

**STRONG SPEECH.**

A Lawyer... the Truth in the Independent... Speech of S. W. Cosand, of Potter county, Independent candidate for Attorney General, accepting the election of chairman of the late Independent convention:

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: It is just one month since the representatives of South Dakota, in convention assembled, met in this hall to consider the political situation of this people, and in their sovereign capacity seek redress of their grievances. It was then resolved to appeal to the ballot, as our petitions had been ignored and laughed at by those who were supposed to be the servants of the people.

I realize the fact that to all it is hard to sever the ties of our old parties, cut loose and form a new love. My republican friends are proud of the record of your party's organization, when it held to the teachings of Charles Sumner, Wm. Seward, Thaddeus Stevens, Abraham Lincoln and a host of other true patriots who stood for principle, right and justice.

My democratic friend, you love the name of General Jackson for his services, for his valor, for his patriotism; you revere the name of Stephen A. Douglas, whose burning oratory made the people his worshippers; and that great democratic commoner, Samuel J. Tilden, who loved his country more than the presidential office.

But the leaders of these parties today bear no similarity to those who preceded them. Their chief belief is that the people are their servants to do their bidding. The condition of today is the same in principle as it was with the whigs and democrats in 1852—the leaders ignoring the petitions of the people and seeking only office, plunder and the spending of people's money.

Our farmer friends who are interested in binders and the work they do, should make it a point to call at the implement house of O. T. Helgeson, and see a piece of work done upon the Deering binder. A reporter called on O. T. Helgeson, the big, jolly Norwegian machine man the other day and asked him for some news.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Hicks, of Highland, have a regular lady boarder at their house. The young lady arrived in time for breakfast Wednesday morning and has engaged board for sixteen years with the privilege of staying a few years longer if satisfactory all around.

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Mr. H. Goltry, of Arlington, Nebraska, editor of the Peoples Defender, visited his brother W. H. Goltry and his sister Mrs. D. B. Benjamin, a few days ago. Mr. Goltry is a strong Independent party man and has great confidence in the success of the reform movement in which he has labored earnestly for nearly twenty years.

right, independent of party prejudice and the party lash, and victory will be ours. □

**BELOIT BUBBLES.**

F. A. Keep, returned from Beloit Wis., Saturday.

W. C. Richards, of Sioux City, was on our streets Monday.

Rev. O. T. Nelson and wife are the guests of Prof. Lyones.

The farmers are jubilant over the prospects of good crops.

Miss Emma Lyones returned from Elk Point the first of this week.

J. A., brother of E. Lowell, is here on a visit with a view of locating.

Rev. E. D. Lyones occupied the Lutheran pulpit at Elk Point, Sunday.

Harvesting has commenced, and the voice of the reaper is heard in the land.

Master George Sedgwick, of Hawarden, is here on a few weeks visit to his brother, J. O.

Prof. G. G. Woodburn, of Hawarden, was here reviewing old acquaintances last week.

The family of John Widdy, the new section foreman, arrived Saturday from Mason city.

The Milwaukee Railroad Co. have decided to put in a new side track, stock yards, etc. Work will commence next week.

John Paine and family of Hull have moved to Beloit again. We welcome them to our midst.

**MATRIMONIAL MENTION.**

One of Canton's Best Young Ladies Weds a Typical Sioux Falls Bachelor.

Sunday, July 6, 1890, was a day animated with much merriment in the family of Uncle Jerry Gehon, near this city. It marked the occasion of the marriage of the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gehon, Fanny E. to Charles E. Griswold of Sioux Falls.

Miss Gehon is well known in this city and in fact in this county and has a large number of warm friends who will wish her the greatest possible joy throughout her wedded life. Mr. Griswold is one of the enterprising and stirring young business men of Sioux Falls where he has been known well and favorably for many years.

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A reporter called on O. T. Helgeson, the big, jolly Norwegian machine man the other day and asked him for some news. "You may tell the farmers" said he "that the jute binding twine is giving the best satisfaction. It is the best made, this year. It saves the farmer money because its cheaper and a pound of it goes just as far."

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**A VICIOUS LOCOMOTIVE.**

A Murderous Engine on the East Tennessee Road That Has Killed 27 Men.

There is a particularly vicious engine on the East Tennessee Road. It has killed twenty-seven men, and engineers and firemen feel a superstitious dread whenever they have to make a run on the rails with this man-killer.

