TEMPTED.

Only a plunge, a quiver, a plash;
A circling eddy, a little clash
Of the troubled waves, and I'lt be free
From this cruel world and its misery.

Here there is nothing for me but contempt;
Nothing but scorn on my poor head is heaped.
Clasp me so close in your kind arms, oh, sea!
Bear my tired soul to eternity.

Out 'neath your waves I know there's a bed
Softer than earth's for my weary head.
There are fairy shells; and the sea-grass will twine,
With mosses, a shroud for this body of mine.

The wild birds' song will my requiem be,
As I lie 'neath your crystal depths, oh, sea!
Bright coral sprays I will have for my bier,
And earth's verdict will be: "Slipped from the pier.'

They never can know how you beckoned me
To your peaceful depths, oh, friendly sea,
For you'll tell no tales, as you lap the beach,
Of the friendless creature that's out of their reach—

Out of the reach of the world's cruel sneers,
Out of the reach of their pitiless jeers,
Glad to clasp arms with the deep, wide sea
Rather than trust harsh humanity.

Ah! lack of the grace that suffereth long,
That *should* be tender with those who do wrong,
Is cursing our world, that *should* be so fair,
And sinking sad souls in sin and despair.
—*Chicago Ledyer.*

The Vigilants of 1856.

The famous episode in the early history of California, which excited the attention of the civilized world in 1856, has become dimmed in general recollection by stupendous intervening events, although perfectly-well remembered in California itself. The only precise knowledge of it possessed by the new generation is derived from Gen. Sherman, who, in his "Memoirs," gives a lively, but one-sided and hostile, sketch of its history.

Gen. Sherman was, at the time, a banker in San Francisco. Some time before the creation of the Vigilance Committee he had been appointed Major General of the State militia, but had not accepted and qualified. On the outbreak of the disturbances he was persuaded by the Governor to take the office, and he entered with characteristic dash and zeal upon the task of suppressing the "Vigilants." As the movement was outside the law, it was the duty of the State Government to suppress it, and it was for Gen. Sherman, as commander of the militia, to devise the plans. But he had no success, and threw up his commission in disgust. He applied to Commodore Farragut, then stationed at San Francisco, for a ship, but was refused. He applied to Gen. Wool, then commanding the United States troops in California, for arms. He asserts in the "Memoirs" that they were promised, and that Gen. Wool afterward denied his promise, and he is pretty severely handled in the "Memoirs" in consequence. When that alleged promise was violated, Sherman found that he was powerless, since all the arms on the coast were in possession either of the Vigilants or Gen. Wool. Thereupon Sherman resigned his commission and went back to his bank. An application was afterward made by the Governor to President Pierce for Federal assistance, which was refused. The best public opinion was so strongly on the side of the Vigilants that it was deemed unwise to interfere.

The state of affairs was much worse then than it is now. One Casey had been exposed in the *Bulletin* as a graduate of Sing Sing prison. On the same day he shot King, the editor, in the street before the latter could draw his pistol. This was the culmination of an excitement which had been growing for weeks. Casey, after the shooting, went and surrendered himself to the Sheriff, a member of the ballot-stuffing gang, who was his friend. The next day after King's funeral, the Vigilants went to the prison, seized Casey, tried him by their secret tribunal, convicted and sentenced him, and, on the following day, hanged him and another murderer, Cora, in front of the Vigilants' headquarters. These swift measures struck terror into the corrupt ring, and the Vigilants kept control for the ensuing three months, until they had accomplished their work, in the course of which they hanged four miscreants and banished about twenty. The most remarkable instance of their defiant and relentless energy was their arrest of the Chief Justice of the State, for stabbing one of their constables, and they would have hanged him if the constable had died of his wound. The friends of Terry, the Chief Justice, applied to the United States Judge for a habeas corpus, which he found a pretext for refusing. They afterward procured a habeas from a State Judge, which put the Vigilants in a dilemma. But their wits were equal to the occasion. Before the officer could approach to serve the writ, they had spirited away the Chief Justice, and then opened their doors and told the officer to satisfy himself that they were detaining nobody in custody. When they had done their work, they resigned, amid a festive celebration. Although they were technical murderers, no attempt was made to punish them, for no jury could have been found to bring in a verdict of guilty. For the ensuing twenty years San Francisco was one of the best-governed cities in the United States.

