

# AM THE LAD THAT FOLLOWS THE PLOW.

I am the lad that follows the plow—  
Robin and thrush just whistle for me—  
In a hickory suit, pretty well worn,  
I go to the fields at early morn—  
I help to scatter the golden corn—  
Robin and thrush just whistle for me.

Out in the meadows and woods and lanes  
Robin and thrush just whistle for me—  
I watch the sheep and lambs at play;  
When the grass is high I toss the hay;  
There isn't a boy in the world so gay—  
Robin and thrush just whistle for me.

I go with father to shear the sheep—  
Robin and thrush just whistle for me.  
I fuddle the cattle, the mangers fill,  
I drive a team, I go to the mill,  
I milk the cows with a right good will—  
Robin and thrush just whistle for me.

I help the peaches and plums to save—  
Robin and thrush just whistle for me.  
I am the boy that can climb a tree;  
There isn't an apple too high for me;  
There isn't an apple I cannot see—  
Robin and thrush just whistle for me.

When I'm a man I'll own a farm—  
Robin and thrush just whistle for me—  
Horses and sheep and many a cow,  
Stacks of wheat and a barley mow;  
I'll be a farmer and follow the plow;  
Robin and thrush just whistle for me.

'Tis better to stand in the golden corn—  
Robin and thrush just whistle for me—  
To toss the hay in the fields at play;  
To pluck the fruit on the orchard tree,  
Than roam about on the restless sea;  
So, sailor boy, I'll follow the plow.

'Tis better to hear the wild birds sing,  
Robin and thrush just whistle for me—  
'Tis better to have a farm and a wife,  
And lead a busy, peaceful life,  
Than saunter to the noisy drum and pipe;  
So, sailor boy, I'll follow the plow.

## A DARK DAY.

Hetty Lockwood sat at the open window—a big basket of undarned stockings by her side, a copy of the last magazine on the table close by, while within reach a bright butterfly hovered about a newly-opened honeysuckle growing against the window. The spring breeze breathed balminly into the apartment, filling her senses with a delicious dreaminess, and her eyes wandered wistfully out beyond the shaded village street to the green fields and budding willows bordering the sparkling river. On a morning such as this who could endure to stay in doors? Who could endure to sit quietly down and darn stockings?

A girlish voice aroused Hetty. Looking from the window she saw Susie Lake leaning on the little front garden gate. "Oh, Hetty, do come and walk with me down to Aunt Ellen's. The morning is lovely, and I have something to tell you."

"I am afraid I can't, Susie. It is Saturday, you know, and I am sewing and watching baby asleep, while mother is in the kitchen."

"Then I will have to tell you now, I suppose."

She came close under the window, and said, with a mischievous smile: "Whom do you think I saw just now, Hetty?"

"I don't know who. The new minister?"

"No, indeed; somebody very different from that fat, red-faced old codger," returned Susie, irreverently.

"Oh, Susie, but who was it?"

"Now, it was Mr. Walter Hayes. Now, ain't you surprised?"

A vivid blush dyed Hetty's fair face. She made no reply, and Susie continued: "His employer, Mr. Mitchell, sent him on business from Philadelphia to C— and, as this wasn't much out of the way of his home, they give him leave to stop here for a day or two, so he told me when I met him just now. He arrived only an hour ago, in the stage from Cox's Station, and that is how I came to see him before you did, Hetty," she added, laughingly.

She passed on, leaving Hetty with flushed cheeks and brightened eye. No wonder. For more than a year past the thought of Walter Hayes had been the brightest spot of her life. One year ago he had stood at that same little green garden gate, in the moonlight, bidding her good-by before going away to the great city to seek his fortune. She remembered the warm, lingering clasp of his hand, and how he had said to her, in a voice that was low and trembling: "You must not forget me, Hetty. I shall always think of you, Hetty, and when I come back—"

And just then her mother had come on the porch and called her in out of the damp air, and so he had left her reluctantly. But now he had come back and she would see him to-day.

"I do declare, Hetty," exclaimed her mother, bustling into the room, flushed from her pie-baking, "you are the laziest girl I ever saw. Here you've been upward of an hour darning one pair of stockings! What have you been about? Dreaming away your time as usual, no doubt, and with all the children's Sunday clothes to look over and lay out for to-morrow, beside the Saturday's chores."

