cool water, and finally we carried our boots and kept on in our stockings, a test of endurance that did not last long, for by daylight the feet were gone and we threw the legs a way.

We had been walking, with only a few brief halts, for about eight hours, and we estimated that we had made at least twenty miles when daybreak found us at the fork of two roads. The one to the right showed signs of constant travel, and that to the left was corduroy, and appeared to lead into a swamp extending northward.

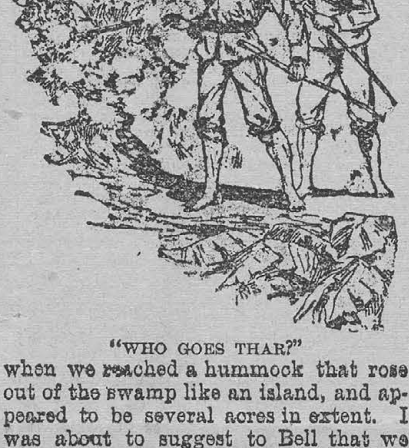
In woodcraft I was quite willing to yield my inclinations to Bell's experience. He had lived much among the North Carolina Cherokees, and he knew all their arts in following or avoiding trails, and he had in addition the innate feeling—one could hardly call it knowledge—of direction that is a peculiar attribute of the white natives of the Blue Ridge.

Waiting until the light was sufficient to enable him to examine the corduroy road with care, Bell looked at the trail. "Four horses went in and four's come out. They must be searchers," he said, as he rose from his hands and knees, "and if I ain't mistook there's more in there now, leastwise not a critter back. We uns can't make headway in the woods 'count of our feet. The main road would be blue ruin in no time, so I vote fo' keepin on the corduroy, and a movin with keer about the turns."

I accepted this scheme without question, and we resumed our march. Before we had gone a mile the road, bad at the beginning, dissipated itself into branches, all worse, and most of them long ago unfit for the passage of wagons or mounted men. We followed one road to its termination in a camp covered with decayed cypress slabs and a number of rotting log shanties that evidently had not been used "sence befo' de wah." Bell carefully looked over the ground and decided that "no humans had been in thar fo' months 'n months." We sat down and made a hearty breakfast on the corn bread and meat which Abe, the overseer of the Branch place, had so thoughtfully provided the night before. There was plenty to satisfy our keen appetites and leave us enough for another meal.

We reasoned, and, as it proved, correctly, that the swamp extended north to the Savannah river, and, although it promised hard traveling, the prospect of its being comparatively safe decided us to try it. We still carried our boots slung over our shoulders, and, cutting two poles to help us along and enable us to take soundings, we started off again. Although we occasionally encountered sharp roots, the soft earth and frequent pools were grateful to our feet, and our spirits rose accordingly.

The pools increased in number and the ground became more spongy till noon,



"WHO GOES THAR?"

when we reached a hummock that rose out of the swamp like an island, and appeared to be several acres in extent. I was about to suggest to Bell that we take advantage of this place to finish our rations and get some sleep, for we had been marching continually for about seventeen hours when we were brought to a sudden halt by the clicking of a rifle lock, and a hoarse voice from the front demanded:

"Who goes thar?"

"Friends!" I replied at a venture.

"Whar is you from?"

"Down the river."

"Savannah?"

"Yes."

"Desartin?"

"No, on furlough."

"What in h—l brings you a hidin in har, then?"

Before I could frame an answer to this Bell shouted out, although we could not see the man who challenged us:

"What in h—l brings you uns a hidin in har?"

"We ain't a hidin," and another rifle barrel became visible beside the one already covering us from the bushes.

"Wa'al," continued Bell. "You uns hez got the drop on we uns; so if you uns be men and not doggoned skunks, stop this foolin and show yerselves. We uns ain't got no guns."

"An you don't peah to hev much of anythin else." This was said with a laugh, the bushes were pushed aside, and two men with long hair, shaggy beards and ragged gray uniforms stood before us. These were evidently some of the men for whom the searchers were looking, and from their appearance it was certain that the searchers could not take them without a fight, and not then unless they had the means of "toting" them.

They approached us and shook hands with that hearty camaraderie which I imagine is peculiar to all men who have set the laws at defiance and are rather glad of it. One of the two spoke with a hearty Irish accent that sounded pleasantly familiar, and there was a humorous twinkle in his gray eyes as he said:

"Gintlemin, me an me friend, Commodore Williams, belongs to the provost guard, an as we was sint in here to examine all min passin an to look at their papers, yez'll plaze produce yer furloughs."

"Or yer discharges," said Commodore Williams. "I attends to the discharges, and my friend, Major General Nolan, of the Swamp Rangers, attends to the furloughs."

"Boys," said Bell, with a preliminary oath of great length and originality of construction, "You uns is a-tryin to be funny, and I'll allow hit's purty good fur's I ken see hit. But we uns ain't got no papers along."

"Well, if yer ready to take oath that yez has lost thim or sint thim home by post, it'll do as well, for me an Commodore Williams ain't the min to be hard on the bies; are we, commodore?"

I could not help laughing at the wild sense of humor of these two outlaws in giving to each other titles that implied their dominion of land and water, which seemed to be mixed up in equal parts in the country around them. They took us to be deserters, like themselves, and we fell in with and encouraged this belief during our stay on this remarkable island. Back of the line of dwarf magnolias there was a hut, with a roof sloping to the ground, and a fire in front. Inside the hut there were a half dozen muskets, and the belts, blankets and ragged coats hanging from the pegs hinted that these two men had companions in their retreat.

Bell and I professed to be East Tennessee conscripts, and, while carefully concealing our sympathies, we confessed that we thought the war was near an end, and that we wanted to get home to our friends. We told the major general and the commodore what we had learned about the searchers, nor were we surprised to find them far better informed than ourselves. They cooked us some dinner, and I recall that with our corn bread we had excellent fresh meat, and it was, I am very sure, either "'possum" or coon; but no matter the name, it was as pleasant a change from fat pork as fat pork was from the dry corn bread of our prison days.

Our hosts saw our fatigue and our sore feet, and the commodore gave us a bark wash for the latter while the major general was preparing our bed in the hut. After Bell and I lay down, which we did without fear, one of the men made a "smudge" that filled the hut with smoke and drove out the mosquitoes, which had been very annoying. This was the first entirely restful sleep we had had since our escape, for we knew these men would protect us as if we were of their own band.

I recall this sleep as the most refreshing I had had since my capture in December, and I do not think it was equaled in solid comfort in the forty-three days, or rather forty-three nights, which we spent in trying to get back to the Union lines.

I was the first to wake up, and, with the caution born of contact with danger, I rubbed my eyes and listened quietly to the sound of voices that had disturbed me. It was dark, but the fact that there was a group of men eating about the fire before the hut told me that it was either very early in the morning or rather late in the evening, and I decided that it was the latter. By rising on my elbow I could look across Bell and see the men cooking and eating about the fire. A stalwart negro, with a shiny face and the merest apology for a shirt, was doing the cooking, while the major general and the commodore, with three other white men, were doing the eating. One of the newcomers sat with a paper in one hand and his back to the light, and while he helped himself with the other hand he read and made comments something like this:

"The Chronicle does so lie, no one can't hardly believe it when it tells the truth, but I reckon it ain't far wrong 'bout our folks and the Yanks. Jest listen to this, boys: 'So far in this campaign every move made by Sherman has been foiled by that master of strategy and grand tactics, our own heroic Joe Johnston. With the coolness of Fabius and the audacity of Pompey, he has been drawing the Yankees further and further into his toil. He led them from Rocky Face ridge and Dalton to Calhoun, thence down to Lost Mountain and Kenesaw, and now on the banks of the classic Chattahoochee he is turning like a lion at bay, and when he strikes, as strike he will within a few days, he'll keep on striking till the Yankees are destroyed or their splintered fragments are captured on the banks of the Ohio.'"

This and much more of the same kind the man with the paper read, and it struck me as not a little curious that while all these men were undoubtedly southern in their sympathies, and showed a decided dislike for the Yankees, yet they were of one mind—and that the correct one—as to the termination of the war. The man whom I knew and still think of as "the commodore" appeared to voice the sentiments of his comrades by saying, as nearly as I can recall:

"I fit as hard as any man so long as it seemed to be the no'th agin the south, for I'm a southern man through and through, though I ain't never owned a niggah, but I'll allow I've often wanted to when they was worth a d—d sight more'n ever they'll be agin. But soon's Jeff Davis got to conscriptin, what did he do? Did he take all alike, rich and pore, and say, 'Boys, you've got to fight for the Confed'racy and lick the Yanks, no matter how rich or blue blooded yer dads was?' No, sah. He says, 'A man that runs a plantation with nine hands ain't 'bleeged to fight; he can stay home and raise food and fodder, but you pore vagabonds ez ain't got niggahs or plantations, you've got to walk right up har to the front and let them d—d Yankees shoot you.' Waal, that let me out as it let you boys out. It's now a rich man's quar'l and a pore man's fight, and by the 'tarnal I ain't goin to resk my life to save a rich man's niggahs. We're agwine to be licked, shore's yer bawn, an doggone me if it don't kinder go agin the grain to hev the Yanks come out a-top. Still, none of this crowd brought on the muss, an we wuz all fools ever to've gone into it."

This speech was received with much applause. The opinions, as I well knew, were rather threadbare, but they represented the views of a majority of the southern troops as early as the summer of 1863, when I had an opportunity to talk with many of them at Vicksburg. I shook Bell till he woke up, and then we rose and walked out to the fire.

Our Irish brother vagrant, "Major General Nolan, of the Swamp Rangers," with ready wit, introduced Bell as "General Scott" and myself as "Captain Daniel O'Connell." The newcomers—I took no note of their names—shook hands with us, and we were invited to partake of the corn bread and broiled meat which the black man was still busily cooking.

Three meals in one day, and bountiful meals at that, was much more than we had been accustomed to. Yet the memory of hungry hours was with us, and we could have eaten ten times a day had the food been set before us. The general and the commodore had evidently told our story to their friends, for we were not questioned much. Bell knew all about the regiments that had gone into the Confederate army from east Tennessee and western North Carolina, and I let him talk about them, which he did with great familiarity and well assumed pride. I remember that he rang the changes on "a rich man's quar'l and a pore man's fight," and always with excellent effect.

I imagined that those men looked relieved when my companion and myself announced our purpose to keep on till we reached the mountains. They made no attemps to conceal their purpose in being here. They had rebelled against the rebellion and they were living by what they euphoniously called "foraging," but which an intelligent jury would be likely to consider stealing. The negro was a runaway, a powerful fellow and, as we learned, one of the most useful members of the gang, for he not only cooked, but his skill as a forager was acknowledged to be greater than that of all the others put together.

We staid in this strange camp for three nights, during which time the men went off foraging by turns and never came back empty handed. During our stay the commodore, who was the leader of the gang, kept us supplied with a decoction of oak bark, which turned our feet to the color of tanned calfskin and toughened them in a surprising way, so that while the effect lasted we were not troubled again with bruises or blisters.

The gang seemed to be well supplied with Confederate money, and a dirtier currency than that displayed in pulpy wads by some of the men it would be difficult to imagine. In addition to this money they had several packs of greasy cards, the backs showing that they were composed of the remnants of many packs. Every night the cards were brought into use. Poker was the game, the commodore was the banker, and nails of three sizes were used as "chips." Bell and myself were invited into the game, and on our pleading poverty our fellow vagrants generously raised a collection that netted us about $200 each without perceptibly decreasing the wads that had been placed under contribution. I am very sure that it did not detract from their value.

I had never played poker before, but I understood the rules of the game. So, not to appear odd, I "went into the game," and played so cautiously that in the three nights my losses amounted to only ten dollars, a very modest sum indeed, when the smallest chip—a shingle nail—represented five dollars and a tenpenny nail twenty. At times there were several pounds of nails in the middle of the blanket on which we played, and they represented hundreds of dollars. Intrinsically they were worth more than the paper they represented.

Bell had a passion for poker. This game, to use his own words, "jest filled him plum full of new blood of the richest kind." He forgot his sufferings, forgot how and why he had come here and whither he was bound, in the excitement of the play. He played, as it seemed to me, recklessly; but he was so successful that the second night he was able to return, with thanks, the generous contribution of our entertainers and still have a snug sum left. I recall that on the third night, when he and the commodore were betting and tossing nails in at a great rate, some one told Bell he was bluffing.

"Bluffing!" he repeated with a picturesque oath. "I tell you, neighbor, if I had ten kegs of nails and was 'lowed to raise the ante that amount, I'd chuck 'em into the pot quicker'n you could say 'skat!'"

This bold declaration intimidated the commodore. He "called" Bell—and lost. The mountaineer held a royal flush or some equally unusual and unconquerable hand. Bell afterward assured me that if we had staid in that game for a week he "would have won every doggone dollar them swamp angels had, and got a mortgage on their duds and rifles besides," and I believed him.

Although treating us so well, our friends did not press us to remain after our feet were "about healed." They agreed with Bell that if we wanted to strike the mountains with least danger the best way was to cross the Savannah into South Carolina, "and then head plum for the west." The river was about two miles beyond the island on which we were encamped, but they had a scow on a little bayou a few hundred yards away, and on this the commodore volunteered to ferry us to the South Carolina shore, where he assured us we should find the ground "a little drier, but not enough to brag on." When the time came for our departure, Bell generously offered to return all the money he had won, but the men indignantly refused it, declaring that he had "won it like a gentleman" and that it was his by all the rules of honorable gambling. Then he proposed to buy one of the rifles with ammunition and equipments, and at once our generous fellow vagrants offered us one for nothing.

To the surprise of all I strongly protested against this transaction, saying that if we ran into a body of Confederates we could not plead "sick leave" or furlough if we carried a musket. "Then," I added, "the possession of a rifle will make us foolhardy, and we will run into dangers that would be avoided without it. Force being out of the question, we can succeed only with shrewdness and cunning."

The swamp angels, and, finally, Bell, agreed that I was right, and so we took no gun, though one of the men said, "Thar's times when nothing else is so handy ez a gun, though I'll allow that the man ez ain't got a gun is least apt to git into sich scrapes."

Following supper the fourth night after our arrival the whole gang, each man carrying a torch—for there was no danger of being seen from the river—accompanied us down to the bayou. We shook hands with them and got into the leaky scow, which we had to bail every minute we were aboard. Our plan had been discussed before starting and we had a pretty good idea of what we had to do and the obstacles to be overcome. The commodore stood with a pole in his hand at the stern; I held a torch at the bow, and Bell worked a rusty tin pan amidships. The men waving their torches on the island in adieus, the inky waters of the bayou, the protruding "knees" and drooping branches of the cypresses, all went to make up a picture of weirdness which I can never forget.

As we wound in and out, propelled along the tortuous course by the commodore's pole, my respect for that doughty mariner's skill increased every moment. When we neared the river he ordered me to throw the torch overboard, then he substituted a paddle for the pole. The boughs that had been brushing our heads were behind and we were out on

delay the performers marched in and took their places on the prettily decorated platform.

After the well executed opening march by Miss Grube, and the invocation by Prof. Adams, Miss Emma Ritner, the first speaker of the evening was announced. Her subject was "The Mad Poets." She spoke more especially of Cowper, Poe and Byron, and her whole production was characterized by the smoothness and beauty of the language, while her clear tones penetrated to all parts of the room.

After another delay caused by the late comers, Mr. E. L. Tennant gave a declamation entitled "Our Country's Scourge and its Remedy." He spoke with great earnestness of the scourge of intemperance, and seemed to throw himself into his piece.

The next on the program was a piano solo by Miss Marcia Earnest. She played "Tam 'O Shanter" and as her practiced fingers ran over the keys, the sound of galloping hoofs was so plain that we half expected to see the horse come into view.

Next was an oration by Mr. S. B. Gregg, on the subject "What are you labelled?" He showed the contrast between success and failure, and stated that we are all labelled one on the other, which depends on ourselves. His gestures were very fine and his whole production showed careful thought and study.

Miss Miriam Woolson was next called upon for a soliloquy. She had chosen for her subject, "The owl complained of the brightness of the sun." She compared people who are continually borrowing trouble to an owl hiding in a hollow tree and very much frightened for fear a sunbeam should penetrate through the tree and touch his body.—Her reading was clear and distinct and her style was much enjoyed by the audience.

The next piece of music was a vocal solo by Miss Powell. Her rich voice is always enjoyed by an audience, and this was fully up to the standard.

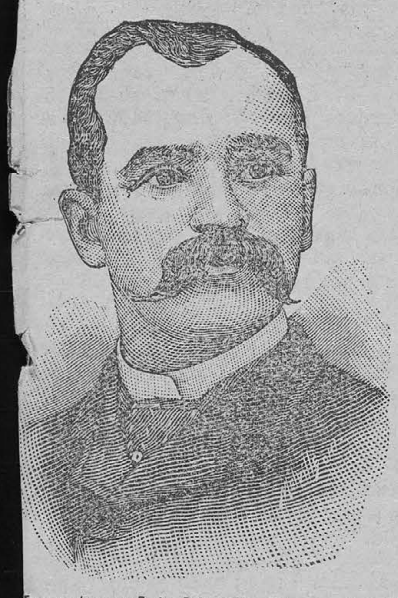
The presiding officer, Mr. Lang, next announced "A visit from Aunt Lucindy," and while the audience was wondering what this was to be, one of the ushers was seen making his way toward the platform with a chair, and behind him came Aunt Lucindy herself in the person of Miss Ava Clements. She made a model old maid aunt, and in ancient language told "Caroline" all about her two "epochs" both of which amounted to nothing in the end. This seemed to please the audience greatly.

When Mr. E. L. Roth was announced we all expected something good and we were not disappointed by any means. The subject of his oration was, "Progress" and he treated it in a clear, practical way that showed he knew what he was talking about. His delivery was very good and his voice very pleasant.

Next we listened to an instrumental duett by Miss Edith Snider and Miss Minnie Stough. This excellent piece of music was encored, and the musicians responded with a medley.

After the benediction the audience departed feeling that they had witnessed a model open session.

Prof. Marks



has returned to his Mt. Pleasant office to attend to his Henry County patients, where he will be found daily.

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TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES: The reports of the heads of the several executive departments, requirep by law to be submitted to me, which are herewith transmitted, and the reports of the secretary of the treasury and the attorney general, made directly to congress, furnish a comprehensive view of the administrative work of the last fiscal year relating to national and international affairs. It would be of great advantage if these reports could have an attentive perusal by every member of congress, and by all who take an interest in public affairs. Such a perusal should not fail to exact a higher appreciation of the vast labor and conscientious efforts which are given to the conduct of our civil administration. The reports will, I believe, show that every question has been approached, considered and decided from the standpoint of public duty and considerations affecting the public interests alone. Again I invite to every branch of the service the attention and scrutiny of congress. The work of the state department during the last year has been charactized by an unusual number of important negotiations and by diplomatic results of a notable and highly beneficial character. Among these are the reciprocal trade arrangements which have been concluded in the exercise of the powers conferred by section 3 of the tariff law with the Republic of Brazil, with Spain for its West India possessions and with San Domingo. Like negotiations with other countries have been much advanced, and it is hoped that before the close of the year further definitive trade arrangements of great value will be concluded.

[On the Behring sea question the president says satisfactory terms have been arranged with Great Britain, and an agreement as to the arbitrators is all that is necessary for the completion of the convention. The boundary disputes between Great Britain and Venezuela, touching the western frontier of British Guiana are still unsettled.]

The Inspection of Meat.

The law of the last congress providing a system of inspection for our meats intended to export and clothing the president with power to exclude foreign products from our markets in case the country sending them should perpetuate unjust discrimation against any product of the United States placed this government in a position to effectively urge the removal of such discriminations against our meats. It is gratifying to be able to state that Germany, Denmark, Italy, Austria and France, in the order named, have opened their ports to inspected American pork products. The removal of these restrictions in every instance was asked for and given solely upon the ground that we had now provided a meat inspection that should be accepted as adequate to the complete removal of the dangers, real or fancied, which had been previously urged. The state department, our ministers abroad and the secretary of agriculture have co-operated with unflagging and intelligent zeal for the accomplishment of this great result. The outlines of an agreement have been reached with Germany, looking to equitable trade concessions in consideration of the continued free importation of her sugars, but the time has not yet arrived when this correspondence can be submitted to congress.

Brazilian Troubles.

The recent political disturbances in the republic of Brazil have excited regret and solicitude. The information we possessed was too meagre to enable us to form a satisfactory judgment of the causes leading to the temporary assumption of supreme power by President Fonseca; but this government did not fail to express to him its anxious solicitude for the peace of Brazil and for the maintenance of the free political institutions which had recently been established there, nor to offer our advice that great moderation should be observed in the clash of parties and the contest for leadership. These counsels were received in the most friendly spirit, and the latest information is that constitutional government has been re-established without bloodshed.

THE NEW ORLEANS LYNCHING.

Suggestions Which are Worthy the Attention of Congress.

The lynching at New Orleans in March last of eleven men of Italian nativity by a mob of citizens was a most deplorable and discreditable incident. It did not, however, have its origin in any general animosity to the Italian people, nor in any disrespect to the government of Italy with which our relations were of the most friendly character. The fury of the mob was directed against these men as the supposed participants or accessories in the murder of a city officer. I do not allude to this as mitigating in any degree this offense against law and humanity, but only as affecting the international questions which grew out of it. It was openly represented by the Italian minister that several of those whose lives who had been taken by the mob were Italian subjects, and a demand was made for the punishment of the participants and for an indemnity to the families of those who were killed. It is to be regretted that the manner in which these claims were presented were not such as to promote a calm discussion of the questions involved; but this may well be attributed to the excitement and indignation which the others naturally evoked. The views of this government as to its obligations to foreigners domiciled here were fully stated in the correspondence, as well as its purpose to make an investigation of the affair with a view to determine whether there were present any circumstances that could, under such rules of duty as we had indicated, create in obligation to the United States.

Friendly Conclusion Obtainable.

The temporary absence of the sub-minister plenipotentiary of Italy at this capital has retarded the further correspondence, but it is not doubted that a friendly conclusion is attainable. Some suggestions growing out of this unhappy incident are worthy the attention of congress. It would, I believe, be entirely competent for congress to make offenses against the treaty rights of foreigners domiciled in the United States cognizable in the federal courts. This has not, however, been done, and federal officers and courts have power in such cases to intervene either for the protection of a foreign citizen or for the punishment of his slayer. It seems to me to follow in this state of the law that the officers of state charged with police and judicial powers in such cases must, in the consideration of international questions, growing out of such incidents, be regarded in such sense as federal agents as to make this government answerable for their acts in cases where it would be answerable if the United States had used its constitutional power to define and punish crimes against treaty rights.

THE TROUBLE WITH CHILI.

Seizure of the Itata and the Attack on the Baltimore's Men.

The president relates the causes which led up to the war in Chili, the seizure of the insurgent vessel Itata by this government, her escape and recapture, and final release, and then says:

The American minister, as well as his colleagues, acting upon the impulses of humsanity, extended asylum to political refuges whose lives were in peril. I have not been willing to direct the surrender of such of these persons as are still in the American legation without suitable conditions. It is believed that the government of Chili is not in a position, in view of the precedents with which it has been connected, to broadly deny that the right of asylum, and the correspondence has not thus far presented any such denial. The treatment of our minister for a time was such as to call for a decided protest, and it was very gratifying to observe that unfriendly measures, which were undoubtedly the result of the prevailing excitement, were at once recinded or suitably relaxed. On the 16th of October an event occurred in Valparaiso so serious and tragic in its circumstances and results as to very justly excite the indignation of our people and to call for prompt and decided action on the part of this government. A considerable number of the sailors of the U. S. steamship Baltimore, then in the harbor of Valparaiso, being upon shore leave and unarmed, were assulted by armed men nearly simultaneously in different localities in the city.

Result of the Attack.

One petty officer was killed outright and seven or eight seamen were seriously wounded, one of whom has since died. So savage and brutal was the assault that several of our sailors received more than two and one as many as eighteen stab wounds. An investigation of the affair was promptly made by a board of officers of the Baltimore, and their report shows that these assaults were unprovoked, that our men were conducting themselves in a peaceable and orderly manner, and that some of the police of the city took part in the assault and used their weapons with fatal effect, while a few others with some well disposed citizens, endeavored to protect our men. Thirty-six of our sailors were arrested, and some of them, while being taken to prison were cruelly beaten and maltreated. The fact that they were all discharged, no criminal charge being lodged against any one of them, shows very clearly that they were innocent of any breach of the peace.

So far as I have yet been able to learn no other explanation of this bloody work has been suggested than that it had its origin in hostility to these men as sailors of the United States, wearing the uniform of this government and not in any individual act or personal animosity. The attention of the Chilian government was at once called to this affair, and a statement of the facts obtained by the investigation we had conducted was submitted, accompanied by a request to be advised of any other or qualifying facts in the possession of the Chilian government that might tend to relieve this affair of the appearance of an insult to this government. The Chilian government was also advised that if such qualifing facts did not exist this government would confidently expect full and prompt reparation.

treaty of 1827.

The Outbreak in China.

The adjournment of the senate without action on the pending acts for the suppression of the slave traffic in Africa, and for the reform of the revenue tariff of the independent state of Congo, left the government unable to exchange those acts on the date fixed, July 1891. A modus vivendi has been concluded by which the power of the Congo state to levy duties on imports is left unimpaired and, by agreement of all the signatories to the general slave trade act, the time for the exchange of ratification on the part of the United States has been extended to Feb. 2, 1892.

[Concerning the outbreak in China against foreigners the president says this government can do no less than insist upon the protective measures which the Chinese government has heretofore applied. The expediency of making provision for the entrance of Chinamen into this country in connection with the World's fair will be considered by congress. Spain sends a hearty invitation to their country to participate in an exposition to be held next year to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America.]

Boundary Treaty with Mexico.

Surveys for the connecting links of the projected intercontinental railway are in progress not only in Mexico, but at various points along the course mapped out. Three surveying parties are now in the field under the direction of the commission. Nearly 1,000 miles of the proposed road have been surveyed including the most difficult part, that through Ecuador and the southern part of Colombia. The reports of the engineers are very satisfactory and show that no unsurmountable obstacles have been met with.

On Nov. 12, 1884, a treaty was concluded with Mexico reaffirming the boundary between the two countries as described in the treaties of Feb. 2, 1848 and Dec. 30, 1853. March 1, 1889, a further treaty was negotiated to facilitate the carrying out of the principles of the treaty of 1884 and to avoid the difficulties occasioned by reason of the changes and alterations that take place from natural causes in the Rio Grande and Colorado rivers in the portions thereof constituting the boundary line between the two republics. The international boundary commission, provided for by this treaty of 1889, to have exclusive jurisdiction of any question that may arise, has been named by the Mexican government. An appropriation is necessary to enable the United States to fulfil its treaty obligation in this respect.

King Kalakaua's Death.

The death of King Kalakaua in the United States afforded occasion to testify our friendship for Hawaii by conveying the king's body to his own land in a naval vessel with all due honors. The government of his successor, Queen Liliuokalani, is seeking to promote closer commercial relations with the United States. Surveys for the much needed sub-marine cable from our Pacific coast to Honolulu, are in progress, and this enterprise should have the suitable promotion of the two governments. I strongly recommend that provision be made for improving the harbor of Pearl river and equipping it as a naval station.

The arbitration treaty formulated by the international American conference lapsed by reason of the failure to exchange ratifications fully within the limit of time provided; but several of the governments concerned have expressed a desire to save this important result of the conference by an extension of the period. It is, in my judgment, incumbent upon the United States to conserve the influential initiative it has taken in this measure by ratifying he instrument and by advocating the proposed extension of due time for exchange. These views have been made known to the other signatories.

[The president speaks of the czar's harsh treatment of the Jews and their enforced immigration to this country, and adds that it is neither good for them nor us, and this country has remonstrated with Russia in a friendly way against the persecution of the Jews.]

The Nicaragua Canal.

The construction of the Nicaragua canal the president deems to be of great importance, and it should be completed as soon as possible. It is earnestly hoped that neither party nor sectional lines will be drawn upon this American project.

[The president refers to the labor troubles on the Island of Navassa and recommends legislation that shall place labor contracts upon that and other islands which bear the same relation to the United States under the supervision of a court commissioner.]

International copyright has been secured, in accordance with the conditions of the act of March 3, 1891, with Belgium, France, Great Britain, and the British possessions and Switzerland, the laws of those countries permitting to our citizens the benefits of copyright on substantially the same basis as to their own citizens and subjects. With Germany a special convention has been negotiated upon this subject which will bring that country within the reciprocal benefits of our legislation.

THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

General Interest Augmented by Conflicting Predictions.

The general interest in the operations of the treasury department has been much augmented during the last year by reason of the conflicting predictions, which accompanied and followed the tariff and other legislation of the last congress affecting the revenues, as to the results of this legislation upon the treasury and upon the country. On the one hand it was contended that imports would so fall off as to leave the treasury bankrupt and that prices of articles entering into the living of the people would be so enhanced as to disastrously affect their comfort and happiness, while on the other, it was argued that the loss to the revenue, largely the result of of placing sugar on the free list would be a direct gain to the people; that the prices of the necessaries of life, including those most highly protected, would not be enhanced; that labor would have a larger market and the products of the farm advanced prices; while the treasury surplus and receipts would be adequate to meet the appropriations, including the large exceptional expenditures for the refunding to the states of the direct tax and the redemption of the 4½ per cent. bonds.

It is not my purpose to enter at any length into a discussion of the effects of the legislation to which I have referred, but a brief examinotion of the statistics of the treasury and a general glance at the state of business throughout the country will, I think, satisfy any impartial inquirer that its results have disappointed the evil prophesies of its opponents and in a large measure realized the hopeful predictions of its friends. Barely, if ever before in the history of the country, has there been a time when the proceeds of one day's labor or the product of one farmed acre would purchase so large an amount of those things that enter into the living of the masses of the people. I believe that a full test will develop the fact that the tariff act of the Fifty-first congress is very favorable in its average effect upon the prices of articles entering into common use.

Imports of Merchandise.

During the twelve months from Oct, 1, 1890 to Sept. 30, 1891, the total value of our foreign dommerce (imports and exports combined) was $1,747,806,406, which was the largest of any year in the history of the United States. The largest of any previous year was in 1890 when our commerce amounted to $1,647,139,093 and the last year exceeds this enormous aggregate by over $100,000,000. It is interesting, and to some will be surprising, to know that during the year ending Sept. 30, 1891, our imports of merchandise amounted to $824,715,270, which was an increase of more than $11,000,000 over the value of the imports of the corresponding months of the preceding year, when the imports of merchandise were unusually large in anticipation of the tariff legislation then pending. The average annual value of the imports of merchandise for the ten years from 1881 to 1890 was $692,186,522, and during the year ending Sept. 30, 1891, this annual average was exceeded by $132,528,469. The value of free imports during the twelve months ending Sept. 30, 1891, was $118,092,387 more than the value of free imports during the corresponding twelve month of the preceeding year, and there was during the same period a decrease of $106,846,508 in the value of imports and dutiable merchandise. The percentage of merchandise admitted free of duty during the year to which I have referred, the first under the new tariff, was 48.18, while during the preceeding twelve months, under the old tariff, the percentage was 34.27, an increase of 13.91 per cent. If we take the six months ending Sept. 30 last, which covers the time during which sugars have been admitted free of duty, the per cent. of value of merchandise imported free of duty is found to be 55.37, which is a larger percentage of free imports than during any other fiscal year in the history of the government.

[CONTINUED TO SUPPLEMENT.]

The Homeliest Man in Mt. Pleasant

As well as the handsomest and others, are invited to call on any druggist and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, a remedy that if selling entirely upon its merits, and is guaranteed to relieve and cure all chronic and acute coughs, asthma, bronchitis and consumption. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.

You will find a large and beautiful display of holiday goods at Van Cise & Co's drug store. They have presents for young and old, lady and gentleman. Call and see what they have if you do not wish to buy.

MEN wanted; salary and expenses. Permanent place. Apply at once.
BROWN BROS. Co. Nurserymen,
19nov8w Chicago.

J. C. Bowman & Co,

Nos. 107–109, N. Jefferson St.

A Fresh Stock of
Sauer Kraut,
Pickled Pigs Feet
and
Pickled Hocks.
Pure Teas,
Coffees
and Spices.
Best Maple Syrup
and genuine
Buckwheat Flour.
Fruits, Confectionery
and
Fancy Groceries,
for the Holidays.

Rougemont, your club friend, in the train. Introduced by Maurice. You have often spoken of a possible alliance in that quarter. He is evidently charmed by her. Just now he is talking to her, and looking—you know how. What is to be done? Check or let things take their course? Large fortune, I believe."

The elder Derame shows his telegram in his turn to the elder Chamblard, and they go on talking in the best possible humor and agreement. Then they start their piquet again, after sending off two telegrams to the Hotel de Noailles.

The first message, to Mme. Derame, ran thus: "If you like, if she likes, yes. Enormous fortune."

And the second, to Raoul: "Spoken to D. is telegraphing to Mme. D. He approves; so do I."

A footman takes both messages to the office in the Place de la Bourse. And whilst they sped along the wires and overtook the express about 6:30 o'clock in the neighborhood of Saint-Rambert, the Derames, with Raoul and Maurice, were dining together at the same table in the best of spirits, as familiarly as possible. Marthe was gazing at Raoul, and Raoul was gazing at Marthe, and Mme. Derame was saying to herself:

"Marthe is falling in love—I know she is falling in love. She did it last year, at a ball, with a very handsome young man, but he had not a sou. This time, luckily, Edouard told me there is plenty of money; so, of course, if Marthe is willing, so are we."

The train rushed on and on, and Raoul never ceased talking. He even passed away from actualities and soared into the region of general ideas, vigorously expounding the theory that the first duty of a woman was to display refined elegance in all things. With endless detail he explained what a perfectly correct life in the social sphere implied and what a perfectly elegant woman ought to be. And in imagination he took his Elegant Woman from Paris to Trouville, from Trouville to Lake Como, from Como to Monte Carlo. And he drew a picture of the Elegant Woman's traveling trunks—a wonderful set of trunks. Besides, he was also the inventor of a trunk, for he had invented heaven knows what!

Very daintily, then, he put the young Marthe through a sort of examination, which bore no resemblance to the examination of the Sorbonne or the Hotel de Ville. Did she skate? That was what he wanted to know first of all. He was himself a distinguished skater, and wanted to meet with a woman devoted to sport. He no sooner mentioned skating than her young brother—how invaluable young brothers can be at times—exclaimed:

"My sister just *can* skate, and no mistake! You should see her doing eights! And she can swim, too, like a fish!"

She skated! She swam! She was fond of sport! With quiet enthusiasm Raoul said to the girl:

"I congratulate you, mademoiselle! A woman who does not swim is no woman!"

And with rising vehemence he added:

"A woman who does not skate is no woman!"

When a forcible idea occurred to him, he had a way of going back to it, concisely and strikingly.

Marthe was glowing with delight. She was a thorough woman! Never had a more pleasant speech been addressed to her.

Night was coming on, and it was necessary for the time to interrupt this delicious conversation, and return to the drawing room car. Young Derame was already asleep. Raoul's expositions were on too high a plane for him.

On their return journey they came to the gangway where they had first met in the morning. She was walking in front of him, and he said to her, in a low voice:

"It was here, this morning——"

And she turned round with a smile.

"Yes—here, this morning!"

There was still the same slight English accent which she never dispensed with, even under the influence of a strong emotion.

"Here, this morning!" That was all and it said everything.

What an exquisite night it was! The rain was over, the wind had fallen. They had swept into the atmosphere, the charm, the sweetness of the South. The moon chased every vestige of mist from this idyllic scene. It was everywhere spring—spring in the world—spring in their hearts.

"She loves me!" he murmured to himself.

"He adores me!" she thought.

And they were justified in thus giving themselves up, without strife or resistance, to the attraction which drew them naturally together. From the first word they exchanged there had been a close and complete identity of tastes, ideas and sentiments between them. Our little Jack and Gill were thoroughly suited to glide through the world together, performing all the functions of fashionable life, all the rites and ceremonies of social worship, with the regularity of a machine or an automaton, at the fitting moment, in the assigned dress, wherever it was the correct thing to amuse oneself.

They reached the drawing room car. The curtains were drawn over the lamps, and the travelers sank back, drowsy or asleep, in their big red arm-chairs.

"Let us change places," said Raoul to Maurice in a whisper. "You come by her, and I will go and sit next to her mother, for I must speak to her."

Maurice took his part in the maneuver in the most accommodating manner. Marthe didn't understand it. Why was he leaving her? Why was he talking to her mother, and in such low tones that she could not hear him? What on earth was he saying?

This is what he contrived to say between Montelimar, 8:35, and Pierrelatte, 8:55.

"I beg you to listen to me, madame! I am an honorable man, and I want—it is my duty—to tell you exactly how matters stand. Let us begin with a very important point. My father knows M. Derame."

"Yes, I know he does."

"Another still more important point. My father is very rich."

"Yes, I know he is."

"That is capital, then, capital! Now I can go on. I left Paris this morning, and in my pocket I have a ticket for cabin No. 27 in the Irrwaddy, which sails at 4 to-morrow, for Suez, Aden, Colombo and Singapore. I shall go on board to-morrow at 4 o'clock, unless you allow me to hope that I may become your son-in-law."

"Monsieur!"

"Don't move, madame, don't move. Mdlle. Marthe pretends to be asleep, but she is not. She is watching us, and I have not finished yet. I have hardly begun. You will tell me—I am sure of it!—you don't know me—that Mdlle. Marthe doesn't know me. Allow me to inform you that mademoiselle and I know each other better than three-fourths of the betrothed couples on the morning of their marriage. You know how these things generally come about. A hasty glance at the theater, a long way off—good glasses have been put in requisition, and they inspect one another. 'What do you think of him?' 'Oh, not so bad.' Then, some days later, at a ball between two sets of quadrilles, a few breathless, gasping phrases. Next, a meeting in a museum. There they get on more familiar terms, between the four walls of a gallery. That is what happened to me with a young lady from the provinces. I fagged at it in the morning with the Guide Joanne, so as to prepare something to say in front of the Raphaels and Murillos. After a few interviews of this sort, everything has been done. They know each other, they come to terms, and the marriage is agreed upon. But as for Mdlle. Marthe and me, we are old comrades already. To begin with, at 11:30 this morning she fell into my arms."

"My daughter in your arms!"

"Do not start, madame. Mdlle. Marthe will see that you are startled."

And in fact Marthe was closely following this scene with her eyes, between her half-shut eyelids; and she said to herself:

"What is he telling mamma? She has to hold on to the arms of her chair to prevent herself from jumping up!"

"Yes, madame, in my arms! By the greatest piece of good luck—the most fortunate of chances—we ran against each other on one of the gangways. And since then I have seen her, not in the deceptive light of a theater or museum, but in the bright sunshine, at lunch, cracking nuts, with the prettiest teeth imaginable, and I have seen her just now in the moonlight; and I know that she skates, and I know that she swims, and I know that she would like a brougham of pearl-grey—and have it she shall! And now I am admiring her in this subdued light. Ravishing! Is she not ravishing?"

"Monsieur, a mother was never yet in such——"

"In such a situation! I recognize the fact, madame, and that is just why we must get out of the situation as quickly as possible, as it is clear it can not be prolonged."

"That is very true."

"Here is what I propose. You will stay at the Hotel de Noailles; so shall I, of course. You will have all to-morrow morning for a talk with Mdlle. Marthe, and the telephone for a talk with M. Derame. You know who I am, you have seen me, too, in the daylight. I have spoken—I have spoken a great deal—you and Mdlle. Derame have been able to form a good idea of what I was and what I thought. Now, at what o'clock do you breakfast to-morrow?"

"But, I can not tell—— I assure you, monsieur, that I am stifled——upset——prostrated!"

"Still, let us name an hour. Eleven? Will eleven suit you?"

"If you wish it."

"Very well then. At 11 o'clock I shall be in the dining room of the hotel. If you tell me to go, I will go—if you bid me remain I shall remain. Give me no answer now; take time for consideration—it is just as well to do that. I shall hope to see you to-morrow, madame, to-morrow at 11."

In the morning there were some very interesting communications by telephone between Paris and Marseilles.

When Mme. Derame entered the dining room of the hotel at 11 o'clock, Raoul came up to her at once. The Chasseur, ever precise in his maneuvers, had taken Mdlle. Marthe under his charge. There was a brief interchange of conversation between Raoul and madame, who was much moved.

"I am told, monsieur, that there are steamers every fortnight between Indo-China and Marseilles. You might perhaps put off your departure—say until the next steamer!"

"Oh, thanks, madame! Thank you!"

At 2 o'clock the Derames and Raoul accompanied Maurice to the steamer. On the bridge Raoul said to his friend:

"Now you quite understand, you are to be my best man! As soon as you have reported yourself, ask your Colonel at once for leave of absence. I think it will be in about six weeks."

Raoul was mistaken. It was certainly a marriage by express—five weeks sufficed.

As they were ascending the steps of the Madeleine, Raoul said to Marthe:

"Noon!"

"What are you thinking of?"

"Nay—what are you thinking of?"

"Noon?—that was about the time in the gangway, was it not?"

"You have guessed it."

They broke into a laugh, but soon looked serious again, and entered the church in an irreproachable manner.

They were scanned with much curiosity, and in different parts of the church the spectators were making their comments.

"It is a love match, you know!" "Yes; it seems they met in a railway train." "Quick as a flash of lightning." "Quite a charming affair." "And so uncommon, too!" "Yes—so uncommon! A love match—a regular love match!"

GREAT MILLIONAIRES' WILLS.

In America the Bulk of Each Great Estate Has Gone to the Rich Man's Children.

[From the New York Sun.]

The small bequests by Jay Gould to his brother and sister call attention anew to the fact that the financial results of the creation of a fortune in a family are apt to be small to the collateral branches and heavy to the direct line of issue. This is not surprising. It is natural that men should bequeath their fortunes to their own children, both as a consequence of affection and as a means of founding a family and perpetuating an estate. It is said that other causes operate to make this rule more marked than it would otherwise be. It is declared by some observers that poor brothers of rich men are apt to be envious, and to make their envy apparent to the fortunate brother. The poor sisters of such a man are quite likely to marry humbly and to get a degree of assistance during life which renders a heavy bequest less incumbent upon the rich brother than if he had not provided frequently and more or less liberally for the women beforehand.

The wills of the heads of the Astor family do not point a moral in this respect, because that family has followed a rule designed for the perpetuation of a great family estate in two parcels. Side bequests, if considerable, would have prevented the execution of this plan. The distribution of the late Samuel J. Tilden's fortune is not illustrative of the common custom, because he was a bachelor.

A. T. Stewart, the great merchant prince, made a simple will. In the second paragraph of the document opened after his death in 1876 he wrote simply: "All my property and estate of every kind and description, and wherever situated, I give, devise and bequeath to my dear wife, Cornelia M. Stewart, her heirs and assigns forever." In the next paragraph he appointed Henry Hilton to manage, close and wind up his partnership business and affairs. He made ex-Judge Hilton, the widow and William Libbey his executors, and he bequeathed to Mr. Hilton the sum of $1,000,000 "as a mark of regard."

In a codicil to the will he bequeathed various sums of from $20,000 to $500 to as many faithful employes in his business, and other sums of $2500 to $500 to seven household servants. To two sisters, named Marron, at whose father's house and hands he had enjoyed hospitality, he gave $12,000 a year and a house in this city. To Henry Hilton's wife he gave $5000. In a second codicil he gave $10,000 each to four persons of the name of Clinch, who were relatives of his wife, to two of whom he gave a house in town; and to Sarah Smith and her daughter he gave $10,000 each. He willed that all persons who had remained in his employ during twenty years should have $1000, and all who had worked for him ten years $500. A letter to his wife accompanied the will, and in that he said that he hoped to live to carry out his charitable schemes, but if he died before doing so he would depend on her to do so, with the advice and assistance of their friend, Henry Hilton.

Mr. Stewart had no children. If he had no relatives either, his will is not a case in point. But, on the other hand, if it is true, as many claimants assert, that he had a number of cousins and other kin in Ireland, his absolute forgetfulness of them or refusal to benefit them is remarkably apposite. The lawyers who have defended his estate against assault produced testimony that he always said he had no relative in the world, and doubtless this was the ease.

Jay Gould left to his sisters, Anna G. Hough and Mrs. Elizabeth Palen, and to his brother, Abraham, each $25,000 and a separate income of $2000 a year. To his sister, Mrs. Northrup, and her children, he gave three lots in Camden in addition to the $25,000 and the $2000 a year additional income. If he had other kin of further remove he does not mention them in his will. The instrument showed his devotion to his children and his desire to keep his estate in the direct line of family descent, for he gave it into the hands of his children as executors. There are six of these children, and each got an equal share of the fortune after certain extra legacies were taken from it. His daughter Helen got the city and country homes and their valuable contents. His eldest son, George J., got a present of $5,000,000 in addition to his sixth. His son Edwin got a house in town, and $500,000 was set aside for a grandson.

Commodore Vanderbilt, who died in January, 1877, made many bequests to others than his children. To his wife he gave $500,000 and all the contents of his house in Washington place, the use of which was hers for life. To his brother, Jacob H. Vanderbilt, he gave $50,000. To his sister, Phœbe, he gave $1200 a year during her life. To his nieces and nephews he gave various sums, ranging from $20,000 and $10,000 down to $300 and $200 a year. But he gave one grandnephew $25,000 and another $20,000. His doctor got $10,000, and a faithful old clerk got $20,000. To an uncle he gave $5000, and the wife of a nephew received $25,000.

When he came to consider his children the situation was altered. To William H., his eldest son, he handed down the bulk of his magnificent property, the value of this gift being estimated at $90,000,000. The whole property had been considered as worth $105,000,000, and of the $15,000,000 that William H. did not get, one-half went to William's sons, the oldest one, Cornelius, getting greatly the largest share. He seemed thus to indicate a belief that young Cornelius, who had already shown ability as a financier, would become the head of the house in the third generation.

To his own less worthy son Cornelius he gave merely the interest on $200,000. He divided $1,250,000 equally among five daughters, and two of these he further enriched, the one with the interest on $400,000, and the other with the interest on $300,000. Enriched is scarcely the term to use, for it was evident that he intended only to insure to each of them the comforts of a competency.

When it came time to open the will of William H. Vanderbilt it was found that he had given to a nephew, W. V. Kissam, $30,000; to his uncle Jacob the dividends on 1000 shares of New York Central; to his aunt Phœbe and to each of twelve other relatives annuities of $1200. The great bulk of the increased estate went to the children. There were eight of them, and each got $5,000,000 outright, together with the interest, during life, on another $5,000,000, the eighth part of a trust fund of $40,000,000. The principal in this legacy was to go to his grandchildren when his children died. To his eldest son, Cornelius, he gave an additional $2,000,000 outright, and to his favorite grandson, William H., the son of Cornelius, he gave $1,000,000 outright. The youngest son, George, was to have the family mansion and works of art when his mother should die. To his own widow he left a yearly allowance of $200,000 and the right to give away $500,000 howsoever and to whomsoever she pleased. To each of his four daughters he gave the house in which she was living when he died. Having thus disposed of only about one half of this great property, which was said to be sufficient to give $4 to every man, woman and child in the country, Mr. Vanderbilt gave the rest to his first and second sons, Cornelius and William K., or about $50,000,000.

Curiosities in Shooting.

[From the Poughkeepsie Eagle.]

A little paragraph appeared a short time ago saying that an orange if struck with a bullet in the center would disappear almost completely. William C. Champlin, of the City Bank, tried the experiment and says the statement is true. He shot at an orange with a Winchester rifle at a distance of about 30 feet, supposing that the bullet would simply make a hole in the orange. Instead of this, the orange vanished. Little pieces of skin and of seeds were found scattered about, but there was no spattering on a board behind the orange to show that any part of it had struck there. Another interesting experiment which Mr. Champlin has tried is shooting into a silk handkerchief hung by one corner. The handkerchief will whirl into a bunch, several holes instead of one will be made in it and the bullet will be deflected perhaps thirty degrees from its course. It is impossible to hit a blown egg suspended by a thread. The air ahead of the bullet throws the egg out of the way every time. Try it.

A Theater Half Upon Water.

Mr. Steele Mackaye, of New York, and several Chicagoans have put their heads together and devised a plan for a curious theater to be built on the lake shore near the World's Fair grounds, Chicago, and to be known as the Spectatorium.

The Spectatorium will stand partly on land and partly over water. It is designed to accommodate real ships sailing on a small lake, and the various and historic episodes in the life of Columbus are to be portrayed. The Santa Maria and the other vessels of Columbus' fleet, with 50-foot masts, are to move in front of the audience.

The walls on the north side will stand out over Lake Michigan. There will be a stage front of nine rods wide, the dome will be 250 feet high, and the whole structure is on a gigantic scale. In the place designated for the audience, 9000 people may find comfortable seating, and in the rooms near the stage, on each side of the auditorium proper, 3000 more can find places. Grand nautical panoramas will be given in the Spectatorium throughout the summer of 1893.

DR. OLIN D. WHITTIER

Moderate charges, and as low as can be made, using only the best. Every case requires specially prepared treatment.—In office evenings until 8 o'clock.

617 ST. CHARLES STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Regular graduate, has been longer engaged in the treatment of **Chronic, Nervous, Skin and Blood** Diseases in St. Louis, as city papers show and all old residents know. Consultation at office, or by mail, free and invited. A friendly talk or opinion costs nothing. Medicine sent by mail or express everywhere, securely packed, free from observation. Curable diseases guaranteed; where doubt exists it is frankly stated. Hours, 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. and 3 p. m. to 8 p. m.; Sunday, 10 to 12.

NERVOUS DEBILITY Organic Weakness, Failing Memory, Lack of Energy, Physical Decay. Arising from indiscretion, Excess or Indulgence, producing some of the following effects: Nervousness, Debility, Dimness of Sight, Self-Distrust, Defective Memory, Pimples on the face, Aversion to the Society of Females, Loss of Ambition, Lack of Confidence, Gloominess, Despondency, Barrenness, Unfitness to Marry, Melancholy, Dyspepsia, Lost Manhood, Pains in the Back, Varicocele, etc., treated with success. SAFELY, PRIVATELY.

SEND FOR QUESTION LIST NO. 11, RELATING TO ABOVE.

BLOOD AND SKIN Diseases, all forms, affecting Body, Nose, Throat, Skin and Bones, Blotches, Eruptions, Acne, Eczema, Old Sores, Ulcers, Painful Swellings, from whatever cause, treated by means of SAFE, TIME-TRIED REMEDIES.

Stiff and Swollen Joints and Rheumatism, the result of Blood Poison, CURED.

SEND FOR QUESTION LIST NO. 12, RELATING TO ABOVE

KIDNEY AND URINARY Complaints, Painful, Difficult, Too Frequent, Milky or Bloody Urine, carefully treated.

SEND FOR QUESTION LIST NO. 13, RELATING TO ABOVE.

URETHRAL STRICTURE. No cutting, pain or stretching.

Soft feeling bunch of earth-like worms; VARICOCELE is curable.

HOME TREATMENT. Persons ailing at a distance, by answering all symptoms on either of the question lists above, can be successfully treated at home.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. Spinney

THE OLD, RELIABLE SPECIALIST. 28 YEARS EXPERIENCE

In the Treatment of THROAT and LUNG Troubles, CATARRH, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NERVOUS, CHRONIC and SPECIAL DISEASES of MEN and WOMEN.

YOUNG MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful follies or indiscretions, or are troubled with Weakness, Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Despondency Aversion to Society, Kidney Troubles, or any disease of the Genito-Urinary Organs, can here find a safe and speedy cure Charges reasonable, especially to the poor. **Cures guaranteed.**

MIDDLE-AGED MEN.

There are many troubled with too frequent evacuations of the bladder, often accompanied by a slight smarting or burning sensation, and weakening of the system in a manner the patient cannot account for. On examining the urinary deposits, a ropy sediment will often be found, and sometimes particles of albumen will appear, or the color be of a thin, milkish hue, again changing to a dark or torpid appearance. There are many men who die of this difficulty ignorant of the cause, which is the second stage of seminal weakness. The doctor will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases, and healthy restoration of the genito-urinary organs. Consultation free. Those unable to call, can write full particulars of their case and have medicine sent by express, with full instructions for use. *Mention this paper when writing.*

DR. SPINNEY & CO.,

710 OLIVE ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Office hours: 9 a. m. to 9 p. m. Sundays, 9 to 11 a. m.

DR. C. A. BOHANNAN

Treats successfully all Chronic and Special Diseases, charges NO FEES; small charge for medicines only.

Dr. Bohannan's "Vegetable Curative" cures Nervous Debility, Organic Weakness, Loss of Vigor, or any of the train of evils arising from Indiscretion, Over Brain Work, or any other cause, which often terminate in Consumption or Insanity. Used by old Dr. Bohannan, in his private practice, for over forty years, has never failed in curing the Worst Cases in from two to seven weeks' time. The ingredients are simple productions of Nature—barks, roots, herbs, etc.

Price, Five Dollars. Sent, securely sealed, to any address.

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Warranted to restore nervous and physical debility, etc., $1.50, $3 and $10 per box. For sale at the pharmacy of

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Sole Agent, 518 Olive st.

DR. DINSBEER,

THE SPECIALIST.

814 PINE STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

35 Years' Experience.

Private matters skillfully treated and medicine furnished to patients at my office. No hinderance from business. No exposure, but a speedy and permanent cure in a few days. Patients out of the city treated by mail or express on receipt of $5 to pay for medicine. Call or write and describe symptoms. Hours, 8 to 8; Sunday, 9 to 12.

STRICTURES

Positively cured, by safe, easy methods. For description of treatment, *sent free*, for strictures, nervous excitement, nervous debility and weakness of manhood, and how to positively prevent special contagious diseases. "A Wonderful Discovery"—call upon or address **DR. GEO. C. PITZER**, 1110 Chambers st., St. Louis Mo. Consultation *free*. Hours, 7 to 9 a. m., 12 to 2 and 5 to 8 p. m.

PROPOSALS.

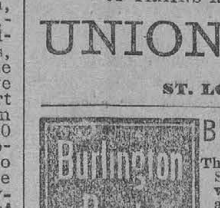
PROPOSALS FOR LEVEE WORK.—United States Engineer Office, No. 1 Prytania street, New Orleans, La., December 23, 1892.—Sealed proposals for constructing the following levees, under the allotments for the year ending June 30, 1894, will be received at this office until the date mentioned below and then publicly opened. Specifications, blank forms and all available information will be furnished on application to this office. Proposals for the following levees will be opened at 11 o'clock a. m. Monday, January 9, 1893: Pontchartrain section, left bank, Terre Haute levee, 921 miles below Cairo, about 48,800 cubic yards; Prospect levee, 936 miles below Cairo, about 51,000 cubic yards; Lafourche section, right bank, White Rose levee, 918 miles below Cairo, about 21,200 cubic yards; Barataria section, right bank, Belle Chasse levee, 983 miles below Cairo, about 73,600 cubic yards. JOHN MILLIS, Captain of Engineers, U. S. Army.

TIME TABLE

OF TRAINS RUNNING INTO THE

UNION DEPOT.

ST. LOUIS TIME.



BURLINGTON ROUTE.

Through trains to Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Denver, with Pullman sleepers and free chair cars.

Through trains to St. Paul and Minneapolis, with Pullman sleepers and elegant dining cars

BURLINGTON ROUTE—ST. L., K. AND N. W. R. R.

TRAINS.	Depart.	Arrive
Minneapolis, St. Paul, Spirit Lake and Cedar Rapids Exp...	*10:00 a m	* 5:20 p m
Denver, St. Joseph, Omaha, Lincoln, Deadwood & Colorado Ex	*12:40 p m	* 3:05 p m
Denver, Lincoln, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Joseph and California Night Express	* 8:15 p m	* 7:10 a m
Hannibal, Quincy, Keokuk, Burlington Night Express	* 8:45 p m	* 6:30 a m
St. Paul and Minneapolis	‡ 8:45 p m	* 6:30 a m

TIME TABLE

OF TRAINS RUNNING INTO THE

UNION DEPOT.

ST. LOUIS TIME.

*Daily. §Sunday only.
†Except Sunday. (a) Saturday only.
‡Except Saturday. (b) Thursday only.
¶Except Monday. (d) Fridays and Sat'days.
(c) Wednesdays and Fridays only.

BURLINGTON ROUTE—C. B. AND Q. R. R.

Rock Island, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Peoria, La Crosse and Dubuque Express	* 8:35 a m	* 5:35 p m
Rock Island, Bushnell, Galesburg, Peoria, St. Paul and Minneapolis Express	‡ 8:20 p m	¶ 6:50 a m

CLEVELAND, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS RAILWAY.
(Big Four Route.)

Only line landing passengers in Grand Central Station, New York City, via Lake Shore Railway. No change of cars.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Day Express	* 7:10 a m	* 5:45 p m
Southwestern Limited	* 8:05 a m	* 7:35 p m
Alton Express	*10:40 a m	† 7:50 a m
Alton Express		§10:20 a m
Mattoon, Jerseyville & Springfield Accommodation	† 4:20 p m	†10:30 a m
Alton Express	* 5:55 p m	* 1:30 p m
Boston, New York and Cincinnati Express	* 7:45 p m	* 7:45 a m

Ticket offices, corner Broadway and Chestnut st. and Union Depot.

CHICAGO, ALTON AND ST. LOUIS RAILROAD.

Chicago Limited	† 8:45 a m	† 7:45 p m
Chicago "Palace Express"	* 9:15p m	* 7:30 a m
Chicago Day Local Express	* 8:15 a m	* 7:30 p m
Chicago Night Local Express	* 4:40 p m	*10:40 a m
Kansas City Vestibuled Limited	* 8:40 p m	* 6:55 a m
Kansas City Day Express	* 8:33 a m	* 6:45 p m
Jacksonville Accommodation	† 6:00 p m	†10:40 a m
Alton Express	†10:00 a m	† 8:00 a m
Alton Express, Saturday only	1:30 p m	
St. Louis Accommodation		† 1:30 p m

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD (Chicago Line).

Chicago Fast Line	* 8:10 a m	
Chicago Local Express	† 8:40 a m	† 7:00 p m
Chicago Diamond Special	* 9:10p m	* 7:30 a m

JACKSONVILLE SOUTHEASTERN LINE.

Peoria and Chicago Mail and Ex.	* 7:45 a m	* 8:00 p m
Jacksonville Accommodation	† 5:25 p m	†10:55 a m
Peoria and Chicago Express	* 8:10 p m	* 7:40 a m
Springfield Mail	7:45 a m	8:00 p m

L. E. AND ST. L. CON. R. R.

Louisville Vestibuled Day Exp.	† 8:20 a m	† 7:25 p m
Louisville Night Fast Line	† 8:25 p m	† 7:40 a m
Fairfield Accommodation	† 4:55 p m	† 9:55 a m
Belleville Accommodation	* 8:25 a m	* 7:55 a m
Belleville Accommodation	*11:00 a m	*10:30 a m
Belleville Accommodation	* 2:50 p m	* 1:45 p m
Belleville Accommodation	† 5:35 p m	† 5:10 p m
Belleville Accommodation	§ 8:50 a m	§ 8:30 a m
Belleville Accommodation		§ 6:45 p m

L&N LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD.

Southern Fast Mail	* 7:50 a m	* 7:30 p m
Belleville Accommodation	†10:45 a m	† 1:50 p m
Mt. Vernon Accommodation	† 5:00 p m	† 9:10 a m
Southern Fast Line	* 7:35 p m	* 7:25 a m

MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Fast Mail	* 3:00 a m	
Creve Cœur Passenger	* 6:00 a m	* 8:15 a m
Oak Hill Passenger	† 6:20 a m	† 6:35 a m
Kirkwood Passenger	† 6:45 a m	† 6:10 a m
Kirkwood Passenger	§ 7:30 a m	† 7:35 a m
Local Express	* 7:55 a m	* 6:25 p m
Kirkwood Passenger	† 8:00 a m	† 8:40 a m
Oak Hill Passenger	* 8:05 a m	* 8:20 a m
Kansas City, Omaha, Lincoln, Southern Kansas and Galveston Express	* 9:00 a m	* 6:45 p m
Creve Cœur Passenger	* 9:30 a m	*12:40 p m
Kirkwood Passenger	* 9:50 a m	† 9:52 a m
Oak Hill Passenger	*10:00 a m	*10:30 a m
Kirkwood Passenger	†11:50 a m	§10:25 a m
Oak Hill Passenger	†11:55 a m	†11:55 a m
Kirkwood Passenger	§ 1:00 p m	§ 9:05 a m
Oak Hill Passenger	§ 1:15 p m	
Kirkwood Passenger	† 1:25 p m	†12:35 p m
Oak Hill Passenger	* 3:00 p m	* 1:30 p m
Kirkwood Passenger	* 3:15 p m	* 1:50 p m
Kirkwood Passenger	† 4:20 p m	* 3:10 p m
Creve Cœur Passenger	* 4:25 p m	* 7:15 p m
Oak Hill Passenger	† 4:45 p m	* 5:35 p m
Washington Passenger	† 5:25 p m	† 8:00 a m
Kirkwood Passenger	† 5:50 p m	† 5:10 p m
Oak Hill Passenger	* 6:15 p m	* 7:05 p m
Kirkwood Passenger	† 6:20 p m	* 5:55 p m
Kirkwood Passenger	* 6:30 p m	† 7:40 p m
Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha, Wichita and Salt Lake City Fast Line	* 8:20 p m	* 6:55 a m
Kirkwood Passenger	† 8:45 p m	* 8:20 p m
Kansas City, St. Joseph, Colorado and Texas Express	* 9:30 p m	* 7:15 a m
Kirkwood Passenger	§ 9:45 p m	
Kirkwood Passenger	†10:30 p m	
Kirkwood Passenger	†11:30 p m	†10:40 p m
Oak Hill Passenger	*11:35 p m	* 7:45 p m

MOBILE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

New Orleans Express	* 8:35 p m	* 7:05 a m
Mobile and Florida Express	* 8:35 p m	* 7:05 a m
Cairo, Cape Girardeau, Jackson and Mobile Express	* 7:40 a m	* 7:05 p m
Sparta, Chester, Murphysboro and Cape Girardeau Accommodation	† 4:30 p m	†12:10 p m

MISSOURI, KANSAS AND TEXAS.

Houston and Galveston	* 9:00 a m	* 6:25 p m
San Antonio	* 9:15 p m	* 6:40 a m

OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILWAY.

Cincinnati and Louisville Accommodation	† 7:20 a m	† 7:05 p m
Cincinnati, Louisville, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York	* 8:00 a m	* 6.20 p m
Cincinnati, Louisville, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York	* 8:05 p m	* 7:15 a m
Vincennes Accommodation	† 5:50 p m	† 8:30 a m

ST. LOUIS AND CAIRO SHORT LINE—ST. L., A. AND T. H. R. R. CO.

New Orleans "Fast Mail" and Paducah, Cairo and Texas Express	* 7:50 a m	* 6:30 p m
Sparta, Chester, Grand Tower and Cape Girardeau Express	† 7:50 a m	†11:55 a m
Sparta and Chester Express	† 4:25 p m	† 6:30 p m
Paducah, Metropolis and Cairo Express	† 4:25 p m	†11:55 a m
Memphis and Cairo Fast Line	* 7:30 p m	* 7:30 a m
"St. Louis and New Orleans Limited" and Texas and Florida Fast Line	* 7:30 p m	†11:55 a m

"BLUFF LINE."
ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO AND ST. PAUL RAILROAD.

Grafton and Elsah	10:40 a m	7:50 a m
Grafton and Elsah	5:55 p m	5:45 p m
Springfield and Jerseyville Express	7:10 a m	1:30 p m
Springfield and Jerseyville Express	†4:20 p m	

ST. LOUIS AND HANNIBAL RAILROAD.
(Via Wabash Railroad.)

Mail and Express	† 8:30 a m	†11:55 a m
Mail and Express	† 5:00 p m	† 6:25 p m

ST. LOUIS AND SAN FRANCISCO RAILWAY.

Valley Park Accommodation	† 7:00 a m	† 6:45 a m
Valley Park Accommodation	† 8:00 a m	† 7:40 a m
Texas and Colorado Mail	* 8:25 a m	* 6:30 p m
Valley Park Accommodation	† 9:00 a m	*10:30 a m
Valley Park Accommodation	* 1:00 p m	† 1:25 p m
Valley Park Accommodation	† 4:00 p m	† 4:10 p m
Pacific Accommodation	† 5:25 p m	† 8:35 a m
Valley Park Accommodation	* 6:30 p m	* 6:00 p m
California and Colorado Express	* 8:25 p m	* 8:30 a m

IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.

Columbus Accommodation	* 7:57 a m	* 6:47 p m
Hot Springs, Dallas and Fort Worth Express	* 9:20 a m	* 5:40 p m
Memphis Exp.	*8:20 p m*	* 7:10 a m
Texas Special to Hot Springs, Dallas, Fort Worth, Galveston, San Antonio, Laredo and New Orleans	* 8:10 p m	* 7:25 a m
Little Rock, Texarkana, Dallas, Fort Worth, El Paso and California Express	* 9:30 p m	* 6:20 a m

ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY AND COLORADO R. R.

Union Accommodation	† 6:00 a m	† 6:00 p m
Creve Cœur Accommodation	* 9:20 a m	† 1:40 p m
Creve Cœur Accommodation		§ 4:28 p m
Union Express	* 4:50 p m	* 8:20 a m

TOLEDO, ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY R. R.

Toledo Day Express—Fast Mail	† 7:35 a m	† 9:10 p m
Toledo Night Express	* 7:05 p m	* 7:58 a m

VANDALIA LINE

	Depart.	Arrive.
Trains Nos. 20 and 21, daily	8:10 a m	6:30 p m
Day Express, daily	8:40 a m	7:50 p m
Indianapolis Accom., ex. Sun'y	11:25 a m	6:15 p m
N. Y., Balt. & Wash. Exp., daily	9:00 p m	7:00 a m
Chicago Fast Line, daily	8:10 a m	
Chicago Local, ex. Sunday	8:40 a m	5:30 p m
Chicago Diamond Special, daily	9:10 p m	7:20 a m
Cincinnati Day Express, daily	8:10 a m	7:30 p m
Cincinnati Night Express, daily	8:00 p m	7:00 a m
Effingham Accom., daily	6:30 p m	8:15 a m

Wabash Line

EAST OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

	Depart.	Arrive.
Chicago Local Express	* 7:05 a m	* 6:15 p m
Chicago Limited Express	* 7:55 a m	* 6:15 p m
Toledo Detroit, Niagara Falls and New York Fast Line	* 7:55 a m	* 6:00 p m
Decatur Accommodation	† 4:50 p m	†10:35 a m
Toledo, Detroit, New York and Boston Vestibuled Limited	* 6:55 p m	* 7:35 a m
Chicago Limited, Vestibued	* 9:05 p m	* 7:25 a m

WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Kansas City Mail and Express	* 8:30 a m	* 6:20 p m
Kansas City, Ottumwa and St. Paul Fast Line	† 9:00 a m	† 6:15 p m
Montgomery Accommodation	† 5:00 p m	†11:55 a m
Omaha, Des Moines and St. Paul Express	* 8:25 p m	* 7:30 a m
Kansas City Fast Express	* 8:35 p m	* 7:00 a m

SUBURBAN TRAINS—F

INDIANS AT BOONE'S LICK.

Experiences of Howard County (Mo.) Pioneers During the War of 1812.

Old Daniel Boone's Discovery—Brave Words of Capt. Sarshall Cooper—First Victims of the War—Adventure of James Cole and James Davis—The Assassination of Sarshall Cooper.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

FAYETTE, Mo., December 21.—There is no more historic county in Missouri, outside of St. Louis, than this County of Howard. Within its present limits the first American settlements in what may be fairly termed the interior of the State were made, and here was the first site of civilization in the wilderness—the first towns, courts, churches, schools, newspapers, and other institutions of society. Here, too, were the first lawyers, doctors and other professional men—men who afterward became prominent and eminent in the affairs of the State and the republic. Here was the noted saline spring called "Boone's Lick," by which name the region hereabouts, on both sides of the Missouri, for miles up and down the river, came to be designated and known.

The first American to come to this locality, and to make even an approximate attempt at a permanent location, was old Daniel Boone. In about 1796 he tramped up here from St. Charles on a hunting expedition. About eight miles northwest of New Franklin, in Boone's Lick Township, on land now owned by W. N. Marshall, he found several salt springs. These springs—as were other salt springs on the frontiers—were resorted to by deer and other ruminating animals that came to lick the earth moistened by the waters for the salt it contained. Hence the springs were uniformly called "licks." At the time of Boone's visit the settlements at St. Louis and St. Charles were sadly in need of salt, and he fully appreciated the importance of his discovery. By his own account he at once built a small cabin and remained here the greater part of the winter, engaged in hunting and testing the waters. In the summer of 1807 his sons, Daniel M. and Nathan Boone, and three other men, came up with kettles and other necessary equipments, and made several hundred pounds of very good salt. This they shipped down the river to St. Charles in hollow sycamore logs, the ends of which were tightly stopped before being rolled into the river. There was quite a fleet of these logs, which were tied together with hickory bark, and they were conveyed by the men in canoes. The salt reached its destination in good condition.

No permanent white settlements were made in Howard County until 1808. In the spring of that year Col. Benjamin Cooper, a Kentuckian, and his family, built a cabin in the Missouri bottom, two miles southwest of Boone's Lick. He cleared a field and had planted a crop, when Gov. Merriwether Lewis informed him that he was on Indian ground—i. e., on unceded territory—and



DANIEL BOONE.

ordered him to return below the mouth of the Gasconade. So he came down to Loutre Island, and there remained until in the spring of 1810. Then, with others—the Coopers, Hancocks, Thorps, Wolfskills, Ashcrafts, Ferrills, Andersons, and their families—he returned, and a lasting settlement was made in the good, rich fat bottoms. The next year many others came, and in two years the settlements contained a population of some hundred souls.

Scarcely had these adventurous spirits gained a foothold in the country when the war of 1812 came on. They knew that the approaching storm foreboded danger to them—not from King George's soldiery, but from his savage allies, the Indians of the North. Believing that the savages would attack and harass them, they prepared to defend themselves. In a short time they had erected three good strong forts in the settlements, which were named Fort Cooper, Fort Hempstead and Fort Kincaid. Fort Cooper was two miles southwest of Boone's Lick, Fort Kincaid nine miles southeast of Cooper, and Fort Hempstead a mile and a half north or Kincaid. There were other smaller "forts" in the country. Cole's Fort, on the south side of the river, a mile and a half east of Boonville, was also built in 1812 by Capt. Stephen Cole.

Immediately after the erection of the Boone's Lick forts the pioneers organized a military company, or the rangers, as they were commonly called, with Sarshall Cooper as Captain, Wm. McMahan First Lieutenant, John Monroe, Second Lieutenant, and Ben Cooper, Jr., Ensign. The company was composed of 112 men, fairly well armed and mounted, many of them experienced frontiersmen and Indian fighters from Kentucky and Tennessee, and all good and true. Detachments of this company were almost constantly engaged in scouting through the country in the rear of the settlements, watching for the Indians, during the three years of the war. So vigilant were they that the Indians were never able to make a general attack on the settlements, for the scouts always discovered them in time to give the alarm and to let them know that the whites were prepared for them. On at least three occasions bands of from 300 to 500 red warriors approached within ten miles of the forts, but were always discovered by the scouts. Knowing of the existence of the forts, and what they implied, and having a wholesome appreciation of and a proper respect for the character of their defenders, the Indians always retired without a formidable attack.

The settlers were confident from the first of their ability to defend themselves. On the outbreak of hostilities Gov. Benj. Howard, at St. Louis, sent a messenger to the Boone's Lick people warning them that the British troops and Indians might be upon them, and that if they remained where they were he could not protect them, and directing them to abandon the country and come down nearer to St. Louis. But the plucky pioneers, fearing neither red coats nor redskins, returned answer to his Excellency that they thanked him for his consideration for them, and tendered him their respects and duty, but they expressed the opinion that they could protect themselves, and declared their intention to do it. I make the following extract from brave Capt. Sarshall Cooper's letter of reply:

* * * We have maid our Hoams here & all we hav is here & it wd ruen us to Leave now. We be all good Americans, not a Tory or one of his Pups among us, & we hav 2 hundred Men and Boys that will Fight to the last and we have 100 Wimen & Girls that will tak there places wh. makes a good force. So we can Defend this Settlement wh. with Gods Help we will do. So if we had a flew barls of Powder and 2 hundred Lead is all we ask. (See vol. v., Am. St. Papers.)

But with all their confidence and all their vigilance during the war, the settlers suffered considerable losses. About 200 of their horses were stolen, and many of their cattle and nearly all of their hogs were killed. Bear, bacon and venison came to be the staple meat supply. Some small fields near the forts, where corn and vegetables could be raised in safety, were assiduously cultivated, but they did not yield enough to supply the people. Parties were, therefore, detailed to cultivate more distant fields. These were divided into workmen and sentinels. The former followed the plows or gathered the crops, and the sentiuels scouted carefully through the woods on every side, watching for the wily, murderous foe. Often the plowman himself followed the furrow with his rifle slung across his back. Frequently these farming soldiers were driven from their labors.

The first victims of the war in the Boone's Lick country were Jonathan Todd and Thomas Smith, of Fort Hempstead, who were killed by a band of Sacs and Foxes, in the western part of Boone County, in the spring of 1812. They were in search of some stray horses.



KILLED TWO OF THEM AT A SINGLE SHOT.

While on their errand they came suddenly upon the Indians near Thrall's Prairie, not far from the present boundary between Boone and Howard. The exact particulars of the tragedy can never be known, but it seemed that the men made a brave defense. They must have retreated a mile or more, firing as they fell back and aiming well. The bodies of four dead Indians (some say six) were afterward found on theirl ine of retreat. At last they were killed, both near together, at the point where they had halted for the final struggle. The Indians mutilated the bodies frightfully. They scalped them, cut out their hearts, cut off their heads and stuck them on poles by the side of the trail.

The Indians, numbering perhaps 200, went eastward a few miles and crossed the Missouri, putting their rifles and other effects on small, crude rafts which they propelled by swimming and wading behind them, the water being at a low stage, before the "June rise." Their object was doubtless an attack on the supposed unsuspecting settlers on the south side.

But the next day after the killing of Todd and Smith rumors of the trouble reached Cole's Fort, and two very gallant young scouts, James Cole and James Davis, were sent out to investigate and report. They crossed the river and went some miles without seeing anything of a suspicious nature. They then started to return, and recrossed the river five miles below Fort Cole. Half a mile from the river they suddenly discovered the Indians between them and the fort. The savages at once set after them, but without firing or yelling, fearing perhaps that the noise would alarm the people at the fort. The scouts set out for Johnson's "factory," a small trading post, 200 yards from the Missouri, on Moniteau Creek, in what is now Moniteau County, a distance of fully twenty-five miles. It was a long chase and a hard one, the Indians following them and occasionally coming within gunshot. They reached the "factory" at dusk, and the Indians immediately surrounded the establishment, but did not attack, intending, probably, to do so the next morning.

Cole and Davis, undaunted by what they had passed through, determined to make another attempt to reach home. They planned to cross the Missouri and make their way up the river to the Howard County forts, and from thence back to Fort Cole. At midnight they took up a plank from the floor of the "factory," crawled from under the building, and made their way to the Moniteau Creek, where they found a canoe in which they embarked and floated noiselessly down the stream. Just as they entered the river, however, an unlucky stroke of the paddle against the side of the canoe betrayed them to some Indians on the bank, who started in pursuit in two captured canoes. The scouts were forced to return to the south side and hide in the brush till daylight.

The Indians pursued them to Big Lick, in Cooper County. Here, being hard pressed, the scouts halted and waited until their pursuers came within 100 yards, when both fired and each killed an Indian. The Indians returned the fire, but without effect, and the brave fellows succeeded in reaching Cole's Fort in safety. The Indians skulked about in the country for a day or two, but did not offer to attack the fort and soon recrossed the river.

At this time there were about 500 Miami Indians encamped near the present site of the town of Miami, in Saline County. They had come out from Ohio and Indiana a year or two previously, and were supposed to be friendly. But when the war broke out many of these rascals embraced the opportunity to steal from and plunder their white neighbors at the forts whenever they could. At last, in July, 1813, a band of them slipped down into the Howard settlements, and four miles northwest of Boonville killed a settler named Campbell Bowlin (Bolen), of Fort Kincaid. Bowlin and Adam McCord had gone from the fort to Bowlin's cabin and field to care for some flax that had long been neglected. The treacherous Miamis, in ambush, fired on them in the field and Bowlin was killed. Their moccasin tracks in the field were followed to near the Miami village, thirty miles away.

Col. Ben Cooper wrote a letter to Gov. Clark, at St. Louis, informing him of the circumstance and of the general conduct of the Miamis, and asking that proper action be taken against them. On receipt of Col. Cooper's letter Gov Howard at once sent a force of rangers to the Miami village. The Indians surrendered and were escorted out of the country after the stolen property had been restored to the settlers.

In September, 1813, Braxton Cooper, of Fort Cooper, was killed within a mile or so of the fort, as he was cutting logs for a cabin. He was a young man of considerable physical strength and great courage. He had his rifle and knife with him, and the broken bushes, marks on the ground, and other circumstances showed that he had sold his life at the highest possible price. He was found lying on his face. In his clenched right hand was his good knife, bloody from point to hilt; by his side lay his loaded gun. He was not scalped or mutilated, and everything indicated that he had put the Indians to flight before falling dead from his half dozen bullet wounds. Not far away was found an Indian's buckskin hunting shirt, with two bloody bullet holes in it. Cooper's faithful dog remained by his side, howling as if for help, until David Boggs and Jesse Turner crawled out to him during the night and recovered the body of his master.

In October of the same year Stephen Cooper, then a boy of 16, and another young man naned Joseph Still, both of Fort Cooper and belonging to the rangers, were sent up the Chariton River on a scout. They were returning, when, within about twenty-five miles of the fort, they were intercepted by over 100 Sac Indians. There was but one thing to do. The two rangers rode side by side steadily forward, their rifles on the cock, until within 100 yards of the savages, when both fired and and then charged. Cooper killed a prominent "brave" and Still wounded another. Reaching the Indian line Still was shot dead from the saddle, but gallant young Cooper dashed through, waving his rifle and cheering, and succeeded in escaping the shower of bullets, arrows and spears sent after him. As he rode a good horse and the Indians were afoot he was soon safe, and reached the fort in a few hours.

The same month Wm. McLane was killed near the present site of Fayette. He, his brother Ewing, and four other men, went out to select a good claim for one of them. They came upon at least 100 Indians—presumably the same band encountered by Still and Cooper—and started to return. As they were ascending a slope from a ravine that empties into Moniteau Creek, the Indians fired and McLane fell from his horse with a bullet in his brain. The other members of the party escaped. The Indians scalped McLane, hacked his body to pieces, and from appearances had a war-dance over it. A strong party of rangers went out to punish the Indians if possible, but the crafty red men burned the woods and destroyed their trail so that it could not be followed. A week later, however, Capt. Cooper's rangers came upon five Indians encamped over in the Chariton timber and wiped them all out in a twinkling. On the body of one of the Indians was found a white man's scalp, which was believed to have been McLane's.

Making salt at Burckhardt's Lick to supply the forts was a perilous business, but it had to be done. In an attack on the salt-makers at this lick in the spring of 1813 James Alcorn, Frank Wood and two other men drove off twenty Indians, killing three and wounding others. Frank Wood killed two, though he was suffering at the time with a severe wound in the arm received from the Indians a week before.

In another attack on the salt-makers the workmen mounted their horses to retreat. In reining up his horse John Austin brought up the animal's head so as to shield his own person. The Indians fired and shot the horse in the head and it fell. Austin was extricating himself from the dead animal, every moment expecting a bullet or a tomahawk, when a companion, George Huff, fired on the advancing warriors and actually killed two of them at a sin le shot. The other Indians fell back and took to cover, while Austin and Huff took to their heels and escaped to Fort Kincaid.

Over on the Cooper County side of the river, and especially in the neighborhood of Cole's Fort, there were other murders from time to time. A few months after the fort was built a strong band of Indians came into the neighborhood. At the time there were two parties from the fort out hunting. In one of these were two men named Smith and Savage, who on their way to the fort were attacked by the Indians. At the first fire Smith was severely wounded, but he staggered on to within fifty yards of the fort, where he was again wounded, two balls entering his body. He fell, and Savage turned to assist him, but, with the death agony upon him, the stricken man handed his gun to Savage, saying: "I am done for; take my gun and save yourself, and help the people in the fort." Savage then ran for the fort, and the Indians fired twenty-five shots after him before he could get inside the walls. The Indians ran up and scalped Smith, shook the gory trophy at his friends, and barbarously mutilated his body in plain view of the inmates of the fort, and then retired into the woods.

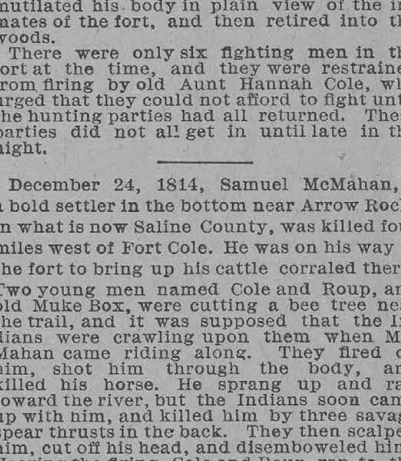
There were only six fighting men in the fort at the time, and they were restrained from firing by old Aunt Hannah Cole, who urged that they could not afford to fight until the hunting parties had all returned. These parties did not all get in until late in the night.

December 24, 1814, Samuel McMahan, a bold settler in the bottom near Arrow Rock, in what is now Saline County, was killed four miles west of Fort Cole. He was on his way to the fort to bring up his cattle corraled there. Two young men named Cole and Roup, and old Muke Box, were cutting a bee tree near the trail, and it was supposed that the Indians were crawling upon them when McMahan came riding along. They fired on him, shot him through the body, and killed his horse. He sprang up and ran toward the river, but the Indians soon came up with him, and killed him by three savage spear thrusts in the back. They then scalped him, cut off his head, and disemboweled him. Hearing the firing, Cole and Roup ran to the fort and gave the alarm. Muke Box climbed a tree, and as the Indians were returning in great glee from the killing of McMahan he shot one of them. The Indians, in some alarm, caught up the body and bore it off, limp and lifeless, but it was afterward found in a ravine a mile or more away.

The same Christmas Eve Wm. Gregg, who had ventured to settle in the Big Bottom, on the Saline County side, was killed. He was crossing the river on his return to his cabin from Fort Cooper, and was killed in his canoe as he was paddling to the shore by some Indians in ambush on the south bank. His brave daughter, Sally Gregg, recovered the body and guarded it till help came. The next day the men at Cole's Fort, re-enforced by some of the Howard County Rangers, went out and secured the mangled remains of McMahan. James Cole carried in the body on the pommel of his saddle, and David McGee brought the head, wrapped in a sheepskin. The remains were buried on the site of the old Boonville Fair Grounds.



"YOUNG COOPER DASHED THROUGH, WAVING HIS RIFLE AND CHEERING."



"SALLY GREGG GUARDED THE BODY UNTIL HELP CAME."

The following day all of the settlers living in the vicinity of where Boonville now stands repaired to the house of good old Hannah Cole, in East Boonville, and within a week they had built another good, strong cabin fort. It stood on the edge of the bluff, which was very steep at that point, and on that—the river—side was inaccessible to an attack. Arrangements were made for a plentiful supply of water from the river in case of siege. A huge well bucket was fashioned from a hollow log and a sort of flume constructed from the fort down into the water. The bucket was let down and drawn up through this flume by means of a rope and windlass. As soon as the fort at Hannah Cole's was completed, the old fort at Capt. Stephen Cole's, a mile away, was abandoned and all the settlers gathered into the new fort. But these precautions proved unnecessary, as the killing of McMahan and Gregg was virtually the end of the Indian war in the Boone's Lick settlements, although small bands of the savages occasionally roamed through the country for a year or so, running off or killing the stock of the settlers and committing other small depredations.

But of the many murders committed at Boone's Lick during the war of 1812, none excited so much feeling in the hearts of the frontiersmen as the tragic death of Capt. Sarshall Cooper, the commander of the rangers. On a dark and stormy night on the evening of April 14, 1814, he was seated at his fireside in conversation with John Snethen, a member of his company. He held in his lap his youngest child, and his wife sat near him sewing. A bold and crafty Indian warrior took advantage of the noise made by the storm to pick a hole through the chinking between the logs large enough to admit the muzzle of his rifle, fired and shot Capt. Cooper through the heart. He fell from his chair to the floor a lifeless corpse. The rangers and all of the men and boys at the fort turned out the next day and scoured the country for the murderer, but not an Indian "sign" could be found, and some of the settlers inclined to the belief that the murderer was not an Indian. Other old pioneers conversant with the circumstances were certain, however, that Capt. Cooper was killed by an Indian, and this seems the better-grounded theory. The reputation of Capt. Cooper as a man of bravery, sagacity and high character was quite extensive, and when, a few years later, the County of Cooper was organized, the Legislature named it in his memory.

BURR JOYCE.

TO MAKE LIFE BRIGHTER.

M. D. Conway Would Establish Clubs on the London Plan for the Poor.

[From the New York Voice.]

The Persian Saadi describes the despair of a pilgrim, famished in the desert, who, on finding what he supposed to be a bag of grain, discovered that the contents were pearls. Were Saadi in America he might write of pilgrims who find bread, but are spiritually starving for lack, if not of pearls, of something that shall make life beautiful to them. There are some who in religious faith possess the pearl that compensates suffering, but the masses have no belief in any connection between present misery and future bliss; they feel that they and their children are losing the joy of this world without hope of being better off in another. There are few in America without enough food and clothing to sustain life, but to be an eating and toiling automaton can not satisfy the many hungers of a human being.

I have visited many towns of toil, but that in which the toilers appeared happiest is Essen, where the Krupps have steel, engine and gun works—the largest in the world. The Krupps have built pretty and healthy apartment houses, school, reading room and library, baths, gymnasium, dancing hall and theater. None of these are charities; no pecuniary profit is derived by the firm, and a trifling charge for their use renders the institutions self-supporting. Commons are also established for the unmarried work people. The food is supplied from the farms and wines from the vintage, at wholesale prices, the consumer being charged only what his meal has cost. I believe that strikes are unknown at Essen.

The following are submitted as methods for at once alleviating the miseries of the poor in our cities:

1. An adaptation of the English club. The aristocratic club did not originate in social, but in economical needs. It purchases supplies from the producer, and the members retail them to themselves. The English club is a hotel whose profits go to the guests. There being no proprietor, but only servants to be paid, the club member obtains his genuine article for a third less than he would pay for a possibly ungenuine one in the neighboring hotel. Were the poor families to form clubs not only would their money be saved, but their rooms would be free from the unwholesome accompaniments of cookery, and many a wife would be relieved from drudgery.

2. Heavy duties should be imposed on spirituous liquors, and all duties removed from light wines. Wine-drinking countries are comparatively free from the miseries caused by drunkenness.

3. That Sunday might be really "made for man" by the opening of all libraries, museums and art galleries. The toilers' intellectual life-time consists of Sundays.

4. Churches not being taxed, all of us are virtually taxed in their interest. The community has some right in these edifices, and they should be utilized during the week for the culture and entertainment of the people. Said Milton:

"Because the spirit of man can not demean itself lively in this body without some recreating intermission of labor and serious things, it were happy for the Commonwealth if our magistrates, as in those famous governments of old, would take into their care, not only the deciding of our contentious law cases and brawls, but the managing of our public sports and festival pastimes; that they * * * may civilize, adorn and make discreet our minds by the learned and affable meeting of frequent academies and the procurement of wise and artful recitations, sweetened with eloquent and graceful enticements to the love and practice of justice, temperance and fortitude, instructing and bettering the nation at all opportunities, that the call of wisdom and virtue may be heard everywhere, as Solomon saith: 'She crieth without; she lifteth her voice in the streets, in the top of high places, in the chief concourse and in the openings of the gates.' Whether this may not be, not only in pulpits, but after another persuasive method, at set and solemn panegyrics, in theaters, porches or what other way win most upon the people to receive at once both recreation and instruction, let them in authority consult."

There are many in our cities competent and willing to give musical, poetic, stereoscopic and other entertainments without remuneration were the churches freely opened for such purposes. "Our little life is rounded with a sleep," says Shakspeare. It is not only surrounded with a realm of dreams, but rounded out of these fair visions. The power of art, especially dramatic art, to beguile from cares is felt by hundreds whose troubles are small beside those of the thousands who are only reminded of their pain and poverty by temples of beauty they can not enter.

MONCURE D. CONWAY,
London, England.

Musgrave, the Insurance Swindler.

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., December 24.—The decision of the Supreme Court affirming the result of the trial of Bob Musgrave, the would-be life insurance swindler, gives universal satisfaction here. Musgrave was sent to the Penitentiary for ten years and fined $500 for attempting to obtain money from insurance companies by false pretenses. His act of burning a log cabin in which he had placed the skeleton of a man, two years ago, was considerable of a newspaper sensation. Bob was born in England, but had lived here twenty years when he ran away to escape prosecution for forging mortgages and deeds, to which means he had resorted while in the real estate business to raise money to spend in a manner no one has yet found out. No effort was made to indict him or secure his arrest, his victims apparently being unwilling to appear against him. Indirect information came to the city at times that he was in Kansas City, but no one seemed to care beyond a degree of curiosity where he was.

About a year ago two farmers from a few miles above the city came to town with the report that a log cabin on the bank of the Wabash River had been burned, and that the charred bones of a human being were found in the ruins. A few hours later Charley Trout, who had been Musgrove's man Friday in former years, appeared at police Headquarters with the report that he had left Musgrove in the cabin the night before. An inspection of the ruins was made, but none of the party seemed to have thought to look for any buttons, burned leather of shoes or other articles that might naturally have been supposed to have been burned with Bob. It was twenty-four hours later before it dawned on the authorities that Trout's story of Musgrave's return in secrecy to see his relatives was a thin one and open to suspicion on the instant. It quickly developed that Bob had considerable accident insurance. Secret agents of the companies came here, and soon the truth was learned, and the living Bob's whereabouts ascertained—this from his Chicago mistress, in whose name most of the insurance was made payable. Bob was arrested in St. Paul and extradited on one charge. A new indictment was returned on another charge. His trial was a long and sensational one. The counsel for the defense went to the Supreme Court after Bob had gone to the Penitentiary, the chief ground of appeal being that he could not be tried on any charge other than the one on which he was brought from Minnesota into this State.

