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## THE OLD CHURCHYARD.

Nao dreams disturb their sleep,  
In the auld kirkyard;  
They hear nae kindred weep,  
In the auld kirkyard,  
The sire with silver hair,  
The mother's dark locks of care,  
The young, the gay, the fair,  
Crowd the old kirkyard,  
The heart's sad beatings cease  
In the auld kirkyard;  
And aliens rest in peace  
In the auld kirkyard,  
Where ebb'd dark floods of strife,  
Dove-like hope, wi' promise rife,  
Plants the broken branch o' life  
In the auld kirkyard.  
—Boston Advertiser.

## "TEXAS DAN."

Arrest of a Notorious Southwestern Desperado—He is Wanted for the Attempted Murder of Leander B. Bowen.

From the Chicago Times.

A few days ago M. C. Walker, sheriff of Kendall county, Tex., arrived in town in quest of a fugitive from justice named Daniel Wallace alias "Texas Dan," otherwise known as the desperado of the Rio Grande. The charge against this man was the robbery and attempted murder of one Leander B. Bowen on or about the 24th of November 1883, and a reward of \$1,000 was offered for the arrest and delivery of the fugitive to the sheriff. On his arrival Sheriff Walker placed the matter in the hands of George A. Hartman, a private detective, who immediately commenced work on the case. He soon learned to a certainty that the desperado was in that vicinity, and by means of a decoy letter he succeeded yesterday in locating and arresting his man at the Union stock yards. Wallace was taken completely by surprise, and only realized his position after the handcuffs were locked securely on his wrists. "Texas Dan" is about forty-two years of age, five feet ten inches in height, muscular and wiry, and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. He has a spare face, high cheek bones, a large nose, dark, piercing eyes shaded by horizontal brows, and a heavy brown mustache. He is described as one of the most notorious outlaws on the Southwest border; a man who is utterly fearless and reckless, very fleet of foot, a dead shot with the revolver, and a splendid horseman. He has been conspicuously connected with numerous criminal offenses perpetrated in Texas and Mexico, and was at one time associated with two noted Mexican guerrillas, Don Jose Ureas and Miguel Canallous. The crime for which he was pursued to Chicago and arrested was but one of his many bloody deeds. On November 24, Leander B. Bowen, otherwise known as "Doc" Bowen, a well-known ranchman of Kendall county, was returning from San Antonio, where he had been selling stock. He had in his possession \$3,500, the proceeds of the sales he had made. When about seventy-five miles from San Antonio, and while riding across a lonely stretch of prairie, he was met by a horseman, whom he instantly recognized as the famous outlaw, "Texas Dan." Fearing the latter meant mischief, Bowen attempted to draw his revolver, but, before he could do so, the desperado leveled his own weapon and fired twice. One of the shots took effect in Bowen's breast; the other struck him on the head, and plowed beneath the scalp without penetrating the skull. Bowen fell to the ground apparently dead, and it is supposed that "Texas Dan" rifled his pockets, and immediately turned his attention to putting as much distance as possible between himself and the scene of his crime. Some cowboys, who happened to pass the spot several hours later, discovered Bowen lying on the prairie. Finding, upon examination, that there was still life in the body, and recognizing the features of the man, who was well and favorably known in that part of the States, they conveyed the insensible victim to the nearest ranch, and sent a messenger to apprise his family of what had occurred. It was nearly a week before Bowen recovered his senses sufficiently to tell what had assaulted him. When it was learned that Dan Wallace was the world-beating murderer, no time was lost in instituting a search for the outlaw. Rangers, cowboys, and vigilantes scoured the country for miles around, but failed to strike the trail of this wily ruster. Sheriff Walker, of Kendall county, where Bowen's ranch is located, circulated a printed handbill containing a description of "Texas Dan," and offering a reward for his apprehension. Some time afterward he accidentally learned the course Wallace had taken, and set out in pursuit.