Hetty penitently resumed her work; but she was very glad when toward sunset it was all done, and she had leisure to run up to her own little room, and never in her life had she taken such pains with her appearance as now.

How anxiously she listened for the expected ring at the front door. How tumultuously her heart beat when, at length, it came, and how heavy it sank when old Deacon Brown stalked in to discuss some church matters with her father. Then she began to look at the clock, and her heart grew fainter and fainter as she saw it traveling slowly around to 8 o'clock. In Riverside they kept early hours, and when, at a quarter of 9, Deacon Brown took leave, Hetty also rose, and lighting her bedroom candle, went slowly and sadly up stairs.

When, next morning, she came down, her mother remarked, as she busied herself about the breakfast table: "Hetty, Walter Hayes was here last night."

"Oh, mother!"

There was something almost pathetic in the look and tone, but Mrs. Lockwood was too busy with the steaming coffee pot to perceive it.

"He came in just as you had gone up stairs," she continued. "He asked for you, but it was so late I thought it hardly worth while to call you back again. He had been seeing Miss Mitchell home to her aunt's—that Philadelphia girl, you know, and I didn't know until he mentioned it, that she was a niece of his employer, Mr. Mitchell. He is certainly improved. To my mind there is nothing like city life for giving people what they call style now. Make Ed-

die's milk toast while I pour out the coffee."

"I think," observed Mr. Lockwood, as he took his place at the table and cut into the cold corned beef; "I think I heard Harry Tunstall say yesterday that young Hayes was paying attention to Miss Mitchell. She's a handsome girl, and her father's got money. If Walter marries her he will do well—don't bolt your foot like that, cut it properly, sir, before eating."

Hetty turned suddenly sick at heart. She said nothing, but she could not swallow her breakfast, and her mother presently remarked upon her pale looks: "Don't you feel well, child? I noticed that you were fidgety last night. You're feverish, I doubt not, with the spring weather."

Hetty was glad that her mother permitted her to go to her room and lie down. There was never a fire in her room, but she drew the bed-clothes over her head and wished that she could shut herself out from the whole world. She felt forlorn and miserable. All her sweet, foolish dream of love seemed to have been rudely stricken at a blow. Walter had ceased to care for her. He had been won from her by that handsome, stylish girl from Philadelphia; and Hetty hid her face in her pillow and almost wished that she could die.

Her mother sent for her to come down to dinner. There was, she said, no use in staying up-stairs in the cold, and the child would be better by the fire, with some nice, warm soup. In there all the afternoon Hetty sat, while her father and the boys went to church and her mother read "Baxter's Rise and Progress" and sang dismal hymns to the baby.

"Het," said Bill, upon his return from church, "I saw your old beau, Mr. Walter Hayes, at church with Miss Mitchell, and he shook hands with me and asked me how the family was. She's a real swell, I tell you, and if you don't shun up some, she'll out you yet."

"William, don't let me here any more of such slang talk from you," said his mother, reprovingly.

And Hetty, said her little sister, as she carefully drew off and folded her gloves, "I heard Kate Hayes telling Mrs. Green that Walter and Miss Mitchell were going back to-morrow to Philadelphia, and Mrs. Green said she supposed that was one reason of his coming to Riverside, that he might travel home with her."

Hetty lost all heart and hope at this. She longed for sympathy—to lay her head on her mother's knee and tell her all. But Mrs. Lockwood, though she really loved her children, was not one of those gentle and sympathetic mothers to whom their children thus turn; and Hetty went again to her lonely room, and, wrapping herself in a shawl, seated herself at the window and looked listlessly out.

A few people were passing. She hardly noticed them, until she suddenly met a pair of brown eyes; and she drew back with burning cheeks and a beating heart as Walter Hayes passed. How handsome he looked! and, as her mother had observed, how improved in appearance. And she—what could he think of her, sitting there pale and forlorn looking, with her hair all disordered about her face? He might come this evening, perhaps, and yet she hardly wished it now. It would only be painful to see him. Still, she dressed herself and went down stairs; though her head was throbbing and she felt really ill. And all the evening she waited and watched, and Walter never came, and she knew that he did not care to see her. And so ended the long, dreary day.