Secretary Greene Must Resign.

NEW YORK, December 24.—Although it has been announced that the resignation of Secretary William B. Greene, of the American Banking Association, comprising 24,500 State and national banks throughout the country, had been recalled, it was learned to-day that it would be final. Secretary Greene sent out circulars to the members of the association asking for subscriptions to a fund with which he declared he intended to lobby a bill through Congress which would give national banks the opportunity of issuing 100 per cent of their capital without giving bond security in excess of that now required. The Executive Council of the association heard of this action and promptly called for and received Secretary Greene's resignation several days ago. The request for his resignation did not reflect on Mr. Greene's integrity or honor, they say. He simply overstepped his prerogatives.

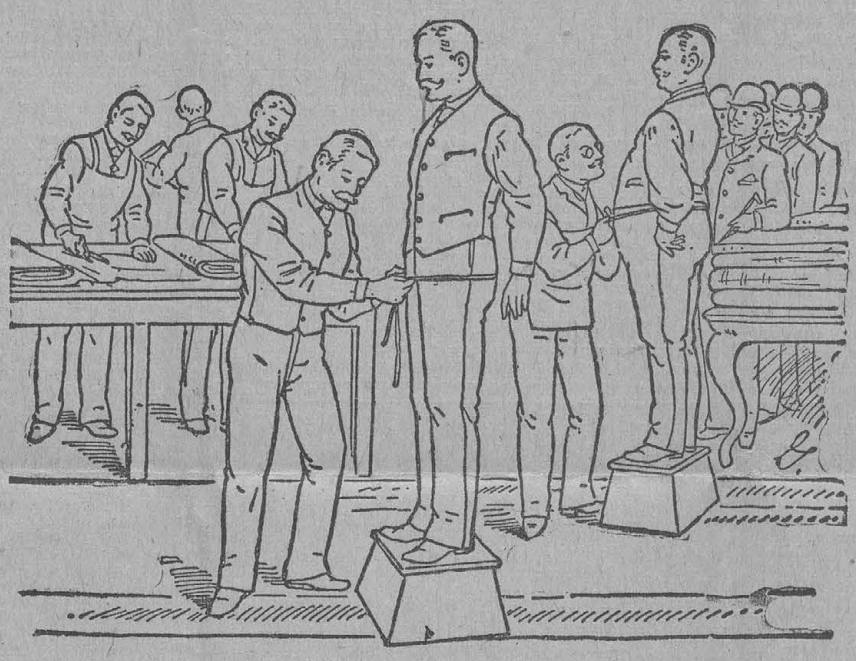
WHERE there are children, there Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup should be always handy.

Extraordinary Value in Made-to-Order Clothes.

In order to keep our full force of work-people employed we will take a few thousand extra orders at cost of material and making.

The prices—reductions—and values we advertise may be relied upon.

Open Evenings During This Sale.



Winter, Autumn and Spring Goods in this Sale.

Our $25 and $28 Suits.....reduced to $20; Pants $5
Our $30 and $35 Suits.....reduced to $25; Pants $6 and $7
Our $35 and $40 Suits.....reduced to $30; Pants $8
Our $40 and $45 Suits.....reduced to $35; Pants $9

The above reductions include every one of the two thousand fabrics in our store—none reserved—

Still greater reductions are made on Suit and Pant Lengths and remnants.

We guarantee every garment we make to be eminently satisfactory or we exchange or refund the money.

712 Olive **Nicoll THE TAILOR** 712 Olive

Samples Mailed. Garments Expressed.

KLEPTOMANIACS.

They Filch Articles They Have No More Use for Than for Six Legs.

[From the New York Mail and Express.]

Not long ago the precinct returns at police headquarters recorded the arrest of one of New York's most famous beauties—a lady well known in society and an heiress in her own right. The specific charge against her was larceny, and the records contained a foot-note which read, "Discharged—kaptomania."

"Kaptomania."

Thus it was that the intelligent Sergeant had spelled kleptomania.

The medical expert who was called in proclaimed her a kleptomaniac.

"Kleptomania," said the medical man, "is not so rare a disorder of the nervous system as is naturally supposed. It is common enough. The large establishments in this city employ private detectives to protect them from loss at the hands of irresponsible persons. I know the police will say that the work of the shop-lifters renders it necessary to continually employ these private detectives, but I say the kleptomaniacs are by far more numerous than the shop-lifters. Inspector Byrnes and his men rid the metropolis of shop-lifters and but little is feared from their depredations by the various shopkeepers, but twenty Byrneses could not rid the city of the people who find a diseased gratification in stealing.

"So thoroughly appreciated is the fact that kleptomaniacs are irresponsible persons, many of the prominent firms in this city have standing orders to charge peculations of certain persons thus diseased to their relatives. A gentleman living on Lexington avenue last year paid out more than $2000 for different things his daughter had stolen from various dealers about town, while I call to mind the case of a young woman whose husband returned to different shopkeepers a wagon load of stuff his wife had appropriated on her various shopping expeditions."

CAUSES OF KLEPTOMANIA.

"What are the causes of kleptomania?"

"Physical changes and conditions which may be regarded as incompatible with the healthy discharge of the functions of the nervous system. In cases like the one we have just seen, however, I incline to the opinion that the person is lacking in will power. The propensity to acquire has become irresistible—the will so weak as to render the appropriation of various things involuntary, and, in consequence, the poor woman irresponsible. There is a case on record of a certain English nobleman, who, although seemingly perfectly sane and fully balanced mentally, was such a victim to kleptomania that he stole pieces of iron and crockery, and in such quantities that tons and tons of these collections were presented to the Custom House officers.

"The Baronet was immensely wealthy, and the articles stolen were of the smallest value imaginable, still he could not resist the inclination to steal. I know of cases where persons afflicted with this disorder steal nothing but one kind of articles. Not long ago I had under treatment a young actress. She left New York with two trunks and returned with six. On opening the same her husband found that four of them contained nothing but pillow-slips, sheets and towels, while in the tray of a fifth trunk was a flock-pillow. The poor young woman had robbed the various hotels at which she stopped, as the marks on the several articles plainly showed. Soon after her return to New York, however, she gave birth to a bright, pretty little girl, and with the birth of the child all signs of kleptomania vanished.

HE STOLE ICE.

One of the most remarkable cases that ever came under my notice, however, was that of a young lawyer who could not see an ice cart pass by but that he had to steal a piece of the liquid crystal, and so impossible did it become for him to resist this tendency he had to quit dining out and forswear bar rooms, for whenever and wherever he came across ice he could not refrain from filling his pockets. Many a soaking and cold did the poor fellow get in consequence of his affliction, and finally it made him a cripple for life.

"Late one night, while passing an ice-cream manufacturer's he saw a lot of ice deposited on the sidewalk, ready for shunting into the manhole, and thus into the cellar. While trying to get away with a huge block of the ice he backed into the manhole and broke his thigh bone. His trouble, however, was hereditary. His mother and grandmother had been afflicted in a similar way."

CAN NOT BE SIMULATED.

"Is it not difficult to determine between an actual and a seeming case of kleptomania?"

"Not at all. It is quite easy to establish the reality of such a disease. Marked cases in relation to the character of the person must be considered, the interests and previous deportment of the individual must be looked to—the nature and use of the articles taken—and to the motives which seemed to have determined the action. For instance, a young boy was once arrested for stealing a Bible. He could not read, nor did he try to sell the book. He merely took it. He was punished for the theft, and had no sooner been released than he immediately stole another Bible."

ATTRACTED BY COLOR.

"Do kleptomaniacs steal indiscriminately, or are they given to taking only certain kinds of things?"

"One of the best evidences of the disease is the brightness or color of the things stolen. A kleptomaniac seldom if ever steals money. Nothing excites the cupidity of a diseased mind so much as color, and, as a rule, it will be found that the goods taken by kleptomaniacs are bright or colored to a high degree. Another peculiar thing about the thefts of kleptomaniacs is that they are committed ostentatiously or without adequate precautions to conceal the act. Then, again, in the majority of cases the articles stolen are of no value in themselves, or, at best, quite useless to the thief.

"The act is apparently without motive. It is solitary and independent. As a rule the articles acquired by the kleptomaniac are disregarded almost immediately. They can be returned to the place from which they were taken and the diseased person be unmindful of the fact—so unmindful, indeed, that they will steal again and again the same article as many times as it is returned to its original place. Though common to both sexes, kleptomania is manifested most in females. It depends upon nervous disorders altogether, develops from deep-hidden and unknown causes and its cure depends upon the character of the disorder. It is a disease or affection that is on the increase, and one that calls for prompt and immediate action."

TREATMENT OF KLEPTOMANIACS.

"How, then, does it happen that persons thus afflicted are seemingly so neglected as to be allowed to roam about and offend at their pleasure?"

"Because to incarcerate a kleptomaniac would be only to aggravate their mental disorder. Persons thus afflicted need the greatest care and attention. Nothing should be done to let them know that you are cognizant of their misfortune. If you can keep them quiet and under a good regimen good results will follow, but any opposition will be fatal.

"The miser is in a sense a kleptomaniac, as is also the bibliophile. Just as the man with one idea is looked upon as a crank, so can those who are bent upon accumulating different things be classed among the kleptomaniacs. It itself kleptomania is a very harmless disorder. Its victims include all kinds and conditions of men, and in consequence of the circumscribed manifestations of the disorder no persons mentally diseased are more deserving or entitled to consideration and favor than the kleptomaniac."

A VERY HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS

NEW YEAR

AND MANY RETURNS TO ALL OUR

PATRONS and FRIENDS.

Steinwender & Sellner.

Life's Mirror.

[From the Philadelphia Times.]

Swept by the winter's fiercest storm, the winter's wind and rain,
The angry ocean howls with rage and shakes his tawny mane.
And leaps against the beating rocks with energy insane—
Leaps and falls back on ragged reefs that goad him on again
To burrow in the circling sands that his wild course restrains.
Beneath the smiling summer stars is sleeping peacefully,
No longer beast, a beauty now, the same old king, the sea.
Touched by the full moon's yellow light with radiant majesty,
He murmurs gently in his dreams, if ocean dreams there be,
Repentance for his former moods of rage and cruelty.

What mystery of life and death the ocean's waters hide!
What changing passions, changing hearts are taught by changing tide!
The sea enraged, the sea at peace, to one who's at its side,
Is but a mirror of man's mind, a mirror vast and wide,
To show how small is earthly life in which our souls confide.

Marine.

LIZARD, December 31.—Passed—America, from New York for London.

NEW YORK, December 31.—Arrived—Britannic, from Liverpool.

A Large Brewery Started.

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

HOUSTON, TEX., December 31.—To-day the Magnolia Brewery, a new concern valued at $300,000, made its first brew. The capacity of the plant is 60,000 barrels a year. Hugh Hamilton is President, B. Adone, of Galveston, Vice President, and H. Prince, Secretary and Treasurer.

Cause of Insomnia.

[Dr. Hammond in North American Review.]

Now, it happens in this stirring age of ours that men—and women, too—are so much intellectually worked, or so emotionally disturbed, that their brains have more to do than they can accomplish, and yet preserve their normal balance. Mental work, whether it be simply perceptional, intellectual, emotional or volitional, requires that an increased amount of blood shall flow to the brain; hence, during mental exertion of any kind, the cerebral vessels become distended owing to the increased volume of blood they contain, and they remain in this condition as long as the exertion is continued. If it is too intense, or if it be persevered in for too long a period without there being alternations of rest, the vessels lose their contractibility, and remain in a permanently enlarged state. They are, therefore, not able to contract so as to produce sleep. A state of cerebral congestion is established, and wakefulness is the result. Such persons go to bed, perhaps feeling as if they would sleep, but no sooner do their heads touch their pillows than their minds become inordinately active and they lie awake hour after hour recalling the events of the day or else indulging in the most preposterous thoughts. The blood vessels will not empty themselves simply because they have lost the power to do so. They are like the India rubber bands that we put around big packages and leave undisturbed for a long time. We try to use them again and we find that the elasticity which they once possessed has gone.

Stole a Mail Pouch.

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

GREENWICH, CONN., December 31.—The mail train from New York and the West that reaches this place at 5:45 o'clock in the morning does not stop, and the mail bag is thrown off. Mail Agent Robert H. Abrams is always on the platform to get the pouch. This morning the agent noticed a young man on the platform. When the mail train came along and the mail bag was thrown off, several packages of newspapers were also tossed to the platform. The agent pushed the mail bag toward the depot door and then began to gather up the bundles of newspapers. When he returned to get the mail-bag it had disappeared and the young man had also vanished. The thief was finally captured in the Village of Cos Cob. He is Albert J. Kane, whose parents are well-to-do and highly respected residents of Greenwich. When charged with taking the mail-bag Kane emphatically denied it. He told several stories that did not harmonize, and he was arrested. He was told that his parents had been called on and that they had said that he was of unsound mind, which accounted for his misdeeds. Kane was also told that the best thing for him to do was to make a clean breast of the whole affair, after which he would be sent to an asylum, and no doubt be released in a few weeks. The ruse was successful and Kane admitted he had taken the bag. He also made a diagram showing the exact spot where he had hidden the pouch. Following the directions, the officials found the missing bag and mail matter.

The L. and N. Embezzlement.

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

CINCINNATI, O., December 31.—Ex-Cashier George Shotwell, of the Louisville and Nashville, was arrested to-day on a warrant charging him with embezzlement sworn out by the Guarantee Company of North America, which is on his bond. Shotwell was held for a time and then released on a $1000 bond.

A MISSOURI INDIAN FIGHTER.

Martin Parmer, the "Ring-Tailed Painter" of Clay County.

How He Killed Three Ioway Indians in a Fight on Grand River—The Battle at David McElwee's House and the Part Parmer Took in It.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

LIBERTY, Mo., December 30.—The first permanent American settlements in Clay County were made in 1818. At that date the nearest Indians on the north side of the Missouri were some bands of the Ioways, whose camps or villages were up in the Platte Purchase, on the upper waters of the Nich-i-na-bot-a-na ("where we make our canoes"), now called the Nishnabotany; the Ni-da-wa ("Hearsay"), now called the Nodaway, and the Platte (flat or level) Rivers. The principal towns of the tribe, however, were in Iowa, on the Des Moines and Iowa, and the head chief was old Mahaskah ("White Cloud"), a very noted personage, uniformly the friend of the whites, who never raised his hand against the Americans and who eventually lost his life by serving them.

Although the Indians were in reasonably close proximity to the settlements in this county and detachments of the bands referred to, wholly uncivilized and semi-hostile, were almost continually roaming through the country, no outbreaks or collisions occurred between them and the pioneers until late in the summer of 1821. The Ioways were fairly good Indians—as Indians go—in their relations to the whites. Their name signifies "the drowsy or sleepy ones," and they were easy-going, happy-go-lucky fellows who were averse to much exertion and whose motto seemed to be *laissez faire*. They would fight bravely when aroused, and once on the war-path they were to be feared, or at least respected, as many of their enemies could testify, but they never provoked a quarrel, and never struck the first blow. But they were great horse thieves, and this was perhaps the only trait in their characters to which the whites ever seriously objected. They would travel hundreds of miles and undergo all sorts of perils merely to steal a few ponies. After the war of 1812 they gave the settlers in Howard and Chariton no little annoyance by their horse-stealing propensities.



"SHOT ONE INDIAN AND THEN RAN FOR HIS CABIN."

In 1818 Martin Parmer came up from Old Chariton and built a cabin on the west bank of Grand River, near its mouth, in what is now Carroll County. Parmer was a very eccentric personage. He was a typical backwoodsman, reared on the frontiers, uncultured and almost unlettered, of large proportions physically, a little rough and uncouth in appearance, a loud talker and something of a boaster, but a brave man really and always ready for a fight. He was rather fond of whisky, and when in liquor was wont to style himself "a regular ring-tailed painter." [All the pioneers, and many people after them, pronounced the word panther as if it were spelled painter.] He was in many a row and fight with both white men and Indians, and uniformly came out first best. He was known throughout the Missouri Valley, and there are still many reminiscences of him extant. In 1824 he was a member of the State Legislature.

A few months after Parmer's settlement on Grand River, five Ioway Indians came down into the country on a horse-stealing adventure. They secured some half a dozen head and made off with them. Some settlers came to Parmer's cabin in search of them. The next day five Indians came to the cabin and asked for something to eat. Parmer, supposing they were the five horse-thieves who had raided the old Chariton settlements, refused to give them anything and ordered them away. The Indians asserted that they were "ar-ro-pee," or all right, and had just come into the country from the far North on a hunt, having left their squaws and some companions up in the forks of Grand River. Parmer did not believe their stories and called them liars and thieves, and finally charged them with the horse-stealing. This involved a hot quarrel. It was five Indians to one white man, but that white man was the "ring-tailed painter." Parmer spoke Indian a little, and one of the Indians, who seemed to be a half-breed, could speak English very well.

The quarrel was about to end without serious consequences, and three of the Indians were walking off, when Palmer suddenly drew his rifle and shot one of the remaining two, and then ran for his cabin, 50 yards away. Entering the house, he barricaded the door, reloaded his rifle and prepared to hold the fort. The four Indians, indignant at the loss of their comrade, at once attacked the cabin. But their indignation got the better of their judgment and the attack was recklessly made. Exposing themselves unnecessarily, two more Indians fell victims to the old pioneer's unerring aim, as they were taking positions to harass him. One Indian was walking in the bottom grass in plain view, and not 100 yards away, and when Parmer's rifle cracked he bounded into the air, threw his gun 10 feet away, and fell dead, a bullet in his brain. The two remaining Indians, one of whom was the half-breed, gave up the siege and returned to the camp up in the Forks. The next day Parmer abandoned his cabin and returned to the settlements near Old Chariton, and in 1820 moved with his family to the Fishing River country, in the southeastern part of this county.

About August 1, 1821, there was a hot little fight in the southeastern part of this county between seven Ioways and nine of the settlers, which created no little sensation in the country. This incident, like many another episode of Missouri pioneer life, has never before been the subject of newspaper publication, but it may be worthy of record even at this late day.

Perhaps the Indians were not wholly to blame on this occasion. Up in what is now the northwestern part of the county lived a family whose adult male members were not above suspicion in some respects. Their fondness for horses was a particular weakness, and they seemed to consider that the taking of horses from Indians was always allowable, if not a commendable proceeding. In the summer of 1821 certain members of this family went up into the Platte country, and in the vicinity of an Ioway camp stole and carried away some horses and ponies belonging to the Indians.

A week or so later, in the early part of August, nine Ioway warriors came down into the Clay County settlement to make reprisal for the horses stolen from them by the "rustlers." To the southeastern part of the county, three miles northeast of Missouri City, a settler named David McElwee, had come from Tennessee the previous year and built a house and opened a farm. At the time of the visits of the Indians, however, he was in Tennessee on a visit to his kinsfolk with his wife and daughter Margaret. The latter subsequently became a Mrs. Howdeshell, and from her mainly I have obtained the particulars of this incident, often referred to in early days as "the Indian fight at McElwee's." Mr. McElwee had left to care for the house and farm, his sons James and William, and his daughter Sallie, all unmarried young people.

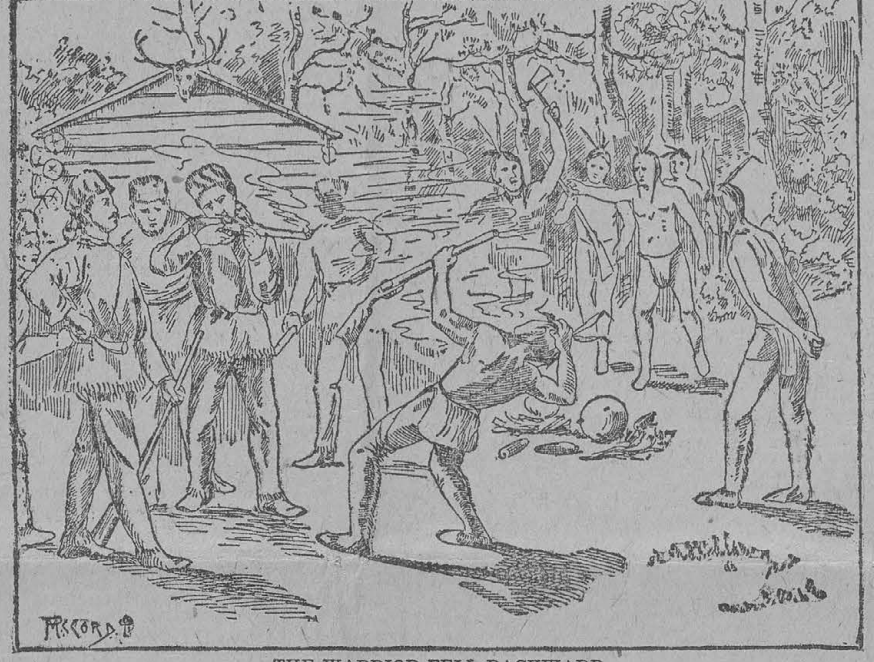
The nine Indians came to McElwee's late one evening and secured three horses from the stable. They seized another, but were made to restore it by the stubborn and plucky interposition of young James McElwee. They seemed greatly elated at the ease with which they had so nearly balanced accounts with the whites in the matter of horse stealing, and at once sent off the captured animals in charge of two of their number to the tribe. The remaining seven Indians went into camp for the night within 50 yards of the house.

The young McElwees were in great alarm, fearing that the Indians would commit other and more serious outrages upon them that night or in the morning, although one warrior, who spoke broken English fairly well, had said to them, "Don't be 'traid; hoss all we want." The nearest neighbor lived a mile and a half distant. At midnight, when it was believed the Indians were sound asleep, Wm. McElwee slipped out of the house into the woods and made his way in the darkness to this neighbor, Mr. Thomas Officer, and informed him what the Indians had done and of their menacing presence at his father's cabin, where, anxious and alarmed, sat his unprotected brother and sister. In a few hours all the neighbors for miles around had been aroused and bidden to the rescue.

The next morning early there came to the McElwee cabin old Martin Parmer ("the Ring-tailed Painter"), Thos. Officer, James Officer, Patrick Laney, David Liles, Wm. Liles, James Woolard, Alex Woolard and another settler named Brummett. With them were Mrs. Jane Laney, wife of Patrick Laney, and Miss Mary Crawford, who came for companionship for Miss McElwee. The men were all armed and Martin Parmer was their leader. The Indians, who were in the door yard about a fire preparing their breakfast of boiled roasting ears and broiled meat, were startled by the appearance of the party.

The one who spoke English began a voluble and excited explanation to this effect: White men had stolen Indian horses and carried them off. Indians could not afford to lose the horses, and so had come after them. Indians could find neither thieves nor horses, and so had a right, according to Indian customs and ideas, to take other horses from other whites. If the whites would return the horses, those taken at McElwee's would be returned, etc., etc. But the old Ring-tailed Painter was not in a mood to discuss the principles of the *lex talionis*, and its applicability to this case, and so dismissed the Indian proposition and the Indian logic with many loud and profane expressions of disgust, denunciation and defiance. As the incident previously narrated would indicate, he was a man of battle and his voice was always for war with "Injuns."

The discussion in the dooryard grew to a quarrel between Parmer and the Indian leader (he was not a chief) that spoke English. At last Parmer told the Indian he was "a thief and a coward, and would rob a blind squaw." Instantly the Indian raised his rifle, hit it smartly on the breech with his hand to prime it, but before he could fire Parmer, who had "the drop," shot him through the heart. The warrior fell backward, discharging his gun in the air and uttering a peculiar weird and piercing death-cry, which some of the whites said rang in their ears for months, and he was a corpse when he touched the ground.



THE WARRIOR FELL BACKWARD.

Both whites and Indians ran to cover. Two of the Indians ran into the house where the women were, but before they entered Miss McElwee ran out of doors and Mrs. Laney and Miss Crawford took refuge under a bed. A brisk little skirmish ensued for a few minutes. The Indians were defeated and scattered, one of them having fallen with a bad wound. The others, taking to the woods, continued the fight, but the whites sheltered themselves behind the cabin, and not one of them was hit. The two warriors in the house barricaded the door and did not offer to surrender. Some of the whites climbed upon the roof and began tearing away the clapboards in order to fire down upon them, when they suddenly opened the door and sprang out, hoping to escape by swift running. Parmer and his men were waiting for them, and one was shot dead before he had gone 20 feet from the doorway; the other escaped into the woods, howling to his companions who had preceded him.

The fight was now over. Two Indians had been killed, and at least one wounded. Three of the unharmed survivors succeeded in reaching the tribe. The man wounded in the dooryard made his way somehow across the Missouri to Fort Osage—which stood on the river, near where the Santa Fe Railroad bridge now crosses—and was taken in charge by Gen. Geo. C. Sibley, the commandant, and cared for until he recovered, and then sent back to his people. Another Indian was never heard from after the fight, although his relatives made diligent inquiry and search for him. It was believed that he, too, was wounded and crawled off into the woods and died.

Only one of the whites was hurt. When the two Indians were running into the cabin Wm. McElwee was endeavoring to follow his sister Sallie out of doors. One of the Indians made a wicked stroke at him with a tomahawk, presumably to keep him in the house. The young man threw up his arm to protect his head, and the descending weapon cut off one of his fingers. Old Martin Parmer got a bullet through his hunting shirt, and Tom Officer and Dave Liles got rifle balls in their clothes.

The Indians made their way to the camp on the Nodaway, and soon the tepees were taken down and the band returned to Iowa and Mahaskah. To the chief loud and angry complaint was made of the treatment they had received at the hands of the Clay County people, and he was urged to lead a war party against them at once. But the wise chieftain counseled submission and forbearance, and in his tribe then his word was law. He knew that with the claim he and his people had upon the Northwest Missouri country, if war was begun it would be protracted and there could be but one result, the defeat and perhaps the destruction of his nation. He went to St. Louis that fall and explained matters satisfactorily to Gen. Clark, and pledged himself that if he could possibly prevent it there never should be hostilities between his people and the Northwest Missourians.

This pledge was religiously kept. In a few years, by the treaty of 1824, the Ioways came to their reservation in Missouri, where they lived for twelve years. They were always friendly, visited their white neighbors frequently, and, though sometimes they were mischievous, they were never vicious to a serious degree. This happy condition was very largely due to the pacific disposition toward the whites of noble old Mahaskah, whose proudest boast was that he had never raised his hand against an American.

BURR JOYCE.

CHRISTIANIZING JEWS.

Ex-Rabbis Freuder and Freshman in a Franklin Avenue Hall.

A promiscuous crowd of worshipers—composed of Hebrews, Hebrew-Christians and Gentile-Christians—was gathered yesterday afternoon at 1433 Franklin avenue to attend the missionary services conducted by the ex-Rabbi Samuel Freuder. After a duet by Rev. and Mrs. Matthews, Mr. Freuder offered a prayer. He prayed in German and followed it up with an exhortation in the same language, taking his text from Matthew 4. While he spoke there were some signs of disapproval among the audience. When he had finished a young man with a Semitic countenance and a hoarse voice commenced to talk. He was invited to the platform and given full liberty to have his say. He said that Christianity had done very little for the advancement of the world. Whatever had been accomplished in that direction was due to Judaism. His denunciation of the missionaries elicited applause from some of the audience. He was followed by another speaker who dwelt upon the subject of the relation between Church and State in this country, until reminded by Mr. Freuder that he better hire a hall and engage an audience. In reply Mr. Freuder said:

"It is true that our forefathers were persecuted in the name of Christianity, but every true Christian to-day is heartily ashamed of that sad fact. No true disciple of Christ has anything but sympathy and love for Israel. They are beloved for the fathers' sake. Every effort of bringing the Jew to the saving knowledge of Christ has its mainspring in that love. The Jewish missionaries may be denounced, but denunciation is a poor argument. When a Jew accepts Christianity he does not abandon the faith of his fathers, but merely adds the superstructure to the foundation, the realization to the hope, the fruit to the blossom. He becomes an 'Israelite indeed.' The reformed Judaism sits rather lightly upon the shoulders of its professors. They remind me of little Johnnie, who, when asked by his mother, 'What would you rather do to-day; go to school or help me in the garden?' answered, 'Go to school.' 'Why?' 'Cause teacher is sick and there won't be any.' The teachers of Israel of to-day are certainly sick, and the missionaries try to bring you to the healing fountain of God's love."

Rev. Jacob Freshman, of New York, the pastor of the Hebrew-Christian Church of that city, made the closing remarks and pronounced the benediction. At the close of the meeting Mr. Freuder said a few farewell words, and gave to every Jew present a New Testament, "without money and without price." Mr. Freuder thinks that the meetings he held during his stay here prove the necessity of a permanent mission for Israel in this city, and he intimated that some of the most prominent rabbis of this city are sadly in need of a change of heart, which would enable them to treat even a converted Jew with a little of Christian charity.

POOR HOUSE PHANTOM DANCE.

Attendants and Guests Hold Their Unique Annual Carnival.

From the inner heaven of Walhalla and the subterranean caverns of the dead the spirits of the departed came forth last night to hold high carnival at the end of the dying year. The rendezvous chosen was the dancing hall on the second floor of the Poor House, and the spooks began to gather about 8 o'clock. Silence reigned supreme throughout the massive building, and white figures flitted to and fro between one room and another, upstairs and down. At 9 o'clock the ghosts formed into line in the lower hall, and with waving arms ascended to the dancing hall of the second floor. Here the first break from the ghostly character of the surroundings occurred as the band broke into a waltz, and the third annual phantom dance of the employes of the Poor House was opened. The affair was gotten up by Supt. J. P. Gallagher as a Christmas gift to the attendants of the Poor House, though those of the other two institutions were also present, as were many people from the city. In fact, as Mr. Gallagher put it, every one was welcome except the Board of Charity Commissioners and the Auditor.

The costumes of all the guests, male and female, were alike, consisting of long white dolmans and hoods, the only point of difference being the masks, which were left to the option of the wearers. Hardly a word was spoken by the revelers, and it was an exceedingly difficult matter for any one to recognize another, or, in fact, to distinguish between ladies and gentlemen. All the doctors and principal employes entered fully into the zest of the affair. Supt. Gallagher ably represented the spirit of the invulnerable Achilles, and the portly form of Dr. R. M. Kerley, of the Female Hospital, was suggestive of the redoubtable Agamemnon. Dr. Joseph Hardy, of the Female Hospital, forgot the dignity of the professional gentleman, and Dr. O. K. Schrim, of South St. Louis, made a reputation as a high kicker. Dr. J. P. Fitzpatrick, of the City Dispensary, made a very substantial-looking ghost.

A minute or two before midnight the lights went out, and, amid the clashing of cymbals, a sepulchral groan arose from the assembled spirits. The bells tolled the midnight hour, the lights were turned on, and the assemblage of ghosts had been transformed into a smiling and happy throng of ordinary mortals. With the removal of the masks all the ghostly attributes of the guests vanished. As the band struck up the supper march all joined and proceeded to the dining hall, where an excellent lunch of pies, pickles and other indigestibles was rapidly disposed of. The dancing was then resumed for a couple of hours, and the last and brightest day of the year for the attendants was closed.

CHURCH NOTES.

A REAL old-fashioned New England dinner will be given by the ladies of the McCausland Avenue Presbyterian Church, at Benton Hall, on Monday, from 1 to 8 p. m.

THE Little Sisters of the Poor desire to return their sincere thanks to all their kind friends and benefactors who contributed to the support of their poor old people within the past year.

THE choir of Christ Church Cathedral will have its thirty-fifth evensong to-night, rendering Handel's Messiah. There are but few choirs in the country who have had so many successful evensongs. The Lafayette Park Presbyterian Church will also have an excellent song service to-night.

UNDER the auspices of the Woman's Training School a reading will be given on Tuesday evening, January 10, by Locke Richardson, the celebrated reader. The selections will be from Macbeth.

THE First United Presbyterian Church held its annual business meeting and a social at the church, Nineteenth and Morgan streets, on Friday night. The annual reports were read, the Board of Trustees named and the pastor's salary increased $300 a year. The ladies served an excellent supper.

A DELIGHTFUL Christmas entertainment was given at the Congregational Church of the Redeemer on Thursday evening. The cantata given was in two acts, "Santa Claus, Jr.," the principal characters being: Misses Maud Harding, Lulie Swaine, Matie Deahl, Lottie Tallman, Ed Shurz, W. Holty. The lullaby song by Miss Lulie Swaine deserved the well-merited applause it received. Miss Jessie Shulz, the elocutionist, was manager.

The Year's Custom House Transactions.

James O. Churchill, Surveyor of the Port, yesterday completed a statement of the transactions at the Custom House for the year 1892. Receipts from all sources were as follows: Import duty, $1,306,212; storage, $3126; official fees, $31; fines, penalties and forfeitures, $2367. Total collections, $1,311,738.

The total foreign value of all goods brought into this port during the year was $3,137,075, on which duties amounting to $1,269,044 were paid. Goods received here in bond were valued at port of shipment at $3,137,075, on which the duties amounted to $1,269,044. Most of these goods were reshipped in bond.

Cycling Club Smoker.

The St. Louis Cycling Club closed the year with a grand "smoker" last night at its club house, Ewing aveuue and Locust street. Pipes, cigars and cigarettes were furnished the members and their friends, and amid clouds of smoke they were entertained by songs and music. The club members will keep open house tomorrow, and invite all wheelmen in the city to visit them. A luncheon will be served all day, and there will always be enough present to guarantee a good time to every one who goes.

THE GREAT
REAL ESTATE AUCTION
To-Morrow Afternoon at
Merchants' Exchange at 1:15 o'clock,
MARTIN'S WASHINGTON AVE. PROPERTY.
HAMMETT - ANDERSON - WADE,
213 N. Eighth Street.

TENNYSON'S FIRST "MAUD."

Verses by the Late Laureate and His Brother that Are New to the Public.

A Version of "Maud" Which Has Never Appeared in Any Collection of Tennyson's Works—Early Poems by Charles, Alfred and Frederick Tennyson.

Nothing which concerns Alfred Tennyson can be deemed trivial now. He was not merely a great poet; he was one over whom the poetic call had absolute control. No editor or magazine could compel or hasten his inspiration, and he only yielded to the periodicals when he had something that he would have printed in due time without them. His method of working enabled him to dispense with the literary vehicles most authors prize. It is even doubtful if an editor ever addressed him the familiar legend, "Returned with thanks." Not longer ago than last year he commented on this special habit of keeping aloof from the magazines. He felt that the magazine's function was not in accordance with his methods and genius.

Among the many things that have been written about him lately there seem to be some omissions. What has been noticed very little, if at all, is the fact that all of his brothers are notably poetic. He had six brothers, born in this order, I believe—Frederick, Charles (* * *), Edward, Harold, Arthur and Septimius. Alfred himself was third of the seven sons of their father, and I have indicated his place by the starred vacancy between Charles and Edward. All of these brothers wrote verse creditably, but Frederick and Charles were more distinguished as poets than any of the others, Alfred alone excepted. In fact, Frederick and Charles seem to have exhibited a power and richness of quality that would easily have taken them to the front rank of poets if they had only persevered as Alfred did. As it is, much of their work is of a very fine character and bears a close affinity to that of the laureate. It is not easy now to find the books which Frederick and Charles have written, with the exception of that which contains the former's very recently published poetry. Frederick and Charles wrote their more memorable poems long ago, and then stopped suddenly short. Within a few years Frederick resumed his pen, and has shown that his cunning and skill still remain. But it is doubtful if the highly finished stories which he has told at so much length will evoke permanent interest. The briefer lyrics of his early days seem to me far more interesting and durable.

Charles and Alfred were the authors of the "Poems by Two Brothers," in 1827. The publishers of this volume were the Messrs. Jackson, printers and booksellers at No. 8 Louth, Lincolnshire, and they showed some discernment and courage in giving the young authors £10 for this book (Charles was 19 and Alfred 18 when it appeared), but it proved the forerunner of the greatest poetic year in England since Elizabethan times. Among book hunters this volume has a priceless value now, and is nearly as rare as Poe's "Tamerlane," published at the same time, I think, by an obscure printer in Boston.

The "Poems by Two Brothers" had, along with its promise, a distinct stamp of youthful authorship. The motto on the title page, however, is unassuming enough. It was the following line from Martial: "*Hæc nos novimus esse nihil.*"

Of the poems the book contained (something over 100 in number), the separate authorship was left unmarked. But the seriousness of the undertaking was signalized by the most profuse footnotes to the lines worthy of a Shakspearean commentator—and by quotations under each title, from Roman to contemporary times. Critical notice to any large extent this literary venture did not receive, but the *Literary Chronicle* and *Weekly Review* wrote about it as follows:

"This little volume exhibits a pleasing unison of kindred tastes, and contains several lyric pieces of considerable merit."

Tennysonian is the adjective with which to describe the style of both these brothers—and Frederick's method of verse-making also. In spite of sharp guessing you can not be sure always which pieces are Alfred's and which are Charles' in the book. One on "Anthony to Cleopatra"—inasmuch as it was a topic he afterward returned to—is almost surely Alfred's. Below are given a few stanzas from this poem:

O, Cleopatra! Fare thee well,
We two can meet no more.
This breaking heart alone can tell
The love to thee I bore.
But wear thou not the conqueror's chain
Upon thy race and thee;
And tho' we ne'er can meet again,
Yet still be true to me.
For I for thee have lost a throne,
To wear the crown of love alone.

Fair daughter of a regal line!
To thralldom bow not tame;
My every wish on earth was thine,
My every hope the same.
But I have moved within thy sphere,
And lived within thy light;
And, oh! thou wert to me so dear
I breathed but in thy sight.
A subject world I lost for thee,
For thou wert all the world to me!

Then when the shriekings of the dying
Were heard along the wave,
Soul of my soul! I saw thee flying,
I followed thee to save.
The thunder of the brazen prows
O'er Actium's ocean rung.
Fame's garland faded from my brows,
Her wreath away I flung.
I sought, I saw, I heard but thee,
For what to love was victory?

This is all eminently Tennyson-like, but the third couplet of the final stanza is at Tennyson's high-water mark of the days that followed.

Frederick Tennyson, like Alfred and Charles, was a student of Trinity College, Cambridge, going there before them. He received a prize there in 1828 for a Greek poem on "Egypt." It was just a year later that Alfred got the prize there for his poem entitled "Timbuctoo." Frederick's first collection of verse came out in 1854, and was called "Days and Hours." A copy of this book now would be marked very rare. It is known that Alfred's competitor for the Trinity College prize was his friend Arthur Henry Hallam, but not so well known that it was proposed when they were about to publish books that they imitate the union Coleridge and Wordsworth exemplified in their "Lyrical Ballads." It was Hallam's father who broke up this arrangement. Three lines of Tennyson's "Timbuctoo" he embodied in his "Ode to Memory," published in 1830. The "Timbuctoo" caused the *Atheneum* to say July 22, 1829, that it was the work of a "really first-rate poetical genius" and "would have done honor to any man that ever wrote."

The "Poems Chiefly Lyrical" was Alfred Tennyson's first book written free from partnership, and the *Westminster's* criticism and prophecy concerning it were really acute. The *Westminster* writer said of the poems among other things that "their very originality will prevent their being generally appreciated for a time," which was true enough. And scarcely less felicitous was the following passage: "If our estimate of Mr. Tennyson be correct, he, too, is a poet, and many years hence may he read his juvenile description of that character with the proud consciousness that it has become the description and history of his own work."

Charles Tennyson, too, began to print independently in 1830. He brought out that year a volume entitled "Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces." The dedication of it was in sonnet form to his sister Mary. Leigh Hunt spoke well of this book, and was also an early admirer of Alfred Tennyson's poetry. Five years later Charles Tennyson became a vicar in Grasby, Lincolnshire, and about the same date, in order to inherit certain property, he assumed the name of Charles Tennyson Turner. As late as 1864 he wrote a new volume of sonnets, and dedicated this book "To the Poet Laureate."

From 1832, when Alfred Tennyson brought out his second installment of verse in two volumes, down to the end of his career, the poetic history of the Laureate is too familiar to need repetition here.

A little incident may be worth mentioning at this point, concerning a young lady friend of Alfred Tennyson and himself years ago. Her name was Bradshaw, and the two were what may be called the acquaintances of a summer merely. Before finally parting Tennyson sent the girl some verses which will not be found in any of his volumes, and I therefore copy below a stanza from them:

Because she bore the iron name
Of him who doomed his king to die,
I deemed her one of harsher frame,
And looks that awe the passer-by.
But found a maiden tender, shy,
With fair blue eyes and passing sweet,
And longed to kiss her hands and lie
A thousand summers at her feet.

All the Tennyson brothers, except the first three, who have absorbed this comment, seem not to have appealed long to the public, and to the larger public not at all.

It was the literary fashion in England, as it was also here, from forty to sixty years ago, for publishers to issue in holiday times certain books known as "annuals." These volumes embodied—frequently with illustrations—articles in prose and verse from various current writers then eminent, with articles from others who were mere literary craftsmen. And with these were always a few names that were to achieve future eminence. The series of "Keepsakes" and "Friendship's Offerings," published in London at that period, are treasure houses of the works of those writers. In the *Tribute*, edited by Lord Northampton fifty-five years ago—a copy of which I possess and have before me—I find two brief pieces by Charles Tennyson and a long lyric of Alfred Tennyson's. As these poems are now extremely rare in a bibliographic sense and suffused, too, with other interest, I shall venture to copy them.

TO A LADY.

[By the Rev. C. T. Tennyson.]

Farewell! it is now my parting hour;
Thy sister wends her way with me
To spend far off, by land and sea,
Those first fair moons of peace and glee
That shine upon the orange flower;

Fair moons that guard those petals fair,
Full sweetly may ye downward shine,
Oh light us on the ocean brine
And wane not on the winding Rhine,
Or where the Switzer's mountains are.

The next is a

SONNET.

[On seeing a bevy of humming birds in a glass case. By the Rev. Charles Turner Tennyson.]

For vacant song behold a shining theme!
These dumb-struck flutterers of the Indian land,
The color of whose crests, sweet nature's hand,
Fulfills one's richest thought of crimson gleam
Whose wings, thus pois'd and balanced forth, do seem
Slender as serpent's tongue, or fairy's wand;
And, as by taper-light their breasts are scanned,
Of lovelier golden light we can not dream.

Oh me; how soon doth human death impair
The glossy surface of the fairest face,
In life, perchance, immaculately fair;
While these resplendent figures wear no trace
(Bright-bosomed and bright-crested as they are!)
"No soil or cantel" of the tomb's disgrace!

The first of these poems was, as internal evidence proves, addressed to the sister of his wife on his wife's bridehood and on the eve of the honeymoon. It has been generally understood, I think, that Charles Tennyson, on receiving the property from his grandmother involving his change of name, was afterward known as Charles Tennyson Turner; but his usage with these poems made the Turner intermediate rather than final as late as 1838.

"The Tribute," from which I have quoted these little verses, is made interesting further by poems of considerable length from the pen of Walter Savage Landor, and poems by Wordsworth, Southey, Aubrey De Vere and other writers, famous or on the way to fame. A contribution worth mentioning in addition is a translation of the "First Part of Book V. of the Odessey," by Lord John Russell.

But the piece of most distinction and interest, of course, is the poem by Alfred Tennyson, which he simply titled "Stanzas." It became afterward, if not the most melodious, one of the most memorable lyrics in "Maud," but not until it had received a revision, which, among other things, reduced it in length. It shows the serious labor and sincerity in Tennyson's work to note how long he kept in mind, and with what cautious touches and restraint he treated, what he had once carefully written. Not all his changes pleased his admirers and critics, nor were they all for the better. The changes he made in "The Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava" were, as it seems to me, for the worse. His couplet in "Form, Riflemen, Form" was hardly an improvement. In the original version it stood thus:

'Tis true we have a faithful ally,
But only the devil knows what he means.

In the corrected shape it was made to read as follows:

True, we have got such a faithful ally
That only the devil can tell what he means.

The "ally" was, of course, Napoleon III.

It is impossible to describe in narrow limits the variations, large and small, which the author made in his "Maud" lyric here referred to. As a large part of the original version was omitted entirely, I have concluded to copy it here and leave to the reader who possesses a copy of "Maud" the opportunity to make his own comparisons.

STANZAS.

[By Alfred Tennyson, Esq.]

Oh! that 'twere possible
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true love
'Round me once again!

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent, woody places
Of the land that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces,
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter
Than anything on earth.

A shadow flits before me—
Not thou, but like to thee.
Ah God! that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

It leads me forth at evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

Half the night I waste in sighs,
In a wakeful dose I sorrow,
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,
For the meeting of to-morrow;
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

Do I hear the pleasant ditty
That I heard her chant of old?
But I wake—my dream is fled.
Without knowledge, without pity,
In the shuddering dawn behold,
By the curtain of my bed,
That abiding phantom cold.

Then I rise: the eave-drops fall
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city sounding wide:
The day comes—a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke,
On the misty river-tide.

Thro' the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame;
It crosseth here, it crosseth there—
Thro' all that crowd confused and loud,
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call,
Came glimmering through the laurels
At the quiet even-fall,
In the garden of the turrets
Of the old Memorial Hall.

Then the broad light glares and beats,
And the sunk eye flits and fleets,
And will not let me be.
I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me;
Always I long to creep
To some still cavern deep,
And to weep and weep and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

Get thee home nor come again;
Pass and cease to move about—
Pass, thou death-like type of pain,
Mix not memory with doubt.
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That will show itself without.

Would the happy Spirit descend
In the chamber or the street,
As she looks among the blest;
Should I fear to greet my friend,
Or to ask her, "Take me, sweet,
To the region of thy rest?"

But she tarries in her place,
And I paint the beauteous face
Of the maiden, that I lost,
In my inner eyes again,
Lest my heart be overborne
By the thing I hold in scorn,
By a dull, mechanic ghost
And a juggle of the brain.

I [illegible] shadow forth my bride,
As I knew her fair and kind,
As I woo'd her for my wife;
She is lovely by my side,
In the silence of my life—
'Tis a phantom of the mind.

'Tis a phantom fair and good;
I can call it to my side,
Go to guard my life from ill,
Tho' its ghastly sister glide,
And be moved around me still
With the moving of the flood,
That is moved not of the will.

Let it pass, the dreary brow,
Let the dismal face go by;
Will it lead me to the grave?
Then I loose it; it will fly;
Can it overlast the nerves?
Can it overlive the eye?
But the other, like a star,
Thro' the channel windeth far.

Till it fade and fall and die,
To its archetype that waits,
Clad in light by golden gates—
Clad in light the spirit waits
To embrace me in the sky.

Much criticism was evoked when Tennyson issued "The Princess," upon its frivolity and vagueness. But when "Maud" appeared, the shock it produced was one of bewilderment. The author, already acknowledged to be a great poet, was declared to be throwing away his great gift. One of the witty pasquinades on "Maud" was this:

Dismally dull and dolefully dawdlin,
Tennyson's "Maud" should be Tennyson's maudlin.

After all, as mothers are said to feel most for the one child who suffers most from the jeers and kicks of the world, so Tennyson always entertained, I have been told, a pathetic and tender interest in this poem. I think he said more in its defense than he did of anything he had written. Its lyrics he quite often recited, and he gave interpretation to its obscure passages for those who had familiar access to him.

The lyric which I have here restored to its original form will seem to many, I doubt not, to have a marked resemblance to certain passages in Poe's verse—particularly to "The Raven." But it was written in advance of "The Raven," and before either poet could have known much, if anything, of the other's existence.

JOEL BENTON.

Provident Association Work.

During the recent cold spell the St. Louis Provident Association, through its genial manager, Dr. T. M. Finney, did much toward relieving hundreds of poor families and outcast men. As has already been stated this association last Wednesday opened its wood yard. This is situated at 1735 Second Carondelet avenue, where men who apply for aid must earn what they eat and their lodging. Should an able-bodied man apply he is given aid in the shape of a job at the yard. He is compelled to saw or chop a sixth of a cord of wood, and after he has done this he is entitled to his supper and a night's lodging. This scheme appears to work finely, as on the first day twenty-seven were at work; second day thirty-one, and third day forty-one. The wood is sold at the same rates as other dealers sell it for, and the money obtained goes towards defraying the expenses of the association.

General Manager Finney was informed by the Pacific Express Company's manager yesterday that hereafter the company would forward all packages of clothing and other articles on the lines of the Missouri Pacific Railroad from any point free of charge.

Two children of a Mr. Slaughter, residing at Webster Grove, Mo., forwarded to the association yesterday three large bundles of clothes and $18 for the poor, which they had collected among their companions at the school. They are but 12 and 14 years old, and Dr. Finney hopes that other school children will follow suit.

A Dogheaded Chicken.

Maurice Klein, of No. 1412 Franklin avenue, is in possession of a chicken that is regarded as something of a curiosity. The fowl is a common-sized hen, and is regularly formed with the exception of the head, which greatly resembles that of a dog, although, of course, it is much smaller. It is minus the bill, and experiences some difficulty in getting its food according to the habits of a chicken. The lower jaws or chin are quite deep, presenting a long face for a bird. The tongue, instead of being sharply pointed, is rounded at the tip. The freak was brought to the city along with a coop of chickens from Macoupin County, Ill.

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MISSOURI PIONEERS.

Battle with Redskins During the War of 1812.

The Massacre of the O'Neal Family—Lieut. John McNair and His Heroic Fight in the Mississippi River—How Gallant Peter Pugh Sold His Life.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

TROY, Mo., January 19.—Some of the experiences of the early settlers of Lincoln County preceding and during the war of 1812 have been described in the GLOBE-DEMOCRAT in a recent number, but all of the details have not been given. It may be well, in order to preserve the memories of the sacrifices and achievements of the early pioneers, to give the particulars of these omitted incidents as they have been obtained from the best authorities. The full history can never be told. Much of it was never recorded. Living witnesses have long since died, and those now living who heard the stories from them have forgotten names, dates and localities, until many a thrilling tale has but a legendary or traditional foundation. Happily, however, peculiar circumstances have preserved the details of many an incident, the truth of which can be verified.

Scarcely had the adventurous but unaggressive and peace-loving pioneers established themselves here when the fierce savages of the country, like a pack of panthers, leaped into the exposed settlements and began to rend and slay. Perhaps the most horrible Indian atrocity in the history of this district was the massacre of the O'Neal family, on the 10th of February, 1812, three miles above the present site of Clarksville. Mr. O'Neal had settled at the locality about three years previously. At the time of the murder war between Great Britain and the United States had not been formally declared, but the Indians had already annoyed and tormented him and his neighbors and were threatening serious mischief. The settlers determined to build a stockade where Clarksville now stands. The Indians who had given and were giving them most trouble were the Kickapoos and Pottawatomies from the Illinois River country, who laid no sort of claim to the country in Missouri and had suffered no injury whatever from the people here, but seemed actuated merely by a spirit of barbaric depravity and pure deviltry.

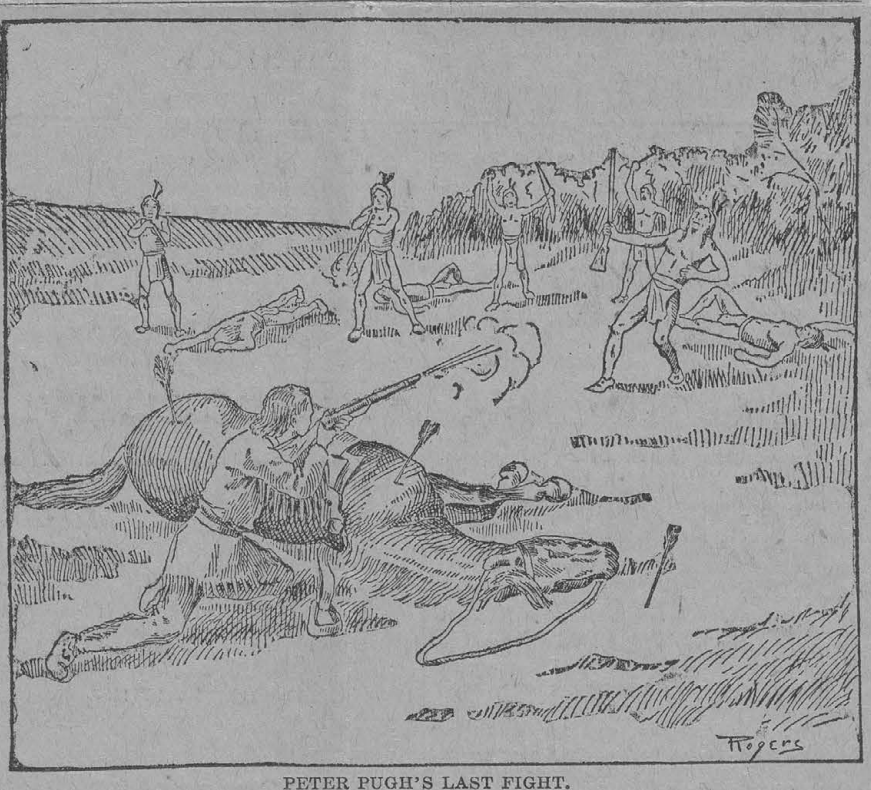
A band of ten Kickapoos, from the region of Peoria, crossed the Mississippi on the ice at the date given and murdered O'Neal's entire family, consisting of his wife, nine children, and an adopted child named Willie Ewing, 2 years old—eleven innocent persons in all. Mr. O'Neal was returning home in the evening from his work on the stockade, and when near his house he saw some hogs worrying at an object in the pathway. It was the mutilated body of his eldest daughter, a girl of 17. The bodies of the other members of the family were found in the door yard. Hanging over a fire was a large kettle in which Mrs. O'Neal had been heating water for her washing. Into this kettle the youngest child, an infant of a few months, had been thrown and literally scalded to death. The body of little Willie Ewing had been cast into the fire under the kettle and was half consumed. All of the other members of the family, including Mrs. O'Neal, were scalped and some of the bodies mutilated beyond description.

The settlers were filled with horror and the greatest indignation at this dreadful butchery, but, as they had been strictly forbidden by the authorities to take vengeance into their own hands and fight the devil with fire, they forbore to act save to follow the Indian trail half a day's march into Illinois, discover the identity of the murderers, and to lay the matter before Gov. Howard, at St. Louis. Under the Indian treaties in force at the time all crimes against either whites or Indians were to be punished in due form. Indian criminals were to be apprehended and delivered by their chiefs to the whites, and only to be punished when duly convicted. So Gov. Howard informed Gov. Edwards, of Illinois—in whose district the authors of the butchery were known to be—of the circumstances of the O'Neal massacre, and Gov. Edwards demanded of the Kickapoo chiefs and "head men" the rendition of the murderers. But, after some delay, the chiefs, admitting that the offenders were well known, said they were some of their "foolish young men," who had gone into the Wabash country, in Indiana, and could not well be found.

Only one redskin was ever killed in retaliation for the slaughter of the O'Neal family. A Pottawatomie named Wash-e-own, a member of Gomo's band, whose town was in the vicinity of Fort Clark, at Peoria—a friend of Black Hawk, who mentions him in his "Life"—while at the fort on one occasion, in the summer of 1813, claimed that he led the party that massacred the O'Neals. He related with a deal of relish that, when he scalped one of the boys, the lad, though in the greatest agony, actually grinned at him! Lieut. John McNair, of the Lincoln County Rangers, a nephew of Missouri's first Governor, chanced to be at the fort at the time and heard of Wash-e-own's fiendish boast. Perhaps the Indian lied, for it was not certain that any Pottawatomies were with the murderers, and yet it may be that Wash-e-own knew best. When McNair was told of the rascal's heartless vaunting he said, significantly: "Well, the next time I see him I will make him grin."

The next day Wash-e-Own again came to the fort, but McNair was asleep. When he awoke he was informed that the Indian had been warned, and had left for his camp only a few minutes before. The ranger mounted his horse and, rifle in hand, started in pursuit. A mile or more away he overtook the Indian. Wash-e-Own turned and prepared for fight, but McNair sprang from his horse, leveled his rifle, and shot him dead in a twinkling. Returning to the fort, he was reprimanded by the commander and threatened with arrest, but half a dozen persons testified to the Indian's declarations, and the ranger became a hero instead of a criminal.

Lieut. McNair was brave to rashness, and his rashness lost him his life. In the fall of 1814 he was stationed at Cap-au-Gris, where Capt. Musick, of St. Louis, had command. A band of Indians, estimated at fifty in number—Sacs and Foxes—suddenly made their appearance on Dog Bluff, on the Illinois side, opposite the post. Against the advice of Fred Dixon, the veteran scout, but with the consent of Capt. Musick, the Lieutenant took six other rangers, each as daring as himself, crossed the river in a skiff above the bluff and went into the river timber to reconnoiter, "let hap what may hap." Fifty yards from the river the Indians, who had prepared an ambush, fired upon them a heavy volley. Four of the rangers were killed outright and McNair was severely wounded. He and the two remaining men, Burnside and Weber, retreated to the skiff, but not until they had emptied their rifles and counted the odds against them. The Indians followed, reached the river at their heels and upset the skiff. The three rangers, brave as Horatius, Herminius and Spurius Lartius, plunged into the water and a dozen Indians sprang after them. A desperate hand-to-hand fight resulted. The Indians on the shore could not assist their comrades and the rangers fairly won the fight. McNair had a sort of cutlass or sword and fought desperately. "Like a wild cat mad with wounds" he flew at his antagonists and wounded three of them so badly that they fled, bleeding and howling, to the shore. Weber drove his knife so deep into the breast of an Indian that he could not withdraw it, and so he swam and towed the savage along as a sort of shield for some yards when he let him sink to the bottom. Weber and Burnside succeeded in reaching a large drift pile and secreted themselves among the logs until they were rescued by Fred Dixon, David Lemaitre, Thomas McNair (a brother of the Lieutenant) and other rangers from the post, who had witnessed the fight in the water, but were powerless to help. Lieut. McNair was never seen afterwards. He was badly wounded, but it was believed that he was either shot by the Indians or that he allowed himself to drown rather than fall into their cruel hands.



PETER PUGH'S LAST FIGHT.

Many citizens and rangers were murdered singly and silently in secluded places by lurking Indians. In two or three instances the bodies were never found and the circumstances never known. Not only did the Sacs, Foxes and other Northern tribes prey upon and kill the people, but the Illinois Indians, the Kickapoos, Pottawatomies, Winnebagoes and maybe others often came in to ambush and murder. Sometimes only two Indians, frequently squads of five or six, would come hundreds of miles, swimming streams, climbing hills and undergoing all kinds of fatigue, privation and peril merely to kill and scalp a pale-face. These were mostly young men who had never before taken a scalp, a proceeding precedent to admission to the ranks of the "braves." The assassins would lurk in the vicinity of a fort or settlement for days, crawling about in the woods and thickets like snakes or lying coiled in ambush, waiting and watching for an opportunity to catch a white man off his guard and strike him unawares.

Wm. Lynn, whose cabin was at Troy, was a ranger and on duty at Fort Howard. Whisky was not allowed to be brought into the fort, and Lynn, who was fond of a dram, had a bottle hid in the woods near by. One day he went out to his bottle and was in the act of drinking when an Indian in hiding shot him through the head, killing him instantly. Abraham Keithley, while hunting horses, crossed the Cuivre at White's bar, half a mile above Chain of Rocks, and a few yards from the stream he was shot through the heart by some lurking savage. Keithley's buckskin vest, with the bloody bullet hole in it, is still preserved by his descendants. Samuel Groshong, son of old Jeremiah Groshong, was waylaid near Groshong's mill, where Moscow now stands, fired upon, and badly wounded in the shoulder. After this five rangers from Clark's Fort were detailed to guard Groshong's mill. Among them was Peter Pugh (or Pew), a quiet, mild-mannered young man, handsome as Adonis, with his long black curling hair about his shoulders and his courtly cavalier-like ways, but brave as Bayard and dashing as Prince Rupert. He had been in several engagements, and his reputation was well established. He was wont to comment unfavorably on the conduct of some of the white men who had retreated before the Indians. "Why, I would die before I would run from an Injun," he said—and he kept his word.

In April, 1814, Big Joe McCoy and his nephews, James and Little Joe McCoy, the last-named a son-in-law of Maj. Kit Clark, were sent out from Fort Howard to look for Indians. They went to Sulphur Lick, a noted spring, 400 yards east of North Cuivre and a mile and a half north of the Riggs ford. The place had been settled before the war, a cabin built and a field cleared, but had been abandoned for two years. The water of the spring, impregnated with sulphur and salt, made the fountain a favorite resort for deer. After looking well about and seeing no Indian signs, the rangers turned their horses into the little field to graze, while little Joe and his brother watched the lick. Big Joe lay down in the lap of a fallen tree and went to sleep. James McCoy killed a deer that had come to the "lick," and was at the spring washing out his gun, when twenty-seven Indians (afterwards counted), who had been watching the movements of the men, attacked him. He was wounded in the thigh by a rifle ball, but ran 300 yards, when the Indians overtook him and transfixed him with their spears. Big Joe McCoy awoke at the sound of the first firing, but was cut off from his weapons which he had negligently left at the spring. Presently he was discovered, and the Indians set upon him and chased him for his life. He was the fleetest footed and the best athlete among the rangers. A big Indian, seemingly a match for Big Joe physically, left his comrades far behind and pushed the ranger close for a mile, tomahawk in hand, having dropped his gun at the start of the race. At last Big Joe came to the bushy top of an oak tree lying fairly athwart his path. The impediment made a sort of abattis, 6 feet high and 15 feet across, but with a mighty leap Joe sprang fairly over it. The Indian stopped, gave a whoop of admiration and



"SPRANG FROM HIS HORSE AND SHOT HIM DEAD."

surprise at the wonderful feat, and abandoned the chase. Big Joe, it is said, ran three miles without slackening his speed and made good his escape. Little Joe was a few hundred yards below the spring when his brother was killed. He took to the woods, made his way to the field, caught the horses and carried them in safety to the settlements. He sent word to Maj. Clark at the fort, but besides the commandant there were only two men there, David McNair and Isaac White, and the latter had had both thumbs shot off in a skirmish at Cap au Gris a short time before. The Major got six more men, however, and went out and followed the Indians a day's march up the Cuivre, but could not come up with them. Then he came back and carried the mangled remains of his son-in-law to the fort.

A month or so after the affair of the McCoys the gallant Peter Pugh and Robert McNair went to this same Sulphur Lick to hunt horses. Robbie McNair was little more than a boy, but he was as stout-hearted as any frontier lad, for the blood of an ancestry that fought with Bruce at Bannockburn was in his veins. He was a brother of Lieut. John McNair, who lost his life in the river fight at Cap au Gris. Near the spring the two young rangers were attacked by an overwhelming force of Indians. They might have escaped, for the ground was open and their horses were fleet and good. But Pugh's word was out that he would not run from the Indians, and so they stood their ground. The particulars of the fight that followed can not with certainty be given, but it seemed that young McNair fell early in the struggle. Pugh dismounted, made a breastwork of his horse, and with his trusty rifle fought to the last. He killed four of the yelling Indians that swarmed about him before he was himself surrounded on all sides and killed, and thus he kept his vow and died rather than run. In revenge for his bloody work among them the Indians hacked his body to pieces and strewed the fragments about the field. To the old Frenchman, Ligonier, who lived up on Salt River, the Indians, as they were retiring to the north, told the story of the fight made by the dauntless Rangers as it is here related. The next day a party from Fort Clark went out and collected the remains of Pugh and buried them in the same grave with the body of Robbie McNair, on the bank of the lick stream; but the bodies of the four Indians were left to such sepulture as the wolves and panthers might give them.

No women and children were killed in Lincoln during the war, for at all times after hostilities had broken out the weaker members of the population were kept under the shelter of the forts. Farming operations were almost entirely abandoned, and not unfrequently the besieged families were forced to depend for food on the uncertain results of the hunt. Parties of rangers were regularly sent out to procure supplies of game, and sometimes, when the hunt had failed, the people would be upon the verge of starvation. Dr. Mudd says that the recollection of the pangs of hunger often suffered during this period were always as vividly recalled by the old pioneers as any other incidents of the war.

Up in Pike County, on Salt River, a young French girl, the daughter of a widow, was captured by three savages from somewhere to the northward and afterward killed. This was probably in the spring of 1813. Either the Christian or family name of this girl was Celeste; she is mentioned in the records as "Mlle. Celeste." She had ventured from home to gather strawberries on the prairie. The Indians had each stolen a horse from the settlers in the vicinity, and they doubtless carried her off on horseback. The trail led into the wild Salt River hills of Ralls County, and was there lost. Three days later a courier (or "express") from Fort Madison, above the Des Moines, to Bellefontaine met the three Indians on the stolen horses near the Bay Charles (in Marion County), but the unfortunate maiden was never afterward heard of. It was supposed that she had been kept by her savage captors for two dreadful days and then murdered in the Salt River bluffs. The early French settlers in this quarter, and indeed throughout Missouri, were seldom attacked or tormented by the Indians, and poor Mlle. Celeste seems to have been the only French victim of savage rapine in this quarter of Missouri during the war of 1812. Old Mathurin Bouvet and a others had been killed a dozen years be however, when the Indians were not res ters of persons. BURR JOYC

MINES AND MINING.

The Depression of Silver Threatens to Reduce Miners' Wages.

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

DENVER, COLO., January 21.—The continued depression of silver threatens to reduce miners' wages in all sections of the State. Many of the small mine owners have already cut wages, and now rumors are rife that the larger employers have come to an understanding and will close down many of their best properties if the miners do not consent to a reduction of 50c per day. At Rico, the Rico-Aspen mine was closed two weeks ago and 250 men locked out. The men were being paid $3.50 per day. The employers say they will reopen the property if the miners will work for $3. Other employers at Rico, it is said, will take similar action. The smelters of the State are feeling the falling-off in the production. Their reserves of ore are fast being diminished.

The second strike within a week is reported to-day in the Vandalia property on Hotchkiss Mountain, near Lake City. The pay-streak is 13 inches wide, and averages 1043 ounces of silver and 5 ounces gold per ton. The Vandalia is on the extension of the famous Golden Fleece vein.

Three new mineral strikes are reported at Rico. An important find was made in the Sambo, on Expectation Mountain. The vein varies from 7 to 18 inches in width and assays from 175 to 400 ounces of silver and a small amount of gold. A good ore body was disclosed in another portion of this same property only two weeks ago. The second strike was made by a diamond drill at a depth of 38 feet on the Atlantic Cable property. An 18-foot of concentrating ore was run through. A shaft will at once go down on the eastern side line of the Atlantic Cable group.

The Iron Dollar has just made a very important strike, cutting four veins in the drift at a depth of 175 feet. The ore is galena and copper, and the third vien shows 3 feet in width of similar ore.

An important event in gold mining circles is the reopening of the once famous Bassick mine, at Silver Cliff. The property has been in litigation and idle for eight years. The new company is headed by ex-Senator Warner Miller of New York, Dennis Ryan of Minneapolis, Maxey Taber and H. F. Selleck of Denver. The mine has produced over $3,000,000 in gold and has extensive workings which are now filled with water.

The Anaconda property at Cripple Creek, which was the original mine in that camp, will resume active operations again after a close down of two months. An indebtedness of $40,000 has been paid by an assessment of 5c per share. The ore is low grade, but can be outputted at low cost. The stock is widely distributed and has advanced during the last few days from 15 to 32c. Previous to closing down it sold at 65c.

The sale of the Peruvian mine at Rathbone, Summit County, reported last week, was to the Blue Bell Company, a Milwaukee syndicate, for $100,000 cash. The property was owned by O. E. Clark, and under bond and leased to J. M. Hill and others, and consisted of the Peruvian lode, the Blue Bell lode, the Timberline lode and the Clover Blossom lode, which group also has considerable surface improvements. The Peruvian has been under course of development for years, and at the new same time producing considerable ore. The company has taken charge, with John Fillius as manager.

LEADVILLE.

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

LEADVILLE, COLO., January 21.—A number of prominent mining men this week secured fifty-six acres of ground, on the south side of Iowa Gulch, and to-day organized a company known as the Silver Standard Mining Company. The group of claims for which patents have just been received are the Detroit, Wolcott, Free Coinage, Henry M. Teller, Silver Standard and Leadville. On all of these claims some development work has been done, but now that all six have been consolidated, work will begin there in earnest in a very short time. The location, from a geological standpoint, is all that could be desired. The ore basin should exist in the Porphyry lime contact at the point where these claims are located. The Niesi Prussi ground adjoins them, and as here a defined ore chute exists there is every reason to believe that it extends into the ground of the Silver Standard.

The Grey Eagle property has developed into one of the most important producers of the camp. When last mention was made of the Grey Eagle the work had just reached that interesting stage when a body of ore is about to be entered into. Since that time and during the past six weeks work has been pushed forward with surprising rapidity and a number of large ore bodies have been opened up, shipments from which continue steadily In the first cross-cut a body of iron was met with which is being stoped out. About 75 feet further on, and near the breast of the drift, a good body of carbonate has been struck, running 35 ounces in silver, with a good lead percentage.

Affairs are very encouraging on the Small property at present. A long drift is being run in the direction of the Sixth street shaft, and it is in this body that ore will undoubtedly be struck. No shipments have yet been made, but when mineral is reached shipments will average twenty tons per day.

The Maid and Henrietta continues to sustain its reputation as one of the famous mines of the world, both in the size of the ore bodies opened up and in their apparently inexhaustible character. The upper levels have been pretty thoroughly worked, but the shaft has been sunk down steadily and most of the ore is taken from the lowest levels. From the Maid itself the shipments average 3000 tons a month, while 3000 more come from the Wolftone. This is sulphide ore of a good grade, a large quantity of which goes to the Bimetallic smelter. In addition to this, 1000 tons of iron per month are taken out, this being shipped by various lessees on the property, which the company itself does not count in its tonnage.

On the St. Mary's the upraise being driven has broken into a good body of ore. This channel has been developed and shipments are made continually. Occasionally the soft ochreish carbonate has changed into a hard carbonate, but the ore quite generally is of a uniform character, soft and easily mined. The streak is about 18 inches in width, but it is expected to open out into an extensive pocket as it is gone in on. It runs 30 ounces of silver and 10 per cent lead on an average.

The Silver Queen was leased this week for a year to Thomas & Harris, who to-day took hold and will push work vigorously. The mine is worked through a tunnel 200 feet, in the face of which is a good body of ore. A large amount of mineral has been shipped, some lots running as high as 180 ounces of silver and 2 ounces of gold per ton. The present lessees start in with some excellent gold ore in sight, and they are certain to work the property for all it is worth.

Local Mining Matters.

PAT MURPHY, 5c bid; offered at 7c.

AMERICAN-NETTIE still has buyers at 20c.

ADAMS was offered at 55c and 51¼c bid for 500-share lots.

MONTROSE is wanted at 5c. Elizabeth nominally dull at 40c bid; offered at 45c.

THE regular semi-weekly shipment of Hope, received yesterday, contained 3592 ounces of pure silver. The stock was offered at $4.35 and $4 bid.

TWENTY-FIVE shares of Granite Mountain changed hands at $4.50 per share. Immediately after this $4.75 was bid for twenty-five shares and another buyer bid the same for 100 shares. Offered at $5.50.

Globe Shovel 'Em Out Clearing Sale.

Men's $8.50 Baltimore tailor-made dress pants, $5.35. A car load of other styles, prices in proportion, and down as low as 89c.

GLOBE, 701 to 713 Franklin avenue.

I don't think our papers copied the correspondence very closely. The enclosed is rich rare and racy — Read them in the order they are pinned together

R.A.T.J.

WASHINGTON POST, SUNDAY, AUGUST 27,

IN LANGUAGE VERY DIRECT

Commissioner Lochren and Representative Morse Have a Tilt.

THE LETTERS THEY WROTE

Mr. Morse Writes a Constituent that We Have "Cleveland, Retrenchment, and Reform," with the Confederates on Top—The Pension Commissioner Tells the Congressman He Has Been Lying and Swindling the Government—Some Compliments

The Hon. Elijah A. Morse, of Massachusetts, and the Hon. William Lochren, Commissioner of Pensions, are not friends. It is not at all likely that they would salute each other should they meet. It is not even certain that Mr. Morse would receive Mr. Lochren should his card be sent up to him some evening; it is possible that should Mr. Morse call at the Pension Office on official business Mr. Lochren would have the necessary communication about that business conducted through one of his deputies.

The two gentlemen have recently had some correspondence over pension matters. Their opinions do not agree. The announcement of their differences and their opinions is expressed in language emphatic and plain. It speaks for itself and needs no description, and THE POST appends it herewith:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, Aug. 24, 1893.

To Hon. WILLIAM LOCHREN,
Commissioner of Pensions.

DEAR SIR: Under the date of August 17 your bureau advised W. H. Rollins, Campello, Plymouth county, Mass., that his claim, No. 1,141,787, under act of June 27, 1890, was rejected on the ground that he was not disabled from manual labor in a pensionable degree. Now, to the facts: On the 15th day of last November, while at work at his trade, a piece of steel flew from another workingman and went almost through one of his eyes. The eye was taken out three days later. This man's remaining eye is weak and painful, and the socket of the one removed is inflamed, and calls for the use of medicine about it every day. The man has a sick family, and has a mortgage on his little home. Now, if the act of June 27, 1890, wasn't intended to reach a case like this, pray tell me what it was for? I helped to make that law, and think that I understand it. I will expect you to immediately order a review and re-examination of this case, otherwise I assure you that I shall call the attention of Congress and the country to this case at the first opportunity. The medical examiners who examined the man assured him that his condition was such that he was clearly entitled to the $12 per month under the above-mentioned act. I am sure that this decision of rejection, if the facts are correctly stated by me, cannot meet the approval of the Honorable Commissioner of Pensions, and I will expect that you will immediately correct the injustice one this one-eyed man.

Awaiting your kind acknowledgment and reply, I inclose a copy of a letter received from him, Mr. Rollins. I have every reason to believe that the statements made therein are true.

Very respectfully,

ELIJAH A. MORSE,
M. C. Twelfth district, Massachusetts.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 25, 1893.

Hon. ELIJAH A. MORSE, House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: * * * It is plain that this disability was not of service origin. The report of the medical board gives the disability as "loss of the left eye. Right eye normal. No other disability." You add that the man has a sick family and a mortgage on his home, which, though misfortunes, are not pensionable and therefore irrelevant to the matter to be considered.

To your inquiry, "If the act of June 27, 1890, was not intended to reach a case like this, pray tell me what it was for?" you append the statement that you helped to make that law and think you understand it; so I presume you do not expect me to answer the question. You must know, however, that it applies only to those suffering from a mental or physical disability of a permanent character, incapacitating them from the performance of manual labor in such a degree as to render them unable to earn a support. The only disability in this case, of a prominent character, is the loss of one eye. I think you can hardly claim that that would incapacitate a man from the performance of manual labor so as to render him unable to earn a support.

It is clear, therefore, that the man, from your own statement of the case, is not entitled to pension at all under the act of June 27, 1890, and that the action of this bureau in rejecting his claim is correct. You state that the medical board assured him that his condition was such that he was clearly entitled to $12 per month under the above-mentioned act. I suppose you base your statement upon the letter of the applicant. I hardly think the board would so far forget its plain duty as to make any statement of the sort to any person examined by it.

You say further that you will expect me immediately to order a review and re-examination of this case; otherwise you will call the attention of Congress and the country to it at the first opportunity. I shall have to submit to this dire alternative, for I assure you that I will not order a review or re-examination of the case. But while you are calling the attention of Congress and the country to this matter there is another matter, somewhat personal to yourself, that perhaps you may as well call to the attention of Congress and the country. It is this: On July 20, 1893, in answer to your request for the status of the claim of George Smith, at Taunton, Mass., I enclosed you a full statement of the condition of that case in an official penalty envelope, directed to George Smith, 38 School street, Taunton, Mass., covered by another envelope of the same character, directed to yourself, that you might see that your request had been complied with and be enabled to forward the result of it to the claimant without trouble or expense of postage to yourself. This you received at your home in Canton, Mass., and there wrote a letter, of which I now append a copy, and inclosed the same in this penalty envelope, sealing it up and putting it in the post-office at Canton, Mass., on July 24, 1893, as appears by the post-mark on the same. Without stopping to consider whether you thereby made yourself liable for the penalty for private use of this envelope under the law of Congress, which, perhaps, you also helped to make and understand, it might be well for you to submit to Congress the question as to whether this bureau should continue to respond to the inquiry of a member of Congress who in such a manner abuses and misuses the facilities afforded him by this bureau. I have the envelope and your original letter, with your personal signature, to which I ask your attention briefly. I pass over your grouping of the words "Cleveland, retrenchment, and reform," as your quotation marks indicate that you purpose to give some other demagogue the credit for the artistic work of this grouping. But your statements "With the Confederates on top in the Pension Bureau," and "Revoking ten pensions to every one they grant," are manifestly specimens of your own capacity for wilful and malignant lying. And this, with the sordid meanness which compels you to break the law, and risk the penalty, by using the Government envelope to convey your silly libel for the sake of saving you the 2 cents in postage of which you cheated the Government, gives us a fair glimpse of your character as delineated by yourself. After considering it I am no longer surprised that such a man should seek by threats to compel an officer charged with the exercise of a judicial function to change his ruling, conscientiously and correctly made. What may not be expected of a man who, being a lawmaker, will willfully break the law to swindle his Government out of the sum of 2 cents? I defy your threatened vengeance, and trust you will bring the matter before Congress. This correspondence will then, perhaps, adorn a page of the Record, and show you as you are to the admiration of future times. I, myself, will aid you in bringing the matter before the country. Yours,

WILLIAM LOCHREN,
Commissioner.

The letter to which Commissioner Lochren refers as having been sent by Mr. Morse without payment of postage was as follows:

ELIJAH A. MORSE, M. C.,
Residence, Canton, Mass.
When Congress is in session address
"The Shoreham," Washington, D. C.

CANTON, July 24, 1893.

To Mr. GEORGE SMITH, 25 School street, Taunton, Mass.

DEAR SMITH: The inclosed letter of the 20th instant from the Honorable Commissioner of Pensions is self-explanatory. I trust after you have been re-examined by the board of examining surgeons at Taunton that we shall shortly learn that your claim for increase has been granted, but I fear for you, for we have "Cleveland," "Retrenchment," and "Reform" now, with the Confederates on top in the Pension Bureau, and their motto seems to be "how not to do it," and they are revoking ten pensions to every one that they grant. If I can serve you any further at any time don't hesitate to command me. Yours in F., C., and L.,

(Signed) ELIJAH A. MORSE,
M. C. Twelfth District, Massachusetts.
One inclosure.

, TUESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1893.

THE COMMISSIONER'S SURREJOINDER.

Another Letter in the Spicy Lochren—Morse Correspondence.

Commissioner of Pensions Lochren yesterday wrote another letter to Representative Morse. It was in much the same vein as his previous letter to the Congressman, and was as follows:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.

Hon. ELIJAH A. MORSE, House of Representatives.

DEAR SIR: I have yours of the 26th instant. As to your complaint, you ought not to have expected that I would crouch at your feet, and reverse my official rulings under terror of your threats. You say that my charge that you, a member of Congress, risked the penalty of using an official envelope, and cheated the Government out of 2 cents should have further proof than I have furnished.

I stated that I had the official envelope, postmarked at Canton, Mass., July 24, 1893, the date of your letter to Smith and my letter to Smith, which it contained, and your letter to Smith with your personal signature, of which I sent you a copy. You admit that it is your genuine letter. You say the letter "was a private letter;" therefore, the Government was cheated and the penalty incurred if it was sent in that envelope. You say you want proof that it was placed in that envelope. Well, the proof was before you, if you yourself put any confidence in what you write. Your letter so inclosed to Smith says: "The inclosed letter from the honorable Commissioner of Pensions is self-explanatory."

This shows that it did not go into the envelope by the inadvertence of a clerk, but that placing it in that envelope with my letter was premeditated by you when you dictated your letter to Smith.

But I refrain. I begin to pity you when I see that your former calumnies and present prevarications are giving so dark a gloss to your character for veracity that the "rising sun" could not improve its luster.

Sympathetically yours, WILLIAM LOCHREN.

[illegible] PENSIONERS MAY GET MONEY.

WASHINGTON POST, MONDAY, AUGUST 28.

REJOINDER FROM MR. MORSE

His Answer to Commissioner Lochren's Charges Against Him.

LETTER OF THE SOLDIER

The Massachusetts Representative Tells the Pension Commissioner He Will Not Descend to Vituperation and Billingsgate—He Defends His Statements that the Confederates Are on Top and that No New Pensions Are Being Allowed at Present.

Representative Elijah Morse was very prompt to take notice of the letter sent to him by Commissioner Lochren, and published in THE SUNDAY POST. He does not make any such sharp criticisms and accusations as were contained in the Lochren letter. He says that his worst enemy could not have done him a better service than to write him such an undignified letter of personal abuse. His reply to Commissioner Lochren is as follows:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.

To Hon. WILLIAM LOCHREN, Commissioner of Pensions:

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 25th instant has been received. In my reply I shall certainly not lay aside the character of a gentleman, not descend to the vituperation and billingsgate of the brags and bullies who fight in the streets.

So far as the statements of my private letter to Mr. George Smith, of Taunton, Mass., are concerned, I think they are substantially correct from the information that I can gather.

If it can be shown that I have done the Pension Bureau an injustice in saying in this private letter that ten pensions are being suspended or canceled to every one that is granted I should be very glad to correct the injustice It certainly would be very interesting to the country to have the Commissioner give the exact ratio, as no one else can. Perhaps my estimate wouldn't be found so far out of the way. Not a pension has been granted in my district to my knowledge for a long time. Every case within my knowledge, no matter what its merits, has either been refused or put off with a demand for more evidence, &c. And the published lists of the pensions granted in the whole country would seem to justify my statement that the present study of your bureau was "how not to do it."

As to the charge that the Confederacy was on top in the Pension Bureau, I presume that your master, the Hon. Hoke Smith, of Georgia, Secretary of the Interior, would consider it a compliment rather than otherwise to say of him that his sympathies were entirely with the Confederacy in the late unpleasantness. And the newspapers have reported that Union soldiers who were medical examiners have been discharged and Confederate soldiers put in their places, as well as in other positions about the Pension Bureau, the truth of which I don't know.

So far as the charge you make against me of dishonesty in the use of the envelope sent me by your office for the purpose of forwarding to a claimant information about his pension claim, I have to say, the reason that you allege, that it was done by me for the purpose of saving 2 cents, I think is too contemptible for notice, especially for a person in my circumstances. If, as you allege, by an inadvertance or error of my clerk, my explanatory letter to the claimant was put into a penalty envelope, I don't refuse to pay any penalty for which I may be liable for such an act, though I want to see the proof that such was the case.

I knew that you had possession of the Smith letter. It is not necessary for me to review the methods by which that letter was obtained from Smith, by a secret agent of the Pension Bureau, and his demand for its return refused—that may be a subject for investigation later.

The letter was a private letter, and was not intended for publicity, and was written with the view to honestly inform the claimant how I viewed his case, and that his chances of success were very small, in order that the poor fellow might not hope for success when there was no ground for hope, because "hope deferred makes the heart sick."

I see by reference to my record book that numerous letters passed between this soldier and myself in reference to his claim. What evidence is there that my explanatory letter was in the penalty envelope you have. It might have been in that envelope, it might have been in some other envelope. I submit that before making a charge against amember of Congress of trying to cheat the Government out of 2 cents it would be well to submit some further proof. I think that common honesty, common sense, and any court would hold that some other proof was necessary.

Finally, I certainly shall not be deterred from what I believe to be the discharge of a public duty at a proper time by the vituperation, billingsgate, and threats of your very undignified letter. If this were a solitary case that stood alone it would be different. In the meantime, I am very sorry for the poor soldiers who are having their pensions suspended and canceled, and many of them brought to dire distress by the action of the Pension Bureau.

I am sorry for the poor applicants, like this one-eyed, blind, sick, and distressed man, who will undoubtedly have to go to the almshouse or have to be provided for by charity in the near future. It was for the relief of such that the Fifty-first Congress passed the disability bill, and it remains to be seen if the country when heard from will allow such an interpretation and translation of the law as the Honorable Secretary of the Interior and Honorable Commissioner of Pensions are now giving it.

Respectfully,

ELIJAH A. MORSE, M. C.,
Twelfth District, Massachusetts.

P. S.—I am constrained to believe that your brief synopsis of the medical examiners' report in the case of Rollins is imperfect and faulty. Very certain it is that your synopsis does not describe his present condition, which led me to ask for his re-examination, and which you flatly refused.

Mr. Morse says that the Commissioner when giving out his letter to the pension applicant apparently forgot to make public the very interesting and pathetic letter of the applicant. He is willing to vouch for Mr. Rollins' veracity and good reputation. The letter reads as follows:

CAMPELLO, August 22, 1893.

Hon. ELIJAH A. MORSE, M. C.

DEAR SIR AND COMRADE: Will you kindly show this letter to Hon. William Lochren, Commissioner of Pensions. I write in this way so that he will get it, instead of one of his clerks. I lost my left eye the 15th day of last November, while in the regular discharge of my duty, by a piece of steel flying into it, struck by another man. The steel went almost through the eye, and the eye was taken out three days later by Dr. John A. Tenney, of 2 Commonwealth avenue, Boston. When I got about I was told that I was entitled to a pension under the new law, and I wrote you and you kindly sent me blanks, as you will remember. I made application in due form and went before the board of examining surgeons. They found other disabilities about me by examination and told me there and then that I would get $12 per month on the eye alone. I sent the Pension Bureau all the evidence and affidavits they asked for. They said that my claim would be attended to as soon as reached. Last Saturday night I received this rejection, which I will send you. Now, if there is anything that you can do for me you will receive my sincere gratitude. My right eye is bothering me very much. I cannot read but very little, and the socket of the one that was removed is inflamed and I have to use medicine about every day. I would be glad to part with one of my legs and have my eye back. I have to work what I can, for I have had a sick family for ten years, and I owe $1,300 on my home. I saw one of the doctors that examined me last night and he was very much surprised. He said he never saw a more deserving case than mine. I will close by saying anything you can do for me will be appreciated very much.

Yours, truly,

WILLIAM H. ROLLINS.

FORT'S LAST HOP.

Winter's Sociability Closed at Hospitable Military Headquarters.

PRETTY MERRIAM PARK FUNCTION.

General Resume of a Week of Renewed Life in the Social World.

[ST. PAUL DISPATCH]

Tuesday evening the officers and ladies of Fort Snelling gave the last of the series of hops which during the winter have done so much to add to the social enjoyment of the society of the two cities. Inasmuch as the hop on Tuesday evening was to be the last, there was a large delegation from both St. Paul and Minneapolis, and these, with the officers and ladies of the post, made a large company, so large that the floor was crowded during dancing. The orchestra of the Third United States infantry furnished the music, which means that it was very good music, indeed and quite fit to dance by; the hall was, as usual, decorated with threatening culverins and patriotic colors, and the floor was perfect for dancing, with the occasional exception of a threatening blossom or leaf introduced by some careless visitor from the cities.

Mrs. F. P. Avery and Mrs. Charles Mason received the guests. Of the officers and ladies of the fort there were about thirty-five present. Among the guests were Mesdames Curtis and Pierce, of St. Paul; Mrs. Langdon, of Minneapolis, and Misses Buck and Benson, of Lake City. St. Paul furnished the following:

Misses—		
Newport,	Russell,	Grace Upham,
Margaret Hall,	Holbert,	Alice Day,
Stargis,	Dundeldane,	Hewitt,
M. Smyth,	Kent,	Pope.
Messrs.—		
Halbert,	Hancock,	Yardley,
Hewitt,	Archibald,	Prince,
Perin,	Horn,	Cathcart,
Clay,	Strickland,	Young,
Peebles,	Curtis,	Thompson.
From Minneapolis—		
Misses—		
Shaw,	Perry,	Jones,
Linton,	Glass,	Van Cleve.
McNair,		
Messrs.—		
Hefelfinger,	Hefelfinger,	Pillsbury,
Gray,	Place,	Van Cleve.

team will try to secure a little out-door practice this spring before the warm weather. The management ordered them out on the campus for practice this afternoon.

Prof. Hoag expects soon to establish a magnetic station at the agricultural college, St. Anthony Park. The station will act in connection wtth the coast and geodetic surveys and also issue bulletins at frequent intervals. The construction of a magnetic map of the state, giving the declination for the different places, will be another part of their work

PITTSBURG PULPIT FOR TALMAGE'S SON.

PHILADELPHIA, April 14.—Tomorrow Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, son of the celebrated Brooklyn divine, severs his connectiou with Olivet Presbyterian church in order to accept a call to the old Second Presbyterian church, of Pittsburg, and will preach his farewell sermon. Early in June he starts out on a tour of the world with his father.

MINISTER PORTER AT HOME.

NEW YORK, April 14.—The steamship Columbia, which arrived here this morning from Colon, had among her passengers the Hon. James D. Porter, United States minister to Chili, and Mrs. Porter, and Bishop Healy, of San Francisco.

THE CHESS WORLD.

[Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.]

Chess Directory.

St. Paul—St. Paul Chess, Checker and Whist club, Globe building.

Minneapolis—Minneapolis Chess, Checker and Whist club, New York Life building.

Correspondence.

R. R. K., Chicago, Ill.—It looks much better with the king in sight.

A. O., St. Paul—Your solution of Problem No. 92 is correct. You, of course, noticed the defect in it its production.

E. R. J., St. Paul—Your solution of Problem No. 93 was perfectly correct. The first production of it was a misprint, but the problem was reproduced.

A. R. K., Minneapolis—Dr. A. T. Bigelow has the matter in hand, and all chess players will be duly notified.

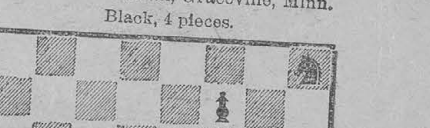
Problem, Solution and Solvers.

