

THE PRINCETON UNION.

VOL I.

PRINCETON, MINN., FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1877.

NO. 25

D. A. CALEY

DRUGGIST,
CENTRE BLOCK, MAIN STREET, PRINCETON,

HAS IN STOCK

The Best Assortment of Goods in his Line North of Minneapolis and St. Paul, Consisting of

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES, OILS, PAINTS, DYES, COLOGNS, PERFUMERY, LAMPS, BRACKETS, TOILET REQUISITES, COMBS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, TRUSSES, CIGARS, TOBACCO, POCKET BOOKS, POCKET-KNIVES, STATIONERY, SCHOOL BOOKS, SLATES, &c.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded and Filled at all Hours. My Patients can feel Assured that I Still Continue to Keep the Best of Wines and Liquors for Medical Purposes.

OLD RELIABLE!

C. H. RINES'

IS THE PLACE TO GO IF YOU WANT TO BUY CHEAP

Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes,

—AND—

Groceries & Earthenware.

He Sells at Figure that Defy Competition.

Gentlemen: I Want Those Who Owe Me to Pay Up.

S. L. STAPLES'S

IS THE BEST PLACE IN PRINCETON TO BUY

Drugs and Medicines, Yankee Notions, Toys, Blank Books, School Books, Garden Seeds, &c.

He also has a Large Circulating Library. He will soon have a Full Stock of the Celebrated VICK'S SEEDS in BULK. He has also the

BEST STOCK OF LIQUORS (FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES)

That ever was for Sale in Princeton, and he is Selling Cheap for Cash.

NEW GOODS!

N. E. JESMER,

GENERAL DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Groceries and Provisions, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery and Stone Ware, Nice Set of Clocks and Glass Ware, Garden Seeds, Pork, Hams, Lard, Corned Beef, all Kinds of Fish, Large Stock of Candies, Lemons and Oranges, Pickles, Dried Fruit, Can Fruit and Green Apples, Honey, Lobsters, Sardines, Prepared Coconut, Prepared Chocolate, Tapioca, Onions, Cheese, Tubers, Pails, &c., &c. Cigars and Tobacco.

TEAS A SPECIALTY.

LARGE STOCK OF NEW PRINTS.

ALL KINDS OF FARMERS' PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS
Call and See Him—He Will not be Undersold!

D. H. MURRAY,

HAS A LARGE STOCK OF

WINTER DRY GOODS,

AND HIS STOCK OF

General Groceries, Boots and Shoes is Complete

AND HE IS SELLING ALL HIS GOODS AT

Bedrock Prices!

FRESH BEEF AND PORK CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

All kinds of Farmers' Produce Wanted.

PRINCETON UNION,

R. C. DUNN, PUBLISHER.

Independent Republican in Politics.

Terms \$1.50 per Year.

Official Paper of Miller Lake County and the Village of Princeton.

All legal advertisements must be paid for invariably before approval of publication will be furnished. No deviation from this rule hereafter.

The jury in the Kate Noonan case agreed to disagree—11 for acquittal and one for conviction.

Come now, gentlemen, let us hear from you immediately "if not sooner" on the railroad question. Action, and not talking, is what's wanted at present.

The writings of the editor of that live little paper, the Princeton Union, last week displayed great familiarity with a certain warm location. Be careful, Bro. Dunn. Don't advertise that region too extensively. You might get your pay in corner lots.—St. Cloud Times.

Yes, friend Times, corner lots in the lower regions, are about all the remuneration ever we expect to receive from a good many folks.

God be praised, the election is over. It was expected that the measure would be defeated, but no one dreamt of such an overwhelming majority. We voted yes, and have no excuse or apology to offer for so doing. We generally think for ourself in regard to things earthly as well as heavenly, and are perfectly willing that every one else should do the same. A man who thinks he can please every one is a fool; we try to please ourself. We are still firm in the conviction that the people made a mistake in rejecting the compromise; before ten years rolls around, the State of Minnesota will pay those old railroad bonds, interest and principal, in full.

The following from the sprightly Sherburne County Star, is truer than anything uttered by prophet or divine:

"There are some curiosities about the newspaper business. An editor may go on until he is gray, complimenting people generally, and speaking well of them, and never receive as much as thank you for it, or any other mark of appreciation. On the contrary these same people will, very put in considerable time criticising him and his paper, and in saying that it does not amount to much anyway. But let the editor reverse the thing a little and criticize these people, or put in a sly dig at them, and lo! how quick he will get at their true inwardness, and learn that "that paper" has influence and does amount to something. And that is about the only way that an editor can really tell whether people think his paper does amount to anything. He has to wake them up in some way. We shall mention other curiosities hereafter.

The vote on Tuesday was a very light one, about one third. The proposition was voted down here, in Princeton, by a vote of three to one. For an election, so unimportant to the people of this village, the amount of ill-feeling created, and "true inwardness" displayed was incredible. The following is the official vote of the county:

Princeton,	Yes, 22	No, 68
Greenbush,	Yes, 7	No, 22
Milo,	Yes, 0	No, 19
Total,	29	109

Farmers take notice—B. F. Whitney, Princeton Steam Feed Mill, will grind only on Tuesdays and Saturdays until further notice.

THE OUTCAST'S LAMENT

BY NELLIE R. POWERS.

Hedged in,
By passion and sin,
With no outlet except the dark tomb:
All is night,
No ray of pure light
Disperses the terrible darkness and gloom.
Father above!
I've bartered thy love,
For empty honors and glittering gold,
Now dismayed,
I'm lost and betrayed,
A wanderer out in the storm and cold.