Next morning Hetty arose feverish and ill. But she busied herself about the household work; and when her mother, observing only that she was dull and languid, remarked that she needed a walk, and desired her to carry a jar of butter to old Mrs. Simpson, she made no objection. The day was pleasant, and, trying a pinkish hood about her face, Hetty set off alone on her walk.

It was rather a long distance that she had to go—out of the village and across a field, and then by a lonely pathway lying along the foot of a hill. Mrs. Simpson kept her some time talking, and it was late when tired girl set out on her return.

Slowly retracing the little pathway, Hetty paused at the stile which led into the open field. It was pleasant there. The sun shed a golden light over the beech boughs and a breath of spring-time fragrance floated on the air. Somehow Hetty felt soothed as she stood resting on the stile and looked dreamily at the white clouds overhead.

An approaching footstep startled her. Turning, she saw a man's figure coming along the pathway. Her heart gave a great throb, and she seemed to stand still.

He came straight toward her, his hand extended, his lip smiling, his eyes looking straight into her own.

"Hetty!"

She looked up at him, half in hope, half in doubt, and the color came and went on her face.

"Hetty, I have wanted so much to see you."

She could not mistake the sincerity of his tone or the look of the brown eyes, and she answered, simply and naively: "I thought you had forgotten me."

"Forgotten you?"

She could not have told how it happened, but somehow she found herself seated on the step of the stile with Walter beside her, and her cheek close—ah! very close—to his, while all the world around seemed transformed into a strange beauty and glory. Such miracles do a moment sometimes work in our lives.

As they walked slowly homeward together he told her that one thing and another had prevented his seeing her, among the rest, Bill having told him confidentially at the church that she was too sick to come down stairs that day—a statement which he had unfortunately credited, and when this morning he had called and learned from her mother where she had gone, he lost no time in following.

"But, Walter," said Hetty, hesitatingly, "do you know I heard something about you and—Miss Mitchell?"

He laughed.

"Miss Mitchell is to be married shortly, Hetty, to our junior partner. She has been very kind to me, and so has her uncle, my employer. Indeed, Hetty, I wanted to tell you of my good

friend, who had been for a whole year delayed were spoken, and Hetty wondered, as she came in sight of her home, whether this could be the same world that it had been on that dark, dark day, yesterday.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