An Irish Romance.

In these days, when everything is driven by steam and stopped by air-brakes, and even the ticking of our hearts is regulated by a golden key, like most excellent clockwork, there is very little room for "a romance in real life." In a certain county in Ireland, however, not quite a hundred miles from Meath, there dwells a family of nine beautiful maidens, who are wont to amuse themselves by assuming the apron and mob-cap of "neat-handed Phillis," and make themselves all sorts of pastry in the garden. Not very long ago the cry and 'orn of the 'untsman was heard without, and one of the aforesaid nine, with her sleeves tucked up and her bare arms befloured, rushed to the garden gate, which, opening on a lane, shut behind her just as a smart young Prince, attached to an imperial suite, attired in buckskin and pink, came trotting up.

"Which way has the fox gone? I did not know such pretty wild flowers grew in the hedges about here before," said young Marlow. "And what may your name be?" She bit her lip, blushed, and fairly bolted, but when the others came up he was a little surprised and abashed on learning that the heroine was no other than a granddaughter to the most noble Marquis who first informed our most gracious Majesty of her uncle's death.—*London World.*

Decision

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to the grave a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability have gone great lengths in fame. The fact is, to do anything in the world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but just jump in and scramble through as well as we can. It will not do to be perpetually calculating risks and adjusting nice chances. It did very well long before the flood, when a man could support his friends upon an intended publication for 150 years, and then live to see its success afterward. But at present a man waits and doubts, and hesitates and consults his brother, and his uncle and his particular friends, until one day he finds he is 90 years of age; then he has lost so much time in consulting his first cousin and particular friends that he has no time to follow their advice.

The Result of a Murder.

I shall endeavor to answer two questions—Who was Channing, and what was he? We have no help in the first question from the genealogies on the other side of the water, and this is in some sense to be regretted, because grapes don't grow on thorns, and there must have been noble vines to give us such fruit as men like Channing. No doubt, if we could trace the Channings and Ellerys back, we should find men and women of rare virtue among them, and light on many a tale worth the telling. Still, as we have no grapes, we can leave the vines where the Eternal Providence has left them—on the other side of the water—and deal only with what we know of his family on this side. The mother's side of the man makes its first mark during the Revolutionary War, when the grandsire Ellery signed the Declaration. In him was great worth and splendid ability, but his life slipped away without anything great being accomplished in it. The Channings came from Dorset in 1712, and I venture to guess that they fled from the shadow of a great tragedy. Richard Channing, of Dorchester, married Mary Brookes about 1704. The people had urged on the matter rather against the man's will, and the result was that Mary poisoned her husband. She was tried for the murder, and was hanged on the 21st of March, 1705, being then only 19 years of age. After she was dead, her body was burned in the old Roman amphitheater at Mulberry in Dorset, in the presence of 10,000 people. Now, when your Englishmen strikes a great sorrow like that he moves away, and my guess is that John Channing, Richard's brother, left Dorset because he could not live so near the scene of his great and awful sorrow, where people whispered, "His brother's wife was hanged and burned." This grandsire Channing became a merchant at Newport, but he fell on evil days, and at last lays down the burden. His wife gets a little store, but was always the lady, and raised her children extremely well. William, their son, took to the law, and rose to some eminence. He married Lucy Ellery, and from this twain sprang William Ellery Channing. His father died at 42, and left the desolate little woman to bring up nine children.—*Lecture of Rev. Robert Collyer.*

Professional Shoplifters.