PROBLEM NO. 95.

[For THE DISPATCH.]

By Dr. B. M. Randall, Graceville, Minn.

Black, 4 pieces.



 [ST. PAUL DISPATCH, APR. 14, 1894]

CREATED SURPRISE

Inspection Order Limiting the Men for Whom Credit Will Be Given.

DISCIPLINE REDUCES THE RANKS.

Recent General Orders—News of the Guard and Regular Army.



THE announcement of the annual inspection made in the DISPATCH a week since created great surprise in one regard and that was tke order which set forth as follaws: "And no credit will be given for men enrolled or mustered after the 7th day of April preceding inspection." This portion of the inspection order was something new; no limitation had heretofore been made upon the privilege of recruiting for the inspection so that each company might make the best possible showing, and the commanders of the companies felt that the order was too severe. They argued that even though many men were enlisted and mustered just before inspection they were taken on their merits just as enlistments were made at any other time more remote from the inspection date. That good material only was sought for and the men came in with the same obligation as at other times. These considerations had their weight and the clause referred to has been revoked by the issuance of a revoking order. Capt. McCauley, of Battery A, took in nine new men last week and dropped six men who were little better than dead timber.

At a meeting of Company C on Monday it was decided to give a dance on April 16, that being the night of the annual inspection of the company. It is expected that the company will put up a fine drill, and a very large attendance is expected. Dancing will begin at 9:30, after inspection.

Philo Hawes has been elected captain of the new Company H, of Luverne, Second regiment; Jens Billington has been chosen first lieutenant and J. S. Frink second lieutenant. Commissions have not yet been issued to these officers.

Peter O. Field has been commissioned second lieutenant of Company F, of the Third regiment.

Wade Hampton is no longer the custodian of the armory. He resigned after many years' service, during which he became well known to all the members of the guard. He served in a colored regiment during a portion of the war, and was thoroughly posted in military matters. The guard of the entire state will regard him as an historic figure. He has been succeeded by John Williams, an ex-soldier of the Third United States infantry, now in station at Fort Snelling. Williams is referred to as a very competent man, and is said to have the necessary idea of discipline for idlers and visitors who show a desire to make the armory a continual rendezvous.

Some of the Minneapolis men or their friends (friends are sometimes convenient in such cases) have been doing the childish act. One of the Grand Army posts was given the privilege of using the armory for an entertainment, and there was considerable disorder and a number of juvenile tricks that were disgraceful. There is some talk of disciplining the offenders whoever they may be.

Thursday evening the Minneapolis armory was burned and practically destroyed. The fire was incendiary beyond any reasonable doubt. The ruin made in the company rooms was deplorable and the boys of Minneapolis are feeling a little discouraged over the smoke and water-soaked debris. It is especially unfortunate that the fire should have burned up the property of the battalion just before the annual inspection. The Tribune in speaking of the fire says:

"Battery B drilled until a late hour during the evening, and Private Otterson was one of the last to leave the building, the janitor departing soon after. He states that everything was snug and safe when he quitted the armory to go to his home, but two blocks away.

"The rooms of Companies A, I and B are in a deplorable condition, the uniforms and other valuable paraphernalia being badly damaged. Each company had a valuable collection of photographs of officers and members of the company dating back many years, and these also were destroyed. The rooms of Battery B and Company F, on the ground floor, were damaged badly by smoke and water, and a set of fine harness in the closet where the fire originated was burned to a crisp. Each company is said to carry insurance on their individual property, that of Battery B being worth $10,000, on which there is only $1,500 insurance. Three cases of guns, each containing twenty pieces, stored in racks along the front end of the hall, were ruined, the stocks being burned and the temper taken out of the barrels. Several cases of guns stored in closed lockers on the north side of the hall remained unharmed, as were also a number of uniforms in private lockers.

"Battery B's uniforms were injured by smoke and the woodwork of the guns was charred."

The following changes have taken place in the military forces of the state since the publication of general orders No. 6, current series, under date of February, 1894.

Commissioned—First infantry, S. H. H. Vowell, captain Company F, March 24, 1894; Third infantry, O. E. Lee, first lieutenant and I. S. A.P., April 13, 1894.

Resigned—First infantry, J. K. Ives, captain Company F, March 13, 1894; Third infantry, L. K. Estabrook, First lieutenant Company G, March 23, 1894.

Dishonorably discharged for the good of the service for non-attendance at drill, March 31, 1894—First infantry, Thomas S. Ingersoll, private Company A; L. E. Lewis, private Company A; Carl Ducius, private Company D; M. E. Barry, private Company F; A. A. Bennett, private Company F; Otto Wolfrum, private Company F; J. B. Hurldey, private Company F; O. G. Peterson, private Company G; Frank Perkins, private Company G. Third infantry, M. Lawler, private Company A.

For desertion—Seb. Kern, private Company H; Joseph Page, private Company H, and William Crider, private Company H, Third infantry; Fred Messig, private Company B, First infantry.

The following order has been issued from the Headquarters of Dakota, United States army, under date of April 7:

"His tour of duty having, under A. R. 37, expired, Capt. Harvey C. Carbaugh (first lieutenant Fifth artillery) is relieved from duty as acting judge advocate of this department. The department commander takes this occasion to testify to the very efficient manner in which Capt. Carbaugh has performed the duties of his office since he has been a member of the department staff."

Capt. Edwin F. Glenn (first lieutenant Twenty-fifth infantry), having reported for duty in compliance with Paragraph 17, Special Orders No. 52, current series, headquarters of the army, is announced as acting judge advocats of the department.

In a letter from Atlanta, Ga., dated April 5, Maj. Price says:

"I notice in the guard news of your issue of March 31 a report that there is some talk of my resigning my commission as major of the First regiment. I cannot imagine where this report originated, as I have not the least idea of resigning. I have been away from the city only two months, and shall be home within the next two. Will you kindly deny the report for me, and say that there is absolutely no truth in it. I shall be in camp with the regiment this summer."

On Monday Gov. Nelson, Gen. Bend, Chaplain Plummer, of the Third; Capt. Knowles, Lieut. Winne and a number of other officers went to Fergus Falls at the invitation of the officers of Company F, of the Third, for a dinner and social reunion. The affair was exceedingly enjoyable, and was participated in by all the prominent gentlemen of the city. Short speeches were made after the cigars were lighted, and the subject of an armory was talked of. The idea appeared to be received very favorably by the city fathers present and it is possible that F will in time have a fine armory and home of its own. Sergeants Meigs and Dewyer, former members of the guard, were decorated with ten-year medals by Gen. Bend, and the general also took the opportunity to examine Peter O. Field, recently elected second lieutenant of F. Mr. Field passed an excellent examination. Capt. McKay, of F, told the general that he had just been notified by the secretary of war that he was entitled to a medal of honor for gallant service during the war.

The new Luverne company was mustered on the 10th by Col. Bobleter.

In Company H the attendance at drill Wednesday evening was unusually large, there being over fifty men in line. The regular drill was followed by the bayonet exercise, in which the company is very efficient.

Col. J. C. Shandrew is home from a trip to Excelsior Springs, where he went to be treated for rheumatism.

The field, staff band and non-commissioned staff of the Second regiment will be inspected at camp.

Moody read an interesting paper describing the most important events in that period in the history of our country between the Revolutionary and Civil wars.

Thirty people were in attendance at the reading room on Wednesday evening and twenty-two books were issued. This increased circulation of books is largely due to the attractive list of new books lately received, but the supply of new books in the library is not yet equal to the demand.

Rev. S. A. Crothers, of St. Paul, lectured on Monday evening on "The Evolution of a Gentleman." The lecture was given for the benefit of the library, and notwithstanding the inclement weather there was a fair-sized and very appreciative audience. The proceeds of the lecture will be used for binding magazines.

WHITE BEAR.

Lake Shore station opens the second week in May.

Mr. F. E. Rice will occupy the Matheis cottage on Lake avenue.

Mr. A. E. Chantler, of St. Paul, will summer at the lake this season.

Mrs. Drake expects to open Lakeside cottage for the season about May 1.

Miss Lulu Holman, of St. Paul, visited Miss Mackhausen last Sunday.

W. T. Donaldson and family have taken possession of their summer home.

Mr. Edward Helmcke has leased one of the Wampler cottages for the season.

Francis M. Wheeler will occupy a cottage adjoining the Williams House.

Mr. A. H. Jenkins and wife will pass the summer months at White Bear Beach.

Messrs. Frank Sachse and J. A. Barr,



L KENNEDY.

MINORITY RULE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

New Premier Goodridge in a Difficult Position—Dissolution of Parliament Asked.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., April 14.—Both houses of the legislature this evening passed an address to the governor declaring that in their opinion the legislature should be dissolved and the people given an opportunity to express their decision on the issues raised by Justice Winter's decision regarding the authority of the government in the collection and expenditure of public money, the rights of the executive council and the functions of departmental officers. The address also declares that the retiring government possesses the confidence of the electorate, that they were returned without unlawful aids and should be permited to take public judgment of their acts.

The resolutions also request that he telegraph the matter to the secretary of state for the colonies and delay final action till he heard from Whiteway and his colleagues who handed over their portfolios today.

Goodridge, the new premier, today presented a skeleton of his cabinet, the full names of which will be published tomorrow, when they will assume power and face the difficult problem of an adverse majority of 2 to 1 in the assembly. They will then doubtless take a lengthy adjournment with the hope of unseating several Whiteways, ites before the house meets again and also of bidding for recruits from their ranks.

Fitting Out the Bering Sea Fleet.

PORT TOWNSEND, Wash., April 14.—The American patrol will leave for the sealing grounds of Bering sea about May 1. The Adams is due next week from Honolulu. She will receive orders from the navy department which came yesterday. The Bennington, Albatross and three or four revenue cutters will arrive here preparatory to sailing north. From present indications there will be little if any co-operation from British war vessels this season. No preparations are being made at Esquimault to send any naval vessels north, and in all probability the Americans will have to do all the police duty next summer. Several vessels have been chartered to take fuel and supplies to Onnalaska, the headquarters of the American fleet.

How Can She Do Otherwise?

NEW YORK, April 14.—A Washington dispatch to a morning paper says it is rumored that a suit for divorce will be brought by Mrs. Breckinridge immediately upon the expiration of the present suit. It is said Mrs. Breckinridge turned over a large portion of her fortune to defray the costs of the trial, and that she was nearly prostrated when her husband on the witness stand frankly confessed the nature and relatively recent date of his relations with Miss Pollard.

COLLEGE SPORTS.

Nature Presents an Argument in Favor of Them.

There is a story of a party containing two ministers crossing a lake in a storm. When matters became the most critical, some one cried out, "The two ministers must pray!" "Na, na," said the boatman; "the little ane can pray if he likes, but the big ane maun tak an oar."

Outside of emergencies there is much to be said in favor of brawn, and fortunately it is no longer necessary to argue that brains are better when there is brawn behind them, while, on the other hand, the time has already come when those who select athletes have little use for brawn without brains. So they supplement each other more and more. The college man, caricatures for years as a consumptive, then as a big brute, is today neither. The type is approaching more nearly to that of soundness of body and mind. Twenty years ago a father exhorted his son to study hard and stand high; now the anxiety is that the student should not fail to take plenty of exercise.

The strongest argument in favor of school aud college sports is the one advanced by nature herself. She develops the body before the mind. A man reaches the prime of physical power years before the maximum of his mental strength is attained. The best system, backed by the best exponent of the times has failed to make physical development popular among men whose college days and days of youth were over, who were in the struggle of their life's work. It then takes too much out of the man to build up his physique. He has not the time. If he had done the building years before, exercise will prevent retrogression. Youth is the time for physical development, the time to expand the chest and to increase the biceps, to take the largest proportion of bodily exercise; then in maturity the proportion should change to a mental exercise, with the other for relaxation.—The Century.

AN ICE BICYCLE.

Which May Be Used on Snow as Well as on Ice.

A machine resembling an ordinary safety bicycle, and driven in the same way, but which is adapted for use on either snow or ice, has been patented by Mr. Jonas Schmid, of No. 607 East Sixth street, Erie, Pa., says the Scientific American. The frame is preferably tubular, for the sake of lightness, and its rear end terminates in an axle on which are pivoted bearing blocks secured to the top of a runner aligning with the driving wheel.

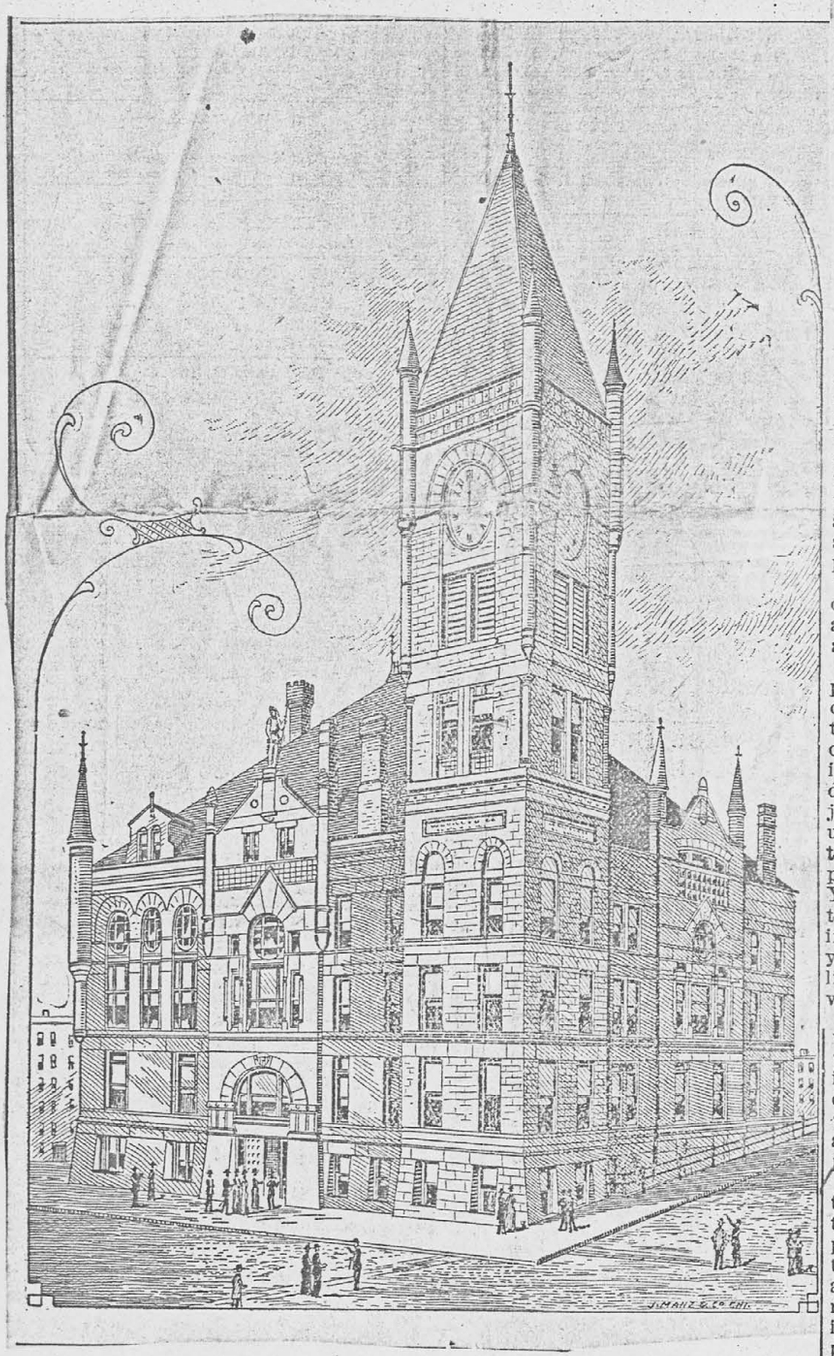
On the front end of the frame, in a ball bearing, is a sleeve through which extends the steering post, at the lower end of which is a curved runner, its shape enabling it to be easily turned in steering. The driving wheel has a thin steel rim with projecting teeth to get a good grip in the snow and ice, and is driven by a sprocket chair from the crank shaft.

Extending upward from both members of the fork in which the wheel is journaled are posts connected by a stiff, flat spring with the frame, the spring being clasped near its center by pins on a depending link pivoted to a lever fulcrumed on the back part on the back frame, at a point lower down, the forward end of this lever being held at the desired height by a rack bar, whereby the spring is raised or lowered to tilt the frame of the driving wheel and thus regulate the height of the wheel in relation to the rest of the machine.

The saddle is carried by an arrangement similar to that in use on the ordinary safety bicycle. When the machine is to be used on ice, skates are attacked to the front and rear runners, the skates being held in firm position upon the runners by lugs, flanges and thumb screws, while the construction admits of their ready attachment or removal. The machine may be very easily and rapidly driven and perfectly controlled.

"FIGGERS."

Ask for "figgers" on your printing at the Dispatch Job Rooms. They do all work promptly and always "figger" low. 47 and 49 East Fourth. Telephone 61.



A Letter From Judge Caldwell.

ST. PAUL, Minn., May 10, 1894.

Gentlemen of the Committee:

My official duties make it impossible for me to attend the dedication of your court house. I deeply regret this for for many reasons. With each passing year the desire increases to look upon the spot I knew in my boyhood days under conditions so widely different from those which now surround it and me. As tenants of the Indian chief, Appanoose, my father, assisted by my brother and myself, raised corn on the present site of your city, before the advent of the white man in Wapello county. I saw the Indians pass away and the white man take their place. I knew your county in that period of its history when there was absolute equality of fortune among its settlers, by which I mean they were all poor, when the dignity of manual labor was recognized by all because all were compelled to labor, and when the grades and ranks in society were based on character, and in no degree on gold.



JUDGE H. C. CALDWELL.

That epoch of pristine simplicity is passing away. The conventional social distinctions, and the disparities in fortune, that always come with a high state of civilization, are rapidly making their impress upon you, but happily, without diminishing your patriotism, your love of justice, or your respect for and reliance upon the law, and as long as this is the case the perpetuity of our institutions is assured. You will have with you in your celebration, men who were active and controlling forces in laying the foundations of your great commonwealth and in establishing its jurisprudence. They did their work well, and it will endure, unless the wickedness and vices which spring from wealth and luxury shall bring liberty into disgrace and undermine the foundations of the republic. Such a fate will be averted as long as the descendand of those who laid the foundations prove worthy of their sires.

May your Court House stand for all time as a symbol of the law,—a sacred temple of justice where the good shall be protected and the bad punished; where the person, the liberty, the reputation and property of every citizen shall find ready and effectual protection; where an injury to the humblest citizen will be punished as a wrong inflicted on the state; where no precedent, however hoary with age, will be admitted to justify absurdity or work injustice, and where no hair-splitting technicalities and refinements will be allowed to delay or defeat the enforcement of those principles of eternal and inviolable justice which were before all courts and which ought to be their constant and unvarying guide.

Yours truly,

HENRY C. CALDWELL.

THE OTTUMWA DAILY COURIER THURSDAY EVENING MAY 17, 1894.

DEDICATED.

Wapello County's Temple of Justice Formally Dedicated.

Report of the Proceedings, with Addresses by Judges Hendershott, Stiles and Others

A Proud Day for Ottumwa and Wapello County.

This is a grand day for the people of Wapello county and marks an era in the county's history. The formal dedicatory exercises of the county's magnificent new court house occurred this afternoon, beginning at 2 o'clock. For over a month a special committee of arrangements, consisting of W. H. C. Jaques, Norman Reno, M. A. Roberts, J. C. Jordan and S. H. Harper, has been at work, and the complete success of today's exercises demonstrates the excellent service which it has rendered in the matter.

Promptly at 2 o'clock the assembled multitude was called to order by County Supervisor O. P. Bizer, chairman of the day, who introduced Rev. J. M. Mc. Elroy, who delivered a short and impressive invocation.

REV. J. M. M'ELROY.

Then came the dedicatory ode, sung by the choir. This ode was composed by Prof. J. H. Rheen, who had charge of the musical portion of the program, and is as follows:

Dedication Ode by J. H. Rheem.

Great God, who rules above,
With justice, mixed with love,
Hear us today.
And whilst we celebrate,
And as we dedicate,
This building for the state,
Bless us, we pray.

Long may this structure stand,
An anchor to the land
That did it build.
May justice ever be
Here mixed with charity,
But from all bias free
The law fulfilled.

God help those here that dwell,
To do their duty well
With honor bright:
God bless this temple grand,
God bless our native land,
God help us each to stand
Firm for the right.

W. H. C. Jaques delivered the address of welcome as follows:

FREIGHTING ON THE PLAINS.

CARTING SIXTEEN MILLION POUNDS OF ARMY SUPPLIES.

From Nebraska City to the Salt Lake Valley Thirty-six Years Ago —Thirty Wagons and Over Four Hundred Oxen in a Train—Duties of Wagon Master, Teamster and Others—The First Big Contract—Reminiscences of an Old "Bull Whacker."

Thirty-six years ago the few white men who had begun to make homes west of the Missouri river were settled in Kansas and Nebraska, within a few miles of that stream. What is divided now into the great states of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, the Dakotas, Utah, Montana, Idaho, Nevada and Oregon was an almost unknown region. Brigham Young had led his followers up the valley of the Platte, over and into the mountains, and settled in Great Salt Lake valley in 1847. It was then Mexican territory. Two years later, in 1849, the discovery of gold in California had tempted thousands to make the long, tedious and hazardous overland trip to the golden shores of the Pacific. From 1849 to 1857 the travel upon the plains was confined to parties of Mormon emigrants who were seeking homes in "Zion" in Salt Lake valley, and the few who used the overland route in getting across the continent to the gold fields on the Pacific coast. The Sioux and Cheyenne Indians had been growing more and more hostile until they were soundly thrashed by Gen. W. S. Harney at "Ash Hollow." This was the passage of Johnston's large army across the plains in 1857, to battle with the Mormons, gave the travelers comparative immunity from Indian depredations for a number of years.

In 1859 the rush began to the gold fields that had been discovered in 1858 near Pike's Peak and at other points in the Rockies. From 1859 to the completion of the Union Pacific railway in 1869 the trails across the plains became great thoroughfares over which passed thousands of people to and fro between the settlements in Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and Montana and the Missouri river.

The principal trails during all these years led up the level valley of the Platte river. For over 500 miles no obstruction was met with, and roads were made by simply traveling along over the level plains. Beyond Fort Laramie the country became much more broken and the traveling more difficult. Through the Black Hills, over the main range of the Rockies, and across the barren deserts of Green river, and over the "Wasatch," the traveler met many difficulties. The scarcity of grass and water in these regions and the steep rough and rocky roads, made it indeed an undesirable and dangerous part of the journey.

Stage lines that "annihilated space" at the rate of ten miles an hour, and collected 25 cents per mile fare, sprang into prosperous existence on the plains and in the mountains. A "pony express" carried dispatches and letters across the continent in less than ten days, at a rate of $5 per ounce postage, and the freighting business became colossal in the decade between 1859 and 1869.

Though the business of freighting with ox teams across the plains had been carried on to Santa Fe and other far outposts, the movement of Johnston's army opened up possibilities for the freighter, never before dreamed of by the few hardy spirits who were engaged in it.

Alexander Majors, a resident of Independence, Mo., and W. H. Russell of Lexington, Mo., under the firm name of Majors & Russell, were among the most prominent and best equipped freighters upon the frontier. With them contracts were made for the transportation of supplies for the army, which marched westward in July, 1857.

Cold weather caught the army and the supply trains in the high altitudes around South pass and Fort Bridger. This and the depredations of Mormon scouts, who hung on the flank of the army and its supply trains, was disastrous to Majors & Russell. Several of their trains were burned and their animals driven off. The scouts were under the command of a Mormon mountaineer of many wives named Lott Smith. One of the trains was in command of R. D. Simpson, known all over the West as "Dick" Simpson, a man as ready to fight as to eat. The scouts came upon Simpson's train while it was corralled on a stream known as the Sandy, at a place ever since known as "Simpson's Hole." Smith and his men asked for the wagon master.

"He's out looking for some strayed steers," was the answer, whereupon, without resistance, Simpson's thirty teamsters, or "bull whackers," as they were called, were disarmed.

Then Smith, seeing Simpson approaching, rode out to meet him and said: "I want your pistols."

"Sir, no man ever got them yet, and if you think you can get them while I'm alive you have my permission to begin, sir," answered Simpson.

"I don't want to kill you," said Smith, "but I must have your pistols."

By this time they had reached the corral, and Simpson, seeing his men disarmed and under guard, said:

"I see you have me at a disadvantage, sir; what do you want?"

"I don't need the advantage. What would you do if you had your arms?"

"I would fight you."

"Not much," said the disarmed teamsters. "We came out here to whack bulls, not to fight Mormons."

"You cowardly curs," cried Simpson. "If I had been here before you were disarmed and you had refused to fight I would have killed every yaller dog of ye."

"Hurry up, Simpson," said his captor, "you and your men get your personal property out of these wagons. I will give you a wagon load of provisions to last you back to the Missouri river. Then I'll burn this stuff and drive the cattle over into Salt Lake valley. You tell Majors & Russell that if they behave decent we may give them the cattle when the trouble is over."

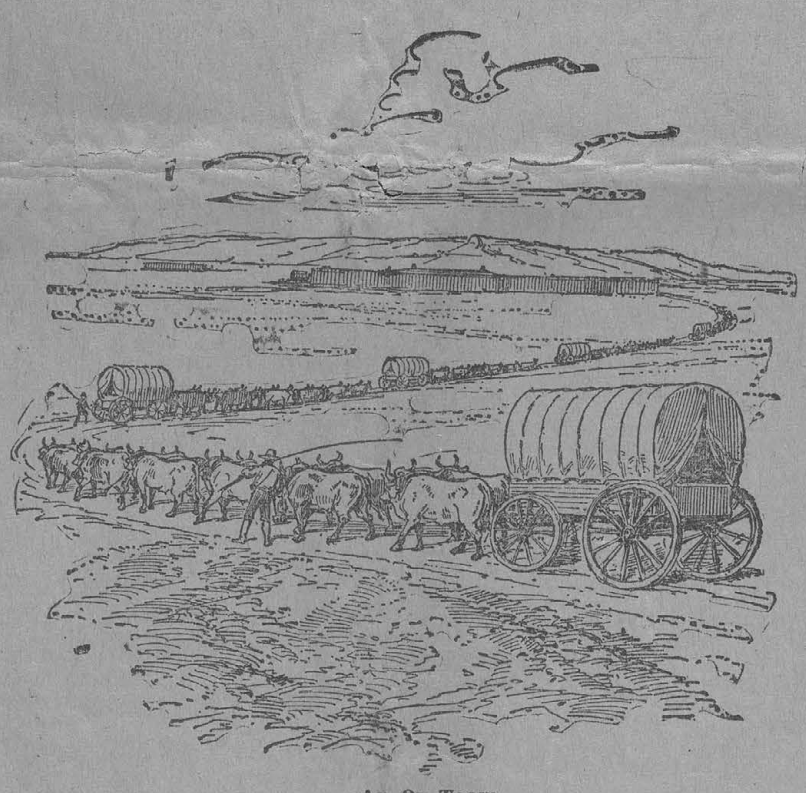
"You'll give me two wagon loads," said Simpson. "I see it in your eye."

"All right, take two, but be in a hurry."

"Don't burn the train until I'm out of sight," was Simpson's request, as he mounted his mule and sent his cowardly "bull-whackers" on the trail back towards the Missouri river, over one thousand miles away, and the season the dead of winter.

By putting on a bold front and building some fortifications in Echo and Webber canyons, through which Johnstone's army must pass in reaching the valley, Brigham Young managed to keep the army at bay east of the Wasatch all through the winter of '57 and '58 without the shedding of a drop of blood on either side.

Uncle Sam was now determined to get the army into the valley of Salt Lake at all hazards. To this end contracts were made for the transportation of over 16,000,000 pounds of supplies to Salt Lake in the spring of 1858. To do this required 4,000 wagons, 50,000 oxen and over 1,000 mules. This represented an outlay of over $2,500,000 to Majors, Russell & Waddell, Majors & Russell having taken Mr. Waddell into the firm. In 1858 Nebraska City was a frontier village, perched high above the muddy Missouri on picturesque wooded bluffs. This place was selected by Majors, Russell & Waddell as the starting point for their long journey to the army in the mountains. To Nebraska City came the slow, plodding steamboats from St. Louis that had breasted 800 miles of turbulent currents, and shied around the innumerable shifting sand bars of the muddy Missouri. Here they landed their cargoes of freight on the narrow levee under the high bluffs, and here congregated the 4,000 "prairie schooners," as the white covered lumbering freight wagons were called. On the prairies west of the village their white covers were spread, they were formed into corrals, and into these corrals the wild, bellowing steers were driven, yoked into pairs, six pairs hitched to each wagon, and the wagon loaded with from three to three



An Ox Team.

and a half tons of every conceivable thing that could be used by an army.

It was at Nebraska City in May, 1858, that the present writer signed one of the curious contracts of Majors, Russell & Waddell, in which he agreed to bear with the peculiarities of twelve oxen and keep them in the "middle of the road" without using profane language.

Each train consisted of about thirty wagons. These wagons were placed in an oval, broken by a gap at each end, and thus constituted an enclosure in which the cattle could be held while being yoked, and also a defense against attack of foes. To draw each wagon six yokes of cattle were required, and in a train there were about 400 head. A small herd of extra cattle were always driven with the train to supply any loss by straying Indians, thefts or any unfitness for service. These were called the "cavayard."

Probably one of the most exciting experiences in the life of a "bull-whacker" was his first "yoke-ups." Four hundred wild, and oftentimes vicious, steers, were driven into the wagon-bounded corral. Thirty "bull-whackers" or teamsters stood with thirty yokes upon their shoulders ready for the word of command, "Yoke up," from the wagon master.

Then the men would drive out into the "corral" among those rearing, pushing, hooking, kicking cattle, and each select a steer to work on the off or right-hand side of the tongue of his wagon. Whether the steer was willing or not, the bent wood bow was slipped around his neck, the yoke put in place, and the first ox of the twelve was yoked. Then the hunt began among the 400 for a mate for him. When found the pair were driven out through the gap, the heavy tongue lifted and fastened to the ring in the yoke, and the teamster had his wheel cattle hitched.

Then with yoke on shoulder he selected an "off leader," then a "near leader." Bringing this pair to a wheel of his wagon inside the "corral" with a chain that had been fastened there for the purpose he would make them fast. Then he would select the pair of "swing" cattle that worked next behind the "leaders;" then the pair next behind them, and so on until he had chosen six yokes. It would sometimes take more than two hours to accomplish the "yoke-up" when the cattle were wild and unbroken. But I have known it to be done in fifteen minutes. Then the whips would "pop," the cattle bend their backs and put their weight against the yokes, the heavy wagons would sway and creak and the train was off for a six or eight mile drive.

The wagonmaster was the power supreme. No commander of a ship had more power than he. His word was law, his commands must be implicitly obeyed. To him his employers entrusted thousands of dollars worth of property, relying upon his honesty, skill and ability to bring it safely through thousands of miles of foe-infested country where there was no law to restrain his men. For the first few days he and his assistant would keep close watch upon the teams. If a driver had chosen one in which most of the cattle were slow and lazy, at the next "yoke-up" the wagonmaster directed that another be selected and distributed the slow ones, or "deadheads," as they were called, into the different teams. By thus equalizing their traveling abilities the train would move on without any part of it lagging behind. When finally the cattle were distributed properly the wagonmaster would direct that each "bull-whacker" place some kind of a mark upon each of his steers so that he could identify them and thus keep the same team day after day.

There was among the "bull-whackers" an Irishman, direct from the "Auld Sod," who knew nothing of the duties of a teamster. In yoking up he would select the twelve steers that made least protest against being brought into servitude, and thus he always got twelve "dead-heads." Finally the wagon master went into the corral himself and yoked up a team for him, and said, "Now your team is all right; you keep it just as it is."

"How the divil am I to pick those twelve craters out whin ivery mother's son of thim in the corral looks just aloike to me?" demanded the Irishman.

"Put a mark on each one of them," said the wagon master.

When the wagons were corralled for the stop there was a commotion among the cattle in the Irishman's team.

"What are you doing there?" shouted the wagon master.

"Shure, wasn't it yourself told me I wuz to put a mark on each one of the bastes so O'd know him again?"

"Certainly I did, but what are you doing?"

"O'm going to punch the lift eye out of every one of thim, thin O'll know thim. And O'll have no more trouble yoking the divils. I kin slip up on the blind side of thim and have thim under the yoke before they know O'm there."

Each man was required to sign the following:

"While I am in the employ of Messrs. Majors, Russell & Waddell I agree not to use profane language, not to get drunk, not to gamble, not to treat animals cruelly, and not to do anything else that is incompatible with the conduct of a gentleman, and I agree if I violate any of the above conditions to accept my discharge without claiming any pay for my services."

The compact was fairly lived up to, but the man who had been in the habit of giving vent to his feelings in terms more forcible than polite, who yet complied with these rules during his first week's experience with twelve willful steers was a very rare man.

The teamster's duties consisted of yoking, herding, unyoking and persuading twelve perverse oxen to travel thirteen to fifteen miles a day and pull a wagon loaded with three tons of freight after them. His wages was about $30 per month and board. The men were divided into about four "messes" in each train. One man in each mess was detailed to cook, it being the duties of the other men in the mess, according to detail each day, to furnish the fuel. The first part of the journey provisions were, as a rule, more than plentiful, but as it progressed if a mess had been wasteful or improvident, they would have to go on short rations.

The dried droppings of buffalo and cattle, called "buffalo chips" in the high dry altitude of the plains, made an excellent fuel, and were in fact the sole dependence in that treeless region. No "bull-whacker" who knew his business ever passed a "buffalo chip" that was ripe for plucking. A gunny bag hanging at the side of his wagon became its resting-place, so it was seldom that the fuel supply was short.

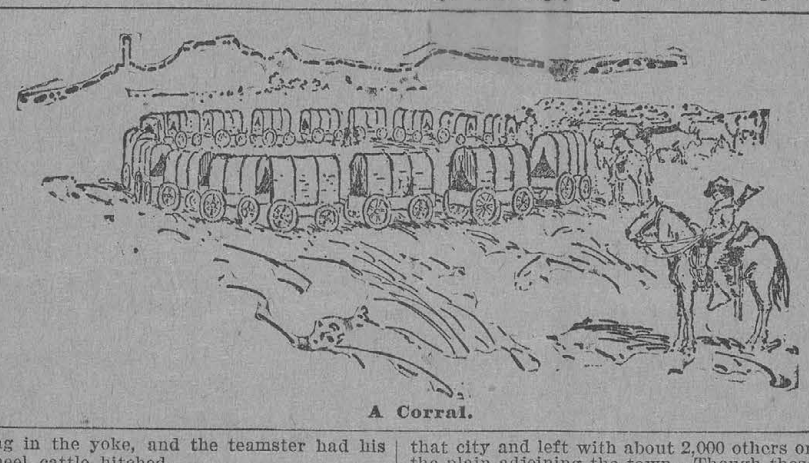
The next man in importance to the wagon-master and his assistant was the "night herder." During the day, perched up under the canvas cover of one of the wagons, he could "snooze," or "booze," just as he chose. When the evening camp was formed, and the supper of potatoes, fat meat, flap-jacks and black coffee, which was at times supplemented by a feast of deer, elk, antelope, or buffalo by the skill of some sportsman among the teamsters, was disposed of, the "night herder" would relieve the day men of the herd and begin his lonesome all-night vigil.

Cattle are most methodical in their habits. They always have a leader whom they follow as faithfully as do the members of Tammany Hall. Whither the leader goes they will go, be it in a gentle meander to find better grass, or a wild, uncontrollable, irresistible stampede. If grass is plentiful and nothing disturbs the herd, they will eat quietly for about three hours after they arrive on the grazing grounds. If grass is scarce it will take them longer to become satisfied. A "night herder" who understands his business will always keep himself informed of the movements of the leader of his herd. If he has the leader in hand he is pretty sure, however dark and stormy the night may be, that the balance of his herd are all right. He can hear the crunch, crunch, crunch all around him of the hundreds of hungry mouths, biting the sweet grasses, and when they become filled the long-drawn sighs of contentment float to him on the prairie breeze and the sound of their movements in selecting a bed and lying down. When he knows his herd has gone to bed he seeks out the leader, always found near the vanguard of the herd. He dismounts, and securing his mule by driving a strong pin into the ground to which is attached a lariat that allows the mule to range and eat, rolls himself in his blanket, lies down near the leader, probably within touch of him, and goes peacefully to sleep.

As the first gray streaks of dawn appear in the East he rounds up his herd and heads them for the corral. It may be a mile away, and it may be five miles. As he comes within hearing of the sleeping "bull whackers" in the corrall, his loud, clear voice rings out on the morning air, "Roll out, roll out, roll out." In an instant the men are astir.

Two drives of six to eight miles each were made each day, except Sundays, when the train always lay still. The drives varied somewhat as suitable places supplied with grass and water were to be found. The first drive of the day began as soon as it was light enough to see, and continued four or five hours. Then the wagons were corralled and the cattle unyoked for their midday feed. If the weather was very warm the "yoke up" for the second drive was not made until 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and then the drive continued until 9 or 10 o'clock at night.

We were 110 days making the journey. The Mormon war was over. Johnston's army had entered the valley, but had found Salt Lake City deserted. The Mormons had fled to the southward, and were hiding in the fastnesses of the mountains. Later, under the assurance that they would not be disturbed they slowly and distrustfully resumed the homes they had built upon the desert. Our wagons were unloaded at Camp Floyd, twenty miles south of Salt Lake City. The empty wagons were brought to that city and left with about 2,000 others on the plain adjoining the town. Though these wagons had cost $150 each at the Missouri river, they were afterward sold to the Mormons for $10 each. Our cattle were driven into the grass-covered valleys around Salt Lake for the winter.



A Corral.

With two wagons and twelve yoke of cattle, about twenty of us who desired to return turned our faces eastward. In sixty days we were again at the Missouri river, having made the round trip in about six months.

—John Henry Martin.

SOCIETIES.

arranged to visit Concordia lodge last Wednesday evening, but the heat caused the members to adjourn before 9 o'clock, and the grand master visited Nobility lodge, Degree of Honor, and witnessed the exemplification of the work by the degree team.

Prizes have been offered by the supreme lodge for the best ritual, and the competition is open to the members of the order.

The West Side lodge, Degree of Honor, initiated two candidates at its last meeting.

The Select Knights of Canada, formerly the select knights, A. O. U. W., have added an endowment feature to their insurance.

Seven thousand dollars have been appropriated to erect a building at Meadville, Pa., for permanent headquarters for the order.

A joint picnic in connection with the lodges of this city is under consideration, and the prospects are bright for a picnic in the near future.

Odd Fellows.

The Luella Rebekah lodge held a most pleasant meeting last Monday evening, the occasion being installation of officers and an ice cream social. Representatives were present from all the Rebekah lodges of the city and a very entertaining programme was rendered.

Last Wednesday evening Freja lodge and Excelsior lodge were the guests of Triple Link lodge and Triple Link proved a capital entertainer. The event was a success in every way.

Grand Master Lankester has several new lodges in prospect and will probably institute them this fall at East Grand Forks, Argyle, Fosston and Thief River Falls.

Charter lists are being circulated at Montgomery and Hammond for the formation of new lodges in those cities.

A preliminary meeting has been held at Worthington and a new lodge will be instituted there in a few weeks.

C. M. Green of Amboy, a leading member of the order, was a caller at the grand secretary's office last Friday afternoon.

The semi-annual reports of the St. Paul lodges have been filed with Grand Secretary Bolton and they show a total membership in this city of 2,016, divided among the lodges as follows: St. Paul Lodge No. 2, 352 members; Wildey No. 3, 48; Germania No. 18, 95; Germania No. 48, 252; German American No. 58, 78; Excelsior No. 60, 183; Dayton Bluff No. 96, 77; West Side No. 106, 109; Freja No. 129, 139; Meridean No. 151, 57; Merriam Park No. 152, 52; Hamline No. 153, 32; Vorwaerts No. 161, 47; Norden No. 171, 107; Twin City No. 179, 148; Home No. 195, 93; Columbia No. 205, 97; Triple Link No. 209, 50. The reports from the Rebekah lodges have not all been filed, but the reports in the hands of the grand secretary show a very large increase.

Past Grand Master Williams is the most muchly decorated past officer of the order in this state. He wears three of the most rich and and handsomely designed jewels that have been presented to any veteran member for valued services. One, a past grand's jewel, from his lodge, No. 2, in 1891; the veteran's jewel, a gift from the grand encampment, in 1893, and the past grand master's jewel, from the grand lodge, in 1894.

The Druids.

Vasa Grove No. 24 acted upon one application at its regular meeting last Monday evening, and perfected arrangements for an entertainment on Aug. 6, to celebrate its tenth anniversary.

The executive committee met last week and audited all claims against the order which are now paid up to date.

Minnesota Grove No. 1 will celebrate its thirty-eighth anniversary on Sunday, Aug. 12, at Albrecht's Park, Lake Como, which no doubt will prove a grand success.

Schiller Grove No. 3 held a well attended meeting last Wednesday, and were pleased to see Noble Arch A. Haupt occupying his old chair for the first time after a severe spell of sickness.

Brother John Schiller, of Minnesota Grove No. 1, died last Friday morning at the ripe old age of seventy-two years. He has been a member of the order for upwards of thirty years, and was held in high esteem.

Knights of Pythias.

St. Paul Lodge No. 43 held its regular session last Tuesday evening and balloted upon several applications, and will confer the first rank upon four candidates at its meeting on Tuesday. The last meeting was devoted to sociability, and there was a large attendance.

Terrace City lodge is conferring the ranks upon one candidate, and acted upon two applications at its last regular meeting. Terrace City meets on Friday evening at 348 Cedar, and are capital entertainers of visiting Knights.

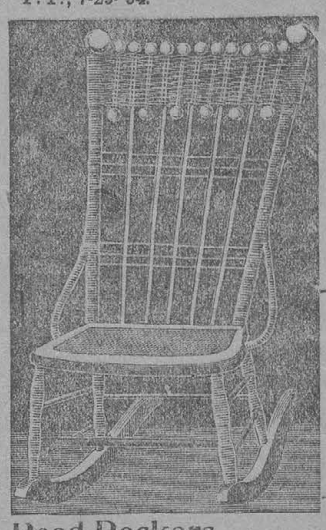
Capital Division No. 13, Uniform Rank, met last Thursday evening for its regular drill, preparing for the encampment, and next Thursday evening will confer the rank upon one candidate.

About 150 Daughters of Rebekah and Pythian Sisters, accompanied by their families and friends, picnicked at Como Park, and a most enjoyable time was spent. A programme of games was gone through and resulted as follows: Driving the nail—First, Mrs. C. E. Pierce; second, Mrs. W. Fisher. Throwing the stone—First, Mrs. J. Decker; second, Mrs. J. C. Vanderbie. Ladies' free-for-all race—First, Mrs. Fisher. Stout ladies' race—First, Mrs. W. F. Wright. The picnic was held under the auspices of Unity temple of Pythian Sisters and Bethesda lodge (Rebekahs).

Champion lodge had work in the second rank at its meeting last Wednesday evening. This lodge has secured a new set of paraphernalia and is equal to the best in its rank work.

A special meeting of Myrtle Temple No. 2, Pythian Sisters, will be held on Monday evening. The temple will hold regular meetings every first and third Monday until Oct. 1.

P. P., 7-29-'94.



Mid-Summer. Summer Goods Sale at Summer Prices.

WE are overstocked. There you are in a nutshell. We want to turn these goods into money for two reasons, the chief one being that we must have room for new goods that will soon arrive.

Reed Rockers.

	Regular Price.	Price This Week.
No. 272	$3.50	$1.85
No. 1226	2.75	1.75
No. 666	2.50	1.50
No. 226	3.50	1.75

The above are sample prices and you can get them at these prices so long as they last. Our whole stock is cut in the same proportionate ratio.

Lawn Goods.

The season is well advanced now and we still have quite a number of these summer comforts on hand that we are willing to sell at half the regular price, in preference to carrying them over into the next season.

REMEMBER—Our Improved Credit Plan. A little money down and the balance to suit you, by the week or by the month. Remember this when you want Furniture, Carpets, Draperies, Crockery, Gasoline Stoves and Ranges.

Freight Paid 150 Miles. Send for Catalogue.

THE PALACE FURNITURE & CARPET CO.

419-421 Jackson Street, Near Seventh.

FLATHEAD INDIANS.

Selfishness and Laziness Their Leading Characteristics.

Tacoma Ledger: E. L. Harrison of St. Paul, traveling auditor of the Northern Pacific railroad, who is now in the city, says that the Flatheads are probably the most uncivilized and uncouth Indians in the United States.

"Their flat, misshapen heads, bare always, painted bodies, grotesque features, perfectly powerless to express any of the tender shades of kindness and love; their houses and mode of living all proclaim them typical savages. The most of them live in tepees and subsist by hunting and fishing. In spite of all their savagery they love luxury, as was proved to my satisfaction while coming West recently. Passengers were transferred by these Indians around a break nine miles long on the Northern Pacific between Hope, Idaho, and Horse Plains, Mont., the break being caused by the floods. They had light wagons, on each of which was one spring seat. On this sat the Indian driver, and no amount of persuasion would induce him to give the seat up to the ladies, who sat on boards laid across the wagon box and underwent a perpetual jolting from the time of the starting. Nor would the dusky gallants give up their buffalo robes which they sat on, each one having two or three for a cushion.

"There are several chiefs among the Flatheads, but, alas for their ideas of royalty, they are inveterate beggars. One of these came into the Northern Pacific office at Missoula while I was there. Somebody had written out a paper for him, which he presented to one of the clerks. It stated that he had lost his horses in a flood the previous winter and had suffered a number of other misfortunes. The letter was read and passed on to another clerk, then to another, beginning to move from one to another so fast that the chief lost sight of it. Such a whooping, howling and roaring I never heard as that he gave vent to when he found his only source of revenue was gone. Finally he picked up a piece of paper and gave it to one of the clerks, asking him to write another letter. The clerk did so. It read like this: 'This lazy, lousy, villainous Indian is a liar, robber, horse thief and an infidel. He begs money of you because he has not an opportunity to cut your throat and take it. He has killed four men already. When he presents this paper to you kick him out.' Well, he took it with a satisfied leer, thrust it under his robe and decamped. He could not read, you know, could not have read his name had it been placed before him in seven different languages, so he took that paper around and presented it to every person he met in Missoula. When he was in the office he was shabby, had a very greasy blanket and was a hard-looking 'seed' generally. Several days after I met him. He sported a silk hat, had a bright new blanket thrown over his shoulders, wore a brand new pair of buckskin overalls and was probably the dandiest, nobbiest looking Indian in Montana. People had just looked upon that paper as a huge joke and when he presented it they had evidently 'shelled out' with a generous hand."

Her Queer First Name.

Gov. Hogg of Texas, who is making a tour of the Eastern states, is accompanied by his daughter. The young lady's name attracts attention wherever she is introduced. It is certainly a queer combination, and those who hear it for the first time usually refuse to believe that it is her real name.

It is true, however, that Ima Hogg is the only name the lady has or ever had. Her mother found the name Ima in a novel that she was reading when Miss Hogg was a baby. She admired the name and so did her husband, and it was given in baptism to the infant before the parents realized that the Christian and surname made a rather queer combination.

"She is satisfied with it now," says her father, dryly, "but she may possibly change it some day."

People's Favorite.

Yes, the Pioneer Press want columns are the "People's Favorite," because they are read by the people, are used by the people and please the people. They are not stuffed or padded—each ad. means business—so if you mean business, and want to keep up with the times, use or scan them every day.

ST. PAUL PULPITES.

REV. A. P. LYON WILL PREACH AT the Park Congregational church at 10:30 a. m. Sunday, July 29.

HOUSE OF HOPE PRESBYTERIAN church, corner Fifth and Exchange streets—Rev. John Paul Egbert, pastor. Services every Sunday at 10:30 o'clock a. m. and 8 o'clock p. m. The pastor, Rev. John Paul Egbert, D. D., will preach morning and evening. Sabbath school and Bible classes at 12:15 p. m.; Society of Christian Endeavor meet in the lecture room at 7 o'clock p. m.; mid-week lecture and prayer meeting, Wednesdays, at 8 o'clock p. m. All are welcome.

DAYTON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN—Morning service at 10:30. Rev. George W. Davis, D. D., of Macalester college, will preach. Sunday school at 12 m. Christian Endeavor meeting at 7 p. m. In the evening there will be a union service of the Hill churches. Rev. Addison Moore, of the Woodland Park Baptist church, will deliver the sermon.

CHURCH OF CHRIST (CHRISTIAN) CORner Nelson and Farrington avenues—E. R. Edwards, pastor. Preaching, 11 a. m. Subject: "How to Be Superior to Circumstances." In the evening we join in union services at the Dayton Avenue Presbyterian church.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE—SERVICES AT 107 and 108 Globe building. Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Bible class, 11:30; conversation and inquiry meeting, Thursday, at 8 p. m. Nathan Johnson, speaker.

FIRST M. E. CHURCH, WEST THIRD and Summit avenue—Rev. C. B. Wilcox will preach at 10:30 a. m. Union service in the evening at 8 o'clock in the Dayton Avenue Presbyterian church.

ST. PETER'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Dayton's Bluff, corner Fourth and Maple streets. Seats free. Rev. Stuart B. Purves, rector. Divine service for the tenth Sunday after Trinity: Morning, 7 and 11 o'clock; Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; evening, 8 o'clock; mission Sunday school, East end, corner Ross and East Seventh streets, 9:30 a. m.

ST. ANTHONY PARK M. E. CHURCH, corner Raymond avenue and Manvel street—Morning service at 10:30; sermon by the pastor; no evening service.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH—REV. S. B. HERSHey of Ashtabula, Ohio, will preach this morning on "The Simplicity of Christ's Religion." In the evening Rev. Mr. Soper, Alexandria, will preach on "The Church of the Future." Everybody welcome.

ENGLISH LUTHERAN CHURCH OF THE Redeemer, corner Lafayette and Woodward avenues—Sunday services at 10:45 a. m. No evening service.

CENTRAL PARK M. E. CHURCH, CORner Twelfth and Minnesota streets—Rev. F. Doran, pastor. Preaching morning at 10:30 and evening at 8 o'clock.

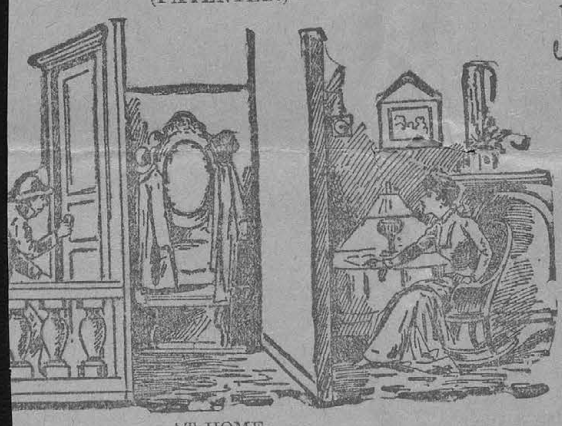
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CORner Lincoln avenue and Grotto street—Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m., with sermons by the pastor, Rev. L. L. Cameron.

THE PROGRAMME AT THE SPIRITUalist camp grounds to-day is as follows: 10:30 a. m., lecture by Willard J. Hull, followed by a public christening; 12:45 p. m., children's lyceum; 2:30, lecture by Helen Stuart Richings; 4 p. m., lecture by Prof. Lockwood, subject: "The Spirituality of Coming Civilization the Result of Individual Effort;" 8 p. m., closing exercises.

WOODLAND PARK BAPTIST CHURCH, Selby avenue and Arundel street—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. by Rev. J. F. Mills of Illinois. Sunday school at 12 m. Union service at Dayton Avenue Presbyterian church in the evening.

"THE EUREKA."

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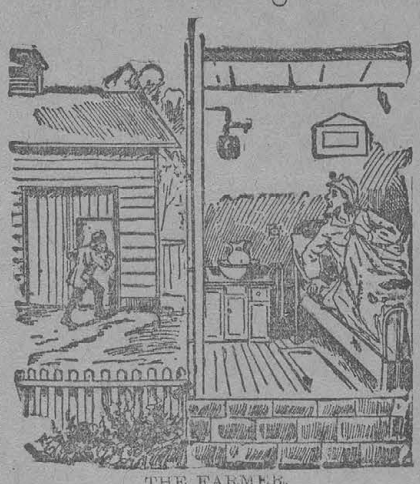
AT HOME.

No one can turn a knob in any part of a building, without you knowing it. The simplest, cheapest, and most durable Electric Bell Signal in the market. Any one can apply it. Can be fitted to any number of doors or bank locks, and bell located where you please. Any number of doors can be connected to one bell. No signal unless you want it; you can tell if a door is open at any time by throwing switch, and indicator tells which door is open.

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This is of interest to Carpenters Contractors of property. If you desire to have an Electric ving a sketch of what you would like it to do. ss in the United States or Canada for $5.00.



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L. K. CURLETT,

225 Dearborn Street and 54 to 60 S. Canal, CHICAGO.

LITERATURE OF TO-DAY.

THE SECOND NUMBER OF THE YELLOW BOOK.

A New Novel by Maria Louise Pool, a Sequel to "The Two Salomes"— A Novel in Dial[illegible]

PIONEER PRESS: SUNDAY, AUGUST 19, 1894.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

WISE, ISN'T IT!

TO BUY

When goods are low and when you can buy them at [your] own convenience? I am determined to sell every [bi]cycle I have in stock, and offer them on installments or [cash] for the following prices:

1894 Remington, regular price	$125.00	$87.50
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1894 Raleigh, regular price	125.00	87.50
1894 Hickory, regular price	120.00	90.00
1894 Hickory, lady's nickel	125.00	93.75
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1894 Stearns, special	150.00	125.00
1894 Columbia, No. 37	150.00	85.00
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M. R. BURKHARD.

124 and 128 East Third Street, St. Paul.

[s] for flirting, quarreling and [a]gain. The story belongs to [o]nery order of fiction.

[W]ife." By the Duchess. J. B. Lippincott Company. [c]ents.)

[n]umber of "Yankee Doodle," [w]orld's fair publication, has [i]d. Its covers bear the pict[b]eautiful girl standing in the [st]eam launch with the liberal [s]in the near distance. The [c]ains two fine full-page color [o]f a preparatory study for [H]arrison's "En Arcadie," the [M]lle. Therese Schwartze's [G]ls of Amsterdam." There is [i]nstallment of a description of the Sevres exhibit, by Edouard Garnier, the conclusion of Grogan's article of the navy exhibit, accounts of the work of Mlle. Schwartze and Harrison, with portraits, the continuation of the article on the "Architecture of the Exposition," begun in the second number, and the first pages of one on the Midway, by William Walton, illustrated by Charles H. Johnson. All of these articles have illustrations both in color and in black and white. If the succeeding numbers fullfil the promise of the first three, the series will be a very attractive one.

("Yankee Doodle at the Fair." Philadelphia. George Barrie. No. 3. $1 per number.)

Literary Notes.

The publication of "Trilby" in book form has been delayed, according to latest accounts, by the hostile action of Mr. Whistler, who believes himself to have been caricatured in the delineation of Sibley. The publishers are threatened with suits for damages if they publish the parts relating to Sibley and the portraits of him. They are now holding the publication, which was promised several weeks ago, until they find out to just what they are likely to be subjected. In the meantime the portraits and character sketch have been the length and breadth of the land in the pages of Harper's Magazine, and Mr. Whistler can't help himself.

The approaching marriage of Mr. J. M. Barrie to Miss Mary Ansell, a successful young actress, is announced to take place in the near future. Mr. Barrie has been ordered abroad for his health, and will be married before leaving England for the continent.

George Saintsbury, in the August number of Macmillan's, begins a series of papers on "The Historical Novel." In the Westminster for August Thomas Bradfield discourses of Hawthorne's romances.

The last issue in Harper's "Black and White" series is Mr. Howells' lively little farce, "The Garroters."

The publishers of the Century have had Corsica thoroughly searched for material relating to Napoleon, to be used in connection with the new life of the great commander. The result of this activity is that much has been discovered that has never heretofore been published. One interesting find is a picture of Napoleon's mother, which, although it has always hung in the house in which the emperor was born, at Ajaccio, will now for the first time be engraved. There has also been secured a portrait of Mlle. Caroline du Colombier, generally reputed to be Napoleon's first love. The Century's picture is from the first and only photograph ever taken from a family portrait of the lady.

Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co., New York, report quite a number of novelties for the fall and holiday season, stock of which is now being received from the binders. The "Edinburgh" Waverley, a new edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels, in twenty-five and twelve volumes, in a neat 12mo size; "Cameos of Literature From Standard Authors," containing half-hour readings from ancient and modern writers; "Quiet Stories From an Old Woman's Garden," by Alison McLean; "Stirring Tales of Colonial Adventure," a new book for boys, by Skipp Borlase; "The Lansdowne Handy Volume Shakespeare," on India paper, whereby completeness and clear type are possible, in six little pocket volumes; "The Surprise Circus Panorama" is a movable novelty for children; "The Animal Object Book," printed in colors on stiff boards, and intended for the kindergarten and nursery.

Lucile Lovell, who in former sketches and stories illustrated the speech and mannerisms of the man-of-war's man, again presents him to the readers of Short Stories in the clever story called "The Passing of the Ship." "Uncle Than'l's Obituary," by Edith Sessions Tupper, is also an unusual bit of work. "A Misunderstanding," by Alphonse Daudet, sets forth matrimonial differences arising from a fatal incompatibility. A tragic Japanese story by Mrs. McNeil Scott is worthy of mention, and there are also stories of interest by Fergus Hume, Ernst von Volkogen, Georgiana Peel and others.

The Newest Books.

From the St. Paul Book and Stationery Co.—

Harper & Bros. New York: "A Cumberer of the Ground." By Constance Smith. Paper. 50 cents.

Porter & Coates. Philadelphia: "Only an Irish Boy." By Horatio Alger, Jr.

From the Publishers—

Charles H. Kerr & Co. Chicago: "The Pullman Strike." By Rev. William H. Carwardine. Paper.

The Merriam Co. New York: "The Old Post Road." By M. G. McClelland.

Magazines Received.

Book News. Philadelphia: John Wanamaker.

Magazine of Poetry. Buffalo: C. W. Moulton.

Rhodes' Journal of Banking: New York. Bradford Rhodes & Co.

The Music Review. Chicago: Clayton F. Summy.

Sports Afield. Chicago and Denver: The Sports Afield Publishing Co.

The Quiver. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.

COOK'S IMPERIAL. World's Fair "highest award, excellent champagne; good effervescence, agreeable bouquet, delicious flavor."

A Natural Dog.

Detroit Free Press: A Detroit man recently received, as a token of esteem from a Southern friend, a fine hunting dog. The animal was such a pleasant, neighborly sort of a brute that his new owner got on terms withhim right away and made a companion [of] him. One day during the last hot spell he took him for the first time to his office with him. Along in the afternoon the clerk came back into the private office with a rush.

"Come out here; come quick!" he gasped.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed the boss, jumpi[n]g up.

"Your dog's mad."

"How do you know he is? Where is he?"

"His tongue is hanging out, he's panting dreadfully and he won't touch water.'

The gentleman immediately sat down.

"Go back to your work, you blamed jack," he said quietly; "didn't I tell you that dog came from Kentucky?"

COLONEL SANDERS' STORY.

How a Blue Grass Hero Escaped the Cruel Clutches of Chronic Malaria.

Colonel John Sanders, of the good old State of Kentucky, while visiting in New Orleans, the other day, told the following remarkable story:

"During the late war, while serving in the Confederate army, I acquired fever and ague. The doctors succeeded in breaking the chills partially, but I continued to lose flesh until I weighed sixty pounds less than I did when I was first attacked. Oh! but I was miserable. I had no appetite, tongue coated, nasty taste in my mouth all the time, bowels out of order, sallow skin and as cross as a hungry wolf. Sometimes I would get a little benefit from the doctors, but most of every season was spent in wretchedness and despair so bitter that death would have been welcome. This state of things continued until about six years ago. A friend of mine from the West, who was visiting me at my stock farm in Kentucky, induced me to quit all other medicines and try Pe-ru-na. I did so, and, to my astonishment and joy, I soon found myself improving. I have regained my health entirely. I weigh as much as I ever did, and there isn't a stronger or happier man in the State of Kentucky. We think up our way there's no medicine like Pe-ru-na for old malarial affections. I would advise everybody to send to the Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company of Columbus, Ohio, for one of their free illustrated books on malaria."

The Smith & Farwell Company

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New Wiltons,
New Brussels,
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New All-Wool Carpets at 50c Per Yard.

New Things in Chamber Suits.

Solid Oak, large Beveled Glass Suits	$15.00
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Complete House Furnishers.

SHE WAS A LADY OF ARCADIA,

AND SHE SAVED A DOOMED UNION GARRISON.

How a Brave Southern Woman Proved the Savior of Loyal Men Who Were in Desperate Straits—A Hitherto Unwritten Chapter of the War of the Rebellion Contributed by One Who Served as an Officer in the Confederate Army.

Pursuant to a special order issued by the president of the Confederate states, an army of 12,000 veteran cavalry and mounted infantry entered Missouri under the command of Maj. Gen. Sterling Price on Sept. 19, 1864. I was assigned to duty as its chief engineer, a most unwelcome service to me, as the war in that section had degenerated into a fierce vendetta, and for three years bands of armed maraunders marching under the flag of the Confederacy had committed atrocities which stamped the state as the sink of American civilization.

The prime action of that expeditionary force was to subvert the loyal state government and establish in its stead an administration friendly to the Confederate states. To that end we were accompanied by Gov. Thomas C. Reynolds, who claimed to be its chief magistrate by virtue of an election held among our Missouri troops in 1862, and he was a candidate for re-election in the canvass then in progress. So far as the actual exercise of any gubernatorial function was concerned he resembled that shadow of a coachman in the domain of Pluto, who perpetually places the shadow of a harness in the shadows of stately steeds, and dusts the shadow of a royal coach with the shadow of a brush.

On Sept. 26, soon after sunrise, I rode with the advance brigade, and as it halted on a lofty ridge I looked down upon the valley of Arcadia, studded with its three



Gen. Thomas Ewing, Without in a Month of the Event Recorded.

adjacent towns of Arcadia, Ironton and Pilot Knob, their church spires glittering in the early morning light. But of far more interest to us than the picturesque landscape was the long line of blue, tipped with steel, on the crests of the hills that commanded the narrow entrance to the valley, known as "shut-in gap." We learned from citizens that the force that stood ready to contest our advance consisted of Missouri troops and five companies of the Fourteenth Iowa infantry, numbering about 500 men, under the command of Maj. James Wilson, of the Third Missouri cavalry.

He handled his command with skill and courage and exacted a bloody toll for each step of our advance. We, however, gradually forced him back through the gap and held it at nightfall. On the next morning we drove the same force through Pilot Knob pass and compelled it to seek shelter in a large earthwork called Fort Davidson.

In resisting our advance through the pass Maj. Wilson was captured, with six of his men, and they were all barbarously murdered a few hours later by soldiers of Marmadukes' division, led by one of their field officers.

Fort Davidson was a strong hexagonal redoubt located on the swelling of a wide plateau, and distant some 500 yards from the mountain slopes, on the south and east. It had a command of nine feet above the plateau, and was surrounded by a dry ditch ten feet in width and seven in depth, and had two lines of rifle pits running for 150 yards or more, from its north and south faces respectively. Its armament consisted of four 32-pounder siege guns, three 24-pounder howitzers, three 12-inch coehorn mortars and four 6-pounder field pieces, all mounted en barbette, that is not under bomb-proof shelters. I saw that it was largely over garrisoned, being occupied by 1,100 or 1,200 men and some twenty horses, although designed for a garrison of 800 or 900 only.

It was commanded by Brig. Gen. Thomas Ewing, Jr., of Ohio, who was every inch a gentleman and a soldier. Gen. Price sent in a white flag and demanded the unconditional surrender of the fort and garrison.

Gen. Ewing's answer was: "I decline to accede to your demand. The duty of the garrison of this fort is not to surrender, but to defend it."

Gen. Price decided to take it by assault. The assaulting columns, aggregating 3,600 rank and file, advanced to the attack at 2 p. m., and were met with as deadly a fire as soldiers ever faced. They rolled the wave of battle onward, and then were swiftly borne back shattered and bleeding upon its crimson crest. In fifteen minutes we lost 1,064 officers and men killed and wounded. The attacking force on arriving within sixty yards of the fort caught sight of the ditch, and believing it impassable, although it could readily have been crossed, retired in disorder.

Gen. Price, strange to say, resolved that the assault should be renewed, and designated 6 o'clock the next morning as the hour. He wisely, however, ordered that the artillery should co-operate in the attack and continue its fire until the assaulting columns reached the ditch. For that purpose eight guns were planted on Sheperd's mountain.

I was ordered to prepare 160 scaling ladders. I was engaged with the engineer troops in the execution of this order near the Ironton cemetery at about 8 o'clock at night, when a carriage drawn by a fine pair of horses was driven up to within a few yards of where I stood. A staff officer whom I shall designate as Capt. X., standing in a group of four other officers, advanced and handed two ladies out of the carriage. It appeared, from their mutual greetings, that they had met that morning at the Arcadia seminary.

We were all duly presented to the new arrivals, the name of the elder being given as Mrs. R., and that of the younger as Miss H., a young lady of perhaps eighteen. They were accompanied by their brother, a handsome youth of fifteen or sixteen, on horseback. Mrs. R. was apparently twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. I thought her one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. After conversing with us for fifteen or twenty minutes she stated that she was returning to her plantation, situated in Arcadia valley, about two miles beyond Pilot Knob, from a visit to her youngest sister, who was a pupil at the seminary, and that fearing that she might be turned back by our sentinels on the road, she proposed calling upon Gen. Price and soliciting a pass.

She was informed that Gen. Price's headquarters were over a mile away from her road, and would be difficult to reach with a carriage, and Capt. X. volunteered to escort her through our lines.

The offer was graciously accepted and she requested her brother to place her saddle on his horse. I then noticed that she wore a riding habit, which, being of dark cloth and looped up at the skirt, appeared to be a walking dress. All the officers busied themselves equipping the horse, and when they had done she vaulted into her seat with the aid of a camp stool, bade us good-bye with a smile that made each of her servitors feel it was intended for himself alone, and rode off with her escort, the carriage following closely.

I am enabled to state with exactness what transpired during their eventful ride, for I learned it from the lips of Mrs. R. and from the journal of Capt. X. In arriving at Pilot Knob, Mrs. R. wrote a brief note in pencil by the light of the still burning ruins of buildings that had been fired by our troops, and handing it to her black footman, told him to get a horse at a certain house near by and ride at a gallop to the plantation, and deliver the note to the overseer. She then rode away about seventy yards from the spot where the carriage was halted and, turning to her escort, said: "Captain, you proved yourself a true hero yesterday when you rescued those young ladies at the seminary from those ruffian soldiers, and I will not deceive you. I am for the Union and the flag of our fathers. My husband gave up his life under the flag in the first battle of the war on the soil of Virginia, our native state. I will not ask you to betray the cause for which you have drawn your sword, although I believe it to be a most sinful and unjust cause. You must know that if the fort is stormed to-morrow the brave men who have defended it will be massacred. Their officers at least will meet the cruel fate of Maj. Wilson. I appeal to you, therefore, for the sake of humanity, to aid me in averting that horrible crime."

Captain X. answered: "What do you wish me to do? Name it and I will do it, if consistent with my duty as a soldier."

"Well, then," she replied, "conduct me to the quarters of Col. Y. I met him at the seminary last evening while I was engaged in attending upon his brother and other wounded officers of his command. Pledge me your honor also that you will not reveal before 8 o'clock to-morrow morning, whatever may occur as the result of my interview with him. Respect my confidence and you can rely upon my gratitude."

Although mystified as to her design, he gave the required pledge, and within ten minutes they were in the presence of Col. Y., who was occupying the ground floor of a small house situated in the midst of his brigade encampment, about 800 yards from the fort. He gave the ladies a cordial welcome, and stated that their coming was a perfect surprise to him, as he was not looking toward the skies when they alighted.

Mrs. R. replied that she could readily disabuse his mind of the idea that they were of Celestial origin by assuring him that she had come to invite him and his brigade to partake of a good supper that she had provided for them at her plantation, which was only a little more than a mile away from the camp. She added that among other supplies five fat beeves had been killed for the occasion and that there was an abundance of forage.

Col. Y. had often been termed in the official reports of his division commander "the high-toned and chivalric," and he deserved the title. He was a handsome bachelor of 40, and, unlike the wise Ulysses when passing the Isle of the Sirens, he did not stop up his ears that he might not hear their alluring song. On the contrary, he kept them wide open, and his eyes, too, and accepted the invitation. He would not consciously have violated his duty as an officer, but he thought that the garrison would be sufficiently observed by other commands during his brief absence of an hour or two. His men and horses, too, were hungry, as his commissary and quartermaster had been derelict about supplying rations and forage. He ordered that the assembly should not be sounded by the bugler, as he said it might disturb the sleep of the garrison, but that the sergeants should arouse the men. Nearly all of the troopers, however, were awake, as it was but half-past 10, and at the word "supper" there was mounting in hot haste. Within one hour the whole of the gallant brigade was marching supperward, leaving behind it an opening in the line of investment of not less than five hundred yards in width.

At midnight I looked down upon the fort from Shepherd's mountain and saw that there was but a solitary light burning on it, and that its flag was still flying, although according to military usage it should have been lowered at sunset, for the situation of the garrison seemed as hopeless as it could well be. Gen. Ewing certainly had no hope of relief unless he expected it to come from a host marshaled in the bright fields beyond the stars. The nearest federal division was that of Gen. A. J. Smith, encamped near St. Louis, eighty miles away, and our detachments had torn up the rails and blown up the bridges on all lines of railroad leading in that direction.

At about 3 o'clock in the morning, while resting on "the flinty and steel couch of war," we were aroused by an explosion that fairly shook the rock-ribbed hills. An officer of the quarterguard reported to General Price that the magazine of the fort had been blown up, while another stated that the explosion had occurred just beyond the fort, on its west side. It was thought probable that several caissons had accidently exploded in the work.

A little more than an hour later the day dawned, and looking down from the mountain sides we saw that the fort was silent and deserted. Instead of a garrison line at our mercy, we saw a great pit with its ramparts, and its guns hurled from their shattered carriages, lying upon heaps of debris. We also saw that our cordon of troops, with its double chain of sentinels, still stood unbroken around it.

General Price was face to face with a mystery that was never officially solved, and, like Othello, when wrought, was "perplexed in the extreme." I am able now to give for the first time the exact course of events after Colonel Y. started for the R. mansion with his hospitable hostess riding by his side at the head of the brigade.

It had hardly left the encampment before Mrs. R's brother reached the officer commanding the Federal picket on the north side of the fort, and informed him that the road was clear, and would remain so for two hours or more. The information was soon verified by General Ewing's scouts, and shortly before 2 o'clock the garrison marched out, the infantry passing through the sally port and the rifle pit in the north face.

Gen. Ewing, with venturesome daring, took with him two pieces of artillery, first covering the draw bridge with tents and blankets to prevent the sound of the wheels and the steps of the horses being heard as the guns were hauled over it and on to the plateau. All the military stores that were not required for his march were heaped around the magazine, which he intended should be fired three hours after his evacuation of the fort. To effect that, a sergeant was left with orders to light a short piece of candle buried in a train of powder leading to the magazine at 4 o'clock, but a soldier who returned to look for his spurs, as Gen. Ewing recently informed me, lighted the candle and the magazine exploded when the command was but five miles away.

The brigade of Col. Y. having fed sumptuously, was within two miles of its encampment, on the return march, when the magazine shot its red eruption high into the air and kindled up the tree tops with its flaming light. The explosion sounded to the delinquent officer like "the crack of doom," for he divined its meaning. He returned at a rapid trot, but it was near 4 o'clock when the brigade resumed its former position.

The delay incident to the issue of rations and other causes prevented our starting in pursuit of the enemy until 7 o'clock. Gen. Ewing, with admirable military sagacity, avoided the open country that was favorable to the operation of our cavalry and sought the strength of the hills. Selecting the safest lines of retreat he kept to the high ridges and broken ground. Our advance overtook his rear soon after sunrise the next morning, and at once attacked fiercely, but was driven back by the well directed volley firing of his steady and undaunted infantry, and the grape and canister of his admirably served artillery. He wisely adopted the Parthian system, his troops firing as they fell back, for had they halted to give battle they would have been overwhelmed by Shelby's entire division that was pressing forward to attack.

Shelby abandoned the pursuit after thirty-six hours, concluding from his rapidly increasing list of killed and wounded that the highly combative Federals were costing him more than they were worth. The retreating garrison soon rested under the guns of St. Louis, with all the glory won in the valley of Arcadia beaming only on their colors. I can state positively that but for General Ewing's splendid defence at Shut in Gap and Pilot Knob, we would certainly have taken Jefferson City, the capital of the state, with its vast military stores.

It prevented us from appearing in front of that place until October 7th, two days after its previously weak garrison had been too strongly reinforced for us to venture an attack. Without that untimely delay we would have carried its too greatly extended and weakly manned intrenchments of the 4th of October and would have imperilled the safety of St. Louis itself.

Mrs. R. still wears her widow's weeds in the valley of Arcadia and time has little dimmed the radiant beauty that proved more potent than "an army with banners" in opening the way of deliverance to a thousand brave soldiers of the Union in the hour of their most bitter need.

—T. J. Mackey,
Late Captain Engineer, C. S. A.

THE SAINT PAUL PIONEER PRESS: AUGUST 19, 1894.

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...lid showing of taffeta silks in new effects and ...gs—in pointelle—in stripes—in figures—glace, two and ...ned effects— ... up to $1.25—for **68c**

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... silk dept.—Third and last lot of these ele-...llar fifty quality black brocade satins—an ... variety of designs—no more can be had at **98c**

...l—40 pieces new black ground with ...vivel in taffetas—dollar twenty-five goods for **98c**

...s—The greatest of all velvet departments—with all the latest colorings—and, as usual, at the ...vest prices. New plaid velvets—the latest Parisian ...eely shown here.

...mber sale specials in

...e ...tains.

Six months' preparations—six months' bright bargaining on the stagnant European markets—brings about six days of the most remarkable retailing of rich, relia-...ins in recent years. It's the grand annual Septem-... and the peer of them *all*.

...s effects in Nottingham curtains—dainty ...lled curtains—heavily embd. muslin curtains ... have sold for $4 and $4.50 per pair—now **$2**

...overed real Irish point curtains—French fish-...curtains—point d'esprit frilled lace curtains ... have sold for $6 and $7 per pair—now **3.50**

...russels point lace curtains—real tambour ...ains—real renaissance lace curtains—such ...old for $8.50 and $10—now **5.75**

...enaissance curtains—Marie Antoinette cur-...ench shiffle curtains—such as have sold ...50 and $20.00—now **9.90**

...per sale specials in

...rich boas.

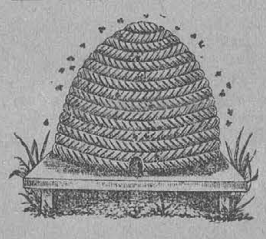
Here is headquarters. No question about ...re each ...s aggre-... than the **95c**



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LABOR DAY

Arrangements for the great Labor Day Sale at the Bee Hive completed. Almost every department in our establishment will contribute their choicest unapproachable bargains for this sale.

31 Grand Prizes!

BARGAIN ITEMS—SEE THEM.

Extraordinary Values in

DRESS GOODS, SILKS, Etc.

Cheviot Pin Stripe Suitings, value 20c per yard, only..... **5c**

Scotch Plaids and Silk Mixed Suitings, per yard only..... **10c**

Fancy Weaves in Black Goods, Imperial Cords in all colors, per yard only..... **15c**

All the new Novelties for Autumn wear, all-wool Serges and Henriettas, in black only, value up to 85c, per yard only **49c**

Printed China Silks, Plain China Silks, etc., per yard only..... **19c**

Black Satin Rhadame, per yard only..... **39c**

Fine quality Bleached Muslins, extra quality Tennis Flannels, All-Linen Glass Toweling, per yard only..... **5c**

Cream Table Damask and Turkey Red Damask, choice per yard..... **18c**

Fine Twill Prints, Check Ginghams, Challies, etc., per yard only..... **3c**

BUY EARLY AND SAVE DOLLARS.

It stands to reason that you can save dollars by buying early, as we must make room for our fall and winter stock, and in doing so we expect to lose thousands of dollars—

So avail yourself of this opportunity.

One lot of Ladies' Black and Navy Blue Fall Jackets—Actual value $5.00—Tomorrow for..... **89c**

$5.00 and $6.00 Cloth and Silk Capes, trimmed in silk lace and net—Tomorrow for..... **98c**

Ladies' Cloth Capes, fall style, brown, blue & black Former prices $5, $6, and $8. Tomorrow for..... **$1.98**

200 Children's Reefer Jackets, all sizes and colors—Worth $2.00 to $3.00—Tomorrow for..... **59c**

Misses' School Cloaks, made of woolen novelties, with military cape, sizes 6 to 14 years—Values $4, $5, and $6—Tomorrow for..... **$1.98**

LACE CURTAINS.

Sale of fine Brussels effect Lace Curtains.

The $1.00 kind for..... 59c
The $2.50 kind for..... $1.25
The $3.00 kind for..... 1.50
The $4.00 kind for..... 2.00
Window Shades complete for.... 14c
Best quality Shades, only..... 25c
Shades and Draperies made to order.

FURS! FURS!

500 Mink and Electric Seal Neck Scarfs, with open mouth heads, real value $1.75. Labor Day Sale Price..... **98c**

Advance Sale in **WINTER UNDERWEAR.**

3 cases of Men's celebrated "Alling's" Health Underwear, in natural wool and camel's hair; undershirts are double-breasted and double-backs, drawers are double-seated; they're fully worth $2.75 Advance sale price only..... **$1.50**

200 dozen Ladies' Union Suits, in natural and ecru colors, value $1.25. Sale price only..... **59c**

WALL PAPER.

The purchase of a large line of GOOD PAPERS at low prices enables us to give you exceptional values for this sale.

Many patterns of good Papers (no rubbish) at, roll..... **2c**

Gold Papers, the good kind, at, per roll..... **4c**

Gold Papers, Embossed Papers and Lustrines at, per roll..... **10c**

SHOES.

Misses' and Children's School Shoes, spring heel, sole leather tip, same in tan, button and lace, real value $1.75. Labor Day sale price..... **98c**

Boys' and Youths' Calf Shoes, button and lace, a good serviceable school shoe, real value $2. Labor Day sale price..... **$1.19**

Ladies' Tan Shoes, in Blucherette style, new square and opera toes, the $2, $2.50, & $3 kinds. Labor Day sale price..... **$1.29**

Ladies' Fine Vici Kid Shoes, in button, lace, and Blucherette, same in cloth top, all the latest style toes, real value $3. Labor Day sale price..... **$1.59**



Special Sale Men's Shoes

500 prs Men's Kasko Calf Shoes, congress and lace, opera, Piccadilly, and square toes, same in low cut shoes and in tan color, real value $2.50 and $3. Your choice tomorrow..... **$1.69**

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TREMENDOUS CASH BARGAINS.

$200,000 WORTH Desirable Merchandise

From New York Auction,

AT LESS THAN **40c** On the DOLLAR.

Carpets and Rugs.

Dunlap Tapestry Brussels Carpet, different patterns and colors; only..... **29c**

Best Cotton Union Extra Ingrain Carpet, 15 beautiful colors and patterns, at 24c and 29c.

1,000 rolls Japanese Jointless Straw Matting from a New York importer; at 5c, 12½c, 15c, 19c, 29c; less than half price.

Chenille Rugs in assorted colors and patterns; sizes 25 inches wide by 54 inches long, with fringes, at..... **59c**

Wilton Rugs, 27 inch by 54 inch long, elegant patterns and colors; only.. **$1.98**

Wilton Velvets, 12 elegant patterns and colors; choice..... **98c**

CLOAKS, SUITS, AND WAISTS.

Our Specials for Monday:

Very Handsome Skirt, black and blue cloth, all wool, worth $3.50, at... **$1.98**

A Very Handsome Suit, original price $6.00, for..... **$2.98**

Cloth Capes, 98c, $1.98, $2.98, and up; worth double.

A variety of Ladies' Jackets from $1.48, $1.98, $2.98, and up.

SPECIAL—A Handsome Silk Waist, black, blue, and Cardinal, lined throughout, worth $3.50, at..... **$1.98**

Children's Jackets, 79c, 98c, $1.48, and $1.98; less than half price.

MERINO UNDERWEAR.

Big drive—Odd lot Men's extra fine quality Balbriggan Underwear, worth 59c and 69c, at..... **25c**

150 doz. Men's extra heavy Jaros Hygienic Underwear, worth $1.50, at **89c**

Ladies' Wool Underwear, consisting of Natural Wool, Camel's Hair, and Medicated Scarlets,

At 50c on the Dollar.

FURNITURE DEPT.

500 Cane-Seat Bedroom Chairs, only..... **49c**

600 Brace Arm Close Cane-Seat Dining-Room Chairs—special value..... **85c**

200 Oak Lounges, upholstered with Terry, in green, dark maroon, and red—choice..... **$5.98**

100 Silk Brocatelle 4-Piece Parlor Suits, upholstered and trimmed to match, worth $28.00..... **$19.75**

100 Single Excelsior Mattresses, slightly damaged—choice..... **39c**

House Furnishing Goods.

No. 7 Copper Bottom Boilers, each..... **39c**

No. 8 Copper Bottom Boilers, each..... **49c**

No. 8 Copper Bottom Tea Kettles, each..... **23c**

Chair Seats, all sizes at..... **2c**

Japanned Folding Lunch Boxes, each..... **9c**

4-quart Blue and White Enameled Preserving Kettles, each..... **23c**

Nos. 7 and 8 Never Break Spiders, each..... **19c**

8x17 Fancy Drip Pans, each..... **7c**

10x15 Fancy Drip Pans, each..... **8c**

12x18 Fancy Drip Pans, each..... **10c**

GENTS' HAT AND CAP DEPT.

An Entire Stock from New York Auction

At 25c on the Dollar

1,000 Brown Stiff Hats, all the very latest, worth $2.00, at..... **89c**

1,200 Fine Fur Felt Soft Hats, crusher and G. A. R. shapes, at 48c, 59c, 69c, 79c, and 98c, worth $1.00 to $2.50.

1,500 Gents' and Youths' Stiff Hats and Fedoras, all the very latest, at $1.19, $1.69 $1.98, worth $2.00, $2.50, and $3.00.

200 dozen Boys' Stanley Caps at 19c, 39c 48c, and 59c, worth double.

We sell the John B. Stetson Soft Hat at $1.50 Below Hatters' Price.

NOTIONS.

2,000 dozen best 50-yard Black Sewing Silk, warranted measure, spool..... **1½c**

500 pieces Silk Stitched Whalebone Casing, 9-yard pieces, sold before at 3c and 4c yard; per piece..... **5c**

3,000 yards Hook and Eye Tape, worth 10c yard, per yard..... **1c**

250 gross Bent Military Hooks and Eyes, extra large size, per card..... **1c**

50 gross Best Seamless Stockinet Dress Shields, per pair..... **3c**

150 sticks 36-in. Whalebone, best full shell goods, slightly imperfect, per stick..... **5c**

10,000 gross plain and fancy Metal Buttons, worth 5c and 10c dozen, per dozen..... **1c**

15,000 lbs. German Knitting Yarn, Spanish, Saxony, and Germantown Yarn, best imported Berlin Zephyr and Ice Wool, at 50% BELOW MANUFACTURERS' COST.

Brainerd and Armstrong's Celebrated Wash Embroidery Silks, per skein..... **3c**

SPECIAL—1,000 boxes Best Pure Thread Royal Knitting Silk, full length and full weight, ½-oz. spools, per spool..... **10c**

Buying all goods strictly for cash and in larger quantities than any other house in our line enables us to offer many cash bargains unapproachable by any other house. All goods marked in plain figures. One price to all. Money refunded at all times if goods are not satisfactory.

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BY THE "DRY PROCESS" made good as new. Absolutely no damage to any kind of fabrics, such as SILKS, LACES, DRAPERIES, PASSEMENTERIE, RIBBONS, DRESSES, GARMENTS OF ALL KINDS (Ladies' or Gent's), GLOVES.

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[1894(?)]

GOV. KIRKWOOD DIES.

IOWA'S WAR EXECUTIVE PASSES AWAY AS IF FALLING ASLEEP.

His Mind Was Clear Up to the End and He Was Conscious of All That Was Transpiring—Three Times He Was Governor of the Hawkeye State, and His Record Is One of Which All Iowans Are Proud—Sketch of His Long Life and Achievements.

IOWA CITY, Ia., Sept. 1.—[Special.]—War Governor Samuel Jordan Kirkwood died here today at 1 o'clock. Up to the last his mind was clear, and while he conversed but little he seemed conscious of all that was going on around him. Last night he was able to speak briefly to his wife, but this morning he was too weak to talk, indicating his wishes by motioning with his hands. Just before noon he seemed to be falling into a slumber, and just at 1 o'clock his heart had ceased to beat. The flags of the city are at half-mast and sorrow prevails on all sides. The funeral will occur next Tuesday afternoon.

When the old War Governor came to the polls to vote last fall he was within a few weeks of 80 years old and looked the grand old man that he was, both physically and mentally. He always came to vote, for he has been doing the same thing ever since before he was elected a Township Assessor in 1840, back in Ohio. As he cast his straight Republican ballot for Frank Jackson for Governor he said to his friends that he began to feel old age creeping on him so fast he feared he would never get out to take part in another election. To many remonstrances he said: "O, I may vote at the next spring city election by pairing off with Jake."

Jake was his nephew, son of Col. Edward Lucas, a strong young Democrat who occasionally paired with the old Governor in minor contests. Prophetic were the veteran's words. The ballot-box will no longer receive his ballot nor will it again record his political victories. Without sickness, spared the ravages of any disease, the beloved old man passed away as if he had only fallen into a slumber.



SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD.

His Last Work on Politics.

He was 73 years old when he last took part in active politics, and that was eight years ago. He was nominated against his wishes for Congress, and it really seemed like old times to hear his earnest, patriotic speeches. The fight was a three-cornered one in this district, and, with the odds against him, Uncle Sam came near winning. After that he was a sagacious counselor, but as his party began a wild goose chase after prohibition, his views were not in demand by the Republican leaders, although Kirkwood was as bold in withering them as he was in denouncing rebels in war times. He lived to see the party come around and acknowledge, through recent legislation, the wisdom of his position on the liquor question.

In his suburban home he found delight and solace in spending his closing years with his family, his friends, and his books. His wife, a most lovable woman, a step-daughter, Mrs. Rachel Pritchard, and the two grandchildren comprised the household, and it was a happy one. Visitors were frequent, especially old soldiers seeking the Governor's indorsement, which they always got in deserving cases. With the approach of last winter his usual daily drives to the city from his home in the suburbs ceased, and when spring came this year his strength enabled him only occasionally to drive out, but he was able to exercise around his beautiful grounds, and he greatly enjoyed resting on his porch, where he was always sure to be surrounded by relatives and friends.

Sunday morning he was feeling more under the weather than usual and did not rise at his usual hour. In a short time he grew much weaker and was never able after that to leave his bed. The old family physician and warm personal friend, Dr. Frederick Lloyd, was summoned and found the Governor was sinking into a decline that was purely the result of old age. During the last week the veteran grew weaker and weaker. Today the end came. He seemed to be falling asleep.

Born in Maryland in 1813.

Samuel Jordan Kirkwood was born in Horford County, Md., Dec. 20, 1813. His early education was limited, his only schooling being received in Washington at an academy, which he attended until he was 14 years old. In 1835 he removed to Richland County, O., and in 1841 began the study of law under Thomas W. Barkley, with whom he afterwards formed a partnership and who afterwards was Governor of that State. In 1843 he was admitted to the bar, and from 1845 to 1849 was Prosecuting Attorney of Richland County, and for the following two years was a member of the State Constitutional convention. He removed to Iowa in 1855 and engaged in milling and farming, and the following year served in the State Senate. He was elected to the Governorship in 1859, and reëlected in 1861. The appointment of United States Minister to Denmark was offered him in 1862 by President Lincoln, who held the appointment open until the expiration of Gov. Kirkwood's term of office, but he firmly refused the appointment. He was elected as a Republican as United States Senator in 1866, to fill the unexpired term of James Harlan. For the third time he was elected Governor in 1875, and the following year was elected United States Senator, which position he held until 1881, when he resigned to enter the Cabinet of President Garfield as Secretary of the Interior.

Gov. Kirkwood was married to Miss Jane Clarke in December, 1843. She was a daughter of a farmer in Ohio. There were no children born as a result of the marriage, but they adopted, reared, and educated a niece and nephew. Gov. Kirkwood identified himself with the common people and became a part of and addressed himself to the farmers and mechanic classes. He was by birth and education one of them and knew them, comprehended their wants, and sympathized with them.

His Election as Governor.

He was active during the stormy, unsettled times preceding the War of the Rebellion, and his election as Governor in 1859 was a consequence of this active interest. His opponent was H. C. Dodge, a man of high reputation on account of his being United States Minister to Spain. They canvassed the State together, and there is a possibility that the collarless, homespun style of the one and the superfine methods of the other may have largely influenced the result.

It is related that during the campaign they had a joint meeting at a place known as Washington, and which had always given a Democratic majority. The Democrats secured a fine carriage with four horses and went to the outskirts to meet Gen. Dodge; the Republicans, being outgeneraled in this direction, procured a hay-wagon drawn by two yoke of cattle, drove out beyond where the Dodge conveyance was waiting, and met Kirkwood. The latter was bundled into the hay-wagon and driven into town as fast as a sharp goad could urge the horned steeds. The thing was so unique, so in harmony with the methods of the plain, blunt farmers, that they all joined the procession and gave the cold shoulder to his fastidious opponent. At the election, for the first time, the town went Republican. It is said that during the canvass the Governor would sit about in his shirt-sleeves, smoking a cob pipe and discussing the raising of steers with the grangers, which is possible and perhaps true; but at the same time it is stated by those who listened to the debates that he proved himself superior in logic, force, and effectiveness to his courtly opponent. Whatever the cause, the result was that the homespun candidate was elected by a majority of 3,000.