"I sometimes feel," said a grizzled old stoker a few days ago, "that there is a murderous spirit in that engine. She killed two men before she got on the rails. While she was being steamed up in the shops a plug blew out, and two mechanics were scalded to death. Then it was brought south and sent out on its first run. She mounted the rails and plunged down an embankment, killing her engineer and fireman."

"Soon afterward she was fixed up and put on the road again. She ran for a while all right, until one night the engineer that was driving her saw a headlight bearing down on him and tried to reverse the lever and run back; but the engine acted like a mule and wouldn't answer to the throttle. She went whirling on and crashed into the other train. Five men were killed in the two engine boxes."

"But I can't remember half the deviltry that engine has played. Once she seemed to go into the dumps while on the road and just wouldn't be managed. She acted as if the devil was in her cylinders. Whenever the engineer pulled open the throttle she would storm down the track like a hell-cat, and it was like stopping a bucking bronco to get her down to a quiet pace."

"An emigrant train was running ahead, and the engineer of the man-killer had orders to look out for it. After a run of an hour or so he came in sight of the emigrant train as it rumbled slowly up a heavy grade, then it disappeared over the crest and this devil of an engine went charging up and over about a minute behind. The engineer expected to see the emigrants away down the track, but they had slowed up and were only a few hundred yards ahead. Down went the engine bellowing like mad, and as the emigrants heard it coming they steamed as fast as they could. But the old hell-cat could outrun the Flying Dutchman, and there was no stopping her. She rushed down, eating up the space between her and her prey. Eager faces were looking out the windows of the passenger-car ahead, and the engineer, fireman and coaler, when they found they could not check the speed of the engine, stood at the doors ready for a leap."

"They had to take it pretty soon. Already the emigrants were leaping from the steps and rolling down the sides of the embankment. The engine-men waited till the last moment before the crash, and leaped for life—but were all killed."

"I am afraid to say how many lives were lost as the engine tore into that train packed with emigrants, but it swelled the list of the men that the old brute had killed."

"No matter what road she is on—and she has been on a great many—she has kept on killing the men who stood at her throttle. We all feel a little nervous when we have to run her, for when you steam her up it seems to put the devil in her."—Atlanta Constitution.

Recently I had the pleasure of meeting an intimate friend of Miss Dodge, who related many curious stories about her, says a writer in the N. Y. World. One in particular is worthy to be handed down to posterity. It seems Miss Dodge, who is really a delightful Christian woman, has a strong dislike to making the acquaintance of strangers coming to the little Congregational church where she is a regular worshiper, for the purpose of starting and looking at her, and it is seldom a person can be found who will undertake the task of presenting the aggressive newcomer.

A young clergyman living some ten miles from Hamilton, desiring to make the acquaintance of Miss Dodge, could think of no better way than of exchanging with the pastor of the Hamilton church. After several letters had passed between the gentlemen on the subject, the exchange was finally made, and the young sprig of the ministry saw among his listeners in the congregation the face of Miss Dodge. After delivering his sermon and pronouncing the benediction he stepped down from the pulpit and mingled with the worshippers who were leaving the sacred edifice. Seeing one of the good old deacons of the church, a man ripe in the service of the Lord he ventured to ask the good man for an introduction to Miss Dodge, but the deacon in a very polite yet firm voice told him the utter impossibility of the task. The young clergyman was not to be so easily discouraged, and another deacon was asked for the desired favor, but he in more emphatic words politely declined.

Finally, as a last resort, he appealed to the pastor's wife, with the same disappointment.

The next morning his walk to the station brought him by the house which had been pointed out to him as Miss Dodge's residence. Laying his valise down, he walked boldly up the path and rang the bell. The door was opened by Miss Dodge herself, clad in an old faded wrapper, her hair down her back, her face and hands grimy with soot; in one hand she held a hod partly filled with coal ashes, while at her feet an ash-pan had just been placed. The young man in his blandest manner asked if he had the honor of speaking to "Miss Gail Hamilton, the world-renowned author?" "The world-renowned author" looked at him a moment and replied in her sharpest manner:

"No! I'm Ab Dodge, the hod-carrier, this morning," and closed the door in his face.

It was the first and last time the young clergyman ever exchanged in Hamilton.

A fashionable drink at night in Paris is hot boiled milk, sugar, and orange water.

**A Statesman's Last Hours.**

There was a pathetic and interesting little incident about the last hours of Alexander Stephens that has never been printed. Mr. Grady, in the Constitution's account, says that the last words of the great Georgian were "Nearly home." They were uttered in unconsciousness.