"Professional shoplifters," said a New York merchant, "very often wear great cloaks. They can put away a good deal under them. By raising their folded arms under their cloaks they conceal the added size the articles give them. They have a pocket made in the front of their dresses big enough to hold a number of large packages. Why, when we unloaded a woman here one day we took out of that pocket all that a good-sized boy could carry on his outstretched arms. I remember how indignant that woman was when accused.

"I was walking through the store one day when a clerk told me he thought a woman he was serving had stolen some Leghorn hats. I walked up to her and raised one of her arms suddenly. Twenty-two hats fell to the floor. You know what Leghorn hats are? They are made of a kind of grass and fold close together. She had concealed $37 worth. She said she had picked them up on the floor and was going to put them where the rest of the hats were kept. We arrested her.

"The hands of an experienced shoplifter work faster than the eyes of an observer. A Central-office detective standing in the store one day saw a woman putting away silk handkerchiefs. She'd hold one up as if to examine it, and then she'd suddenly pass it into her other hand, and then into a big front pocket with such lightning rapidity that the detective couldn't tell what she was doing, but he thought she was putting them back on the counter. He made a study of the subject and caught her. Shoplifters often steal our valises and baskets, and then go around the store filling them up. We know a good many of the profession. We sent a man to the trial of Mr. and Mrs. Volkener, who were accused lately of an attempt to poison Mr. Blair, of Chatham, N. Y. You remember it was said that Mrs. Volkener and Mrs. Connelly, who lived with her, were shoplifters. He came back and said the face of the big woman (Connelly) was a familiar one in our store.

"The worst thing shoplifters do," he said, in conclusion, "is to steal from our customers. They are very fond of taking pocketbooks and valises. We would a great deal rather they would steal from us, for their victims are sure to give a store where they are robbed a bad reputation. Not long ago a lady who had $128 in a valise rested it on the counter a moment and it disappeared. She found an old one in its place. We believe that the thieves who took it knew that she had the money, and had followed her for a long distance."

A Man Who Knew Everything.

Chas. Congdon, in his "Recollections" in the New York *Tribune*, says:

I have spoken of Mr. Taylor as a man of what I may call a consultable turn of mind, but in this respect he was surpassed by Mr. Robert Carter, who was for several years the Boston correspondent of the *Tribune*, and who died not long ago. Among his personal friends he was known as "the Don," because he had a particular knowledge of Spanish matters, and had been the amanuensis of Mr. Prescott, when that admirable historian was engaged upon his earlier works. Mr. Carter is embalmed, I believe, in James Russell Lowell's "Fable for Critics," where that writer speaks of going "to the Don for facts." Mr. Carter was the only man I have met who knew everything. I could almost make oath that I never asked him for information upon any point without getting it. His mind, if I may say so, was full of pigeon holes. He was a perfect master of the art of book-manufacture, and happy was the book-selling business which secured his services as reader and secretary. He occupied that position for some years in the famous house of Little, Brown & Co., in Boston, and afterward he was employed in that capacity by other like establishments. But before that he had much experience in journalism; had started magazines and seen them fail; had, in the course of his life, passed through almost every imaginable vicissitude. It was a painful pleasure to hear him tell of the sorrows of his boyhood, which were many, and some of them tragic.

Curious Antipathies.

