

THE PRINCETON UNION

R. C. DUNN, Publisher.

TERMS: \$2.00 Per Year.

VOLUME V.

PRINCETON, MILLE LACS COUNTY, MINNESOTA, THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1881.

NUMBER 32

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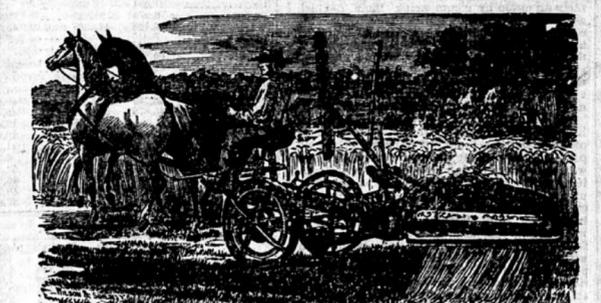
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LONGINGS.

If I were a railroad brakeman,
I'd holler the stations so plain
That the man who was going to Texas
Would go clear through to Maine,
I'd open the door of the smoking-car,
And I'd give such a mighty roar
That the passengers back in the sleeper
Would all fall out on the floor;
For I couldn't afford a tenor voice,
And I couldn't afford to speak
In the sweet, soft tones of Eolian harps
For eleven dollars a week.

If I were a baggage master
I'd stow the trunks about;
I'd stand them up in the corner,
And I'd tear their bowels out;
I would pull the handles out by the roots,
I would kick their corners in,
And I'd strew the stuff all round the car,
And make them lank and thin.
For I couldn't afford to wear kid gloves
Nor put soft pads on my feet;
Nor to be so gentle, when all my pay
Just came in bread and meat.

RETIROING FROM BUSINESS.

BY BRET HARTE.
What the colonel's business was nobody
knew, nor did anybody care particularly.
He purchased for cash only, and never
grumbled at the price of anything he wanted
who could do more than that?
Curious people occasionally wondered
how, when it had been fully two years
since the colonel, with every one else,
had abandoned Dutch creek to the Chinese
he managed to spend money freely and to
lose considerably at cards and horse races.
In fact the keeper of that one of the Chal-
lenge hill saloons which the colonel did
not patronize was once heard to wonder
absent-mindedly whether the colonel hadn't
a money mill somewhere, where he turned
out eggs and "slugs" (the coast name for
\$50 gold pieces).
When so public a personage as a bar-
tender indulged publicly in the idea, the
inhabitants of Challenge hill, like good
Californians everywhere, considered them-
selves in duty bound to give it grave con-
sideration; so, for a few days, certain in-
dustrious professional gentlemen who won
money of the colonel carefully weighed
suggested pieces and tested
them with acids, and sawed them in two,
and retired them, and melted them up, and
had the lumps assayed.
The result was a complete vindication
of the colonel and a loss of considerable cus-
tom by the indiscreet bartender.

The colonel was as good-natured a man
as ever lived on Challenge hill,
but being mortal the colonel had his occa-
sional times of despondency, and one of
them occurred after a series of races in
which he had staked his all on his bay mare
Tispie and had lost.

Looking reproachfully at his beloved animal,
he failed to heed the aching void of
his pockets, and drinking deeply, swearing
fiercely and glaring defiantly at all man-
kind were equally unproductive of coin.
The boys at the saloon sympathized most
feelingly with the colonel. They were un-
ceasing in their invitations to drink, and
they exhibited considerable Christian for-
bearance when the colonel savagely dissen-
ted with every one who advanced any propo-
sition, no matter how non-objectionable. But
unappreciated sympathy grows decidedly
tiresome to the giver, and it was with a feel-
ing of relief that the boys saw the colonel
stride out of the saloon, mount Tispie and
gallop furiously away.

Riding on horseback has always been
considered an excellent sort of exercise,
and riding is universally admitted to be one
of the most healthful means of exhilara-
tion in the world. When a man is so ab-
sorbed in his exercise that he will not stop
to speak to a friend, and when his exhilara-
tion is so complete that he turns his eyes
from well meaning thumbs pointing insignif-
icantly into doorways through which a
man has often passed while seeking bracing
intemperance, it is but natural that people
should express some wonder.

The colonel was well known at Toddy
Flat, Come Hand, Blazer's, Murderer's Bar
and several other villages through which
he passed. As no one had been seen to
precede him, betting men were soon offer-
ing odds that the colonel was running away
from somebody.