"Texas Dan," after leaving his victim, as he supposed, dead, on the prairie, traveled north through Indian Territory on horseback. He had two horses, and changed the saddle from one to another to facilitate his flight. Arriving at Caldwell, Kan., he sold both of his horses and remained there from Christmas eve to New Year's day. From there he went to Kansas City, and while having a good time at that place on the proceeds of his ill-gotten gains, he chanced to meet a woman whom he had formerly known at Laredo, on Rio Grande. This woman he found in a disreputable dance house on "the flats," and he induced her to live with him as his wife. Her name was Nell Raymond. She had a lover named Mike Horran, better known as "Spectacle Mike," in St. Louis, but she was not unwilling to take up with Dan Wallace in Mike's absence. However, Dan heard enough about "Spectacle Mike" to arouse his jealousy; so he got drunk one night and treated Nell to a beating, which

caused her to leave him. She came to Chicago. Dan came to Chicago also, but without knowing that she had preceded him here. Sheriff Walker picked up all these facts as he followed the trail of the desperado, but on his arrival in Chicago he and the detective tried in vain for several days to find either "Texas Dan" or Nell Raymond. A man was sent to St. Louis to find "Spectacle Mike," who is a bar-keeper by profession, and to get from him, if possible, the address of the Raymond woman in Chicago. This was successfully accomplished without arousing any suspicion in the mind of "Spectacle Mike," and the address was telegraphed to the detectives here. Nell Raymond was living at a house on Halsted street, near Fortieth. It was believed that she knew Dan Wallace in Chicago, and could tell precisely where he was. Accordingly a note was addressed to her yesterday, purporting to be from Dan himself, and worded as follows:

NELL: Come to me at once. That is, come to within a block of where I am, and then send a boy to tell me, and I will meet you.

The house was shadowed, and shortly after the receipt of the note the woman was seen to emerge from the house. She was followed. Arriving within a block of Peter Caldwell's saloon, in the town of Lake, she looked around for a boy. She had no difficulty in finding him, for he was furnished by the detectives, and she sent him with a message to the saloon. He soon came out, followed by "Texas Dan," and before the latter had begun to suspect anything wrong he found himself staring into the muzzles of two revolvers, and knew that it was all up with him. He was clad in the rough garments of a Western stockman, with a belt encircling his body beneath his coat, in which were two revolvers. He wore the broad-brimmed sombrero peculiar to the Southwest, and looked like the desperado character he is said to be. When seen by a reporter for the Times, shortly after his arrest, he seemed cool and unconcerned.

"How long have you been in Chicago?" he was asked.

"About twelve days," he replied.

"What have you to say to the charge on which you are arrested?"

"Well, I shot Doc. Bowen, but I didn't rob him. Doc. and I had some trouble once about a horse trade, in which he said I got the best of him, and he made his threats that he'd get even. When I met him that day I rather expected that he'd pull on me and I was ready for him. The first word he said was 'Look out, "Texas Dan," I've got the drop on you.' He was mistaken, though. I had the drop on him all the time. I gave him a couple of pills, and he keeled over. I didn't get off my horse, and some of the other boys must have got his money. I didn't lose any time in making myself scarce in them parts." Sheriff Walker left for Texas last night with his prisoner, and Hartman is happy in the possession of the reward.

## Getting Ahead Of Rats.

From Chambers Journal.

Rats are wonderfully clean animals, and they dislike tar, perhaps more than anything else, for if it once gets on their jackets they find it difficult to remove. Now, I had heard it mentioned that pouring tar down at the entrance of their holes was a good remedy, also placing broken pieces of glass by their holes was another remedy. But these remedies are not effective. The rats may leave their old holes and make fresh ones in another part of the house; they don't, however, leave the premises for good. I thought I would try another experiment—one I had not heard of before. One evening I set a large wire cage rattrap, attaching inside a most seductive piece of strongly smelling cheese, and the next morning I found to my satisfaction that I had succeeded in trapping a very large rat, one of the largest that I had ever seen, which, after I had besmeared, I let loose into his favorite run. The next night I tried again, and succeeded in catching another equally as big fellow, and served him in the same manner. I could not follow those two tar-besmeared rats into their numerous runs to see what would happen; but it is reasonable to assume that they either summoned together all the members of their community, and by their crest-fallen appearance gave their comrades silent indications of the misfortunes which had so suddenly befallen them, or that they frightened their brethren away, for they one and all forsook the place and fled. The experiment was eminently successful. From that day in 1875, until now 1883 my house, ancient though it is, has been entirely free from rats; and I believe that there is no remedy equal to this one, if you can catch your rat alive. They never come back to the house again.

## Manufacturing Rivals of the South.

Atlanta Constitution.