**Sic transit—An ambulance wagon.**  
A TIGHT fit—Delirium tremens.  
EVERY man's house is his castle, but every man can't be King of Aahantee.  
ONE is a seal ring and the other is a real sing. Eh? Sure enough. What was the conundrum?  
A YOUNG man described a taxidermist to a boy of young girls as one who sort of upholsters animals! He took the cake.  
THE difference between the Fenian leader and an advance agent is that one is Head Center, while the other is sent ahead.  
NEVER address your conversation to a person engaged in footing up a column of figures. There's nothing so deaf as an adder.  
AN Irishman who was found guilty of stealing a lot of coffee was asked by the magistrate what he did with it. "Made tay with it," was the Hibernian's reply.  
YOUNG lady, examining some bridal veils—"Can you really recommend this one?" "Over-zealous shopman—" "Oh, yes, miss! It may be used several times."  
"I'm afraid the bed is not long enough for you," said the landlord to a seven-foot guest. "Never mind," he replied; "I'll add two more feet to it when I get in."  
"WILL you name the bones of the head?" said a teacher to one of his class. "I've got 'em all in my head, teacher," replied the pupil, "but I can't give 'em away."  
"I'll take your arm, Miss Ida, please. Good faith I've need to cling to it."  
"Good faith, indeed!" said she, "but, then, my arm is not the thing to be depended on. With lips that never denied her, 'Good faith is bona fide, girl, and I'll be bound to you.'"  
WE are constantly told that "the evening wore on"—but what the evening wore on such occasions we are not informed. Was it the close of a summer's day?  
WHY is a thief your only true philosopher? Because he regards everything from an abstract point of view, is opposed to all notions of protection, and is open to conviction.  
THIS is a little educational scene: Professor: "Who will see Mr. B. before next Monday?" Lady student, hesitating and blushing a little more: "I shall see him Sunday night, probably."  
THE Philadelphia News man is a person of experience. He says: "A Boston man has invented a new word—'Astronomology.' It means what a man sees when he suddenly runs against a lamp-post."  
A YOUNG man in the "Answers to Correspondents" column in a New York paper asks: "How can I gain a copious command of language?" We would suggest that he try sitting down on a tack.—Louisville Courier-Journal.  
"COURTESY opens many doors," says the old adage. "This may be true, as far as it goes," says a commentator, "but you might stand before a bank-building and courtesy till you spinal column was as limber as an old postage-stamp, yet the doors wouldn't swing back on their hinges worth a cent."  
A CLEVERMAN, being annoyed by some of his audience going out while he was preaching, took for his text, "Thou art weighed, and found wanting." Soon after commencing his discourse, he said, "You will please pass out as fast as you are weighed."  
HE was 70 and she was 18, and they were on their wedding-tour. He pointed out to her the beautiful scenery, and said: "We may have many anniversaries of this season." "Yes," she answered, "you will probably live long enough to have a tin wedding."  
DESIDERONA.  
I told her of my three years' cruise,  
The hope and mishaps; and, when I  
Held her, in her sweet, soft arms,  
She murmured breathlessly, "O my!"  
And when I told my journey's end,  
From arid sands to lands of snow,  
She paused in wonderment, before me,  
She softly cried, "You don't say so!"  
And when I told of dangers, fears—  
On snow-covered peaks, when I suffered—  
Half frightened, and almost in tears,  
She faltered forth, "I want to know!"  
—Scribner's Magazine.  
A PHYSICIAN having a duel on his hands requests two of his friends to arrange with his adversary the hour of the meeting. "Make it to-morrow," he says, "but not in the forenoon, because I must visit four patients before going to the ground." "I see," murmurs one of the seconds, "he wants to get his hand in."  
"Yes," said a witness, "I remember the defendant's mother crying on the occasion referred to. She was weeping with her left eye—the only one she has—and the tears were running down her right cheek." "What!" exclaimed the Judge, "How could that be?" "Please, your Honor," said the witness, "she was awfully cross-eyed."  
Growing Old.  
"James," said the grocer, as he looked over his spectacles at the boy who was measuring out half a bushel of potatoes. "I find that I have spelt 'sugar' with an 'h' in it. Is that right?"  
"No, sir," replied the clerk, after spelling the word over several times.  
"No, I guess it isn't, but I hate to scratch it out. What shall I do?"  
"If it was me, sir, and I had put an 'h' in sugar, I should order hams and leave the 'h' off there."  
"Of course—of course. Really, James, but I begin to feel my age, and I only wonder that I don't some time spell eggs with two 'g's.'"  
Among the distinguished persons now in the Government employ at the Indian agencies, at salaries ranging from \$5 to \$40 a month, are: Abraham Lincoln, a teamster; Ulysses Grant, an interpreter; John Adams, a farmer; Enoch Arden, a laborer; George Washington and Andrew Jackson, interpreters; Daniel Webster, a Captain; James K. Polk, a Sergeant, and Tom Benton, a carpenter. Those who think that our great men are disappearing will notice that they have only "gone West."  
THROUGH A BRIDGE.  
Terrible Accident on the St. Paul Railroad at Albany, Ill., by Which Eight Persons Were Killed.  