Strictly speaking they were wrong, but
they won all the money that had been stak-
ed against them, for within half an hour
there passed over the same road an anxiously
looking individual who reined up in front
of the principal saloon of each place and
asked if the colonel had passed.
Had the gallant colonel known that he
was followed, and by whom, there would
have been an extra election held at the lat-
ter place very shortly after, for the pursuer
was the constable, and for all officers of the
law the colonel possessed hatred.

On galloped the colonel, following the
stage road, which threaded the old mining
camps on Dutch creek, but suddenly he
turned out of the road and urged his horse
through the young pines and bushes, which
grew thickly by the road, while the constable
galloped on to the next camp.
There seemed to be no path through the
thicket into which the colonel had turned,
but Tispie walked between the trees and
shrubs as if they were familiar objects of
her stable yard.

Suddenly a voice from the bushes
cried:
"What's up?"
"Business—that's what."
"It's time," replied the voice, and its
owner—a bearded six-footer, emerged
from the bushes and stroked Tispie's nose
with the freedom of an old acquaintance.
"We ain't had a nip since last night, and
there ain't a cracker or a handful of flour
in the shanty. The old girl go back on
yer?"
"Yes," replied the colonel, ruefully, "lost
every blasted race. 'Twasn't her fault—
bless her—she done her best. Ev'rybody
to home?"
"You bet," said the man. "All been a
pryin' yer for to turn up with the rocks an'
'nother's to wear more color than spring water.
Come on."
The man led the way and Tispie and the
colonel followed, and the trio suddenly
found themselves before a log hut, in front

of which sat three solemn, disconsolate in-
dividuals, who looked appealingly at the
colonel.

"Mack'll tell yer how 't was, fellers," said
the colonel, meekly, "while I pocket the
mare."
The colonel was absent but a very few
moments, but when he returned each of
the four was attired in pistol and knife,
while Mack was distributing some dominoes
made from a rather dirty flour sack.

"Taint so late as all that, is it?" inquired
the colonel.
"Better be an hour ahead than a miss in
this ere night," said one of the four. "I
ain't been so thirsty since we came round
the horn in '50, an' we run short of water.
Somebody'll get hurt if there ain't any bit-
ters in the old concern—they will, or my
name ain't Perkins!"
"Don't count your chickens fore they're
hatched, Perk," said one of the crowd, as
he adjusted the domino under the rim of
his hat. "S'posin' there should be too
many for us?"

"Siddy, siddy, Cranks!" remonstrated
the colonel. "Nobody gets along of them
'low themselves to be skewed."
"Fact," chimed in the smallest and thin-
nest man in the party. "The Bible says
somethin' mighty hot 'bout that. I disre-
member dazotly how it goes, but I've her
parson Buzzy, down in Maine, preach rip-
pin' old sermons many a time. The old
man never thort what a comfort them ser-
mons was 'goin' to be to a road agent,
though. The time we stopped Slim Mike's
stage and he didn't have no more manners
than to draw on me, them sermons was a
perfect blessing to me—the thorts of them
cleaned my head as quick as a cocktail.
An—"

"I don't want to dispute Logroller's pious
stump," interrupted the colonel; "but ez it
is Old Black that's arrived to-day instead of
Slim Mike, and ez it's Old Black allus
makes his time, hedn't we better vamose?"
The door of the shanty was hastily closed
and the men filed through the thicket un-
til near the road, when they marched rap-
idly on in parallel lines with it. After
about half an hour, Perkins, who was lead-
ing, halted and wiped his perspiring brow
with his shirt sleeve.

"E'en enough from home now," said he.
"Taint no use bein' a gentleman if yer
have to work too hard."
"Safe enough, I reckon," replied the
colonel. "We'll do the usual; I'll halt 'em,
Logroller 'tend to the driver, Cranks take
the boot, and Mack and Perk takes right
and left. An' I know it's tough—but con-
siderin' how everlastin', eternal hard
up we are, I reckon we'll
have to ask contributions from the
ladies, too, if there's eny aboard—eh,
boys?"

"Reckon so," replied Logroller, "with a
chuckle that seemed to inspire his black
domino with a wrinkle or two. "What's
the use of women's rights if they don't ever
have a chance of exercis'n 'em! Hevin'
their purses borrowed 'll show 'em the full
doctrine in a bran new light."
"Come on, boys," interrupted the
colonel, "that's the crack of Old Black's
whip; pick yer bush—quick! All jump
when I whistle."