Throbbing heart,
Why didst thou part
With honor and virtue, for unsatisfied lust?
Pattering breast,
Lost thou expect rest,
So stained and polluted by cankering rust?
Purity fled,
With honor and dread,
When crime and corruption crept into my soul;

Now at last,
A ragged outcast,
I seek in vain for some sheltering goal.

No where to sleep,
Too wicked to weep,
There is nothing but woe left to me;
No friend to stand,
And offer a hand,
And help me o'er life's raging sea.
Dark is the way,
Fearing to pray—
Could God list to a sinner as wretched as I?
It is too late,
I must shiver and wait,
Too evil to live, and too wicked to die.

But death is near,
With terror I hear
His footsteps drawing close to my side!
I must go—whither!
Above or below!
With him I must cross the raging tide.
O, somebody pray!
I'm going away,
The last spark of life will soon be gone,
I cannot repent,
I've made my descent—
It's too late to turn back; I'm forced to go on.

Servile People.

Some men are afraid of making enemies, and this is well. But when this fear amounts to servile, it is not well. As a general rule, the enemy is a mere drone in the great hive of created intelligence. He is a milk and water man, who contents himself with doing no harm, while it is notorious that he is doing no good. Such men are time serving, fence riding between, who creep after men of position and property, who hypocritically bow to men in humble walks of life. They take no part in public sentiment, and smile and smirk upon all the come in contact with; they usually glide through life undisturbed, and sink into obscure graves.

"Unwept, unhonored and unsung,"
Their bones are marrowless, and
though their heads are not brainless,
their lives are useless. It is better far to do some harm occasionally than never do any good.—Exchange.

The Evergreen of the Feelings.

A golden mine of affection, of which the smallest glimmer is scarcely visible, lies buried in the breast until some magic word reveals it, and then man discovers his ancient treasure. To me it is a delightful that, during the proximity, the heart gathers up in silence the nutriment of love, as the diamond, even beneath water, imbibes the light it emits. Time, which deadens hatred, secretly strengthens love; and in the hour of threatened separation its growth is manifested at once in radiant brightness. One reason why man fancyes himself chilled by old age, is that he can then feel interested only in higher objects than those which once excited him. The lover of nature, the preacher, the poet, the actor, or the musician may, in declining years, find themselves slightly affected by what delighted them in youth; but this need produce no fear that time will mar their sensibility to nature, art and love. Thou as well as I may indeed weep less frequently than formerly at the theatre or at concerts; but give us a truly excellent piece and we cannot suppress the emotion it excites.

Youth is like unbleached wax which melts under feeble sunbeams, while that which has been whitened is scarcely warmed by them. The mature or aged man avoids those tears which youth invites; because in him the flow

too hot, and dry too slowly. Select a man of my age and of my heart with my life-long want of highland scenery, and conduct him to the valley of the Rhine. Bring him to that long, attractive, sea-like river, flowing between vine-clad hills on either side, as between two regions of enchantment, reflecting only scenes of pleasure, creating islands for the sake of clasping them again in its arms; let also a reflection of the setting sun glow upon its waters; and surely youth would be again mirrored in the old man, and that still ocean of infinity, which is the true and highest heaven permits us to look down.—Jean Paul Richter.

And here's Another Next.

PRINCETON, JUNE 13, 1877.

Editor Union:

Sir:—In a recent number of your paper, I noticed an article in which the author used my name. I wish to vindicate myself of one charge that C. B. Walker, as he styles himself—better known as "Cow Walker"—and that's where he reckoned me in when he charged his neighbors of concocting the plan to get that little French Dulcinea of his away from him, the thing which he styles his wife. Now, I will say right here, that if he calls it neighboring to live beside persons five years and not have the privilege of crossing the threshold of their door, I'm unmistakably the cow's neighbor. As for my being implicated in the recent muddle between old Cow and his wife, it is as false as all the rest of his sayings. The truth never escaped his lips, if it did it was about the time he was arrested and taken to Princeton on the charge of stealing George Smith's fine, on leaving his home he charged his wife not to make away with the farm, for when he imported himself to Minnesota he left a wife and seven children in Maine. Now, old Cow, you had better keep quiet; you need not go bellowing and pawing round here to make people believe you haven't been salted this spring; that's too thin; you surely haven't eaten that bushel of salt Loom Berry lent you last fall, of which you promised to pay in a few days, those few days haven't come yet. I live very quiet and peaceable with my family, and have no occasion to go around the country inducing people's wives to leave home; he appears to be the most thoroughbred in that kind of business, whenever he can find a woman domiciled to his would be flattering tongue; a little less barbarity and a little more humane treatment to your family would seem to us to be a more wise course if he would take some of them cows that he is feeding the lawyers with, at the tune of \$40 a lick, and clothe them little children with, and not let their bare stick out, you would be doing a God's blessing; be sure and save enough out of the next cow you let Barker have to pay the funeral charges on the late wife you left on Minneapolis. Don't forget to milk Ross's cow.

Yours,
SILK HOWARD.

[We publish the above just as it was written; we are in no way responsible for the writers views.]

No grasshoppers in Miller Lake county this year, none last year nor the year before, and there's no prospects of the cursed pests ever troubling us, on account of the thick woods. There are thousands of acres of as good farming lands as there are any where in the state right in this county, uncultivated and uncultivated, any of this land can be had cheap by actual settlers. Just see the advantage: no hoppers, plenty of wool and water, wild hay in abundance, good soil, and a good home market. For further information address any of our county officers.