Put Soldiers in the Field.

During his term as War Governor he placed in the field fifty regiments of infantry and cavalry, and with the exception of the first of these they were enlisted for three years, and not until he left the Gubernatorial chair was the draft resorted to. When he was called to the chair the last session of the Legislature, with no expectation of war, had made no financial provision for its occurrence. When in 1861 the outbreak came there was a call for troops and Iowa had no surplus to its credit. A regiment of three months men was called for, and the problem was how to put it in the field without any money which could be obtained from the State.

It was here that an exceptional demand was made on the Governor's resources, and to which he proved himself equal. There was about $5,000 in a contingent fund in the State Treasury which he could use, and he did so; he then appealed to Hiram Price, his brother-in-law, Clarke, and one or two others, and on their notes, including his own, he managed to raise some money. He pledged himself for all he was worth and a good deal more. With the amount thus raised he managed to get the regiment into the field.

He called a special session of the Legislature in May, immediately after the war had begun, by which it was voted to issue the bonds of the State for the sum of $800,000 to be used for war material. It now seemed as if the course of the Governor was at length smoothed and that no further trouble was to be apprehended. In truth it was at this precise point that his troubles commenced. Some of the opposition newspapers questioned the constitutionality of the issue and in this way discredited its value, as he ascertained when he offered the bonds in New York. Moneyed men would not touch them at any price. The best offer he received was from a clothier who offered to take a portion of the bonds at a very large discount from their face value and pay for them in uniforms for the soldiers at prices which were at least 30 per cent higher than the ruling figure.

Lack of Money.

Not only was there a lack of money, but there were other obstacles. There was a considerable element in the State which opposed the war. This, at the outset, was demonstrative and menacing. In South English there was some rioting, and a Methodist clergyman who was a violent friend of the South was killed. The results would have been serious had they not been met promptly by vigorous action. The Governor appreciated the situation. He comprehended that hesitation or half-way measures would be fatal, and he determined to crush the outbreak at its incipiency. He went to the disaffected locality, addressed the turbulent people, told them he would have peace at any price, and announced he would crush out any further disturbance by the use of the military. His utterances were emphasized by the appearance on the ground of a military force.

Had he possessed a less decisive character; had he temporized or halted in the course which he should pursue it is certain a formidable portion of the rebellion would have obtained in Iowa. What he did for that State is shown by the results. He not only responded fully and promptly to the requisitions of the General Government for troops, but in a short time after the war had broken out he was in a position to furnish men who were in camp and had already learned some of the duties of the soldier.

The record of Iowa, then but sixteen years old as a State, as to troops furnished, not only compares favorably with the best contributed by any other State, but excels in some particulars that afforded by any one of the others. Maine and Iowa were about the same in population during the war, and each furnished about the same percentage of soldiers. But in Maine the draft supplied nearly 30,000 men, while in Iowa it furnished less than 8,000. The former State paid in bounties nearly $8,000,000, the latter only about $1,500,000. Massachusetts, with about twice the population of Iowa, depended on 4,000 negroes recruited in the South, a draft of 41,500 men, and bounties to the astonishing amount of over $23,000,000 to fill its quota. In proportion to its population and without recourse to drafts, bounties, and colored troops, Iowa furnished more soldiers than any other State in the North.

His Plain Common Sense.

All the state papers delivered by Gov. Kirkwood during his Gubernatorial career are characterized by plain common sense, directness to points presented, excellence of language, and perfect clearness in the elucidation or analysis of topics under consideration. Education, finance, the conduct of the war, the soldiers' home, preservation of local tranquilty, revenue and judicial systems, land grants—and, in fine, all the varied interests under his charge, including the exemption of the property of private soldiers from taxation—were fully and intelligently discussed, and from the standpoint of a broad, comprehensive thinker. It may be worth remarking that in no portion of his messages to the various Legislatures immediately before or during the war did he show himself to be a heated partisan. The issues of the war were discussed calmly, logically, and in a spirit of pacification and earnest desire for an early settlement of the war without leaving behind it the bitterness of a sanguinary contest.

Speaking in 1860 of the John Brown raid he said: "It was an act of war—of war against brethren—and in that a greater crime than the invaders of Nicaragua and Cuba were guilty of, relieved to some extent of its guilt, in the minds of many, by the fact that the blow was struck for freedom, and not for slavery. . . . While the great mass of the Northern people utterly condemn the act of John Brown, they feel and they express admiration and sympathy for the disinterestedness of the purpose by which they believe he was governed, and for the unflinching courage and cheerfulness with which he met his fate."

As a member of the Senate Gov. Kirkwood was distinguished by his close attention to his duties, and the intelligence and thoroughness with which he discussed measures in which he was interested. His greatest effort in the Senate was the part he took in the debate on the army appropriation bill in June, 1879, and in which he argued the constitutionality and right of the interference of the Federal Government in elections in the States for Representasives in Congress. He fully committed himself to the proposition that it is both the right and the duty of the General Government to protect with troops, if necessary, this class of elections, and without waiting the demand of the State authorities. Beyond question the speech of Gov. Kirkwood on this occasion was one of the ablest oratorical products of his official career. The public does not with anything like unanimity accept his conclusions, but no one will dispute the ability with which he urged his convictions before the Senate. The occasion was one that drew out his readiness of thought, for he was interrupted and questioned at almost every step by able and watchful opponents, to whom in every instance he was instant in response and from his standpoint of the case effective. He showed in his speech an extended and remarkable acquaintance with constitutional law, Federal legislation, and the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. His masterly handling of the ticklish theme elicited general commendation from the press and the Senate, a member of which, Senator Hill, took occasion when the speech was finished to rise in his place and unequivocally compliment its tone and treatment of the subject. It omitted all offensive allusions, and was as free from verbiage and argumentum ab invidia as if it had been a legal argument delivered before a bench of the higher court.

This Senatorial effort established the breadth of his ability. He had shown himself to be at home before the people, on the stump, before a jury, the courts, and educational societies, and in scores of other equally diversified positions, and in this instance he addressed the most august body known to the government on a subject involving the widest range of information, held its attention to the last, and exacted its unsparing admiration for his effort.

Always a Plain Man.

Neither while a Senator, nor yet while a Cabinet Minister, did he change any of the simple habits which characterized him when Governor of Iowa. His clothing was of the plainest material, his hat the comfortable slouch, and, when comfort demanded, cuffs, collars, and necktie were omitted. Nobody who saw him, however, had any reason to doubt his qualities as a man. He gave no attention to society, prepared no state dinners, and attended none. Occupied wholly by the demands of his official place he found no time, had he possessed the inclination, to waste in social dissipation.

The selection of Gov. Kirkwood as Secretary of the Interior by President Garfield gave universal satisfaction in Iowa and in all other directions where the life and services of the veteran were known. The press throughout the country, Democratic as well as Republican, fell but a little short of unanimity in commending the selection.

It is said he made a practice of reading all the correspondence addressed to his department and of answering it in person. The labor was simply an impossible one. It reduced him to the position of a clerical serf. In addition to this amount of overwork he essayed the labor of devising reforms in his department. He attempted to master in detail all the methods and principles of the various policies in vogue, and schemed for their improvement. He aimed to secure the most practical and briefest measures of administration, based on the best business principles. He evolved novel theories in several of the departments, notably in that of the Indian Bureau, in which he proposed to divide up the reservations in severalty among the Indians, sell the surplus land, and, instead of using this surplus as a fund whose interest should be applied to each tribe as a whole, he would employ it for the improvement of the farms of the individual Indians. In other directions he projected changes whose result would have been an improvement in policies and a shortening of the usual processes of execution.

After retiring from the Cabinet in 1882 Gov. Kirkwood returned to his home near Iowa City, Ia., where, on his farm, he resided in the enjoyment of a serene old age amid domestic surroundings in harmony with his quiet and unostentatious tastes.

SIDE LIGHTS ON WAR.

SHED BY "OLD TECUMSEH'S" LETTERS TO HIS BROTHER.

Interesting Correspondence Between Gen. Sherman and Senator John Sherman Extending Over More Than Half a Century—The Soldier's Hatred of Politics and Scorn of Politicians Shown in His Epistles—Opinions of Lincoln and Slavery—He Had No Use for Volunteers or Newspaper Correspondents.

I have been impatiently waiting for some time the forthcoming of a book which has just been published under the title of "The Letters of Two Brothers." The brothers in question are Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman and Senator John Sherman. The task of arranging and editing the correspondence has been undertaken by Mrs. Thorndike.

Mrs. Thorndike has done her work with great cleverness, for she has simply forged the links that hold the chain of correspondence together. She has left the letters to speak for themselves, and this they do, frankly and to the point. The period covered by this unique and valuable correspondence extends from 1837 to 1891. Many of these letters were written during the most stirring events in the history of the country, and their historic value is therefore incalculable.

In the year 1836 William Tecumseh Sherman, then a lad of 16, entered West Point as a cadet. He is described as having been at that time "a tall, slim, loose-jointed lad, with red hair, burned skin, and piercing black eyes." He himself says that in New York some of his relations regarded him as "an untamed animal just caught in the far West." The letters written during his cadet life show that he was a thoughtful boy, but except as being written by him they have no special interest. It is not until he leaves West Point and is regularly engaged in military life that his letters sparkle with wit and scintillate with patriotism. From the earliest days of his career Gen. Sherman was imbued with a "hatred of politics and a scorn of politicians" that he was not slow to express. When he heard that his brother John had taken the stump he wrote to him from Fort Moultrie, Oct. 24, 1844:

"What in the devil are you doing? Stump speaking! I really thought you were too decent for that, or at least had sufficient pride not to humble and cringe to beg party or popular favor. However, the coming election will sufficiently prove the intelligence and patriotic spirit of the American people and may deter you from committing a like sin again. For my part I wish Henry Clay to be elected, and should rejoice in his success, for various reasons, but I do not permit myself to indulge in sanguine feelings when dependence has to be placed on the pitch-and-toss game of party elections."

The gold fever infected even so devoted a soldier as Gen. Sherman and in 1852 he resigned from the army and went to San Francisco as a partner in the banking house of Lucas, Turner & Co., whose headquarters were at St. Louis.

Sherman on Slavery.

In 1854 he wrote to his brother John, of whose election to Congress he had just heard:

To be elected is of course a higher honor than to occupy a seat in the House of Representatives; yet that must be the school for those who are ambitious for higher honors. The Senate is, in my opinion, the only body which reflects an honor upon its members, and should you aspire to a seat there I should be proud to learn of your success. As a young member I hope you will not be too forward, especially on the question of slavery, which it seems is rising more and more every year into a question of real danger, notwithstanding the compromises. Having lived a good deal in the South, I think I know practically more of slavery than you do. If it were a new question no one now would contend for introducing it; but it is an old and historical fact that you must take as you find it. There are certain lands in the South that cannot be inhabited in the summer by the whites, and yet the negro thrives in it—this I know. Negroes free won't work tasks, of course, and rice, sugar, and certain kinds of cotton cannot be produced except by forced negro labor. Slavery being a fact is chargeable on the past; it cannot by our system be abolished except by force and consequent breaking up of our present government.

The gold fever having more or less subsided, Gen. Sherman returned to his old love and was appointed superintendent of a military school in Louisiana. "It is singular, in the light of after events," says his daughter, "that Gen. Sherman should have gone to teach the art of war to the youth of the South." Trouble was already breeding, and Gen. Sherman saw it; but he dreaded its "coming to a boil," as did all who had the best wishes of the country at heart. In his letters to his brother John, then in Washington, he constantly recommended moderation. "I know," he writes in 1860, "that some men think this middle course absurd, but no people were ever governed by mere abstract principle. All governments are full of anomalies—English, French, and our own—but ours is the best because it admits of people having their local interests and prejudies and yet living in one confederacy."

Opinions of Lincoln.

His anxiety increases as time goes on. In his desire for the preservation of the Union he favors the nomination of Seward rather than of Lincoln, believing it to be less likely to bring the troubles to a climax. In June, 1860, he writes:

I think, however, though Lincoln's opinions on slavery are as radical as those of Seward, yet Southern men, if they see a chance of his success, will say they will wait and see. The worst feature of things now is the familiarity with which the subject of a dissolution is talked about. But I cannot believe any one, even Yancey or Davis, would be rash enough to take the first step. . . . All the reasoning and truth in the world would not convince a Southern man that the Republicans are not abolitionists. It is not safe even to stop to discuss the question; they believe it, and there is the end of the controversy.

When the war cloud burst Gen. Sherman came North. There was an effort made to get him into the Cabinet as Secretary of War, but this he would not listen to. He had an important conversation with Lincoln, with whose military views he was not in sympathy. Lincoln favored militia and raw recruits, and Sherman did not. In April of 1861 he writes to his brother John:

"But I say volunteers and militia never were and never will be fit for invasion, and when tried, it will be defeated and dropped by Lincoln like a hot potato."

And in the same letter:

The time will come in this country when professional knowledge will be appreciated, when men that can be trusted will be wanted, and I will bide my time. I may miss my chance; if so all right; but I cannot and will not mix myself in this present call. The first movements of the government will fail and the leaders will be cast aside. A second or third set will rise, and among them I may be, but at present I will not volunteer as a soldier or anything else. If Congress meets or if a national convention be called and the regular army be put on a footing with the wants of the country, if I am offered a place that suits me I may accept. But in the present call I will not volunteer.

When the war had really commenced and Sumter fallen John Sherman wrote to his brother:

We are on the eve of a terrible war. Every man will have to choose his position. You fortunately have the military education, prominence, and character that will enable you to play a high part in the tragedy. You can't avoid taking such a part. Neutrality and indifference are impossible. If the government is to be maintained it must be by military power, and that immediately. You can choose your own place.

. . . . . .

The administration intends to stand or fall by the Union, the entire Union, and the enforcement of the laws. I look for preliminary defeats, for the rebels have arms, organization, unity; but this advantage will not last long.

To this Gen. Sherman replied:

I know full well the force of what you say. At a moment like this the country expects every man to do his duty. But every man is not at liberty to do as he pleases. You know that Mr. Lincoln said to you and me that he did not think he wanted military men. I was then free, uncommitted. . . . I approve fully of Lincoln's determination to use all his ordinary and extraordinary powers to maintain and defend the authority with which he is clothed and the integrity of the Nation, and had I not committed myself to another duty I would most willingly have responded to his call.

. . . . . .

The question of the national integrity and slavery should be kept distinct, for otherwise it will gradually become a war of extermination—a war without end. If, when Congress meets, a clearly defined policy be arrived at, a clear end to be accomplished, and then the force adequate to that end be provided for, then I could and would act with some degree of confidence, not now.

Gen. Sherman was not long, however, in making up his mind to take an active part in the war. In a letter he says:

"In the war on which we are now entering paper soldiers won't do. McClellan is naturally a superior man and has had the finest opportunities in Mexico and Europe. Even his juniors admit his qualifications."

No Faith in Volunteers.

That Sherman was no "paper soldier" history has long since proved. From Fort Corcoran Gen. Sherman writes:

It does seem to me strange that when all know that if Beauregard gets Washington the Southern Confederacy will be an established fact they should leave volunteers to hold the most important point in the world. Out of my seven regiments three are in a state of mutiny, and I have been compelled to put about 100 men as prisoners on board a man-of-war. And yesterday I had my regulars all ready with shotted guns to fire on our own troops, some of whom not only claim their discharge, but threaten to spike our guns. They claim to be only three months' men, whereas the War Department claims their services for three years. Even some of the three years' men say the President had no right to call for three years' men, and that the subsequent legislation of Congress was ex-post facto.

In the course of his reply John Sherman wrote:

When you remember that all these regiments are formed by voluntary enlistment and for the war and under the shadow of defeat it is wonderful so large a force is raised. As winter approaches more will enlist, for employment in civil pursuits will be out of the question. Want is as good a recruiting sergeant as patriotism. If, however, voluntary enlistment fail then drafting must be resorted to. It is the fairest and best mode, for it makes all classes contribute alike.

On Feb. 23, 1862, Gen. Sherman wrote from Paducah, Ky.:

Don't get to war with McClellan. You mistake him if you underrate him. He must begin to move soon and I think he will. If he can threaten Richmond and cause Johnson to fall back from Manassas, he will relieve the capital, which is the reason why foreign governments talk of acknowledging the Southern independence.

The letters written by Gen. Sherman from Corinth, where he remained until the battle of Shiloh, are devoted chiefly to defending the army from the unjust charges which were circulated throughout the country before the official reports of the battle were made public. He says:

My hand is still very sore, but I am able to write some. The newspapers came back to us with accounts of our battle of the 5th and 7th inst., as usual made by people who ran away and had to excuse their cowardice by charging bad management on the part of the leaders. I see that we were surprised, that our men were bayoneted in their tents, that officers had not had breakfast, etc. This is all simply false. The attack did not begin until 7:45 a. m. All but the worthless cowards had had breakfast. Not a man was bayoneted in or near his tent. Indeed, our brigade surgeon, Hartshorn, has not yet seen a single bayonet wound on a living or dead subject.

On this subject he again writes:

You doubtless, like most Americans, attribute our want of success to bad Generals. I do not. With us, you insist, the boys, the soldiers, govern. They must have this or that, or will cry down their leaders in the newspapers, so no General can achieve much. They fight or run as they please, and of course it is the General's fault. Until this is cured, we must not look for success.

Correspondents Annoyed Him.

Gen. Sherman was strong in his views on the subject of reporters and the army and he would never allow correspondents about when he knew of their presence. In a letter written before Vicksburg in February, 1863, he expresses himself freely in the matter and gives the reason for his action:

I now know the secret of this last tirade against me personally. Of course, newspaper correspondents regard me as the enemy of their class. I announced that all such accompanying me on the expedition were and should be treated as spies. They are spies, because their publications reach the enemy, give them direct and minute information of the composition of our forces, and, while invariably they puff up their patrons, they pull down all others. Thus, this man Knox, dating his paper upon the steamer Continental, the headquarters of Gens. Steele and Blair, gives these general officers and their division undue praise and libels and abuses all others.

This not only plays into the hands of our enemies by sowing dissensions among us, but it encourages discontent among the officers, who find themselves abused by men seemingly under the influence of officers high in command. I caused Knox's communication to be read to him, paragraph by paragraph, and then showed him my instructions, by my orders made at the time, and the official reports of others, and how wide he was of the truth. And now I have asked his arrest and trial by Gen. Grant on charges as a spy and informer.

The 57th Article of War, which is a law of Congress, is as follows: "Who shall be convicted of holding correspondence with or giving intelligence to the enemy, either directly or indirectly, shall suffer death," etc., I will endeavor to bring in all the facts by means of the evidence of officers who took part in all these events. My purpose is not to bring Knox to death or other severe punishment, but I do want to establish the principle that citizens shall not, against the orders of the competent military superior, attend a military expedition, report its proceedings, and comment on its officers.

More serious troubles gathered about Gen. Sherman. We find him writing to John:

Mr. Lincoln intended to insult me and the military profession by putting McClernand over me, and I would have quietly folded up my things and gone to St. Louis, only I know in times like these all must submit to insult and infamy if necessary. The very moment I think some other is at hand to take my corps I'll slide out. The army growls a good deal at the apathy of the nation, at home quite comfortable and happy, yet pushing them forward on all sorts of desperate expeditions. Newspapers can now turn armies against their leaders. Every officer and soldier knows I pushed the attack on Vicksburg as far as they wanted to venture, and if others think differently, they naturally say, "Why not come down and try?"

Two years have passed and the rebel flag still haunts our nation's capital—our armies entered the best rebel territory and the waves closed in behind, scarcely leaving a furrow mark behind. The utmost we can claim is that our enemy respects our power to do them physical harm more than they did at first; but as to loving us any more, it were idle even to claim it. Our armies are devastating the land and it is sad to see the destruction that attends our progress—we cannot help it. Farms disappear, houses are burned and plundered, and every living animal is killed and eaten. General officers make feeble efforts to stay the disorder, but it is idle.

His Estimate of Grant.

In speaking of his relations with Grant Gen. Sherman says:

"With him I am as a second self. We are personal and official friends."

In another letter, March 26, 1864:

Gen. Grant is all the rage; he is subjected to the disgusting but dangerous process of being lionized. He is followed by crowds and is cheered everywhere. While he must despise the fickle fools who run after him, he, like most others, may be spoiled by this excess of flattery. He may be so elated as to forget the uncertain tenure upon which he holds and stakes his really well-earned laurels. I conversed with him but little, as I did not wish either to occupy his time or to be considered his flatterer. The opinion I form of him from his appearance is this—his will and common sense are the strongest features of his character. He is plain and modest, and so far bears himself well. All here give him hearty coöperation, but an officer who does not like Halleck tells me Halleck will ruin Grant with the President within sixty days, or on failure to do so will resign.

And in another letter he writes:

Grant is as good a leader as we can find. He has honesty, simplicity of character, singleness of purpose, and no hope or claim to usurp civil power. His character, more than his genius, will reconcile armies and attach the people. Let him alone. Don't disgust him by flattery or importunity. Let him alone. . . . If bothered, hampered, or embarrassed he would drop you all and let you slide into anarchy.

On the subject of his promotion and the mention of his name for political preferment he writes:

I wrote you that I deem it unwise to make another Lieutenant-General or to create the rank of General. Let the law stand as now. I will accept no commission that would tend to create a rivalry with Grant. I want him to hold what he has earned and got. I have all the rank I want.

. . . . . .

If you ever hear anybody use my name in connection with a political office tell them you know me well enough to assure them that I would be offended by such association. I would rather be an engineer of a railroad than President of the United States or any political officer. Of military titles I have now the maximum and it makes no difference whether that be Major-General or Marshal. It means the same thing. I have commanded 100,000 men in battle and on the march, successfully and without confusion, and that is enough for reputation. Next, I want rest and peace, and they can only be had through war. You will hear of me, but not from me for some time.

We have followed Gen. Sherman through the rough-and-tumble experiences of war, and now, Feb. 3, 1891, we find him living a peaceful life in New York, where he was beloved by all his old friends and hosts of new ones.

"I am," he writes, "drifting along in the old rut in good strength, attending to about four dinners a week at public or private

Fiery and impetuous in war, he was gentle and moderate in peace. A good fighter, if fight he must, but one who would rather save a life than lose one unless forced into battle—then always at the front. His character is thoroughly revealed in his letters, which were written without thought of publication, hence their perfect frankness.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

Amber as a Charm.

There is a superstition attaching to amber. In certain countries it is greatly coveted on account of the belief that it insures the wearer good luck and a long enjoyment of the qualities that make her attractive. Amber, "tears from dead trees," as the poet terms it, is supposed to have medical properties, too; a string of beads worn round the neck being a charm against affections of the throat.

EMBER 2, 1894—THIRTY-SIX PAGES—WITH ART SUPPLEMENT.
CARLISLE PRIVATE
cluded T. F. Cushing, Mavroyeni Bey, the Turkish Minister; Baron Hadik, Count Sier- [illegible] Johnson, Miss Stone.

presided over with the following ladies as patronesses: Mrs. William Geiger, Mrs. A. W. Ransley, and Mrs. William Finley. Among the younger buds who graced the ball-room were:

Miss Johns, Miss Sadie Johns, Miss Celia Wolters, Miss Hogg, Miss Annie Lyons, Miss Genisi, Miss Spriggs, Miss McClean, Miss Cushman, Miss Rettaw, Miss Irene Wolters, Miss Emma Wolters, Miss Lopes, Miss Boyle, Miss White, Miss Allen, Miss Kate Hipple, Miss May Hippie, Miss Lou [illegible] May Watts, Miss Falkinburg, Miss [illegible] Laura Johnson, Miss Totten, Miss [illegible] Morton, Mrs. Haight, and Miss Orr.

[illegible] of Chicago is at the Plaza. Mr. [illegible] of deputy clerk of the Superior [illegible] County.

[illegible]erts is a guest at the Metropolitan. [illegible]ng physician of the Cook County [illegible] head surgeon of the Chicago and [illegible] railroad.

[illegible] Johnson of Minneapolis, the crack [illegible]earns team, is at the Ocean Hotel, [illegible]er, Tom Eck.

[illegible]d of Cincinnati is spending the sea[illegible]t. James with his wife and family.

[illegible]ssistant manager of the Ætna Life [illegible]pany of Hartford, Conn.

[illegible]n and family of Indianapolis are at [illegible] House. Mr. Wasson is one of the [illegible]s in electrical supplies in the West.

[illegible]e arrivals from the West were: Chicago—A. D. Ken[illegible]. Abbott, "Fuzzey" Anderson, [illegible] C. H. and L. A. Callahan, James J. Healy, Jennie M. Durfee, [illegible]nd Mrs. F. D. Cottrell, D. H. Fritts [illegible] the Rev. A. W. Williams, P. Hard[illegible] Coulter, S. B. Parsons, R. H. Wei[illegible]amsey, Mrs. W. W. Ramsey, J. R. [illegible]elley, George C. Wilson, Mrs. C. S. [illegible]

[illegible]ids, Mich.—W. L. Althouse, W. F. [illegible]roit, Mich.—C. H. Gregg, Minne[illegible]—T. W. Eck, Indianapolis, Ind.—[illegible]n and family, Fred W. Wason, [illegible]ssen, W. N. Gates and wife, C. A. [illegible]s. Hackadorn, Miss Weed.

[illegible]O.—J. B. Chapman, Sallie Jennings, [illegible] Mrs. J. S. Evans, Mrs. W. E. Hen[illegible]. G. Hill, Alfred Hill and family.

[illegible]O.—P. L. Hussey, E. C. Johnson, C. [illegible]ife, and family, Mrs. Mary Barrett, [illegible]. Sinnott and family, John Galla[illegible]ily, Dan Devitt and family, P. M. [illegible]ife.

[illegible], Mo.: Charles Valice and wife, [illegible]lley, Ella Ryan, J. G. Hurth, James [illegible] Bentley, I. J. Reed, Laura Reed, [illegible]nsella.

[illegible], Mo.: C. W. F. Hutchinson, W. [illegible] Arnold and sisters.

LOUT IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

[illegible]e Lake Kushuqua Hotels Fish as a Diversion.

[illegible]HUQUA, N. Y., Sept. 1.—[Spe[illegible]ere in this section of the Adiron[illegible]ably, has there been such a rush [illegible]s as at this interesting point on [illegible]oad. The guests have been so [illegible]ring the week that the manage[illegible]en compelled to domicile many [illegible]t the hunters and the anglers, of [illegible]are many here, like this sort of [illegible]es them camping-out pleasures [illegible]mforts. No one has been suc[illegible]t in securing a deer, though a [illegible]e been "jacking." A different [illegible]er, is to be told of the trout. Dr. [illegible]cured thirteen in an hour and a [illegible] within a stone's throw of the [illegible]g with a white miller. Dr. Ell[illegible]e others have also been quite suc-

[illegible]ment the past week has centered about two events, the bowling tournament and the ladies' boat race. In the former the sides were respectively captained by Mr. Jung and Mr. Heyman, both of Tremont. The game was rolled Wednesday, and was close throughout, being won by Mr. Jung's side by four pins, the average being 128.

At the ladies' boat race there were twelve contestants. It was decided, in view of the number competing, to row the race in three heats, which were won by Miss Jackson, Miss Smith, and Miss Preece, who competed in the final, finishing in the order named, and received handsome prizes of jewelry. The race was followed by a clam bake, to which all the guests of the lodge and the numerous visitors from Bloomingdale and Loon Lake were invited. As a fitting wind up to the festivities a dance was held in the evening.

The Rev. George Nixon of New York has preached each Sunday evening during the month of August to the great edification of all. The West is pretty well represented here this season. Many of the guests have been here since early in July. From Chicago are Mr. and Mrs. William Hann, Mr. James D. Taylor, Mr. R. P. Wallace, Miss Evelyn Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene W. Irwin, George C. Rockwell, R. P. O'Neil, Miss May O'Neill, and Earl D. Berriman. Also Mr. and Mrs. William Outwater, Evanston; James M. Walker, Peoria, Ill.; John W. Keller, Oak Park, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Ballentine, Milwaukee.

WEEK WAS GAY AT SARANAC LAKE.

Outdoor Sports Still Thrive at This Charming and Lively Spot.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y., Aug. 31.—[Special.]—The week has been gay and outdoor sports have been encouraged by the fine, cool weather. The regular annual summer games were a big feature of the week at Blue Mountain Lake, and many well-known New-Yorkers entered for the events. Edward King of New York and Dr. Hollister of Brooklyn were winners at the tennis, while Charles Durant of New York won first place in the potato race. In the half-mile rowing race for ladies in guide boats five pretty young women entered. Miss M. S. Duryea was first, Miss Madge Ellen Wood second, and Miss Edith Fairchild third. Dr. Frank Hollister won the prize for rifle shooting and Miss E. L. Wilhelm of New York the ladies' bowling match.

Gov. Pattison of Pennsylvania was among the early comers of the week on the upper lake. He is in camp with his party near Saranac Inn, and will hunt deer for a week or ten days. Hundreds of people will go up the lake Sunday to attend services at the Johnson Island chapel. Gen. O. O. Howard, United States army, will occupy the pulpit.

Childwood Park, for the benefit of the sick baby's fund, was a highly pleasing affair, well patronized, and with good financial results. The artists were Harry M. Peckham, whistling solos and imitations; Judge William B. Green, the humorist; Miss B. Fullerton, dancer; and Mrs. Charles L. Snow, accompanist.

Verplanck Colvin, Superintendent of the Adirondack Land Survey, has been touring the principal resorts for two weeks, accompanied by Speaker Malby and Assemblymen Prescott, Dennison, Stevens, Kech, Lubacher, and Stevenson. The party, led by Mr. Colvin, visited a part of the wilderness hitherto, it is alleged, never traveled by white man. On a mountain, which Mr. Colvin claims is higher than any other east of the Rockies, two ponds of crystal water were discovered and named. The party killed three deer.

SMALL AND EARLIES AT BAR HARBOR.

Fewer Large Social Functions This Year than Usual.

BAR HARBOR, Me., Sept. 1.—[Special.]—E. S. Seeballos, Minister from the Argentine Republic to the United States, has arrived with his family. In his party are Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Seeballos, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Seeballos, and Mr. E. E. Seeballos. Anthony Drexel's steam yacht Margeto sails for New York today. Mrs. O. Howard Hinkle gave a pretty lunch at her cottage last Saturday. Henry Somerset, son of Lady Henry Somerset, who had spent several weeks at Bar Harbor this season, gave a supper to a party of friends at Sorrento Friday night. Mr. Somerset intended to leave Bar Harbor today but has changed his mind, and is uncertain as to when he will leave. He is to enter Harvard College this fall. John DeKoven took a large party out sailing Saturday in the steam yacht Creedmoor. The pretty little club house of the Mount Desert Canoe club was filled with society people last Friday to witness the second day's racing. Ex-Gov. Oglesby of Illinois arrived last week for a few days' stay. There have been fewer large social functions than are usually given in a Bar Harbor season and more small and early affairs. Mrs. George C. Jenkins' ball at Kebo was the affair of the week, and no expense had been spared to make it a perfect success. The decorations were lavish in the extreme. To name the guests would be to mention every one of prominence in Bar Harbor. Mrs. George Pendleton Bowler has announced her intention of giving a ball, and if she does it will without doubt eclipse anything yet given, for Mrs. Bowler's entertainments are far-famed for their lavishness. Bicycling still continues to be the rage among the fashionable women at Bar Harbor, and they are all having bicycle suits made. Arrangements are being made for grand meets in the cool and more leisure days of early September, when all the fair riders will congregate at one time on one particular road.

Every day large drags filled with the baggage of the visitors wend their way down Main street to the wharf.

Monday night the Malvern hop was one of the best attended of the season. Miss Julia Grant is quite the belle at these affairs and is always surrounded by numerous admirers. Mrs. A. C. Barney of Washington looked exceedingly handsome in a black gown heavily garnished with jet.

Mrs. H. A. Dimock of New York gave a delightful luncheon at Kebo Valley club house Tuesday. It was the handsomest luncheon given this season.

The hop at the Louisburg Tuesday was a brilliant success. The handsome music-room has an exceptionally good floor for dancing, and lighted with banquet lamps, crowned with delicate silken shades, and potted plants gracefully arranged the scene was a pleasant one to look upon.

Mrs. John Sherwood read an interesting paper on Spain at Mrs. Charles W. Bergner's Wednesday afternoon. Saturday Mrs. Sherwood left for Newport.

Friday afternoon Mrs. Moncure Robinson entertained a large gathering of her friends at luncheon at Kebo Valley club house.

Mrs. Isaac Laurence of New York gave a large whist party Monday evening at her beautiful cottage.

Mrs. Howard Henkle of Chicago gave a brilliant reception from 5 until 7 Saturday at Donaque. A band on the veranda furnished music for dancing and a charming afternoon was enjoyed by a large contingent of the prominent visitors.

Vice-President Stevenson joined his family Wednesday. They, with other prominent people here, attended the State Fair at Bangor at the invitation of President Bass. Vice-President Stevenson was met by his family at Bangor and they all returned by special train to Sorrento that night.

J. Hubert Vos, the noted Dutch painter, gave a dinner at Sproul's Wednesday night. Among the large company were Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Barney of Washington and Mr. and Mrs. John DeKoven of Chicago.

ANOTHER FORTNIGHT FOR LONG BRANCH

Then the Season of '94 Will End as Far as Hotels Are Concerned.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Sept. 1.—[Special.]—Another fortnight and the season at Long Branch, at least as far as the hotels are concerned, will have reached its end. It is likely that one or two of the hotels will close next Saturday, the 8th instant. Most of them, however, will remain open until the 15th. The Hollywood will be kept open all winter. Whether or not it will be a profitable undertaking is a matter of conjecture, but thus far the indications are favorable. Several cottagers have already returned to their winter homes, but the greater part of them will remain at the Branch until the last week in September, when there will be a general moving.

An attraction this week was the annual parade of the Long Branch fire department, which occurred Thursday night. Every occupied cottage from Takanasse Lake, where the pageant formed, to North Broadway, was beautifully illuminated in honor of the event.

Ex-President Harrison and family are expected at St. Luke's Methodist Episcopal Church tomorrow morning. The Rev. John R. Westwood, pastor of the church, will preach.

A large number of visitors at the Branch have been daily attendants at the camp-meeting services at Ocean Grove this week.

The open tennis tournament of the members of the Norwood Park Tennis club is still on. The singles were played off last week, the honors being carried off by Miss Little and Irvie Brokaw. This week the doubles are being played.

Mrs. Jesse Myers of Chicago is a late arrival at the Howland Hotel. Mrs. E. H. Parker of St. Louis registered at the West End Hotel this morning. Here's a merry party of Chicagoans that arrived this week at Col. Hildreth's West End Hotel: Mr. and Mrs. J. J. McGrath, George H. Adams, Joseph Basch, Georgie C. Wilson, and K. E. Burke.

Edward G. Logan and George R. Robinson arrived at the West End Hotel Wednesday. They are well-to-do citizens of St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo A. Loeb of Chicago are at the Hollywood, where they will remain during the month of September.

L. O. Whittier and Charles F. Weiler, prominent St. Louis merchants, arrived at the Branch yesterday for an extended sojourn. They are nicely quartered at the West End Hotel. Louis D. Marks of Cincinnati is registered at the West End Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Schmaltz, well-known Chicagoans, are at the Hollywood Hotel. A. L. Benson of Chicago is a sojourner at the Howland House. Fred Lazarus of Cincinnati is a late arrival at the Howland House. M. S. Greenbaum of Louisville, Ky., is comfortably located at the Scarboro.

W. B. Wells will spend the remainder of the season at the Howland Hotel. He registers from Chicago. I. L. Tabor comes from Milwaukee to enjoy the sea breezes. He is a guest at the Hollywood Hotel.

PRESIDENT MAY NOT VISIT LENOX.

Mrs. Cleveland Thinks It Would Be Too Much Trouble to Move the Children.

LENOX, Mass., Sept. 1.—[Special.]—It isn't at all settled that President and Mrs. Cleveland will pay a visit to Tyringham, at H. B. Moore's place, on the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder. The latter has just returned from a visit to Gray Gables and such an invitation was extended. While Mrs. Cleveland was much in favor of paying the Berkshires a visit she thinks it would be a great deal of trouble to move her children from Gray Gables, as they are well there. When Mrs. Cleveland was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William C. Whitney some five years ago she had a pleasant time. She was much charmed with Lenox and the Berkshires. Neither the President nor Mrs. Cleveland has ever been to the spot where Mr. and Mrs. Gilder are spending the summer. Tyringham is some seventeen miles southeast of Lenox, and is seven miles from any railroad station.

Mr. John T. Williams had his drag out Monday, and he took his guests, Mr. Charles Dickinson and Dr. James Gilbert, for a drive over to Stockbridge. The others of the party were Mr. Jack Williams and Mr. Harvey Williams.

Mr. J. Searle Barclay left Lenox for a trip to New London, where he will be the guest of Mrs Frederick Neilson at her country house there.

George C. Jenkins and Miss Jenkins of Baltimore will arrive in Lenox Saturday. The latter is a noted Baltimore beauty. Mr. John W. Brown, D. D., is the guest of Mr. H. H. Cooke. Mr. Grant Walker will occupy the Eggleston House Sept. 1. Mavroyeni Bey, the Turkish Minister, will arrive in Lenox Sept. 10. This representative of the diplomatic corps at Washington has been in Lenox for many seasons past and is very popular among the cottagers.

WESTERN MEN PLAY BASEBALL WELL.

Senator Spooner's Sons Are Stars of the Diasconset Team—Westerners There.

NANTUCKET, Mass., Sept. 1.—[Special.]—One of the principal amusements at Nantucket is baseball and Western boys take a commanding position in the national game, and when it is understood that the Diasconset and Nantucket nines are largely composed of crack players from Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and the other big colleges it can be seen that it is no easy task to hold up one's end on one of these nines. The two sons of Senator Spooner are among the leading players on the 'Sconsets. In writing of a recent game a local man thus speaks of Charlie Spooner:

In the same inning Charlie Spooner, the Hotspur of 'Sconset, shook out a reef. He can always be relied upon to make things lively. With two men out he made a base hit, and by stealing two of the remaining three bases, against most desperate chances, he scored the only run his side had then made. The play was a perfect scintillator, a sizzler, and brought down the whole house. The fact is he runs so fast and slides so well that he can take a lead almost midway between the bases and defy them to throw the ball to either.

One of the increasing fleet of Western yachts, the Comanche of Cleveland, was here this week.

Chicago people here are: B. F. Ayer and the Misses Ayer at the Sea Cliff, J. C. Peasely and Miss Peasely at the Sea Cliff, Mrs. M. McCreery at the Springfield. Frank A. Lee of Cincinnati is at the Springfield. Elliot Callender of Peoria is at the Sea Cliff. Detroit people here are Mr. and Mrs. Augustus McGraw and family.

Newport.

NEWPORT, R. I., Sept. 1.—[Special.]—Dinners of the most elaborate description succeed each other nightly. That by Mr. James J. Van Alen at Wakehurst Monday was a superb affair. It was served on four small tables on the inclosed terrace at the south end of the villa, and on each was a large centerpiece of Marechal Niel roses. This improvised dining-hall was decorated with festoons of gay red and yellow flowers, as was also the hall of Wakehurst. The guests in-

The Chicago Sunday Tribune.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1894—THIRTY-SIX PAGES—WITH ART SUPPLEMENT.

PRICE—{SUNDAYS FIVE CENTS. WEEK DAYS TWO CENTS.

TOWNS LAID IN RUINS.

FIERCE FOREST FIRES SWEEP RAVENOUSLY THROUGH WISCONSIN.

Bashaw Is Destroyed and Several of Its Inhabitants Are Reported to Have Perished—Muscoda Also Burning, and Marengo Is Said to Have Been Wiped Off the Map—Sidnaw, Mich., Likewise Prey for the Flames—Fire Spreading Rapidly, Threatening Other Towns.

Reports to THE TRIBUNE indicate that the forest fires in Wisconsin have broken out again with redoubled fury. The following towns are said to have been burned:

BASHAW, Burnett County, Wis.
MARENGO, Ashland County, Wis.
MUSCODA, Grant County, Wis.
WASHBURN, Bayfield County, Wis.
SIDNAW, Houghton County, Mich.

Muscoda is in the southwest part of Wisconsin, not far from the Mississippi River. The other towns mentioned are in the northwest corner of the State, near Duluth and Ashland.

Messages to correspondents of THE TRIBUNE at Washburn and Ashland were returned by the Western Union Telegraph company, with the indorsement that it had no wires to the town mentioned, and the prospects were that none would be speedily secured.

BASHAW WIPED OUT BY FLAMES.

Fears Expressed That Several of Its Inhabitants Have Perished.

RICE LAKE, Wis., Sept. 1.—[Special.]—Terrible forest fires are raging in this neighborhood, and the Town of Bashaw, fifteen miles north of here, has been entirely wiped out. Railroad bridges are partially burned and telegraphic connections are entirely cut from the north. The noon passenger train, which left here at 1:30, reached Bashaw, but had to return, picking up what people they could find and bringing them to this city. Some of the sufferers were nearly overcome with heat and smoke and would have perished had it not been for the timely rescue. A party was sent out from here by a special train, but only succeeded in finding one man, whom they found half crazed, wandering around in search of his family, they having become separated while escaping from the flames. It is thought some persons have burned to death, as no trace can be found of them.

MUSCODA PREY FOR FIERCE FLAMES.

Fears That the Town Will Be Swept Out of Existence.

BASCOBEL, Wis., Sept. 1.—[Special.]—A terrific fire swept over the thriving city of Muscoda this afternoon. Muscoda is a lively place of about 1,500 inhabitants, situated thirty miles east of Prairie du Cheen on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road. The fire originafed in an old barn, probably the work of children playing around there. There has no rain here for over eight weeks. The cisterns in the city were dry. A high southwestern wind was blowing and nothing could be done to prevent the flames from spreading rapidly. Boscobel, Spring Green, Lone Rock, and Avoca fire departments were all called upon to assist, and saved the beautiful Catholic Church.

While doing this the fire swept on the other side of the street, taking everything in its path. For two hours it seemed that not a building in the town would be left. Three of the Bascobel firemen were injured. Ole Davidson fell from a roof and was badly hurt about the head and chest. F. A. Meyer, editor of Bascobel *Enterprise*, had his leg badly hurt. William Seeman, foreman of Bascobel hook and ladder, had his head and body seriously cut and bruised.

At ten o'clock tonight a breeze from a different direction is blowing and it looks as if the whole town will go, and the loss will be much heavier if the wind gets stronger. It is reported that two children were burned, but the report is probablp not true. The loss will not exceed now $150,000. The insurance is about one-third that amount. A partial list of the unfortunates which was obtained is as follows:

Matt Victor	$7,000
Mrs. Fessel	7,000
J. D. Pfisterer, proprietor of St. Charles Hotel	9,000
Mrs. Wright	5,000
W. W. Briggs	5,000
Marvin Briggs	5,000
J. P. Esch	5,000
J. Meyer	5,000
F. Biba	4,000
J. Happeler	4,000
C. Smyth	4,000
Mrs. Nothias	4,000
City Hall	5,000
Methodist Church	5,000

The insurance on this will amount to about one-third.

SIDNAW, MICH., REPORTED DESTROYED.

Trout Creek and Ewan, in Same Neighborhood, in Great Peril.

MARQUETTE, Mich., Sept. 1.—[Special.]—Heavy forest fires are burning to the southwestward of Ishpeming, around Republic, and on towards Iron Mountain. It cannot be learned that any of the smaller villages in that quarter are in danger, but many homesteaders and woodcutters are doubtless burned out. The fires, which have been burning for days in the lower end of Houghton County, west of Nestoria, seem to have taken fresh start today, and there are reports that Sidnaw is cleaned out and that Trout Creek and Ewan are in great danger. These reports cannot now be verified, as the wires are down west of Nestoria. There is also a small fire south of this city, down behind the county farm, but this city or any of the larger towns in this county is not in the slightest danger, as they have been settled too long and there is too much cleared land around them.

FLAMES RAGE IN PINE CITY REGION.

Hinckley Said to Be in Great Danger—Settlers Take to the Marshes.

PINE CITY, Minn., Sept. 1.—[Special.]—The forest fires north of the town are raging with savage fury. The high wind through the day has fanned every spark into flame which have been traveling over the country, sweeping everything before them. Settlers are being driven from their homes to seek shelter in the marshes. Hay and buildings have been consumed, and the air is in a suffocating condition from heat and smoke. The north-bound limited train with all the passengers is now laid up at this place waiting to get through to Duluth. Crews are out working on burnt culverts and repairing bent rails to get the trains through if possible tonight. There is no communication with Hinckley, but it is feared here that the town is in imminent danger. Relief crews are being sent out from town as rapidly as possible to aid the distressed settlers. At this writing (10:30 p. m.) the wind has died away, and hope has correspondingly increased. There is no danger to this town at present.

TOWN OF MARENGO IS DEVASTATED.

Two Hundred Families Rendered Homeless by the Forest Fires.

CHIPPEWA FALLS, Wis., Sept. 1.—The Town of Marengo, in Ashland County, has been completely destroyed by fire and 200 families rendered homeless.

FLAMES SPREAD IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

South Range, Wis., and Wrenshall, Minn., in Danger of Destruction.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 1.—But meager reports have thus far been received from the forest fires in Northern Minnesota and Wisconsin, but enough is known to state the fires are raging more furiously than at any previous time this year. The wires between here and Duluth went down at 3 o'clock this afternoon and it is doubtful if any wire will be had all night. There is one very round-about railroad wire still working, but little or no news hae yet come over it.

The fires are widespread and the smoke is extremely dense. At Duluth and West Superior today the smoke was so dense that people found work difficult, whil ethe heat was scarcely endurable. Railroad men reported inability to see as far as a hundred feet and business was at a standstill. Wild reports of fires were current, and it has been extremely difficult to obtain any news that is definite. The fires are very severe about Mission Creek, a short distance this side of Duluth.

A dispatch from South Range, Wis., asking help of West Superior, stated the town was threatened, and in a similar way like reports come from Marshall, Minn.

Unless rain comes soon several other towns will be included in the danger. As a result of the fires the heat is suffocating.

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 1.—Forest fires are raging north and east of this town. Many farmers are fighting the flames desperately to save their property and the loss already is large. A pall of smoke hangs over the city.

MILACA, MINN., IN GREAT PERIL.

Relief Train Fails to Fight Its Way to the Menaced Town.

BRIDGMAN, Minn., Sept. 1.—[Special.]—Terrific forest fires are raging along the St. Cloud and Hinckley tracks of the Great [illegible] amount of damage will be done. A telegram was received at St. Cloud at 2:45 p. m. from Milaca asking for aid. As soon as possible a special train was made up with water tenders and barrels and carrying forty men left for Milaca. At Foley, eighteen miles out, the first fire was encountered. The grass and woods are as dry as tinder and everything was burning furiously. At Bridgman station the fire presented a terrific aspect. The whole countryside to the south and east was on fire. The underbrush was burning rapidly, with the aid of a high wind, and huge pine trees as the fire crept up their side, tottered and fell. Meager reports from outside are obtainable, but one farmer Kenneth McLain is known to have lost his all The workmen on the special were held here for an hour or more to save the large wooden bridge over the west branch of the Rum River, which was in immediate danger. The large lumber mill and yards of Foley Brothers and Guthrie are also exposed, and a force of men is using the pumps in keeping everything thoroughly wet down. The people are almost panic-stricken at the impending calamity. A 8-year-old child of Mr. Ellison, one mile west of here, was burned to death. Aug Jackson, a villager, of this place, is walled in by fire on the farm of one Mr. Blomberg and it is feared he has perished. Trains cannot get to Milaca. The people there are crowded into the depot awaiting a train.

DENSE SMOKE TURNS DAY INTO NIGHT.

Gas and Electric Lights Are Used at Marquette at Midday.

MARQUETTE, Mich., Sept. 1.—[Special.]—Day was turned into night here today by the smoke from forest fires that are raging southeast of the city, principally along the line of the Chicago and Northwestern. At noon offices and ftores had to be lighted by gas, and at 3 o'clock the arc lights in the streets were turned on. The air was filled with cinders and ashef, while the murky darkness was made stifling by a temperature of 96° in the shade. The smoke is almost suffocating, and great fears are felt for property if rain does not come soon. No such experience is remembered here since the memorable day of the great Peshtigo fire in 1871.

have made me richer than Croesus. There is no such royal road to sudden wealth as a Senatorial nomination. I had not nearly as much money as I wanted before the nomination; and now I have a great deal more than I want. It is no wonder that the small Republican press of the State has been spreading the story that I gave $250,000 for the nomination; for it would be utter penuriousness in a man as rich as the Republicans have made me to offer less than $250,000. And I am very glad to see that one very lively Republican paper says it will cost me an extra $100,000. It ought to! [Laughter.]

"But how beggarly the facts seem in comparison with this magnificence. No one thought it worth while to either promise me anything or to ask me to promise him anything—either before the convention, at the convention, or since the convention. The nearest I came to electioneering was an attempt to correct a misconception of my views on the currency question held by a delegation which had announced its intention to vote for me. I was successful. They saw they were wrong and voted against me. And the nearest I came to paying any money was a vain attempt to pay my own hotel bill. The theory prevailed that as I had been invited to Springfield I was a guest.

He Has No Barrel.

"The Republicans have, I fear, prepared for themselves a great disappointment; for even if I were, outside of politics, as rich as they would so generously make me I would not, in politics, blemish my campaign or diminish my standing with the honest people by acting like a rich man. I have no barrel, and if I had a barrel it would remain untapped. [Applause.]

"But to return. I am a tariff reformer and know of no way left under heaven, except through the Democratic party, to make fast what we now have of tariff reform, and to get more. I believe in the reform method of the Democratic party—in its radical, imperative and immovable demand for free raw materials, and its patient but progressive treatment of manufactured products. The Republicans of Garfield's time believed in 'protection which leads to free trade.' The Democrats of Cleveland's time believe, and certainly I believe, in tariff reform which leads to free trade. The Republicans of McKinley's time believe in protection which leads to a Chinese wall. Tariff reform, and ultimate free trade, until McKinley's time were always promised had a protectionist majority! Let us understand the truth. The Senate did not want a tariff reform bill. The Senate is protectionist, and wants McKinleyism and the trusts of McKinleyism. The bill was passed through the Senate and over the Senate by a minority, aided by the power and authority of the rank and file of the Democratic party, by the overwhelming reform sentiment in the House of Representatives, and by the steadfast and sturdy fidelity of President Cleveland. [Long and continued applause.]

"The President has earned his right to withhold his signature to that bill if he thinks that the best way to further reform, and mark his ind gnation toward the men who used the disguise of Democrats to moderate the triumph democracy. But that does not change the great achievement.

"History will call this bill the decisive victory of reform—the Waterloo of protection. Why talk of the details we failed to get when what we got was the overthrow of protection through the nomination of Greeley, Tilden, but the great Liberal movement then begun never ceased to go forward until liberalism was finally reinstated in all parts of the government, except in the Senate, in 1892; and the Liberal leadership of the Democratic party fully and finally acknowledged by the nation. [Applause.]

"The wonder is not that party government has [illegible] a Liberal party and a Tory party—a party of Democracy and a party of privilege—but that so many Liberals, for so long a time, continued to support a Tory party and keep the Liberal party out of power. Even yet the Tory party contains a sprinkling of Liberals, and the Liberal party, I regret to say, a sprinkling of Tories. What was the explanation? It was the method adopted by the leaders of the Republican party. That method was to say as little as possible about themselves, to divert attention from their departures from liberalism, and to raise as big a dust as possible about the liberalism of the Democratic party, so that people could not see it. They cried out against the Democrats, filling the air with their cries, until they scared their people into dupes, so that only the most intelligent and independent of them refused to believe that the Democrats would put the 'Brigadiers in the saddle'—and that the South, ruling simply to ruin, would 'cry havoc and let loose the dogs of war,' bankrupt the Treasury, mortgage the Nation by paying the Confederate debt and pensioning all Southern soldiers, and finally reduce Northern wealth 50 per cent. I heard Chicago Republicans declare as late as 1884 that their whole estates would be for sale at 50 cents on the dollar if Cleveland should be elected. That State-rights was to be reëstablished and the work of the war undone was believed as freely as if Baron Munchausen had never lived. Waving the bloody shirt, and doing its utmost to keep alive the dying animosities of war, this party, whose great days were given to the union of States, devoted itself now to the disunion of the people—all to delay the return of liberalism and actual majority of able, cunning, and intriguing protectionists.

"Tariff Reform Senator."

"That they have done so ought to and will bring to the Democratic party the applause, the confidence, and the support of the people.

"But it is more clear than ever that we need Senators who have first gone before the people of their States explaining and discussing their views and establishing their relations to the principles of their party. It is a final demonstration of the wisdom and public spirit of the Democratic doctrine of the nomination of Senators. And, as the minority in the Senate shows a crying need of more tariff reform Senators, I am going to do my best—and I hope you will do your best—to send to Washington another unequivocal tariff reform Senator from Illinois!

"I believe also in bimetallism; and think the Democratic party, better than any other party, can help to bring it about. We need to be saved from gold monometallism and from silver monometallism. We absolutely need both gold and silver—the free coinage of both. But in attempting the reform we must neither damage the credit of the nation nor stumble unintentionally from gold monometallism, which is bad enough, in science into silver monometallism, which is worse. The credit of a nation is a most important possession—and no device will do any good if the nation is bad. It is idle to talk of a great without a great credit. National c scends mere economic importan part and parcel of a nation's hon tion, and power. And as for silver ailism, if we ever get into that let u by adopting it deliberately and wit wide open. Let us not get there b ly stumbling over the precipice an our neck in the operation.

"Up to now neither party has tak position on the silver question. been only temporizing. The pa looked upon the silver agitation a and upon silver agitators as cranks owner. The plan has been to hum tation in platforms and wait for it Beyond this the chief phenomena scared concession in Congress, and t of the Bland-Allison bill in 1878 Sherman law in 1890, which toge poned bimetallism for years, widel ited silver, and actively joined in b the panic of 1893 at a cost of mill millions to the helpless business a of the nation.

"Now this currency question m up with the frankness, determina tific knowledge, and public spirit tariff reform has been taken up. A is breaking in. What has seeme craze, is really a world-wide agitat seemed the passing enthusiasm of the occupation of scholars an throughout the civilized world, and, thought to be supported by demago out to be gaining the enthusiastic a the most intelligent and powerful of Europe and of hosts of the leadi Europe and America.

Has the Ear of the Peop

"I believe the Democratic pa party that can handle this questio the people, because, being the pa whole people, it can have the ear o people. The Republican party, h may try, can never get away from tions with the gold monometallist convince the plain people that it is wishing something else than gold m lism. The Democratic party can, rally the people round a wise stand rency reform, as it has rallied the wise standard of tariff reform.

"Silver ought to be remonetized. age of silver ought to be free. Bu to its support the honest free silve the conservative currency reforme upon a plan of reform that will possible risk to the credit of the Nat

"I believe general discussion of t will bring general recognition to character and correct the impressio tion of the silver men that perf metallism can be brought about by of a single government. Discu show that the study of this subj country, considerable as it is, is compared to the study of it abroa practically all of the opinion and of the authorities in Europe, and o est expert opinion here, is that b can only exist with the coöperation leading nations. And such a vas friendly and unanimous authority put aside by an intellectual nation l

England and Bimetallist

"It is generally felt that England sary to bimetallism, but I do not se is true. We had bimetallism with fore, and, though Germany was t country and supposed to balance F equilibrium might be otherwise n But the cause of this world-wide making most rapid progress in Eng land is not alone a money-lending is first and foremost a manufac trading country, and it would ba money to lend but for its manuf trade; and it would not long be an lender if it allowed its manufa trade to suffer continually as they ing now from gold monometali know they are suffering from it, a ing out loudly against it. Manche one side of the question; Lomba on the other. But Manchester's ca ning rapidly, and has even invade street itself. Matters have gone so gland that if an adverse vote of should change the Cabinet today ment of that gold country would allist tomorrow. So near is the w bimetallism which nothing could and which would bring relief to the der which the whole world is depre

"I called myself at Springfield a of the bimetallists. Such I am. allism is the bimetallism now spreading in this country and in fighting bimetallism.

"Let me now speak of the in Taxation is a prime interest of g and people; but as a practical s very little advanced or understood systems are crude and discreditabl tical devices, and scientific taxat exists. Our taxation is a mere rud for revenue. Now toward this gre the mind of the Democratic part and toward it the mind of the party is closed. The Republican p at all questions of taxation from th view of protection; and the Democ alone has an open and hospitable m ideas and suggestions of the scie not hampered by clients. It freel edges that it has something to learn

"Its tariff attitude is one instanc Another instance is its income tax. say that this is the best conceivable not know what is the best conce Possibly the Democratic party may income tax away for something readily as it took it up in place of worse. What I do say is, that the i and the revenue part of the sugar t together, make the best and fairest getting necessary revenue, and the n proach to scientific taxation that wa the Democratic party this year. [A

About Income Tax.

"The reasons urged against the i will not grow in favor. The rea will surely gain greater and great ance. Indeed, the only profound to an income tax that I know of that I shall have to pay some of And it seems to me that this is the s jection which constitutes the chief to it. Very few who have not ta comes object; and very many who able incomes cannot see their way to a tax based on a correct theory, it will be our duty to protect, in against the only important objec raised to it; the objection that cert ratner small number of taxpayers, rich enough to know better, will be about their incomes. [Applause.]

"The objection that it is class l lies against real estate taxes as licenses and everything else; and is up in the fact that an income tax those who can afford it, out of inc properties whose protection and gua a large part of the government's care.

"That the tax is sectional is only the charge of New York, whose chief difficulty in life is its incapacity to understand that it is not well informed. [Laughter and applause.]

"It is a wonder to me that the Republican party is willing to array itself against this tax, and to leave it again to the Democratic party to champion the rights of science and the rights of the people. Can this party, that once was swayed by noble impulses, never rise again, in a single instance, above the selfishness of its rich men? Must it always separate itself further and further from the [illegible] become more and more the party

and railroad workmen when they are ployés together. The trouble is the workmen are too differen that they are too much alike. They much alike as cat and dog and fight ingly.

ter.] Republican leaders naturally resent even a moderately rich Democrat. It is part of their faith, that only Republicans have a right to be rich—and only a few of them. [Laughter.] And as the people just now don't fancy very rich United States Senators; and as I was not very rich at all, and not nearly rich enough to be offensive to the people, the Republicans have since my nomination furnished me with great wealth. They

1893 are the terrible contributions of toryism to the prosperity of the Nation!

"Four financial crises, two of them among the greatest in commercial history, within twenty years! I think we ought to admit that the Republicans wasted none of these twenty years, but got into them just as many panics as the short time would allow.

"Now, did this dreadful panic of 1893—this climax of twenty years of convulsions

ing the confidence of a majority of its rank and file, been gliding steadily away from its early enthusiasm for human progress and the ideals of modern democracy into the sordid service of a privileged class—away from all the modern impulses of liberalism into the medieval instincts of toryism. A minority of its people have, it is true, abandoned it, but the majority remain, and think themselves members of a Liberal party.

and the Republican and Democratic parties of this country on the other he became for awhile decidedly dull, but had the good fortune to be interrupted by the arrival of the Twenty-second Ward Franklin MacVeagh Marching club, which marched into the hall with a band of music and for a time arrested the proceedings. As soon as the club mem- were seated and an impromptu bunch of

ITASCA LAKE TO ST. PAUL.

A RARE PLEASURE TRIP IN A CLINKER BUILT CANOE.

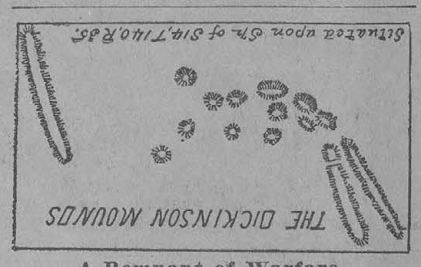
State Park Commissioner Brower and Companions Voyage by Rowboat Down the Mississippi Through the Indian Reservations and Discover the Existence of the Bemidji Lake Basin—Archaeologic, Aboriginal and Other Subjects Discussed — The Sandy Lake Reservoir, a Second Minnetonka—Views and Scenes From the Upper Watershed of the Great River.

By mutual arrangements which proved more than satisfactory, I had the very instructive pleasure of voyaging down the Mississippi river, from Itasca Lake to St. Paul, principally by rowboat, with Rev. S. Hall Young and Dr. T. M. Shanafelt, D D., as companions. Dr. Young, who has traveled by canoe over fourteen thousand miles in Alaska as a Presbyterian divine, is now a resident of Cedar Falls, Iowa, and Dr. Shanafelt, state missionary of all Baptist churches in South Dakota, has enjoyed large experience in boating, hunting and fishing. We felt amply equipped for a month's voyage.

At Park Rapids, Hubbard county, from which point we made our departure, the first noticeable incident occurred in a partial survey of the

Dickinson Mounds.

These mounds are situated on the south side of Sec. 14, T. 140, R. 35, are some sixteen or eighteen in number, three of which are about four hundred feet long and the remainder small and round in form. I excavated one of the smaller ones with the assistance of Dr. Winship of Park Rapids without being able to discover their true character, which is difficult to understand, for the reason that not an article or remnant can be found there, save the unmistakable signs of a work for defense, artificial in character, and persistent denudation seems not to have obliterated the mute signs of a strife at arms, but between what particular forces remains, as yet, to be told. These mounds or breastworks are at the edge of the timber, facing the middle Shell prairie.



A Remnant of Warfare.

The State Park.

The party proceeded to Itasca Lake by team and established Camp Brower at the mouth of Mary creek, and Camp Young on Bear Point, opposite Schoolcraft island, remaining one week at the park. During this sojourn Dr. Young and Dr. Shanafelt conducted religious services, Aug 2, at Nicollet's Middle Lake, and Aug. 5, on Schoolcraft island, the first services of the kind in the history of either place. The state park, most beautiful and picturesque, has been so fully described in the columns of the Pioneer Press that repetition at this time would be superfluous. It might be remarked, however, without precipitating a thread-bare question, that on the 2nd of August, 1894, no running stream of water connected Elk lake with Itasca, and Dr. Shanafelt, like Peter Turnbull, walked up the bed of the stream without wetting the soles of his shoes.



Mary Turnbull's Cabin.

On the east side of Itasca Lake is situated the log cabin of the lamented Mary Turnbull, the first white woman to penetrate those forests in the foot-prints of Schoolcraft and Nicollet. In this miserable cabin she gave birth to her son Charlie, at a time when her husband was absent from home. Her's was one of the saddest faces I ever saw, and if she had any sorrow or secret, it died with her, in 1889, and an unmarked mound is all that remains to human sight where that which was mortal of this noble and patient woman was interred and forgotten.

The 6th of August, to avoid the difficulties of low water at Ka-Ka-Bi-Kous rapids, eight miles down the Mississippi, we proceeded by team to Craig's Crossing, visiting the families of Mr. Wegman and several neighbors, near the north end of Itasca Lake. These well-to-do people are all from St. Paul, who, when the financial distress destroyed their business at the capitol city, took homesteads at Itasca, north of William



St. Paul Settlers on the Upper Mississippi.

McMullen's, where they seem happy and contented.

We passed out from the limited Itasca basin and launched our comfortable clinker in the Mississippi at the house of Mr. Searles, and proceeded down the stream to the first rapids, accompanied by our little lighter, a small boat made from three boards, in which we transportated a sufficient comissary and the articles necessary for a culinary department. This little lighter proved much more of a success than we at first believed. At the rapids mentioned we camped down for the night with all the comforts needed and keen appetites, as a result of the first day's real labor gave splendid enjoyment to the repast, and the sightly spot among the pines we called Shanafelt bluffs. The coming dawn found the party astir, and there was no lack of appetite for one of the breakfasts of the for which we became noted, chiefly ourselves. As Dr. Young is an Presbyterian and Dr. Shanafelt a Baptist, all religious questions were except that it was agreed the day should be a day of rest, a which was not broken. Resuming at an early hour, the sharp me- of the increased volume of the cated our approach to the com- of those extensive meadows of metimes called Savannas. Even advance settler upon government has wild hay cured in numer- ly in the afternoon we went in- o camp at the commencement of one of these extensive Savannas, after passing down some sharp rapids, from which we first discovered the presence of a wild moose. The night was dreary enough, and the name

Camp Trouble.

came from the first and only real experience with a genuine and infuriated horde of mosquitoes.

However, we profited by this experience and camped thereafter upon high grounds and away from the sluggish waters, with very satisfactory results. Manning the Klinker early with four oars and a fifth for a rudder, we made good time until we reached the farm house of Mr. Jones, something more than twenty-five miles north from Itasca lake by way of the road. This remarkable man has razed the forests on the bank of the old Mississippi and established a home. He has no limbs and transports himself about upon a wheeled chair, yet he performs all the more arduous duties of a farmer, and succeeds beyond all possible supposition, the envy of more fortunate but less active neighbors.

Our intention of reaching Manomin lake and the Piniddiwin river that day proved fruitless, but Mr. Jones had advised us that "there were lots of pints" for good camping, and we selected one of those elegant points of pine timber which borders the river, and we called it Camp Solid Comfort and remained for the night, reaching Manomin lake the next morning. Here we came in contract with the Cass Lake Indians, a number of whom, in birch canoes, passed down the river with us for several miles. We had two days before met Win-de-goup and his native wife night hunting for deer, harbingers of aboriginal occupants.

Bemejigemag.

In due time, after a two days' run with our boat, we reached Bemidji lake, a grand body of water six miles long and nearly three wide, almost entirely surrounded by pine timber, the blue lines of the lake rounding and nearly encompassing several green points of timbered land extending out into the lake, with beautiful effect.

It was discovered at this point that Bemidji lake and the stretch of the Mississippi from the upper extremity of the vast savannas below Ka-Ka-Bi-Kons rapids, with the several tributaries coming in on either side, drained a separate and distinct basin of the Mississippi system, for out from Bemidji lake the great river turns its turbulent current downward over an almost continuous series of rapids, over immense beds of boulders, deposited at the time of the recession of the ice sheet at the termination of the glacial period. This rapid downward fall of the river extends almost twenty miles, or until the Cass and Winnibigoshish locality is reached.

To my surprise this divides the great upper basin of the Mississippi into three separate, distinct and determinable localities, to wit: The Itasca basin, the Bemidji basin and the Winnibigoshish or Pokegama basin, the three distinct basins covering the stretch of the river from the Hauteur de Terre, south of Itasca lake, to the falls of Pokegama, and, collectively, constituting what has been heretofore usually accepted as the upper drainage basin of the river.

Camp Boutwell.

We passed down over an innumerable series of these rapids for a Sabbath camp, about five miles down the river from Bemidji lake, which we called Camp Bout-



John Smith, a Civilized Ojibwa Indian.

well, in honor of the first missionary who passed over these rapids in 1832 with the Schoolcraft expedition. Win-de-Goup supplied our camp with the choicest game of the forest, and a genuine barbecue instituted by Dr. Young, a la Alaska, was celebrated as part of the much needed Sabbath rest.

Monday night found us encamped at the island of Ozawindib in Cass lake, after renewing our acquaintance with the Ojibwas we met up the river and forming new ones, including the "Queen of the Pillagers," a daughter of Flat Mouth. The Cass lake Indians show plainly the enduring labor of Rev. J. A. Gilfillan. They are civil, friendly, thoughtful and industrious, and the marks of civilization and religious contact are unmistakable.

They, however, seem plunged into the depths of fear, ensuing from the attempts to compel their removal to White Earth. After moving our camp to the mouth of Turtle river, on the north shore, so historisal with the names of Thompson, 1798; Morrison, 1804; Gen. Pike, 1806; Gen. Cass, 1820; Beltrami, 1823; Schoolcraft, 1832, and Nicollet, 1836, these Indians came in to see us and asked for help and advice that they may select lands in severalty at Cass lake, instead of being forced to go to White Earth as strangers in a land practically unknown to them. Their statement that the late Henry M. Rice secured their signature to the Nelson bill by misrepresentation can hardly be true. It is a pity that the magnificent forest surrounding Cass lake are to be sold and denuded for the lumber traffic, for certainly it is not only a historical, but a very beautiful body of water, and with its islands and bays and beaches and points, with the old Mississippi running through it, and the Turtle river branch coming in from the north, it is an ideal spot for the tourist, the artist, the historian, the geographer, and those in pursuit of game, fish and health. At the old rendezvous of the Hudson Bay and the Northwest company we erected a suitable oak tablet with all the old names of early times at Cass lake. This tablet we placed on the site of Gen. Lewis Cass' camp on the west side of the mouth of Turtle river.

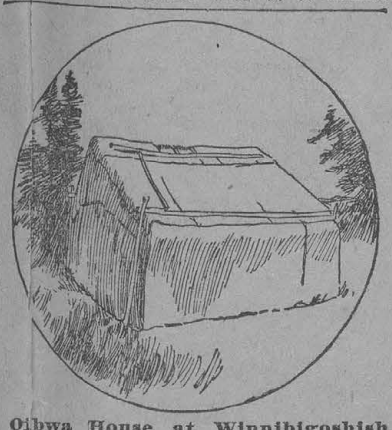
We left our camp at Cass Lake with regret and passed down through the deep, sluggish and broad river to Winnibigoshish lake. Here came a change. The river where it enters the lake is nearly a half mile wide, its channel broken, bogs float around, the overflowage from the reservoir dam has killed all the timber adjacent, points of dead timber extend out into the lake, half submerged, the water looks dark in color, the winds are treacherous, the lake dangerous, the Indians are ignorant, irreligious, indigent and filthy in their habits and altogether the whole surroundings made us feel rejoiced to leave them. Here we met Dr. Elliott Coues, of the Smithsonian institution, going up the river to Itasca lake, lunching with him at the mouth of



A Winnibigoshish Chief.

III river on a dead and down tree, imbedded in a bank of mud. There was no better place. Dr. Coues eloquently says: "I was three days passing Winnibigoshish, where I barely escaped being wrecked, but my voyage of twenty days was vastly interesting and instructive."

We skirted the entire lake around the north shore with dead and down timber, floating logs and stinking water, until we passed the Cut Foot Sioux, where the white caps became troublesome and threatening, but watchful care brought us safely to the reservoir dam, twenty-five miles from our camp of the morning. Mr. Maddy, the government agent, extended to us many courtesies, and we remained here several days, resting, recuperating, hunting and fishing, and we called it Camp Maddy. Here we were joined by Dr. Metcalf and son of St. Paul, who came from Itasca lake and overtook us and continued with us to Aitkin.



Ojibwa House at Winnibigoshish Lake.

They were very agreeable and accommodating voyageurs. The fishing at Camp Maddy was so superb, surprising and vastly accumulative, that we felt unfitted to enjoy the ordinary lines of good fishing.

Taking our departure towards the outskirts of civilization, we were surprised to meet Dr. and Mrs. Harrison of New York, voyaging to the Big Fork at Bow String lake. They were surprised, since Dr. Shanafelt discovered that he officiated at Dr. Harrison's marriage at Adrian, Mich., in 18'6, but had not the pleasure of a further acquaintance until this meeting on the banks of the upper Mississippi, eighteen years later. We successively passed the



Settler's Cabin.

Bull Club, White Oak Point, the Vermillion, Black Water lake, Pokegama lake and reached the Pokegama falls, an imposing sight, and descended from the upper water shed of the Mississippi to the river below, camping at Grand Rapids, where we established Camp Departure, for Dr. Shanafelt here departed for his home in South Dakota and Dr. Young and myself, with Dr. Metcalf and son, continued down the river, the broad and deep channel of which conspicuously meanders and descends with all the peculiarities of a great water course to

Sandy Lake.

Beautiful, historic, imposing Sandy Lake. Here the evidences of the Mound Builders' former abode, are found, in copper and stone implements variously strewn about in different localities. Spear heads, pottery, earrings, stone implements, very old graves, etc., are evidences of a pre-historic occupancy. They chose well, for the locality is handsomer, more romantic, more historic, more interesting than Minnetonka or any lake and locality in the whole state. Then came the occupancy of the Dakotahs with their unknown and unfathomed history. This spot was then reached by Pierre Le Sueur in 1698, but just what was the date of the retirement of the Sioux and the advance and occupancy by the Ojibwa's, I will leave for others to say or surmise. I penetrated the extensive hills far enough to see and witness the entrenchments of the Sioux in their warfare, that fierce, almost exterminating struggle of a hundred or more years against the encroachments of the Ojibwas, until the latter, a people of the woods, dove out the former, who became a people of the plains. Then came those vast interests of the Hudson Bay Company followed by the company of John Jacob Astor, when Jefferson purchased the lake and surroundings from Napoleon Bonaparte. The indentures in the earth on the south shore of the lake and over against the banks of the Mississippi, the posts and settlements of these two competing companies, can be counted by scores. That part of the old stockades which was placed underground can be still dug up after nearly or quite a hundred years' service, first to man and then to history, for the interesting history of this unique and incomparable locality is older than Fort Snelling, St. Paul, Minneapolis and the state, if combined in a continuous, separated period. The writings of Thompson, Morrison, Pike, Cass, Schoolcraft and many others treat of the importance of Sandy Lake in those times gone by, when the voyagers received advices but once during the year. The portage thoroughfare from Lake Superior to the Mississippi through Sandy Lake may have been prehistoric. It certainly was aboriginal and the whites successively the French, English and American, were quick to seize upon this spot so central and so picturesque that it became a rendesvous for the country a thousand miles to the west, northwest and south.

A Reservoir.

But now comes eternal fate, and soon the government reservoir dam will be pushed to completion and fifteen billions of gallons of water is to flood every island, every beach, every shore. Even the graves of these six successive races of people will be turned into a second Winnibigoshish and the dead, submerged islands, points and timber will silently carry down with them the ashes of historical races gone before, and the most beautiful lake in all Minnesota will be a thing of the past. Let dead races care for their own dead. Let the pages of history slumber in the sear and yellow leaves vouchsafed by the vaults that give them protection. This must be done that the living present may rob nature of its beauteous verdure and sandy shores—commerce demands it—yes, commerce now



Spearhead.

stands first. At any other locality, under the known canopy of heaven, the real interests of a living people would demand the preservation of such a spot, against the mad rush of commerce, that an extra dollar might be gained. The distance to the Northern Pacific railroad is only ten or twelve miles, at McGregor. We here received most attentive treatment from Mr. Henry, the government agent in charge.

Archaeological.

Among the numerous observations of great interest which I noted during the voyage, none were more curious than the remains of the pre-historic race. At Winnibigoshish lake I excavated old evidences of that period, with some success. A pair of elegant spear heads were found evidently burried with the possessor. If no error occurred, this individual had a short, thick

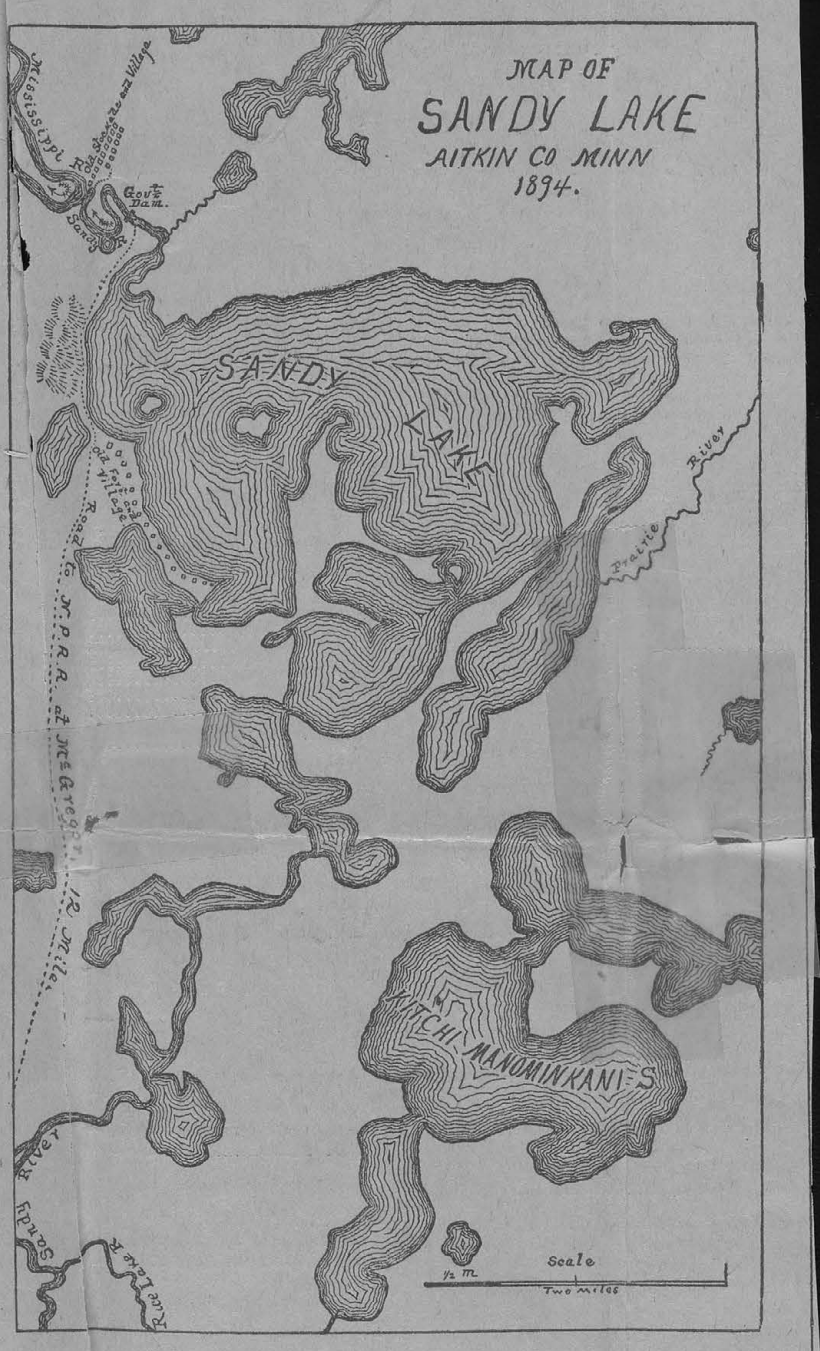


Copper Earring.

lower jaw and a thick rather low cranium. The pottery collected was of six different types or molds, some of which bear evidences of paint. It now seems certain that these people, whoever they were, had and maintained habitations well up toward the source of the river, and there may be in existence shell heaps and other evidences to confirm this statement, but we had no time to make any further examination.

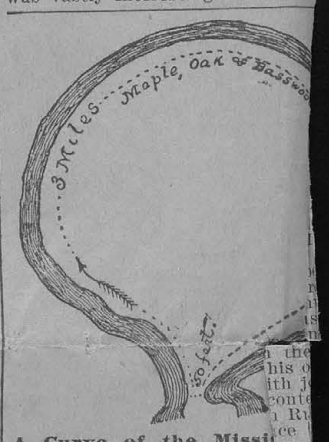
Denuded Forests.

Commencing on the river above Winnibigoshish within the lines of the reserva-



ging interests occupying nearly stream bed.

In the language of Dr. Coues, was vastly interesting and instr



A Curve of the Missi Aitkin.

such a subject can scarcely ily considered in a news During this and a former May and June about one hun views were taken a few shown.

—J. nk

TIPPED OVER A

that he did it not only without talking, but by a careless fling of his powerful hand?

When Gordon went to China in 1880 Salisbury was in power and a conflict between China and Russia was imminent. While Gordon was plotting with his old friend Li, Salisbury went out of office and Gladstone went in. Russia complained of Gordon's presence in China, and Gladstone ordered him to leave the country. The would-be general of the new empire was forced to give up his fine project and turned his attention to the Soudan instead. Li has no reason to stigmatize Gladstone as a mere talker.

His Rise to Power.

Li is acute and capable, versatile and experienced, but he is not a genius. He holds the position of a conqueror in Chinese annals and has been a military commander for forty years; but there is no evidence that he is a genius in military affairs, though his service must have shown ability in some direction. He does not appear as a winner of battles, and yet his rise to power was by success in confronting the greatest unsuccessful rebellion that Chinese history has known. Probably his was the success of organization and not of distinctively military leadership.

Li led an active life, full of honors, after the extinction of the Tai-Pings. He was immediately made governor general of Nankin, and received many of those high court appointments which he still holds. But his most important promotion was to be governor general of Chihli.

Chihli is a large province and contains the imperial capital, Pekin. Its governor is, therefore, charged with the safety of the throne, and he always receives court appointments which place him in the inner circles of the imperial government. It is the most prized office in China, and Li holds it by virtue of his reputation for resolute action as much as for his sagacious statesmanship.—The World.

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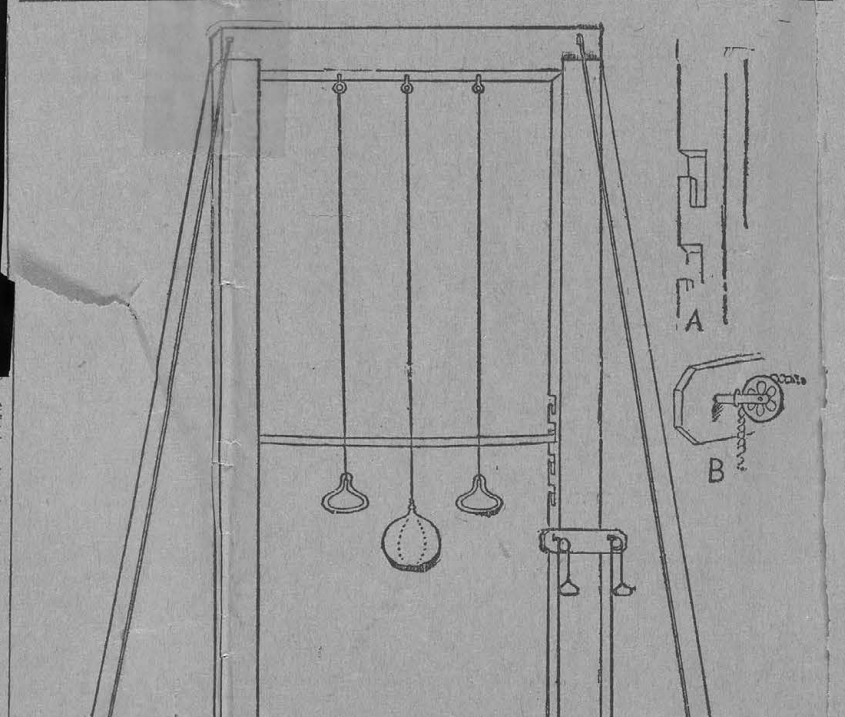
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f the princes of the blood. He
by Tso, who, like himself was
the Tai Ping rebellion, and by
nce of the blood—Chun. The
bitter, and Li seemed to be
werful palace party was formed
, and people were already spe-
his fate. But Li is too de-
submit quietly to degradation,
sending messages to officers of
to know what support he might
case of civil war. His expecta-
t seem to have exceeded a de-

HOME-MADE GYMNASIUM.

Information That Boys Will Find Useful.

Having a great desire for a gymnasium, but living in a small town that had none, and not possessing the means to "order" an outfit from those seductive catalogues of sporting goods houses which every schoolboy has longingly perused, I decided to devise and construct one. It was such a success, and the cost so small, that I believe there are many boys in the country who will be glad to know how it was made.

The total cost of my gymnasium was $8. A boy in any country town can make one as cheap, and perhaps cheaper. With the outfit described below you can get enough exercise in volume and variety to suit the average amateur athlete.



The Gymnasium Complete. A—Showing the Notches for Cross-Bar. B—Pulling for Chest Weights.

First, a tall frame is erected. Get three large beams 6x3 inches, two of them 16 feet and one 6 feet in length. Mortise the short beam on top of the long ones, and set the frame in the ground. Sink it about three feet, and run guy wires from the top, or else use wooden props, in order that there shall be no oscillation. Upon this frame the several appliances are fixed. The most important of these is the horizontal bar.

There is, probably, in your neighborhood a turning lathe. If so, you can get a seasoned hickory bar turned in a few minutes for 75 cents. It should be about 1½ inches in diameter and 6 feet long. If you cannot get one turned, a carpenter will hew and draw one out for you. About two inches at each end of the bar should be left square, the roundness tapering off from the squareness. Before using, the bar should be well sand-papered in order to make it as smooth as possible. This bar fits in the frame between the two upright beams. To make it adjustable to different heights and removable in a few seconds' time, several corresponding holes must be cut into each of the uprights. In one of the uprights cut five square holes just sufficient in size to admit the square end of the bar. Let the first hole be, say four feet from the ground, and the four others half a foot apart above it. They should be in the center (from right to left) of the upright and should go about half way through. The holes in the other upright should be, instead of square, twice the length of the others, and from the top part of each of them a little passage wide enough for the end of the bar to slip through should extend out to the edge of the upright. This device makes the bar easily removable. (See illustration (a).

Next in importance to the bar are the rings. Get a pair of rings about five inches in diameter. If you prefer you can have them shaped like a stirrup. This shape is more comfortable for the hands. You can get a pair made by a blacksmith for forty cents. These rings are suspended from the top beam to any height from the ground you may desire by two small ropes. In the top beam put two screw rings (like those on a picture frame to which the cord is attached) and to these fasten the ropes. The ropes should be as small as possible but very strong. It is a good idea to wrap the rings once or twice with narrow strips of flannel in order to save the hands.

This is an admirable contrivance for developing the muscles of the arm, chest and back, and to boys of a pugilistic tendency it stands unequaled among gymnasium appliances. The cheapest ready-made bag to be had is $4, but a rubber foot ball of average size, which can be bought in most small towns for $1, answers all purposes. Encase it in a snug fitting cloth bag so that it can be fastened to the rope. If you can't get a foot ball persuade your mother or sister to make you a canvas bag and fill it with the lightest material obtainable—cushion hair, excelsior, or rags, if necessary. It should be light enough for you to, after a few days practice, be able, with a solid blow, to knock it ten feet in the air. This, like the rings, is suspended from the top beam with a small rope, coming to a height parallel with your shoulders. It is to be in the center of the frame. See illustration.

Chest weights to-day take high rank among gymnasium appliances. The contitute one of the simplest and most beneficent forms of exercise known. The cheapest I have ever seen them catalogued at is $6. I have given the most expensive one an equal trial with the one I made, and the latter in the good effect produced, does not suffer by comparison.

On the outer side of one of the uprights nail (mortise in) a strong board, three or four inches wide and two and one-half feet long. It should be at a height level with the shoulders. Near each end of this cross bar, place a strong, small pulley wheel (which can be procured at any hardware store for 75 cents per pair). Get two pieces of rope (size of the other ropes mentioned), each piece longer by a third than distance from the ground to the pulley wheel. On one end of these ropes weights are attached. The kind, so they are equal, is immaterial. I used two small tin buckets filled with pebbles. Then run the ropes up through the wheels, letting the ends hang down about a foot below the wheels. To these ends attach small stirrup-shaped rings, as suggested for the swinging rings, except smaller. Of course you are to gauge the weights to your strength.

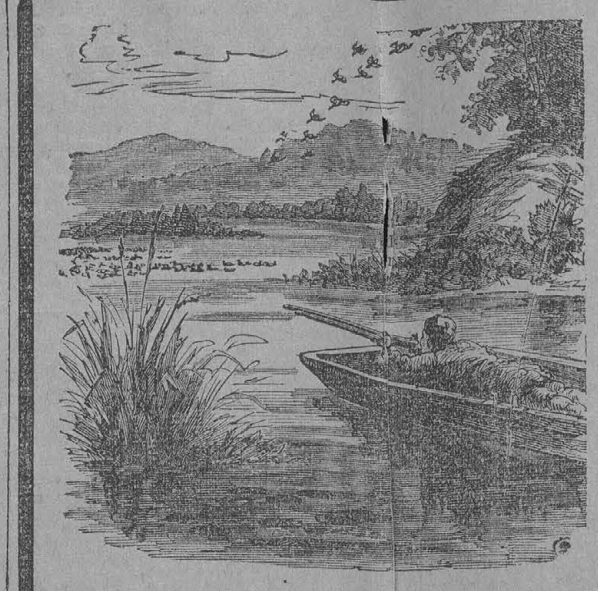
I would suggest now that you get an old wornout mattress and put it under your frame. This will perhaps save you from some hard falls.

Drive a large nail in each of the uprights to hang the rings and striking bag on when they are not in use.

I think that by a careful study of the foregoing directions and illustrations you can construct in your yard a gymnasium that will do you a lifetime of good, that will give you many hours of pleasurable recreation and (as you will see from detailed statement below) at an insignificant cost:

3 beams for frame	$2 00	or less
Erection of	1 50	or less
4 pieces of rope	80	
4 rings	80	
Horizontal bar	1 00	or less
2 pulley wheels	75	
1 striking bag	1 00	or less
2 screw rings	15	
Total	$8 00	

A. H. M.



MARK!

If You Do Go Hunting

Don't look at this picture, for it only makes you sick, that you can't be where he is; but if you don't, look at it, imagine yourself where that fellow is enjoying nature and sport, freed from all worry and business cares, and if you do feel like shaking your troubles for a little while, step in my store and let me show you how cheap I can sell you a hunting outfit. It is worth a hundred times more to you than the few dollars you invest.

You can buy everything in the sporting line at wholesale prices. Send for Catalogue.

Wm. R. Burkhard

124-128 East Third Street.

RIGHT GLAD HE OBLIGED.

The Truth About an Unusual Scene in a Railway Car.

Utica Observer: "Will you kindly keep your eye on my luggage for a moment?" asked one occupant of the benches in a railroad station of a gentleman who sat beside him.

"Certainly, sir," was the reply.

So the first speaker strolled out on the platform and lighted a cigar. He seemed somewhat preoccupied, and the minutes lengthened into fifteen, the train he was waiting for came, the cigar was tossed away and the traveler took a seat in the day coach beside the prettiest girl on the train, who, by the way, greeted him most effusively.