Early on the morning of April 21, as the night express train, west-bound, on the Rock Island division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway was moving at ordinary speed across a trestle work over the Mercedas river, one mile south of Albany, Ill., the trestle work gave way, and the train, without warning, was suddenly precipitated into the river. The train consisted of an engine, tender, baggage car, passenger and sleeping cars. All went down except the sleeper, which hung over the bridge at an angle of forty-five degrees, the upper end high in the air. Two cars floated off down the stream. The passenger coach lodged on an island forty rods away. The baggage car struck the middle of the stream about the same distance. Only the roofs of two of the cars are in sight. Engineer West and the fireman, name unknown, residing at Freeport,  
WENT DOWN IN THE CAR,  
and nothing has been since seen of the locomotive or men. Baggage man Sam Flanagan and brakeman Harry Myers are missing. Messenger Dan Ellithorpe and Conductor Thomas Fuller escaped. All are injured except the latter.  
Eleven passengers were in the forward car, including a man and boy residing at Pine River, who were enroute to Omaha, a woman and two children, who got on at Savanna for Rock Island, Dr. W. W. Lundy, of Albany, and five others, destination unknown. Of these two men jumped ashore as the floating car passed the abutment of a wagon bridge. Another man leaped but fell back and drowned. A woman and one child and the boy from Pine River were taken off the roof of the car after it lodged at the island, and the other six passengers, including the man from Pine River, a little child of the lady and Dr. Lundy, were drowned. These together with the engineer and fireman make  
EIGHT LIVES LOST IN ALL.  
Only three passengers were in the steamer, and they, together with the colored porter, climbed out the rear end and escaped uninjured. The wounded were made comfortable at a hotel. The river is a perfect torrent where the trestle went out. It is said that a freight train passed over the bridge an hour or so ahead of the passenger. Twenty boats at work in a pouring rain searching for the bodies and rescuing the living. All the bodies are believed, however, to be washed out. A hole has been cut in the roof and some baggage taken out. The shore here and for six miles below is lined with people looking for tokens of the wreck.  
When within a few feet of the bridge the engineer must have noticed suspicious appearances, as he gave two or three short, sharp whistles, as signals of danger. Then immediately followed a crash, which was heard for three miles in either direction, as the whole train went down into the rushing waters. The Mercedas is at a very high stage from the overflow of the Rock river bottoms beyond, and an unusual torrent had undermined the trestle so that 100 feet of it gave way as the engine passed upon it. The engineer is believed to have bravely stuck to his throttle when he might possibly have saved his life by jumping. The express messenger, Daniel Ellithorpe, and the baggage man, Samuel Flanagan, had just gone into the passenger coach before the accident, and they, with the brakeman, Henry Myers, and the conductor, Thomas Fuller, all escaped by clinging on top of the passenger car as it was sinking, and leaping thence to the top of the sleeper. Three of the passengers in the rear car escaped by  
CLIMBING OUT OF THEIR BERTHS,  
up through the rear end of the car in their night clothes, but afterward recovered all their garments. One of the gentlemen ran back to Albany in his night clothes, in the rain, and roused the neighbors. Meantime the passenger coach, with its eleven occupants, settled into the stream and floated off across the water thirty rods, to an island where it lodged. One man groped his way, and with the help of a train man, pulled out a lady and girl, who were the only female occupants of the car except one other child, a girl two years old, who was drowned. The mother and daughter were rescued with great difficulty, and were in a badly bruised condition. The daughter had two or three ribs broken, and was otherwise badly hurt internally. Of eleven passengers in the car only five have been found. The lady is believed to be named Wilson, and was traveling to Des Moines to meet her husband at Savanna.  
A "Sell."  
A good deal of harmless enjoyment and amusement may often be derived from what is commonly known as a "sell." I am at a loss to discover any more orthodox word to convey my meaning. I must, therefore, stick to the old expression of "sell." One of the oldest and best-known anecdotes calculated to produce this pleasing effect is that of the young guardsman returning from the Crimean war, who rubbed his hands with glee on board ship, and, in so doing, rubbed off a ring presented to him by his *inamorata*, which fell into the sea. His position was an awkward one, as she had vowed she would never marry him if he lost that ring. The story goes that, on his arrival in England, he was eating some fish at dinner, when he suddenly felt something hard in his mouth. He removed it, and what do you think it was? If the story has been well told, the audience are sure to reply, as with one voice: "The ring!" Your rejoinder is: "No! only a fishbone."  
—Whitehall Review.  
A Natural Curiosity.  
One of the natural curiosities of Florida is a subterranean river, which is known as Silver Springs.  
It bubbles up in a basin nearly 100 feet deep and about an acre in extent, discharging a stream 60 to 100 feet wide, and extending six or eight miles to the Ocklawaha river. It forms a natural inland port, to which three steamers run regularly from St. Johns. The water is so clear that it seems even more transparent than air, and not only the fish that frequent it, but every article on the bottom, can be seen with remarkable distinctness.  
Progress of Languages.  
The progress of languages spoken by different people is said to be as follows: English, which at the commencement of the century was only spoken by 22,000,000, is now spoken by 90,000,000; Russian by 63,000,000, instead of 30,000,000; German by 66,000,000 instead of 38,000,000; Spanish by 44,000,000 instead of 32,000,000;