The two leading cotton manufacturing States in the South are Georgia and North Carolina. In 1880 Georgia had forty mills, containing 200,974 spindles; North Carolina had forty-nine mills, containing 102,767 spindles. Three years ago and a half elapse and the account stands as follows: Georgia has sixty-two mills, containing 340,130 spindles; North Carolina has ninety-two mills, containing 213,362 spindles. The activity and ambition of the two States in the direction of cotton manufacturing do not greatly vary. Georgia has more capital, but North Carolina has more water power. It is a snug race, and Georgia should

look to her laurels, for the excess of mills in North Carolina is a menace to Georgia's position at the head of the list. No other Southern State is struggling for first place, although South Carolina and Maryland are no laggards.

## THREE FAMOUS GENERALS.

Placing Under One Table Six Legs That Never Ran From a Poe.

Washington Letter in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

At a leading hotel the other evening three of the most distinguished cavalry officers of the late war met and took a social drink. They were Generals Alfred B. Pleasonton, William H. Averill and Thomas L. Rosser. The latter is an ex-Confederate and is worth probably half a million dollars. The other two were on the other side and are both poor. They are now here asking to be put on the retired list. None of them have seen service since the war. Averill and Pleasonton resigned soon after peace was declared and Rosser's term of service expired when he was captured near Richmond shortly after the surrender of Lee and Johnston.

This meeting between the three was rather an interesting one. It is not often that three such dashing cavalry commanders of a war that closed nearly twenty years ago come together now in social intercourse. All held the rank of major general and all fought many important engagements, and all were brave and skillful soldiers, and all, I believe, were seriously wounded. Rosser carries about with him nine scars—one sabre-cut over the right eye, one bayonet-gash on the forehead, a shot in the foot, one in the knee, one in the left arm, one in the left hip and others of less importance. Averill was shot through the thigh, which has made him a confirmed sufferer from rheumatism, and he got a scalp-wound that every now and then becomes headquarters for a painful attack of neuralgia. All of them graduated at West Point.

Pleasonton is the oldest of the three. There is no mistaking the education and training he has had. They are shown in every look and motion. Though not large nor tall, he is so erect and precise that he would be taken any where for a soldier and a commander. The general tells me he has lost some of his faith in his blue glass theory, but believes it will yet be adopted by the scientific world. He is seventy-seven years old and has always been a sort of a book worm, though he held some sort of a command in the Pennsylvania militia at one time during the war. Averill looks almost as old as Pleasonton, having suffered a good deal from his wounds. He is a heavy, chunky-looking man with a soldierly mustache, and eyes about very unpretentious. His military record is very familiar to everybody. Rosser and Averill are now very fond of each other, and it is a feast to hear them tell stories of the war from their respective points of view.

## A Pretty Girl's Grim Humor.

From the Detroit Free Press.

Talk about pretty girls—but she was a wild flower and no mistake! She got on the train to go over to Meridian from Vicksburg and she was all alone. There was a sort of a sideling movement among five or six men, but a drummer for a Philadelphia saddlery house got there first. He grabbed up his grip and walked square up to her seat and took possession of half of it without asking a question and in ten minutes he seemed to be perfectly at home. She answered his questions briefly and he had the hardest kind of work to keep up conversation, and as the train approached Jackson she suddenly said:

"I want to telegraph papa from here. Will you help me?"

"Oh, certainly. I have a blank in my pocket. Write your telegram and I will run into the office with it."

We missed him when the train started, but by he was found in the smoking car, his hat crushed down and his nerves all on edge. When asked what had happened he drew forth the telegram which the girl had requested him to hand in. It read:

"Bring your shotgun with you to pop over a drummer who has fearfully annoyed me. Shoot to kill."

"To think," he gasped, "that one so fair could be so murderous!"

Chicago Times: The February earnings of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Chicago & Northwestern were greater than last year, the former gaining 2 1/2 per cent, and the latter 1 1/2 per cent. But compared with 1883 the Northwestern's increase was only 3 per cent, while the St. Paul shows a decrease of 4 per cent. These and most other western roads had exceptionally large earnings in March last year. Thus the St. Paul earned 60 per cent, the Northwestern 50 per cent, the Omaha 55 per cent, the Burlington 46 per cent, the Illinois Central 30 per cent, the Missouri Pacific 30 per cent, and the Wabash 28 per cent more in March than in February, and there was a decrease from March to April on all these roads.