Just as the train started the gentleman who had been asked to keep his eye on that particular luggage pushed his way up the steps and into the door of the coach with his own satchel and a bundle in one hand and the stranger's satchel, hat box, umbrella and overcoat in the other. He pushed his way down the aisle in the coach until he reached the seat occupied by the unknown and the pretty girl. They were engaged in an earnest conversation that was only interrupted when the good natured watcher and protector of the luggage deposited the satchel, hat box, umbrella and overcoat with a bang.

"Did you expect me to act as your porter, mister?" he inquired rather testily.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the gentleman beside the lady, and at the same time he blushed deeply and rose so he could speak to the one who had done him a kindness without using a tone of voice loud enough for other passengers to hear. There were a few moments of explantion, several noddings of the heads, and smilings by the trio—for the pretty girl also joined in the consultation—considerable blushing, and an exchange of cards. That was all the passengers noticed, and the gentleman who had watched the luggage shook hands with both, bowed very politely, slapped his unknown friend on the back, and went into the smoker.

"They're going to Albany to be married," he explained to an acquaintance. "She lives west of here a ways and he's in business in Brooklyn. Her parents are dead, and her brother and an old maid sister objected to her marrying on account of some property complications. He went up the road to meet her and stopped off in Utica until her train should arrive. Of course he couldn't think of his luggage. I don't blame him a mite. I'm glad I accommodated him, by ginger! I'm going to stop over in Albany and see them married."

And he did.

A Famous Old Fight.

Philadelphia Record: Sunday last was the eighty-second anniversary of the celebrated action between the frigate Constitution, commanded by Capt. Isaac Hull, and the British frigate Guerriere, resulting in a victory for the Constitution that, followed up by others achieved by the same commander, destroyed for the first time in history the naval prestige and supremacy of Great Britain. It is almost forgotten hereabouts that the remains of the hero of so many sea fights repose in upper Laurel Hill cemetery under a richly sculptured, massive and imposing monument.

One First-Class Fare.

Plus $2, for the round trip harvest excursion. Tickets will be sold by Northern Pacific on Sept. 11, 25 and Oct. 9, to all points in Minnesota west of Wadena, in North Dakota, Manitoba and as far west as Missoula and Grantsdale, Mont. First-class privileges are granted parties holding these tickets, and they are good for stopover on certain conditions. For details apply to C. E. Stone, 162 East Third street, St. Paul, and G. F. McNeill, 19 Nicollet House Block, Minneapolis.

AN OLD WOMAN

Made Young Again—Released From the Clutches of Malaria.

While visiting the South last winter I called on an uncle in New Orleans. He mentioned the fact that Pe-ru-na had been of great benefit to him in a case of chronic malaria, and subsequently I have heard a great many speak of its merits. One of the most striking instances is the case of an aunt who lives in Mississippi. Five years ago I visited her, and a more completely wretched woman I never saw. Her face was thin and sallow, of that peculiar yellow which chronic malaria alone can bring, eyes sunken and lack-lustre, form withered and bent, as with extreme age, and the vivacious wit for which, as a girl, she had been famous in the little village where she resided, had been replaced by almost unceasing scolding. And how miserable she looked. She was so nervous and irritable that it was a relief to be out of her hearing, yet one could not help feeling unutterably sorry for her. She tried to help with the housework, as she did not consider herself ill enough to keep her bed, but she rarely did anything but hinder. My stay was cut short, as I did not wish to impose my presence upon the wearied household. But last winter I saw her again, and what a marvelous change had taken place! Her pink and white dimpled face, her rounded figure, elastic tread and sparkling repartee—how different she was from the prematurely old woman as I had seen her five years ago. Truly Pe-ru-na stands at the head of all malaria remedies. There are many—an almost incredible number—in the South who testify to the virtue of Pe-ru-na, not only by words but the expression of exuberant happiness in their faces and the energy and grace of every movement.

An illustrated medical treatise on chronic and acute malaria will be sent free to any address by The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company of Columbus, Ohio.

OLD CARPETS Cleaned and Refitted.

OLD FURNITURE Re-Upholstered.

Finch, Van Slyck, Young & Co.,

381-383 JACKSON ST.

STOCK NOW COMPLETE.

To see the largest and best assortment of

Carpetings, Lace Curtains, Draperies and Wall Decorations

At prices as low or lower than elsewhere,

GIVE US A CALL.

WINDOW SHADES a Specialty.

LACE CURTAINS Cleaned and Re-Hung.

eek Sale.

e shall make great efforts to make it interesting for everybody. sale known in the annals of the Dry Goods Trade. Prices below

Fancy Silk for waists, the latest and prettiest shown in the city; sold by every one at $1.25. As we are genuine cutters we say... **98c**

20 more dozen Ladies' Shirt Waists, for fall and winter, in all shades; sold elsewhere for $1.50. Our price... **49c**

46-inch Henrietta; it sells everywhere at 75c; save your money and come here; you can get it for... **49c**

Ladies' Fast Black Hose; extra value at 25c; but we don't mind that, so out they go at... **11c**

Gents' Socks that others consider cheap at 10c, can be had here at... **4c**

Outing Flannel, sold cheap by others at 5c and 6c, goes here at... **3¾c**

Dress Ginghams that others blow about at 8c, you can get all you want here at... **4¾c**

Twill Cashmere de Laine, considered cheap by others at 12½c; can be had here at... **7½c**

Crepe cloth sold heretofore at 10c, will go at... **4c**

Bedspread, full size, sold as cheap at 98c; it cuts no figure with us; all we ask is **79c**

SALE. **Seventh and Cedar Streets.**

"SHE KNOWS WHAT'S WHAT"



SANTA CLAUS SOAP

BECAUSE IT'S THE BEST. PUREST & MOST ECONOMICAL
SOLD EVERYWHERE
MADE BY THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY. CHICAGO.

[CHICAGO SUNDAY TRIBUNE, OCT. 14, 1894]

HE DOES GREAT WORK

GEN. HARRISON MAKING MANY VOTES IN HIS OWN STATE.

Twenty-two Speeches Made in Two Days to 55,000 People—Telling Arguments in Favor of Protecting Home Markets—Great Blunder of the Democrats in Wiping Out Reciprocity Arrangements—High Tariff Stands for Flourishing Homes and a Contented People.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 13.—[Special.]—Ex-President Harrison's special train returned to Indianapolis at 8:15 o'clock tonight. Mr. Harrison says he has just completed the biggest two days' work in years, having made twenty-two speeches since he left the city yesterday morning, and addressed nearly 55,000 people. He spoke over four hours in all today, having made fourteen stops. A number of the speeches were a half hour and longer. Notwithstanding the exposure and strain his voice tonight was clear as a bell, and he felt equal to another compaign at once. He is highly complimented at the enormous crowds that greeted him and believes the indications point to the most sweeping Democratic overthrow in the history of the party in Indiana. The State committee and the Republican leaders generally are in high feather at the immense success of the first part of Mr. Harrison's campaign. Next Thursday he starts for Fort Wayne in a special train to make the circuit of northern Indiana.

Gen. Harrison's first stop today was at Boonville, where an enormous crowd had assembled to greet him. The beautiful morning had made it possible for people to come in from the country and farmers made up a large part of the audience to which he talked.

Sun Shining on the Cause.

He spoke as follows:

My fellow-citizens: I congratulate you upon the improved weather conditions that we are having this morning. The friends we had the pleasure of meeting yesterday were standing in the drip, but things are better today, and that is the order of things; sunshine comes before the rain and it comes afterwards. We are here this morning in a country where there is about us everything in soil, in climate, and institutions to make men happy and prosperous. The great glory of our American institutions is that they give every man a chance. They do not put any weights on him. They open the contest of life broadly for him, and they equip him for it by the magnificent provision which our common schools afford for his education. Every man has to make his own way, and I am glad it is so. Some of these pioneers who hear me today came into this region when it was unsettled. They felled the trees or deadened them in order to let in a little sunshine that the crops might grow. Now the trees are gone and the stumps are out of the way, and the children come into improved heritage. We all like to give our boys and girls a little better chance in life than we had ourselves, and mostly we are able to do it. These things largely depend on ourselves, but after all this is said everybody must admit that the legislation of the National Government upon several important subjects has a direct bearing upon the prosperity of the people.

Speaks for the Tariff.

There can be no question in the world to any man who will think that a tariff bill embracing several thousand articles, all of the great staples of commerce and of the mill, does affect the entire business of the country. It may affect it favorably or unfavorably. Now, my countrymen, we had two years ago good times. I know some of our Democratic friends are trying to make it appear that they were not so very good and that times since have not been so very bad. You know whether two years ago things were not really in a highly prosperous condition in this country, and you know what we have gone through since. I think every man who will let his mind run over the question will see this whole year's agitation of the tariff question, this proclamation that duties were to be cut down all along the line, this uncertainty that was injected into every business pursuit—that these have been the things that have paralyzed American trade and brought dismay and distress to all our communities. What is the tariff question, after all? It is in its essence whether we will retain our own market so far as we can so that the things we wear shall be made by American hands in America or whether we will so frame our tariff that the things we wear shall be made by English hands in England or by German hands in Germany. I do not doubt at all if we were to reduce wages in the United States to the same level that prevails in European countries we could produce many things in competition with them, but all these workingmen with us are citizens, they are all voters, they are the men upon whom our institutions rest, and we cannot afford to have a great class of despairing men who live in poverty all the days of their life and die without any hope in their hearts. We cannot afford to have a class who can just do the one thing, who must put their children at 10 or 12 years of age into doing of it without any betterment of their lot. If we are to have men upon whom republican institutions can safely rest, if we are to have men who in time of war will bring their strong arms and courageous hearts to the defense of the flag and the Constitution, if we have a population living com[illegible]

Protective Duties Build Homes.

We must have homes that have hope as an abiding guest. These protective duties tend to that end. I do not say that the tariff is the only thing that influences the price of wheat or the price of anything else. That would be an exaggeration. The disadvantage the farmer is under is that he does not know how many acres of wheat other farmers are going to sow this year. He cannot tell what the foreign harvests will be. These things effect favorably or unfavorably the prices, but the point I want to make is the farmer sells 95 per cent of all the produce of his farm here at home, and that is the market he wants to look after. If men are getting good wages they live well. We may think a man will eat about so much bread every year anyhow, but in that we are greatly mistaken. This last year has shown how largely the buying power of our people has been reduced by reason of the fact that so many were out of employment and had their wages cut off. I leave to you the thought this morning that, as farmers, as merchants, as workmen in these mines and factories that are scattered through your country, we want to preserve a class of workmen with wages enough to live comfortably and wages enough to lay by a little for old age, and to give to the children a little better chance than the father had. If we can do that, nothing can shake the sure pose of this grand republic we love. Its people will be happy and contented and the land full of prosperous homes.

Eulogy of Lincoln.

At Huntsburg, English, and Corydon Junction enthusiastic audiences awaited the distinguished but quickly fleeting guest. At Lincoln City, the burial place of the mother of Abraham Lincoln, a stop was made, and in responding to calls for a speech Gen. Harrison said:

My Fellow-Citizens: I am glad to stop this morning near the home where Abraham Lincoln spent part of his boyhood. You will miss your chance if you do not improve the fact of your residence in the neighborhood of this interesting spot by giving a thoughtful study to the life of Lincoln. Who would have supposed, what prophet would have predicted such a career to the boy as he lived under circumstances of hardship and poverty in this neighborhood? Who is there in this country who has not as good a chance as he? The story of his life has been a perpetual fountain of inspiration to our boys, and it will continue to be so as long as the country lasts. It shows we have here no limits to what a boy may do for himself. Another thing I like to think about was the great genial human kindness of Mr. Lincoln. He was so different from many men in these times, who are trying to instill prejudice into the minds of their fellow-men, to make them hate somebody. That was not Mr. Lincoln's habits. He had a great love for his fellow-men. I remember once when a delegation of workingmen came to him. In a little talk to them he said: "If another man has a house and you haven't any, don't pull down the other man's house, but build one for yourself." There was great good sense in that remark, and the man will be happier and more successful in his life who takes philosophy to heart.

Argument for Home Markets.

At the manufacturing town of New Albany the crowd met him at the station and escorted him to the stand, where he spoke for forty minutes. He devoted himself entirely to a discussion of the Democratic tariff and its effect upon the country, saying in part:

The Democrats have been talking a good deal about getting the markets of the world. Let us stop and think just a little while about this theory. Where are these markets? Are they in Africa? Well, Africa does not offer per capita anything like as attractive a market as America. Here we clothe ourselves all over, and they don't there. [Laughter.] Are these markets in Asia? Well, there are some markets there and there are some markets in Africa that are valuable, and in which we already have a share; but I ask you to remember this fact, if we are to compete for those markets, that the great European nations have got possession of all that country. This has been done without consulting the inhabitants. Not only that, but these countries are pursuing in every other part of the world a colonizing policy. They are taking up every island they can find. England has Australia, continental in size and resources; she has India; she has had for years African possessions and they are now greatly extended. This thing gives her and those other nations great advantages in the commerce of the world over the United States. We have never had a colonizing policy and possibly never will have one. Indeed, we have been so narrow in our views upon this question we could not even take in the Sandwich Islands when her people asked it. I do not say that I approve of this colonial policy carried to that extent. I am only making the point now that these colonial possessions have been established with a view of extending English, German, French, and Italian trade; and that they secure to the nation that has established them a great advantage over the United States.

Europe's Advantages.

The speaker further showed that by reason of European subsidized steamship lines and their system of exchanges they had increased their already great advantage. Continuing he said:

Now, there was a part of the world where this selfish policy which the great commercial nations of Europe have pursued in utter disregard to the rights of the natives, pushing their trade on the point of the bayonet, has not been put into effect—one part of the earth upon which they have not been permitted to lay their hands. The Monroe doctrine, expressed with quietness and yet with courage and adhered to in our American diplomacy since the time of its promulgation, has preserved these States of Central and South America from European aggression. The peoples of these countries are friendly to us. They stood in good relation to us geographically, and we ought to have had their trade; and, my friends, by the reciprocity provision of the McKinley bill we had made a start. It was a simple start. The suggestion was made, and you know how ardently and zealously it was urged by Mr. Blaine, that we should say to those people of South America: "If we let your sugar into this country free of duty you must let some of our products into your countries free of duties or at favored rates." These nations promptly came foward and commecial arrangements—and they were not properly treaties—were made with them. Here were markets of the world that we not only could get but that we had gotten, and we had obtained them without inflicting any injury on the American workman, the American farmer, or the American manufacturer. Now, my friends, you will be surprised to know these gentlemen who are so anxious to get the markets of the world in making this tariff bill which has recently become a law struck down the reciprocity arrangements, abrogated every one of them. I think the American people should call to account a party that so wantonly and uselessly abandons markets that we had already owned.

At Jeffersonville, Scottsburg, Seymour, and other towns along the J. M. and I. short stops and short speeches were made.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ind., Oct. 13.—[Special.]—Ex-President Harrison spoke to an audience of 6,000 people this afternoon. He arrived from New Albany on a special train. The entire city was decorated with flags and bunting and business was almost suspended during the ex-President's stay in the city. On this trip in the southern part of the State the greater part of Gen. Harrison's audiences were Democratic, but they listened with respect and interest. The children, with their flowers and flags, and veterans with their Grand Army buttons, formed a conspicuous feature of each gathering.

M'KINLEY WELCOMED BACK TO OHIO.

He Speaks at Four Places, Big Crowds Attending the Gatherings.

TOLEDO, O., Oct. 13.—Today Gov. McKinley returned to his own State, and he was given a welcome home that was entirely in keeping with the splendid receptions he has met abroad. He spoke at Paulding this afternoon to a large audience composed mainly of farmers, and after the meeting he was conveyed on a special train to Toledo, stopping en route at Defiance, Napoleon, and Liberty and making a short speech at each place. The Governor was accompanied from Toledo to Paulding and back by Secretary of State Taylor, State Auditor Poe, and others. The people of Toledo, despite the inclement weather, congregated in great numbers at Memorial Hall, filling that place to the utmost with an exceedingly demonstrative audience which gave McKinley a more than royal welcome home after his triumphs in the West. A big procession was on the evening's program, but it had to be abandoned on account of the rain. In the morning the Governor goes to Columbus.

WILSON'S FIGHT ON JACK BRADLEY

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OCTOBER 14, 1894—F... ...ORTY-FOUR PAGES.—WIT...

HE QUITS THE GAME.

GAMBLER FAGAN QUIETLY DROPS OUT OF CHICAGO.

Civic Federation Raid on the House of David Followed by the Flitting of the Proprietor of the Games Once Played There—Creditors Galore Said to Have Been Left Behind—Reasons for the Departure Are Not All Mere Conjecture—History of Him and His Place.

Whatever has become of Billy Fagan? He has gone; he has vanished; he has skipped the town. He has caused wailing and gnashing of teeth among many creditors. He will spend the winter elsewhere than Chicago.

Who is Billy Fagan? Well, everybody knows him. The City Directory says: "Fagan, William J. (Fagan & Barber), saloon, 162-4 Clark street, h. 602 Dearborn avenue." That does not tell the half about "Billy" Fagan, though. The wise ones know him as the real proprietor of the celebrated House of David, one of the hottest sports in town, Democratic politician, most cruelly used victim of the Civic Federation, a gambler, who has paid his tribute in the shape of a $500 fine to the State's-Attorney, and was at present date of indictment. Time was when one could have got any and every possible sort of a game in Fagan's place, speculative or otherwise. But now—"Billy has flown."

Some say he is in Canada; some say he is hid in the wilds of Michigan. Anyhow, he is seen no more about the House of David; bills directed against him pile up there like December snowdrifts, but the collectors get no satisfaction out of "Billy," for he is not there. His place, the place where there was a crap game down-stairs and a saloon on the ground floor, a gaming-house up the first flight, and a hotel farther up, is in the hands



This was the swan song of Fagan. The House of David was even then being gathered unto its fathers. The looted goods were taken before Judge Brentano. The Faganites made joyously ready a writ of replevin. But before they could get it fairly written Judge Brentano had done his work and a lot of constables were desiccating the outfit with broadaxes. Then Sept. 27 there were indictments returned against Barber, Fagan, and a certain Wilson.

Mr. Fagan will not be present to answer to his indictment; he is elsewhere engaged.

"Yes," said Ald. Mahoney last night, "Fagan has quit the town. He has left a good many creditors behind. I am one of them—that is, the Stenson company is. How much? Well, that's another story. Billy is somewhere in Michigan now I understand, but I think he will come back—I feel that way. He does not own the House of David now; I bought the place Oct. 2 and the transaction was put on record. I paid $12,000 for it. I am going to run it without any up-stairs or down-stairs annexes. I am not in that sort of business."

SENATOR SQUIRE MUST ANSWER.

He Is Involved in a Suit Regarding a Vast Amount of Property.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Oct. 13.—[Special.]—In a few days papers will be filed in a lawsuit which will involve the title to real estate valued at nearly $1,500,000, and will call upon a United States Senator to make an accounting of property intrusted to him. The defendant is Senator Watson C. Squire, formerly Governor of Washington. The plaintiffs are Col. William S. King of this city, Philo Remington's famous antagonist in the historic suit of years ago, and Philo Osgood and John N. Goodwin of Ilion, N. Y. A quarter of a century ago King and Remington were close friends. Col. King comes from Malone, N. Y., down in the Adirondacks, and the Remingtons are closely associated with the history of Syracuse and vicinity for nearly a century back. They invested heavily in Western real estate and waited for the inevitable rise. One of the deals in which the partners were involved at the time of the financial crash was the Seattle deal, which is involved in the suit soon to be begun. Philo Remington, John N. Goodwin, Philo Osgood, and Col. King formed a land syndicate which bought a large amount of property where now stands Seattle. When the difficulties came this property was given to Remington to hold in trust. Subsequently Remington, who died a few years ago, intrusted the property to his son-in-law, Squire, who is the defendant named. Squire, according to the complainants, has never made an accounting of the old trust. The property, then worth a few hundreds of dollars, is now worth millions. Part of it has been sold and the money seems to have been held by Remington or Squire. None of it, according to the plaintiffs, has reached the copartners in the original syndicate. Even the unsold portion which Squire still holds comprises a number of choice locations in the heart of Seattle. These properties alone are conservatively estimated to be worth from $1,200,000 to $1,500,000. Not all of the property is in the heart of the city, but much of it is, and its value makes it a plum worth fighting for.

Not Posing for Pictures.

The Mikado has never willingly been photographed.

House prospered. Fagan was esteemed to be worth anywhere from $100,000 to $200,000. He was on more bonds than any other one man in town. Just what his property was or where it was nobody was quite sure. But the general opinion was Billy was well fixed.

Then he began to have some little trouble over his gambling enterprises and the trouble grew and grew. A year ago State's-Attorney Kern had a spasam of virtue on the gambling question. He looked about for a victim and he picked on the House of David. Fagan was a complaisant victim and surrendered readily, expecting to be let off with a small fine. But he was indicted and $500 was assessed against him.

Then came the days of the Civic Federation—a period of recent memory. There had been a slight preliminary uproar against a wide open pool-room right under the windows of police headquarters. When the uproar got too loud for comfort the pool-room was moved from here to the House of David and set up on the second floor, displacing the "Belshazzar," which had ascended the flume. It was considered to be the best equipped pool-room in all Chicago. It did a big business.

Well, the House of David was picked out by the gamblers as a sort of vicarious sacrifice; it was decided it might be raided, then the sports would show how easy it was for them to fool their enemies with a writ of replevin or two. The whole gamblers' fight was to be made on the House of David.

Tale of One Attack.

On Sept. 11 the attack came. Constables Cerf and O'Toole, with warrants for certain gambling implements alleged to be at No. 162 Clark street, broke into the House of David. They led twenty men, of whom a certain Louis Rabshaw, prize-fighter, was First Sergeant. The sports and bad men who were in the poolroom glowered through the cigaret smoke on the invaders, but offered no fight. It was mid-afternoon, and race quotations were being posted on the big blackboards thick and fast. Constable Cerf sized up the situation and said thoughtfully: "I guess



THE LEADING EVENT...

we'll take these blackboards first, boys."

"Hold on, Cerf," shouted "Barney" Zacharias, who was in charge of the room, "Don't monkey with those blackboards—they're loaded. I don't want to see you hurt, Cerf."

But Cerf smiled a scornful smile and laid hold of the nearest board—was going to rip that blackboard right up by the roots——

Then Cerf twisted himself into a knot, stood on his head, did a contortion act, and seemed to be suffering. The wily Fagan had hitched wires that were very much alive to the brass rims of his blackboards, and the constable got the full benefit when Zacharias touched the button.

But Cerf and his men nevertheless persevered in their good work, bundled up all the bl... boards, tickers and sounders, and carted away. "Go...d, boys; go ahead," ...an, as ... dition departed;

ESCAPED FROM THE SIOUX.

A GIRL-WIFE'S ADVENTURES IN THE OUTBREAK OF '62.

Mrs. Helen M. Carrothers' Story of Pioneer Life on the Minnesota Frontier, Her Captivity by the Indians and Her Remarkable Escape—Only 19 Years of Age, She Steals from Little Crow's Camp and with Two Children Wanders Eight Days, without Food, before Reaching Refuge at Fort Ridgely.

Mrs. Helen Mar McNanney, formerly Mrs. Helen M. Carrothers, now residing at Tacoma, has furnished the following narrative of her experience during the Sioux outbreak in Minnesota in 1862. She is at present visiting a daughter in Minneapolis, and has kindly written her story for the Pioneer Press. Her experiences were most remarkable and hardly exampled in the annals of daring adventure, peril and privation.

"I was born in Dane county, Wis., Aug. 27, 1843. My parents were Thomas J. and Laura Paddock, both native Vermonters. Oct. 23, 1857, when but fourteen years of age, I married James Carrothers, who was thirteen years my senior. Not long after our marriage we removed [illegible] Minnesota. In July, 1858, we settled on Beaver creek, in Renville county, half a mile south of the present sight of Beaver Falls. We were the first white family that settled in that district, and the ensuing fall and winter I spent many days and night alone in our little cabin, my husband being employed at his trade, that of carpenter, at the Redwood Indian agency, two miles southeast of where the town of Morton now stands. The next spring, however (1858), my brother-in-law, David Carrothers, and his family came and located exactly on the site of Beaver Falls, and at intervals thereafter other families came to the neighborhood, and in time the country became fairly well occupied.

Three or four miles to the southwest of our cabin, across the Minnesota river, were the villages of Little Crow and some of the other chiefs of the Sioux Indians. West of them, above the Redwood river, was Shakopee's village. Soon after our settlement the Indians from Crow's village began to visit us. They were all very friendly toward us. They seemed much interested in me—perhaps because I was so young a wife and



Mrs. Carrothers at the Age of 19.

seemed to need help and assistance—and showed me many attentions. I returned their civilities [illegible] I could and we got along together [illegible] well. A few of them spoke English [illegible] soon acquired enough [illegible] the Sioux language to understand at least [illegible] purport of [illegible] they said and to make myself understood [illegible]

"Little Redwood" and Her Red Friends.

In November, 1858, I left our little cabin and went to stay for a time at the house of John Moeer, the half-breed trader, who then lived at the mouth of the Redwood, and who is now residing at Lake Benton, Minn. Two weeks after my arrival at Mr. Mooer's, or Nov. 21, my first child was born. She is now Mrs. Althea Saulsbury of Minneapolis. At her birth I was fifteen years and three months of age. Mr. Mooer and his wife were very kind to me when I was with them, and, indeed, they were always kind to every one. When my baby was about ten day's old I returned to my cabin home. I will always remember the trip. It was made in a sled, for there was snow on the ground, and the streams were frozen. In crossing Beaver creek the sled broke through the ice, and I came near being pitched, baby and all, into the cold current. That winter was a very hard one, long and cold. Travel was very difficult. At one time we ran short of provisions, and I do not know how we would have fared but for the Indians. They came to see us almost every day, bringing us game, hominy and other provisions. Once my baby was quite sick. They were very fond of "Chan-sha-api" (Little Redwood), as they called her, and an Indian woman came over and stayed with me, helping to nurse her. She ministered to the little one very tenderly and doctored her with herbs and roots for two days, but at last said I must send to the agency for the white doctor. I did so and Dr. Daniels came and soon she was well again. Another time my husband went with an ox team to St. Peter for supplies and was gone two weeks. During his absence baby and I roughed it in the cabin with only the Indians for company during the day and at night the wolves and owls howled and hooted us to sleep.

First, the Calm.

We continued to improve our claim, and in a few years had a pleasant home. Some fruit trees set out by my own hands are still growing. The country settled up, and for a frontier life all went well. On Christmas day, 1860, my boy, Thomas, was born. He is still living. The Indans called him "Little Beaver Creek." The winter of 1861-2 passed very pleasantly. We had plenty of neighbors now, and there were many social gatherings among us. My husband and his brother were violinists, and their services were in frequent demand at dancing parties. I often accompanied my husband on these occasions, and made many agreeable acquaintances. I well remember Mrs. Faribault (now Mrs. Huggan), whose story was published in the Pioneer Press last spring, for I frequently met her that winter.

When the spring of 1862 came our farm was in a fair state of cultivation, we had accumulated something besides, our two children were bright and promising and our prospects were all I could desire. The Southern rebellion was raging, but it was so far away that it did not disturb us, though we were ardent Unionists, and earnestly hoped for the success of our good cause. As the summer advanced we sometimes heard that the Indians were threatening trouble, but we thought such reports preposterous, and were never disturbed or made uneasy by them.

On Friday, Aug. 10, a Republican meeting was held at the house of our neighbor, Mr. J. W. Earle, to appoint delegates from Renville county to a convention down at Owatonna. My husband was selected as a delegate. Some one was at the meeting with authority to recruit men for the Union army, and I think some persons enlisted. At any rate my husband started that day for the convention, and he went with the men of the company called the Renville Rangers as far as St. Peter. I was left at home with my children. I did not then even dream of the trying scenes I was soon to pass through nor of any sort of danger. A Mr. S. R. Henderson had come up from Blue Earth county the previous year and settled a mile north of us. His wife was very ill from inflammation of the bowels, and taking my children I went to stay with and care for her until my husband's return.

Then the Storm.

On Monday morning, Aug. 18, the day of the great outbreak, I was still at Mr. Henderson's. Mrs. Henderson was dangerously ill, and Mr. N. D. White had gone down to Blue Earth county to notify her relatives. She was a young woman, perhaps twenty-two years of age, and her husband was but a few years her senior. They had two children, the younger a babe of six months. About 6:30 o'clock, while we were at breakfast, four Indians, wearing blankets and in war paint, came to the house, but did not offer to enter. They said they were going to fight the Chippewas. After looking about the premises for a few minutes they left and went over to Mr. Earle's. Here they demanded his gun, saying they wanted to borrow it to fight the Chippewas, but were refused it.

Very soon the news spread through the settlement that a hundred or more Indians were out on the prairies trying to catch the horses of the settlers, and Mr. Henderson, David Carrothers, Eugene White and some others went out to prevent them. The Indians refused to let the horses alone, saying they wanted to ride them on a war party against the Chippewas, and the men were compelled to return. Mr. Earle had seven horses and he ordered his sons to take them to the lower agency for safe keeping until the pretended Chippewa raid was over. They were on the way when they met a Mr. Veightman, from the agency, who reported that the Indians had broken out and were killing all the whites. The lads who had gone [illegible] gave the other horses also encoun[illegible] Mr. Veightman, and soon the dreadful intelligence had reached us all. At first I could not believe it. It was as if you should be informed that your neighbors of one political party had broken out and were killing all who did not agree with them. But the appalling report was soon confirmed. David Carrothers, my brother-in-law, came after me and the children and we went with him to Mr. Earle's, where all of the immediate neighbors were soon assembled.

Fleeing for the Fort.

It was soon determined to go to Fort Ridgely, fifteen miles distant, over the road along the prairie from that fort to Fort Abercrombie. This road was about two miles to the northeast of Mr. Earle's and crossed the Birch Coulie about a mile north of where the battle was fought. To reach it the nearest way we had to cross the unbroken prairie. There were nearly thirty persons in the party. There were four men, Mr. Earle, Mr. Henderson, David Carrothers and a Mr. Wedge, and four boys or young men nearly grown; the remainder being women and children. Mr. Earle had a wife and six children, two of the latter being young men of seventeen and nineteen. Mr. Earle had a spring wagon, or buggy, and into this we placed poor Mrs. Henderson on a feather bed. With two horse teams belonging to Mr. Earle, and another wagon to which three yoke of oxen were attached we began our journey. Few of us had been able to secure any of our personal effects, I and my children had nothing except our clothing.

We had proceeded but a few rods from Mr. Earle's when the four Indians I have mentioned and some others came after us and soon overtook us. The teams were stopped and Mr. Henderson and David Carrothers went out to them to learn their intentions toward us. They were plainly and bluntly told, "You and all the whites are to be killed." A parley took place, and the strongest possible remonstrances were made on our part against our threatened fate. We knew many of the Indians personally and familiarly, and we urged our former friendly and pleasant relations with them, and presented our cause in other ways so strongly that at last the savages seemed affected, and they agreed to spare our lives if we would give up the teams and our other property. David Carrothers pleaded for the spring wagon and team in which Mrs. Henderson and her children were, and they agreed also to this, and then they shook hands with all of us, and seemed greatly pleased that we were all to live. Indeed some of them said they bore us no sort of personal ill-will, that we had always been good to them, and that they liked us, but that Little Crow and the other chiefs had given positive orders to kill all of the whites, and it was dangerous to disobey. These Indians were all, or nearly all, of Little Crow's band; perhaps some of Shakepee's band were present.

The Massacre and Capture.

Again we set out, but after going about ten rods some Indians came back and demanded the team and wagon or buggy conveying Mrs. Henderson and her children. We all protested, but without avail, and it was finally agreed that the horses should be given up and the wagon retained. Again we went on, the men, Henderson, Carrothers and Wedge, drawing the light vehicle by hand. Mrs. Elizabeth Carrothers sat by Mrs. Henderson and held an umbrella over the poor lady to shield her from the sun. We had gone about twenty rods, and I was some distance ahead of the wagon, when I heard the Indians singing a war song. As I looked around I heard the report of three guns, and soon a general fire was opened upon us. Mr. Wedge fell dead by the wagon at the first volley. Mrs. Elizabeth Carrothers jumped out, but two balls passed through her dress before she reached the ground. The Indians were some distance to the rear of us, and Mrs. Henderson took off a pillow case and requested her husband and David Carrothers to hold it up as a flag of truce, hoping it would stop the firing. The symbol of surrender was not respected. It was fairly riddled with bullets, and the fingers of one hand of Mr. Henderson, who was holding it, were shot off, and then the flag fell. The two men then ran toward the rest of us, Mr. Carrothers carrying his two little boys and his gun; if Mr. Henderson had a weapon, his hand was too badly shattered to use it. The poor man was killed in the battle of Birch Coolie with his arm in a sling, and because he was endeavoring to escape at the time the monument commission left off his name in the inscription. He was a most excellent man, and no stigma justly rests on his memory.

Meantime those of us who were ahead of the wagon were endeavoring to escape, the Indians chasing us. Mr. Earle and his sons and Eugene White were in the lead. Taking my children I ran into the mud and water of a slough or marsh near by. An Indian whom the whites called "John," but whose Indian name I have forgotten, was the first to come near me. He commanded me to come to him. I asked him what he meant to do, and reminded him that I knew him and his wife very well and had always treated them and all of them kindly, and now must I and my children be murdered as our reward? He said if I would come to him our lives should be spared, and that he would have me for his wife or "squaw" and protect us. There was no other way out of the trouble but to obey him. I came to him and he took me to where the other women and children were. There were here Mrs. Earle and her two daughters, Julia and Elmira; Mrs. White and her daughter, Julia, and an infant son; Mrs. Elizabeth Carrothers and baby and myself and my two children. The most of the Indians came up to us and shook hands and said we were all now going to live with them. We now sat down on the grairie and were guarded by two Indian warriors while the remainder continued in pursuit of the fugitives in front.

Taken to Crow's Village.

In this pursuit Mr. Earle's son, Radnor, a son of Mr. Whitty, and the two children of David Carrothers, little boys, were killed. The Indians came up within gunshot of Mr. Carrothers, and he put down the child he was carrying to fire at them. As he was in the act of firing, the little fellow was shot through the head. The men were chased some miles, but all finally escaped. During the chase all the men fought the Indians as the best they could. Radnor Earle, only fifteen, dropped in the grass and fired at the savages when they were close upon him, seemingly determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, but the gun was only loaded with pebbles, and perhaps did no execution, and he was shot by two of the foremost Indians.

When the Indians returned from the pursuit they took us back to the wagons. They would not allow us to return by where poor Mrs. Henderson lay, but we saw a fire at the place she had been last seen, and afterwards learned that she had been killed and the bed set on fire and thrown upon her and her body partially consumed. The Indians killed her two children, one two years and the other six months of age, by beating their brains out with a violin box belonging to the Earle boys. We were driven to Mr. Earle's house and stood by the door while the Indians plundered and devastated it. They took such things as they wanted and destroyed the rest, breaking up the furniture, throwing the dishes through the windows, etc. "John" brought us some water from the spring, and then we were all put into the wagons and driven off toward Crow's village.

On the way we passed my house, Mr. Hunter's, Thomas Robertson's Patrick Hayden's, Benedict Enne's and Mr. Eisenrich's, all of which were deserted and plundered. "John" told me he had cut off Mrs. Hayden's head, and that Mrs. Eisenrich and her children were at their house, but this was untrue, for Mrs. Hayden, a young woman of twenty, escaped with her baby to Fort Ridgely, and Mrs. Eisenrih and her children were then prisoners in Little Crow's camp. We crossed the Minnesota to the south side, a mile or more above the Lower Agency ferry. I was made to drive a wagon up the steep bluff. At the river we were given a lunch from a box of provisions which had been packed by Mrs. Earle. When we reached the road on the crest of the bluff the wagon was loaded from a pile of plunder taken from the stores at the sacking of the Agency that morning—dried fruit, blankets, dry goods, etc. Here the wagon in which my sister-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Carrothers, and others were, was driven away from us toward Shakopee's village. I begged hard that my sister-in-law might remain with me, but was refused. "John" told me to drive fast, for he said he had heard cannon, and he feared the soldiers were coming.

Little Crow as Host.

We soon came into Little Crow's village and stopped near his house. I asked "John" to allow me to go to the chief's house, but he refused, saying: "You belong to me. I will soon have my tepee ready for you to go in, and then I will take care of you." But in a few minutes Little Crow himself came up. He shook hands and seemed pleased to see us. I then asked him if I might go to his house. He tried to be polite and agreeable, and readily conducted us to his mansion, which was a two-story frame, built of boards set upright and battened, with one room below and two above, plastered, fitted up with a cooking stove, chairs, tables and other furniture. I said to him that I and my children were hungry. Pointing to a sack of flour he said: "Go and make you some bread then." He then left the room, and one of his squaws came, prepared some bread fried in grease, made coffee and I and the children ate our supper. The table was supplied with dishes, knives and forks, etc., and I remember there were butter and sugar. I think the squaw that served us was Little Crow's eldest wife. She was very kindly disposed, and when she was getting supper she said to me: "There are many white women out there (pointing out of doors), and they are constantly being brought in. They are all crying and making a great ado. Now, don't you cry nor make any [illegible] Our men do not like that. No matter what you see or feel keep quiet and appear to be contented. That is the best way." Her advice impressed me and I followed it. I controlled my feelings at all times, and was really astonished that I was able to do so, for I was a witness to many terrifying scenes.

After supper I went out and sat by the door crying for my little ones, particularly for my younger child, Tommy. The warriors came trooping into the village yelling and whooping over the success of the day, especially at their easy and bloody victory over Capt. Marsh's men. I assumed an appearance of unconcern, and my demeanor so affected little Althea that she ran out with the Indian children and shouted with them. In a little time Little Crow came and gave me a sudden push, saying: "Go into the house or some of the warriors will kill you." He really seemed anxious to keep me from being harmed, and perhaps I was in danger, for the Indians were all excited and many of them were intoxicated. I went into the house and sat behind the door with Tommy in my lap and my little girl by my side. There were other white women in and about the house. A brother of Little Crow came in and sat down by the side of a German girl, and, putting his arms about her, said to the rest of us: "This is my squaw." He was a rather tall, lithe formed man, and I have been told that his name was "Unk-to-maska"—the White Spider. He told me that "John's" tepee was ready for us, and that we must go to it with him at once. So we followed him.

Becoming a "Squaw."

Arriving at the tepee we found it all prepared in the Indian fashion. "John" seemed to consider himself our master and acted as if we were to remain with him. Supper was being cooked outside of the tepee,, and we sat down around the fire, but scarcely had we been seated when a squaw come and took Mrs. Earle and her daughter Elmira away with her, and I saw no more of them. We ate supper a second time, and while were eating "John's" squaw fitted up the tepee. After supper we went in—Mrs. White and her baby and myself and my two children. We sat down on a buffalo robe and Mrs. John gave me a comb and told me to braid my hair in the Indian fashion. I did so, and when I had finished I asked her for a string to tie the ends of the braids together, but she answered in half contempt for my tastes, "O, tie it up with a spear of grass; that is the way we Indian women do." A comforter was brought and a bed made for the children, and soon they were sleeping as peacefully as if they were in their own little beds at home.

"About 10 o'clock Little Crow came to see us again; I never knew why he showed such interest in us. He had quite a conversation with us, but he did most of the talking. He said the outbreak had been a great success and that the whites had all been driven out of the country, and he meant to drive them still further, and that next spring he would plant corn on the site of the town of St. Peter. He finished his boast by saying, "Don't be in a hurry to go to bed. You are Indian women now and you must make yourselves some Indian clothes to wear." Mrs. John now brought us a bolt of blue broadcloth, which had been taken from a store at the agency, to make our skirts from and some calico for sacks. She also furnished us with thread and needles and we set to work. In a little while we had completed and donned our new costumes, and our appearance in them created much merriment among the Indians. I affected to be amused also, though I really felt as Mrs. White did, and she was grave and sober enough.

In Peril and Privation.

The greater part of the Indians were up all that night. They were very busy in molding bullets and in other preparations for war. Mrs. White and I crouched together in the tepee conversing in whispers, and never for an instant closed our eyes. We had no desire to sleep. John was absent from the tepee most of the time; he seemed very busy and much occupied. Once when he was out I had a terrible fright. A large Indian came into the tepee and ordered me to go out to a corn field and get corn and feed the horses. I pretended not to understand him, and in his efforts to make me he brought an ear of corn and made other signs. He acted so threateningly that at last I asked Mrs. White, "What shall I do?" She answered, "What can you do? You will have to go." Just then John came back and drove the savage away, thwarting his evil purpose, whatever it was.

Another time a scout came in and reported that the soldiers were coming. He said he had been out east of Fort Ridgely and saw them and had ridden off at once to give the alarm. Instantly preparations were begun to leave for Yellow Medicine, and there was a great commotion. But an hour later another scout arrived and said he saw the same soldiers his comrade had, but that he watched them and saw them go into Fort Ridgely, and that there was but one company of them, anyhow, and so a crier went about proclaiming Little Crow's orders that we should remain where we were. It seems that Little Crow had sent out scouts far to the east, and some of them had seen Lieut. Sheehan and his company marching back to Fort Ridgely from an intended trip to Fort Ripley, having been turned back by the news of the outbreak.

The next morning we had for breakfast boiled beef without salt. John said "we have no salt, but we will have plenty today." I could not eat the unsalted meat, though John's squaw advised me to, for she said it was all we would get until night, as we were all going up to "Pa-ju-ta-zee" (Yellow Medicine) that day. After breakfast Little Crow's and other warriors set out to attack Fort Ridgely. "John" went with them. He dressed himself in a new coat taken from the agency. I saw him rip the labels from it. For some reason he turned it inside out before putting it on. He was killed next day in the fight at Ridgley and his body buried somewhere on the field. This was the first fight at Ridgely.

After John and the other Indians had gone John's squaw guarded me very closely. She told me that I must not go out of the tepee alone. She said there were very many bad men in the village who would take advantage of every opportunity to harm me. She always attended me and made me wear a blanket over my head when I went out. I have forgotten to mention that soon after my arrival at the village the first day George Spencer was brought in badly wounded. I went out to him and talked to him a few moments. I knew him personally and he told me how the agency had been attacked, and gave me the particulars of how he had been wounded nigh to death. John would not allow me to do anything for him or even to approach him very near, saying the Indians would kill me if I did. About 11 o'clock of the second day a squaw came and took away Mrs. White and her baby. I felt very badly at being deprived of Mrs. White's company, but tried to appear indifferent and unconcerned.

The next day, Wednesday, was the day of the first attack on Fort Ridgely. We soon received the news that the Indians had been repulsed, and that "John" was killed. His squaw was greatly affected and lamented and mourned so piteously that I sympathized with her, especially as I then feared that my husband had been killed and that I, too, was a widow.

Little Crow Settles a Dispute.

I think it was about noon of the following day when Little Crow and others came to our tepee, and there was a very heated consultation among them. I heard the word "nepo" (kill) pronounced many times, and knew they were talking about killing some one, but as I did not understand the language perfectly and as they talked very rapidly I did not know who it was. They retired, and then "John's" widow told me that it was I that was to be killed. She said now that John was dead each of four other Indians wanted me for his wife, and as they could not agree among themselves who should have me Little Crow had been asked to decide. He had grown angry, and said that rather than have his warriors quarreling about such a matter he would end the dispute by having me killed. She said: "The chief has ordered me to take you and your children into that cornfield and leave you there and then some men will come and kill you. Let us go at once." At that time I was so excited (though I tried to appear composed) that it did not occur to me that this was a rather singular way of executing a prisoner—to send her away into a cornfield and expect her to stay there unguarded until some one should come and kill her and her children; but I thought of nothing then but preparing for death, though I remonstrated as best I could against my fate.

The Prisoner Reverses the Decision.

The squaw took me out deep into the corn field, she carrying one of the children and I the other. She stopped and said rather curtly." Take off that skirt." I protested a little and she went on: "You are to be killed and that skirt is new and too good to be killed in; it will do very well for me." I asked her to bring me something to wear in its place and she ran back to the tepee and brought me an old quilted skirt, half in tatters, and I soon made the exchange. She then bade me good bye and went off. A terrible thunder storm was approaching and as soon as she started off I went further into the corn field and sat down. Soon an Indian came to us and said they were not going to kill me, and hurried off, seemingly to get out of the storm. I went on a little further, and then for the first time it occurred to me that I might escape. I saw another Indian apparently searching for me, but I crenched down with the children, and though he came within six rows of me the corn and the rain, now falling in torrents, prevented his seeing me. As he disappeared I went on stooping and creeping through the corn until I came to a [illegible] patch, when taking Tommy in my arms and bidding Little Althea keep close by me, I ran boldly across the little open field and soon reached the shelter of the good thick brush and woods on the slope of the bluff along the south side of the Minnesota. My daughter, now Mrs. Saulsbury, though she was not four years old at the time, distinctly remembers this circumstance and often reminds me how excited I must have been to crouch and creep so carefully through that corn, and yet when I was crossing the potato field I ran upright across it in full view of the Indian tepees and any one! Now, the reader knows as well as I whether the Indians really assured the squaw that I was to be killed, as she told me, or whether her taking me into the corn field with my threatened fate before me was only a ruse to enable me to escape. Nor do I know whether Little Crow directed her to do as she did in order that I might run away.

Wife and Weans in the Wilds.

I went tearing along through the brush and woods, carrying Tommy and dragging Althea after me for some time. I plunged into the most tangled thickets I could find from choice. Soon my sack was in ribbons and the lower half of my skirt was completely torn away, my arms and lower limbs were bare and torn and bleeding. I had taken off my shoes when I became "an Indian woman" and my feet were grievously wounded. What little clothing we had on was soaking wet with the terrible rain. At last Althea was exhausted, I was out of breath, and we sat down to rest. I now began to think. Not of home, husband, friends or anything sentimental, but how I might best complete my escape. I said to myself: "The outlook is not very promising. But I am nineteen years of age, strong, fully developed, and healthy, and I will save myself and my children if it can be done. I know that the soldiers will be in this region in a few days, and I can easily hold out till they come, and I can care for the children somehow." Then I went on to reason that if the Indians pursued me they would think I had got some distance away, and would not look for me near the village, and I determined that I would fool them by remaining near where I was.

So when night came on good and black I stole out of my thicket with my little ones and went down into the Minnesota bottom, wading through the tall rank grass and weeds to near the head of Tiger lake, where I made a sort of lair and "went into camp." Every rod I would put down the children (I was carrying both of them) and go back and straighten up the grass to conceal my path. We passed a wretched night. Mosquitoes! They nearly devoured us. My breast and arms and lower limbs were naked, and they settled upon me in swarms, and I scraped them off almost by handfuls. I protected the little ones as best I could [illegible] though they were sorely as sailed, to my great relief they never uttered a cry.

Three Days in a Cellar.

The next morning I tried to cross the Minnesota and go to my house for some clothing, but the water was too deep for me to manage the children in it. I tried hard to find a ford, but was afraid to venture too far. We remained in the vicinity of Tiger lake—only about two miles or so from Little Crow's village—for three nights. Once I hid the children and set out alone and walked for some hours in search of a ford, and in returning to them. On the morning of the third day I went up the bluff and on east to near the Lower Agency. There were two parallel roads, one along the east of the bluff and the other half a mile south, over the prairie. I took the one nearest the bluff, and at the same time saw some Indians going over the other. I started to go down the steep bluff into the woods again, and finally found a path leading down to A. J. (or "Joe") Campbell's spring. I hid near the spring until in the twilight, and then went back up the bluff to Campbell's house. Finding a feather bed, I threw it down a trap door through the floor into the cellar, and went down with the children, and, oh, how soundly we slept that night. The next morning I went into the garden and dug some small potatoes and fed the children upon them. Somehow I was not very hungry myself, although I had eaten nothing for four days. I now determined to remain here until the soldiers came, which time, I thought, could not be very long, and for some time I expected them every hour. I remained in Campbell's cellar for three nights and two days, with nothing for myself and the children to eat but the little raw potatoes. At different times the Indians came into the house and walked about the floor over our heads, but luckily they never explored the cellar.

Onward for Freedom.

At last I despaired of rescue by the soldiers, and indeed I feared that Little Crow had executed his threat to kill them all—at least those at Fort Ridgely—and so I thought best to push on and try to reach the whites somewhere, if not at the fort, then at St. Peter or even farther below. I went on the agency ferry, where I expected to cross the river on the ferry boat, but when I came to the ferry the boat was gone. I wandered on down along the stream and presently came to a rude box boat, pointed at one end and nearly full of water. On the opposite shore lay the body of one of Capt. Marsh's men who had been killed in the slaughter at the ferry. I baled out the boat with a tea cup which I had brought from Campbell's and got into it with the children and pushed off. The boat leaked badly and I was kept busy bailing it with my tea cup. I was so weak that [illegible] on me and I was forced to abandon my intention of going down the stream to the fort, and to lay and [illegible] to the north bank. I succeeded in catching some willows that hung over the bank and pulled the boat ashore. During my voyage, which must have been two or three miles in extent, I saw the bodies of other soldiers lodged in the driftwood.

Famishing and Freezing.

On the shore I took a strip of cloth and bound little Althea on my back, for she was now too weak to keep her arms clasped about me, and taking Tommy in my arms I set out for Fort Ridgely. I could not walk very fast, but I got on fairly well. I ascended a hill and reached the road from the agency to the fort just at sundown. Proceeding I reeled and stumbled on, occasionally falling, for somehow I seemed to have lost control of my limbs. I did not seem to myself to be so very weak, and I did not allow myself to think I was hungry. Presently I came to a deserted and plundered house. I approached it cautiously and stopped to rest and to search for food. There was nothing in the house to eat but a few flakes of dried dough adhering to a saucer, and I soon scraped them out and swallowed them, but in the garden I found some cucumbers. I pared them with an old chisel, ate some myself. Cucumbers alone are not very "filling," but when one is famishing it is good to have something, if only a chew. Dark came on, and I again set out, hoping to reach the fort before daylight and to learn whether or not the Indians had taken it. It was toilsome traveling. I could scarcely walk and the mosquitoes were very annoying. They attacked my face in swarms and it was soon quite bloody, for I could not protect it, having both my children to carry. Soon I heard horses coming ahead of me, and I went off a little way from the road and hid in the grass and let a band of Indians ride by—scouts, I presume, who had been reconnoitering the fort. I slept where I was till dawn.

In the morning I set out again. Soon I came to another deserted house, a Mr. Busche's, three miles from the fort. Here I found some sugar; how delicious it was! I found some butter, but it was almost putrid, and we could not eat it. I continued foraging about and at last went into the cellar. While here suddenly a man came and looked down upon me. At first I thought he was an Indian, and that I was caught at last, but he said in a pleading voice: "Please, lady, won't you give me something to eat!" How glad I was! I replied: "That is just what I am looking for." He was a German, and had been there for three days and nights, hiding in a haystack the most of the time. He had escaped from the upper country, was badly demoralized, and was afraid to try to go nearer to the fort, as he had heard firing there at intervals and occasionally seen Indians, and believed that it was still being besieged. I encouraged him to go with me, and assured him that I would go alone if necessary, and at last he consented and we started, he carrying little Althea. In a little time we ascended a hill, and could see the fort. From the garrison flag-staff a banner was flying, and as the breeze spread it out I could see to my unspeakable joy that it was the flag of our country, the beautiful stars and stripes! It was the most delightful and rapturous sight I ever beheld. I had been eight days in traveling only about sixteen miles.

At Last the Fort and the Flag!

But my German friend reminded me that though it was plain that the fort was still in possession of the whites, yet the Indians might be investing it, and we proceeded cautiously. When we were within half a mile of the fort the pickets saw us, and a small party of men from the garrison, Lieut. Culver and Mr. J. W. De Camp among them, came out and met us. Mr. De Camp supposed that I was his wife until he came very near me, but she and her children were then still prisoners. I was in a sad plight, to be sure, half nude, the little clothing I had in tatters and rags, my face and the other exposed portions of my body dirty, mosquito bitten, and bramble-torn. Just before I reached the house where I met the German I suddenly encountered a savage-looking dog, which did not see me at first, and I wondered how I would dispose of him. But the dog disposed of himself, for no sooner did he see me and take in my general appearance than he wildly fled from the scene! I was not presentable when the soldiers met me, and a blanket was brought and I was wrapped in it, and then taken into the fort.

Lieut. Sheehan, the commander, gave me a cordial welcome and escorted me to the house of a family whose name I am sorry not to remember, and soon I and my children were made as comfortable as possible. The kindly lady gave me one of her dresses to wear. She was short in stature and I was tall, and the dress [illegible] below my knees and did not fit well in other particulars, but it was a welcome change from my former costume. The good woman at once set about feeding us. She was without experience in caring for famished people, and she prepared a bountiful meal. I had no more sense than to begin to eat ravenously and to allow the children to do so, and soon we were taken very ill and the doctor had to come. I was at the fort when Gen. Sibley came with his forces, and soon after was sent down with other refugees to St. Peter, and from thence I went to La Crosse, Wis., where I remained the following winter. * * * During the trying period I have attempted to describe there were many incidents which I might give were not this narrative already too long. My children acted throughout like little heroes. They seldom cried and made no alarms. Althea often asked for food and said she was "so tired," but I could always comfort her in some way. As for myself, I do not understand how I bore up so well during those terrible days. I only knew that one cannot tell how much can be endured until he is put to the test.

—Helen Carrothers McNanney.

Minneapolis, Nov. 15, 1894.

A Premium on Politeness.

London Daily News: A want of politeness is a disadvantage at St. Petersburg. In one of the principal streets is a large fruit shop, belonging to a very wealthy merchant, who, besides selling fruit, keeps an elegant restaurant in the same building, and occupying a position directly behind the shop. Two young officers of the guard the other day entered, had lunch together, and after paying their bill both went out. They had, however, only proceeded a short distance when one of them missed his pocketbook, and, thinking that he might have left it in the restaurant where he and his friend

The Atmosphere of Love

Is a pure, sweet breath. This desideratum is one of the results of using Sozodont, which not only invigorates and preserves the teeth but renders the mouth as fragrant as a rose.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES.

THE NORTH WESTERN LINE
C St P M & O Ry

Thro' Trains Leave Union Depot: *Daily. †Ex. Sun.
FOR CHICAGO—*8:00 am. †6:25 pm. *8:10 pm.
SOO C'Y, OMAHA, KAN. C'Y—†8:40 am. *7:55 pm.
DULUTH AND SUPERIOR—†10:55 am. *11:00 pm.
MANKATO—†5:05 pm. NEW OFFICE—Robert & 6th Sts, Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Opp. Hotel Ryan.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

TICKETS: 193 East Third Street and Union Depot.

Leave.	ST. PAUL UNION DEPOT.	Arrive.
b8:05 am	Willmar, Morris, and Brec	Browns Valley
b3:30 pm	Fergus Falls, Far	ridge
b3:30 pm	..Osseo, Clearwa	o, Grand Forks
b8:30 pm	....Anoka, St. Cloud	er, St. Cloud
b4:30 pm	....Excelsior and	Willmar
a6:30 pm	‡Breckinridge,	Hutchinson
	....Forks, Grafton,	Fargo, Grand
	‡Anoka, St Cloud,	Winnipeg
	Crookst'n, Grand	Fergus Falls,
	Butte,	Forks, Helena,
a7:45 pm	.....Seattle, Pacific Coast	Anaconda, Spokane,
b8:05 am	..Soo Falls, Yankton, Soo City	Pacific Coast

b 7:00 pm
b 6:05 pm
b11:55 am
b10:55 am
b11:55 am
a 7:30 am
a 7.15 am
b 7:00 pm

a Daily; b Except Sunday; ‡ Dining and Buffet Cars, Palace Sleepers, Tourist Cars.

EASTERN MINNESOTA RAILWAY

Runs the only fast train from St. Paul through Union Depots Minneapo and West Superior to Duluth without change Cars. Finest Buffet Parlor Cars in the West.

Leave.	ST. PAUL UNION DEPOT.	Arrive.
7:05 pm	West Superior and Duluth	
	Sunday	6:55 pm

NORTHERN PACIFIC.

The Dining Car Line to Fargo, Winnipeg, Helena Butte, and the Pacific Northwest.

Dining Cars on Winnipeg and Pacific Coast Trains.	ST. PAUL Leave.	Arrive.
Pacific mail (daily) for Fargo, Jamestown, Livingston, Helena, Butte, Missoula, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland	4:15 p. m.	1:35 a. m.
Dakota and Manitoba Express (daily) for Fergus Falls, Wahpeton, Crookston, Grand Forks, Grafton, Winnipeg, Moorhead, Fargo and Jamestown	8:00 p. m.	7:00 a. m.
Fargo Local (daily except Sunday) for St. Cloud, Brainerd and Fargo	9:00 a. m.	6:20 p. m.

Dakota Express does not run west of Fargo on Sunday.

Pullman Sleepers daily between St. Paul and Grand Forks, Grafton, Winnipeg, Fergus Falls, Wahpeton and Fargo.

PULLMAN FIRST-CLASS and TOURIST SLEEPERS are run on through Pacific Coast Trains.

C. E. STONE, City Ticket Agent, 162 East Third Street, St. Paul.

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

	Lv—ST. PAUL—Ar
Chicago "Day" express	*8:05 a. m. †10:45 p. m
Chicago "Atlantic" express	*2:55 p. m. *11:55 a. m
Chicago "Fast Mail"	*6:55 p. m. *2:45 p. m
Chicago "Vestibule" Limited	*8:10 p. m. *7:55 a. m
Chicago via Dubuque	4:10 p. m. *10:55 a. m
Dubuque via La Crosse	8:00 a. m. †10:45 p. m
St. Louis and Kansas City	*8:35 a. m. *6:35 p. m
Milbank and way	†5:20 a. m. †6:30 p. m
Milbank and Aberdeen	*8:15 a. m. *7:45 a. m

*Daily. †Ex Sun. Ex Sat. ¶Ex Mon.
For detailed information call at ticket offices.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

—Trains leave Union Depot. City Office 364 Robert street, corner Fifth. Telephone 150.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.	Leave.	Arrive.
Chicago-Dubuque Night Express		*8:30 p m
Chicago, Dubuque, Kan. City, St. Joe, Des Moines, Marshalltown, Waterloo, Cedar Falls.	†8:00 a m	†10:50 p m
Dodge Center Local	*7:30 p m	*7:35 a m
	*3:35 p m	*10:10 a m

Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Railway.

From Union Depot, St. Paul, daily

Leave.		Arrive.
6:10 p. m.	Through train for Boston, Montreal and [illegible] land points	8:55 a. m.
8:15 a. m.	Vancouver, New Whatcom and Pacific Coast points	7:05 p. m.
8:15 a. m.	Local to Pennington, Wis	7:05 p. m
6:10 p. m.	Local to Glenwood, Minn.	
	From Broadway Depot, foot of 4th street, daily, except Sunday:	
:30 p.	St. Croix Falls	10:15 a. m.

City Ticket Office, 398 Robert street (Ryan Hotel).

ST. PAUL & DULUTH R. R.—Trains from Union Depot; City Ticket Office, cor. Sixth and Robert Sts. (Ryan Hotel); chair cars on "Limited;" sleepers on night trains, ready for occupancy after 9 p. m. For suburban trains see time cards. Telephone 661.

FOR DULUTH, WEST SUPERIOR, HINCKLEY, ETC.

*Daily. †Ex. Sunday.	LEAVE.	ARRIVE
†Local Mail	8.20 a. m.	2.50 p. m
*Limited	1.55 p. m.	6.25 p. m.
Night Express	11.15 p. m.	7.15 a. m

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES

Trains leave St. Paul 12:35 p. m. and 6:35 p. m. daily for Milwaukee. Chicago and intermediate points. Arrive from Chicago 8:25 a. m. and 3:45 p. m. daily. Dining Car service "a la carte" on all trains.
City Ticket Office, 164 East Third street.

Burlington Route

Leaves Union Depot for Chicago, St. Louis and down-river points 7:30 a. m; Arrives from Chicago 2:30 p. m. except Sunday. Leaves Union Depot for Chicago and St. Louis 7:40 p. m; Arrives from same points 8:25 a. m. daily.

EUROPEAN STEAMERS.

GERMAN MEDITERRANEAN SERVICE

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD S. S. CO. | HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE.

Fast steamers between New York and Azores, Gibraltar, Algiers, Naples and Genoa
Werra, Nov. 24, 2 P. M., for Alg., Nap., Gen.
Kaiser W. II., Dec. 1, 10 A. M., for Genoa.
F. Bismarck, Dec. 8, 1:30 P. M., for Alg., Nap., Gen.
Fulda, Dec. 13, 10 A. M., for Genoa.
Normannia, Jan. 5, M., Alg., Gen., Alexandria.
Kaiser W. II., Jan 19, 1 P. M., for Alg., Nap., Gen.
Werra, Feb. 2, 10 A. M., Alg., Nap., Gen., Azores.
Normannia, Feb. 16, 11 A. M., Alg., Nap., Gen.
Kaiser W. II., Feb. 23, 7 A. M., Alg., Nap., Gen.
Werra, March 9, 9 A. M., Algiers, Naples, Genoa,
All steamers stop at Gibraltar.

Return tickets available for the steamers of either line from Naples, Genoa, Gibraltar, Hamburg, Bremen, London, and Southampton. Direct connection from Genoa, Naples, to Egypt by N. G. Lloyd S. S. Co.'s Imp. Mail Strs.

North German Lloyd. Oelrichs & Co. G. Agts, 2 Bowling Green, N. Y.
The Oldenburg-Jasberg Co.
Agts for Minneapolis.
Joseph M. Pottgieser, Germania Bank, Bothman & Lohrbauer, Agts for St. Paul.

Hamburg-American Line, 37 Broadway, N. Y.
Oldenburg-Jasberg Co., Washington Bank, Agts for Minneapolis
Joseph M. Pottgieser, A. E. Johnson & Co., John G. Allen.
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TRADE MARK
BIG G
CURE YOURSELF!
Big G is a non-poisonous remedy for all unnatural discharges, and any inflammation, irritation or ulceration of mucous membranes.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, on receipt of $1.00. Descriptive Circular mailed on request.
Manufactured by
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U. S. A.
PRICE $1.00

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA.
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England

by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the U. S., Canada, and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones St., N.Y.

DOCTOR BRINLEY

251, 253 and 255 Nicollet Ave.,
MINNEAPOLIS, - MINNESOTA.

The eldest and Only reliable medical office of its kind in the city, as will be proved by consulting old files of the daily press. Regularly graduated and legally qualified; long engaged in Chronic, Nervous and Skin Diseases. A friendly talk costs nothing. If inconvenient to visit the city for treatment, medicine sent by mail or express, free from observation. Curable cases guaranteed. If doubt exists we say so. Hours—10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 8 p. m.; Sundays, 10 to 12 a. m. If you cannot come, state case by mail. Special Parlor for Ladies.

Nervous Debility, Organic Weakness, Failing Memory, Lack of Energy, Physical Decay, arising from indiscretions, Excess, Indulgence or Exposure, producing some of the following effects: Nervousness, Debility, Dimness of Sight, Self-Distrust, Defective Memory, Pimples on the Face, Aversion to Society, Loss of Ambition, Unfitness to Marry, Melancholy, Dyspepsia, Stunted Development, Loss of Power, Pains in the back, etc., are treated with success. Safely, Privately, Speedily. **Unnatural discharges cured Permanently.**

Blood, Skin and Venereal Diseases, All forms affecting Body, Nose, Throat, Skin and Bones, Blotches, Eruptions, Acne, Eczema, Old Sores, Ulcers, Painful Swellings, from whatever cause, positively and forever driven from the system by means of Safe, Time-tested Remedies. Stiff and Swollen Joints and Rheumatism, the result of Blood Poison, surely Cured.

KIDNEY AND URINARY Complaints, Painful, Difficult, too Frequent or Bloody Urine. Gonorrhœa and Stricture promptly cured.

CATARRH, Throat, Nose, Lung Diseases, Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis and Epilepsy; Constitutional and acquired Weaknesses of Both Sexes treated successfully by entirely New and Rapid Methods. It is self-evident that a physician paying particular attention to a class of cases attains great skill. Every known application is resorted to and the proved good remedies of all ages and countries are used. No Experiments are Made. On account of the great number of cases applying the charges are kept low; often lower than others. Skill and perfect cures are important. Call or write. Symptom list and pamphlet free by mail. The Doctor has successfully treated and cured thousands of cases in this city and the Northwest. All consultations, either by mail or verbal, are regarded as strictly confidential and are given perfect privacy.

DR. BRINLEY, Minneapolis, Minn.

GALENIC MEDICAL INSTITUTE

NO. 67 EAST THIRD STREET.



Established in 1861, for the cure of PRIVATE, NERVOUS and CHRONIC DISEASES, including Spermatorrhœa or Seminal Weakness, Nervous Debility, Impotency, Syphilis, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Diseases of the Kidneys, etc.

The physicians of this old and reliable institute (all regular graduates) especially treat all of the above diseases and guarantee a cure in every case undertaken, and may be consulted personally or by letter. Sufferers from any of those ailments, before consulting others, should understand their diseases, and the latest improved treatment adopted at our Institute by reading our books.

THE SECRET MONITOR AND GUIDE TO HEALTH—A Private Medical Treatise on the above diseases, with the Anatomy and Physiology of the Sexual System, in Health and Disease, containing nearly three hundred pages and numerous illustrations, sent to any address on receipt of reduced price, only twenty cents, or in stamps.

Pamphlet and chart of questions for stating case on above diseases sent free.

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Address letters thus
GALENIC INSTITUTE St. Paul, Minnesota.

SEVER'S ASTHMA REMEDY
INSTANT CURE.

This Old English Remedy acts like magic, overcomes the paroxysm at once, all wheezing and struggling for breath ceases, sweet, refreshing sleep follows.

Price 50c. of Druggists or by mail. Sample Free.
SOLE AMERICAN AGENT,
FRANK W. GOODWIN, Saxonville, Mass., U.S.A.

ALLEN'S IRON TONIC BITTERS

The most elegant Blood Purifier, Liver Invigorator, Tonic and Appetizer known. It build up and fortifies the whole system, invigorates the liver, aids digestion and cures dyspepsia. The first Iron Tonic Bitters ever advertised in America. Get the genuine.

J. P. ALLEN, Druggist and Chemist
ST. PAUL, MINN.

WANT COLUMN.

REAL ESTATE.

W. S. MORTON'S BARGAIN LIST.
96 East Fourth street.

FOR SALE—AN UNDOUBTED BARGAIN—Eighty feet, corner on Sherburne, near Grotto, at less that $15 per front foot. Must be sold at once.

FOR SALE—A FINE CORNER ON PORTland avenue for $3,000.

FOR SALE—IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR a nice home for little money, you can not do better than to buy that fine seven-room house, with bath, sewer, water and furnace, on Sherburne, corner, near Grotto, which I am offering for $2,300.

FOR EXCHANGE—FOR VACANT LOT OR smaller place, fine nine-room house, with every improvement, on Iglehart, near Kent. This is a modern and well built house.

FOR SALE—AN $8,500 HOUSE, WITH every known convenience, new, in district south of Summit and east of Avon, with large grounds, for $6,500. This is the greatest bargain in a fine house on the "Hill" offered on the market to-day.

FOR EXCHANGE—ONE OF THE FINEST farms in Dakota county, Minn.; 320 acres, with two sets of farm buildings, highly cultivated, one mile from railroad town. Can trade for good house on the "Hill."

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—275 ACRES of fine land, superbly located on the banks of the Mississippi river, near St. Paul, with 60 acres of splendid hardwood timber, house, barn, etc. Here is an opportunity to make a profitable investment, or a good trade.

IF YOU ARE INTENDING TO BUY, OR have property which you wish to turn in exchange [illegible] that I am prepared to suit your particular wants, as my list of properties, either for sale or exchange, is large and exceptionally choice.

6, 7 and 8 MONEY IN ALL AMOUNTS TO loan.
W. S. MORTON,
96 East Fourth street.

W. F. MORITZ, FINANCIAL AGENT.
Pioneer Press Building.

$9,300—A FINE DOUBLE BRICK HOUSE, two stories and high basement, on paved street adjoining Central park; well worth $16,000 to-day.

$4,000—WILL BUY TWO BUSINESS LOTS, with two buildings; University avenue, east of Kent street; finest corner on the street; this is less than half its former value; big money in this in a few years; University avenue is the principal thoroughfare.

APARTMENT HOUSE OF EIGHT FLATS, all well rented and in first-class order, mortgage has nearly five years to run; a little cash and balance in clear real estate; can give a snap on this, as it pays a handsome income after paying interest and expenses; this building was built for investment, but on account of ill-health the owner must leave city.

EIGHT-ROOM HOUSE WITH 6 PER CENT mortgage (on or before) on St. Anthony hill, to trade for clear vacant property; street paved.

$5,200—A WELL BUILT SEVEN-ROOM house and 50-foot lot on Iglehart street, near Rice; this is in desirable neighborhood and walking distance; well worth $4,500.

17 ACRES OF FINE GARDEN LAND, with strawberries and other fruits planted, with good buildings and all in fine order, four miles from this city; will sell cheap or trade for city property; (small house and large grounds preferred); land is clear; can give long time balance.

160 ACRES OF FINE IMPROVED LAND near Langdon, Washington county, to trade for improved city property, or vacant, if clear; this is only 1½ hours' drive from St. Paul; can divide in 80 acre farms.

$750—FOUR-ROOM HOUSE AND LOT, Lafond street, east of Mackubin; a corner; little cash.

$1,620 FOR FIVE-ROOM HOUSE, ST. Anthony avenue, near Mackubin; monthly payments; 6 per cent interest on balance.

I HAVE MONEY TO LOAN ON CITY property in small and large amounts at lowest rate of interest. W. F. MORITZ, Pioneer Press Building.

E. I. METCALF,
For sale—City property—Farm lands.
TO RENT—HOUSES—FLATS—STORES.
328 Robert street, Cor. Fourth.

FOR SALE—TEN-ROOM HOUSE AT HOWard Park; water, bath, furnace, hardwood finish; half a block from Interurban cars; will sell at a low figure or exchange for improved property. E. I. Metcalf, 328 Robert street.

LINCOLN AVENUE RESIDENCE, NEAR Dale street; new house with modern improvements, ten-rooms, hardwood finish; will sell low for cash. E. I. Metcalf, 328 Robert street.

SMALL COTTAGE FOR SALE ON IGLEhart, near Louis street; finely located property; price $3,000; any terms convenient to purchaser. E. I. Metcalf, 328 Robert.

A BARGAIN IN BUSINESS PROPERTY on Fourth street, 44x100, one block from postoffice, one block from court house; will sell at a low figure. E. I. Metcalf, 328 Robert street.

$5,000 FOR HOUSE ON HAGUE AVENUE; handsomely finished, water, bath, etc.; eight rooms; terms to suit purchaser; all clear. Apply to E. I. Metcalf, 328 Robert street.

TWENTY-SEVEN FEET ON FOURTH street, near Minnesota, for sale at a safe figure for an investment. E. I. Metcalf, 328 Robert.

LINCOLN AVENUE VACANT PROPERTY; Portland avenue vacant property; Summit avenue vacant property for sale. Apply to E. I. Metcalf, 328 Robert street, corner Fourth.

BACON, STONE & CO.,
105 East Fourth street.

WE HAVE TWO LOTS ON MARSHALL avenue at $25 per front foot, and three on Iglehart at the same price. We would like to have buyers compare these prices and locality with any residence property in the city on any first-class street.

WE LOOK AFTER PROPERTY FOR RESIdents and non-residents. We do a general renting business. Try us.

INVESTORS FOR INCOME ONLY CAN through us place their money in prime real estate mortgages at current rates.

WANTED—PARTIES WHO WISH TO buy, sell or exchange real estate to call and see us. We have houses to trade for vacant lots. We have farms to trade for houses. We have clear property to trade for mortgaged property. We have houses to trade for farms. We want land near St. Paul at $50 per acre. We want those who have real estate to sell to come and see us. We want those who wish to buy a house or lot, or farm lands, or business property to call and examine our list. We mean business.
BACON, STONE & CO.,
105 East Fourth street.

H. & VAL J. ROTHSCHILD,
319 PIONEER PRESS BUILDING.

WE CALL YOUR ATTENTION:

MAKE US AN OFFER.

SUMMIT AVENUE LOT, NEAR KENT.
FAIRMONT AVENUE, NEAR AVON.

WE OFFER:

UNIVERSITY AVENUE LOT, ONCE SOLD FOR $1,500, AT $500.
ANNA E. RAMSEY LOT ONCE SOLD AT $1,500, FOR $575.
RICE AND FRONT, $475.

$1,400 BUYS 353 ACRES OF GOOD SOIL, A short distance west of Rush City if taken at once. E. L. Allen, 306 Manhattan Building.

$8,000 BUYS THE BEST HOUSE FOR THE money; St. Anthony Hill east St. Albans street, south Summit avenue. E. L. Allen, 306 Manhattan Building.

$3,000 TAKES THE BEST HOME ON ST. Anthony Hill for the money; storm windows, screens, sewer, water, open grate; east of St. Albans, south of Carroll street. E. L. Allen.

A NICE COTTAGE, WELL LOCATED, TO exchange; what have you got to offer? E. L. Allen, 306 Manhattan Building.

HOUSES, STORES, FLATS IN ALL PARTS of the city to rent very cheap. Allen & Co., 306 Manhattan Building.

ROOMS FOR RENT IN PRIVATE FAMILY, suitable for four young gentlemen, with light and heat; near Albion. Allen & Co., 306 Manhattan Building.

WANT COLUMN.

REAL ESTATE.

BARNES & LARKIN,
104 East Fourth Street.

160 acres of improved land one and one-half miles from Rochester, Minn., to exchange for house and lot; well located.
240-acre fine farm; improved; good house and outbuildings; near Redwood Falls; 110 acres plowed and ready for crop; to exchange for house and lot.
Fifty-five clear lots near Lake Phalen to exchange for improved property.
440 acres improved land near Crookston; good buildings; all under cultivation; worth, with stock and machinery included, $16,500, to exchange for business block or flat building; will assume small mortgage and pay from $10,000 to $15,000 cash.
Wanted to exchange a clear house and lot valued at $12,000 for improved farm within driving distance from city.
"Wanted to Buy"—A house and lot near University avenue; will pay from $1,000 to $2,000—all cash.
We have several small amounts to loan—$300, $500, $1,000 to suit; call and see us.
For rent—No. 667 St. Anthony avenue, a modern seven-room house; $15 per month.

FOR SALE BY E. E. PARKER,
203 Endicott Building.

22 ACRES OF FINE LAND—GOOD HOUSE and barn only ten miles south where hundreds of men are employed in making improvements to-day.
200 ACRES—150 CULTIVATED—HOUSE and barn and near the stock yards; did you know that a new bridge is being built across the Mississippi at South St. Paul; bringing in new roads; more stock and making more manures for farmers and gardeners which will in a few years double the price of land in this vicinity?
12 ACRES ONLY ONE MILE FROM THE stock yards; will sell all or part of this land; can you ask for anything better than this for a garden? come in Monday and [illegible] list of farm lands, have also [illegible] houses for sale at $1,500 down to $250.

Miscellaneous City List.

$1,150 BUYS A SOUTH FACING, 40-FOOT LOT, ON UNIVERSITY AVENUE, NEAR DALE STREET; THIS IS ABOUT ONE-HALF THE PRESENT VALUE OF THE LOT; WILL TAKE HALF CASH AND ARRANGE BALANCE TO SUIT BUYER. WILLIAM C. READ, 304 PIONEER PRESS.

WE ARE BUILDING A HOUSE FOR A gentleman on Hague avenue; just west of Avon street; go and see it if you would like to have us build one for you; we will do it; you can pay for it monthly; we can build cheap these days. Smith & Taylor, 218 Manhattan Building.

A. A. WHITE, TOWNSITE PROPRIETOR, 1020 PIONEER PRESS BUILDING, ST. PAUL, MINN.—BUSINESS AND RESIDENCE LOTS FOR SALE IN NEW TOWNS ON THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA, NORTH DAKOTA AND MONTANA; SPLENDID OPENINGS FOR ALL [illegible] DEVELOPING RENEW AND RAPIDLY GIONS ON THIS LINE; GREAT OPPORTUNITIES FOR MEN OF MODERATE MEANS IN THESE RAPIDLY GROWING TOWNS; MILLIONS OF ACRES OF RICHEST GOVERNMENT LAND FREE TO ALL.

SMITH & TAYLOR

OFFER

BARGAINS

IN

BUSINESS

PROPERTY.

TWO OF THE CHEAPEST LOTS IN MARSHALL'S ADDITION TO WEST ST. PAUL THAT HAVE BEEN OFFERED SINCE 1883; PRICES THAT ARE RIDICULOUSLY LOW; FIRST-CLASS SPECULATION TO HOLD; BIG ADVANCE WHEN PROPERTY MUST BE HAD FOR SIDE TRACKAGE OR WAREHOUSE PURPOSES. H. T. M'CLUNG, FIFTH AND JACKSON.

FOR SALE—A SPLENDID NINE ACRE garden lot with good house; barn, granay chicken house, etc., fine well of water all in first-class order; located within six miles of city hall; land under high state of cultivation; will sell at a bargain; must be sold by Nov. 24. Reese & Co., 83 East Fourth street.

WE CAN SELL

YOUR PROPERTY

IF YOU WILL

MAKE PRICES TO

SUIT THE TIMES.

SMITH & TAYLOR,

218 Manhattan Building.

FOR SALE BY A. H. HOLTERHOFF, Room 414, Lumbermen and Builders' Exchange, Seventh and Cedar—Special bargain in a modern eleven-room house, No. 326 East Tenth, corner Pine; short distance from business center; must be sold.

MUST SELL TWO FINE RESIDENCE lots at what they will bring for cash. Address P 89, Pioneer Press.

DR. SOLOMON'S BITTERS IS THE BEST stomach and liver regulator in the world.

Outside.

A FLORIDA HOME—$6,500 WILL BUY A beautiful winter home near Jacksonville, Fla.; forty acres rich soil; cottage surrounded by fine park and garden; servants' house, barn, etc. all in perfect condition; about 1,500 fruit trees, many now bearing; high location; no malaria. For further particulars address John C. Hochmuth, Greenland, Duval county, Fla.

FOR SALE—ACRES—OVER 500 FARMS for sale in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Dakota on our easy crop payment plan; only 10 per cent cash, balance one-half crop each year. J. A. Walters, No. 109 Fourth street south, Minneapolis, Minn.

ACRES—FRUIT FARM—$50—FIVE ACRES—Scott county, Minn.; high, dry; near railroad; fruits, vegetables, nuts; $5 cash and $1 per month until paid. Vividus Co., Box 146, Minneapolis.

ACRES WANTED—THE VERY BEST BARgain in 80 or 160-acre farm in Minnesota. J. A. Walters, 109 Fourth street south, Minneapolis, Minn.

MUSICAL.

BANJOS—THE J. B. SCHOLL & CO. HIGH grade, superb toned banjos. 271 Wabash avenue, Chicago. Send for catalogue.

WANT COLUMN.

PERSONALS.

LADIES, TONTE IS THE ONLY SUCCESSful bust developer known; never fails to enlarge bust 4 to 5 inches; guaranteed; $2; confidential book (sealed) free if you mention this paper. Mrs. Dr. H. T. Miller, 21 Quincy street, Chicago; write; postal card will do.

SANTAO—FOR MEN ONLY; GREATEST restorer and developer known; cures weakness, error, lost vitality, varicocele; enlarges shrunken and undeveloped parts; guaranteed; $2; confidential book free. Dr. H. T. Miller, 21 Quincy street, Chicago, Ill.

JOHN MATHIAS STOPPENBRINCK OF Hamburg, Germany, aged thirty-four, has not been heard from since 1891; any one able to give information concerning him is kindly requested to inform John Kofal, 7120 Dobson avenue, Chicago.

ATTENTION, LADIES!—"EMMA" Developer will enlarge your bust 5 inches; guaranteed; sealed instructions 2c, or 24-page illustrated catalogue 6c, by mail. Emma Toilet Bazar, Boston, Mass.

SEND FOR LITTLE BOOK, "HOW TO speculate successfully in the Grain and Stock markets; mailed free. Comstock, Hughes & Co., Rialto Building, Chicago.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS—CONsultation and health book free by lady attendants. 29 Germania Bank, Fifth and Wabasha.

MRS. DR. REARDON—MASSAGE, ELECtric, vapor baths. 34 East Seventh, Room 304, 9 to 9, Sundays included.

MARRIED LADIES' SAFEGUARD—NO medicine; no deception; send 10 cents. Kyphe Rubber Co., Chicago.

236 EAST SEVENTH STREET—EXPERT massage, Spanish and alcoholic baths. Anna of Chicago.

AUCTION SALES.

FINE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE, CARpets, lace curtains, silks, etc., at public auction—We will sell at public auction in our salesroom, No. 22 and 24 East Seventh street, on Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., a large assortment of merchandise, consisting of the following goods: Four very handsome oak bedroom suites, large oak hall tree, elegant parlor suite of five pieces, one Emmerson piano, a Western Cottage organ, sideboard, extension tables, dining room, chairs, sofas, folding bed, six-hole cooking range with water front. The following out of C. O. Rice's carpet stock: Over ten rolls of Royal Wilton carpets, fifteen rolls of Axminsters and over 2,000 yards of ingrain carpets, rugs, Irish point lace curtains, over thirty-five bolts of drapery, silk and tapestries. Out of Wolterstorff & Haskell's hardware stock: 100 pairs of skates, brass and copper cooking utensils, tinware, knives, forks, silverware, table and tea spoons, carving knives, porcelain-lined cooking utensils of all descriptions; if you want to furnish your home cheap, with good goods, attend this sale. Kavanagh & Johnson, Auctioneers, 22 and 24 East Seventh street.

A TREMENDOUS EFFORT TO UNLOAD goods—On Wednesday, Nov. 21, at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., in our salesroom, No. 22 and 24 East Seventh street, we shall sell the balance of the C. O. Rice carpet and drapery stock, as well as the assigned stock of Wolterstorff, Haskell & Co.'s hardware stock, consisting of ten rolls of Royal Wilton, 15 rolls of Axminster and 2,000 yards of ingrain carpets, rugs of all sizes and descriptions, Irish point and Brussells net lace curtains, twenty-five bolts of the highest quality of drapery silks and tapestries, fringes, etc; 100 pair of skates, brass and copperware, porcelain-lined cooking utensils, table and tea spoons, carving knives, forks, tea kettles of all sizes, bird cages, woodenware, etc. By all means attend this sale for bargains. Kavanagh & Johnson, Auctioneers, 22 and 24 East Seventh street.

AUCTION—CLOTHING AND SHOES AT auction at the store, No. 106 East Seventh street—We have auction sales every day from 10 to 12 a. m. and from 2 to 4 p. m., until the entire stock is sold; the stock consists of ready-made clothing, hats, caps, tailor-made clothes, furnishing goods, etc.; also a large stock of boots and shoes, etc.; these goods all good, reliable goods, and must be sold regardless of cost or prices. Jebb & Schauer, Auctioneers.

AUCTION—A. S. WELLES, THE SIXth street installment jeweler, No. 23 East Seventh street, between Cedar and Wabasha streets, continues to sell watches, jewelry and clocks at auction; sales daily at 10:30 a. m. and 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. All ladies attending our sales are given a ticket free, which entitles the holder to a chance at the free drawing for a diamond ring, a gold watch or some article in silver. Drawings take place daily.

FOR SALE—GREAT BARGAINS IN clothing—We have the entire stock of clothing of Croonquist & Peterson to close out at our store, No. 422 Wabasha street; a fine line of clothing and overcoats, hats and caps, underwear, etc.; also a large stock of shoes at great bargains; about one-half the regular price. Jebb & Schauer, Auctioneers.

AUCTION NOTICE—NOTICE IS HEREBY given that in accordance with the by-laws of the Gervias Lake Syndicate, said Syndicate will sell to the highest bidder at public auction eighteen shares of stock, at the office of J. H. Schurmeier, Rosabel street, St. Paul, Minn., on Tuesday, Dec. 17, 1894, at 8 o'clock p. m.

FOR SALE—COAL STOVES CHEAP—WE have about fifty first-class second-hand coal stoves; a few fine square and some double heaters to sell very cheap; also a very large lot of bed room sets, rockers and chairs, etc.; at our store, No. 18 East Seventh street. Jebb & Schauer, Auctioneers.

BOARD WANTED.

WANTED—FIRST-CLASS BOARD FOR family of three; must have two connecting rooms; prefer two or three completely furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Address P 1, Pioneer Press.

WANTED—TWO FURNISHED ROOMS and board for gentleman, wife and two daughters, aged nine and five, near good public school; give full particulars. Address P 3, Pioneer Press.

WANTED—GENTLEMAN AND WIFE with board and room for the winter; near to business center; references. Address with terms and particulars, W 74, Pioneer Press.

BOARD AND ROOM BY TWO YOUNG ladies, central locality; references exchanged. Address C, Pioneer Press.

FURNISHED ROOM WITH BREAKFAST and 6 o'clock dinner; Grand avenue line; private family. J 60, Pioneer Press.

BOARD WANTED BY GENTLEMAN IN [illegible] neighborhood preferred. Address B., 678 Grand avenue.

INSTRUCTIONS.

PERSONS WISHING TO TAKE LESSONS on the guitar can procure the services of Mrs. Samuel Cummings as teacher. Call or address 717 Holly avenue. Terms and reference on application.

PRIVATE EVENING LESSONS GIVEN in bookkeeping, arithmetic, writing, etc., by an expert accountant who is a college graduate and good business man. Address P. O. Box 2380, St. Paul.

PROF. J. REMER, JR.'S, ACADEMY FOR Dancing—New class meets every Tuesday and Friday evenings; children's class meets Saturday afternoon. Call at or address 185 Rondo street.

ELOCUTION, DELSARTE AND DRAmatic culture; private and class lessons. Miss Haas' Studio, 340 Grove street.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

HORSES WINTERED — SHERWOOD farm, three miles from St. Paul; warm stables; best of care; references furnished. William E. Kendrick, 404 Drake Block, St. Paul.

FOR SALE—$150 SET OF DOUBLE CARriage harness, for $35; silver mountings; patent leather trimmings. Address H. & C., Pioneer Press.

WANTED—A GOOD LIGHT THREE-quarter-seat top buggy in exchange for a fine cart or gold watch. P 4, Pioneer Press.

AT STABLE CORNER SIXTH AND CEDAR you can sell buggies, sleighs, cutters, harness and robes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MASONIC AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS—Raymer's "Old Book" store, 243 Fourth avenue south, Minneapolis.

~~Birch~~ Birch coulee clippings held out for Sioux U. notes of M.H.

Imperial
MADE IN U.S.A.

Reorder No. R912

PARK BRAND FOLDER

MEDIUM HEAVY WEIGHT

REINFORCED TAB

Hon. S. R. Van Sant, Speaker House of Representatives.

Sir:— Your Special Joint Committee to whom was referred the resolutions of the Sixth and Seventh Minnesota Regiment Veteran Associations, relative to the Birch Coulie Monument, beg leave to submit the following supplementary report, ~~to their report received and adopted by the House of Representatives Monday, April~~ 8th instant. ~~Your Committee further asks that this supplementary be made a part of the original report~~ which they respectfully ask be made a part of their original report received and adopted by the House of Representatives on Monday, April 8, instant:

Your Committee ~~made~~ held frequent sittings and heard and considered a large volume of testimony, oral, ~~and~~ printed, and documentary, listened to arguments and made thorough and impartial examination of the entire subject. ~~involved~~. The two main points of the subjects involved were: first (1) the location of the monument, and (2) the correctness of the inscriptions thereon, and upon these points the Committee, upon all the evidence and testimony adduced, came to the following conclusions:

The present location seems inappropriate, is so considered by a very large majority of the survivors of the battle and of the citizens of the State who have considered the subject, and evidently is not the location of the commemorative structure contemplated and designed by the Legislature

It must be conceded that, if Gen. Sibley were alive, a few words from him would effectually settle the question of the identity of the commander at Birch Coulie. Gen. Sibley is dead, but he has left upon record the facts as he knew them in language so plain that it is impossible to mistake his meaning.

Personal ~~statement~~ opinions and individual views cannot be allowed to controvert

Personal assertions ~~unsupported by a~~ and individual opinions, unsupported by competent and ~~established~~ concluded authority, cannot be allowed to controvert official records and established historical facts.

The theory of a conspiracy has nothing worthy of attention to support it, and in view of the well known high character of Gen. Sibley and his associates against whom the insinuation was made cannot for a moment, or in any respect, be entertained.

THE BIRCH COULIE GHOST.

The Official Record vs. Captain Grant.

Brown's Valley, July 28.— To the Editor: I generally read the Pioneer Press pretty thoroughly, but somehow the article signed "Capt. H. P. Grant, In command at the Battle of Birch Coulie, Sept. 2 and 3, 1862," in the issue of the 16th, escaped my notice until yesterday, when my attention was called to it.

And the captain renews his preposterous claim to command at Birch Coulie! Verily, the classic proverb that "Even the Gods have no power to contend against stupidity," has a forcible illustration in his case. For, in face of the official reports of all the principal participants in that tragic event,—in the face of the official report of Gen. Sibley, and of all the histories ever written of the events, and the corroborative evidences of such men as Judge Flandrau and Judge Egan, as given in the Pioneer Press of June 4 last, clearly showing that my father, the later Maj. Joseph R. Brown, was in command, he comes forward blowing his horn through the country, and proclaiming that he and not Maj. Brown was in command there.

Having been a captive in Little Crow's camp at the time of the battle of Birch Coulie I, of course, do not know of my own knowledge who was in command there. But history and all cotemporary publications, so far as I have seen, records that my father was in command, and it appears to me to be pretty much out of place for any one to come forward at this late day and undertake to steal his thunder.

Allow me to state briefly the following facts which will, let us hope, forever end this unnecessary and unfortunate Birch Coulie discussion, and if the captain wishes to continue it and thereby earn a little cheap notoriety, he can hereafter, so far as I am concerned, have the field all to himself.