Italian by 30,000,000 instead of 18,000,000; Portuguese by 13,000,000 instead of 8,000,000. This is, for England, an increase of 310 per cent.; for Russia, 110 per cent.; for Spain, 36 per cent., etc. In the case of France the increase has been from 34,000,000 to 46,000,000 or 36 per cent.

**How to Preserve Health.**  
The first great secret of good health is good habits. They are briefly summed up in the following rules:  
1. Sleep. Give yourself the necessary amount of sleep. Some men require five hours out of the twenty-four; others need eight. Avoid feather beds. Sleep in a garment not worn during the day. To maintain robust health, sleep with a person as healthy as yourself or no one.  
2. Dress. In cold weather, dress warmly with underclothing. Remove muffler, overcoat, overshoes, etc., when remaining any considerable length of time in a warm room. Keep your feet warm and dry. Wash them in warm water two or three times a week. Wear warm stockings, large boots and overshoes when in the snow or wet. Wear a light covering on the head, keeping it always cool.  
3. Cleanliness. Have always a pint or quart of water in the sleeping-room. In the morning, after washing the hands and face, then wet with the hands every part of the body. Cold water will not be disagreeable when applying wet to the bare hands. Wipe immediately; follow by a brisk rubbing over the body. The whole operation need not take over five minutes. The result of this wash is, the blood is brought to the surface of the skin and made to circulate evenly throughout the body. You have opened the pores of the skin, allowing impurities of the blood to pass off, and have given yourself in the operation a good, vigorous morning exercise. Pursue this habit regularly, and you will seldom take cold.  
4. Inflation of the lungs. Five minutes spent in the open air, after dressing, inflating the lungs, by inhaling as full a breath as possible and pounding the breast during the inflation, will greatly enlarge the chest, strengthen the lung power, and effectually ward off consumption.  
5. Diet. If inclined to be dyspeptic, avoid mince pie, sausage and other highly seasoned food. Beware of eating too freely of soups; better to eat food dry enough to employ the natural saliva of the mouth in moistening it. If inclined to over-eat, partake freely of rice, cracked wheat and other articles that are easily digested. Eat freely of ripe fruit, and avoid excessive use of meats. Eat at regular hours, and lightly near the hour of going to bed. Eat slowly. Thoroughly masticate the food. Do not wash it down with continual drink while eating. Tell your funniest stories at the table, and for an hour afterward. Do not engage in severe mental labor directly after eating heartily.  
6. Exercise. Exercise, not too violent, but sufficient to produce a gentle perspiration, should be had each day in the open air.  
7. Condition of the mind. The condition of the mind has much to do with the health. Be hopeful and joyous. To be so, avoid business entanglements that may cause perplexity and anxiety. Keep out of debt. Live within your income. Attend church, walk, ride, mix in jovial company. Do as nearly right as you know how. Thus, conscience will always be at ease. If occasionally disappointed, remember that there is no rose without a thorn, and that the darkest clouds have a silver lining; that sunshine follows the storm, and beautiful spring follows the dreary winter. Do your duty and leave the rest to God, who doeth all things well.