## A BOLD, BAD MAN.

How He Won a Bet Under Peculiarly Depressing Circumstances.

It was at a church social. He had secured entrance on a plea of looking for a friend.

"I'll be right out if I don't see him," he told the door-keeper.

A blooming young damsel dressed in the orient style, sided up to him, asking with a smile that showed her wisdom teeth:

"Buy a button-hole bouquet sir?"

"Yes, miss, have you an orange blossom?"

"Oh, no, sir, I have no orange blossoms, but I have just the handsomest pansies that ever you saw, and see here! What a lovely, red geranium!"

"Yes, that is very pretty, but you see I want an orange blossom."

"I am sorry, sir, but I have no orange blossoms," and as he turned away she related to a friend, "I think he is real mean, don't you?"

Passing the ice cream and lemonade corner he was assailed by a bevy of fair ones with demands that he buy ice-cream, candies, lemonade, nuts, etc.

Looking over the stock in trade he said, "I'm not hungry, ladies, but if you had some pickled tripe, now, I would take a plate, and a pretzel with it."

The girls looked at one another in blank amazement, and then one said shortly:

"We have none, sir."

"Too bad; too bad. I want to help along the church," said he, smilingly.

"Good bye, girls."

"Who is he?" asked several when he had gone.

"I think he is no gentleman, don't you? No gentleman would eat tripe, there now; that's what I think of you Mr. Tripe Eater!"

Then the visitor went over to the young lady who was arrayed in the American flag, and who manipulated the scales at five cents per weight. He dropped a nickel on the floor just as he was about to step on the scales, and slyly put a block of wood under the edge of the platform. Then he stepped on.

"Why you don't weigh anything at all, sir," she exclaimed in amazement.

"That's funny," said he, "I pulled down 148 pounds on any other scale."

"Just step off a minute, please, sir," said the young lady, "something must be the matter with the scales."

Then she fumbled with the weights awhile, asked him to try again, and of course the result was as before.

"Well, I guess we will have to give it up," he said, picking up his nickel and kicking out the block.

The next customer was weighed all right, to the great surprise of the young lady, who didn't know but she had given audience to a demon.

Then he visited the "postoffice" and asked the attendant if there was a letter for John Smith.

"I'll see, sir," she said smiling on him brightly, and she stepped behind the screen, directed the envelope and gave it to him, saying, "The postage is five cents sir."

"All right," he said, "I'm a friend of Smith's. He's about the hall somewhere, and I'll tell him about the letter and he can call for it."

The crab-bag young ladies thought he was fair game, but he braced himself up against a post and said:

"Yes, I know I may get the \$5 gold-piece, but I have seen the button-hole bouquet girl, lunched on lemonade, ice cream and nuts, have been weighed twice, and have just come from the postoffice, and haven't a nickel left. Oh, you bet I patronize the church."

"I wish there were more like him," said one of the girls as he passed along.

"Most of the men are horrid mean and stingy."

As he passed out of the door his friend hailed him, saying:

"Well, come now, pony up I saw you at the grab-bag and things. You have lost, sure."

"Lost nothing!" said he scornfully. "I've won!"

"What, won?"

"Yes, won. I've been the whole rounds and didn't spend a copper. Now, I'll just go you a bet of \$25 you can't do it yourself, and a further bet of \$25 that there isn't another living man can accomplish the feat."

"You must be the devil, said the other.

## A Colorado Snow Storm.

As a matter of fact, snow does not fall here as it does in well-ordered communities, writes a correspondent from Silverton, Col., to the New Haven Palladium. I have been in the midst of a vigorous Rocky Mountain snow storm from early morning till late at night with not a single cloud in the sky, and with nothing but the myriad flashes of snow in the atmosphere to cast a haze over the face of the sun. A mild snow storm that may seem to one who reads of it, but not to one who has it to face. There are days here of continuous storm when the snow does not seem to fall at all; when it seems as frequently to be going up as coming down; but when for the most part it goes plunging horizontally through the air, seemingly with no purpose of stopping anywhere. In fact, such a thing as a decorous, well-ordered New England snow storm in which the snow comes legitimately from a cloud and falls of its own gravity to the earth is here an impossibility. We have no clouds worth mentioning. We are at the very apex of nature's storm making paraphernalia and the clouds are all below.

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