Each man secreted himself near the road-
side. The stage came swinging along
handsomely; those inside were laughing
heartily at something, and Old Black was
just giving a delicate touch to the flank of
the off leader, when the colonel gave a
shrill, quick whistle and five men sprang
into the road.
The horses stopped as suddenly as if it
were a matter of common occurrence. Old
Black dropped the reins, crossed his
legs and stared into the sky, and the pas-
sengers all put out their heads with a rap-
idity equalled only by that with which they
withdrew them as they saw the dominoes
and revolvers of the road agents.

"Seems to be something the matter, gen-
tlemen," said the colonel blandly as he
opened the door. "Won't you please get
out? Don't trouble yourself to draw, 'cos my
finger's rather nervous. Ain't got a
handkerchief, hev yer?" asked he of the
first passenger who descended from the
stage. "Hev? Well, now that's lucky. Just
put yer hands behind yer, please—so—that's
it." And the unfortunate man's arms were
securely tied behind in an instant.

The remaining passengers were treated
with similar courtesy, and the colonel and
his friends examined the pockets of the
captives. Old Black remained unmolested
for who ever heard of a stage driver having
money?
"Boys," said the colonel, calling his
brother agents aside and comparing receipts,
"taint much of a haul; but there's only
one woman and she's old enough to be a
feller's grandmother."

"Like enough she'll pan out more than
all the rest of the stage together," growled
Cranks, carefully testing the thickness of
the case of the gold watch. "Just like the
low-lived deceitfulness of some folks to
hire an old woman to carry their money, so
it'd go safer. Mebbe what she's got aint
nothin' to some folks that's got hosses that
can win money at races, but—"
The conversation ended the conver-
sation, and approached the stage. He was
very chivalrous, but Crank's sarcastic refer-
ence to Tispie needed avenging, and as he
could not consistently with business ar-
rangements put an end to Cranks, the only
lady would have to suffer.

"I beg yer pardon, ma'am," said the
colonel, raising his hat politely with one hand
while he drew open the coach door with the
other, "but we're taking up a collection
for some deserving object. We was goin'
to make the gentlemen fork over the hull
amount, but ez they ain't got enough, we
will hev to bother you."
The old lady trembled, felt for her pocket-
book and raised her veil. The colonel
looked into her case, slammed the stage
door, and sitting on the hub of one of the
wheels, stared vacantly into space.
"Nothin'?" queried Perkins in a whisper,
and with a face full of genuine sympathy.

"No—yes," said the colonel dreamily.
"That's, untie 'em and let the stage go
ahead," he continued, springing to his feet.
"I'll hurry back to the cabin." And the
colonel dashed into the bushes and left his
followers so paralyzed with astonishment
that Old Black afterward remarked that if
there'd been anybody to attend to the
horses he could have cleaned out the whole
crowd with his whip.
The passengers, relieved of their weap-
ons, were unbound, allowed to enter the
stage, and the door was slammed upon
him. Old Black picked up his reins as if
he had laid them down at the station while
the horses were being changed, then he
cracked his whip and the stage rolled off,
while the colonel's party hastened back to

their hut, fondly inspecting as they went
certain flasks they had obtained while trans-
acting their business with the occupants of
the stage.

Great was the surprise of the road agents
as they entered their hut, for there stood
the colonel in a clean white shirt and in a
suit of clothing made from the limited
spare wardrobe of the other members of
the band.

But the suspicious Cranks speedily sub-
ordinated his wonder to his prudence, as
laying on the table a heavy purse, he ex-
claimed:
"Come, colonel, business before pleasure,
let's divide and scatter. Ef anybody should
hear about, and find our trail, an' ketch the
traps in our possession, they might—"
"Divide yerseives!" said the colonel,
with a white abruptness and a great oath,
"I don't want none of it."
"Colonel," said Perkins, removing his
own domino and looking anxiously into the
leader's face, "be you sick? Here's some
bully brandy which I found in the passen-
gers' pockets."

"It hain't nothin'," replied the colonel
with averted eyes. "I'm goin' to at-
tend to my own business, and I'm re-
tirin' from business forever."
"Ain't going to turn evidence?" cried
Cranks, grasping a pistol on the table.
"I'm going to make a lead mine of you if
you don't take that back!" roared the colonel,
with a bound that caused Cranks to drop
the pistol and retire precipitately, apologiz-
ing as he went. "I'm going to at-
tend to my own business, and that's
enough to keep anybody bizzzy. Somebody
lend me fifty dollars till I see him agin."

