

# THE PRINCETON UNION.

VOL I.

PRINCETON, MINN., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1877.

NO. 38

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 Figures 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.

### BEST STOCK OF LIQUORS (FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES)

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

## D. H. MURRAY,

HAS A LARGE STOCK OF

### SUMMER 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.

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, Tubs, 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. 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, COLORS, 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 Patrons can feel Assured that I Still Continue to Keep the Best of Wines and Liquors for Medical Purposes.

### PRINCETON UNION.

R. C. DUNN, PUBLISHER.

Independent Republican in Politics.

Terms \$1 50 per Year.

Official Paper of Mille Lacs County and the Village of Princeton.

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

We have nothing to do with the editing of the "Temperance Department," but we would simply suggest that, all personalities be avoided.

For reasons entirely satisfactory to ourselves, we will not publish a list of the petit jurors; next week the docket of the cases for trial at this term of the District Court, will appear in the UNION.

The editor of the Hutchison Enterprise, a first-class newspaper in every respect, informs his readers that, if they don't "pony up" before a week's time, he will pull up stakes, and "git" to a point where his services will be appreciated.

In all candor, we say to Justice J. C. Cline that the best thing he can possibly do, both for himself and the county, is to resign his position as justice of the peace. There is no use of our going into details; it was very evident to all who witnessed the disgraceful proceedings at the late farce of a trial over which he presided that, he is totally unfitted to act as a justice. His undue haste in issuing warrants on trivial complaints, thus putting the county to an unnecessary expense, has been made apparent on more than one occasion. Take our advice, Mr. Cline and resign. You are best adapted to shine in the private walks of life. In the name of four-fifths of the people of Mille Lacs county we ask you to resign. Remember, it is better to resign voluntarily, than to be compelled to vacate.

From all we can learn, the prospects for the railroad were never brighter—croakers and "knowing" ones to the contrary notwithstanding. Over 8,000 acres of pine lands have already been promised, and twice that much more can easily be secured. The people of the county are almost a unit in favor of voting aid; and a proposition to grant the full ten percent. would be carried by an overwhelming majority. Spencer Brook, Baldwin and Bluehill are willing and ready to do their share of the work. And although the press of Anoka keep still on the subject, we learn from various sources that the majority of the people of that city are quite favorably disposed towards the Princeton railroad project; and why not? Such a railroad would benefit Anoka as much as Princeton and the intervening country. Everything is ready; let us have the proposition.

ALTHOUGH Mille Lacs county is away "up in the woods" cut off from civilization, as it were, still she has an auditor who can learn some of the clerks in the State Auditor's office—and for that matter the State Auditor himself—a thing or two pertaining to the duties of their office. While Auditor Mudgett was comparing notes in the State Auditor's office, on the 1st September, he was much surprised to find Mille Lacs county charged with \$6,000 back taxes for years prior to 1870; he told the clerk that those taxes had been abolished by an act of the legislature; but it was not until Mr Mudgett hunted up the law that the clerk could be convinced that Mille Lacs county did not owe the state \$6,000 back taxes. So much for having a county Auditor that understands his business.

Letter From Mr John Parker.

Mr. H. B. Cowles has received the following letter from Mr. John Parker, which he kindly furnishes us for publication:

DENVER, COL., August, 27, 1877.

Texas is a very rich and productive State, as much so as any in the Union; they can raise wheat, corn, potatoes, sugar cane, cotton, and in fact everything that we raise at the north, and in unlimited quantities; and as far as cattle and sheep are concerned, they are a numberless; there are men there that actually have no idea how many cattle they do own. When I was in Texas

two weeks ago, there was no crop growing except cotton and sugar cane; the wheat had been harvested six weeks before and the corn was as ripe and dry as ours is in December, they let it stand and do not husk it until cold weather. The cotton crop is managed similar to our corn crop; the ground is plowed and harrowed, then marked in rows two feet apart one way, the seed is then planted in a continuous string along these rows, one seed in a place, when it is up they go through it with a hoe, and thin it out to one vine every six or eight inches, they then work it with a cultivator the same as we do corn; these vines grow from three to five feet high—according to quality of soil and care and attention which it receives; it does not require any more attention than corn does until picking time, which commences about the middle of August and continues until frost sets in. It blossoms and ripens until along towards December; they go through it and pick the ripe pods every week or as often as they can get around. Cotton is the boss crop of Texas. The two principal objections to Texas are, too much hot weather and terrible poor water. I did not have a good drink of water while in the state, and I suffered terribly with thirst; you may drink as much of the warm, insipid stuff as you can hold and it will not quench your thirst. I went out to the San Pedro springs, a short distance from San Antonio, expecting to find some nice water—everybody said, "O, the water there is cold"—and actually it was milk warm; I never was so disgusted in my life; I suppose it does seem cold to the natives.

I was at San Antonio along from the 6th to the 10th of August, and this is the kind of weather we had: 6 o'clock a. m. mercury 85° in shade, 2 o'clock p. m. 98°, 9 o'clock p. m. 90°.—It was the same day after day; if there was a breeze it was hot—there was nothing exhilarating or refreshing about it. I tell you they have too much of that kind of weather for me. I did not complain so much of the heat as the people who lived there did—they had had so much of it that they were all worn out. San Antonio has a population of about 20,000; it is the oldest city I ever saw or ever expect to see—it is over 200 years old; it looks like the picture of some of the cities in Spain. The Alamo, where the gallant Crockett and his brave death-defying comrades were slaughtered by Santa Anna and his Mexican hirelings, was built in 1720—157 years ago; it is a queer looking old structure. The buildings are built of some kind of stone and plastered on the outside; they are only one story high; the streets are regular cow paths, in some places they are not more than 20 feet wide, then the same streets will widen out to the width of 50 or 60 and in some places 100 feet, then narrow up again. Two-thirds of the inhabitants are Mexicans, and the city derives its main support from Mexico. People do not go to bed at all, I guess, in that city; they are riding and walking all night; there are ten times as many on the streets at 12 o'clock at night as there are at noon; you do not see any women on the streets in the day time, but the sidewalks are lined with them all night—(honest women too, for all I know to the contrary.) Most of the Mexicans do not have any floor in their houses, they seem to prefer the bare clay.