Being, through an affliction, very much confined to my house, I take delight in being surrounded by domestic pets, and have been much amused by what I thought the whims and affections of my acquaintances. Some start and are ill at ease while my mastiff (who is as gentle as a lamb) lies under my table; some tell me they have an aversion to my parrot—its sometimes startling apropos answers to words that curiously fit in the conversation terrify them, and they think it "uncanny;" others—and these are many—really cannot sit in the room unless my cat (who is a great pet) is removed. This all seemed so mysterious to me that I searched an old work on the "Affections and Imaginations of the Mind" for a solution, and was rewarded by the following extract, which I send, thinking it may be interesting to your readers. Mr. Chevraux, a celebrated French writer, observes: "How exceeding whimsical some antipathies appear! I have known people to faint on smelling the delicious fragrance of a rose, and yet experience a pleasure in smelling a jonquil or a hyacinth. A certain Governor of one of the frontier towns could not bear the sight of fish-spawn, and a lady whom I knew went into convulsions on seeing a crawfish. Erasmus, who was a native of Rotterdam, had so great an aversion to fish that he could not even smell it without being in a fever. If we may credit Ambrose Pare, a man of some celebrity, he says he could never sit at a table where eels were served up without fainting. Joseph Scaliger never drank milk, Carden could not bear eggs, Julius Cæsar Scaliger had an antipathy to cresses; Uladistas Jagelon, a Polish King, hated apples; and when Du Chesne, secretary to Francis I., smelt them, they occasioned his nose to bleed. Henry III. could not remain in a room where there was a cat; the same aversion was observed in Marshal Shomberg, Governor of Languedoc. The Emperor Ferdinand introduced a gentleman to the Cardinal de Lorraine at Inspruck, whose fear of cats was so powerful that when he heard them mew at a distance blood spurted from his nose. M. de Laucre says that he knew a gentleman whose fear of the hedgehog was excessive, and who believed that that animal had actually been preying on his entrails for more than two years. He also relates another story, equally singular, of a gentleman whose bravery none disputed, but who was so nervous when a mouse appeared that he could not take out his sword to destroy it. Mr. Vaughneim, the King's huntsman in Hanover, fainted when he saw a roasted pig. The philosopher Chrysippas hated bows so much that when he was saluted he fell down. There are persons who cannot tolerate the sight of spiders, and there are those who eat them for amusement. A friend of mine, a gentleman brave as the best, fainted when vaccinated a few months ago. He could not account for it, he said, as of course there was no pain, neither did he feel any repugnance."

Thrilling Adventure With Indians.

Just below Kanawha falls, in West Virginia, is an overhanging rock of immense size jutting out about 100 feet over the seething whirlpool, and about the same height above. This was once the scene of a remarkable adventure. The Indians were in hot pursuit of Van Bibber, a settler and a man of distinction in those early times. He was hard pressed, and, all access to the river below and above being cut off, he was driven to this jutting rock, which proved to be the jumping-off place for him. He stood on the rock, in full view of the enemy above and below, who yelled like demons at the certainty of his speedy capture. He stood up boldly and with his rifle kept them at bay. As he stood there he looked across the river—saw his friends—his wife with her babe in her arms, and helpless to render assistance. They stood as if petrified with terror and amazement. She cried at the top of her voice: "Leap into the river and meet me!" Laying her babe on the grass, she seized the oars and sprung into the skiff alone. As she neared the middle of the river her husband saw the Indians coming in full force and yelling like demons. "Wife, wife," he screamed, "I'm coming; drop down a little lower." With this he sprung from his crag and descended like an arrow into the water, feet foremost. The wife rested on her oars a moment to see him rise to the surface, the little canoe floating like a cork, bobbing about on the boiling flood. It was an awful moment; it seemed an age to her; would he ever rise? Her earnest gaze seemed to penetrate the depths of the water, and she darted her boat farther down the stream. He rose near her; in a moment the canoe was alongside of him, and she helped him to scramble into it amid a shower of arrows and shot that the baffled Indians poured into them. The daring wife did not speak a word, her husband was more dead than alive; and all depended on her strength being maintained till they could reach the bank. This she did, just where she had started, right where the babe was still lying, crowing and laughing. The men pulled the skiff high up on the sand, and the wife slowly arose and helped to lift Van Bibber to his feet. He could not walk, but she laid him down by his babe, and then, seating herself, she wept wildly, just as any other woman would have done under the circumstances. That babe is now a grandfather, and that rock is called "Van Bibber's rock" to this day.

The Dark Stock in Ireland.