**MINNESOTA NEWS.**  
BLUE EARTH CITY voted against license by twelve majority.  
CANNON FALLS is out of debt and has \$23,108.92 in the treasury.  
The license ticket prevailed in Wells by thirty-seven majority.  
FARMERS in the vicinity of Howard Lake have started a farmers' alliance.  
DR. FISCHER of Norwalk was seriously if not fatally injured by a runaway accident.  
CASES of spotted fever in Laneshoro and vicinity are reported, and one death near Lenora.  
UP TO April 16 a railroad train had not reached Minnesota, Lyon county, since January 14.  
The sickness now prevailing in Minneapolis is indicative of an unhealthy state of the atmosphere.  
ELK RIVER is to have a new union church, to cost \$3,500, the contract having been let for its erection.  
THE Democrats of St. Paul nominated Edmund Rice for mayor. The Republicans will support R. Borden.  
It is reported that over sixty Irish families for the Irish colony at Avoca, Nobles county, are now on their way to that locality.  
A LEGACY of £10,000 has fallen to Mrs. O'Hern, a poor washerwoman, of Minneapolis, by the recent demise of a rich relative in Ireland.  
THE debt of the city of Duluth is stated to be \$175,000, and the county of St. Louis, in which Duluth is situated, owes an additional debt of \$95,000.  
THE Little Falls Daily Transcript, says the discovery of glanders among the horses is now attracting considerable attention through the county (Morrison) and is quite rapidly increasing.  
A CENSUS bulletin shows that nearly one-fifth of the people of the United States live below one hundred feet from sea level. They should leave their native swamps and come to Minnesota.  
THE sash and door factory of Scott & Holton, at Duluth, was destroyed by fire, the estimated loss being \$12,000. The Commercial hotel and an adjoining residence was also burned.  
BURMAISTER, one of the men injured in the snow-plow accident last week, near Windom, died from his injuries. This makes two deaths as the result of the accident. The other parties are doing well.  
THE Long Prairie Land Company offers \$5,000 to the Sault Central Northern Company when the road reaches their village. Their right of way over all their land and depot grounds are included in this offer.  
Among the immigrants who arrived in New York recently were thirty-four Hungarian families, who will make homes in Minnesota. The North Star State is getting its full share of the thirty thousands arriving from the old world.  
"Does any one know of a house for rent?" is the anxious inquiry in most of the cities and towns of Minnesota this spring, and is too often answered, from dire necessity, in the negative. Lack of residence accommodations is driving many a desirable family away from a choice location.  
WHILE going out to bring in a bear which he had killed, recently, J. H. Dean, of Eagle Valley, found eight deer lying dead, having been killed by wolves. The deer were untouched except the throat, which was cut, showing that the wolves had killed them for the fun of it. John Gray found ten which had been killed in the same manner, while he was making a round of but five to six miles.  
AN elderly widow lady, of Hennepin county, called upon State Auditor Whitcomb the other day, and handed him a \$1,000 bond of the Minneapolis and Cedar Valley Railroad company, which was blank and had never been filled out, and asked him to file the same for the action of the state bond commission. The lady seemed sorely distressed when its utter worthlessness was pointed out, and had evidently been under the impression that it was a state bond, which it very nearly resembles. She had also twenty certificates of stock of the same company, which were equally valueless. Such mistakes, the auditor says, have already occurred several times.  
Under the Snow.  
The remarkable case of Elizabeth Woodcock, who was buried under the snow, is especially striking. In the winter of 1799 she was returning on horseback from Cambridge, Eng., to her home in a neighboring village, and, having dismounted for a few minutes, the horse ran away from her. At 7 o'clock on a winter evening she sat down under a thick, cold, tired and disheartened. Snow came on; she was too weak to rise, and the consequence was that by morning the snow had heaped around her to a height of two feet above her head as she sat. She had strength enough to thrust a twig, with her handkerchief at the top of it, through the snow, to serve as a signal, and to admit a little daylight. Torpor supervened, and she knew little more of what passed around her. Night succeeded day, and day again broke, but there she remained, motionless and foodless. Not senseless, however, for she could hear church bells and village sounds—nay, even the voices and conversation of some of her neighbors. Four whole days she thus remained, one single pinch of snuff being her only substitute for food during this time, and even this she found had lost its pungency. On the fifth day a thaw commenced, and then she suffered greatly, but still without means to extricate herself. It was not until the eighth day that the handkerchief was espied by a villager, who, with many others, had long been seeking for her. Stooping down, he said: "Are you there, Elizabeth Woodcock?"  
She had strength enough to reply, faintly: "Dear John Stittle, I know your voice. For God's sake, help me out."  
She died about half a year afterward, through mismanagement of frost-bitten toes; but it was fully admitted that no one, unless cased in snow, could have lived out those eight days and nights in such a place without food.  
It is not pleasant to have the barber's apprentice practicing upon you, lay open your cheek with a two-inch gash, and then follow the wasp with the cheery remark, "Skin's very tender, sir." It is not pleasant. We don't know what it is, but it isn't pleasant.—Hawk-Eye.  
SLIGHT small injuries, and they will become none at all.