The whole of southern Texas is the most dilapidated country I ever saw, and the farm houses and buildings are rickety worthless looking things; I did not see a house outside of the town that I would take my family into to live, and the owners of these same places are rich. The southern cities do not any of them present the same appearance that our northern cities do. You will see any quantity of houses that must have cost from \$5,000 to \$10,000, without any shingles, trees, grass or anything to make them attractive; their front yards will be as bare as the middle of the street—look more like brick yards than anything else. The northern portion of the state is far different, it is settled with people from the north and they display the northern energy, have their places fixed up nice and look thrifty. Dallas, Sherman, Fort Worth and Denison are all of them thriving cities, have splendid buildings, nice residences and are all of them improving fast. Dallas and Sherman both have street cars and are lit with gas, etc., etc.

JOHN PARKER.

Calumny is only the noise of madmen. —[Diogenes.]

When desperate ills demand a speedy cure, distrust is cowardice and prudence folly. —[Johnson.]

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear. —[Socrates.]

Government began in a tyranny, and force began in the feudalism of the soldier and the bigotry of the priest; and the idea of justice and humanity have been fighting their way like a thunder storm against the organized selfishness of human nature. —[Wendell Phillips.]

### "LOOK AT HOME."

Should you feel inclined to censure  
Faults you may in others view,  
Ask your own heart, ere you venture,  
If that has not failings too.

Let not friendly vows be broken,  
Rather strive a friend to gain;  
Many a word in anger spoken  
Finds its passage back again.

Do not, then, in idle pleasure  
Trifle with a brother's fame;  
Guard it as a valued treasure,  
Sacred as your own good name.

Do not form opinions blindly;  
Hastiness to trouble tends;  
Those of whom we've thought unkindly  
Oft become our warmest friends.

### HYMN OF THE ALAMO.

[Mr. John Parker refers to the Alamo, so we reproduce the following poem in reference thereto.—Ed.]

"Rise, man the wall—our clarion's blast  
Now sounds its final reveille—  
This dawning morning must be the last  
Our fated band shall ever see.  
To life, but not to hope—farewell!  
Yon trumpet's clang and cannon's peal  
And storming shout and clashing steel,  
Are ours, but not our country's, knell—  
We joy in Spartan death.  
'Tis no despairing strife—  
We fall—we die—but our expiring breath  
Is Freedom's breath of life."

"Here, on this new Thermopylae,  
Our monument shall tower high;  
And 'Alamo' hereafter be  
In bloodier fields the battle-cry!"  
Thus Travis from the ramparts cried;  
And when his warriors saw the foe  
Like whelming billows move below,  
At once each dauntless heart replied—  
'Welcome the Spartan's death;  
'Tis no despairing strife—  
We fall—we die—but our expiring breath  
Is Freedom's breath of life!"

They come—like autumn's leaves the fall,  
Yethordes on hordes they onward rush—  
With gory tramp they mount the wall,  
Till numbers the defenders crush.  
Till falls their flag, when none remain.  
Well may the victors quake to tell  
How Travis and his Hundred fell  
Amid a thousand foemen slain.  
They died the Spartan's death—  
But not in hopeless strife;  
Like brothers died; and their expiring  
breath  
Was Freedom's breath of life.

The essence of knowledge is having it to apply it; not having it to confess your ignorance.—Confucius.

Wit loses its respect with the good when seen in company with malice; and to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief. —[Sneridan.]

Knowledge hath a bewildering tongue, and she will stoop and lead you to the stars, and which you with her mysteries, till gold is a forgotten dross and power and fame toys of an hour, and woman's careless love light as the breath that breaks it.—[Willis.]

### Ladies Stop and Read This.

Something new for the ladies at Byers' Noted Cheap Store, in the way of a Beautiful Perfume and Lilly White Combined. Nothing like it has ever been offered for sale in this place. It comprises a selection of six different odors, and is the only article in the United States that can be used for both purposes. Come and see also my Fall and Winter Stock of Millinery and Fancy Dry Goods which will be sold cheaper than at any other store in this country. Remember at Byers'.

Princeton has had a sensation during the past week in the shape of a highly exciting trial, or rather an examination in which the complainant, Joana Carew, charged Andy Sinclair with being the father of her unborn child. The examination commenced on Saturday and in all decency should have terminated the same evening, but it seems as though the presiding justice was only intent upon making fees—he taking down the whole trashy proceedings, each folio represented 15 cents—and it was late on Tuesday evening before the great farce was brought to a close—and then the prisoner was discharged from custody. The Commissioners will have something to say about footing the bills. We do not care to report the disgusting details, nor the scenes enacted during the examination. The general reputation of the complainant is such that very little sympathy was manifested in her behalf; the defendant is not much better. In our humble opinion no warrant should have been issued in the first place. It is a dirty mess, and it is to be hoped that the public have heard the last of it. County-Attorney Ross prosecuted, and A. P. Barker, assisted by Judge Keith and J. L. Cater, defended.

C. H. Rines will take all the wheat you can bring him, and pay Elk River prices.

The only bar ever you will be permitted to practice at is a bar over which forty rod whiskey is dispensed.