Gen. Sibley, in his official report of the Birch Coulie affair, says: "I dispatched Capt. Grant, with his company of seventy-five men of the 6th regiment, thirty-five men of the mounted volunteer force under the command of Capt. Joseph Anderson, and an armed burial party of twenty men, in all about 153 men, the whole under the command of Maj. Joseph R. Brown, with orders to proceed to the late butcheries," and further on in the report refers frequently to my father, as "the further orders given to Maj. Brown," the camp of Maj. Brown," "Maj. Brown's camp," etc.

Maj. Brown writes the official report as commanding officer of that ill-fated expedition, and makes it to "Col. H. H. Sibley, commanding expedition in Sioux country," and it is dated "Fort Ridgely, Sept. 4, 1862,"—the next day after the return of the expedition. He says: "In compliance with your orders I left the encampment at this post on the morning of Aug. 31, 1862, to visit the different settlers between this post and Beaver river to search for and bury all persons that could be found murdered, and at the same time to examine the country about the Lower Sioux agency and Little Crow's village, to mark all indications of the movement of the Indians and the course taken by them in their retreat. Capt Grant's company, Sixth regiment; Capt. Anderson's company of mounted men, several volunteers from the officers of the expedition, a fatigue party of twenty men and seventeen teamsters, with their teams, formed the force of the detachment. * * * On Sept. 1 the detachment marched in a body to the river bank, where the mounted company, with one team and eight of the fatigue party, accompanied me across the river under the protection of the infantry. After searching around the agency and becoming satisfied there were no Indians in the vicinity, Capt. Grant was directed to remain with his company on the east side of the river to bury what murdered persons could be found at the cressing and at the settlements, as far as Beaver river, and from the Beaver river to return to the upper timber on the Birch Coulie and encamp," etc.

Capt. Anderson writes an official report, and makes it to "Maj. Joseph R. Brown, commanding expedition to Sioux agency," and says: "Sir: I have the honor to report that on the morning of Sept. 2 at 4 o'clock, my company, consisting of fifty-one officers and men, constituting a part of your command," etc.

Hon. T. J. Galbraith, an officer of the interior department, in his official report for 1862 says: "On Sunday the 31st of August a detachment of a company of mounted men under Capt. Anderson and a company of infantry under Capt. Grant, were sent out under the command of Maj. Joseph R. Brown. Several citizens, among whom I was one, volunteered to go along," etc.

Heard's "History of the Sioux War" says: "On Sunday, the last day of August, Capt. Grant's company of infantry, seventy men of the Cullen guard under Capt. Anderson, and a detail of citizens and other soldiers, together with seventeen teamsters, with teams, numbering in all 150 men, were dispatched under command of Maj. Joseph R. Brown, to the lower agency for the purpose of buying the dead and ascertaining the whereabouts of the enemy," etc.

Neill's "History of Minnesota" says: "A burial party of twenty men under the escort of one company of infantry, and the available mounted force, in all about 200 men, under the command of Maj. Joseph R. Brown, was detailed to proceed and inter the remains of the murdered at the lower agency and at other points in the vicinity. This duty was performed * * * and the detachment was en route to the settlements on the Beaver river, and had encamped for the night near Birch Coulie," etc.

Mrs. McConkey's "Dakota War Whoop" says: "A detachment composed of one company of cavalry under Capt. Anderson, and another of infantry under Capt. Grant, in command of Maj. Joseph R. Brown, was sent out Aug. 31 by Col. Sibley, commissioned with the sad burial charge of these victims of savage brutality. * * * They moved three miles to Birch Coulie, where they encamped for the night," etc.

The adjutant general in his report for 1862 does not mention the name of the commander at Birch Coulie, but he does not mention the name of the person who commanded the troops that "crossed the river," and omits other important facts. He gives unmistakable evidence, however, that Maj. Brown's official report as such commanding officer was used and formed the ground work of his narrative. In his narration of the Birch Coulie affair he says: "On the 1st of September the entire command marched to the river bank, where the mounted company with one team and eight of the fatigue party crossed the river, under protection of the infantry. After search and examination made in the vicinity of the agency, and becoming satisfied that no Indians were in the neighborhood, Capt. Grant was directed to remain with his company and twelve of the fatigue party and sixteen teams on the east side of the river. He was instructed to proceed as far as the Beaver river, bury such dead as could be found on the way, and thence return to the upper timber on the Birch Coulie and encamp," etc.

Now, Capt. Grant was the senior captain of the expedition. Who, then, "directed" him as to the movements and duties of his command? Who "instructed" him to "proceed as far as the Beaver river" and then "return to the upper timber on the Birch Coulie and encamp?" Who commanded the troops that "crossed the river," and after "search and examination" became "satisfied that no Indians were in the neighborhood," and issued the necessary orders to Capt. Grant?

But let us "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." It is an undisputed fact, I believe, that during the fight at Birch Coulie, when my father was struck by a ball in the back part of the neck, which touched the spine and brought him to the ground senseless, and was removed to the hospital tent by Lieutenants Swan and Patch, where he remained a few minutes, until consciousness was restored, Capt. Grant, as the "ranking officer," became technically the commander, and, it may be presumed, acted in that capacity for a few minutes. As soon, however, as Maj. Brown returned he resumed his command, and, as we are informed, superintended the construction of the rifle pits.

—S. J. Brown.

Capt. Grant's stupid references to "that secret meeting," "the old Indian ring," etc., would be amusing were it not for the fact that Gen. Sibley, Maj. Brown and Capt. Anderson are in their graves and beyond all power of answering. The criticisms are therefore not only stupid, but contemptible and silly, and when he says that "this battle of Birch Coulie is the last we hear of Maj. Joseph R. Brown being in command during the Sioux war" he exposes his ignorance, for everybody knows, who knows anything at all about this war, that Maj. Brown served in it from its commencement in 1862 to its close in 1866, and during that time was nearly always in command of both white and Indian troops and scouts on the frontier.

—S. J. B.

It sometimes takes years and the expenditure of much money to do justice and repair inexcusable blunders. After several years delay and a probable cost of $5000, the legislature has ordered the Birch Cooley monument taken from the fair grounds, where it was placed to please private parties, a mile and a half from the battle ground proper, and placed where the fight actually occurred. They have also ordered the name of the man second in command which was inscribed there as first erased and the proper name substituted. Much of this is due to the untiring efforts of Major R. J. Halcomb, of St. Paul, who was determined that justice should be done. "Uncle Bob" is thorough going when he starts after anything.

BIRCH COULIE CASE.

CAPT. JO ANDERSON MAKES THE FIRST PUBLIC STATEMENT OF THE BATTLE.

OPERATIONS OF HIS COMPANY.

He Regards Maj. Brown as Commander—Made His Report to Him—Details of the Fight—Affidavit Taken at Oklahoma—Survivors Will Read With Interest.

The Dispatch presents the first authoritative statements made and sworn to yet printed regarding the Birch Coulie controversy. They are an affidavit of Capt. Joseph Anderson, who commanded one of the two companies engaged in the expedition and battle—Capt Grant commanding the other—giving an account of the operations of his company, and also the rough draft of his original report to Maj. Jo R. Brown, who Capt. Anderson says was the commander. In all ofthe many publications these are the first sworn statements made, and are therefore worthy of attention and respect. They are also the first public statements to appear in print from Capt. Anderson, whose declarations, many have said, would well nigh settle the controversy. Capt. Anderson, now a resident of Oklahoma City, O. T., commanded a cavalry company, largely composed of St. Paul men, many of whom yet survive and will read with interest these communications from their old leader.



Capt Joseph Anderson

To the Governor and Adjutant General of the State of Minnesota, or to Whomsoever Else it May Concern:

I will first say that this affidavit is made to vindicate and maintain the truth of history as it has stood for the past thirty-two years.

I, Joseph Anderson, make and subscribe to the following affidavit, to-wit:

First—That I was a member of the Minnesota militia company known as the "Cullen Frontier Guards," and acted part of the time as a private soldier, and part of the time as a sergeant, between St. Paul and St. Peter, Minn., commencing by receiving arms, in common with all the men of the company, under command of Capt. W. J. Cullen, Aug. 1, 1862, at the grand old Mackubin block in St. Paul.

Second—That we marched on the 22d to Shakopee, and on the 23d to Henderson, when we met several wounded refugees and first saw the light made by the Indians, and that we arrived at St. Peter on the evening of Sunday, Aug. 24, after having done some skirmishing.

Third—That on the night of said Sunday I was elected first lieutenant of said company.

Fourth—That I was called to Sibley's headquarters, at St. Peter, Minn., on the morning of Aug. 25, 1862, and informed by Col. Sibley that I was already put in command of said company, on account of the promotion of

rear up to where Capt. Grant had ascended the north or northeast bluff of the Minnesota river, a route which then appeared to be known as the Beaver Creek Hill road, to where we found some members of my company, who, I think, had been left under command of one of my lieutenants and Capt. Grant in the morning of said day. They were engaged in finding and burying the remains of persons who had been massacred thereabouts.

Tenth—That, soon thereafter, Maj. J. R. Brown, who had been some distance ahead of us, returned to where we were and told me that Capt. Grant had gone on over toward the head of Birch Coulie, about three miles distant, to select a camp, or go into camp, and, as it was getting late, he wanted to go over and see, before dark came on, what kind of an encampment, or the encampment, Capt. Grant had selected; that he wanted me to send a few mounted men with him, and for me to continue in charge of the rear until all the dead thereabouts were buried, and then to follow along over to camp. I considered his request an order and proceeded to obey it, and I then and there made a request of him, which was to allow me and two or three of my men to accompany him to the top of the hill or summit, so that we could see just where Grant was, or the direction he was in, in order that if night came on before we could get through with our burial duties, we would know just the direction to take to find the camp. When we reached the summit we could see that Grant was at, or very near, the place where he made said encampment. Maj. Brown and his party went on in the direction Grant had taken, while I and the men that were with me returned to where the dead were being found and buried. We all hurried up as fast as possible, and in a few minutes accomplished our work to the satisfaction of all who were with us and had lost relatives thereabouts, when all persons with us were furnished with transportation, and we followed on as rapidly as possible over to where Capt. Grant had made said encampment. We arived there just as the sun went out of sight, and we found the camp fully established and supper fully prepared and awaiting us—which could not have been done and prepared after Maj. Brown's arrival there, and before we arrived there, as he could not have been more than thirty or forty minutes ahead of us—and furthermore several of the twenty odd members of my company that I had left with Capt. Grant's part of the detachment in the morning appeared to be quite rested, and spoke of having been in camp for quite a long time, and asked questions about what had detained us, etc. In fact, everybody then appeared to know that Capt. Grant, or some subordinate officer under him, had selected said camp ground with Grant's approval, and I have never heard that Capt. Grant had pretended to the contrary.

Eleventh—When we were ready to eat our supper that was prepared and awaiting us, I sent my compliments to Maj. J. R. Brown, and word that our duties had been performed as directed, and that we would be pleased to have him and Maj. Galbraith come over and have supper and lodging with us. Brown declined the invitation on account of having accepted an invitation to spend the night with Capt. H. P. Grant, while Galbraith accepted our invitation and came. I will further state that I did not make any kind of a report to Capt. H. P. Grant of any duties performed by us during the day, as claimed by him, and that I did not receive orders from Capt. Grant or anybody else at any time during our engagement at Birch Coulie.

Twelfth—I will further state that there never were any kind of suggestions or directions made to me by any person pertaining to whom I should make my official report of said engagement, and that my said report or reports were made and dated from a sense of duty only, without thinking for a moment that the whole business amounted to anything very great, but only what I should do as a company commander.

Thirteenth—I will further state that the only retained copy I have of my said report is a rough, imperfect draft, written by some member of the company, at my dictation, while I was lying in bed wounded, and that when it was read to me—if my memory serves me correctly—I had John Hooper, who used to be clerk at the Winslow house, in St. Paul, and who was also a member of our company, make from said imperfect draft a more correct report and deliver it to Maj. Joseph R. Brown, who was also wounded and was somewhere in or about the fort (Ridgley), or to his clerk.

Fourteenth—That this affidavit is made through a sense of respect for

servant, JOSEPH ANDERSON,
Captain Company A, Cavalry Regiment.

P. S.: The men fought throughout the whole engagement without water and provisions, except one-fourth of a hard cracker to each man and about one ounce of raw cabbage to a man, and joked each other freely in regard to their "heavy" diet.

JOSEPH ANDERSON,
Captain.

Personally appeared before me Joseph Anderson, who, being duly sworn, says, on his oath, that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the rough draft of his original report made Sept. 4, 1862.

This 21st day of August, 1894.

GEORGE O. WOODWORTH,
County Clerk.

(Seal of County Clerk of Oklahoma County, O. T., attached.)

* (Through the sentence referring to "Fred Skulks" a light pen line is drawn in the copy. In his letter inclosing the affidavits Capt. Anderson says: "Please do not fail to notice that there is a light line drawn through or across the remarks made pertaining to the conduct of Private Fred Skulks—or Fred R. Skulks—or Frederick Stoltx—whichever his real name is or was. If my memory serves me correctly this line was made at my suggestion after the clerk had written the remarks. My reasons for making the erasure at the time was that Skulks—or Stoltx—had done us a great favor by making his escape from Birch Coulie to Fort Ridgley and giving an alarm that stimulated the actions that resulted in our rescue.")

Capt. Anderson's final and official report, made and delivered to Maj. Brown, may be found in Volume 2 of "Minnesota in the Civil and Indian Wars." It, too, is addressed to Maj. Brown, as commander of the expedition.

Whomsoever Else it May Concern:

I will first say that this affidavit is made to vindicate and maintain the truth of history as it has stood for the past thirty-two years.

I, Joseph Anderson, make and subscribe to the following affidavit, to-wit:

First—That I was a member of the Minnesota militia company known as the "Cullen Frontier Guards," and acted part of the time as a private soldier, and part of the time as a sergeant, between St. Paul and St. Peter, Minn., commencing by receiving arms, in common with all the men of the company, under command of Capt. W. J. Cullen, Aug. 1, 1862, at the grand old Mackubin block in St. Paul.

Second—That we marched on the 22d to Shakopee, and on the 23d to Henderson, when we met several wounded refugees and first saw the light made by the Indians, and that we arrived at St. Peter on the evening of Sunday, Aug. 24, after having done some skirmishing.

Third—That on the night of said Sunday I was elected first lieutenant of said company.

Fourth—That I was called to Sibley's headquarters, at St. Peter, Minn., on the morning of Aug. 25, 1862, and informed by Col. Sibley that I was already put in command of said company, on account of the promotion of Capt. Cullen to the rank of lieutenant colonel of a new militia regiment that he (Col. Sibley) was then organizing, and that he had appoined Sam McPhail colonel of said regiment,and I was directed to respect and obey said officers acccordingly.

Fifth—That I continued in command of said company and performed my duty, in compliance with said orders, from St. Peter to New Ulm and return, and from St. Peter to Fort Ridgley, where we arrived Aug. 28, 1862, and where I was elected captain of said company.

Sixth—That late in the evening of the 30th or early on the morning of the 31st of August, 1862, I was directed to report at Col. Sibley's headquarters, which I did promptly, and was then directed to put my company in marching condition, with ammunition, rations, forage, etc., and to report at a stated time that day to Maj. Joseph R. Brown, who, I was told, would command a reconnoitering and burial party as far west or northwest as the Lower Sioux (or Redwood) Indian agency and the Redwood river and Beaver creek, and return.

Seventh—That I withderw from headquarters and immediately found Col. McPhail and reported to him what I had been ordered to do, and he directed me to obey said orders, which I did, and reported to Maj. Brown, ready for duty, at the appointed time, when I was directed to await his further orders, which were received in about two hours, when the command started.

Eighth—That I remained under the orders of said Maj. J. R. Brown during the remainder of said 31st of August, 1862, and of the following day, Sept. 1, 1862. During the time we proceeded west, or northwest, by way of said Redwood agency, to the vicinity of Little Crow's village, when Maj. Brown and myself proceeded to count the lodge or "tepee" foundations that led up to and for some distance west of Little Crow's house, he taking the prairie or southwest side of the road, while I, by the major's direction, took the northeast side. When I had finished counting I entered and examined both floors of Little Crow's house. There was a cooking stove in said house standing intact for use, but up stairs I did not see anything that I can now remember except empty rooms. After Maj. Brown got through counting on his side and examining through his field glass the appearance of everything in sight, he came to the yard of Little Crow's house, but did not dismount. I met him there and reported to him the number of lodge or tepee foundations counted by me, and received some orders from him. He then directed me to accompany him back in an easterly direction, not exactly forming a parallel line with the route we had just come over, but past some uninhabited houses and farms to the top of a high bluff, where our part of the detachment was soon assembled under the lead of my company trumpeter, D. M. Smith. We descended said bluff, by way of a slightly traveled and very steep road, to the foot of the hill, and thence to a good ford across the Minnesota river, and so on out through the valley or bottom lands to where we struck a well traveled road leading west and over which Capt. H. P. Grant, who had been left in the morning, with part of the command, on the east side of the river, had just marched.

Ninth—That I continued, under Maj. Brown's orders, in command of the duties performed by us during the day, as claimed by him, and that I did not receive orders from Capt. Grant or anybody else at any time during our engagement at Birch Coulie.

Twelfth—I will further state that there never were any kind of suggestions or directions made to me by any person pertaining to whom I should make my official report of said engagement, and that my said report or reports were made and dated from a sense of duty only, without thinking for a moment that the whole business amounted to anything very great, but only what I should do as a company commander.

Thirteenth—I will further state that the only retained copy I have of my said report is a rough, imperfect draft, written by some member of the company, at my dictation, while I was lying in bed wounded, and that when it was read to me—if my memory serves me correctly—I had John Hooper, who used to be clerk at the Winslow house, in St. Paul, and who was also a member of our company, make from said imperfect draft a more correct report and deliver it to Maj. Joseph R. Brown, who was also wounded and was somewhere in or about the fort (Ridgley), or to his clerk.

Fourteenth—That this affidavit is made through a sense of respect for the opinions of all whom it may concern, and with a knowledge of the fact that I should not presume to impose unsupported recollections of the long past upon my old comrades and my fellow countrymen.

JOSEPH ANDERSON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of August, A. D. 1894.

George O. Woodworth,
County Clerk.

(Seal of County Clerk of Oklahoma County, O. T., attached.)

Capt. Anderson's Report.

Or, strictly speaking, the "rough draft," referred to, and not the literal or official report, is as follows. The errors in spelling are preserved; punctuation corrected:

Headquarters Cullen Frontier Guards,
Fort Ridgley, Sept. 4, 1862.

To Maj. J. R. Brown, Commanding Expedition to Sioux Agency.

Sir: I have the honor to report that on the morning of September 2, at about half past four o'clock, my company, consisting of fifty-one officers and men, constituting a part of your command, were arroused by a report of one of the sentinel's guns, instantly followed by a most deadly volly of musketry from the enemy. The officers and men, with but three exceptions, rallied with the coolness and bravery of veterans, and immediately formed a position for battle upon their faces under the waggons in front of the encampment, and in less than five minutes from the first alarm returned equally as deadly a fire as we received from him. The officers and men all remained in position for battle, except when sent on special duty, for thirty-three hours, when we were most agreeably reinforced by Colonels Sibley and McPhail. To attempt to designate any one of the officers or men for coolness or courage would be but doing injustice to the balance, for never was there men who fought with more coolness and bravery than those under my command, with the exception to the three above alluded to, whose names are as follows: Peter Boyer, a half-breed, who deserted and fled to the enemy in the night, carrying his arms with him; Fred Skulks, who deserted and fled for the fort,* and Martin Nelson, who was panic stricken at the commencement of the engagement and remained so throughout the whole action. I will further mention that Mr. Grant, of Saint Paul, and Mr. Caruthers, of Beaver Creek, fought with my company as independent volunteers, with great coolness and bravery. We assisted Mr. Caruthers, the evening previous, to bury his little son, who had been massacred some fifteen days previously by the Indians.

During the battle there was killed in my command Sargent Robert Baxter and Private Jacob Freeman. Those who were wounded are as follows: R. Gibbons, Thomas Barton and James Cunningham, dangerously; David Smith, John Martin, A. H. Bunker, George Dashley and Henry Fandle severely but not dangerously. There are three others slightly wounded, but reported fit for duty. I received two slight flesh wounds which will disable me for a short time.

All of our horses, both cavalry and transportation horses, were either killed or so badly wounded as to make them unfit for service. Quite a number of our arms, saddles and camp equipments were rendered useless by the destructive fire of the enemy.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient

GEORGE O. WOODWORTH,
County Clerk.

(Seal of County Clerk of Oklahoma County, O. T., attached.)

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C18941

BIRCH COOLIE'S BATTLE

Will Be Fought Over Again in the Next Legislature.

The settling of the Birch Coulie monument difficulty will probably be left to the next legislature. Attorney General Childs has written to Gen. Sanborn, declining to begin injunction proceedings against the monument commissioners to restrain them from placing it on the fair grounds at Morton instead of on the battle field, two miles distant. He also declines to begin proceedings to prevent the inscription on the monument of Capt. Grant's name.

Joseph R. Brown and Samuel J. Brown, sons of Maj. Brown, who was in command, history says, at that battle, are in the city now for the purpose of consulting with Gen. Sanborn, Judge Flandrau and ex-Gov. Marshall in regard to the matter. They desire that their father should receive what honor is attached to the battle.

"We may not carry this matter to the courts," said S. J. Brown yesterday, "but we will certainly carry it to the legislature. It is a shame that Capt. Grant should attempt to appropriate what little honor there is connected with the command of that detachment, now that my father, who took all the hard knocks at the time, and Gen. Sibley and the other principals, with the exception of Capt. Anderson and Dr. Daniels, are dead. Besides we want to preserve the history of these important events as acurately as possible."

The attorney general's letter was taken by Gen. Sanborn to Judge Flandrau and ex-Gov. Marshall, and it was decided by these three pioneers to hold a consultation for the purpose of deciding what was best to be done under the circumstances. They are all positive that Maj. Brown was in command at the battle.

Much of the evidence in favor of Maj. Brown, Gen. Sibley's official report, Maj. Brown's and Capt. Anderson's reports, statements of Judges Flandrau and Egan and quotations from all the reliable histories of the Sioux war, etc., was published in the Pioneer Press on June 4. Since then Gen. Sibley's field book of the campaign, statements in the adjutant general's reports and letters from Capt. Swan, Dr. Daniels, Capt. Anderson and others, have been received, all of which corroborate the evidence already adduced. Some of this evidence, of course, is disputed by Capt. Grant who has succeeded in having his name inscribed on the monument as having been in command.

The application to restrain the commission from locating the monument on the fair grounds came too late, the attorney general says, as the monument is partially erected and the date for the dedication set. He sees no reason why any errors which may exist may not be remedied by the next legislature if the matter is properly taken before it.

The attorney general considered it unnecesary to examine the evidence in the case, and does not express any opinion as to the facts, which he considers are a proper subject for legislative inquiry.

C. D. Gilfillan's Views.

Redwood Falls, Minn., Special, Aug. 18.—Hon. C. D. Gilfillan, chairman of the commission appointed by the legislature for the erection of the Birch Coulie monument, was seen to-day in relation to the petition of the Brown brothers to the attorney general for an injunction to prevent the commissioners from placing the monument elsewhere than on the site of the battle, and from inscribing on it the name of Capt. Grant as commander of the forces. Mr. Gilfillan said that he had a letter from the attorney general on Aug. 12 suggesting that the site for the monument which they had selected on the Morton fair grounds should be changed, and also the name of the commander changed in the inscription. He wrote the attorney general a letter of nine pages on Aug. 14, explaining that it was now impossible to do this. The work had been put into the hands of the contractors, the P. N. Peterson Granite company, Stillwater, months ago, and was nearly completed. The foundation work of the monument would be finished to-night, and the monument itself with the inscription on it, bearing the name of Grant as commander of the forces, was ready at the quarries and required only to be transported to Morton. The work was entirely out of the hands of the commissioners, and would have to go on now as it was. As far as he could see, the only thing an injunction could do was to prevent the commissioners from receiving the monument from the contractors.

But if the claim of the Brown brothers was pushed, the changing of the inscription was a simple matter after all. The next legislature could appoint a committee to take evidence, and if it was found that Brown was in command, the name could be changed on the monument after it was erected for something like $50. The question of command all turned on the man who should have the honor of pitching or maintaining a camp which was surrounded by a wooded ravine on the east, a hill on the west and a hill on the south, where fifty-eight white men were killed and wounded and only one Indian hit. The commissioners by a majority of 6 to 1 were of the opinion that Capt. Grant was in command. Maj. Brown was one of the best posted men of his day on Indian war tactics, and Capt. Grant knew little of the Indian or his affairs. If he were the Brown brothers he would allow Grant to have the honor.

About the site Mr. Gilfillan said that on the fair grounds 1,000 people would see the monument for every one who would see it if placed in the Minnesota bottom, and no two men besides were agreed about where the exact scene of the battle was. If it were erected down there, it would be subject to acts of vandalism, whereas on the fair grounds it was guaranteed protection by the village of Morton. The Morton people gave a free site besides, which enabled the commissioners to erect a handsome monument. If it had been erected in a place where land had to be bought, they could only have put up a very inferior monument. The appropriation was $2,500 and the contract price $2,200, which gave them a memorial structure worthy of the deeds of the brave men who fell in that battle. Mr. Gilfillan added that if they had expected this row, the commissioners would not have put on the memorial the name of any commander, but now that it was on he did not see any way out of it but the way he had suggested.

BIRCH COOLIE MONUMENT.

An Olivia Man Warms Up a Bit Over It.

To the Editor of the Globe.

Having served my time on the battlefield of my country, and being cognizant of the fact that a few who were dear to me lost their lives in the battle of Birch Coolie, one of the fiercest engagements of the Indian outbreak, and being a resident of the locality in which the battle was fought, I have been very naturally interested in the efforts now being made towards erecting a monument in commemoration of the gallant heroes who so nobly fought against overwhelming odds in that fierce conflict. I have often wondered why it is that this old battleground has been so sadly neglected, the bones of the fallen horses, and presumably of many of our soldiers, having lain by the roadside until a short time ago; crops of all descriptions being raised on those grounds that should be held sacred by every citizen of this state.

When we of this section learned that the legislature during the last session appropriated $2,500 to be used in erecting a granite monument "which shall not only commemorate the event, but the state's appreciation of the services of the men who there sacrificed their lives in its defense," we felt that the public had at last realized that this battlefield, hallowed by the life-blood of our relatives and friends, deserves recognition.

It is with deep regret that we view the efforts of the citizens of Morton, a small, almost insignificant, village situated a mile or two from the battleground, endeavoring to have this monument erected near their race track, a half mile from their village and more than a mile from the scene of the battle, and giving for their reason for such change the simple statement that it would be more conspicuous at that point.

The act appropriating the money with which to erect this monument explicitly states that it shall be erected on the battleground, and makes no provision for its erection elsewhere. Now the question arises, are we to erect this monument for the purpose of beautifying this insignificant hamlet and making the Morton racing grounds more attractive, or are we to erect it for the purpose of commemorating the noble deeds of our comrades who left their homes, wives, mothers and sisters and all they held dear in this world to take part in this bloody conflict? Is the spirit of patriotism running so low in our sister village that they ask that the mark of appreciation be transferred from the spot that so deeply deserves it to the shabby fair grounds of an almost deserted village? Are we to allow that spot, dyed with the life-blood of martyrs, to remain unnoticed and unmarked, and erect a granite shaft to mark the place where jockeys and jugglers assemble semi-annually? I think not. I believe that the committee whose names are embodied in this act will see that this monument will be placed where our legislators intended, thus ignoring the petty schemes of those who are seeking to have it placed elsewhere.

Yours truly, PETER MILLER.

Olivia, Minn., Aug. 24.

[1894]

ANOTHER REMINISCENCE

OF THE FAMOUS BATTLE OF BIRCH COOLIE.

COL. A. P. CONNOLLY'S STORY.

The Selection of the Camp a Mistake and Who Was in Command in Doubt—Capt. Anderson's Note of Warning and Colloquy With Capt. Grant—A Graphic Picture of a Notable Event

To the Editor of the Globe.

It is now nearly thirty-two years since the memorable battle of Birch Coolie, and our memories may be at fault, but it seems to me as fresh as if it occurred but yesterday. I was a sergeant in Company A of the Sixth Minnesota, and was one of the participants on that occasion. At this late date it is hard for those who know of it simply by hearsay to appreciate the desperate position we were in, and how nearly we came being annihilated, as was Gen. Custer and his brave boys at the Little Big Horn at a more recent date.

The question of who was in command is a matter of dispute, but, as to the bad judgment shown in the two camping places, the one the first night at the ferry, and the other the second night at the coolie, there can be but one opinion. The first night I was on guard and after Capt. Anderson had given us a talk which sounded very much like a half-toned funeral oration, I got scared. I felt brave enough before that, but the picture he drew in subdued tones of how stealthily the Indians crept upon their unsuspecting foe and scalped them before they had an opportunity to awake, made me stop and think that perhaps we were, even then, fit subjects for these Indians, who come upon the unsuspecting without a formal introduction. So I went to Capt. Grant and told him what I thought of the situation. He said:

"Sergeant, you are a little nervous tonight."

He told the truth, but that did not help the gloomy surroundings. I suggested that the guard be doubled, or that the men sleep on their arms. The latter suggestion was adopted and the night wore away without an attack.

The second night we were not so fortunate. Maj. Joe Brown had been out with the scouts all day, but missed the Indians. The Indians did not miss us, however, for they had us covered all day long. My impression is that Capt. Grant selected the camping place at Birch Coolie, and got near the coolie on account of the wood and water. Maj. Brown acquiesced in it, because he gave us a talk, but it was not as gloomy as was Capt. Anderson's. He said:

"Boys, you are as safe here as you would be in your mother's house, for there is not an Indian within fifty miles of you."

At that very moment several hundred of them, not 500 yards away, were watching and waiting for the proper time to arrive for an attack, which did occur about 4 o'clock the next morning. I am writing this to correct Lieut. Swan in one or two minor things in his communication of July 23, and give him the name of the brave lieutenant who, with a squad of men, took possession of, and held the open space next the Coolie. The officer was First Lieut. Harry J. Gillham. He was afterward captain of Company A and served all through the war. He was brave and just to his men, did good service and has gone to his reward—he died several years ago at Anoka, Minn. The two men "who dashed out through the opening" were a citizen by the name of Henderson and Private Auke Johnson, of Company A, but I did not see Maj. Brown, pistol in hand, stopping any others. When these men started I ordered them to "Halt, halt, halt, or I'll fire," and I did fire, and this was my first shot of the war. Henderson never came back, but Johnson did. Henderson was the last of his family, for we buried his wife and children the night before. He was probably shot by Indians.

The first order to "lay down" came from Capt. Grant. We mistook it for "fall in" and suffered from the terrific fire of the Indians before we realized that under the circumstances it was not necessary to "fall in," "right dress," "front."

The first I heard of Capt. Anderson was: "Capt. Grant, where in hell is your infantry?"

The captain replied: "The infantry is all right; where in hell is your cavalry?"

Capt. Anderson was brave enough. We were all brave, for we couldn't afford to be anything else. Especially would I speak of Capt. Grant, Lieut. Gillham, Dr. Daniels and Corporal James Auge.

I do not remember of any horse being saddled by Maj. Brown. We had only one horse saddled, and that was on the second night. The others had all been killed. This horse was saddled by order of Capt. Grant, who had called for a volunteer to make his way to the fort and report our situation. Corporal James Auge was the brave man who volunteered to go, and at this time Maj. Brown was lying wounded in his tent, giving instructions as to the course Corporal Auge should pursue, and what to report to Gen. Sibley. While these preparations were being made the moon was under a cloud, and it was very dark, but just as Auge was about to mount his horse, the clouds broke away, and the bright moon gave the snap away. The Indians opened fire, and the horse received wounds from which he died.

The relief Lieut. Swan speaks of came just at 6 o'clock, and gave us great cheer. It was in command of Col. McPhail, who, when he saw the tents, thought to throw a few shells into the camp for fear it might be Indians instead of soldiers, but he was persuaded not to do so. This relief party did not reach us.

Maj. Joe Brown was shot through the back of the neck, and not in the head, as Lieut. Swan states. This is a small matter at this late date, but it was a sore spot then. The digging outfit consisted of one spade and one pick, aside from our pocketknives, bayonets and spoons.

Old Joe Brown sang out from his tent: "Capt. Grant, we are in a bad fix; instruct the men to be watchful, and keep the pick and shovel busy." It was an anxious night for the weary, overtaxed, hungry soldiers. We had had nothing to eat or drink for about forty hours, from the night of the attack until relief came. Some were even longer, because as soon as relief came overtaxed nature gave way to sleep, and the men were placed in wagons and hauled to the fort, which the command reached some time during the night.

I was of the impression that Maj. Brown was in command of the expedition until he was wounded. After the attack there was no red tape business, for in a very few minutes it looked as though it was every man for himself. Capt. Grant kept his head, and arranged his company to advantage, and every man kept his weather eye on the Indians. Birch Coolie was the hottest Indian fight recorded in history, excepting the Little Big Horn, and I am sorry to learn that the name is to be obliterated from the map for a substitute. Of course, I do not know why it has been done, but I would as soon think of changing Gettysburg or Shiloh.

In this memorable fight when such a large percentage were killed and mortally and badly wounded, very few escaped a draw of blood; and as the days of 1862 are fast receding and the memories of Birch Coolie are fading away, let us plant roses on the graves of the comrades who gave up their lives in the struggle and call every living participant a hero.

A. P. CONNOLLY.

Chicago, July 24, 1894.

AUGUST MAGAZINES.

The August number of Scribner's Magazine is called the "[illegible]" by its content[illegible]

C18947

May 15, 1894.

BIRCH COULIE.

Globe May 7-94

The Most Historic and Interesting Spot in the Commonwealth, About to Be Sacrificed to the Bad Faith, Bad Taste, and Self-Interest of a Few Men.

All citizens of Minnesota who have interested themselves in its history, know that on the 2d and 3d days of September, 1862, the most heroically contested Indian battle in American history occurred at Birch Coulie, this state. Marshe's ambuscade at the Redwood ferry, and Custer's sur prise on the Little Big Horn were more disastrous in their results, but no fight in all our history exceeds in valor, endurance and bloody results the battle of Birch Coulie fought by our citizen soldiery, actuated solely by patriotic motives.

Thirty-one years passed, and the survivors of this struggle met, some seventeen in number, and decided that steps should be taken to commemorate this event. A committee was appointed to petition the legislature to purchase the site of the battlefield and erect a monument thereon, that future generations might be reminded of the hardships and sacrifices which had been made and endured by the pioneers for their benefit. A committee of five was appointed to memorialize the legislature appropriately. The names of the committee were H. P. Grant, J. J. Egan, E. G. Erickson, W. H. Grant and S. C. Arbuckle, all participants in the fight, and one the commander of the whites.

This committee prepared a memorial relating the character, incidents and importance of the battle, and prayed an appropriation to "purchase the battlefield of Birch Coulie, not exceeding an area of five acres, and cause to be ERECTED THEREON a monument, which for all time shall not only be an honor to the State, but commemorate the patriotism, the valor and unselfish devotion of the men who in 1862 gave their lives for the defense of our homes and families and the onward march of American civilization." This memorial is dated January 30, 1893, and is signed by the above named committee.

It was presented to the Minnesota Historical society on the same day, and that society cordially united in the same by a resolution passed by it, which is as follows:

"Whereas, This society has learned that the Association of Survivors of the Battle of Birch Coulie has petitioned the state legislature to secure a reservation on that spot, and erect a monument to the dead who fell in that memorable conflict;

"Therefore, Resolved, That we heartily approve the action proposed, and join in the petition as a meritorious measure. Many states in the Union have secured and inclosed similar sites of battlefields on their soil stained with the blood of the heroes who were there slain, and consider these spots as sacred and necessary to preserve the historical memories of the conflict as well as to teach lessons of bravery and patriotism to following generations."

This memorial was presented to the legislature of 1893, and on the 17th of April, of that year, an act was passed appropriating $2,500 "for the purchase and conveyance to the state OF THE LAND ON WHICH WAS FOUGHT THE BATTLE OF BIRCH COULIE, on the second and third days of September, 1862, in the county of Renville, not exceeding an area of five acres, and suitably inclosing the same, AND FOR ERECTING THEREON a granite monument, which shall not only commemorate the event, but the state's appreciation of the services of the men WHO HAVE sacrificed their lives in its defense."

This act named a committee to carry out its provisions, as follows:

"Charles D. Gilfillan, of Redwood county; Dr. Stoddard, R. B. Henton and Jerry Patton, of Renville county; J. W. Daniels, of Rice county, and Samuel C. Arbuckle and William H. Grant, of Ramsey county."

Of this committee three, Dr. Daniels, William H. Grant and Samuel C. Arbuckle, were survivors of the battle, and the rest were added as living in the vicinity of the battlefield, and as supposed to have an interest in the proper exeeution of the wishes of the state.

A meeting of the committee was held. It was found that the owner of the land was willing to sell five acres for $500, and it was decided to pay that sum if no better terms could be obtained. The land was not worth probably $50 an acre. The act provided for a condemnation of the five acres if it could not be obtained on reasonable terms, but it was deemed best to take it at the price offered if that was the best that could be done, and so the matter ended, as most of the committee supposed, but such was not the case.

A town named "Morton," which had no existence at the time of the battle, has sprung into existence since, and is located in the Minnesota bottoms, about three or four miles from the battlefield. Some of the commissioners reside there, and others near by. Another meeting of the commission was held a few days since, and imagine the surprise of the survivors of the battle who were on the commission when they learned that the majority of the committee had decided to locate the monument on a bluff overlooking the town of Morton, some two miles from the battlefield, and that this unwarrantable, illegal and unpatriotic conclusion had been arrived at for the reason that some one had agreed to donate a site for the monument out of land probably not worth a cent an acre. Such a picayune, peanut reason for a direct violation of a law makes it apparent that some other reason is at the bottom of the matter.

The law is clear that the commission is appointed to purchase "the land on which was fought the battle of Birch coulie," * * * and "to erect thereon a granite monument," etc., not two miles away, but THERE ON THE SPOT WHERE THE BATTLE WAS FOUGHT. And they have no more right to put that monument on any other spot in the vicinity than they have to erect it in Bridge square in St. Paul—which, by the way, would be a much more appropriate place than the site as now chosen—which means nothing, indicates nothing, ignores the spot made sacred by the "blood of the heroes who there slain," and is selected in direct violation of the statute appropriating the money for its construction. As well have placed Bunker hill monument in Cambridge or Lynn, the Custer monument at Miles City, or the New Ulm monument at St. Peter.

If there was any reason for this action there might be some excuse for it, but there is none. The battlefield lies within 200 feet of the main highway through Renville county, and the monument would be visible to all passers by, and a constant reminder of our early struggles. Where it is proposed to place it it can only be seen from the town of Morton, at a distance of at least half or three-quarters of a mile, on a high bluff, inaccessible without immense effort. It will be indistinguishable from a grave-stone, and, in fact, utterly lost.

This thing must be stopped, and stopped quickly, and it can only be done by public sentiment being strongly arrayed against the proposed illegal and selfish action of the majority of the committee.

A similar condition of things occurred in regard to the New Ulm monument. The act of the legislature, which made the appropriation for it, foolishly authorized the common council of the city to select its location, and to the amazement of all parties interested, this body placed it in an obscure part of the town in front of a saloon, run by some one who had a pull on the authorities; and had not public sentiment been thoroughly aroused, the whole affair would have been a shameful disgrace to the town and the state, instead of a pride and ornament, as it now stands.

No doubt attempts will be made through the press to justify the action of the committee in their action in the premises. All we have to say to anyone who wants absolutely accurate information on this important matter is, write to Dr. J. W. Daniels, of Faribault, or W. H. Grant, of St. Paul, members of the committee, and they will furnish full particulars.

We hope the press of the state will take this matter up, and keep it up, until the monument is completed on the spot made sacred by "the blood of the heroes who were there slain," or legal proceedings are instituted to restrain the commission of the contemplated outrage.

[1894]

BIRCH COULIE MONUMENT.

THE SONS OF MAJ. BROWN ASK FOR AN INJUNCTION.

To Restrain the State Commission From Placing the Name of Capt. H. P. Grant on the Monument as Commander the Forces at the Celebrated Fight—Attorney General Childs Receives a Petition Asking Him to Act in the Matter and Papers Are Now Being Prepared.

Yesterday Samuel J. Brown and Joseph R. Brown of Brown's Valley, and sons of the late Maj. Joseph R. Brown, presented a petition to Attorney General Childs, asking him to commence proceedings against the commissioners of the Birch Coulie monument to restrain them from placing the monument on the Merton fair grounds, or on any other site except where the battle was fought, and also to prevent them from placing on the monument the name of Capt. H. P. Grant as commander of the forces in that engagement.

For some time these matters have been the subject of newspaper controversy, and there has been a strong feeling among many that some legal action should be taken to carry out the intent of the legislative act, as they understood it. This action has been deferred because it is claimed it was not definitely known just what the commission proposed to do. Last Friday it was ascertained that the work of placing the monument on the fair grounds had actually been begun, and that an inscription with the name of Capt. Grant as commander had already been cut. Attorney General Childs at once addressed a private note on the subject to Hon. C. D. Gilfillan, chairman of the commission, at Morgan, Minn. No reply having been received up to yesterday, the Messrs. Brown filed their petition, which follows:

The attorney general is preparing the papers for an injunction suit, and the case will soon be brought into the courts. It is understood that Gen. John B. Sanborn, Judge Flandrau, ex-Gov. Marshall and others are supporting the Brown brothers, and a strong fight will be made to set aside the action of the commission in placing the monument on the fair grounds and causing the name of Capt. Grant to be engraved as commander of the troops. Owing to this intervention, the contemplated dedication of the monument Sept. 3 will be postponed.

The Browns Petition.

The petition of the Brown brothers is as follows:

To the Hon. Henry W. Childs, attorney general of the State of Minnesota:

The petition of Samuel J. Brown and Joseph R. Brown respectfully represents and shows as follows:

That they are each sons of the late Joseph R. Brown, deceased, who was in command of the forces engaged in the battle of Birch Coulie in September, 1862.

That the legislature of the State of Minnesota has made an appropriation for the erection of a monument to commemorate said battle of Birch Coulie, and by said act directed the location and erection of the same upon the said battle field; that a committee was appointed by said act of the legislature to design and erect said monument, and to formulate the inscription thereon, which said committee consists of C. D. Gilfillan of Redwood Falls, Minn.; Dr. J. W Daniels of Faribault, Minn.; S. C. Arbuckle of St. Paul, Minn.; W. H. Grant of St. Paul, Minn.; R. B. Henton of Morton, Minn.; Dr. Stoddard and Jerry Patton of Renville county, Minn.

That said committee, in violation of said statute, has decided to and now threatens to erect said monument at a point not upon said battle field, but at a point neraly two miles therefrom; and that said committee, among other inscriptions upon said monument, proposes and threatens to place thereon the following, and has, as your petitioners are informed and believe, actually had engraved upon said monument, "Capt. Hiram P. Grant, Company A, Sixth Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, Commanding."

That said Capt. Hiram P. Grant was not in command of the forces in said battle, but the father of your petitioners, the late Joseph R. Brown, was so in command.

That in support of the allegations so made by your petitioners they refer you to the exhibits hereto annexed, being extracts from public documents, official reports, historical records and letters from reputable persons, who were well acquainted with the facts relating thereto, among which is a recent letter, dated Aug. 9, 1894, from a member of said committee, Dr. J. W. Daniels, addressed to one of your petitioners, Samuel J. Brown, and another is an original letter from the late Gen. Henry H. Sibley, who was commander-in-chief of all the forces in the expedition, from which the Birch Coulee command was a detachment.

And your petitioners especially refer you to chapter 231 of the General Laws of Minnesota for 1893, which said act makes the appropriation and directs the location of and inscriptions to be placed upon said monument.

Your petitioners further say that they fully believe that they can covince the attorney general of the truth of the statements they make beyond a doubt, and that as citizens of the State of Minnesota, and as the immediate descendants of the late Joseph R. Brown, they ask through you, as attorney general, that such steps as may be just and proper may be had and be taken on behalf of the state to restrain the said commission from locating said monument at any point other than upon the battle field of Birch Coulee, as required by the act authorizing the same, and also from inscribing thereon the statement above quoted, which is untrue and in violation of the intention of the legislature making said appropriation, and of the people of the State of Minnesota, who desire the truth of history to be recorded on their monuments.

—Samuel J. Brown,
—Joseph R. Brown,
Petitioners.

To the above petition is attached the customary affidavits.

[1894]

MOVE THE MONUMENT

That Is the Recommendation of the Joint Committee.

THE BIRCH COOLIE MISTAKE

A Mile and a Half Away—Injustice Done the Commander.

The joint special committee on the removal of the Birch Coolie monument, consisting of Messrs. Downs, Mansfield and Cross and Senators Keller a Iltis, has decided to recommeind that the monument be removed prom its present location 1½ miles from the actual ground where the fight with the Indians occurred to the battlefield itself and further that the name of Capt. H. P. Grant, now on the monument as "Commander of the forces," have substituted in its place that of Maj. J. P. Brown. As to whether or not these recommendations are carried out will then rest with the house and senate.

Among the various instruments presented to the committee was a brief favoring the removal of the monument to the battleground and supporting the claim of Maj. Brown, prepared by R. I. Holcombe. It had much to do with influencing the committee and the following synopsis recites its main points:

By the act creating the commission for locating the monument it was explicitly stated that the site should be actual field of battle; yet, as a matter of fact, the present location is a country fair ground and this despite the fact that the battle field offered a most sightly spot for placing it. At the time of locating the monument, according to the brief, four of the commissioners were officially connected with the fair ground association in question and on the vote to there place the monument they, and another commissioner as well, who was a former member of Capt. Grant's company, cast their ballots for the fair grounds. Commissioners W. H. Grant and J. W. Daniels, both of whom were in the battle, voted "no." But on the proposition to place H. P. Grant's name on the monument all except Daniels voted "aye." At one or more meetings of the commissioners H. P. Grant was present but the brief does not say that he sought to influence the commission in any way. After the location of the monument and the decision to place Grant's name thereon Daniels withdrew from the commission and attended no more of its meetings.

In placing Grant's name on the monument it is charged that an error wholly inexcusable was committed. Official records were not at all consulted, although they were "easily accessible and very plain and conclusive." The brief says: "The decision was reached by the hearing of ex-parte testimony by Capt. Grant and two or three of his particular friends and against the decided and earnest protest of Commissioner Daniels, who was surgeon of the Birch Coolie expedition, and asserted, and still asserts, that Capt. Grant was not its commanded."

Extensive testimony bearing out this statement that Capt. Grant was not commander is afforded by Gen. Sibley's reports, Judge Egan, of Ramsey county; Judge Flandreau, of the Ramsey bar, and others, and also the record of the adjutant general of Minnesota for 1862. "Not a single official record states otherwise," says the brief. The testimony also includes the testimony of Capt. Grant himself that the next day after the battle he was ordered to report to Maj. Brown as to his (Grant's) company. Grant made his captaincy in the regular army an argument to support his position, but he was not mustered into service until Oct. 1, 1862, or nearly a month after Birch Coolie had been fought. Brown was a major of the state militia, but his appointment antedates the battle.

Grant's claims are of comparatively recent origin, for he modestly waited for some 25 years before ever hinting at their existence. All of these facts are largely matters of record.

Carrying out the suggestions of the committee a bill for the removal of the monument will probably be introduced in both house and senate. The cost of the removal and which will necessarily include the purchase of the new site, is variously estimated from $500 to $1,500.

BIRCH COULIE.

Capt. Grant on His Claims as Commander in the Battle.

St. Paul, April 8.—To the Editor: The article in your paper of April 4 with reference to the Birch Coulie monument, does great injustice both to the commission and myself. The commissioners, however, are able to defend their own position, or, if not, then let them take the consequences. I only desire to reply for myself. The placing of my name on the monument as commander was not done at my solicitation or knowledge. I was not consulted by the commission or any member thereof on that subject, and did not know that any one was to be named in the inscription as commander until after the matter had been decided by the commission and the order given to the contractor. On that commission were three men who were in the battle of Birch Coulie, and, whether officers or civilians, ought to know who their commander was. Two others were old citizens, long residents of this state, and with men of such high character and standing as Hon. C. D. Gilfillan and Dr. Stoddard, were not likely to be so rash as to place the name of any one on the monument as commander without full investigation.

Now as to the evidence before the joint special committee: Four of the commissioners appeared and put in evidence, the testimony, documentary and otherwise, which had satisfied their minds that myself, and not Joseph R. Brown, was in command. In addition to this Col. Crooks, Judge Egan, S. C. Arbuckle, James Auge and eight or nine others who were present and participated in the battle testified I was in command, gave all the orders, including details for guard and camp duty, as well as orders to Capt. Anderson.

I also produced my commission as captain, dated Aug. 16, 1862, and the original muster roll of the same date, showing that I was duly mustered in the United States service by Capt. A. D. Nelson, United States mustering officer. The original order book of Col. Sibley was also produced, showing the order to Col. Crooks to detail one company, not to report to Joseph R. Brown, but to himself. Also the subsequent order appointing Joseph R. Brown a major, dated Sept. 20, 1862, seventeen days after the battle of Birch Coulie.

The instructions of Col. Sibley to me, as the commander of the expedition, were also given in evidence by Col. Crooks and other witnesses now living, who were present when I received them. The testimony also showed that Maj. Brown had no "headquarters," issued no orders in my presence, but was my guest in my tent by my invitation; that he was seriously wounded very early in the engagement, from which he fainted, and was carried to the hospital tent, and from which he never came out until after the arrival of Col. Sibley's command and the battle was over.

Against this evidence, so conclusive, Mr. Holcomb, acting, as he stated, for the sons of Maj. Brown, only interposed various histories of the Sioux war and garbled reports of Maj. Brown and others. No living witness was called or gave evidence to substantiate the claim on behalf of Maj. Brown.

As to what the report of the special joint committee is to be I have no knowledge, or whether its report is to be influenced by the very unfair and untruthful article in your paper I do not care. Facts are facts, and no circumlocution can change them. The joint special committee or the legislature may resolve that the 20th day of September in the year A. D. 1862 occurred prior to the 2d and 3d of the same month, but the people of Minnesota will not believe them. The days of miracles, as well as moccasins, are past with us.

—H. P. Grant,
Commanding at Birch Coulie.

UNWARRANTED BY LAW

J. W. Daniels Letter

BIRCH COULIE COMMISSION MAY BE ENJOINED

From Locating the Monument on the Morton Fair Grounds—Dr. Daniels' Letter.

Attorney General Childs has been consulted concerning the location of the Birch Coulie monument on the Morton fair grounds, and gives it as his unqualified opinion that the commission is bound under the act of the legislature to place the monument on the spot where the battle was fought. The action of the commission in placing the monument on the fair grounds he holds is unwarranted. There is a good deal of talk among survivors of the Birch Coulie battle of enjoining the commission, but no definite step in that direction has been taken, as far as learned.

S. J. Brown, of Brown's Valley, son of the noted Maj. Joseph Brown, deceased, was seen at the Merchants' last evening concerning the matter, but he was not disposed to talk on the subject. He, however, handed out for publication a letter he received from Dr. J. W. Daniels, of Faribault.

Dr. Daniels was the surgeon at Birch Coulie, caring for the wounded during the battle. He is a member of the monument commission, and it is understood that he has all along opposed placing the monument any place except on the battle ground. The letter, however, doesn't relate to this feature of the matter. It is as follows:

FARIBAULT, Aug. 9, 1894.—J. J. Brown, Esq., Brown's Valley.—Dear Sir: I was much pleased to see your defense of your noble father, in the Pioneer Press of the 6th, against the absurd claim put forward by Col. Grant, of St. Paul. I received my orders from Col. Sibley to report to Maj. Joseph R. Brown for duty with troops going to the Lower Sioux agency, and I have no reason to believe but that Capts. Grant and Anderson had similar orders. There was nothing that took place from the time the detachment left the fort (Ridgely) on the 31st of August until we were relieved by Col. Sibley, on the 3d of September, that gave the least suspicion that any other person than your father was in command. * * * Very truly yours, J. W. DANIELS.

TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 14, 1894.

See also, Adj. Gen. Report 1863. Sibley's Field Hdqrs - folded bt p's 308+309

Pi Press June 14/94

COMMANDED AT BIRCH COULIE.

Brown's official Report was published in Pio St. Paul Sept. 14-62.

TRUTH OF HISTORY IS DISCLOSED BY OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

The Records Show That Maj. Joseph R. Brown and Not Capt. H. P. Grant, Commanded the Forces in That Memorable Fight — Capt. Grant Is Entitled to Great Credit for His Gallant Conduct, but He Was Not the Officer in Command at the Fight.

Out of the discussion of the subject of the proper location of the Birch Coolie monument a controversy has arisen as to who was the officer in command of the white forces on the occasion of the battle, Sept. 2, 1862. Certain publications have been made and letters have been written for publication showing that among the old soldiers of 1862 particularly there is much interest on this point. Among these contributions is the following:

"Brown's Valley, Minn., May 28.—To the Editor: In its issue of the 25th inst. the Pioneer Press contained an article signed 'Capt. H. P. Grant, commanding the forces at Birch Coulie,' and in view of the fact that 'Heard's History of the Sioux War' (a recognized authority on the subject) says (page 131) that Maj. Joseph R. Brown was in command there, and also the fact that Col. Sibley's official report of the affair fully and clearly recognizes the major as the commanding officer, and the further fact that the detailed official report of the battle was made by and signed 'Joseph R. Brown, major Third Minnesota volunteer militia, commanding detachment' (see 'Life and Times of Gen. Sibley,' page 459-466), is there not a mistake or discrepancy somewhere? And will you please insert this as an act of justice to the memory of the dead?

—"S. J. B."

This controversy, it would seem, is as unnecessary as it is unfortunate. There is credit enough and honor enough from the fact alone attaching to every man of the forces who participated in that memorable engagement, from the officers to the humblest private or citizen. But since the identity of the real commander is called in question—and the distinction claimed for more than one person, whose name, it is understood, is to be inscribed as such on the monument, and thereby perpetuated as far as may be—it is best that the matter be settled as definitely and conclusively and as soon as possible. This ought to be done, not only in the interest of fairness and justice, but that the truth of history may be established, and such a presentation, to be of any value, must be wholly unprejudiced and without the distortion or perversion of facts.

In the Pioneer Press of May 25 last appeared a communication on the subject of the proper site of the monument written by Capt. H. P. Grant of St. Paul, who signs himself as "Commander of the Forces at Birch Coolie." In the Pioneer Press of May 27 there was published a copy of a letter addressed to Hon. Charles D. Gilfillan, chairman of the monument commission, and written by Col. William Crooks, who was the colonel of the regiment (Sixth Minnesota infantry) to which Capt. Grant belonged. In this letter Col. Crooks says: " * * * On the last day of that month (August, 1862) by direction of Col. Sibley, I made from my regiment a detail, consisting of Company A as escort, and of two men from each of nine companies, as a burial party, the purpose being to proceed to the agency at Redwood and the country adjacent, to bury the dead soldiers and citizens who had fallen during the outbreak, and assist any settlers who might have been spared.

"In addition to these troops, Col. Sibley sent a body of citizens, Capt. Hiram P. Grant, of Company A, being the ranking officer, was placed in command of the whole detachment. He received his instructions and orders from me as to the mode of performing the duties with which he was charged."

In the foregoing Col. Crooks states that while the expedition was sent out "by direction of Col. Sibley," and that while "Col. Sibley sent a body of citizens," yet the "command of the whole detachment" was given to Capt. Grant for the reason that he was the "ranking officer." It is important that upon this point, according to a large preponderance of the recorded evidence, it seems that Col. Crooks is mistaken in his recollections of the incident. It is not singular that a lapse of thirty-five years, spent in active and busy life, should confuse any man's memory.

What Col. Sibley Said.

As will be seen [illegible] clearly and unequivocally that he, and no one else, "dispatched" the force, and of the force itself that "the whole" was "under the command of Maj. J. R. Brown." His frequent references to that officer, viz.: "The further orders given to Maj. J. R. Brown;" the sending of certain forces "to the relief of Maj. Brown;" his characterizing the site of the engagement as "the camp of Maj. Brown" and "Maj. Brown's camp;" and his promise to send "Maj. Brown's detailed report of the affair," show that Col. Sibley considered Maj. Brown in command of the forces at Birch Coolie, without further elaboration or citation of authorities.

Corroborative Testimony.

Corroborative of Gen. Sibley's opinion as to the identity of Maj. Brown as the commander, the following extract from his letter to Capt. Charles E. Flandrau, dated at Fort Ridgely, Sept. 5, 1862, the day following his report to Adjt. Gen. Malmros, is in point. "The attack made upon J. R. Brown's party of 160 men by about 250 Indians, on the morning of the 2d, at Birch Coulie, shows that they are in force about here," etc. (See Minnesota in the Civil and Indian Wars, Vol. II., page 223.)

The following is an extract from a letter written by Gen. Sibley to his wife, dated at Fort Ridgely, Sept. 4, 1862. The original, in Gen. Sibley's hand, is now in the possession of his family, and a verified copy may be found in the Historical society:

"I have just arrived with my whole command, having made there and back a forced march of thirty-six miles to relieve a detachment which I had sent to bury the murdered. The detachment consisted of about 150 men. They were in charge of J. R. Brown, and had already buried 71 persons when they returned to their tents and encamped," etc.

Maj. Brown's Official Report

Referred to by Gen. Sibley, is as follows:

"Fort Ridgley, Sept. 4, 1862.—Col. H. H. Sibley, Commanding Expedition in Sioux Country: Sir—In compliance with your order, I left the encampment at this post on the morning of Aug. 31, 1862, to visit the different settlements between this post and Beaver river to search for and bury all persons that could be found murdered, and at the same time to examine the country about the Lower Sioux agency and Little Crow's village, to mark all indications of the movement of the Indians, and the course taken by them in their retreat.

"Capt. Grant's company, A, Sixth regiment; Capt. Anderson's company of mounted men, several volunteers from the officers of the expedition, a fatigue party of twenty men, and seventeen teamsters, with their teams, formed the force of the detachment.

"On Aug. 31 the detachment moved in a body, and encamped on the Minnesota bottom, at the mouth of Birch Coulie and opposite the Lower Sioux agency, having found and buried sixteen corpses during the day.

"On Sept. 1 the detachment marched in a body to the river bank, when the mounted company, with one team and eight of the fatigue party, accompanied me across the river, under the protection of the infantry. After searching around the agency, and becoming satisfied there were no Indians in the vicinity, Capt. Grant was directed to remain with his company, and twelve of the fatigue party and sixteen teams, on the east side of the river, to bury what murdered persons could be found at the crossing and at the settlements, as far as Beaver river, and from the Beaver river to return to the upper timber on the Birch Coulie and encamp.

"Having accomplished the object of my visit to Little Crow's village, I proceeded to the ford near that village, and recrossed the Minnesota river, and, near sunset, reached the encampment selected by Capt. Grant, near the upper timber of the Birch Coulie, and about three miles from the lower agency.

"This camp was made in the usual way, on the smooth prairie, some two hundred yards from the timber of Birch Coolie, with the wagons packed around the camp, and the team horses fastened to the wagons. The horses that belonged to the mounted men were fastened to a stout picket rope, between the tents and wagons, around the south half of the camp—Capt. Anderson's tents being behind his horses, and Capt. Grant's tents being inside the wagons which formed the north half of the camp. * * *

"Capt. Grant's company and the fatigue party promptly seized their arms, and commenced firing; but they, for some minutes, continued to expose themselves, imprudently, and consequently were very much cut to pieces.

"There were a few men who behaved badly, mostly, I think, teamsters; but with these exceptions, the entire detachment acted with commendable coolness and courage. Probably the desire of Capt. Grant's company to charge upon the Indians led to their exposure, consequently so many deaths and wounds. After they took position behind the wagons but few casualties occurred. Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"Joseph R. Brown,
"Major Third Minnesota Volunteer Militia,
Commanding Detachment."

Why this report of Maj. Brown's was not published with the other military records of the state, in "Minnesota in the Civil and Indian Wars," cannot here be stated, and certainly its omission is as unfortunate as inexplicable. It may be found, however, in the Appendix to Gen. Sibley's "Life and Times," by Dr. West, in which volume, moreover, in the proper place, the statement is frequently made that Maj. Brown commanded the forces at Birch Coulie."

Capt. Anderson's Report.

Capt. Joseph Anderson, whose company was sent out with Capt. Grant's, made a report of the part taken by his company in the Birch Coulie battle. This report is addressed "To Maj. J. R. Brown, Commanding Expedition to Sioux Agency," and therefore shows that Capt. Anderson recognized Maj. Brown as [illegible] miles to Birch Coulie, where they encamped for the night," etc.

Bryant's History does not state who was in command at the coulie.

The adjutant general's report for 1862 does not mention the name of the commander at Birch Coulie, but it does not state the fact that Lieut. Sheehan was in command at the battle of Fort Ridgely, and the report omits other important facts.

Capt. Grant's Side of the Story.

A few years ago Capt. H. P. Grant published in the newspapers an account of the battle of Birch Coolie, and this account is republished, without date or signature, in the second volume of "Minnesota in the Civil and Indian Wars," beginning on page 215. The account concludes with the following remarkable admission: "After a night's sleep at Fort Ridgely I made my report of this expedition, and when it was ready took it to my commanding officer. It was handed back to me, and I was coolly informed that I should make my report to Maj. Joseph R. Brown, who was in command of the expedition. * * * To say that I was angry when told to make my report to him would only express half what I felt. I then and there destroyed my report and never made another."

Who Capt. Grant means by his "commanding officer," whom he handed his report, can only be conjectured. Presumably he means Col. Crooks, although he may mean Gen. Sibley. But he admits that this "commanding officer" informed him that he should hand his report to Maj. Brown, "who was in command of the expedition." Why this was not satisfactory to him he does not explain. In another sentence of his report, not above quoted, he says: "This was the first I had heard of it," and that "no order had been given me by Maj. Brown, not an intimation that he considered himself in command;" but it would hardly seem that to a military man, whose duty is to obey his superiors, this was a sufficient reason for an exhibition of temper and an act of insubordination in tearing up or otherwise destroying his report instead of disposing of it as he had been ordered and as his comrade, Capt. Anderson, did. It is difficult to reconcile this action of Capt. Grant's with his otherwise meritorious conduct on all other occasions, and enviable military record generally, than which no other Minnesota soldier has a better.

As Capt. Grant did not make his statement until more than a quarter of a century after the battle, it is not strange if his memory of the events connected therewith should be imperfect. He states that no order was given him by Maj. Brown on the expedition; yet Maj. Brown, in his report, says that, on the 1st of September, "Capt. Grant was directed with his company," etc., and his orders for the day were specifically given him, including directions to encamp in the upper timber on the Birch Coolie. Brown's report was made two days after the battle, and yet Capt. Grant did not choose to deny its statements—at least in print—until twenty-five years or more afterward, when Brown was in his grave.

Col. Crooks remembers that Capt. Grant was the "ranking officer," and as such had the command, etc. This will not avail. Brown was a major in the state forces—had been a major general—and it is not claimed that Grant's rank was above that of captain. But it is "a far cry" to Birch Coolie and a long time since the battle. The literal truth is that at that time and for a month thereafter Capt. Grant was not an officer at all! The record shows that he was not mustered into the service until Oct. 1, 1862, thirty days after the battle! True, Capt. Grant was recognized as a captain, and right royally and loyally did he do a captain's duty, but technically at Birch Coolie he was but a civilian.

These controversies between old soldiers are painful and ought to be discountenanced. They are only profitable when out of them better knowledge of historic events is derived and the truth prevails. There is, to repeat, glory enough for all who took part in defending the state in 1862—glory and honor and reward enough for Capt. Hiram P. Grant especially. And yet justice to everybody ought to be done though the heavens fall, and the things that are Caesar's rendered to him. The monument to be erected to the men of Birch Coulie will stand a long time, but the memories of Brown and Grant and Anderson and the other heroes whose deeds it will commemorate and whose names will be inscribed on its tablets will live when its bronze is rust and its marble is dust.

Col Crooks Corr. 23d Aug.

Civil War

Col Crooks Corr. 23d Aug.

19 Aug

lillian, chairman of the monument commission, and written by Col. William Crooks, who was the colonel of the regiment (Sixth Minnesota infantry) to which Capt. Grant belonged. In this letter Col. Crooks says: "* * * On the last day of that month (August, 1862) by direction of Col. Sibley, I made from my regiment a detail, consisting of Company A as escort, and of two men from each of nine companies, as a burial party, the purpose being to proceed to the agency at Redwood and the country adjacent, to bury the dead soldiers and citizens who had fallen during the outbreak, and assist any settlers who might have been spared.

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What Col. Sibley Said.

As will be conceded by everyone, Gen. H. H. Sibley was in general command of the expeditionary forces against the Indians. His rank at the time, however, was only that of colonel in the state service, by appointment of Gov. Ramsey, his commission dating Aug. 8. Col. Sibley's ranking authority over all other officers, his right to issue orders, etc., has never been disputed. In his report of the engagement at Birch Coulie, made to Adgt. Gen. Malmros, and dated "Headquarters Indian Expedition, Sept. 4, 1862," only two days after the battle, Col. Sibley says:

"Sir: I have to report the particulars of a sad affair, which has been attended with extraordinary fatality to a portion of my command, on Thursday, 31st ult. After having previously taken measures by sending through as far as the Yellow Medicine scouts entirely reliable, to ascertain whether the country was free from Indians, and none having been seen, nor any trace of them found, I dispatched Capt. Grant, with his company of seventy-five men of the Sixth regiment; thirty-five men of the mounted volunteer force under the command of Capt. Joseph Anderson, and an armed burial party of twenty men, in all about 153 men, the whole under the command of Maj. J. R. Brown, with orders to proceed to the scene of the late butcheries, collect and inter the remains, and search for any survivors that might perchance be roaming through the country. The further orders given to Maj. J. R. Brown were to avoid any pass or defile where they might be waylaid or ambushed; to use every precaution against Indian treachery, and after having performed the duties devolved upon him, to rejoin my forces either here or at Birch Coulie, about eighteen miles from here, whither I expected to move on the succeeding day. On the day succeeding their departure I heard from them through Mr. Myrick and others, who informed me that they were proceeding actively in the interment of the dead bodies, having already disposed of sixty-nine in all. On the morning of the second I was startled by the reports of volleys of musketry in the distance, in the direction where the detachment was supposed to be. I immediately dispatched Ma. McLaren, with three companies of the Sixth regiment, a detachment of mounted men and two pieces of artillery, to the relief of Maj. Brown, the whole being under the command of Col. McPhail, with orders to proceed at once to the camp of Maj. Brown, wherever he might be found. I received a message from Col. McPhail in the evening, stating that he had not been able to join Maj. Brown, but was then nearly surrounded, with his command, by the Indians, who were giving indications of hostilities. I immediately placed the remainder of my forces under arms and marched to their rescue. I joined them during the night, and early in the morning, with the force thus united, I proceeded toward the spot, some miles distant, where the continuous rattle of musketry showed the camp of Maj. Brown to be. As I crossed the prairie toward the timber, the Indians deployed as skirmishers to resist my advance; but having protected my flanks from attack, I deployed my advance guard of three companies and advanced. A brisk firing at long range ensued on both sides, but with no loss to us, and with the loss of but one man to the Indians. As I marched they commenced a general retreat along their line, and I reached the camp of Maj. Brown to find the shocking sight of dead and wounded men and dead and struggling horses strewn through the camp. The attack commenced on Maj. Brown's camp at daylight, by about 250 Indians, on the morning of the 2d. Our loss was thirteen killed and three mortally wounded, and forty-four more or less seriously injured, including Maj. Brown and Capt. Anderson, the latter having received two wounds. I proceeded to inter the dead, thirteen in number, and to remove the wounded men to this post for surgical care. I arrived here with my whole force at midnight last night, and shall remain no longer than is necessary to completely organize and equip the expedition to pursue the Indians. The unfortunate issue of the movement referred to has added another to the list of crimes committed by this league of fiends. I will send you Maj. Brown's detailed report of the affair as soon as received. Yours respectfully, H. H. Sibley, Colonel Commanding Indian Expedition."

It will be observed that Col. Sibley states [illegible] tween the tents [illegible] wagons, around the south half of the [illegible] Capt. Anderson's tents being behind [illegible] horses, and Capt. Grant's tents being inside the wagons which formed the north half of the camp. * * *

"Capt. Grant's company and the fatigue party promptly seized their arms, and commenced firing; but they, for some minutes, continued to expose themselves, imprudently, and consequently were very much cut to pieces.

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Capt. Anderson's Report.

Capt. Joseph Anderson, whose company was sent out with Capt. Grant's, made a report of the part taken by his company in the Birch Coulie battle. This report is addressed "To Maj. J. R. Brown, Commanding Expedition to Sioux Agency," and therefore shows that Capt. Anderson recognized Maj. Brown as his commander on the occasion. Following is an extract from Capt. Anderson's report:

"Headquarters Cullen Guards, Fort Ridgely, Sept. 4, 1862.—To Maj. J. R. Brown, Commanding Expedition to Sioux Agency.—Sir: I have the honor to report that on the morning of Sept. 2, at 4 o'clock, my company, consisting of fifty-one officers and men, constituting a part of your command, was aroused by a report of one of the sentinels's guns, instantly followed by a deadly volley of musketry from the enemy," etc. (See Minnesota in the Civil and Indian Wars, Vol. II., pages 212-13.)

From Flandrau and Egan.

In "Minnesota in the Civil War" Hon. Charles E. Flandrau, the historian of the Indian war of 1862-1864 (page 736), gives an account of the Birch Coulie affair, as follows:

"On the 31st of August a detail of Capt. Grant's company of infantry, seventy men of the Cullen Guard, under Capt. Anderson, and some citizens and other soldiers, in all about 150 men, under command of Maj. J. R. Brown, with seventeen teams and teamsters, were sent to the lower agency to feel the enemy, bury the dead and perform any other service that might arise." Then follows an account of the camp at Birch Coulie, attack of the Indians and relief by Gen. Sibley.

Judge Flandrau gives, also, an extract from the address of Judge J. J. Egan, before the Ramsey County Veteran association, March 6, 1880 (the same address is given on page 219, in the second volume of "Minnesota in the Civil and Indian Wars"), as follows:

"At Fort Ridgely the difficulty of restraints and keeping men, irregular volunteers under discipline was made manifest. The company to which I belonged disbanded and returned home. Anson Northrup's black horse cavalry did likewise. * * * I joined Capt. Anderson's company, and the next day we were ordered, together with Capt. Grant's Company A, Sixth regiment, to proceed to the agency at Redwood and beyond, as an escort to a fatigue party and for observation.

The whole force, including teamsters and fatigue party, consisted of 150 men under command of Maj. Joe Brown, one of the oldest and most experienced Indian traders in the state. The men had confidence in old Joe Brown. * * * He knew the country thoroughly, and we felt no alarm. * * * About 5 o'clock in the afternoon we found Capt. Grant's party encamped within 200 yards of Birch Coulie." Then follows a graphic account of the battle.

What the Histories Say.

Heard's History of the Sioux war, page 131, chapter VIII., has the following, under the head of "Birch Coulie:"

"On Sunday, the last day of August, Capt. Grant's company of infantry, seventy men of the Cullen Guard under Capt. Anderson and a detail of citizens and other soldiers, together with seventeen teamsters with teams, numbering in all 150 men, were dispatched, under command of Maj. Joseph R. Brown, to the lower agency for the purpose of burying the dead and ascertaining the whereabouts of the enemy."

"Neill's History of Minnesota" (fourth edition), page 730, gives this account of the detachment of Aug. 31, 1862:

"A burial party of twenty men, under the escort of one company of infantry and the available mounted force, in all about 200 men, under the command of Maj. J. R. Brown, was detailed to proceed and inter the remains of the murdered at the lower agency and at other points in the vicinity. This duty was performed, * * * and the detachment was en route to the settlements on Beaver river, and had encamped for the night near Birch Coulie."

Mrs. McConkey's history: "The Dakota War Whoop" (revised edition of 1864, page 171, has the following:

"A detachment composed of one company of cavalry, under Capt. Anderson, and another of infantry, under Capt. Grant, in command of Maj. J. R. Brown, was sent out Aug. 31 by Col. Sibley, commissioned with the sad burial charge of these victims of savage brutality. * * * They moved three

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
Contains no Ammonia or Alum.

[illegible] are Caesar's rendered to him. The monument to be erected to the men of Birch Coulie will stand a long time, but the memories of Brown and Grant and Anderson and the other heroes whose deeds it will commemorate and whose names will be inscribed on its tablets will live when its bronze is rust and its marble is dust.

PIONEER PRESS: MONDAY, JULY 16, 1894.

THE BATTLE OF BIRCH COULIE.

WHO COMMANDED AT THAT MEMORABLE FIGHT?

Capt. H. P. Grant Writes a Letter to the Pioneer Press in Which He Points Out Evidence to Show That He Was in Command at the Battle of Birch Coulie—Extracts From Private Letters and Newspaper Reports Published at the Time—A Controversy That Is Perennial.

To the Editor: In your paper, on June 4, appears a communication headed, "Who commanded at Birch Coulie?" In this article a great injustice has been done me, and serious mistakes made in which I think I see the footprints of the bold charger of the prairie. The writer of this communication says the literal truth is, "at that time and for a month thereafter Capt. Grant was not an officer at all. True, Capt. Grant was recognized as a captain, and right royally and loyally did he do a captain's duty; but, technically, at Birch Coulie, he was but a civilan."

The writer of this communication must have judged me by himself, or he could not have made such a mistake. The facts are these: July 28 I was appointed second lieutenant and commissioned as such. On the same day I took my commission to Maj. A. D. Nelson, a mustering officer of the United States, and was sworn into the United States service as second lieutenant, enrolled as such, and authorized to raise a company, enlist the men, administer the oath of allegiance, etc. On August 13, having filled my company above the minimum, I was commissioned as captain Sixth Minnesota infantry. On Aug. 16 I went to the mustering officer, A. D. Nelson, and was mustered out as second lieutenant (reason, for promotion), and was mustered in as captain the same day by Maj. Nelson. Fortunately, these muster-rolls were preserved from the fire, in which I lost most of the memoranda and papers I had when mustered out of the service. These papers I now have to prove that at the battle of Birch Coulie I was not technically a citizen, but a captain in the United States service. Why the writer of June 4 was led to make this mistake, was that the officers and men were pushed to the front before they were mustered into the United States service. Only about twenty-five of my company had been mustered in by the United States mustering officer, and as far as I knew I was the only officer that had been mustered into the United States service belonging to the expedition, though there might have been others. Oct. 1, 1862, our regiment, as a whole, was mustered in on that date, but every officer and private was mustered in from date of enlistment, and not from Oct. 1, 1862. I think this statement must forever settle the question that I was not technically a private citizen while in command at the battle of Birch Coulie. The whole tenor of the article of June 4 is to prove that Joseph R Brown was in command of that expedition of Aug. 31, 1862. Now, all the reports of the history of the Sioux war tending to show that Hon. J. R. Brown was in command are in Gen. H. H. Sibley's report. If his report was wrong, then all the other reports fall to the ground, and are of no force.

It is hard at this late date to prove or show why this wrong occurred. If any of the old Indian ring is alive a disclosure of that secret meeting of Sept. 4, 1862, of that Indian ring, at 9:30 a. m., could show why it was decided to make it appear that J. R. Brown was in command at Birch Coulie, but it is evident from my own personal knowledge that this decision was reached at this secret meeting referred to, the fifth day after the expedition left Fort Ridgely. Col. Sibley at this time, if his commission had been given him, was only a militia colonel from all the records I can find. Hon. J. R. Brown had no commission as major, but held a commisison as major-general on Gov. Sibley's staff, when Sibley was, in 1859, the first governor of Minnesota.

In signing his report Hon. J. R. Brown signs his name as major Third regiment Minnesota militia, a regiment that had never existed, and was not then in existence. When I made a statement of this expedition some years ago, which was published in all the St. Paul papers, Gen. Sibley was alive and did not see it to deny my statement over his signature. There were no doubt some matters he could not explain satisfactorily to himself, as, soon after the battle of Birch Coulie, Gen. Sibley was commissioned as a United States officer and this war was no longer carried on by the Indian ring or under the state militia, but by the United States volunteers, and this Birch Coulie battle is the last we hear of the command of Maj. J. R. Brown during the Indian war. I will Capt. Anderson his orders to cross the Minnesota river, go by Lower agency, up through Little Crow's village and recross the Minnesota river and follow your trail, via the head of Birch Coulie until he overtook you.

"Hon. J. R. Brown asked permission to go with Capt. Anderson, as he was anxious to learn something of his family, who he feared had been massacred. You gave your consent and Brown accompanied Capt. Anderson, and on reaching our camp he was again your guest for the night of Sept. 1, and helped eat your rations, as long as any was left. Being in your tent with you, I know that there was no conversation between you and him that indicated that he considered himself in command, and when the fight commenced at daylight, Sept. 2, Brown gave no command, though he was not wounded for nearly one hour after. He did not give a command during the two days' fight, and I heard nothing of his being in command until during the 4th of August, after we had got back to Fort Ridgely."

I could give the affidavits of all the survivors of my company if necessary. Up to the time the report of the battle left Fort Ridgely, 8:30 a. m., Aug. 4, it had not been whispered that Hon. J. R. Brown was in command of this expedition. I here copy a few extracts from the St. Paul Press (Gov. Marshall's paper), Sept. 6, which shows how things were understood at Fort Ridgely when this report was written:

"The Indian War—Sanguinary Battle Near Wood Lake—Capt. Grant's Force Surprised—They Fight All Day—They Are Relieved the Second Day by Col. Sibley—Thirteen Were Killed Outright and Fifty Wounded Out of a Force of 150—Ninety Horses Killed—Capt. H. P. Grant With His Company and Capt. Anderson With His Cavalry Were Sent Forward to Clear the Way Toward the Yellow Medicine and Bury the Dead—On Sunday Morning, Aug. 31, 1862." Then follows an account of the march and burying the dead and an account of the attack of Sept. 2, the two days' fight and the relief of Capt. Grant and his command. Then follows a list of killed and wounded of the infantry, cavalry, teamsters, etc. Then follows a list of citizens wounded, including Maj. Galbraith, Maj. J. R. Brown, David Blair, George D. Redfield, Peter Bunkner, J. W. De Champ and others slightly wounded.

Not one word of this speaks of Hon. J. R. Brown being in command, but the whole report speaks of the expedition being under command of Capt. H. P. Grant. Hon. J. R. Brown had been my guest, slept in my tent, helped eat my rations until all were eaten up, had obeyed my orders the same as other citizens did. I had not heard of his being in command until this matter was fixed up by the old Indian ring between 8 and 10 a. m., Aug. 4, 1862, after we had been out four days, two of which we had been under deadly fire, without food or water. When I made my report about 11 a. m. Aug. 4 to Col. H. H. Sibley, by order of Col. William Crooks, commanding my regiment, and when my report was handed back to me with orders to report to Hon. J. R. Brown, could I have done otherwise than refuse to do so with these facts before me? I leave it to the citizens of our state to decide who was in command at the battle of Birch Coulie, Sept. 2 and 3, 1862. Hon. J. R. Brown held no commission that would have entitled him to assume command.

—Capt. H. P. Grant,
In Command at the Battle of Birch Coulie, Sept. 2 and 3, 1862.

HE HAS A RECORD,

Says a Buffalo Paper of Col. Warren Granger of St. Paul.

The Niagara Falls correspondent of the Buffalo express sends his paper the following paragraph, which will be read with interest by all St. Paul friends of Mr. Granger, of the P. H. Kelly Mercantile company:

"Col. Warren Granger of St. Paul, Minn., is a guest of his brother, Mr. Harry Granger of this city to-day. Col. Granger is accompanied by his sister, Miss Anna D. Granger, and will remain here for a short time before proceeding to Buffalo. There are doubtless few of the old soldiers in Buffalo who did not know Col. Granger, the commander of the 100th New York volunteers, the Buffalo board of trade regiment, and who was a Buffalo boy. The reason of his visit to Buffalo will be of double interest to them. During the war Col. Granger was in many battles, was wounded, taken prisoner, and promoted for acts of bravery. Leaving Buffalo as a young lieutenant, eighteen years old, he returned commander of his regiment, only twenty-two years old. He figured in the seven days' fight at Fair Oaks, and at the charge on Fort Wagner, South Carolina, he was wounded by a shell and left on the field for dead. Subsequently he was removed to hospital, recovered sufficiently to join his regiment and was captured in front of Richmond, serving several months in Libby prisons. He was exchanged and finally marched at the head of his regiment in Richmond. It is the wound at Fort Wagner's charge that causes Col. Granger's visit to Buffalo. He has never fully recovered from the effects of it, and has been an invalid for many years. He has been treated at the Battle Creek sanitarium, but finding that the treatment was not doing him much good, he decided to go to the Buffalo general hospital. The wound he received was on the shoulder from flying pieces of the shell, and Col. Granger says that it is his belief that some small fragment of that shell is resting near the top of his spine and causing all his trouble. He is a most courteous officer, and though aged by his long illness, he is only about fifty years old, and if he gains the relief expected in Buffalo, he looks forward to many years of life and happiness yet."

history of the Sioux war tending to show that Hon. J. R. Brown was in command are in Gen. H. H. Sibley's report. If his report was wrong, then all the other reports fall to the ground, and are of no force.

It is hard at this late date to prove or show why this wrong occurred. If any of the old Indian ring is alive a disclosure of that secret meeting of Sept. 4, 1862, of that Indian ring, at 9:30 a. m., could show why it was decided to make it appear that J. R. Brown was in command at Birch Coulie, but it is evident from my own personal knowledge that this decision was reached at this secret meeting referred to, the fifth day after the expedition left Fort Ridgely. Col. Sibley at this time, if his commission had been given him, was only a militia colonel from all the records I can find. Hon. J. R. Brown had no commission as major, but held a commisison as major-general on Gov. Sibley's staff, when Sibley was, in 1859, the first governor of Minnesota.

In signing his report Hon. J. R. Brown signs his name as major Third regiment Minnesota militia, a regiment that had never existed, and was not then in existence. When I made a statement of this expedition some years ago, which was published in all the St. Paul papers, Gen. Sibley was alive and did not see fit to deny my statement over his signature. There were no doubt some matters he could not explain satisfactorily to himself, as, soon after the battle of Birch Coulie, Gen. Sibley was commissioned as a United States officer and this war was no longer carried on by the Indian ring or under the state militia, but by the United States volunteers, and this Birch Coulie battle is the last we hear of the command of Maj. J. R. Brown during the Indian war. I will now insert a little of the evidence outside of the report referred to, of who was in command of his exdepition. I hand you a letter from Col. William Crooks to Hon. C. D. Gilfillan, chairman Birch Coulie monument commission:

"St. Paul, Minn., May 25th, 1894.

"Hon. C. D. Gilfillan, Chairman, 'Birch Coulie monument commission. My Dear Sir: I had the honor of commanding the Sixth Minnesota infantry volunteers, during the campaigns of 1862-1863, against the Sioux Indians. The regiment reached Fort Ridgely, and encamped near that post late in August, 1862, and on the last day of that month, by direction of Col. Sibley, I made from my regiment a detail consisting of Company 'A,' as escort, and of two men from each of nine companies, as a burial party, the purpose being to proceed to the agency at Redwood and the country adjacent, to bury the dead soldiers and citizens, who had fallen during the outbreak, and assist any settlers who might have been spared.

In addition to these troops, Col. Sibley sent a body of citizens. Capt. Hiram P. Grant, of Company 'A' being the ranking officer, was placed in command of the whole detachment. He received his instructions and orders from me, as to the mode of performing the duties with which he was charged.

"Among the citizens who were of the party were several who sought this means of communicating with their families, who were supposed to be captives among the savages. I am, respectfully,

—William Crooks,
Late Colonel 6th Minn. Infantry Vols.

Also a letter from Maj. T. J. Sheehan to me dated June 15, 1894, which is conclusive without other evidence:

"St. Paul, Minn., June 18, 1894.—Col. H. P. Grant, St. Paul, Minn. Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 12th inst., and in reply will say that I was in command at Fort Ridgely during the Sioux massacre of 1862, and that on the 31st day of August, 1862, I was at Col. H. H. Sibley's quarters adjacent to Fort Ridgely when Col. Sibley ordered a detachment of troops to be detailed by Col. William Crooks to be sent in the direction of the lower agency and up the Minnesota valley to bury the citizens massacred by the Sioux Indians previous to that date, Aug. 31, 1862, and to my personal knowledge Capt. H. P. Grant, then a member of the Sixth Minnesota infantry, was placed in command of the detachment by order of Gen. Sibley, the detail having been made by Col. William Crooks, of the Sixth Minnesota infantry. The Hon. Joseph R. Brown at that time and place requested to accompany the troops so as to enable him to look after and make inquiry as to the safety of his family, who were at the time prisoners in the camp of Little Crow. In searching my minutes and notes kept during the Sioux massacre of 1862 I find the following:

"'On the second day of September, 1862, I was ordered out to reinforce Capt. Grant and to accompany Col. McPhail, who was in command of the relief detachment. We met a large body of Indians sixteen miles from Ridgely, commenced skirmishing right off, were surrounded by the Indians, and was ordered by Col. McPhail to return to Ridgely and report to Col. Sibley that Capt. Grant's camp was surrounded by the Indians and request him to come to the relief hastily, as he did not feel it safe for him to move against the Indians and relieve Capt. Grant without being reinforced. Col. Sibley started with all his command, taking only blankets, guns and ammunition, with rations in wagons, and the troops moving at a double quick from Fort Ridgely.'

"I hope that this may be explanation enough from me to establish the fact that you were the real commander at the memorable battle of Birch Coolie.

"Very respectfully,
"—T. J. Sheehan."

In additon I insert an extract from a letter just received from my company clerk, a man of integrity, whose affidavit can be obtained if necessary:

"Dear Captain: On the expedition of Aug. 31, 1862, I accompanied you, as company clerk, and shared your tent with you and know personally you were in command On the morning of Sept. 5 I heard you give

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
World's Fair Highest Medal and Diploma.

accompanied by his sister, Miss Anna D. Granger, and will remain here for a short time before proceeding to Buffalo. There are doubtless few of the old soldiers in Buffalo who did not know Col. Granger, the commander of the 100th New York volunteers, the Buffalo board of trade regiment, and who was a Buffalo boy. The reason of his visit to Buffalo will be of double interest to them. During the war Col. Granger was in many battles, was wounded, taken prisoner, and promoted for acts of bravery. Leaving Buffalo as a young lieutenant, eighteen years old, he returned commander of his regiment, only twenty-two years old. He figured in the seven days' fight at Fair Oaks, and at the charge on Fort Wagner, South Carolina, he was wounded by a shell and left on the field for dead. Subsequently he was removed to hospital, recovered sufficiently to join his regiment and was captured in front of Richmond, serving several months in the prisons. He was exchanged and finally marched at the head of his regiment in Richmond. It is the wound at Fort Wagner's charge that causes Col. Granger's visit to Buffalo. He has never fully recovered from the effects of it, and has been an invalid for many years. He has been treated at the Battle Creek sanitarium, but finding that the treatment was not doing him much good, he decided to go to the Buffalo general hospital. The wound he received was on the shoulder from flying pieces of the shell, and Col. Granger says that it is his belief that some small fragment of that shell is resting near the top of his spine and causing all his trouble. He is a most courteous officer, and though aged by his long illness, he is only about fifty years old, and if he gains the relief expected in Buffalo, he looks forward to many years of life and happiness yet."

KNOWS BETTER NOW.

A Servant Girl Jumps From a Moving Cable Car.

Hilda Anderson, a domestic employed at Dayton avenue and Grotto street, was seriously injured while attempting to alight from a Selby avenue cable car near the corner of Grotto about 9:30 last night. The cable at this point runs quite rapidly, and the girl evidently had confidence in her ability to alight in safety, for she made no effort to stop the car. Soon after the car passed Grotto street she moved quickly from her seat to the side of the car, and the conductor, divining her intention, yelled to her a warning, but she paid no heed. A passenger reached out to grasp her by the arm, but she eluded him and stepped from the car with her face toward the rear. The result was that she was thrown violently to the ground, and so great was the force of the fall that she rolled over and over until she struck the curb stone. The car was stopped as soon as possible, and the conductor and gripman rushed to the girl's assistance, while people living near who saw the accident rushed out and applied restoratives. She was carried into a house near by and a physician called, who dressed her bruises. Fortunately no bones were broken, but the girl was badly bruised about the legs and hip, and complained of a severe wrench in the back.

Baptist Young People's Union.
Annual meeting at Toronto, Canada, July 19 to 22, 1894.
One fare for the round trip.
Tickets good to return on
[illegible]
Extension can be had until Sept. 1 of 15 for return.
Get tickets July 14 to 18 at Burlington Route offices, 400 Robert street, Hotel Ryan, St. Paul; 305 Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis; And Union Depots in both cities.

"THE SNOWBALL."

To Be Presented at the Metropolitan To-Night.

To-night the William Morris company will begin its third week at the Metropolitan Opera house appearing in Sydney Grundy's brilliant farce comedy success "The Snowball." This piece was one of the most successful pieces that has ever been presented on the New York stage, in which city it ran for over one hundred nights. "The Snow-

[SEPT. 2, 1894]

BATTLING AT BIRCH COULIE.

CAPT. JO. ANDERSON'S STORY OF THE FORAY AND FIGHT.

Detail of the March of the Expedition From Fort Ridgley to the Fatal Field—Maj. Brown and Capt. Anderson's Reconnaissance to Little Crow's Village and Beyond—Notes of the Fight—Capt. Anderson Stoutly Asserts That Maj. J. R. Brown Was the Commander — Grant Selected the Camps — A Valuable Letter for Historians and a Strong Paper for Maj. Brown's Friends.