Perkins pressed the money into the col-
onel's hand, and within two minutes the
colonel was on Tispie's back and galloped
off in the direction the stage had taken.
He overtook it, passed it, and still he
galloped on.

The people at Mud Gulch knew the
colonel well and made it a rule never to be
astonished at anything he did; and they
made an exception to the rule when the
colonel canvassed the principal barrooms
for men who wished to buy a horse, and
when a gambler who was flush obtained
Tispie for 20 slugs—only \$1,000, when the
colonel had always said there wasn't gold
enough on the top of the ground to buy
her—Mud Gulch experienced a decided
sensation.

But when the colonel, after remaining in
the barber shop for half an hour, emerged
with his face clean shaved and his hair
nicely trimmed and parted, betting was so
wild that a cool-headed sporting man
collected a fortune by betting against every theory
that had been advanced.

Then the colonel made a tour of the stores
and fitted himself with a new suit of clothes
carefully eschewing all of the gorgeous pat-
terns and pronounced colors so dear to
the heart of the average miner. He
bought a new hat and put on a pair of
boots, pruned his finger nails, and stronger
than all he mildly refused all invitations
to drink.

As the colonel stood in the door of the
principal saloon, where the stage always
stopped, the Challenge hill constable was
seen to approach the colonel and tap him
on the shoulder, upon which all those who
bet that the colonel was dodging somebody
claimed the stake. But those who stood
near the colonel heard the constable say:
"Colonel, I take it all back. When I seed
you go out of Challenge hill it come to me
that you might be in the road agent busi-
ness, so I followed you—duty, you know.
But when I seed you sell Tispie I knew I
was on the wrong trail. I wouldn't suspect
you now if all the stages in the country was
robbed; and I'll give you satisfaction in any
way you want it."

"It's all right," said the colonel with a
smile. The constable afterward said that
nobody had any idea of how curiously the
colonel smiled when his beard was off.

Suddenly the stage pulled up to the door
with a crash, and the male passengers hur-
ried into a saloon in a state of utter in-
dignation and impetuosity. The story of the
robbery attracted everybody, and during
the excitement, the colonel slipped out quiet-
ly and opened the door of the stage. The
old lady started and cried:
"George!"

And the colonel jumped in the stage and
putting his arm tenderly around the tre-
mbling form of the old lady, exclaimed:
"Mother!"

Personal Paragraphs.

Guiteau, the assassin, was a member of
Henry Ward Beecher's church some twelve
years ago.
John Boyle O'Reilly, the Boston Irish
poet and editor of the Pilot, has been dig-
nified by the University of Notre Dame in
Indiana with the degree of LL. D.
Mr. William E. Dodge, of New York, is
said to have armed one of his sons with a
pocketful of money and sent him to Con-
stantinople to convert the heathen of the
east.
One of Florida's recent immigrants is
Major H. E. Church, of the English army.
His regiment during the Zulu war lost
thirty officers and nearly a thousand men.
Mr. William I. Torrance, who died in
Cincinnati a few days ago, was known for
many years as the wit of that city. He
was a bachelor, about 40 years of age, who
inherited and spent in generous living a
handsome fortune. In his days of health
he was a favorite in all circles and count-
less are the anecdotes said to be born of
his love of fun and ready wit.
His Majesty Alfonso of Spain holds out
his affectionate arms and welcomes to his
embrace all the Hebrews who come, and in-
vites more. Spain is to be turned into an
asylum for the banished Israelites who
have been driven out from Russia and Ger-
many and refused the privilege of wasting
their money at American watering-places.
The secretary of the navy, it is reported,
has given special permission to the wife of
Captain Chandler, now at the Zulu war, to
board the ship Minnesota, now at Newport, and
she will continue her Thursday receptions
on board as heretofore. Existing orders of
the navy department forbid any woman's
living on government vessels, but Newport
rather considers itself an exceptional place
always.
His majesty of the Sandwich Islands,
King Kalakaua, intends to visit the chief
cities of Europe during his present tour.
He was cordially received in Naples, where
he arrived from Alexandria a short time
ago. It may not be generally known that
the king's son and nephew have been at
school in Naples, the one in the military
college, the other in the naval college.
These young men were the first to board
the ship which brought their royal relative
to Italian shores. King Kalakaua was re-
ceived by King Humbert at Capodimonte.