Now, for several hours of the evening and night before Mr. Stephens died early the next morning, Ernest Kontz was most of the time alone with him in the room. Mr. Stephens frequently repeated the words, "Almost home," and "Nearly home, now."

"We're nearly home." "Alex, get ready. We're almost home." "Where's Alex? We're nearly home, now."

And from then until his voice was stilled eternally, that was its burden. Within the hour before his death, Dr. Steiner, of Augusta, and Mr. R. P. Zimmerman, of Atlanta, were together in the room with the dying statesman. All knew that the end was coming, and could not be far off. Then Dr. Steiner retired.

Mr. Zimmerman sat by the bedside, watching the pale face on the pillow and listening for a word. Finally a still change came, and he knew that death was at hand. He hastily summoned the friends gathered in an adjoining room, and they stood there with bowed heads or knelt at the bedside until the end came.

It was only three or four minutes, and the patriot Vice President of the Confederacy was dead. The silence that followed was awful. Each man feared to look at the face of another, and each felt awed as in the presence of his Maker.

Finally Mr. Zimmerman looked up and around him, and slowly repeated the beautiful verse of Montgomerie's: "Forever with the Lord. Amen; So let it be. Life from the dead is in that word; The immortality. Here is the body sent, Absent from Him I roam, Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer home."

The effect was indescribable. Many of those present were moved to tears, and the feeling of awe and restraint was gone. After this the conversation was natural.

Mr. Zimmerman had not heard the words spoken in delirium the night before, nor had he caught the whispered last words, "nearly home." The thought came to him like an inspiration.—Atlanta Constitution.

Emperor William's Royal Cousin. There is a great deal of sham in all the show of affection that has been going on at Berlin between the Emperor William and his uncle, the Prince of Wales. It is pretty well known that the two have an ill opinion of one another. Wales hates Berlin because he regards it as a vulgarly democratic town, and he has always looked upon William as a bear. As for the young Emperor, he has been taught by Bismarck to regard England as a senseless little patch, wholly unworthy of consideration, and he has been heard to remark that the Prince of Wales was simply a petit-maitre and a flaneur.

Wales was accompanied to Berlin by his second son, Prince George. After they had been there two days the son broke out suddenly one day with: "Father, have you seen a pretty girl since you came here?"

"That's a curious question," replied Wales. "How came you to ask it?" "Well, I fancied you'd be on the lookout," said George, "and I wish you'd tell me if you see one, for I've got tired of hunting for them. Your judgment in that direction is good enough for me."

The Prince of Wales speaks German very fluently, but this is hardly to be wondered at, since up to the time he was 12 years old German was the language spoken almost exclusively in the royal nursery at Windsor Castle.

Bismarck's Grandson. The story is told in Berlin that Bismarck's little grandson was taken recently by his mother to a shop where she was in the habit of buying his clothes ready made, "because they are less expensive than those specially made." On this occasion the young man set up a loud howl when his mother indicated that she preferred the clothes of her growing boy to be rather large, so that there would be room for his "growing in them."

"Whatever makes you behave in this babyish way?" asked Countess Rantzau, and the reply was: "Whenever I go to play at the Schloss with the crown prince and Prince Eitel they always laugh at my large clothes and say that I have to wear out grandpapa's old trousers."

Got His Gun. A citizen of Lexington, Ga., who desired to buy a pistol for another man, but hadn't the cash to pay for it, went to a dealer and purchased half a ton of guano on credit and swapped it for the pistol.

Pain. I am a mystery that walks the earth Since man began to be; Sorrow and Sin stood sponsors at my birth, And Terror christened me. More pitiless than Death, who gathereth His victims day by day, I doom man daily to desire death, And still forbear to slay. More merciless than Time, I leave man youth And sadness out; More cruel than Despair, I show man truth, And leave him strength to doubt. I bind the freest in my subtle band; I blanch the boldest cheek; I hold the hearts of poets in my hand, And wring them ere they speak. I walk in darkness over souls that bleed; I shape each as I go To something different; I drop the seed Whence grapes or thistles grow. No two that dream me dream the self-same face; No two name me alike. A horror without form, I fill all space— Across all time I strike. Man cries and cringes to mine unseen rod; Kines own my sovereignty; Scorn many but prove me as they prove a god— Yet none denieth me. —Grace Deulo Litchfield in the Independent.

I. N. MENOR.

N. M. JACOBSON.

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work commences.

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