The following letter was recently written by Capt. Joseph Anderson, now of Oklahoma, to Dr. J.W. Daniels, a member of the Birch Coulie monument commission. The subject of the letter is the Birch Coulie controversy in general. Capt. Anderson, as captain of one of the two companies in the expedition and the battle, had superior means of knowledge of the details, and in this letter he goes over the whole ground very completely and gives the most valuable account of the movements of the expedition—especially of his company—ever before published. He asserts plainly and positively that Maj. Brown was the commander of the expedition at Birch Coulie, citing numerous facts in support of his assertion, and his letter will doubtless confirm the partisans of Maj. Brown in their already matured and decided opinions:

Dr. J. W. Daniels, Faribault, Minn.—Dear Comrade and Friend: Your letter of July 19 has been received and its contents carefully considered. Since old age has overtaken me, it affords me great pleasure to occasionally hear, by letter or otherwise, from my old comrades and friends, as it assures me that they are still spared from the final "muster out" that will, ere long, summon us to our last earthly roll call.

You ask me to state who was in command of the reconnoitering and burial detachment of troops that left Fort Ridgely Aug. 31, 1862, to bury the dead who had fallen at the lower Sioux agency and elsewhere in the vicinity along the route as far northwest as Redwood river and Beaver creek, in the great Sioux massacre then raging, and to state who was in command at the battle of Birch Coulie.

The "Indian Ring" Insinuations.

First I must say that ever since the autumn of 1862 I have been aware that a feeling existed in the mind of Capt. (now Col.) H. P. Grant regarding the result of that expedition which has kept my voice and pen silent on that subject. Except for some statements in Capt. Grant's letter,



Capt. Joseph Anderson.

published in the Pioneer Press of July 16, I would not now consent to be a witness in the long standing controversy. * * * I object to Capt. Grant's statements—or rather his insinuations or innuendoes—that Gen. Sibley, on the morning of Sept. 4, 1862, at Fort Ridgely, or anywhere else, conspired with other members of an "Indian ring" (meaning, no doubt, Maj. Joseph R. Brown, Lieut. Col. W. J. Cullen and others) as too ungenerous, unwarranted and out of the course of true history and soldierly candor toward these gentlemen and pioneers of Minnesota to go unanswered. It is impossible that Gen. Sibley, a man whom opponents always respected, could have lent himself to conduct so unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. I cannot understand what object is to be gained by such dastardly falsehood. I do not think that Gov. Ramsey, Gen. Sibley, Col. Cullen, Col. Sam McPhail and Maj. Brown [illegible] gave authority and life to that [illegible] expedition, should, of this [illegible]

thorght that to go any further would, in the event of an attack, expose the encampment to enemy's fire from the Birch Coulie. We selected a safe and pretty place on the bluff, and then went on to where the major knew there was a trail or wagon way leading down to Birch creek, at the mouth, north or northwest of a log house.

The First Night's Camp.

By the time we reached this point the advance guard came up. I directed the men to water their horses in the creek and ordered some of them to go back to the wagons and bring up the buckets and kettles belonging to our company in order that they might be filled with water and carried up to the selected camp ground. I further directed all the troopers and teamsters to water their horses in the creek before ascending the hill. My order was partly obeyed when I noticed that Maj. Brown had left me and gone back to the main command, which had halted or turned into a field some distance in front of the log house I have mentioned, and immediately below the high bluff. I sent a sergeant and three or four other men to ascertain what this movement meant. In due time I was informed that the command would encamp there, and not on the bluff, for the night. The information made me very uneasy and apprehensive. In that position (the field) a hundred Indians, armed as I knew they were, from the top of the bluff, from the log house near the creek, from the tall grass and the rail fence along the southwestern line of the field, and from the thick woods east or southeast of the field, could shoot the life out of every one of us. Unless we could, in the event of an attack, charge straight up the bluff we could not escape in any other direction on account of the secure cover the Indians would have and the exposed routes over which we would have been compelled to go. But it was my duty to obey orders, and I returned with my company to the camp, although I assure you I felt more alarmed than I ever did any other time or place since reaching manhood. So much for the camp the first night.

That night Maj. Brown and Agent Galbraith were my invited guests. They took supper with me and slept in my tent, and the next morning at breakfast they complimented my boys on our ability to entertain, yet they must have known that the abandoned farms and houses had been drawn upon by our commissary sergeant for the excellent vegetables and other luxuries we had. I was detailed as "officer of the day" that night, and an excellent lieutenant of Capt. Grant's company was officer of the guard. Neither of us slept a wink, being constantly on the move, in order to see that every sentinel kept awake and on the alert, and for the further purpose of discovering at the earliest moment anything indicating the approach of the enemy.

The Command Is Divided.

At early dawn the next morning the whole command was aroused and preparation made for the duties of the day. First we buried the bodies of the dead that lay in the vicinity of the log house. Then the detachment was divided, a part under the command of Capt. Grant proceeding up the north side of the Minnesota river, and the rest of the command, with Maj. Brown and myself, went directly to the ferry, on the road leading to the Redwood agency. Near the ferry the remains of Capt. Marsh's men and some citizens were found lying along the road and in the tall grass and bushes. While the dead were being interred two or three of the infantrymen—if my memory is correct— were directed to swim across the river and bring over the ferry boat, and we cavalrymen forded the stream, which was about "swimming deep" for the small horses. Good old Maj. Brown took off his shoes and socks to keep from wetting them as he crossed on his good-sized gray horse. The ferry boat was bailed out and sent across to convey over the teams and some footmen that were to accompany us as soon as the dead on the north side of the river were buried. When all of our party had been safely crossed and the skirmishers sent up the hill reported all safe in front, we advanced up the hill to the agency—or rather to where the buildings, then in ruins, had stood. The dead here were buried, the men continuing in the work until they became weary and hungry, when I ordered the horsemen and teamsters to feed their animals from a field of oats in the shock in the direction of Little Crow's village.

Reconnoitering in the Old Redskin Ranges.

After the bodies at the agency had been buried and the men and horses had refreshed themselves, Maj. Brown ordered me to accompany him up the road in a westerly direction. I gave my lieutenant orders and instructions pertaining to his duties in the premises, and to his bringing on the command, and set out with the major. When we had advanced some distance we crossed a runlet that flowed in the direction of the river, and then ascended an elevation or ridge that overlooked Little Crow's village. We halted here and the major used his field glass in examining the surrounding country. He said that everything indicated that the information we had received that the Indians had all removed up to Yellow Medicine (some thirty-five miles) was true. He then [illegible] to count all the Indian tepee

we found a good ford about half a mile distant, that was marked with many fresh horse tracks, seemingly not more than a day old. We crossed the river, which was only about "hub deep" for a wagon, and examined the opposite bank and approach, and here we saw more horse tracks, some of which showed the marks of horseshoes. We recrossed and started back to report, but seeing millions of fresh, ripe plums, and being a little hungry, we stopped a few minutes and feasted on the delicious fruit. We then galloped back to where had left the major and found him and the whole of our party safely assembled. The major asked us "what luck" we had, and on our reporting said we had done better than he, for he had ridden a considerable distance without finding a place where we could cross.

"A Dangerous Place."

Maj. Brown now said that we were in a dangerous place, and that he wanted me to take command in person of the rear guard, while he would command the front, and that the lieutenant should see that the wagons moved rapidly along. These directions were promptly observed, and the river was soon crossed safely. The major then had the teams carrying the dismounted men move rapidly through the valley land of the Minnesota for a mile or more, or until we reached the route that Capt. Grant had just gone over. I was a little more deliberate and could not resist the temptation of having part of the rear guard gather up about thirty head of fat cattle that we found feeding in some fields of corn and sheaf oats. When we came up where the major was waiting for us he informed me that he had thought proper to place one of the men under arrest for having fired or let his gun go off. He directed me to continue in charge of the rear guard, while he, with a few men, would dash ahead until he could see that Capt. Grant was carrying out the orders he had given him in the morning.

To Beaver Creek and Camp.

I ordered the teams to move on and r[illegible] the hill, and in about half an hour we arrived at the brow of the bluff which borders the valley of both the Minnesota river and Beaver creek. Here we found the Earl boys, whose brother lay dead not far away, Richard Gibbens and some other members of my company, a Mr. Henderson—the latter a refugee citizen, who had his wounded arm in a sling on account of gunshot wounds received in the massacre, and whose wife and children were murdered at the same time near there—and David Carruthers, another refugee citizen, whose little boy had also been massacred there. Mr. Gibbens was holding a prayer service over the graves of some of the dead who had just been buried.

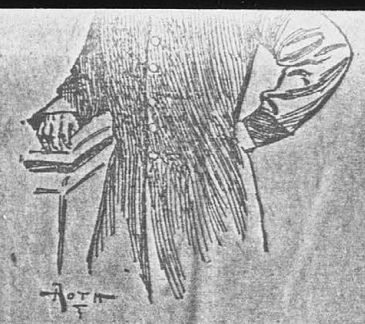
Soon Maj. Brown came riding up and told me that Capt. Grant was well over toward Birch Coulie, some five or six miles distant, and as it was getting late he wanted to go over as quickly as possible to see what kind of a camping place Grant would select for the night. He also ordered me to send a lieutenant and a few men with him, and directed me to remain in command of the rear until all of the dead were buried, and then to bring up the rear over to the camp. I told the major that his order should be obeyed, but that I would like to send the cattle with him and to accompany him myself some distance, so that if we were detained until after dark I would know where to find the camp. He assented and I took one or two men with me that they might see where the camp was to be. After proceeding some distance the major and his party went on and I and the other men returned to where Mr. Gibbens was still engaged in his sacred and solemn duties.

I have been tediously particular in detailing the events of the march from Redwood Ferry to Beaver Creek in order to impress upon you the identity of the officer in authority, whose orders were repeatedly given to us and which were always obeyed—who ordered and directed our movements—who ordered the man under arrest, etc.

Mrs. Henderson, whom the savages had cruelly murdered because she was sick and unable to travel, and whose body they tried to burn by setting fire to the bed tick on which she had lain and throwing it upon her, and the rest of the dead that we could find were soon buried, when I had the men of the burial party proper and the citizens furnished with riding accommodations, either on horseback or in the wagons. We then moved rapidly forward and reached camp just as the sun was setting.

The Camp a Prairie Oasis.

On arriving at the camp we cavalrymen rode around to the cavalry's side, which was on the east side and nearest to Birch Coulie and the timber. I hesitated to order the men to dismount, when Lieut. Turnbull, who had been in camp for some time, came toward us and called cheerily out for us to alight. I answered that this was a beautiful place, but another dangerous site for a camp. He laughed and replied that after we had been "to grub" we would feel better. We soon had our horses tied, our faces washed, and were ready for supper. I sent word to Maj. Brown that our duties had been performed and invited him and Maj. Galbraith to take supper and spend the night with us. Maj. Galbraith came, but Maj. Brown sent his compliments and answer that he had arranged to spend the



Capt. Joseph Anderson.

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Preliminary Notes.

I can best answer your inquiries by writing briefly a statement of the events that occurred under my observation preparatory to and during the expedition and at the battle of Birch Coulie. I was in command at the time of that brave band of men known as the "Cullen Frontier Guards," and designated on our muster roll as "Company A, First Minnesota Mounted Regiment of Irregular Volunteer Militia." I remember well that the word "irregular" was at that time inserted to distinguish the temporary militia organizations then constituted for temporary service in the suppression of the Indian outbreak from the regularly organized state militia. I still have our muster roll and my commissions as first lieutenant and captain of the company, and receive a pension for gunshot wounds received at Birch Coulie. From these wounds you and Dr. H. J. Seignuret of Henderson, Minn., extracted two Indian bullets, one from the upper part of my left arm, and the other from my left foot, soon after Gen. Sibley relieved us.

The Expedition Sets Out — Maj. Brown in Command.

In answer to Col. Grant's assertion that Maj. Brown was not even a militiaman, it must be borne in mind that Gen. Sibley was at the beginning of the campaign, a colonel in the state forces. He was appointed by Gov. Ramsey, and placed in absolute and unconditional command of all of the forces sent out to suppress the Sioux uprising, and with the power to organize forces for said purpose. Under this authority he had the [illegible] and probably did appoint Maj. Brown to the position he held, because the major had been for a long time the agent of the Indians, and because of his intimate and great knowledge of Indian character, and of the country we were in. . .

Late in the afternoon of Aug. 30—or early on the morning of the 31st—I was directed by an orderly to report without delay at Col. Sibley's headquarters. I promptly obeyed, and was ordered by Col. Sibley to immediately put my company in condition to march as part of a detachment that would be commanded by Maj. Joseph R. Brown, to whom I was to report, early in the forenoon of Aug. 31, fully equipped, with arms, ammunition, etc. I saluted and withdrew, and reported my instructions to Col. Sam McPhail, the colonel of the aforesaid "irregular" militia regiment, and he directed me to obey the order promptly, which I proceeded to do, directing my subordinate officers to assist me. At the appointed time I reported my company in marching condition to Maj. Brown, and was directed by him to await his further orders, which I received about two hours later, when the whole detachment started in the direction of the Redwood agency.

When we had proceeded about four miles from the fort we halted at a farm house, where a doctor and several others had been killed. Here the duty of burying the dead was commenced with energy. We continued in the performance of our solemn duties along the route, on both sides of the road, until we were within less than a mile of the mouth of Birch Coulie, when Maj. Brown kindly ordered me to accompany him to the top of the high bluff immediately on our right to find a safe camping place for the night. I left my company in charge of the lieutenants, and accompanied him. We proceeded along the brow of the bluff until we [illegible] which was about "swimming deep," for the small horses. Good old Maj. Brown took off his shoes and socks to keep from wetting them as he crossed on his good-sized gray horse. The ferry boat was bailed out and sent across to convey over the teams and some footmen that were to accompany us as soon as the dead on the north side of the river were buried. When all of our party had been safely crossed and the skirmishers sent up the hill reported all safe in front, we advanced up the hill to the agency—or rather to where the buildings, then in ruins, had stood. The dead here were buried, the men continuing in the work until they became weary and hungry, when I ordered the horsemen and teamsters to feed their animals from a field of oats in the shock in the direction of Little Crow's village.

Reconnoitering in the Old Redskin Ranges.

After the bodies at the agency had been buried and the men and horses had refreshed themselves, Maj. Brown ordered me to accompany him up the road in a westerly direction. I gave my lieutenant orders and instructions pertaining to his duties in the premises, and to his bringing on the command, and set out with the major. When we had advanced some distance we crossed a runlet that flowed in the direction of the river, and then ascended an elevation or ridge that overlooked Little Crow's village. We halted here and the major used his field glass in examining the surrounding country. He said that everything indicated that the information we had received that the Indians had all removed up to Yellow Medicine (some thirty-five miles) was true. He then directed me to count all the Indian tepee foundations on one side of the road to beyond Little Crow's village while he counted those on the other side. I had been a cattle man many years and was accustomed to counting objects while riding rapidly. I had a noble horse, which had been loaned me for the Indian campaign by Hon. James Smith, Jr., of St. Paul, and putting him into a smart run I soon finished my duty, when I noticed that the major was moving carefully, but not half as rapidly as I had. At Little Crow's village I saw numbers of ladies' hoop-skirts and many other articles of female apparel, which I presume the captive white women and girls had been forced by the Indians to abandon. After looking about a few minutes I went to the Indian burial ground, where I found several newly made graves. I then returned to where I could see what the major was doing. He finished his counting and then moved on westward to the top of another elevation, where he stopped and made further observations through his field glass, and then started towards me.

Tying my horse, I went into Little Crow's house. Among other things I saw a cooking stove intact for use, and I picked up a small purse, which I still have. I went up stairs, but saw nothing there worth mention. Returning to the yard I sought vent for my indignant feelings by carrying into Crow's house and the outbuildings some armfuls of dry grass and other rubbish, preparatory to starting a bonfire. Just then the major arrived and asked me what I was doing. I answered as well as I could in my agitation, "I am going to burn this d——d Indian's house." The major kindly but firmly ordered me to "stop acting foolishly," adding that the house and all the other Indian property would be confiscated, and that it was as much my duty to protect it as it was to protect any other government property. I saw that he was right and answered him to that effect.

We started back in an easterly direction, not exactly parallel with the route we had just come over, but rather forming a V-shaped train upon it. After we had returned about forty rods we saw the advance guards of our little command following the course we had come. Mr company trumpeter, D. M. Smith, seeing us, at once rode rapidly toward us, and when he came up asked in which direction we wished the command to move. The major directed me to have him gallop back to the command and order it to change its course and follow us. We then rode on silently together, passing on our way two fine Indian farms with brick houses. Finally we came to the brow of a beautiful bluff, where a dim road ran down the hill. We halted until the teams and the most of the men came up, when the major again directed me to accompany him. I directed my lieutenant to have the men who were riding in the wagons get out and hold them back while descending the very steep bluff, and ordered a few of the men to accompany the major and myself. We reached the foot of the bluff some minutes before the wagons could be safely gotten down.

At the base of this bluff the major ordered me to take one or two men and go up the Minnesota along a path or dim road and search for a ford where we could recross, while he went to look for one down the river. Meantime, the remainder of the men who had come with us were refreshing themselves with plums, which were there in great abundance. A recklessly brave young fellow, named George Brown, volunteered to accompany me, and we galloped away until [illegible] to where Mr. Gibbens was still engaged his sacred and solemn duties.

I have been tediously particular in detailing the events of the march from Redwood Ferry to Beaver Creek in order to impress upon you the identity of the officer of authority, whose orders were repeated given to us and which were always obeyed who ordered and directed our movements who ordered the man under arrest, etc.

Mrs. Henderson, whom the savages had cruelly murdered because she was sick and unable to travel, and whose body they tried to burn by setting fire to the bed tick on which she had lain and throwing it upon her, and the rest of the dead that we could find were soon buried, when I had the men of the burial party proper and the citizens furnished with riding accommodations, either on horseback or in the wagons. We then moved rapidly forward and reached camp just as the sun was setting.

The Camp a Prairie Oasis.

On arriving at the camp we cavalrymen rode around to the cavalry's side, which was on the east side and nearest to Birch Coulie and the timber. I hesitated to order the men to dismount, when Lieut. Turnbull, who had been in camp for some time, came toward us and called cheerily out for us to alight. I answered that this was a beautiful place, but another dangerous site for a camp. He laughed and replied that after we had been "to grub" we would feel better. We soon had our horses tied, our faces washed, and were ready for supper. I sent word to Maj. Brown that our duties had been performed and invited him and Maj. Galbraith to take supper and spend the night with us. Maj. Galbraith came, but Maj. Brown sent his compliments and answer that he had arranged to spend the night with Capt. Grant. I did not see Maj. Brown to converse with him, until some months after the battle. I certainly did not see Capt. Grant or make any report to him that night, as has been stated by him, for the reason that it never for a moment entered my mind that he had command when Maj. Brown was present. I hope it will be noticed how frequently I received orders from Maj. Brown and how faithfully I executed them—except when I stopped to eat those luscious Minnesota plums!—well knowing that it was my duty so to do.

How About This, Capt. Grant?

If Maj. Joseph R. Brown was not in command of that expedition and at the battle of Birch Coulie, no other officer was. I never received an order that I remember during the entire campaign from St. Paul to Birch Coulie from Capt. Grant or any other officer except from Capt. Cullen, Col. Sibley, Col. McPhail and Maj. Brown.

If Col. Grant insists that he was in command of that reconnoitering party and at the battle of Birch Coulie, will he explain why, on the morning of Sept. 1, at our encampment near the log house, he permitted me to turn over to him a lieutenant and about twenty men, and then allowed me and the remainder of my company and some twenty-five other men to wander off where we pleased? We went, as I have stated, up to the agency and beyond, and narrowly missed encountering an overwhelming force of Indians. If he asserts that he ordered me upon that perilous adventure, he asserts that which is not true. If he was the commander and willfully and negligently allowed us to go on our own account, he should [illegible] we were ordered on that expedition to the agency and Crow's village by Maj. Brown, the commander of the entire expedition, and from him, and him alone, we received orders all that day.

The Night Before the Battle.

My duties as officer of the day expired on the morning of Sept. 1; so that night I was free to take a good rest, and I determined to have it. Soon after dark I called Corporal A. B. Dunn, with whom I was in the habit of joking freely, and said that if he had ever been asleep during the thirteen days we had been out, I did not know it, and I did not believe he needed any sleep; that I was worn out and must rest, and that I would leave him in charge of the position so far as I was personally concerned. He laughed and said, "All right, Cap." I then spoke seriously, and said I thought our camp was a dangerous one, and told him if he heard any suspicious sounds before morning to come to my tent, quietly untie the door, strike a match and find me, and awaken me without disturbing any one else, even if he had to drag me out by the heels. He promised, and faithfully kept his word.

"Surrounded by Indians."

Just before dawn he awoke me by pulling at my feet and saying: "Get up, Cap; the camp is surrounded by Indians!" I asked him what made him think so. He replied: "The cattle are up and on the move—the horses are holding up their heads and looking over the prairie in every direction, and some of them are snorting." I said: "This seems suspicious; go and quietly wake up our men." He started off—but just then one of the sentinels fired. The sentinel's shot was followed by a heavy volley from the Indians, which riddled our tents and killed and wounded several of our men, and the fight was on. Grabbing my saber and

revolver, and with my head and feet bare, I scrambled out of my tent on my hands and knees, and at the top of my voice, then very strong, shouted to the men to "keep low"—grab their arms, get to the front line of the camp and hold back the Indians and not let them enter the camp. Just then the sentinels came in and commenced taking shelter behind the wagons and horses.

In less than two minutes I reached the front line and found brave old Private Connelly, an old Irishman, whose beard was white from age and who was so badly ruptured that he could not ride a horse and had to serve as a teamster. He had a musket and was taking shelter behind a horse which had been shot down but was still kicking. I told him to level his gun across the horse and shoot, when he quizzingly and in true Irish style asked: "What the divil shall I shoot at when I can't see anything at all, at all?" I said: "Shoot, anyhow," and he did, coolly and deliberately. Just then brave Johnny Hooper, who had been the bookkeeper at the good old Winslow house in St. Paul, came running up on all fours, and taking position a few feet to my right leveled his gun and fired.

The Oasis a Slaughter Pen.

It was still dark, but by straining my sight I discovered that in both directions as far as I could see in the gloom the line was being rapidly filled by the brave boys I had the honor to command. They were obeying my orders with a promptness creditable to veterans of a score of battles. I knew then that the Indians could not run in upon us. It surely did not take more than three or four minutes for the company to rally from soundly slumbering militiamen to fighting heroes, who continued, as you well know, to do their duty, without food, water or rest, from that time until noon of the following day, when we were relieved by Col. Sibley and his command.

During the entire engagement I did not receive an order from any other officer. About noon of the first day Capt. Grant generously extended the right of his line, under the command of that princely soldier, Lieut. Harry Gilham, around to the northeast, where it came in touch with my extreme northwest line. This closed a gap which had given me much uneasiness, and I was very thankful for the service.

To describe the fight in detail as I remember it would require too much space. It is incumbent on me to say, however, that I believe that Maj. Brown, Capt. Grant, and every other officer present with his command, myself as yourself (Dr. Daniels), Lieut. Swan of the Third Minnesota, and Maj. Galbraith, who did not have commands, did his full full duty at Birch Coulie. [illegible] of bravery on the part of the camp [illegible] and enrolled men could not have been surpassed. I wish to name a few of the men whom I remember for their conspicuously gallant conduct.

Roll of Honor.

Sergeant Robert Baxter, Sergeant John Hooper, Sergeant I. S. Elliott, Corporal A. B. Dunn, Corporal Joe Coursalle, Corporal W. C. Griswold, Bugler, D. M. Smith, Farrier Thomas Barton. Privates George W. Brown, Peter Burkman, James Cunningham, Edward Connelly, George Dashney, James J. Egan, E. W. Earle, C. A. Earle, Jacob Freeman, John Galbraith, Richard Gibbens, W. L. Hart, Charles Holmes.

Nearly all of the other men deserve mention, but on account of my limited acquaintance with them and my advanced age now I cannot remember their individual acts of gallantry. Of J. W. De Camp, William H. Grant and David H. Caruthers, citizens who were with me, I will say their valor and general good conduct were most exceptional. I could mention many incidents of gallant action performed by some of Capt. Grant's men, which I think their children and children's children would be proud to rehearse in years to come, but I think their conduct can better and with more propriety be described by their officers.

Notes of the Fight.

As a matter of history it ought to be borne in mind that the cavalry camp was on the side next to the Birch Coulie, a deep ravine, filled with a growth of tall timber and supplied with good water. This was the strongest and best sheltered point from which the Indians could and did pour their deadly fire into the camp from the first to the last of the engagement. Private Jacob Freeman, who was imprudently brave, and would persist in exposing himself to the enemy's fire, was the only cavalryman killed after we reached the front line, which was really our line of battle. The severe wounds that some of the boys received might have been escaped could the brave fellows have been induced to shelter themselves a little closer, but their great eagerness to get good and full shots too often stimulated them to unnecessary exposure.

At one time I was compelled to scold and threaten to "tie down" a beardless but well educated young man in order to keep him from recklessly sacrificing his young and promising life. I fairly loved him, too, because of his affectionate expressions regarding his mother the morning we set out on the reconnoisance. He was subsequently an officer in the Union army and has been a member of the Minnesota legislature.

I also had to scold Private George Dashney (a half-breed) for his imprudence; but when I was not watching him he sprang to his feet and fired at an Indian, and unfortunately in return received a ball through his thigh. He did not leave his post, however, and under direct orders fired about the last shot from our line at an Indian on horseback away over in a southwesterly direction, and either wounded or scared the brave buck so badly that he dropped off and behind his horse.

Corporal Frank Griswold—now Capt Griswold of Minneapolis—also had to be scolded on account of his exposing himself unnecessarily every time he wanted to get a good shot. You no doubt remember, doctor, that from 9 o'clock in the morning of the first day until the close of the engagement on the second day every time the enemy's lead caused any dodging among the boys jokes and good-natured chaffing were as common among them as if they were in a foot race or ball game. I could relate many incidents of this kind.

I think our escape from greater loss was due in great part to the three whole nights of skirmish drill and the careful watching we did at times while en route. One of these latter occasions was when we were between St. Peter and New Ulm, and was caused by some of Capt. Flandrau's retreating (or exoding) multitude from New Ulm, who discharged their guns in our hearing. Another was at Swan lake, while on the march from St. Peter to Fort Ridgely, and was caused by our being surrounded by a band of Indian scouts, whose approach we were lucky enough to discover. Another was at Fort Ridgely, where we were ordered out by Col. McPhail and lay in the grass all night on account of some alarm that we never understood. Thanks to our obedience to orders on these occasions and the sharp discipline we had been under, we were not wholly unprepared for action at Birch Coulie.

Conclusion.

I cannot refrain from saying that I think that facts [illegible] beyond a reasonable doubt that Maj. Brown was the rightful and only commander of that reconnoitering expedition and of the white forces in the battle of Birch Coulie, and I think it preposterous that his authority should be questioned at this late day. That he had the right to sign his name to his official report as "major of the Third Minnesota militia"—which he did—I have no doubt, though I think it probable that his regiment was an "irregular" one. I know that on the morning Col. Sibley ordered me from St. Peter to New Ulm in charge of a detachment he told me he had appointed Sam McPhail colonel of a new militia regiment then being organized. This regiment was then being constituted out of the new militia companies then formed or being formed everywhere, including the companies of Capt. St. Julie Cox, Capt. Dodd (killed at New Ulm), Captains Cullen, Anson Northrup, Dyke, Oscar Taylor of St. Cloud, Whitcomb of Maine Prairie, and others. Col. Sibley also informed me that he had appointed Capt. Olen lieutenant colonel of the regiment and me to a captaincy in the place of Cullen. At my request, however, he allowed me to remain a lieutenant until we arrived at Fort Ridgely, when I was elected captain by the men and Jasper Brown became first lieutenant in my stead. By the vigilance of our orderly sergeant, H. S. Atchley, getting our morning report signed and approved first, we became Company A. I think it probable that Col. Sibley appointed Brown major of this or another regiment, though he may have been a major in one of the old militia regiments.

Personally I have always been entirely satisfied with the consideration bestowed on me and my brave men by my superior officers, the press of Minnesota, and the historians of the time; but since I have become old and feeble I would be pleased, on account of the satisfaction it would afford certain friends, to have the fact established that I was the first white man to enter Little Crow's house after the commencement of the great Sioux rebellion.

I enclose a copy of my official report of the part taken by my company in the battle of Birch Coulie, which I made to Maj. Brown the next day after our return to Fort Ridgely. This report was made without consultation with any one except Johnny Hooper, who wrote it at my dictation in a room up stairs in Dr. Muller's house, where, at the time, I was lying wounded and unable to write. * * * * * * * * * *

I am very feeble from a paralysis of my left side and limbs and will not be present at the dedication of the Birch Coulie monument, notwithstanding my long hoped for pleasure of being at a reunion of my old comrades of the Indian campaign.

Sincerely hoping that this will be received by you as a satisfactory answer to your inquiries, and that it will assist in settling the question of who was the commander of the Birch Coulie expedition and battle, I remain your friend and comrade,

—Joseph Anderson.

No. 513 Harvey street, Oklahoma City, O. T.

Saturday, May 4, 1895

TRUTH WILL PREVAIL

IN SO FAR AS THE BIRCH COULIE MONUMENT MAY PROCLAIM IT.

FINAL ACTION NOW TO COME.

Maj. Brown's Name, as Commanding Officer at the Famous Battle, to Be Inscribed on the Shaft, Which Is to Be Removed From Morton to the Real Battle Field—Text of the Report Covering the Case.

Among the acts of the legislature at its recent session was one for the removal of the Birch Coulie monument from its present location, on the fair ground, near Morton, to the site of the battle, a mile and a half distant. This is the end of the protracted controversy, begun a year ago and carried on in the newspapers and elsewhere, as to the proper location of the monument, the identity of the commander of the white forces in the battle, etc. The monument was erected last August, under an act of the legislature of 1893, and the commission appointed under it placed the structure on the fair ground and inscribed thereon the name of Capt. H. P. Grant, now of St. Paul, as the commander.

There was much dissatisfaction over the action of the commission among many of the participants in the battle and the Indian campaign of 1862. At the dedication, Sept. 3 last, ex-Gov. Marshall, Capt. Joseph Anderson, and others spoke in protest from the platform, denying that the monument was where it should be and insisting that it ought to be placed where the fight took place, and also claiming that Maj. Joseph R. Brown was the commander of the forces and not Capt. Grant. Certain members of the commission were connected with the fair ground association, and as Capt. Grant was the only prominent survivor of the battle who justified the location of the monument, it was insinuated that there had been a pooling of interests.

Last fall the Sixth and Seventh Regiment Veteran associations passed resolutions demanding that the legislature investigate the subject and take proper action in the premises. The Sixth was the regiment to which Capt. Grant belonged during the war, and in which he became lieutenant colonel, and the resolutions were adopted against his opposition and influence. The legislature appointed a joint committee of the senate and house to investigate the subject. Senator Iltis, formerly of the Sixth (Grant's) regiment, was made chairman. The committee, all old soldiers, held several meetings and heard both sides of the controversy very fairly. The monument commission, of which Hon. C. D. Gilfillan was chairman, had a hearing, and Col. Grant and his friends presented their testimony in person. The case for the other side was presented by Maj. R. I. Holcombe, acting for Gov. Marshall, Capt. Anderson and others and for the sons of Maj. Brown.

The committee unanimously decided that the monument ought to go on the actual battle ground, and that the name of Capt. Grant, as commander should be erased and that of Maj. Brown substituted. A bill to carry out the committee's ideas was introduced by Senator Iltis and passed both houses under suspension of the rules, passing the senate unanimously and the house by a vote of 72 to 3. The governor was appealed to to veto the bill, but declined.

A formal report of the investigating committee containing its conclusions was made and printed in the legislative journals. A supplement to the report, presenting the reasons for the findings and conclusions, was prepared and signed, but by an oversight incident to the confusion of the last days of the session was not printed. Following is a copy of the supplementary report:

To the Hon. S. R. Van Sant, Speaker of the House of Representatives:

Sir—Your special joint committee, to whom was referred the resolutions of the Sixth and Seventh Minnesota Veteran associations, relative to the Birch Coulie Monument, beg leave to submit the following supplementary report, which they respectfully ask be made a part of the original report on the subject, received and adopted by the house of representatives on Monday, April 8th, instant.

Your committee held frequent sittings and heard and considered a large volume of testimony, oral, printed and documentary, and made thorough and impartial examination of the subject. Two main and controlling points were involved, viz.: (1) The rightful location of the monument, and (2), the correctness

the whites the battle was fought on a small area, not exceeding five acres in extent, and that the monument is located more than a mile and a half distant therefrom, upon a site whereon no part of the battle was fought at any time. The present location seems quite inappropriate, and is so considered by a very large majority of the survivors of the battle and others who have considered the subject. Evidently it is not the location of the commemorative structure contemplated and designed by the legislature, and for this reason alone the site should be changed.

The battle ground upon which the legislature plainly intended the monument should be set is easily accessible, being directly at the side of a well traveled road, from which, only a quarter of a mile distant, another very public road leads to Olivia, the county seat of Renville county. To the east, north and west the country is open and level for a considerable distance, and if the monument were placed on the land where the battle was fought it would be a most prominent and conspicuous object for miles on either side.

As to the Inscriptions on the Monument.

The act for the erection of the monument provides that the inscriptions thereon shall commemorate "the state's appreciation of the men who there (at Birch Coulie) sacrificed their lives in its defense," and further, that the inscriptions shall be such as "shall comport with the dignity of the state." It certainly was not the intention of the legislature o authorize or permit a falsehood, an untruth, or even a mis-statement, to be and remain a part of the inscription; nor will the people sanction such a thing. A false statement will not "comport with the dignity of the state," nor an untruth show its "appreciation of the men who sacrificed their lives" at Birch Coulie.

It was shown to your committee that many of the important portions of the inscription are inaccurate and untrue. Many of the names of the soldiers and citizens who fought and of some of those who fell are misspelled or otherwise incorrectly given. The names of two honorable citizens of the state, who were killed at the outset of the action, are omitted.

As to the Name Inscribed as Commander of the Forces.

This point was pressed upon the committee with great force and engaged a great deal of our attention. The commission appointed by the act providing for the erection of the monument ordered to be inscribed on the monument, and it is so inscribed, the name of Capt. H. P. Grant as commander of the forces engaged in the battle of Birch Coulie. This was an error which ought to be corrected. In reaching its decision on this point the commission did not consult the official records and reports and other reliable authorities upon the subject, although they are easily accessible and very plain and conclusive. The decision seems to have been reached by the hearing of ex parte testimony by Capt. Grant and two or threee of his friends, and against the decided and earnest protest of Commissioner Daniels, who was the surgeon of the Birch Coulie expedition, and who asserted, and still asserts, that Capt. Grant was not its commander.

All of the official records and reports, all of the standard histories of the Sioux war and of our state, all of the surviving officers that were with the Birch Coulie expedition and in the battle (except Capt. Grant) assert most positively that Maj. Joseph R. Brown was the real and only commander of the entire force on the expedition and in the battle, and that Capt. Grant was only a subordinate under him, in command of a company, on that occasion.

Upon this point we have the official report of Gen. H. H. Sibley, the commander-in-chief of all the forces at that time (See Sibley's Field Book, p. 66 et seq.; also West's Life of Sibley, p. 459 et seq.) It must be conceded that if Gen. Sibley were alive a few words from him would effectually settle the question of the identity of the commander. Gen. Sibley is dead, but he has left upon record the facts as he knew them in language so plain that it is impossible to mistake its meaning. His testimony alone ought to be conclusive.

We have the official report as commander of Maj. Brown himself. (See West's Life of Sibley, p. 462.)

We have also the official report of Capt. Joseph Anderson, who commanded one of the two companies that composed the Birch Coulie expedition and fought the battle, and who made his report to Maj. Brown. (See volume 2, Minnesota in Civil and Indian Wars, p. 212.) We also have Capt. Anderson's sworn statement, recently made, wherein he swears that on the setting out of the expedition he was ordered to and did report to Maj. Brown as the commander, and that during the entire expedition he received orders from him and from no one else.

Gen. Sibley's, Maj. Brown's and Capt. Anderson's reports were made the next day after the close of the battle, were widely published, and were never questioned, at least not publicly, for a quarter of a century thereafter.

We have the statements of Dr. J. W. Daniels, formerly the surgeon of the Sixth Minnesota, Col. Grant's regiment, and surgeon of the Birch Coulie expedition, and who states that he was ordered to, and did, report to Maj. Brown, and received his orders from him, and that of his personal knowledge Maj. Brown was in general command.

We have the statements of Capt. J. H. Swan, formerly of the Third Minnesota, who says he was in Gen. Sibley's quarters when the expedition was determined upon and heard Maj. Brown's assignment to the command. Capt. Swan accompanied the expedition as a volunteer and was in the battle, and he testifies to Maj. Brown's general and particular conduct of the operations and movements of the state forces.

We also have the remarkable statement of Capt. Grant himself, admitting that, the next day after the battle, he was plainly told by Gen. Sibley that Maj. Brown was in command, and that he (Grant) was ordered to make the report of the part taken by his company to him—Brown (see vol. 2 Minn., in Civil and Indian War[illegible]

We have the published statements of Hon.

ley, p. 259 et seq.). Not a single history of the war or of the state asserts that Capt. Grant was the commander.

Capt. Grant's Claims.

Capt. Grant's claim rests upon his own statements and those of his personal friends that Gen. Sibley gave him the command, and he advances a theory that there was a plot or conspiracy between Gen. Sibley and Maj. Brown and others to rob him of his proper distinction and credit. There are no documents to support the claim or the theory.

Capt. Grant is a respectable citizen, and his assertions and statements and those of his friends have been fairly considered. But personal assertions and individual opinions, unsupported by competent and conceded authority, cannot be allowed to controvert official records and established historical facts.

The theory of a conspiracy has nothing worthy of attention to support it, and—especially in view of the well known high character of Gen. Sibley and his associates, against whom the insinuation is made—cannot for a moment, or in any respect, be entertained.

The claim is advanced that Capt. Grant was entitled to the command because of his rank as captain of Minnesota volunteers. There is nothing vital in this claim and its discussion only obscures the real issues. The official records show, however, that while Capt. Grant was commissioned in August, 1862, he was not accepted and mustered into the United States service as captain until Oct. 1, 1862, nearly a month after the battle of Birch Coulie (Sept. 2-3, 1862), and that his rank dates from that time. (See Adjutant General's Report, Van Cleve's, from 1861 to 1866, p. 276; Minn. in Civil and Indian Wars, Vol. 1, p. 330; also muster-in roll of Company A, Sixth Minnesota, on file in Adjutant General's office). Maj. Joseph R. Brown was appointed to "rank as major [illegible]

action in the premises. The Sixth was the regiment to which Capt. Grant belonged during the war, and in which he became lieutenant colonel, and the resolutions were adopted against his opposition and influence. The legislature appointed a joint committee of the senate and house to investigate the subject. Senator Iltis, formerly of the Sixth (Grant's) regiment, was made chairman. The committee, all old soldiers, held several meetings and heard both sides of the controversy very fairly. The monument commission, of which Hon. C. D. Gilfillan was chairman, had a hearing, and Col. Grant and his friends presented their testimony in person. The case for the other side was presented by Maj. R. I. Holcombe, acting for Gov. Marshall, Capt. Anderson and others and for the sons of Maj. Brown.

The committee unanimously decided that the monument ought to go on the actual battle ground, and that the name of Capt. Grant, as commander should be erased and that of Maj. Brown substituted. A bill to carry out the committee's ideas was introduced by Senator Iltis and passed both houses under suspension of the rules, passing the senate unanimously and the house by a vote of 72 to 3. The governor was appealed to to veto the bill, but declined.

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Your committee held frequent sittings and heard and considered a large volume of testimony, oral, printed and documentary, and made thorough and impartial examination of the subject. Two main and controlling points were involved, viz.: (1) The rightful location of the monument, and (2), the correctness of the inscriptions thereon. And upon these points the committee, upon all the evidence and testimony adduced, came unanimously to the following conclusions:

As to the Location of the Monument.

The act creating the commission and providing for the erection of the monument (Chapter 231, General Laws of 1893) declares that the monument shall be erected "on the land on which was fought the battle of Birch Coulie." The title of the act is "An act appropriating money for the purchase of the battlefield of Birch Coulie and the erection of a suitable monument thereon." The direction as to the location is, therefore, explicit if not mandatory. (See section 1 of the act). It is evident that the legislature intended to identify, perpetuate and preserve forever the actual site of the memorable, heroic contest, the very soil whereon, for thirty-six hours, our gallant soldiers and citizens fought against the almost overwhelming forces of the enemy—the ground that they wet with their blood—the spot whereon they yielded up their lives.

The evidence shows that on the part of that were with the Birch Coulie expedition and in the battle (except Capt. Grant) assert most positively that Maj. Joseph R. Brown was the real and only commander of the entire force on the expedition and in the battle, and that Capt. Grant was only a subordinate under him, in command of a company, on that occasion.

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We have the statements of Capt. J. H. Swan, formerly of the Third Minnesota, who says he was in Gen. Sibley's quarters when the expedition was determined upon and heard Maj. Brown's assignment to the command. Capt. Swan accompanied the expedition as a volunteer and was in the battle, and he testifies to Maj. Brown's general and particular conduct of the operations and movements of the state forces.

We also have the remarkable statement of Capt. Grant himself, admitting that, the next day after the battle, he was plainly told by Gen. Sibley that Maj. Brown was in command, and that he (Grant) was ordered to make the report of the part taken by his company to him—Brown. (See vol. 2 Minn., in Civil and Indian War, p. 219).

We have the published statements of Hon. Charles E. Flandrau (Vol. 1, Minn. in Civil and Indian Wars, p. 736), who took a conspicuous part in the Sioux war and is well acquainted with its incidents, and of Hon. James J. Egan, who was a member of the expedition and wounded in the battle (Ibid, p. 736, and Vol. 2, p. 219).

We have the official records of the adjutant general of the state for the year 1862, which state the fact positively. (See interleaf bet. pp. 308-9).

Not a single record, not a single official or authoritative document states the fact otherwise. By and on these records the case ought to be established, and on them it will be decided and stand.

Corroborative of the official and other authoritative recorded evidence cited are the statements of every one of the histories of the Sioux war and of the state, without a single exception. (See the standard History of the Sioux War, by Capt. I. V.D. Heard, p. 131; McConkey's History, p. 171; Neill's Histories of Minnesota, edition of 1873, p. 730; edition of 1882, p. 730; Concise History of 1887, p. 236; also Kirk's History, p. 149; West's Life of Sibley, p. 259 et seq.). Not a single history of the war or of the state asserts that Capt. Grant was the commander.

Capt. Grant's Claims.

Capt. Grant's claim rests upon his own statements and those of his personal friends that Gen. Sibley gave him the command, and he advances a theory that there was a plot or conspiracy between Gen. Sibley and Maj. Brown and others to rob him of his proper distinction and credit. There are no documents to support the claim or the theory.

Capt. Grant is a respectable citizen, and his assertions and statements and those of his friends have been fairly considered. But personal assertions and individual opinions, unsupported by competent and conceded authority, cannot be allowed to controvert official records and established historical facts.

The theory of a conspiracy has nothing worthy of attention to support it, and—especially in view of the well known high character of Gen. Sibley and his associates, against whom the insinuation is made—cannot for a moment, or in any respect, be entertained.

The claim is advanced that Capt. Grant was entitled to the command because of his rank as captain of Minnesota volunteers. There is nothing vital in this claim and its discussion only obscures the real issues. The official records show, however, that while Capt. Grant was commissioned in August, 1862, he was not accepted and mustered into the United States service as captain until Oct. 1, 1862, nearly a month after the battle of Birch Coulie (Sept. 2-3, 1862), and that his rank dates from that time. (See Adjutant General's Report, Van Cleve's, from 1861 to 1866, p. 276; Minn. in Civil and Indian Wars, Vol. 1, p. 330; also muster-in roll of Company A, Sixth Minnesota, on file in Adjutant General's office). Maj. Joseph R. Brown was appointed to "rank as major from Aug. 25 (1862), at which date he entered on duty as such." (See Sibley's Field Book, p. 119). This date is recognized in the Adjutant General's record for 1862 (see p. 311).

Wherefore, in view of all the facts, your committee is unreservedly and unanimously of the opinions expressed in the original report referred to, that the Birch Coulie monument should be removed from its present site and permanently placed on the actual battlefield; that the name of Maj. Joseph R. Brown be placed thereon as commander of the forces; that the name of Capt. H. P. Grant, as commander, be erased, and all other incorrect inscriptions be corrected, and that these changes be made as soon as possible.

Respectfully submitted.

FREDERIC ILTIS,
HENRY KELLER,
Of the Senate.
THOS. DOWNS,
WM. MANSFIELD,
D. E. CROSS,
Of the House of Representatives,
Committee on the Birch Coulie Monument.

The bill for the removal provides that the adjutant general shall have charge or direction of the work; that the new site to be acquired shall consist of not less than five nor more than ten acres; which shall comprise at least a part of the "corral" where the battle was fought; that condemnatory proceedings for the acquisition of the land may be had; that the monument shall be removed to the new site, which is to remain the property of the state "forever;" that no inscription shall ever be placed on any structure on the site which does not accord with the official records; that all incorrect inscriptions shall be corrected, and particularly that the name of Maj. Joseph R. Brown shall be inscribed as commander of the forces, and the names of Capt. Anderson and Capt. Grant be inscribed as commanders of companies under him, and $1,200 is appropriated to carry out the provisions of the bill.



MAJOR JOSEPH R. BROWN.

It Is Well.

Gov. Clough has signed the bill which prohibits pool-selling, bookmaking or the disposing of any chances upon any race track or in any room or place in the state, and this the racing men say will knock out all racing and jockey meets at the several tracks the coming summer and until the law is repealed. It is just as well.—Benson Times.

Swedish League.

Chicago, May 3—W. S. Hussander, secretary Swedish State Republican league, and State Committeeman Ed Westman will go to Kansas City May 29 to organize a league in that city.

Sage and Gould Win.

Albany, N. Y., May 3.—The court of appeals today decided against the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home of St. Louis in their suit against Russell Sage and the sons of Jay Gould.

"CLARINDA OCTOGENARIANS."

One at Least One Hundred and Fifty.

NOGALES, ARIZONA, May 6, 1895.
ED. HERALD:

In your issue of April 19, I see a local as to the ages of the "Octogenarians" of Clarinda. The cencus recently taken is given as authority for the statement. No doubt a mistake has been made as to Samuel Collier. The census put it down at 91. We wish to inform your readers why we think so. In the seventies the Democrat was located on the lot east of where the HERALD is now located. At that time we had two men working in the office. They were characters,—Doc. Holcombe and Ed. Jones. One day when we came in late from dinner, about 2 p.m., Doc, Ed and Mr. Collier were seated at the table in earnest conversation. We were rather hot, and suggested it was a case of selling on a pocket book. Doc remarked that they were attending to important business for "Uncle Sammy," and we suggested it could be arranged some other time. By this time Mr. Collier had disappeared, and Doc said, "I wish you had remained at home until we got all of the story Uncle Sammy was telling." Later in the afternoon we got the sequel. It was too good for the boys to keep. We went into the composing room and they showed me what they had been doing. Mr. Collier was telling them what he had done at various times in his life. Ed took a slip of paper, and Doc commenced to question Mr. Collier. As Doc would get the dates Ed put them down. Each period of years at different occupations were put down. When we came in they had got down to the commencement of the war. The figures footed up one hundred and twenty years, so it will be seen that Mr. Collier is over one hundred and fifty years old, and is a great card for Clarinda, as he is surely the oldest living man on earth. This is Mr. Collier's statement, so he or Mr. Bracken has surely made a mistake. No one would even think of disputing Holcombe or Ed Jones. As to figures and dates and this kind of work they were as correct as the multiplication table.

N. C. RIDENOUR.

[1895]

STATE CENSUS OF MINNESOTA

SHOWS INCREASE, RACE, COLOR AND NATIVITY OF THE PEOPLE.

Bound Volumes Are Received From the Printer and Will Soon Be Ready for Distribution—Interesting Tables of Percentages of Growth of the Cities—One-Third of the Population Are of Foreign Birth—The State Has 429,699 Legal Voters.

A bound copy of the Fourth Decennial Census of the State of Minnesota, taken by counties, town, cities and wards, by authority of the state legislature, June 1, 1895, was delivered yesterday to State Printer Whitney. This report is one of the most complete publications of its kind that has ever been published. It contains tables showing comparisons of growth in every possible manner; also the race, color, nativity and occupation of the people of this commonwealth. Minnesota had on June 1, 1,574,619 people, which was an increase of 272,793 over the previous census year. The population and increase by counties is shown in the following table:

	State Census, 1895.	Increase, 1890-5.
Aitkin	5,224	2,762
Anoka	11,181	1,297
Becker	13,725	4,324
Beltrami	1,364	1,052
Benton	7,793	1,509
Big Stone	7,477	1,755
Blue Earth	32,295	3,085
Brown	18,431	2,614
Carlton	7,458	2,186
Carver	17,567	1,035
Cass	3,425	2,178
Chippewa	10,805	2,250
Chisago	13,118	2,759
Clay	15,154	3,637
Cook	427	329
Cottonwood	10,187	2,775
Crow Wing	11,561	2,709
Dakota	21,345	1,105
Dodge	12,753	1,889
Douglas	16,942	2,336
Faribault	20,139	3,431
Fillmore	28,599	2,633
Freeborn	21,138	3,176
Goodhue	32,268	3,462
Grant	7,987	1,112
Hennepin	217,798	32,504
Houston	15,556	903
Hubbard	2,447	1,035
Isanti	10,195	2,588
Itasca	3,965	3,222
Jackson	12,324	3,400
Kanabec	2,714	1,135
Kandiyohi	16,322	2,325
Kittson	6,289	902
Lac qui Parle	12,687	2,305
Lake	2,211	912
Le Sueur	20,915	1,858
Lincoln	7,196	1,505
Lyon	12,425	2,924
McLeod	19,134	2,108
Marshall	12,072	2,942
Martin	13,981	4,578
Meeker	17,389	1,933
Mille Lacs	5,129	2,284
Morrison	19,163	5,838
Mower	21,546	3,527
Murray	9,322	2,630
Nicollet	14,299	917
Nobles	11,905	3,947
Norman	13,470	2,852
Olmsted	22,316	2,510
Otter Tail	39,453	5,221
Pine	8,631	4,579
Pipestone	7,115	1,983
Polk	39,209	9,017
Pope	11,607	1,575
Ramsey	147,537	7,741
Redwood	15,533	4,147
Renville	21,818	4,719
Rice	26,837	2,869
Rock	8,597	1,780
Roseau	3,493	3,493
St. Louis	78,575	33,713
Scott	15,035	1,204
Sherburne	7,137	1,229
Sibley	16,436	1,237
Stearns	39,925	5,081
Steele	15,[illegible]8	2,566
Stevens	6,543	1,292
Swift	11,846	1,685
Todd	17,674	4,744
Traverse	6,064	1,548
Wabasha	18,587	1,615
Wadena	6,076	2,023
Waseca	14,713	1,400
Washington	27,417	1,425
Watonwan	10,262	2,516
Wilkin	6,200	1,854
Winona	37,134	3,337
Wright	27,653	3,489
Yellow Medicine	12,581	2,727

The increase of population from 1880 to 1890 was 66.74 per cent; from 1885 to 1895, 40.96 per cent, and from 1890 to 1895, 20.95 per cent. When the first census was taken in 1850 Benton county had 418 inhabitants; Dakota, 584; Itasca, 97; Ramsey, 2,227; Wabasha, 243; Washington, 1,056; Mankato, 158; Pembina, 1,134; and Wahnata, 160, making a total of 6,077 souls. From that time the growth of the population in this state was marvelous. In 1860 the census enumerators found 172,023; in 1865, 250,099; 1870, 439,706; 1875, 597,407; 1880, 780,773; 1885, 1,117,798; 1890, 1,301,826; 1895, 1,574,619.

Growth of Cities.

The growth of cities from 1890 to 1895 is fully shown by the following table:

	1895.	1890.	Per cent increase '90—'95.
Minneapolis	192,833	164,738	17.06
St. Paul	140,292	133,156	5.36
Duluth	59,396	33,115	79.36
Winona	20,649	18,208	1.34
Stillwater	12,004	11,260	.66
Mankato	10,173	8,838	15.11
St. Cloud	9,178	7,686	19.41
Red Wing	7,685	6,294	22.10
Faribault	7,616	6,520	16.81
Brainerd	7,031	5,703	23.29
Rochester	6,429	5,321	20.82
Little Falls	5,116	2,354	117.33
Austin	5,087	3,901	30.40
Owatonna	4,891	3,849	27.07
New Ulm	4,790	3,741	28.04
Fergus Falls	4,497	3,772	19.22
St. Peter	4,251	3,671	15.77
Albert Lea	4,158	3,305	25.81
Crookston	3,970	3,457	14.84
Hastings	3,848	3,705	3.86
Anoka	3,812	4,252	*11.77
Virginia	3,647	....	....
Northfield	3,456	2,659	29.97
Moorhead	3,290	2,088	57.57
Waseca	2,780	2,482	12.01
Lake City	2,616	2,128	22.93
Wabasha	2,545	2,487	2.33
Chaska	2,443	2,210	10.54
Ely	2,260	901	150.83
South St. Paul	2,135	2,242	*5.01
Sauk Center	2,015	1,695	18.88
Le Sueur Borough	2,007	1,763	13.84
Shakopee	1,936	1,757	10.90
West St. Paul	1,763	1,596	10.46
Tracy	1,687	1,400	20.50
Redwood Falls	1,589	1,238	28.35
Jordan	1,459	1,233	1.81
East Grand Forks	1,443	795	84.13
Barnesville	1,238	1,069	15.81
Granite Falls	1,189	800	36.11
New Prague	1,042	955	.91

*Decrease.

Legal Voters.

Minnesota has 429,699 legal voters; 14,669 soldiers; 115 sailors; 1,342 Indians and half-breeds entitled to vote; 4,914 Indians; 841,755 males and 717,281 females; 1,560,125 whites; 3,878 colored; 116 Chinese and 3 Japanese. The following table shows the number of legal voters and male and female inhabitants by counties:

	Legal Voters.	Sex. Males.	Females.
Aitkin	2,145	3,441	1,783
Anoka	3,011	6,198	4,983
Becker	2,891	7,296	6,429
Beltrami	477	989	375
Benton	1,902	4,182	3,611
Big Stone	2,093	4,041	3,436
Blue Earth	9,158	17,056	15,239
Brown	4,342	9,563	8,868
Carlton	2,498	4,459	2,999
Carver	5,133	9,181	8,386
Cass	1,252	2,228	1,197
Chippewa	2,705	5,831	4,974
Chisago	3,645	7,160	5,958
Clay	4,173	8,277	6,877
Cook	124	231	196
Cottonwood	2,584	5,527	4,660
Crow Wing	3,565	6,673	4,888
Dakota	5,691	11,483	9,862
Dodge	3,521	6,911	5,842
Douglas	4,319	9,092	7,850
Faribault	5,367	10,913	9,226
Fillmore	7,691	15,186	13,413
Freeborn	5,305	11,258	9,880
Goodhue	8,582	16,772	15,068
Grant	2,015	4,361	3,626
Hennepin	64,877	113,549	103,683
Houston	3,887	7,974	7,582
Hubbard	693	1,344	1,103
Isanti	2,864	5,586	4,609
Itasca	2,006	2,717	1,248
Jackson	3,186	6,755	5,569
Kanabec	800	1,571	1,143
Kandiyohi	4,297	8,836	7,483
Kittson	1,817	3,583	2,706
Lac qui Parle	3,154	6,730	5,957
Lake	972	1,411	800
Le Sueur	5,543	11,327	9,588
Lincoln	1,732	3,833	3,363
Lyon	3,221	6,748	5,677
McLeod	4,591	10,123	9,011
Marshall	2,250	6,730	5,342
Martin	3,639	7,858	6,123
Meeker	4,637	9,334	8,055
Mille Lacs	1,561	2,866	2,263
Morrison	4,741	10,494	8,669
Mower	5,825	11,328	10,218
Murray	2,385	5,204	4,118
Nicollet	3,551	7,140	6,146
Nobles	3,086	6,598	5,307
Norman	3,389	7,252	6,218
Olmsted	5,960	11,236	9,905
Otter Tail	9,332	20,638	18,221
Pine	3,182	5,371	3,260
Pipestone	1,894	3,803	3,312
Polk	10,201	21,379	17,830
Pope	2,874	6,197	5,410
Ramsey	41,434	74,260	73,277
Redwood	3,546	7,277	6,256
Renville	5,358	11,640	10,178
Rice	6,907	13,740	12,163
Rock	2,214	4,665	3,932
Roseau	1,041	1,996	1,497
St. Louis	27,053	47,629	30,946
Scott	3,874	7,887	7,148
Sherburne	1,841	3,893	3,116
Sibley	4,214	8,794	7,642
Stearns	9,469	20,968	18,957
Steele	3,949	8,166	7,372
Stevens	1,742	3,530	3,013
Swift	2,999	6,440	5,406
Todd	4,414	9,659	8,015
Traverse	1,642	3,348	2,716
Wabasha	4,953	9,538	9,049
Wadena	1,542	3,100	2,976
Waseca	3,737	7,976	6,737
Washington	7,503	14,295	12,637
Watonwan	2,727	5,420	4,842
Wilkin	1,609	3,454	2,746
Winona	9,601	19,173	17,961
Wright	6,794	14,488	13,165
Yellow Medicine	3,209	6,595	5,986
Totals	429,688	941,755	727,281

Nativity by Counties.

Table showing number of native and foreign born by counties.

	Native Born.	Foreign Born.
Aitkin	2,917	2,307
Anoka	7,939	3,242
Becker	9,554	4,171
Beltrami	1,010	354
Benton	5,287	2,506
Big Stone	5,092	2,385
Blue Earth	24,446	7,849
Brown	11,937	6,432
Carlton	3,857	3,601
Carver	11,937	5,630
Cass	2,612	813
Chippewa	6,894	3,911
Chisago	7,478	5,640
Clay	9,022	6,132
Cottonwood	6,508	3,679
Cook	243	184
Crow Wing	7,852	3,709
Dakota	15,141	6,204
Dodge	9,941	2,812
Douglas	10,745	6,197
Faribault	15,519	4,620
Freeborn	14,596	6,542
Fillmore	21,813	6,786
Goodhue	21,441	10,399
Grant	5,025	2,962
Hennepin	146,848	70,950
Houston	11,347	4,209
Hubbard	1,952	495
Isanti	5,344	4,851
Itasca	2,532	1,433
Jackson	8,204	4,120
Kanabec	1,142	1,572
Kandiyohi	9,822	6,500
Kittson	2,725	3,564
Lac qui Parle	8,077	4,610
Lake	1,105	1,106
Le Sueur	15,815	5,100
Lincoln	4,435	2,761
Lyon	8,680	3,745
McLeod	13,022	6,112
Marshall	6,100	5,972
Martin	10,405	3,576
Meeker	11,588	3,576
Mille Lacs	3,533	1,596
Morrison	12,734	6,429
Mower	16,395	5,151
Murray	6,189	3,133
Nicollet	8,990	4,296
Nobles	8,642	3,263
Norman	7,996	5,474
Olmsted	17,379	4,062
Otter tail	25,131	13,728
Pine	4,654	3,977
Pipestone	5,567	1,548
Polk	22,636	16,573
Pope	7,477	4,130
Ramsey	96,486	51,051
Redwood	9,648	3,885
Renville	14,755	7,063
Rice	19,109	6,794
Rock	6,261	2,336
Roseau	1,632	1,861
St. Louis	42,093	36,482
Scott	10,796	4,239
Sherburne	5,037	1,972
Sibley	11,396	5,040
Stearns	29,025	10,900
Steele	11,098	4,440
Stevens	4,424	2,119
Swift	7,600	4,246
Todd	13,151	4,523
Traverse	3,983	2,081
Wabasha	14,223	4,364
Wadena	4,464	1,612
Waseca	10,967	2,746
Washington	17,192	9,740
Watonwan	6,801	3,461
Wilkin	4,194	2,006
Winona	27,142	9,992
Wright	19,394	8,259
Yellow Medicine	8,432	4,149
State institutions	2,747	2,270
Totals	1,057,084	517,535

In the matter of nativity Minnesota is very prolific. There are 1,057,084 native born; 26,406 English, 12,941 Irish, 5,344 Scotch, 1,246 Welch, 133,768 Germans, 1,492 French, 16,143 Danes, 119,554 Swedes, 107,319 Norwegians, 6,286 Russians, 49,286 Canadians, 10,327 Bohemians, 8,464 Poles, 7,652 Fins, 457 Icelanders, 11,205 other nationalties, making a total of 517,535 foreign born.

GRAND MASTER POWERS.

Election Returns From 212 Odd Fellow Lodges.

It is now positively asserted among Odd Fellows locally that by almost complete returns from the lodges throughout the state Frank L. Powers of St. Paul is shown to be elected the next state grand master. According to returns from 212 of the 229 lodges in the state Mr. Powers has 615 votes, or more than double the number cast for any other candidate. C. P. Nixon, of St. Paul Lodge No. 2, came next with 291, and George A. Campbell third with 286. Complete results of the election as reported are as follows:

For Grand Master—George G. S. Campbell, 286; C. P. Nixon, 291; Frank L. Powers, 615; Henry A. Rider, 208; John Williams, 139.

For Deputy Grand Master—W. R. Hodges, 732; J. E. Stiles, 546; Otto Stroberger, 234.

For Grand Warden—Carl Berg, 309; C. A. Fosnes, 388; John Lohse, 246; E. W. Mayman, 67; T. W. Streeter, 230; W. G. Stranahan, 166; L. H. Way, 106.

For Grand Secretary—A. L. Bolton, 1,357; William H. Stephens, 182.

For Grand Treasurer—O. L. Cutter, 340; C. M. Sprague, 1,180.

For Grand Representative—M. W. Clay, 1,419.

In favor of election in subordinate lodges, 1,123; against, 340.

It will be noticed by the last preceding paragraph that the past grands, who themselves constitute the electors of the order, have reaffirmed the action whereby they are permitted to vote in the annual election at their home lodges instead of going to a grand lodge meeting to do so.

Grand Master-elect Powers was born in Williams county, Ohio, Dec. 11, 1867, and and during his boyhood worked on his father's farm, attending a district school. He received his later education at Du Pauw university and came to St. Paul as a teacher. In 1891 he associated himself with Winn in the Northwestern Odd Fellow Review and has since then been its editor.

He is a past grand of Excelsior Lodge No. 60 of St. Paul, into which he was admitted on his twenty-first birthday. He is also a past chief patriarch of grand encampment and retains his good standing in both of these organizations. He is the author of the new election law mentioned above, which was adopted last year and ratified as stated.

CENTRAL W. C. T. U.

Enthusiastic Meeting in the Interest of Temperance.

A special meeting of the Central W. C. T. U. was held yesterday afternoon at Conover hall. A letter was read from the district President, Mrs. Stella B. Irving, written from Portland, Or., submitting plans for a special course of work to be adopted by the several unions of this district. The suggestions were adopted unanimously. Mrs. Irving is also national superintendent of sanitary school work, and is now on a lecturing and organizing tour through Washington.

Arrangements were made for a parlor meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. W. W. Nicolas some time next week. An impromptu programme will be given. The state superintendent of legislation and petitions will be present and give a short address. The union also expects to hold a public meeting some time the latter part of the month, and has engaged Mrs. A. C. McCurdy, state superintendent of jail and prison work, who is a talented speaker, to deliver an address. On account of the illness of Mrs. C. W. Leonard to act as superintendent of jail work in Ramsey county, Mrs. M. A. Luley was appointed as substitute.

The union will hold their next regular meeting Thursday at Conover hall. All members are requested to be present, as several reports will be given of the different branches of work. All strangers interested in the white ribbon movement will be made welcome and are earnestly requested to attend the meeting.

Bitten by a Dog.

Louis Botherer, a newsboy living at 152 Eaton avenue, was attacked by a savage dog with which he was playing at the corner of Seventh and Wabasha streets yesterday, and was bitten on the right hand. The wound was dressed by Dr. Appleby. Officer McEllistrom destroyed the dog.

WANT COLUMN.

FINANCIAL.

UNLIMITED MONEY
TO LOAN AT
5 AND 6 PER CENT
ON
IMPROVED CITY PROPERTY, WITH
OUR INVALUABLE
"ON OR BEFORE" PRIVILEGE.
R. M. NEWPORT & SON,
OUR MORTGAGES NOT PAYABLE IN GOLD.
PIONEER PRESS BLDG., REEVE BLDG.,
ST. PAUL. MINNEAPOLIS.

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED PROPERTY in amounts and for time to suit; bonds, bank stocks, commercial papers and high-grade securities bought and sold. E. Ernst & Co., Investment Bankers, Offices, Germania Bank Building St. Paul, and Temple Court, Minneapolis.

MONEY TO LOAN ON FURNITURE, PIANOS, etc., to remain with the owner; also on watches, diamonds, seal cloaks, etc.; loans can be repaid by installments; business strictly private. Room 7 First National Bank Building, corner Fourth and Jackson. Minnesota Mortgage Loan Co.

CHOICE MORTGAGES FOR SALE IN FOLLOWing amounts: $3,500, $1,200 and $1,000; applications wanted, in any amount. E. M. & H. F. Ware, Rooms 55 and 56 National German-American Bank.

DO YOU WANT TO BORROW MONEY ON YOUR diamonds, watch, jewelry, bicycle, typewriter, furs, etc., at Lytle's, 411 Robert street, opposite Ryan hotel? Watches and diamonds for sale at half their value at Lytle's, 411 Robert street.

MONEY TO LOAN ON IMPROVED FARMS AND city property in sums to suit; all privileges; rates and terms as favorable as can be obtained elsewhere. J. C. Norton, 28 National German-American Bank Building.

ENDOWMENT AND LIFE INSURANCE POLIcies bought; loans on same. L. P. Van Norman, 419½ Guaranty Loan Building, Minneapolis, Minn.

YOU HAD BETTER TAKE SOME OF OUR 7 per cent tax certificate bonds while you can get them. Frost & Meacham, 30 East Fourth street.

$100,000 TO $500 LOANS MADE WITHOUT DElay on St. Paul real estate at lowest rates. E. S. Chittenden, First National Bank Building.

$50 TO $500—SHORT TIME LOANS ON PERsonal property of value. Ohio Investment Co., Seventh floor, Globe Building.

DO YOU WANT TO BORROW MONEY ON DIAmonds, watches, etc., any amount? George E. Holmes, 141 East Seventh.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—DIAMONDS AND WATCHES AT Lytle's Loan Office, 411 Robert street, Room 1, opposite Ryan hotel—Forfeited pledges, we can now offer at retail from 30 to 50 per cent lower than they can be bought at retail; diamonds, all sizes and set up in all styles; ladies' and gentlemen's gold watches of all styles and grades that we can sell for one-half their worth; will guarantee quality and time; diamonds of all sizes; colored stones for sale to the small retail dealers and goldsmiths cheaper than you can buy from the importers; money to loan on diamonds, watches, typewriters, bicycles, furs, etc.; cash paid for old gold and silver; also old gold for sale to goldsmiths. At Lytle's Loan Office, 411 Robert street, Room 1, opposite Ryan hotel.

GROCERIES AT WHOLESALE COST BY THE package for a few days to consumers or dealers. Griggs & Co., Wholesale Grocers, 190 East Fifth street.

OVERCOAT, FUR-LINED, FOR SALE—BLACK melton, shell-lined, with dark brown genet fur; will sell for $30 spot cash. Address G 70, Pioneer Press.

FOR SALE—DRY KINDLING WOOD—TWOhorse wagon load delivered east of Wabasha street, $3.50; delivered east of Dale, $4. Telephone 1100. Bohn Mfg. Co.

BEST MAPLE WOOD, $5; GOOD MAPLE WOOD, $4 a cord; dry sawed slabs or mill wood, $1.75 a load; telephone call 1201-4. Northern Wood and Coal Co., Western avenue and Martin street.

YOU HAD BETTER TAKE SOME OF OUR 7 per cent tax certificate bonds while you can get them. Frost & Meacham, 30 East Fourth street.

NEW LATEST IMPROVED EIGHT-FOOT steel range, two first-class ovens, at half-price. Call or address Room 7, 328 Robert.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

FOR SALE—NEWFOUNDLAND PUPS—P. C. Anderson, Melrose, Minn.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

A FIRST-CLASS OPENING FOR A MAN WITH energy and business ability to represent one of the oldest and best life insurance companies. Address Manager, 400 Kasota Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

FOR SALE—A FIRST-CLASS STEAM LAUNdry in town 3,000; drawing trade from surrounding towns with combined population 10,000; business done last year of $5,000; increasing; small cash payment, balance to suit responsible party; reason for selling; ill-health of proprietor. Address Mrs. E. Sloan, Bismarck, N. D.

REMOVAL SALE—FOR A FEW DAYS, TO save cost of moving, groceries at wholesale cost to dealers or consumers. Griggs & Co., Wholesale Grocers, 190 East Fifth street.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

HORSES AND VEHICLES.

FARM MARES AT AUCTION — BARRETT & Zimmerman, the old reliable horse dealers, have just received 200 head of choice farm mares, delivery horses and drivers, which they will sell at public auction on Wednesday and at private sales daily till disposed of; guarantees given with every sale. 20 Second street north, Minneapolis, Minn. References, First National bank, Columbia National bank, Farm, Stock and Home.

FOR SALE—A FINE CARRIAGE—A VICTORIA—Stylish; as good as new; cost $500; will be sold for $200. 421 Summit avenue.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

AGENTS AND AGENCIES.

THE BANKERS' LIFE ASS'N, ASSETS $650,000 —Largest, strongest and best Minnesota Life Co., offers to bright men desirable, exclusive territory, with every facility for profitable agency. Address Douglas Putnam, Sec'y, St. Paul, Minn.

A LEADING LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY having a large established business in this state is open to make favorable contracts for some special and district agents. Address G. L. I. C., care Pioneer Press.

WANTED—AGENTS AND STREET MEN TO sell the only Washington Birthday Tie; big profit; lightning seller; sample, 10 cents. M. Ernst, Cleveland, Ohio.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

AUCTION SALES.

LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S CLOAKS, capes, fur muffs, trimmings, men's wool hose, furniture, carpets, etc., at auction at our store, 22 and 24 East Seventh street; on Saturday morning, Feb. 8, at 9:30 a. m., and continuing all day, we will sell at auction a large consignment of the above goods, as well as a large and selected lot of fine furniture, consisting of fine ladies', misses' and children's cloaks, fur sets and trimming; also bed room suites, chairs, rockers and carpets, lounges and a fine lot of crockeryware; as we did not hold a sale for the last two weeks, we have a good line to sell at this sale; if you want bargains attend. Kavanagh & Johnson, Auctioneers, 22 and 24 East Seventh street.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

PROFESSIONAL.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

MRS. DR. BURTI—TREATS RHEUMATISM BY vapor, electric baths and massage. 56 E. 7th.

LADIES' PRIVATE HOSPITAL, 298 MARTIN street; proper care; best references.

PIANOS.

BRIGGS, BEHR BROS., MASON & HAMLIN, Vose & Sons, Schemmel & Nelson, Jewett pianos; well known, reliable makes; cash or $10 monthly. Herbert E. Fox, No. 579 Ashland avenue.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

BOARD WANTED.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

INSTRUCTIONS.

PIANO INSTRUCTION TO BEGINNERS AND advanced pupils; teach Mason's touch and technique; terms reasonable. Call on or address Miss Ada Iverson, 57 West College avenue.

COLLECTIONS.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

BOARD OFFERED.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

ACCOUNTANT.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

WANT COLUMN.

RENTAL AGENCIES.

CARDIGAN RENTAL AGENCY, 22 EAST Fourth, rents houses, flats, stores; property managed.

TO RENT.

Houses—Upper Town.

TAYLOR'S RENTING AGENCY, GLOBE BUILDING; HOUSES, STORES, OFFICES; TAKES CHARGE OF RENTED PROPERTY; MAKES COLLECTIONS.

WHAT HAVE YOU TO RENT?—WE TAKE CHARGE OF PROPERTY. TAYLOR'S RENTING AGENCY, GLOBE BUILDING.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

BRICK HOUSE — 427 DAYTON AVENUE — APply Dr. E. J. Abbott.

Houses—Lower Town.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

Rooms—Upper Town.

FOR RENT—TWO ROOMS WITH ALCOVE—Steam heat. Inquire 171 Dale street.

NICELY FURNISHED ALCOVE ROOM—ALSO small one. 588 St. Peter street, between Summit and College.

Flats.

FOR RENT — MODERN, STEAM-HEATED housekeeping apartments; short distance from business center; rent, $30 per month. Edwards & Bedell, Germania Life Building.

FLATS AND STORE FOR RENT CHEAP AT the corner of Rice and Wabasha streets. Inquire at 474 Rice street.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

Stores.

FOR RENT—STORE ON ROBERT STREET—Next to Mannheimer's. A. Wharton, 207 Pioneer Press.

Offices.

FOR RENT—DESK ROOM IN THE WELL lighted, newly finished, ground-floor office No. 176 East Third street; rent reasonable. For particulars apply to Theo. F. Koch, 176 East Third street, city.

FARM LANDS.

MINNESOTA PRAIRIE AND TIMBER LANDS—If you want to buy or sell prairie or timber lands or improved farms anywhere in the State of Minnesota, if you have large or small tracts to dispose of, write or call on Theodore F. Koch, 176 E. 3rd st., ground floor, St. Paul, Minn., wholesale dealer and colonizer. Reliable agents wanted everywhere.

FARMS TO TRADE FOR HORSES, WAGONS or stocks of merchandise; if you have $250 I can sell you a farm; balance $100 a year, 6 per cent interest; I have farms in Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota; I can save you money. Ellis, Grand Central Hotel.

GOOD WILD AND IMPROVED LANDS FOR sale cheap; will exchange for horses and wagons. 65 West Seventh street, Room 6.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

PERSONAL.

ALHAMBRA BATHS — TURKISH, ELECTRIC, steam, shampoo, vapor, needle, shower, tub and spray; scientific massage; lady or gentleman attendant; open all night; light lunches served with bath free of charge; gymnasium in connection. Eighth floor Globe Building, corner Fourth and Cedar. Take elevator. Telephone 305. Open Sundays. Mrs. Dr. F. Reardon.

FREMONT'S BATH PARLORS—BATHS AND massage treatments; expert attendants. 422 Washburn building, Fifth, near Wabasha.

BATHS—SHAMPOO, TUB, MEDICATED, MAGnetic and massage. Dr. Anna Mack from Chicago, 186 East Seventh.

MACK'S HAIR TONIC RESTORES TO ORIGinal color or money refunded. 515 Washburn Building. Open evenings.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

REAL ESTATE.

Miscellaneous City List.

FOR SALE—A $30,000 PROPERTY OFFERED for $12,000, being 90 by 150 feet, corner of Sibley and Eighth streets; improvements pay fair rate of interest on the investment; terms one-half cash, balance to suit. Edwards & Bedell, Germania Life Building.

YOU HAD BETTER TAKE SOME OF OUR 7 per cent tax certificate bonds while you can get them. Frost & Meacham, 30 East Fourth street.

LOST.

LOST—BETWEEN PLEASANT AVENUE AND the high school, a purse containing a sum of money; also a ticket with owner's name. Return to the Pioneer Press and receive reward.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LADIES' AND GENTS' SECOND-HAND CLOTHing bought and sold; highest prices paid; send for me at 169 East Fairfield avenue, St. Paul. Mrs. Singer.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

MEDICAL.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

WANTED TO BUY.

LAST ST. PAUL ELECTION RETURNS IN FULL given in the Pioneer Press Almanac; 500 pages. Price, 25 cents.

DYE WORKS.

N. W. DYE WORKS, 410 ROBERT STREET, Ryan Block. Works, 55 and 57 West Indiana street.

Notice of Mortgage Foreclosure Sale.

Whereas, default has been made in the conditions of a certain Mortgage executed and delivered by Clinton J. Backus and Carrie L. Backus, his wife, mortgagors, to George B. Caldwell and Alfred Caldwell, as partners as and they constituting the firm of Caldwell & Caldwell, mortgagees, which said mortgage bears date the Twenty-ninth day of October, A. D. 1892, and was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of the County of Ramsey in the State of Minnesota, on the Thirty-first day of October, A. D. 1892, at 12:30 o'clock P. M., in Book 265 of Mortgages, at page 215, on which said mortgage there is claimed to be due, at the date of this notice, the amount of Ten hundred and fifteen dollars and thirty-six cents (being $1,000.00 for principal, and $15.36 for interest), and no action or proceeding has been instituted at law or in equity to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof;

Now therefore, Notice is Hereby Given, that by virtue of a power of sale contained in said mortgage, and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of the mortgaged premises therein described, and the said mortgaged premises will be sold by the sheriff of said County of Ramsey, at public auction, to the highest bidder therefor, for cash, at the Fourth Street main entrance of the Court House in the City of St. Paul in said County and State, on Monday, the Second day of March, A. D. 1896, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to satisfy the amount which shall then be due on said mortgage, with the interest thereon, and costs and expenses of sale, and Fifty Dollars attorney's fees, as stipulated in said mortgage in case of foreclosure.

The premises described in said mortgage, and so to be sold, are: All that tract or parcel of land, lying and being in the County of Ramsey, City of Saint Paul and State of Minnesota, described as follows, to-wit: Lot numbered Seventeen (17) in Block numbered Thirty-two (32) in Summit Park Addition to Saint Paul, according to the plat of said Addition recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the County of Ramsey, in the State of Minnesota.

Dated St. Paul, Minnesota, January 17th A. D. 1896.

GEORGE B. CALDWELL,
ALFRED CALDWELL,
partners constituting the firm of Caldwell & Caldwell,—
Mortgagees.

Edmund S. Durment,
Attorney for Mortgagees,
409-411 N. Y. Life Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY.—District Court, Second Judicial District. The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, Plaintiff, vs. John F. Eisenmenger and Elise Eisenmenger, his wife, and Ernst Rossberg, Defendants.

In pursuance and by virtue of a judgment of said court made and rendered in the above entitled action on the 16th day of January, 1896, a transcript of which judgment, duly certified by the clerk of said court, has been delivered to me, I, the undersigned, sheriff of said County of Ramsey, will sell at public auction in one parcel to the highest bidder, at the front door of the Court House on Fourth Street, in the City of St. Paul, in said county, on Monday, the 2nd day of March, A. D. 1896, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, the following described real estate, to-wit:

All those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land and premises situate in the City of St. Paul, County of Ramsey and State of Minnesota, described as follows: Lots numbered one (1), two (2), three (3), and the east half (E. ½) of lot four (4), all in block one (1) of Ewing & Chute's Addition to St. Paul, according to the plat thereof on file in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for the County of Ramsey, excepting therefrom that part of said lots taken by the City of St. Paul in opening Wabasha Street, and excepting that part of lot numbered one (1) lying northeast of Wabasha Street.

Dated: St. Paul, Minn., January 16, 1896.

CHARLES E. CHAPEL,
Sheriff of Ramsey County, Minnesota.
Flandrau, Squires & Cutcheon,
Plaintiff's Attorneys.

h the provisions of the act of Congress of
ne 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of
ber lands in the states of California. Ore
n, Nevada and Washington Territory," as
ended to all the public land states by act of
ust 4, 1892. James Begley, of West Su-
, county of Douglas, state of Wisconsin,
this day filed in this offie his sworn state-
t no. 2334, for the purchase of the w ½ of
nw ¼ of section 14, and the n ½ of the ne ¼
section no. 15, in towaship no. 60, north
ge no. 20, w, 4th p. m, and will offer proof to
w that the land sought is more valuable for
timber or stone than for agricultural
poses, and to establish his claim to said
d before the register and receiver of this
ce at Duluth, Minn. on Tuesday the 15th
y of January 1895. A. J. Taylor, register.
N. McHarg, Attorney. —11-9

nber Land Act. Notice for Publication.

nited States Land Office. Duluth, Minn. Nov.
, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with
provisions of the act of Congress of June 3,
8, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands
the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and
shington Territory," as amended by act of
gust 4th 1892. Maggie Dubay, of Minne-
olis, county of Hennepin, state of Minn.,
s this day filed in this office her sworn state-
nt no. 2370, for the purchase of the s½ of
¼ of section no. 15, in township no.
north, range no. 21 w 4th p. m, and will offer
oof to show that the land sought is more
luable for its tim ber or stone than for agri-
tural purposes, and to establish her claim to
d land before the register and receiver of this
ice at Duluth, Minn., on Saturday, the 9th
y of February 1895.
ny and all persons claiming adversely the
ove described lands are requested to file their
ims in this office on or before said 9th day
February, 1895. A. J. Taylor, Register.
use & Nichols, Attorneys. —11-23

mber Land act. Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office, Duluth, Minn., Nov.
1894.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with
provisions of the act of Congress of June 3,
8, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands
the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and
shington Territory," as amended by act of
gust 4, 1892, Ida Rossam.
Virginia, county of St. Louis, state of
nn., has this day filed in this office his sworn
tement No. 2372, for the purchase of the nw¼
sw¼ofsection 15, in township no. 60 north,
ge no. 22 west 4th p. m., and will offer
oof to show that the land sought is more
luable for its timber or stone than for ag-
ultural purposes, and to establish his claim
said landbefore the Register and Receiver of
is office at Duluth, Minn., on Thursday, the 7th
y of February, 1895.
Any and all persons claiming adversely the
ove deferibed lands are requested to file their
ims in this office on or before said 7 day of
bruary, 1895. A. J. Taylor, Register.
Grettum, Attorneys. —11-30.

mber Land Act. Notice for Publication.

United States Land Office, Duluth, Minn., July
1894.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with
provisions of the act of congress of June 3,
8, entitled "an act for the sale of timber lands
the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and
shington Territory," as amended by act of
gust 4, 1892, James Kidd, of Mountain Iron.
unty of St. Louis, state of Minnesota, has
is day filed in this office his sworn statement
. 2227, for the purchase of the se¼ of sw¼
section no. 9, in township no. 59, north range
. 21 w 4th p. m. and will offer proof to show that
e land sought is more valuable for its timber
stone than for agricultural purposes, and
establish his claim to said land before the reg-
er and receiver of this office at Duluth, Minn.,
Thursday, the 13th day of December, 1894.
Any and all persons claiming adversely the
ove described lands are requested to file their
ims in this office on or before said 13th day of
cember, 1894. A. J. Taylor, Register.
B. Thayer, Attorney. —10-5

Notice for Final Proof.

Land Office. at Duluth, Minn., Sept. 18th 1894.
Notice is hereby given that the following-nam-
settler has filed notice of his intention to
ake final proof in support of his claim, and
at said proof will be made before the Register
d Receiver of the U. S. Land Office, at Duluth,
inn, on Dec. 18, 1894, viz: Gerret Leisure,
ho made H. E. entry no. 8685, for the w ½
nw ¼ of section 14, and ne ¼ of ne ¼ of sec. 15,
ownship 61, no range 23, w. 4th p. m.
He names the following witnesees to prove his
ntinuous residence upon and cultivation of
id land, viz: James L. Lusk, John Law,
yer Reynolds and Peter Murray, all of Tower,
inn.
And you, May Sterns, who on the 3d day of
ct., 1893, made application to enter said land
re hereby requested to appear at this office on
e date above mentioned and show cause if any
here be, why said proof should not be allowed.
A. J. Taylor, Register,
11-9 C p. Maginnis, attorney.

ber Land Act. Notice for Publication.

ited States Land Office, Duluth, Minn., Sept.
1894.

tice is hereby given that in compliance with
provisions of the act of Congress of June 3,
entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands
e states of California, Oregon, Nevada and
hington Territory," as amended by act of
ust 4, 1892, William M. Gates,
rankfort, County of Benzie, State of Mich.,
this day filed in this office his sworn state-
t no. 2308, for the purchase of the sw¼
ne¼ and se¼ of nw¼ of section 8, in
nship No. 61, north range no. 20, w
p. m, and will offer proof to show
t the land sought is more valuable for
timber or stone than for agricultural purposes,
to establish his claim to said land before the
ster and receiver of this office at Duluth,
n., on Friday, the 5th day of January, 1895.
ny and all persons claiming adversely the
ve described lands are requested to file their
ms in this office on or before said 5 day of
uary. 1895. A. J. Taylor, Register.
H. Smallwood, Attorney. —10-26.

Timber Land Act. Notice for Publication.

hited States Land Office Duluth, Minn., Sept.
1894.

otice is hereby given that in compliance with
provisions of the act of Congress of June 3
entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands
e states of California, Oregon, Nevada and
hington Territory, as amended by act of
ust 4, 1892, Edward Bielohlaweck, of West
erior, county of Douglas, state of Wis.,
this day filed in this office his sworn state
t no. 2320, for the purchase of lot 4, and e½ of
w¼ and nw¼ of se¼ of section no 31, in town-
no, 60, no. range no. 20 w 4th p. m., and will
proof to show that the land sought is more
able for its timber or stone than for agricul-
l purposes, and to establish his claim to said
before the register and receiver of this office
uluth, Minn., on Saturday, the 5th day
anuary, 1895.
y and all persons claiming adversely the
ve described lands are requested to file their
ms in this office on or before said 5th day of
uary, 1895. A. J. Taylor, register.
H. Smallwood, attorney. —10-26

nber land act Notice for publication.

nited States Land Office, Duluth, Minn.
t. 6, 1894.

otice is hereby given that in compliance
h the provisions of the act of Congress of
e 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of
ber lands in the states of California, Ore-
, Nevada and Washington Territory" as
ended to the public land states by act of
gust 4 1892, George S. Libby, of
nd Rapids, county of Itasca, state of
n, has this day filed in this office his sworn
tement no. 2292, for the purchase of
4 and se¼ of nw¼ of section no. 21, in
nship no. 62, north range no. 23,
th p. m., and will offer proof to
w that the land sought is more valuable for
timber or stone than for agricultural pur-
es, and to establish his claim to said land
ore the register and receiver of this office at
uth, Minn., on Thursday the 3rd day of
uary, 1895.
ny and all persons claiming adversely the
ve described lands are requested to file
ir claims in this office on or before said 3rd
of January, 1895. A. J. Taylor' register.
P. Maginnis, Attorney. —10-26

nber Land Act Notice for Publication.

nited States Land Office, Duluth, Minn.
t. 3d, 1894.

otice is hereby given that in compliance

MINNESOTA NEWS.

[1895]

The Twenty-Ninth Legislature.

For the 29th legislature of Minnesota, which will assemble the second week in January, the membership has been officially completed, by delivery of membership certificates, and official certification to the secretary of state's office. The members, senate and house, by districts and postoffice addresses, are:

SENATE.