A good deal is said about "the dark stock" prevailing in the West and Southwest of Ireland. But one of the chief sources of that element is entirely overlooked, probably because too recent and too obvious to arrest the attention of the paleolithic and neolithic ethnologists. The source in question is the Spanish, due to the close commercial and even social intimacy maintained by Spain with the west coast of Ireland down to quite recent times. There were important Spanish trading stations at Dingle, Valentia, Cahirciveen, Bantry, Timoleague, Galway, and elsewhere. Many of the old houses in these places are built in the Spanish style, and it may not be generally known that Valentia island was actually held by the Spaniards until expelled during the vigorous administration of Cromwell. Many of the peasantry in Kerry and Galway bear an unmistakable Spanish expression, and this factor ought certainly to be taken into account in dealing with the complicated problem of Irish ethnology.—*Nature.*

Supper in the Smoking Car.

"Supper is now ready in the smoking car!" shouted the brakeman; and a young man from Hardford, who was on his way to San Francisco, got up and went forward to see what the brakeman meant. He went into the smoking car and found a party of Bavarian emigrants cooking two kinds of cheese and three denominations of sausages on the stove. He came out very pale, and gave the brakeman half a dollar to burn matches under his nose. "Was it very bad?" an old gentleman asked him, when he returned to the coach. "Sir" said the young man of Hartford, you'll never smell anything like it until you have been dead about six months."

Some Curious Facts About Memory.

M. Delaunay has made a communication to the *Societe de Biologie* respecting memory as studied under the various biological conditions. The inferior races of mankind, such as negroes, the Chinese, etc., have more memory than those of a higher type of civilization. Primitive races which were unacquainted with the art of writing had a wonderful memory, and were for ages in the habit of handing down from one generation to another hymns as voluminous as the Bible. Prompters and professors of declamation know that women have more memory than men. French women will learn a foreign language quicker than their husbands. Youths have more memory than adults. It is well developed in children, attains its maximum about the 14th or 15th year, and then decreases. Feeble individuals of a lymphatic temperament have more memory than the strong. Students who obtain the prize for memory and recitation chiefly belong to the former class. Parisian students have also less memory than those who come from the provinces. At the Ecole Normale and other schools the pupils who have the best memory are not the most intelligent. The memory is more developed among the peasantry than among citizens, and among the clergy than among the laity.

The memory remains intact in diseases of the left side of the brain, and is much affected in those of the right, from which it may be inferred that the right side is more the seat of this faculty than the left. From a physiological point of view memory is diminished by overfeeding, by physical exercise, and by education, in this sense, that the illiterate have potentially more memory than those who know how to read and write. We remember, moreover, better in the morning than in the evening, and in the summer than in the winter, and better in warm than in cold climates. Memory is, therefore, to a certain extent in inverse proportion to nutrition, and, more than that, it is in inverse proportion to evolution, since it is greatest in those persons who are the least advanced from an evolution point of view—inferior races, women, children, the feeble, etc. In short, according to M. Delaunay, there is an evolution of the memory, which is first sensorial, literal, and then intelligent; but memory, properly speaking, diminishes inversely as the evolution.—*Medical Press and Circular.*

Brave Women.

The extraordinary courage of the Albanian women has been displayed over and over again in the history of the country; but one of the most celebrated instances was that recorded of the branch of the Albanian people represented by the Suliotes, when they were besieged by Ali Pasha in 1792. The Suliotes formed a semi-independent confederacy, comprising sixty-six villages, in the districts of Margariti, Paramythia and Janina. Up to the time of Ali Pasha they prided themselves on the regularity of the payments of their dues to the Porte. But the intrigues of the cunning old *Veli*, who wanted to get the whole of the *spahilik* of Suli into his greedy hands, soon roused the people into rebellion, and they commenced their glorious and lengthened war against the far-greater resources of the renowned Pasha. The latter, by means of the duplicity of which he was such a consummate master, had intrapped Tzavella, one of the Suliote heads of houses, into his power, and then laid siege to the town of Suli. He endeavored by bribes to induce Tzavella to turn traitor. Cunning here met his match; the crafty Suliote pretended compliance, and even left his own son, Foto, in Ali Pasha's hands as a hostage. He returned to Suli under pretense of betraying the town, but no sooner had he arrived than he sent a letter of defiance to the Pasha. Ali then assailed the town, and it was here that the heroism of the Albanian women became so conspicuous. Mosko, the wife of Tzavella, and mother of Foto, showed prodigies of valor during the siege. She broke open some cartridge-boxes with a hatchet, and then loaded them on the other women, and, rushing into the trenches, distributed them among the Suliotes. Ali threatened to roast alive her son Foto; but she replied she was young, and could have other children, and that she would eat a bit of the roasted flesh of her son rather than betray her country.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Have Flowers.