1	E. K. Roverud	Caledonia
2	R. E. Thompson	Preston
3	Samuel Sweningsen	Austin
4	T. V. Knatvold	Albert Lea
5	G. D. McArthur	Blue Earth City
6	Frank A. Day	Fairmont
7	H. J. Miller	Luverne
8	Eric Sevatson, Pop	Windom
9	E. D. French	Redwood Falls
10	George T. Barr	Mankato
11	E. B. Collester	Wascca
12	W. A. Sperry	Owatonna
13	Henry Currier	Concord
14	A. T. Stebbins	Rochester
15	W. H. Yale	Winona
16	E. S. Reishus, Pop	Cottonwood
17	John Peterson	St. Peter
18	C. J. Larson	Winthrop
19	J. W. Lloyd	Lloyd
20	A. W. Stockton	Faribault
21	O. J. Wing	Asplund
22	Allen J. Greer	Lake City
23	W. C. Masterman	Stillwater
24	Albert Schaller, Dem	Hastings
25	T. D. Sheehan	St. Paul
26	Nicholas Pottgeiser	St. Paul
27	E. H. Ozmun	St. Paul
28	Hiram F. Stevens	St. Paul
29	W. E. Johnson	Minneapolis
30	J. T. Wyman	Minneapolis
31	E. G. Potter	Minneapolis
32	D. F. Morgan	Minneapolis
33	Gustave Theden	Minneapolis
34	Stephen B. Howard	Minneapolis
35	Dr. D. C. Dunham	Anoka
36	James McHale, Dem	Shakopee
37	Frederic Iltis	Chaska
38	W. E. Culkin	Buffalo
39	Dr. P. E. Hanson	Litchfield
40	H. J. Heineman	Lester Prairie
41	L. O. Thorpe	Willmar
42	James Hanna, Pop	Hector
43	E. T. Young	Appleton
44	F. A. Hodge	Pine City
45	Henry Keller, Dem	Sauk Center
46	W. M. Fuller	Little Falls
47	A. G. Johnson	Melby
48	Dr. A. B. Cole	Fergus Falls
49	Edward J. Jones	Morris
50	John H. Smith	Detroit
51	P. M. Ringdahl, Pop	Crookston
52	J. Q. Cronkhite, Pop	Argyle
53	W. P. Allen	Cloquet
54	H. R. Spencer	Duluth

Republicans	43
Populists	5
Democrats	3
Total	51
Republican majority	38

HOUSE

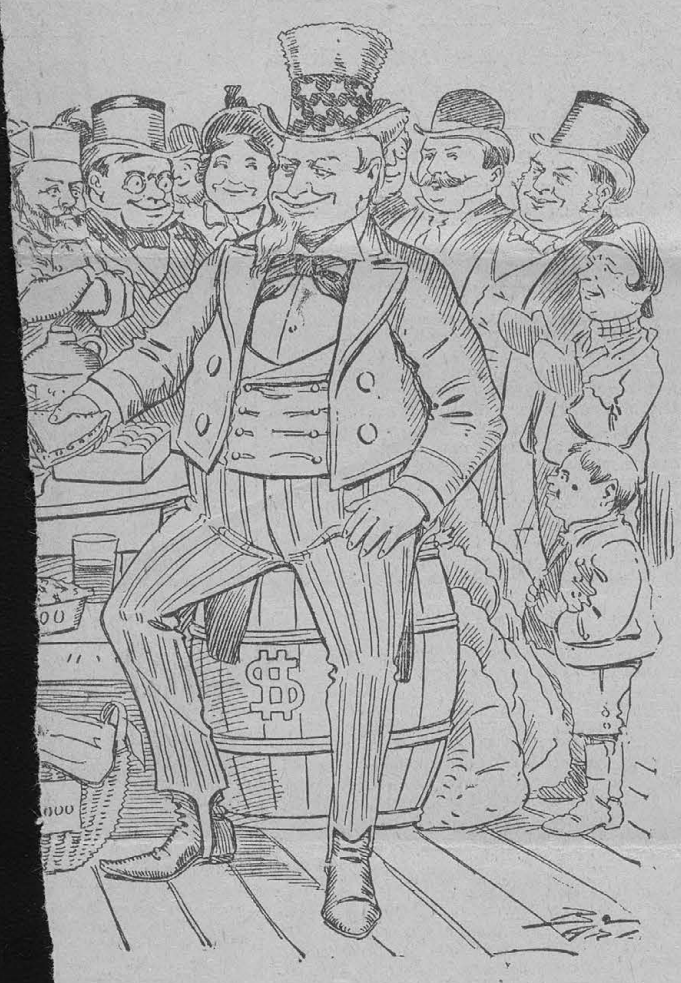
1	Con. Metcalf	Portland
2	Edward Johnson	Lanesboro
	C. L. Wooldridge	Pleasant Grove
	D. M. Leach	Spring Valley
3	John Mathieson	Austin
	John D. Furlong, Dem	Austin
4	John L. Gibbs	Geneva
	J. M. Geissler	Twin Lakes
5	J. P. Burke	Wells
6	Thomas Thorson	St. James
7	Wm. Lockwood	Edgerton
	Daniel Sheli	Worthington
	Ole O. Holman	Slayton
8	E. J. Meilecke, Pop	Windom
9	John N. Jones	Westline
	Nels Christianson	Evan
10	Gilbert Gutterson	Lake Crystal
	Nicolas Juliar	Mankato
	David E. Cross	Amboy
11	Henry M. Buck	Otisco
12	J. C. Brainerd	Blooming Prairie
13	Samuel T. Littleton	Kasson
14	Joseph Underleak	Chatfield
	J. R. Kendall	Byron
15	S. R. Van Sant	Winona
	A. P. Blashik	Winona
	E. C. Johnson	St. Charles
	F. B. Martin	Wyoka
16	G. E. Olds	Granite Falls
	F. W. Nash	Tyler
17	Benton Severance	Mankato
18	Wm. Mansfield	New Auburn
19	Charles Z. Dressel	Le Sueur
	A. B. French, Dem	Le Sueur
20	A. B. Kelly	Northfield
	George W. Damp	Dean
	Simon Taylor	Dundas
21	J. L. Schofield	Cannon Falls
	John H. Boxrud	Goodhue
	Jens K. Grondahl	Red Wing
22	G. D. Post, Ind. Rep	Lake City
	Wm. Foreman	Wabasha
23	O. B. Soule	Withrow
	J. B. Sutton	Stillwater
	C. A. Parker	St. Paul Park
24	C. F. Staples	P. O. Box 450, St. Paul
	N. P. Gores, Dem	New Trier
25	Dr. S. W. Robillard	St. Paul
	P. H. Kelly, Dem	St. Paul
	E. J. Schurmeier, Dem	St. Paul
26	Henry Johns	St. Paul
	Fred Barta	St. Paul
	George B. Tallman	St. Paul
27	Eli S. Warner	St. Paul
	George Gerlich, Dem	St. Paul
28	Theo. Sander	St. Paul
	C. R. McKinney	North St. Paul
29	J. P. O'Reilly, Dem	Minneapolis
	Alpheus Dale	Minneapolis
30	G. L. Dingman	Minneapolis
	L. J. Ahistrom	Minneapolis
31	Howard De Laittre	Minneapolis
	Andrew B. Robbins	Minneapolis
	S. B. Lovejoy	Minneapolis
32	Dr. E. B. Zier	Minneapolis
	Thomas Downs	Minneapolis
	John F. Dahl	Minneapolis
	Chris. Ellingson	Minneapolis
33	George F. Wright	Minneapolis
	J. M. Underwood	Minneapolis
34	Edward E. Smith	Minneapolis
	John J. Baston	St. Louis Park
35	John Sederberg	Cambridge
36	F. J. Vogel, Ind. Rep	Lydia
37	Henry Hoeffken	Norwood
38	S. J. Swanson	Cokato
	C. C. Rice	Monticello
	H. E. Craig	Orrock
	A. N. Dare	Elk River
39	J. W. Sampson	Litchfield
40	W. W. Siveright	Hutchinson
41	Henry Feig	Atwater
42	O. L. Berwig, Pop	Sacred Heart
43	J. F. Jacabson	Madison
	Chas. A. Smith	Bellingham
	John C. Mullin	Havelock
44	A. J. Anderson	North Branch
45	Alex. Chisholm, Dem	Paynesville
	Frederick Schroeder, Dem	St. Joseph
	John J. Boobar	St. Cloud
	W. L. Nieman	Sauk Rapids
46	A. F. Ferris	Brainerd
	J. D. Jones	Long Prairie
	H. R. Mallette	Foreston
	B. F. Hartshorn	Staples
47	C. P. Reeves	Glenwood
	George J. Strang	Alexandria
48	E. A. Bickford	Maine
	Hans Nickelson	Pelican Rapids
	A. T. Vigen, Pop	Erhart
	A. O. Richardson, Pop	Butler
49	J. M. Finney	Clinton
	L. O. Foss	Elbow Lake
50	W. B. Douglas	Moorhead
	Dennis McGrath	Barnesville
	E. J. Moore, Pop	Osage Creek
51	N. L. Nelson, Pop	Perley
	S. J. Lee, Pop	Rindahl
	J. D. Knuteson, Pop	McIntosh
52	P. M. Hendricks, Pop	Robbin
53	D. M. Gunn	Grand Rapids
54	Neil McInness	Virginia
	J. M. Smith	Duluth
	W. A. Cant	Duluth

Republicans	94
Populists	9
Democrats	9
Independent Rep	2
Total	114
Members of previous service, senate and house	49

[ca. 1896]

JOURNAL.

6. 10 PAGES—FIVE O'CLOCK.



ATION PARTY
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ON THEM

Railroad Rec-
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THE ROADS

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UE AFTERMATH

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MANSFIELD FOUND GUILTY

He Killed a St. Paul Boy, and Is Booked for Sentence.

Special to The Journal.

Butte, Mont., Feb. 6.—The Butte record for letting murderers off easily has not yet been proven. A jury this morning found David Mansfield guilty of murder in the second degree for killing Thomas Lynch, a 19-year-old boy, from St. Paul, last October. Both were employed at the Butte hotel, and had a dispute over a most trifling matter. Mansfield, without provocation, plunged a bread knife into the boy, inflicting a fatal wound. Mansfield is 45.

FEARFUL BLOW

Much Damage Done Along the Coast.

New York, Feb. 6.—The storm of wind and rain which began last night is most severe. At 12 o'clock the wind was blowing 62 miles an hour, men, women and children were literally lifted from their feet by the force of the gale. In several instances down town, heavily-loaded trucks were overturned. Telegraphic communication is interrupted in every direction, particularly along the coast. When it is restored there will probably be many stories of wreck to tell.

THAT 16 DAY LIMIT

The Railroads' Approval of It Is Practically Assured.

Next Tuesday the Eastern committee of the Western Passenger Association will meet in Chicago to consider the extension of the limits on the G. A. R. tickets. General Passenger Agent Cutts, of the Minneapolis & St. Louis, and Kenyon, of the Burlington, signed the request for the meeting, and it was called as soon as their names had been secured. The St. Paul citizens' committee is now certain that the railroads will agree as to the compromise proposed—a 16-day limit for all lines in the association, and after that period one fare for the round trip up to Oct. 1.

BAXTER NEARLY WELL

The Wife Murderer Will Soon Leave the City Hospital.

George Baxter, the wife murderer, is rapidly improving and in a short time will be ready to leave the hospital. The best attendance has been given him, and the wound which he inflicted in his throat has healed rapidly.

Motorman Paulson, who was knocked from his car a few days ago, is doing well, and is on a rapid way to recovery. He is unable yet to state how he met with the accident.

GOING TO TRINIDAD.

Steven B. Willard and J. R. Vanderlip, two well-known local attorneys, will join the party of Minneapolis people leaving this city Feb. 23 for a trip to Venezuela and return via the Soo road, Halifax and the Bermudas, and Messrs. Willard and Vanderlip have Trinidad as their destination, though they may go as far as Caracas before turning homeward.

BURNED BY GASOLINE.

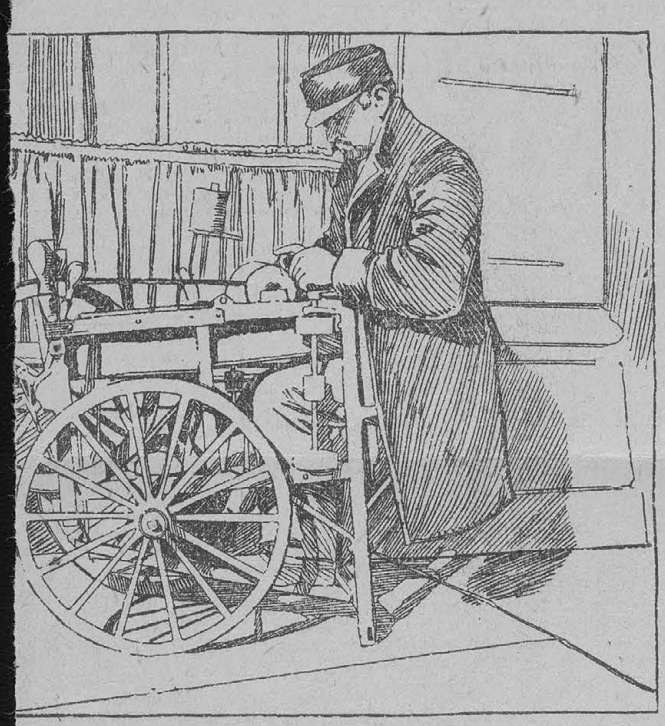
Mr. and Mrs. William Farnheime and their son, Joseph Farnheime, were burned quite seriously this afternoon by a gasoline explosion at their residence, 416 Second avenue N. Mr. and Mrs. Farnheime had their right hands and arms burned badly. The loss to the building will amount to $80, with $1,000 insurance.

IN THE USUAL WAY.

Special to The Journal.

Junction City, Wis., Feb. 6.—Charles Holbrook, an old and prominent resident, shot and instantly killed himself while hunting near here this morning. He was climbing through a fence and the gun was accidentally discharged.

BITS OF MINNEAPOLIS LIFE



The Scissors Grinder.
om a snap shot by The Journal's Staff Photographer.

BELOW THE BELT

The Senate Hits the Prize Fighters a Severe Blow.

THE "ANTI-SCRAP" BILL PASSED

Populists Caucus on Quay's Pro-Tariff Measure

STAND WITH THE DEMOCRATS

The Matter Modified by Mr. Quay and Put Over to Monday.

Washington, Feb. 6.—The Catron anti-prize-fight bill passed the senate today.

Washington, Feb. 6.—The Catron bill to prohibit prize fighting in federal territory will be sent to the president tomorrow or next day, and it is considered almost certain that it will be signed promptly by him, thus making it a law and operative immediately. With this law on the statute books, the whole government authority, judicial and, if necessary, military, will be invoked to see that the prize fight is stopped.

Washington, Feb. 6.—The Populist senators got together in caucus today and decided to vote solidly against recommitting the silver substitute for the tariff bill to the committee on finance. If the Democrats stand together against the Quay motion, the decision of the Populists will insure its defeat.

Mr. Quay, in the senate, however, modified his resolution to recommit the tariff bill so as not to include instructions to the committee, and at his own request it went over until Monday.

Senator Sherman presented Mr. Foraker's credentials to succeed Senator Brice, March 4, 1897.

The senate passed a resolution calling for detailed statements considering the bond bills.

The resolution offered by Mr. Thurston was agreed to directing the secretary of state to send to the senate copies of all laws, regulations and decrees of Germany, France, Belgium and Denmark, which discriminate against the introduction of American cattle.

Mr. Turpie then addressed the senate in favor of the election of United States senators by popular vote.

ARMY READY TO MOVE

To Gather in the Sports at the Prize Fight.

Washington, Feb. 6.—The army officers on duty at the war department are prepared to do all in their power to execute the provisions of the Catron bill, if called upon when the bill becomes a law. The proceedure of setting in motion the machinery of the army would be for the governor of New Mexico, or any territory which may be the scene of the unlawful gathering, to call upon the United States marshal of the territory to act, and he might, if he felt it necessary, call upon the military for the assistance of the United States troops. The war department authorities say they have an ample force of troops in New Mexico and adjacent to the border to take care of any number of sports who would be likely to take any chances of arrest on charges of felony by attending a prize fight. While recognizing the probability of the enactment of the Catron bill, army officers feel confident that the services of the troops will not be called for, believing that the law will compel an abandonment of the project to pull the fight off in the territory.

No promulgation of the new anti-prize fight law will be necessary. The law becomes executive from the moment it is signed by the president, and all persons must at their peril take cognizance of its enactment. Indeed, under well-established law, as laid down in the settled opinions of the United States supreme court, any person violating its provisions on the same day, but after the hour in which it is signed, would be liable to all the penalties of the act. It is usual in many public acts to include a provision that the law shall not take effect until a certain date, or a number of days after its passage, but such a provision was expressly excluded from the Catron act, for the reason that it was an emergency law, and especially designed to stop the Fitzsimmon-Maher and other bouts scheduled in the Stuart carnival.

The authorities, in advance of the law's signature, will not say what course they will take to prevent any violation, but express absolute confidence that the fight will not take place on United States soil after the act is signed by the president. The governor of New Mexico is in hearty sympathy with the movement to break up the fights, and the Catron bill was framed largely at his suggestion, in order to stop them. It is probable the United States district attorney and marshal for New Mexico will be instructed promptly to see that the fight does not take place, and to enforce the law rigorously against abettors and participants, should an attempt be made to pull off the fight notwithstanding the law. The war department would co-operate with the department of justice in this movement by the use of troops. It is felt here that they will never be needed.

JOHNSON, OF N. DAKOTA

He "Spellbinds" Today on the Floor of the House.

Special to The Journal.

Washington, Feb. 6.—The man who attracted the most attention in the debate on the bond bill, in the house today, was Representative Johnson, of North Dakota. He held the undivided attention of the members on the floor and spectators in the galleries. His speech was against the silver amendment, attached to the bond bill by the United States senate. Mr. Johnson made a vehement argument in favor of sound money and against the free coinage of silver, as proposed in the senate amendment to the bond bill.

Mr. Uhl All Right.

Washington, Feb. 6.—While the nomination of Assistant Secretary Uhl to be ambassador to Germany has been delayed longer than was expected, it is said that there has been no hitch, and that the delay has been caused solely by the necessity of submitting to the usual formalities. It is customary, it appears, in making such appointments, to ascertain first whether the person selected will be persona grata. Today word came from Berlin that Mr. Uhl's appointment would not only be unobjectionable, but would be welcomed with gratification by the emperor.

The Answer to the Chippewas.

Special to The Journal.

Washington, Feb. 6.—Indian Commissioner Browning will hold another conference tomorrow with the Chippewa delegation, now in Washington, at which he will deliver his answer to the various petitions presented by the Indians on Tuesday.

Taxing Indian Lands.

Washington, Feb. 6.—The senate Indian committee today authorized a favorable report on Senator Pettigrew's bill for the taxation of lands allotted to Indians in severalty.

THE GOLD RESERVE.

Washington, Feb. 6.—Today's statement of the condition of the treasury shows available cash balance, $170,868,326; gold reserve, $46,942,940.

[ca. 1896]

A FEW UNITS SHORT

Courthouse Elevator Efficiency Is 51. Not 68.2 as Guaranteed.

MR. SHEPARDSON'S REPORT

It Shows that the Efficiency Is Enough for Work Required—City Quarters.

According to the report of Expert Shepardson, the efficiency of the Sprague electric elevators, in the courthouse, is not what it should be. Expert Shepardson was appointed by the courthouse commission, some time ago, to conduct a test of the machinery plant of the new courthouse, and his report on the elevators was presented at the last meeting. The elevator on the Fifth street side of the building he finds to be all right, but his testings of the two multiple sheave screw elevators, on the other side, do not show up those machines as well. However, Mr. Shepardson says that the guarantee required was very high, and that, had the elevators touched it, they would have done very well indeed.

On the Fifth street elevator, nine sets of readings were taken, and the average of them all was found to sum up as follows:

Weight (live load)	2,976.000
Weight in excess of counter-balance	2.500.000
Speed	244.000
Net mechanical horse power	18.500
Volts at meter	109.500
Volts at terminals	112.500
Amperes	225.000
Total electrical horse power	34.700
Net commercial efficiency	.545

On this elevator Prof. Shepardson finds that the facts bear out the conclusion that the efficiency and guarantee were more than fulfilled, the speed with a full load being 22 per cent more than required when the electric horse-power was less than guaranteed.

On the multiple sheave screw elevators the guarantee called for a machine to lift 3,600 pounds 250 feet per minute, with 40 horse-power, the net efficiency to be 68.2 per cent. In the tests the elevators fell short of this standard, according to the actual figures. The horse-power required ran up to a fraction over .52, while the efficiency did not get above .51. The tests from the tables were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Weight of car with live load	2,024.000	2,024.000
Weight of car in excess of counter-balance	2,500.000	2,500.000
Speed	350.000	353.000
Net mechanical horse power	26.500	26.700
Volts at motor	110.100	109.500
Volts at terminals	116.200	118.500
Amperes	335.000	329.000
Total electrical horse power	52.200	52.300
Net commercial efficiency	.510	.512
Net electrical horse power at motor	48.700	47.600
Efficiency exclusive of controller	.544	.560

As compared with that demanded of other elevators, Prof. Shepardson considers the guarantees made very high. That the contractors promised so much for their machines, he considers a mistake on their part. To better, if possible, the showing made by the machine, a change of load was made, but no great difference resulted in the readings therefrom.

In addition to these statistics, Mr. Shepardson and his assistants collected some facts as to the costs of running the elevators. The total cost for a month was figured at $149.50, or, after making proper deduction, about $1.08 per day.

It is understood that the commissioners are very well pleased with the working of the Sprague machines, and that fact will tend to make the pathway of the Sprague company very much easier. In some quarters, at least, there is no disposition to insist upon the fulfillment of the guarantee. The elevators have shown themselves to be good, and what difference does it make if they do fail to quite reach the guarantee, even if the contract does call for it, is the line of reasoning followed. However, there would seem to be a considerable discrepancy between what the Sprague concern promised for its machines and what they could show for themselves in the actual test by an expert.

It is expected that very shortly there will be a conference between the committee of aldermen appointed at the last council meeting and the construction committe of the courthouse commission, to see what can be done toward finishing for use at least a part of the city hall side of the courthouse building. No meeting of the council committee has been held as yet, but the aldermen have been busy talking just the same, and a number of plans have been suggested. That which seems the most feasible is to secure $150,000 by a bond issue and finish up two floors on the city side.

E. M. Johnson, president of the courthouse commission, believes in this heartily.

"Of course," he said yesterday, "I have made no exact estimate of the amount that will be required to complete the two floors in the building, but I believe it could be done inside of $150,000, including the putting in of another boiler for steam heating purposes, and the necessary wiring and steam fitting that would follow a desire to occupy two floors. The work could be pushed with rapidity, and if it were necessary the portion of the building to be occupied could be got in readiness some time in the autumn."

BEST OF ALL WAS '95

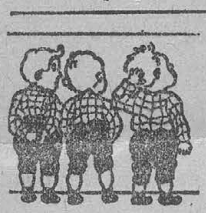
It Was the Most Profitable Recent Year to Implement Men.

A mile post in the agricultural machinery trade of the Northwest is set up by Farm Implements, the local organ of the trade, in its 10th anniversary number, which was issued today. The paper this month has 50 pages printed in several colors, and reflects the prosperity of the business which it represents. As a feature there are several pages devoted to "Some Western Factories and the Men Who Have Made Them," with illustrations. In reviewing the conditions since he came into the management of the paper, four years ago, the editor, Luman C. Prior, says: "The year 1892, when the writer had his first introduction to the implement men, was a year when more goods were sold and a greater percentage of sales lost than any other year in the history of the business in the Northwest. The first four months of 1893 was a repetition of 1892, and what followed in the balance of the year need not be repeated; 1894 was a year of recovery, so slow as to be almost imperceptible, and 1895 was the best and most profitable year of all."

THE TITLE IS DEFECTIVE.

The attorney general has given an opinion that the new law prohibiting municipal officers in the state from accepting witness fees for testifying for the city, does not apply to county officers. The reason is that the new law in its title only refers to officers of municipalities. It was passed at the request of Hennepin and Ramsey counties, where the police department had been getting a good rake-off yearly in witness fees, and was supposed to apply to county officers also. It would so apply but for the defective title.

DR. LENOX,



Save Your Teeth.

Gold Fillings.....$1.50 Up
Solid Gold Crowns.....$5.00
All Dental Work in Proportion.
Best in the Land, Too.

506 NICOLLET AVENUE.

EVENTS OF TONIGHT

Metropolitan—"Shore Acres."
Bijou—"Land of the Living."
Palace Museum—M'lle. Pianka and her lions.

SOUNDS QUEER HERE

St. Paul's Magazine Article Not Intended for Local Readers.

A PRETTY GOOD THINK-STORY

Vast Grain and Lumber Interests Mentioned Among Other Strong Points of St. Paul.

Always patterning after Minneapolis, St. Paul must needs have an article in the North American Review. That relating to Minneapolis appeared in the November number; St. Paul's effort comes along in the February number, several months late. But it comes at an opportune time. In view of the recent attacks upon Minneapolis made in the columns of the Pioneer Press some of the statements made in the North American Review article will be interesting reading to Minneapolitans; one of them, especially, "The city has a comparatively small bonded debt, sure to be paid at maturity, but it has something to show for every dollar of the amount." This is evidently a Pioneer Pressism. In fact a few lines farther on, in an apparent enumeration of the "somethings" which St. Paul has to show for its bonded debt, the Pioneer Press is particularly mentioned as an asset of the city.

Aside from the "comparatively small bonded debt" item there are several interesting features of the article. One of them is the inferential statement that the "Soo" line was built by and for St. Paul and the still more gratifying intelligence that within five years after the building of the road "the population had doubled." If that is a fact, some explanation of the absence of the flood of people who followed the building of the line should be made or the reader may be led to doubt the mortality statement which appears farther along. In 1885 St. Paul claimed over 100,000 people. Allowing that she made no gain in the next three years, but had just the same population in 1888 when the Soo line was built, the doubling in five years process which is alleged to have occurred, would have called for something over 200,000 in 1893. But two years later, by the census of 1895, there were but 141,000 people in the city. Here is a terrible mortality; some 60,000 or 70,000 people dying off in two years. And yet the article states, "Official reports show that it is the healthiest city in the United States. The average annual death rate is only 10 in 1,000." This is evidently Pioneer Press mathematics.

Take another statement, the following: "The most productive wheat lands on the globe, those of the famed Red River valley and the two Dakotas, will continue to pour their abundant yields into and through this city." Exactly. St. Paul's grain receipts are the largest in the world. The city is famed the world over as a wheat market. The transactions on her bourse surpass those of the capitals of Europe in volume and commercial weight. Is it possible that the writer of that sentence supposed that any sane man in the Northwest would believe that St. Paul is doing a grain business? Of course many people in other parts of the country will accept the statement as a fact—as they have many other St. Paul fabrications for years past. But it sounds ridiculous to those who know that for years the only grain elevators which St. Paul collects taxes on—two or three small ones which were erected in the St. Paul boundaries on account of railroad conveniences—have been used as adjuncts to the Minneapolis grain business and have no more to do with St. Paul than if they were in Dakota. St. Paul's grain business resembles the fable about the snakes of Ireland, which begins, "There aren't any snakes in Ireland."

But as if the grain allusions were not enough for the Pioneer Press-innoculated individual who prepared the St. Paul article, he immediately adds: "The vast lumber interests will make enormous contributions." Plainly another case of "snakes." Having succeeded in getting himself into the mental condition which enabled him to appropriate the grain and milling business of Minneapolis without turning a hair, it was comparatively easy to add the mills at a second swallow. But the Eastern capitalist who may be induced to invest in St. Paul through the blandishments of his article will search long and in vain, when he comes out to look over his property, for the grain business, the flour mills, and the saw mills of St. Paul.

With the prophetic spirit which has ever been a part of the intellectual equipment of the St. Paul "literary feller," the writer announces, in another place, "St. Paul is and will always be the capital of Minnesota." Some people think differently about the latter part of that statement, but still no one objects to St. Paul's enjoying the delights of hope, made more real by vehement asseveration. But the next assertion, that the capitol building has already been commenced, seems a little premature.

Persons who are familiar with the situation will smile at the claims for St. Paul of "40 public parks, all amply and artistically improved," as well as a public library of 50,000 volumes. That the town "is a city of culture and refinement, of taste and capacity," will not be questioned by any one acquainted with the editor of the Pioneer Press, whose occasional references to Minneapolis are always marked by an elegance of diction and a native gentlemanliness of style compared with which the culture of Boston shrinks into insignificance. A recent speech at the West hotel and pleasant salutations to visitors from Minneapolis, such as "Hello, any banks left up in Slab Town?" are further evidences of "culture and refinement."

The concluding claims in the article, that the manufacturers of St. Paul reached a value of $100,000,000, and the jobbing business $200,000,000 in 1895, are manifestly absurd, and as they are not and cannot be supported by any evidence, need very little attention.

But the final sentence is best of all—that the manufactures of St. Paul on a solid throne of enduring prosperity, and holding the scepter of commercial prosperity over the great Northwest." It's not every St. Paul man who will postpone his claims of commercial supremacy for a full hundred years. If St. Paul is willing to wait that long for the realization of her hopes, Minneapolis for one will be willing to let her wait.

HIS ST. PAUL EXHIBIT

Alex Fournier's Paintings to Be on View There Saturday.

Alex Fournier, whose paintings have won him quite as enthusiastic admirers in St. Paul as in Minneapolis, is arranging to open his exhibition in the former city next Saturday, to be open for several days. The exhibit will be at the store of Stevens & Robertson, 69 E Sixth street. Mr. Fournier's paintings have been rearranged and a new catalogue issued since his Minneapolis exhibit.

FUNERAL NOTICE

The funeral of the late Robert Thompkins, of 1106 Twenty-fourth avenue N, will be held Friday at 2:30 p. m., from the Highland Park Presbyterian church, Emerson and Twenty-first avenues N.

DIED

KUHN—Miss Josephine Kuhn, aged 28 years.
Funeral will be held from her late residence, 1317 Twenty-fourth street S, Saturday at 8:30. Services at St. Elizabeth church.

CONDON—Mrs. Lizzie F. Condon, at her home, 1009 Fourth street N, on Wednesday.
Funeral Friday, 2:30 p. m.

SMITH—William, Feb. 5, at St. Barnabas hospital.
Funeral announcement later.

WON BY LOVI

It Takes the Jury All Verdict.

IT WAS AN EXPE

The Costs Amountin Value of the volve

After a night in wi slept but 13 minutes the long-drawn-out W. M. Cumbey, as ass Gruenberg & Co., again Co., brought in a verd ant this morning. none of the jurors co the ballots had stood ballot, which resulted It is known, however, the jury was nearly opion in favor of the It is not definitely d fect the present dec the cases pending aga chasers of the Gru whether the present to the supreme cou goods involved in th between $11,000 and $ penses of trying the litigation, will exceed

F. B. Hart

Judge Belden this order authorizing ings and Loan Ass Capt. F. B. Hart a fe in connection with the case for a heari been retained to rep and prepared the de asked for was $1,300 down to the amount

Then Blethen M

The Blethen-Lowry case will come to Smith as soon as th now on trial is co probably not be bef although it may po morrow.

GOFF RETURN

FOR JAILBIR

In His Absence Picking th th

An attempt wa liberate the room municipal cou posed of a score they were placed The doors were was called into th prisoners unatte soon returned an an unusual com hastened to the found that the with. He soon g ever, and found quiet as though It is the opinio that either the pr side had a skeleto was made to libe timely return of delivery.

COLLINS SAY

The Editor Criti the Gra

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RED MEN

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WATCHING

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The general public that the smoke ord served by the engin the down-town distr ble care. Sanitary who has charge of present, made a tour morning with the int some derelict chimne a couple of hours w that he could not get body, as dense volu not to be found.

R. P. RUSSELL'

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ALDERMEN G

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THE PHOTOGRAPH

A Manchester photo he recently took a ph who was apparently had a clear skin. T the face to be thick eruption. Three da child was covered wit ly heat. The camera tographed the eruptio it was visible to the n that another case of recorded, where a ch his portrait which w face and a fortnight tack of smallpox.—Po

BEDE'S BUDGET.

By J. ADAM BEDE.

A monthly Journal for the spread of the Gospel of Good Nature, and for other purposes.

Office: 147 West Third Street.

Subscriptions, - - 50 Cents a Year.

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ST. PAUL, MINN., SEPT., 1896.

Our Platform.

The BUDGET favors a revenue tariff so adjusted as to cover the difference in cost of production in our own and any competing nation on all articles that it is practical for us to produce in abundance for our own people.

It favors the largest practical use of silver as money whether such use is known as bimetallism or by any other name; and, believing in the use of gold, is opposed to free coinage of both on any other than the commercial ratio. As such ratio is not a constant one, the government must maintain the parity and thus obviate the evils of a fluctuating money.

It loves America, but it doesn't hate England or any other old country.

It believes in a government that governs.

The Lind Movement.

There was something pathetic in the way old time democrats followed John Lind about the Merchants hotel and into executive sessions on August 18, at a meeting of the democratic state committee which has charge of his campaign. Lind is a good enough fellow, and so is McKinley, and one is just as much of a democrat as the other.

The program is to make Lind the democratic-populist governor this year and thus give him a chance to pull the ropes and make himself U. S. senator two years hence. This would add another member to the free silver forces in the senate and help to blockade the business of the country till the silver mine owners are granted their demand for the free coinage of a 53-cent dollar.

We have always opposed raids on the treasury and the consumer, and we shall always oppose them whether they come from a monopoly-breeding tariff for the East, a conscience-smothering sugar bounty for the South, or a senatorial silver combine for the West.

Mr. Lind believes in no political principle that the democracy of our state or nation ever advocated. He hasn't been a democrat for a minute in over forty years, and if he is defeated in this campaign he won't know where he is at for the next forty. If there is no one in our own party worthy of our suffrages, let us frankly say so, but let us not curse McKinley for his tariff measure while trying to elect as governor and boost into the senatorship a republican who in congress gave his voice and vote to that bill.

The men who are engineering this scheme threw the party half away in 1894 and they propose to make the surrender complete in 1896. It is a pitiful leadership. But really it doesn't lead, it merely tags after Lind.

The savings banks of our country by their last statement hold $1,810,597,000 for 4,875,579 people. This means that about one in three of our voting population is interested.

In 1872 no silver was in circulation. July 1, 1896, we had in silver and paper based on silver, $538,652,673 in circulation. And still we are told that silver has been stricken down. If congress would hit it again we'd have over a billion.

Mr. Bryan will be known in history as the only man ever nominated for the presidency on a quotation. But it seems appropriate enough after all, for if we get 16 to 1 free silver by our country alone, the purchasing power of our dollar will depend on quotations---and mostly from London.

A FEW REMARKS.

It has been moved by a convention in Chicago and seconded by another convention in St. Louis, that this republic—the greatest republic on the face of the earth, and in most respects the greatest nation in the world—shall go into the hands of political assignees, clip its coins 47 per cent, and pay all creditors 53 cents on the dollar. Are you in favor of the motion? I am not.

On both state and national tickets the democracy has fused with the ultra paternal populist party whose articles of faith consist chiefly of impossible pledges and the shattered dreams of many years. Leaders eager for victory and spoils have abandoned the safe principles of their party and are offering a prize package of delusions to all who will follow them to the polls and lead their country into a decade of disaster.

I shall not dwell on the regret and anguish of spirit it has cost to declare that I am, in this campaign, opposed to the party for which I have incessantly labored and to which I have ever been attached, a party that has now abandoned all landmarks and wandered off into an unsurveyed wilderness of danger and doubt.

I am opposed to the democracy on its 16 to 1 Chicago-St. Louis platform because I believe with Jefferson that "the proportion between the values of gold and silver is a mercantile problem altogether." Today 1 ounce of gold will buy about 31 ounces of silver, and the ratio of 16 to 1 would bring only silver to our mints and thus put us soon on an unstable silver basis. I believe in bimetallism, but see none in such a program.

Because the policy it offers will impoverish many, curtail consumption, destroy industry, and rob the farmer of his market and maturing youth of the needed opportunities of life. One of the surest signs of national prosperity is a cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night hovering over and about every factory in our land. The silver agitators have closed some factories and their platform builds no fires.

Because, unless prepared for years in advance, the first effect would be a money stringency, panic and distress; later, with a plentiful supply of silver, would come an inflation of prices which would rob labor of its reward until a long conflict could raise wages, and all this turmoil would produce wan instead of wealth. Ten years might thus be wasted without future good, and as I have a little family to clothe, educate and care for, I need those years.

Because the great masses of the silver folks are as honest as they are zealous and mistaken and would carry out their platform if they could. To do so would crush the democracy for many years. I hold that two great parties are necsessary to good government, and to crush either would be hurtful to the country. The most political corruption is found in states long dominated by one party without fear of defeat.

Because it has appealed to prejudice and has arrayed the South and West against the East. I believe in the honor, loyalty and integrity of all and every part of the Union, and that New England with its many sacred places and holding the ashes of its illustrious dead, is as true to liberty and right today as it was in 1776. No band of eastern senators ever held up legislation as Stewart and his silver colleagues of the West have done.

Because it cries wolf when there is no wolf and crime when there is no crime, and proposes to punish all the people for the supposed wrongs of a few. The alleged "crime of '73" is a myth. During the five years the law was in force we coined $79,120,771 in silver, or more than half as much as we had coined in all our history before. Since then we have used five hundred million more, and have coined 430,000,000 of full legal tender silver dollars. And this is called a crime.

Because I have no confidence in its leadership. I have never been favorably impressed with Mr. Altgeld, Mr. Tillman, Mr. Waite, Mr. Pennoyer, Mrs. Lease, or Mr. Coxey, and if I owned a country would not care to have them in the privy council. The hot beds of silver sentiment in this state today were the hot beds of A. P. A. sentiment in 1894, and in many cases the leaders are the same. I questioned their wisdom then, and believe them equally mistaken now. There is no Pope, potentate, or bogey man after us.

Because it denounces a president, chosen from its own ranks, for doing his duty at a critical moment; threatens the judiciary with reorganization for an adverse decision, and winks at riot in a free country where the ballot box affords every man redress. To agree with it is to declare free government a failure.

Because I do not believe in irredeemable fiat money to which the pioneer champions of a 53-cent dollar have long pinned their faith, and toward which 16 to 1 free coinage of silver at the present time is the initial step. Weaver of Iowa, Jessee Harper of Illinois, DeLamater of Ohio, and Solon Chase of Maine, have been using these same fiat arguments for more than twenty years, and the democratic party has just picked them up to get in on in this campaign.

Because it has raised a false issue and under cover of it is rallying the hosts of profligacy and misfortune against the savings of thrift. The money of our country is owned twice over by the poor, and is largely borrowed by the comparatively rich.

Because no statute can give us free coinage of dollars out of doughnuts without making every bakery a mint. Then the people would have plenty of "dough," but what would it be worth? What would it buy?

Because a fluctuating silver basis would prove a hindrance to all trade, at home and abroad, without the incidental blessing of a revenue. Democrats who believe in trading with the world ought to stand by the dollar that can best do that business. Our gold [illegible] dollar is accepted everywhere.

Because things can be worse than they are. The Southern states were induced to secede from the Union on the very cry raised by the silver folks in this campaign that "things can't be any worse," and the world knows all about it now.

Because the money question is the paramount issue of this campaign, and our country has reached a crisis in which every citizen should lay aside all party spirit, and all pride of opinion on secondary issues, and settle this one once for all. It is of the utmost importance that the result should be decisive, and to this end every voter should act on principle rather than personal or party interest, that we may have free silver at once or put the 16 to 1 agitation forever at rest.

Because if Uncle Sam and his people can and will not pay their debts they are unworthy again to whistle Yankee Doodle or stand beneath the waving folds of the Stars and Stripes.

Because for all our financial ills it offers no balm but sophistry and no relief but repudiation.

Because I believe the future of the democracy depends on its being knocked out in this round and restored to its former senses in the next. This is not an easy task, and democrats must help to do it.

The shipwrecked sailor is not very critical of the craft that picks him up. It may have defects and be manned with a boisterous or perhaps abusive crew, but he takes his chances for the voyage and chooses his own good ship next time. So, many democrats who are all at sea will have to climb onto the republican raft, and if some parts seem a little shaky they can line up on the sound money plank and trust in the Lord to get ashore.

Some folks may put up at the halfway house or take to the woods, and no one need quarrel with them—nor with the original silver folks who are certainly sincere—yet the safest way is to cast your vote where it will be counted for a dollar that is as good as gold, but none too good for the man who earns it.

There are other issues and there will be other times. J. ADAM BEDE.

Chief Trouble with Farm Products.

The price of farm products has fallen during the past three or four years. Many lay this decline to the act of 1873. The real cause, however, is a more immediate one, and if we examine the matter we shall find that the populations of our great cities, pinched by hard times, are not consuming half as much as they did eight years ago. It is estimated that 1,250,000 laborers are unemployed, while a majority of all the residents of cities are merely existing. Thousands of women who formerly kept one or two servants are now doing their own work, thus making a great reduction in all bills, and the servant class which formerly had money to spend is now economizing in ever possible way. The number of horses in the cities has greatly decreased, and in innumerable ways has the demand for farm products been cut off. Wheat flour is a sort of luxury in millions of European homes, and hard times reduce the consumption very much while the production in our own and other countries has been vastly increased in recent years. A business revival is what the farmer needs, and it will come qiucker without 16 to 1 free silver than with it.

John Lind.

John Lind of New Ulm, the democratic, populist and free silver candidate for governor of Minneasota was born in Sweeden March 25, 1854, and has resided in Minneasota since 1868. He received a common school education, taught school and was admitted to the bar in 1877. In 1886 he was elected to congress, and was re-elected in 1888 and and 1890. In 1892 he declined a renomination and resumed the practice of his profession. He has always been a republican partisan, and was an advocate of the McKinley bill. He is a man of good ability, but his political strength lies chiefly in his nationality.

The Mexican silver dollar contains 377.17 grains of pure silver, and the American dollar 371.25 grains. The Mexican dollar is worth a cent or two more than ours as bullion, but is worth only about 54 cents while ours is worth 100 cents as money. Reflect on the fact.

The grand old democratic party headed by such Jacksonian Leaders as John Lind, Frank A. Day, Chas. A. Towne, Sidney M. Owen, and John Day Smith, reminds us of an Egyptian army with British officers. The Egyptians do the fighting while the officers eat the fodder and finance the game.

DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM

Following is the platform adopted by the national Democratic convention at Chicago:

We, the Democrats of the United States, in national convention assembled, do reaffirm our allegiance to those great essential principles of justice and liberty upon which our institutions are founded and which the Democratic party has maintained from Jefferson's time to our own, freedom of speech, freedom of press, freedom of conscience, the preservation of personal rights, the equality of all citizens before the law, and the faithful observance of constitutional limitations.

During all these years the Democratic parly has resisted the tendency of selfish interest toward the centralization of governmental power and steadfastly maintained the integrity of the dual scheme of government established by the founders of this republic of republics. Under its guidance and teachings the great principle of local self-government has found its best expression in the maintenance of the rights of the states and in the assertion of the necessity of confining the general government to the exercise of the powers granted by the constitution of the United States.

The constitution of the United States guarantees to every citizen the rights of civil and religious liberty. The Democratic party has always been the exponent of political liberty and religious freedom, and it renews its obligations and reaffirms its devotion to these fundamental principles of the constitution.

Recognizing that the money question is paramount to all others at this time, we invite attention to the fact that the federal constitution names silver and gold together as the money metals of the United States, and that the first coinage law passed by congress under the constitution made the silver dollar the monetary unit and admitted gold to free coinage at a ratio based upon the silver dollar unit.

Result of Demonetization.

We declare that the act of 1873, demonetizing silver without the knowledge or approval of the American people has resulted in the appreciation of gold and a corresponding fall in the prices of commodities produced by the people; a heavy increase in the burden of taxation and of all debts, public and private; the enrichment of the money lending class at home and abroad; paralysis of industry and impoverishment of the people.

We are unalterably opposed to monometallism, which has locked fast the prosperity of an industrious people in the paralysis of hard times. Gold monometallism is a British policy, founded upon British greed for gain and power, and its general adoption has brought other nations into financial servitude to London. It is not only un-American but anti-American, and it can be fastened upon the United States only by the stifling of that spirit and love of liberty which proclaimed our political independence and won it in the war of the Revolution.

Demand Immediate Restoration.

We demand the immediate restoration of the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation. We demand that the standard silver dollar shall be a full legal tender, equally with gold, for all debts, public and private, and we favor such legislation as will prevent for the future the demonetization of any kind of legal tender money by private contract.

We are opposed to the policy and practice of surrendering to the holders of the obligations of the United States the option reserved by law to the government of redeeming such obligations in either silver coin or gold coin.

Oppose Bond Issues.

We are opposed to the issuing of interest-bearing bonds of the United States in times of peace, and condemn the trafficking with banking syndicates which, in exchange for bonds and at an enormous profit to themselves, supply the federal treasury with gold to maintain the policy of gold monometallism.

Congress alone has power to coin and issue money and President Jackson declared that this power could not be delegated to corporations or to individuals. We, therefore, denounce the issuance of notes as money for national banks as in derogation of the constitution, and we demand that all paper which is made legal tender for public and private debts or which is receivable for dues to the United States shall be issued by the government of the United States, and shall be redeemable in coin.

Tariff For Revenue Only.

We hold that tariff duties should be levied solely for purposes of revenue, Such duties to be so adjusted as to operate equally throughout the country and not discriminate between class or section, and that taxation should be limited by the needs of the government, honestly and economically administered. We denounce as disturbing to business the Republican threat to restore the McKinley law, which has been twice condemned by the people in national elections, and which, enacted under the false plea of protection to home industry, proved a prolific breeder of trusts and monopolies, enriched the few at the expense of the many, restricted trade and deprived the producers of the great American staples of access to their natural markets. Until the money question is settled we are opposed to any agitation for further changes in the tariff laws, except such as are necessary to make up the deficit in revenue caused by the adverse decision of the supreme court on the income tax.

Favor an Income Tax.

But for this decision of the supreme court there would be no deficit in the revenue under the law passed by a Democratic congress, in strict pursuance of the uniform decisions of that court for nearly 100 years, that court having under that decision sustained constitutional objections to its enactment which have been overruled by the ablest judges who have ever sat on that bench.

We declare that it is the duty of congress to use all the constitutional power which remains after that decision, or which may come from the reversal by the court as it may hereafter be constituted, so that the burdens of taxation may be equally and impartially laid to the end that wealth may bear its due proportional expenses of the government.

No Pauper Immigration.

We hold that the most efficient way of protecting American labor is to prevent the importation of foreign pauper labor to compete with it in the home market, and that the value of the home market to our American farmers and artisans is greatly reduced by a vicious monetary system which depresses the prices of their products below the price of production and thus deprives them of the means of purchasing the products of our home manufactoreis.

The absorption of wealth by the few, the consolidation of our leading railroad systems and the formation of trusts and pools require a stricter control by the federal government of these arteries of commerce. We demand the enlargement of the powers of the interstate commerce commission and such restrictions and guarantees in the control of railroads as will protect the people from robbery and oppression.

Denounce Profligate Waste.

We denounee the profligate waste of the money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation and the lavish appropriations of the recent Republican congresses, which have kept taxes high, while the labor that pays them is unemployed and the products of the people's toil are depressed in price till they no longer repay the cost of production. We demand a return to that simplicity and economy which best befits a democratic government, and a reduction in the number of useless officers, the salaries of which drain the substance of the people.

No Federal Interference.

We denounce arbitrary interference by federal authorities in local affairs as a violation of the constitution of the United States and a crime against institutions, and especially object to government by injunction, as a new and highly dangerous form of oppression, by which federal judges, in contempt of the laws of the states and rights of citizens, become at once legislators, judges and executioners; and we approve the bill passed at the last session of the United States senate and now pending in the house relative to contempts in federal courts, and providing for trial by jury in certain cases of contempt.

No discrimination should be indulged in by the government of the United States, in favor of any of its debtors. We approve of the refusal of the Fifty-third congress to pass the Pacific railroad funding bill, and denounce the effort of the present Republican congress to enact a similar measure.

Position on Pensions.

Recognizing the just claims of deserving Union soldiers, we heartily endorse the rule of the present commissioner of pensions that no names shall be arbitrarily dropped from the pension roll, and the fact of enlistment and service should be deemed conclusive evidence against disease and disability before enlistment.

We favor the admission of the territories of New Mexico and Arizona into the Union as states and we favor the early admission of the territories having the necessary population and resources to entitle them to statehood, and while they remain territories we hold that the officials appointed to administer the government of any territory, together with the District of Columbia and Alaska, should be bona fide residents of the territory or district in which their duties are to be performed. The Democratic party believes in home rule, and that all public lands of the United States should be appropriated to the establishment of free homes for American citizens.

We recommend that the Territory of Alaska be granted a delegate in congress, and that the general land and timber laws of the United States be extended to said territory.

We extend our sympathy to the people of Cuba, in their heroic struggle for liberty and independence.

We are opposed to life tenure in the public service. We favor appointments based upon merit, fixed terms of office, and such an administration of the civil service laws as will afford equal opportunity to all citizens of ascertained fitness.

No Third Term.

We declare it to be the unwritten law of this republic, established by the custom and usage of 100 years and sanctioned by the examples of the greatest and wisest of those who founded and have maintained our government, that no man should be eligible for a third term of the presidential office.

The federal government should care for and improve the Mississippi river and other great waterways of the republic so as to secure for the interior states easy and cheap transportation to tide-water. Whenever any waterway of the republic if of sufficient importance to demand aid of the government such aid should be extended upon a definite plan of continuous work until a permanent improvement is secured.

Confiding in the justice of our cause and the necessity of its success at the polls, we submit the foregoing declaration of principles and purposes to the considerate judgment of the American people. We invite the support of all citizens who approve them and who desire to have them made effective through legislation for the relief of the people and the restoration of the country's prosperity.

NEWS NOTES.

Alonzo J. Edgerton, U. S. district Judge for South Dakota, died at Sioux Falls Aug. 9, after a lingering illness of Bright's disease. Judge Edgerton was born near Rome N. Y. in 1827. He settled in Minneasota about 40 years ago and held various offices in the early days, and was appointed to fill an unexpired term in the U. S. senate. In 1881 he was appointed the Chief Justice of Dakota territory, and when the territory was divided and admitted in 1889 he was appointed to the federal bench of South Dakota. Bartlett Tripp, now minister to Vienna, will most likely be appointed to the vacant bench.

The Double Standard.

Mr. McKinley in his letter of acceptance says: On the 22nd of August, 1891, in a public address, I said: 'If we could have an international ratio which all the leading nations of the world would adopt, and the true relation be fixed between the two metals and all agree upon the quantity of silver which should constitute a dollar, then silver would be as free and unlimited in its privileges of coinage as gold is today. But that we have not been able to secure, and with the free and unlimited coinage of silver adopted in the United States at the present ratio we would be still further removed from any international agreement. We may never be able to secure it if we enter upon the insolated coinage of silver. The double standard implies equality at a ratio, and that equality can only be established by the concurrent law of nations. It was the concurrent law of nations that made the double standard; it will require the concurrent law of nations to reinstate and sustain it.

Blaine on Silver.

The 16 to 1 free silver folks having quoted Blaine in their recent proclamation, we give below a few remarks of that great leader from his speech in the U. S senate of Feb. 7, 1878, being the same speech from which Towne, Lind, Day, Smith, and others quote. After speaking at some length Mr. Blaine offered a substitute for the pending bill and said:

The bill which I now offer as a substitute for the house bill contains three very simple propositions:

First—That the dollar shall contain 425 grains of standard silver, shall have unlimited coinage, and be an unlimited legal tender.

Second—That all the profits of coinage shall go to the government, and not to the operator in silver bullion.

Third—That silver dollars or silver bullion, assayed and mint-stamped, may be deposited with the assistant treasurer at New York, for which coin certificates may be issued, the same in denomination as United States notes, not below $10, and these shall be redeemable on demand in coin or bullion. We shall thus secure a paper circulation based on an actual deposit of precious metal, giving us notes as valuable as those of the Bank of England, and do away at once with the dreaded inconvenience of silver on account of bulk and weight.

I do not fail Mr. President, to recognize that the committals and avowals of senators on this question preclude the hope of my substitute being adopted. I do not, indeed, fail to recognize that on this question I am not in line with either extreme—with those who believe in the single gold standard or with those who, prematurely and unwisely, as I must regard it, would force us to a single silver standard. Either will be found, in my judgment, a great misfortune to our country. We need both gold and silver, and we can have both only by making each the equal of the other. * * * * *.

We hear it proclaimed in the halls of congress, that "the people demand cheap money." I deny it. I declare such a phrase to be a total misapprehension—a total misinterpretation of the popular wish. The people do not demand cheap money, they demand an abundance of good money, which is an entirely different thing. They do not want a single gold standard that will exclude silver and benefit those already rich. They do not want an inferior silver standard that will drive out gold and not help those already poor. They want both metals in full value, in equal honor, in whatever abundance the bountiful earth will yield them to the searching eye of science and to the hard hand of labor.

Under the act of 1873 till the Bland act of 1878, the government coined $79,120,771 in silver. In the 80 years before it had coined $146,570,000, of which only $8,045,838 was in legal tender dollars. We struck silver down in 1873 by increasing the coinage.

The Burlington Route

In Past Years has published in the country press from week to week short articles on various subjects, scientific, historical, geographical, and all of them have been interesting.

This Year The Burlington wants to use our space in telling you more directly about its lines, so these articles will not appear in the newspapers. They will, however, be written and printed regularly, and if you want them during 1896, send your name and address to the General Passenger Agent as below and you will receive by mail each month a sheet containing the articles for that month.

Meanwhile the finest and fastest trains in the West are via The Burlington from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Cheicago, St. Louis and all prominent cities and towns East and South.

Tickets and particulars as to routes and rates of fare will be furnished by your home agent, or if he cannot supply them, address

W. J. KENYON,
Gen. Freight & Pass. Agent,
ST. PAUL, MINN

Sept. 17, 1896

Democrat

The sad news reached this city Monday evening that Frank Hepburn, son of Col. and Mrs. W. P. Hepburn, had been fatally shot at Chester, Ark., and the next morning a telegram came stating that he had died at 8:30 the evening before. There are many reports given as to the cause but the most reliable is that while Frank was walking along the depot platform he noticed an acquaintance named W. A. Sims, asleep on the platform and in a joking way Frank untied Sims' shoestrings and took off his shoes. This awoke Sims, who proved to be under the influence of liquor, and he became angry, hot words passed between them and Sims drew a knife and stabbed Frank in the breast; afterward he drew a revolver and commenced firing, Frank receiving three fatal wounds and died shortly after. Sims is unhurt and now under arrest. Col. Hepburn at once started from Creston for Chester, meeting the remains at Springfield, Mo., and returned home with the remains last evening. Frank was born Jan. 26, 1858, at Marshalltown, Iowa. At the time of his death he was an engineer on the 'Frisco railroad. It is a sad and sorrowful termination of a young life, and the bereaved parents have the sympathy of all. Mrs. Hepburn was called home from Iowa City and Mrs. Thummel from Detriot, but Charley at Washington could not be heard from. The Colonel at once cancelled all his dates for political meetings in his congressional campaign. The funeral took place from the family home at 3 p. m. today, conducted by Rev. St. Clair, pastor of the M. E. church, and his remains interred in the city cemetery.

BULLETS NOT THE ONLY TERROR

MORE DEATHS IN THE HOSPITAL THAN ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

Figures Showing the Comparative Mortality of Minnesota Regiments During the War From Wounds and From Disease—But With the Care of Modern Medical and Sanitary Science the Soldier Has Not Much to Fear Even in the Tropics.

The apprehension and anxiety felt for Minnesota soldiers who have "gone to the war" have some foundation. The uneasy feeling is intensified when it is considered that much of the future service will be rendered in tropical Cuba and the Philippines. The climate of these islands is known to be not as salubrious as the climate of Minnesota, and it is believed that many more men will be lost from the change of latitude than from the shock of battle. It is but reasonable that this should be expected, since experience shows that far more soldiers die from disease than from wounds received in action, and yet the danger to which it is feared that our troops will be exposed is perhaps largely exaggerated. Cuba is not, or need not be, a breeding bed of dangerous disease and the Northern soldiers need not "die like flies" in that island or in the Philippines, as the Spaniards hope and predict.

The experience of Minnesota soldiers in the South during the war of the Rebellion should be of some value in the present war. A great many more Minnesota union troops died of disease than of wounds. The total deaths among the eleven infantry regiments of the state during the Rebellion was 2,254, and of this number only 607 was killed in action, while 1,647 died of disease. Some of the mortality in the Third, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth regiments occurred in Minnesota and Dakota, during the Indian campaigns of 1862-3, but the deaths in Brackett's cavalry battalion, in the First and Second batteries of light artillery and the sharpshooters in the Southern confederacy are not taken into account. It is fair to assume that of the 16,000 Minnesotans that served in the war 2,200 died in the South, 1,600 from disease. In the infantry, by regiments, the total strengths from first to last, the number of men killed in action and the unmber dying from disease are given by Adjt. Gen. Muehlbergh as follows:

Regiments—	Total strength.....	Killed in action.....	Died of disease.....	Total mortality.....
First	2,277	187	99	286
Second	1,801	93	189	282
Third	1,464	17	279	296
Fourth	1,652	61	178	239
Fifth	1,206	90	179	269
Sixth	1,265	12	165	177
Seventh	1,154	33	138	171
Eighth	1,070	27	56	83
Ninth	1,079	47	227	274
Tenth	1,114	37	115	152
Eleventh	1,020	3	22	25
Totals	15,102	607	1,647	2,254

Losses of the First.

The difference among the regiments in the matter of losses by disease will be readily noted. The First was the only regiment that lost more men in battle than by disease; it had nearly twice as many killed in action as died from other causes. The Third had only 1 per cent of its whole strength shot to death while 20 per cent died of disease. The Sixth lost 1 per cent in action and more than 14 per cent by disease. The average percentage of the total mortality per regiment was a little more than 16, and in this particular the Eighth regiment's share was less than 8, while the Ninth's was more than 22. The Fifth had 7.46 per cent killed in action and its total mortality was 22.30 per cent. The First lost the greatest per cent in action—8.21.

The fatal casualties among the Minnesotans can be only approximately accounted for. The First regiment did a great deal of active, arduous and dangerous service. Its service was chiefly with the army of the Potomac. It took part in the great battles in Virginia and immortalized itself and the name of the Minnesota soldier at Gettysburg. It marched thousands of miles, was exposed to the deadly influences of the Chickahominy swamps and the other malarial districts of Virginia, and yet its total percentage of loss by disease was only a little more than 4. The Third's loss by disease was nearly 19 per cent.

The regiments from the Third to the Tenth inclusive—except the Eighth—served a great portion of their time in the lower Mississippi valley. This region is much unhealthier than Minnesota and even than Virginia, and the result of the service there was very disastrous. The Third regiment did not serve in that region until in the spring of 1863, but the Fourth and the greater part of the Fifth regiment were in Mississippi a year earlier. The Sixth and Ninth did not go down until in the summer of 1864 and the Seventh and Tenth a little earlier. The Eighth and Eleventh went to Middle Tennessee late in the fall of 1864, and neither of the last two regiments served in the lower valley.

The Third regiment experienced its severest visitation from disease in the Arkansas river valley, in Arkansas, in the summer of 1864. This was the result of a

Camp at Pine Bluff,

on the Arkansas river, where all the conditions were unwholesome and where the very air reeked with poison. From April to October about one hundred and fifty of the men died. Dr. A. C. Wedge, the former surgeon of the regiment, writing of the causes that produced this visitation, says:

In the first place Pine Bluff is a flat, swampy, unhealthy locality—the Arkansas river on the north and a filthy bayou on the south. The season was dry and hot. The south wind came over the bayou night and day, bringing miasma into our camp. In April, 1864, a large number of recruits joined us. Of these about eight-tenths were stricken down by malarial fever and eighty-nine died. In June some drafted men were added to our number and nearly all of them fell sick and thirty died. (In addition thirty of the original members of the regiment died.) We suffered very much for the want of medical supplies. I could not get a dose of quinine to break the fever on myself. I was relieved from duty Aug. 1 and came home Aug. 1, or I probably would not be writing this.

A portion of the time the men used the filthy water of the bayou for cooking and drinking. Then they dug wells, but the ground was sandy and the water in them was little better than that in the bayou. North, west and south of the camp for a considerable distance the country was wooded and brushy, with openings at plantations, and numerous excellent camping grounds. Gen. C. C. Andrews, the former colonel, then at Little Rock, tried to have the regiment removed. The colonel, Hans Mattson, wrote to Gov. Ramsey for relief and the governor sent down a surgeon with a big stock of quinine, and at last the war department allowed Col. Mattson to take six companies home on furlough.

In June, 1864, the Sixth regiment was sent from Minnesota to a swampy, poisonous camp near Helena, Ark., almost as bad as Pine Bluff. From July 1, 1864, to Feb. 1, 1865, out of thirteen officers and 802 men reported for duty at the former date, three officers and 118 men died and about 600 were sent to Northern hospitals, leaving only 140 men for duty. At Helena, as at Pine Bluff, there were good, high and healthy camping grounds, but the Sixth was not allowed to occupy them.

All of the regiments suffered from badly selected camping grounds. Often, too, it must be said, many a soldier brought his death upon himself. The

Soldiers Were Careless.

They over-ate and over-drank and often neglected the commonest sanitary measures, necessary not only for their health, but for their comfort. Perhaps the worst habit was sleeping on the bare ground.

Climate is not so influential on the lives of soldiers as is generally supposed. The American troops suffered as little in proportion from disease in Mexico during the war in 1846-48 as did the Northern troops in the South during the Rebellion. In the Rebellion, too, the Confederate troops died in great numbers from disease contracted in their own states, in a climate to which they were thoroughly accustomed.

With the improved hospital service of the American army and the general advance in medical science, with proper precautions against contagion—yellow fever especially—there is no good reason for fearing serious mortality from disease among the Minnesota soldiers if they enter Cuba or the Philippines—provided they are vigilant in caring for themselves.

"I was the youngest man in my company," said a union veteran yesterday. "I enlisted in July, 1861, when a few months past fifteen years of age, from a Western state, and I served three years and six months, beginning in Missouri and ending in South Carolina, and serving in Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, Alabama and Georgia. I was in thirteen engagements, marched thousands of miles and my old orderly sergeant says I was on duty as often as any other man in the company. Under the advice of my uncle, a good physician, I was always very careful of my health. I seldom over-ate, drank good water or none, and I never in a single instance slept on the bare ground. I carried three-grain quinine pills and occasionally took one. At times too, I had a small bottle of 'Sun cholera cure.' I was in a hospital but once and then for two weeks in Mississippi with a 'spell' of pneumonia. A soldier's immunity from disease depends very largely upon his care of himself."

Obituary Record.

Newton C. Ridenour died at his home at Hotel Linderman, at 3:30 o'clock yesterday morning, aged 63 years, 6 months and 12 days. The funeral services were held at the hotel this morning at ten o'clock, conducted by Rev. P. V. D. Vedder and Dr. T. C. Smith. Music was furnished by the M. E. Choir. A profusion of flowers adorned the casket. After the services the Masonic Lodge, with John Annan, J. H. Abbott, C. W. Foster, F. K. Miller, Ira Shambaugh and A. B. Robinson as pall bearers, took charge of the body, and at the cemetery performed the last sad rites over the body of their Brother.

Deceased has been a resident of Page county since 1856. He was born in Campbell county, Tenn., July 14, 1835. His parents were Alexander T. and Sarah T. Ridenour, natives of Tennessee. In his youth both of his parents died, and in 1855 Mr. Ridenour came west as far as DeKalb county, Mo. The next year he came to Page county, making the journey on foot. He was employed as drug clerk for Dr. Kriddlebaugh, and later drove the star mail route from Clarinda to Sidney and Maryville. He was employed afterward in the carpenter shop of Osgood & Kimball. He drove an ox team to Pike's Peak during the gold excitement, and on his return started a grocery store here. When the war broke out he assisted to organize Company F, 23d Iowa Infantry, and served through the war, coming out an Aide-de-Camp under Brevet General Glasgow. After the war Mr. Ridenour clerked for Dr. Conine, and in 1868 began editing the Page County Democrat. In 1885 he was appointed postmaster at Clarinda, and sold out his paper to Mr. Robinson, the present editor, soon after. In 1889 Mr. Ridenour became proprietor of the Linderman hotel, which vocation he has since followed, except during the second administration of Cleveland, when he was appointed Chinese inspector, being located at New Orleans. While there he contracted a malarial fever and rheumatism, which have since undermined his health. He has suffered for two years from a complication of diseases, which at times affected his mind. About a week ago he became worse, with the result recorded above.

Mr. Ridenour was known all over this part of the state as a fearless, aggressive, and yet kind and noble-hearted man. His war record is an enviable one, and his life has been one full of work. He has always labored for the best interests of the people, and his death will be widely mourned.

His wife and two children, Clyde and Mrs. Eva Greeley, now of Nashua, Ia., survive him. Clyde returned from Nebraska on Tuesday evening, and the daughter arrived from Nashua Wednesday evening, with her husband and daughter Ruth.

Mrs. Will Farrens died at her home two miles southeast of Clarinda, on last Wednesday morning, Jan. 25, aged 38 years and 3 days. A tumor was the cause of her death. A husband and four children are left to mourn the death of a loving wife and mother. All who knew Mrs. Farrens respected her as a noble and unselfish woman. The family have the sympathy of the entire community. The funeral was held at the residence at 10:30 o'clock this morning, conducted by Rev. C. H. White.

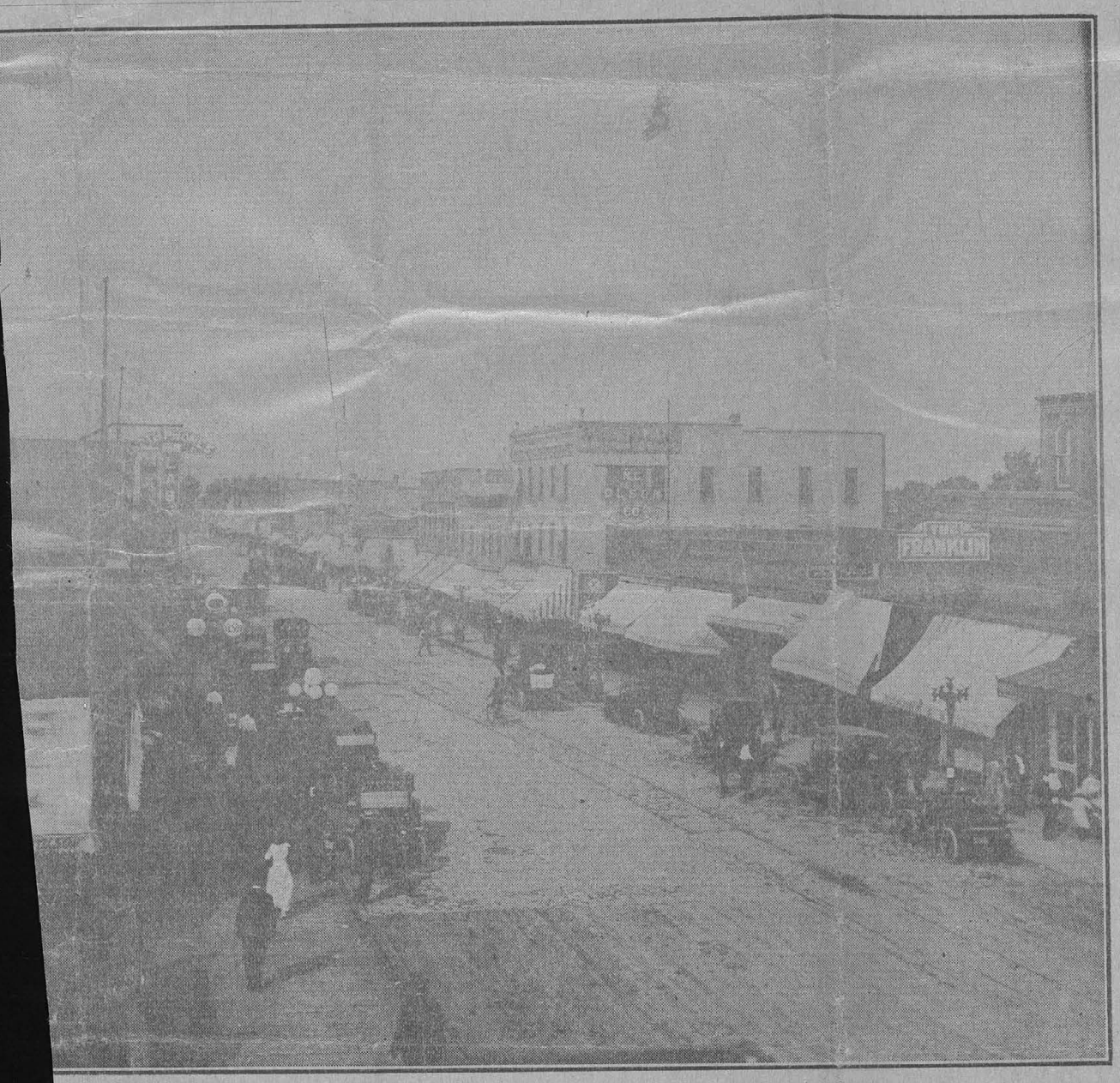
DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN CURES CONSTIPATION.

[Jan. 24, 1899 CLARINDA HERALD]

[1912-1916]

[after 1912]

RKS--A THRIFTY CITY IN A THRIFTY COMMUNITY



Mers avenue, East Grand Forks, looking east; the principal business thoroughfare of the city

Forks in the summer of 1863, more than fifty-one years ago. He was then a young man out for adventure—and he found it. He was born in Pennsylvania, but was stationed at Fort Abercrombie in



W. C. Nash, first settler in East Grand Forks, and his first home.

Dakota Territory for several years before locating here. His first visit here was in company with a military expedition under Major Hatch that left Fort Snelling in July, 1863, in search of the Sioux chiefs, Little Six and Medicine Bottle, leaders in the fearful massacre of white settlers in the state the previous year. The military detachment camped at the forks of the two rivers opposite the "Point" on the Grand Forks side of the river. In those days, of course, there was no Grand Forks or East Grand Forks.

Continuing northward the soldiers finally captured the Indian chiefs in Canada, having first doped them with drugged whiskey and spirited them back across the line to the United States.

It was not until 1871 that Mr. Nash permanently located in East Grand Forks, being employed in the meanwhile by the government in carrying mails between Fort Abercrombie and Pembina. During that time he made many visits here and was much impressed by the natural beauty of the place and the many other advantages so apparent.

During the folowing year, quite a number of new people came to the settlement. In the spring of 1872, James Deering brought in a small stock of goods and opened a store in a tent. Shortly after a blacksmith shop was opened by A. Walstrom and A. Kemble. The same year a postoffice was established with Archie McCrea as postmaster, the place being named Nashville, in honor of its first settler. It was not until 1883, or eleven years later, that the name was changed to East Grand Forks. In 1873 a mail route was opened between here and Crookston, Wm. Stewart being the mail carrier.

School district No. 3, was organized in '76 with W. C. Nash, John Griggs and George Inkster as the school board and Miss Carrie Griggs as teacher. In 1877 numerous other settlers located here, among whom were T. A. Sullivan, Sr., E. J. Sullivan, M. J. Sullivan, T. A. Sullivan, Jr., Jerry Enright, Andrew Sullivan, Jas. T. Sullivan, J. E. Sullivan and others.

It was not until 1881 that the town become a verity. During that year Mrs. John Griggs, who owned the land opposite to the business district of Grand Forks, platted and laid it out in lots forty acres, with avenues corresponding to those on the other side. The land was platted as "Grand Forks East."

W. J. Traill who owned 120 acres east of Mrs. Griggs' land, platted an addition during the winter of '81-82, and put it on the market March, '82.

The advent of the St. P. M. & M. railroad now the G. N. railroad, from the east brought quite an accession to the population of the town, and when in July, 1882, the railroad began to build a depot here, there was quite a rush of new buildings in its vicinity.

Captain Robert Barton erected a substantial brick block in '82 and occupied it as a shoe store for some time. The building was entirely destroyed by fire in March, '83. Peter Gilley came in July, '82 and erected a hotel building, formerly the Acme. Masterson & Carrol opened a real estate office. Alex. Robinson opened a blacksmith shop and George Barlow a boarding house.

The Weekly Courier was started by Vale & Hogue. Eckles & Morgan started a drug store; Dwyer Bros. a livery barn; F. J. Duffy a real estate office; and Hope Bros. opened a hardware store, near the site of the old planing mill. J. W. Howes was appointed postmaster, and moved the postoffice to his building.

A village school was opened in November, '82 with Miss Sauer as teacher and 25 puplis enrolled by January 1, '83.

On Jan. 15, '83 a public meeting was held at which it was decided to incorporate the city of East Grand Forks. S. H. Parkhurst, C. Madson and F. J. Duggan were appointed as a committee to attend to the formalities. A chamber of commerce was organized in January '83, and the fire department organized in Febuary. In July a village jail was built at a cost of $600, and the first religious services were held the same month. Before the close of '83 East Grand Forks was one of the busy, bustling, progressive towns of the new northwest, although without municipal government. More than two thousand dollars in lots were disposed of during the year and buildings went up as though by magic. During the succeeding three or four years "the boom took a rest."

The next experience of the new town was a wholesale removal of the business center, buildings and all down on DeMers avenue, nearer the business district of Grand Forks.

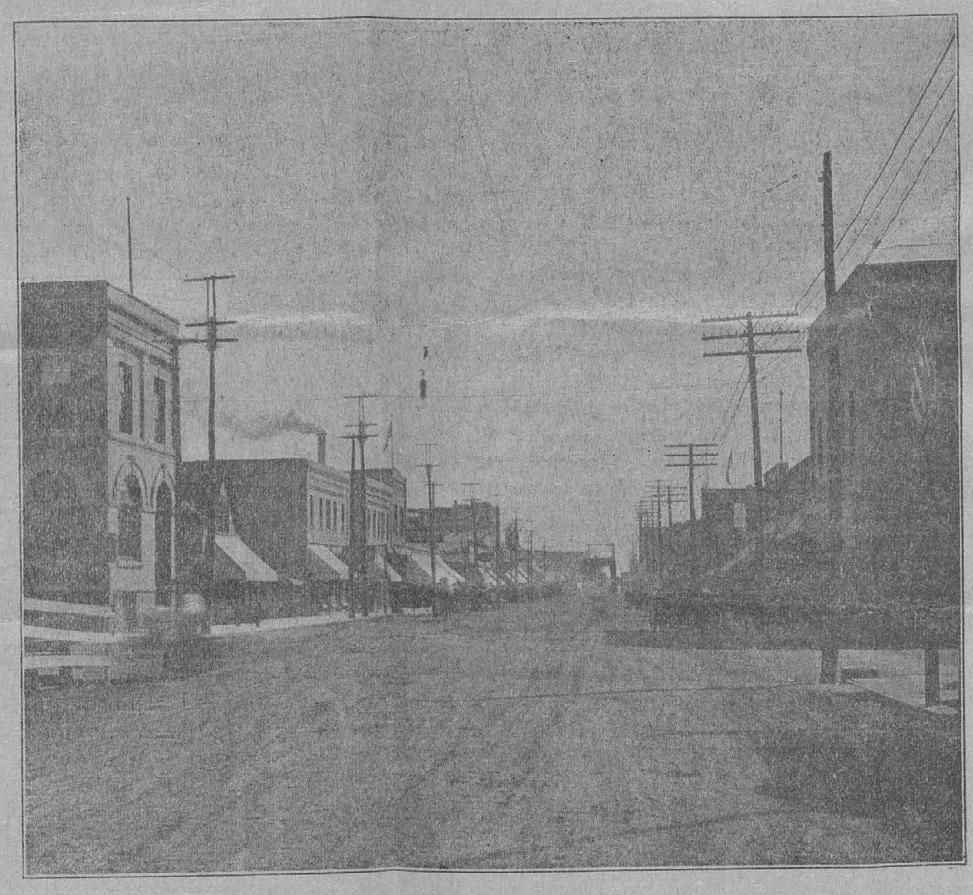
During the winter of '86-87 the subject of incorporation was again agitated and finally largely thru the efforts of W. C. Nash, the state legislature passed an act providing for a special charter under which the city was incorporated. In March '87 J. S. Dwyer was elected mayor and F. J. Duffy city recorder.

T. J. McAdam succeeded Dwyer as mayor in '88 and Aaron Brown was elected as mayor in '89, serving for three years. Mr. McAdam was elected to a term in '92, and T. A. Sullivan followed in '93, serving for two terms. C. A. Rhinehart was the next mayor and was succeeded by Hugh Dunlevy in '96.

T. J. McAdam was elected to a third term in '97 and Hugh Thompson succeeded in '98, serving until January 1, 1900 when the city was reorganized under the general laws instead of its special charter and J. F. Brandt was elected mayor, serving until Jan. 1, '06. John O'Leary, the present mayor was elected Nov. '05, and took the executive seat Jan. 1, 1906, serving until Jan. 1, '08. During the years 1908-09 Hugh Dunlevy was the chief executive of the city, John O'Leary again assuming the reins of government on Jan. 1, 1910, he having occupied the position of mayor since that time.

HISTORICAL

East Grand Forks is located at the junction of the Red Lake and the Red Rivers. Its first white settler was W. C. Nash, who is still one of her respected and venerable citizens. Mr. Nash first came to what is now East Grand



DeMers avenue before paving and installation of the "White Way."

Mendenhall Memorial Presbyterian Church

Mendenhall Memorial Presbyterian Church is probably the oldest public building in East Grand Forks. And yet it is by no means an old building. The rapid growth of the city has made old what in and older city would be called young.

The beginning of the Church life and work were characteristic of the Presbyterian work in the Northwest. The church in Grand Forks having gotten its work fairly well established, was approached by the people of the East Grand Forks community with a view to establishing an Evangelical work in their midst. Their appeal met with a speedy and hearty response. The Grand Forks church issued a call for a Sabbath school organization and regular preaching services. In answer to this call on a Sabbath afternoon in May, 1888, about fifty persons gathered in a building on DeMers avenue,



DR. C. E. COLES

kindly loaned for the purpose by Messrs. McNicol and McAdam. The seats were planks placed upon shingle bundles, and pieces of

vices and Sabbath school had been so consistent that a request was presented to have the organization completed. Due notice having been given, a large congregation assembled on Sunday, May 19th, 1889, and the Mendenhall Memorial Presbyterian church was organized according to the Constitution of the Presbyterian church in the U. S. A., the Rev. H. G. Mendenhall and the Rev. F. W. Iddings acting as commissioners for that purpose. The action of the commissioners and the congregation was ratified by the Red River Presbytery at the fall meeting in 1889.

The following are the names of the charter members of the church: Mrs. Ellen Benson, Mrs. Ellen M. Brown, G. A. Brown, Miss Christy Brown, A. W. Dixon, Mrs. I. McAdam, Thomas Patterson, Mrs. Patterson, Miss Agnes Patterson, Mrs. S. Penninger, Mrs. S. J. Rand, Alexander Robinson and Mrs. Robinson, Cameron Anderson and Mrs. Anderson.

Cameron Anderson and Alexander Robinson were ordained the first elders of the church.

The Rev. H. G. Mendenhall and Mr. William Budge both donated lots for the use of the church.

The corner stone of the present church edifice was laid on September 16th, 1890, the Revs. O. H. Elmer of Crookston, and J. F. Berry and F. W. Iddings assisting in the services. The following articles were placed in a tin box and sealed in the stone: A History of the church to date, The list of subscribers to the building fund, the North Western Presbyterian, the East Grand Forks Courier, and the Union Signal.

The Rev. J. F. Berry offered the prayer of invocation, the Rev. F. W. Iddings read the 84th Psalm and each clergyman present gave a brief address.

Some golden rod and wild
astors growing on the lot were al-
o placed under the stone.

The church has been favored
ith a succession of good pastors
hose names will be remembered
ith interest: D. Y. Iddings, J.
Melrose, Guy Wadsworth, D.
, J. F. Montman, W. T. Wilcox,
H. Hunter, D. D., T. Davis
heson, Crawford McKibbin,
illiam Best, C. F. Bronson,
rvi W. Georgi. Most of these
still living and some have at-
ned to places of importance in
church at large.

The Eldership of the church has
en representative of the life of
church and the names of the
lers will recall many pleasing
cidents: Cameron Anderson,
exander Robinson, Robert An-
rson, F. G. Church, John Lans-
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ers and Andrew Anderson.

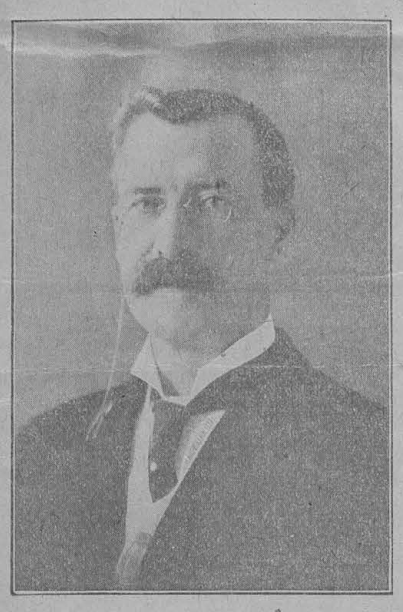
It was during the pastorate of
Rev. Mr. Acheson that the
urch manse was acquired and
first child born in the manse
now a young woman of 18
ars and a real assistant to her
her, who is pastor of the church



REV. H. W. GEORGI AND FAMILY

at Sumner, Wash., Barclay Acheson, a boy in the Sabbath school, has only recently returned from a two years' trip to Asia, Africa, and Europe and is now the minister of the church in Raymond, Wash.

The Rev. H. G. Mendenhall, D.



REV. MR. ACHESON

D., has always retained a keen interest in the church which bears the name of his family, and largely through his generosity a church hall was built under the church edifice.

This hall was named Peden Hall in memory of the Scottish Martyrs and was dedicated with appropriate services on Sunday, November 10th, 1912. On Sunday morning, December 21st, 1913, a calamity befell the church property, when through the overheating of the furnace, the ceiling of the hall and the floor of the church were badly burnt. But the congregation, ably assisted by the people of the city, determined to more than make good the damage that had been wrought. By means of liberal contributions in addition to the insurance money, the whole building was renovated and needy additions were made until the inside of the building has been declared to be one of the prettiest in the Northwest.

The renovations and additions were of such an extensive nature that it was deemed advisable to re-dedicate the church. This was done by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. C. E. Coles, who was assisted by the Rev. J. C. Strand, the pastor Evangelist of the Presbytery of Adams.

The present pastor, the Rev. C. E. Coles, M. A. Ph. D., Litt. D., was installed May 15th, 1912, coming to the church from Burke, N. D. Dr. Coles is a member of one of the oldest families in the west of England, whose records go back to the time of William the Conqueror. Dr. Coles received his education in arts and theology in England and upon the completion of his course went to South Africa. After eight years in that land he returned to England and for nearly four years was a pastor in the north of London.

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ENVELOPES

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Ship to _____ P. O. _____ State

The Minneapolis Morning Tribune

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1914.

Where the Historical Building Should Stand.

An appropriation of $500,000 was made at the latest session of the legislature for a building to house the supreme court and the Minnesota Historical society. The latter body was required to approve the site selected by the State Board of Control before that selection should become operative, and to make appropriation from its funds toward the construction of the building.

By action taken Monday evening on the part of the governing board of the society, all the proceedings toward the construction of a building, as provided by the legislature, have been suspended and the matter is to go again to the legislature for action.

* * *

This is well from every point of view. The supreme court should never have been associated with the Historical society in such a project; and the state bar association did only its part in protesting. Disagreement had arisen over two sites. There was ground to believe the state had obligated itself for a site which was highly objectionable. The mess was complete.

What now should be done is to consider the whole problem afresh. The supreme court should either be given space in a building devoted to the law officers and law libraries of the state, or remain in its present beautiful quarters of the state capitol. The Historical society should be given space especially designed for its library and museum, and located where it promises best to serve the people of the state.

As long as appropriation was available for a location in St. Paul, there was no disposition in Minneapolis to question the location of the building. Now that the matter is opened anew it is proper, we think, to present that question squarely.

* * *

The society's present quarters make it difficult for residents of Minneapolis to consult the library or view the objects in the museum. They are equally difficult of access to students of history in the university. They are not more accessible to the people of the state at large than they would be if located in Minneapolis. Regard for the use of the collections suggests strongly that they should be in the larger city rather than the smaller.

On this ground the building might be advantageously located in the university campus. But there is still stronger ground. In other states this is becoming the practice. Location on the campus prevents duplications between the university library and the society library. It centralizes all the historical resources of the state. It brings into direct contact with the accumulations of the society the students of the university. And it is economical.

Only Wisconsin and Iowa make larger subventions for their historical societies than Minnesota. Our allowance of $20,000 or $22,000 takes no account of janitor service, light and heat, which are furnished free. All things considered, it is probable the appropriation in Minnesota equals that of any other state. Yet it is only the truth to say that, under existing arrangements, our society is not one of the most productive.

The University faces the need for a new library building. The historical society faces the need for a new building. Efficiency and economy alike urge that the two buildings should be one, and that it should stand in Minnesota, as in Iowa and Wisconsin, within the campus of the state university.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1914.

How the Historical Building Should Be Located.

This newspaper certainly dislikes inter-city squabbles. It will not contribute to them if it has the say. It will not now enter into one with any of its St. Paul contemporaries over the location of the new historical building of the state.

But it will say this:

That the building should be located in the light of the greatest possible good to the people of Minnesota. If that good points to Pipestone or Hibbing, or an island in the Mississippi, this newspaper will be content. If it points to St. Paul, this newspaper will likewise be content. And if it points to the campus of the University, this newspaper thinks St. Paul should be content.

The responsibility is on the legislature and the governing board of the Historical society. It is not on the newspapers. All that the latter can do is to strengthen the hands of the authorities in their effort to locate the building where it will best serve the people of Minnesota.

Hammond Has Spoken.

After a careful reading of Congressman Hammond's letter to the Democratic committee, and conceding for [illegible] Wilson [illegible] the

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night before she sailed from New York.

Once before since the beginning of the war, the Arabic had a close call. A cable message from London on March 27 said the steamer had been pursued by a German submarine in the Irish sea, on the voyage which ended on that day. According to this account, a periscope was sighted as the steamer went in from St. George's channel, and it soon became obvious that a hostil submarine was in pursuit. The Arabic put on full steam and outdistanced the submersible.

Searched by Detectives.

On the occasion of the apparent attempt to dynamite the Arabic last month, the explosive, which was discovered by a private detective, was concealed under a settee in the women's parlor in the cabin accommodations amidship. No fuse, detonator or wiring was attached to the dynamite, which apparently had been placed there some time before. A thorough search of the liner was made by detectives before she sailed on her last eastward trip on July 28, but no explosives were found.

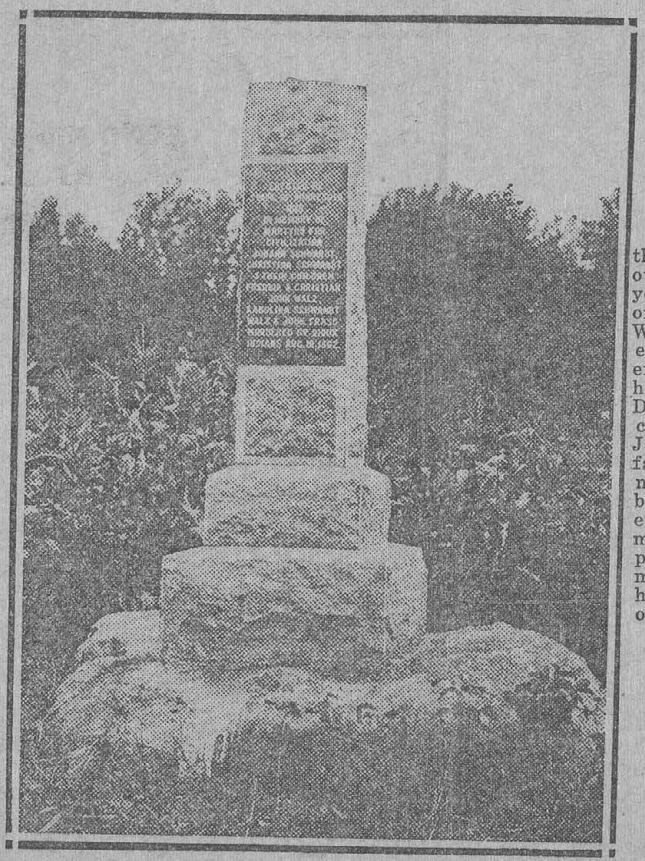
Americans Among Passengers.

On her recent trips the Arabic has carried far fewer passengers than on normal voyages in times of peace. There were 105 passengers in the cabin, of whom five were Americans, and 80 in the steerage on the last voyage to Liverpool.

The Arabic has been utilized to carry great quantities of war munitions purchased in the United States for Great Britain. Fastnet, off which the Arabic is reported to have gone down, lies close to the lane of steamship traffic between England and America. It is about 40 miles west of Old Head of Kinsale, near which the Lusitania was sunk. German submarines have been active in these waters.

MANY ASK TO JOIN CIVILIANS' CAMP

State Marks Spot Where Pioneers Were Massacred



Commemorating the Sioux Indian outbreak of 53 years ago, the state of Minnesota on Wednesday dedicated this monument erected on the homestead near Delhi in Renville county, where the John Schwandt family of seven members were killed by the Sioux. The erection of this monument completes the work of marking spots made historical by the outbreak of 1862.

Traveler Nov. 3, 1916.

R

ERSE COUNTY, MINNESOTA

NUMBER 33

LAST BUFFALO HUNT IN COUNTY

To the editor of the Traverse County Traveler.

Ever since the appearance of the article headed "Pioneer Days Recalled" which was published in a late issue of the Traveler, the writer has received so many and such urgent requests for "more of the early doings of old Traverse," that in spite of his physical disabilities and other handicaps, "to take his pen in hand," and venture again. The subject now at his finger ends is relative to the last buffalo hunt in Traverse county about 50 years ago.

As a preface of what he has to say, the writer wants to emphasize the fact that he was not present at the charge on the buffaloes nor a participant of the drive (having indulged in a little horsback stunt for Uncle Sam a short while before, and received injuries from which he was suffering and was therefore deprived of the fun) yet wants it equally emphasized that although he did not join in on the onrush and chase he nevertheless saw with his own eyes, "the monarchs of the prairies" (probably 75 or 100 in number) as they hove in sight a short distance away just east of the trading post at the head of Lake Traverse, and saw the Indians who gathered there largely for the purpose of trading off their furs and robes, mount their ponies and take after them, and besides saw the appetizing buffalo meat after it was brought in, and ate of it too with great gusto and relish. So you see the writer's connection with the affair has a sort of pre-emption on the "amen corner,"

Now for the onrush and the chase. The Indian hunters charged on the buffaloes with the old time buffalo hunter's yell, at the place mentioned, and chased them over the prairie north along Lake Traverse, passing back of Pelican Hill, whooping and yelling and firing off their guns, killing and wounding them as they went, to a point opposite "Wood-on-one-side-Creek," or, as now called, Jim Creek, in Roberts County, S. D., about five miles distant, where the half-crazed buffaloes plunged into the lake (Traverse) and swam across. The last seen of them according to the hunters, they were were running at a break-neck speed over the hills on the Dakota side, fleeing for dear life in the direction of Devil's Lake. This was probably the last buffalo hunt in Traverse County, probably in Minnesota. It took place, as near as my memory serves me, about June 1st, 1866.

It may be a mystery to some as to how these buffaloes came to be roaming about in Minnesota at this time, how so many of them got into the state when the pass between the two lakes (Traverse and Big Stone) was blocked by Indian scouts during the period following the Indian outbreak of 1862. The writer wishes to say, in regard to this matter, that the most plausible theory that has been advanced is, that at the time of the re-organization of the scouting system in operation at Fort Wadsworth, now Fort Sisseton, in Marshall County, S. Dak., many of the Indians were dissatisfied with the new order of thlngs, and left the govenment service on account of it, and were at uhis time (March and April 1866) encamped and hunting Buffalo in the neighborhood of where Webster, S D. now stands, and that these buffaloes broke away from some main herd which the Indians had been chasing, and fled eastward to the foot of Big stone Lake and crossed into Minnesota there, thence came up to the head of Lake Traverse. This, however, so far as the buffaloes are concerned, is mere conjecture or speculation and is given for what it is worth, but that they came up along the east side of Big Stone Lake, there is no doubt.

While buffaloes may have been seen in the vicinity of Lake Lillian, in Kandiyohi County or in other parts of the state, as reported in some of the newspapers at that time, the writer, who has made dilligent and pains-taking inquiries regard to it for many years, is as yet, unable to find or to locate any person who saw them elsewhere in Minnesota than in the Big Stone region, at any rate, it is safe to say that no genuine or real buffalo hunting was indulged in anywhere in Minnesota at this time (1866) or later, except this one, "The Last Buffalo Hunt in Traverse County."

S. J. Brown,
Browns Valley
Minn. Oct. 30, 1916.