Who would wish to live without flowers? Where would the poet fly for images of beauty if they were to perish for ever? Are they not the emblems of loveliness and innocence—the living types of all that is pleasing and graceful? We compare young lips to the rose, and the white brow to the radiant lily; the winning eye gathers its glow from the violet, and a sweet voice is like a breeze kissing its way through flowers. We hang delicate blossoms on the silken ringlets of the young bride, and strew her path with the fragrant bells, when she leaves the church. We place them around the marble face of the dead in the narrow coffin, and they become symbols of our affections—pleasures remembered and hopes faded, wishes flown and scenes cherished, the more that they can never return. Still we look to the far-off spring in other valleys—to the eternal summer beyond the grave, when the flowers which have faded shall again bloom in the starry fields, where no rude winter can intrude. They come upon us in spring like the recollections of a dream which hovered about us in sleep, peopled with shadowy beauties and purple delights, fancy broidered. Sweet flowers that bring before our eyes scenes of childhood—faces remembered in youth, when love was a stranger to himself. The mossy bank by the wayside, where we so often sat for hours, drinking in the beauty of the primrose with our eyes—the sheltered glen, darkly green, filled with the perfume of violets, that shone, in their intense blue, like another sky spread upon the earth—the laughter of merry voices—the sweet song of the maiden—the downcast eye, the spreading blush, the kiss ashamed at its own sound—are all brought back to memory by a flower.

A BOOK was kept in the English monasteries wherein details of the scandalous enormities practiced in religious houses were entered for the inspection of visitors, under Henry VIII., in order to blacken the reputation of these institutions and hasten their dissolution; hence, possibly, the phrase, "I'll set you down on the black book."

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CARPETS, WALL PAPERS, ETC.

JOHN MATHEIS, 11 East Third street.
W. L. ANDERSON, 86 East Third street.

DRY GOODS—WHOLESALE.

AUERBACH, FINCH, CULBERTSON & CO., Cor. Wacouta and Third.

DRY GOODS—RETAIL.

A. H. LINDEKE & BRO., 9 East Third street.
ESTERLEY & HEINEMANN, Wholesale and Retail, 103 and 105 Seventh street, corner of Jackson St.

DRUGGISTS—WHOLESALE.

NOYES BROS. & CUTLER, 68 and 70 Sibley St.

FURS, FEATHERS, GINSENG, ETC.

A. O. BAILEY, 10 Jackson street.

FURNITURE, FEATHERS, MATTRESSES.

STEES BROS., 51 E. Third St. Established 1850.

GROCERS—WHOLESALE

P. H. KELLY & CO., 142 to 148 East Third street.

HARDWARE, TOOLS, ETC.

KINGSBURY & BRAPER, 35 East Third street.

JEWELERS AND WATCHMAKERS.

EMIL GEIST, 57 East Third street.

HARDWARE—WHOLESALE.

STRONG, HACKETT & CO., 132 E. Third St.

LOANS, INSURANCE, REAL ESTATE.

THOS. COCHRAN, JR., 11 Wabashaw street.

LIME, CEMENT, PLASTER HAIR.

SANDERS & MATHEWS, 71 and 72 Levee.
WM. CONSTANS, 8 Jackson street.

NOTIONS, JOB LOTS—WHOLESALE.

G. W. BECHT & CO., 104 East Third street.

SCALES.

FAIRBANKS' STANDARD SCALES.
Grocers' Fixtures, Copying Presses,
Oil Tanks, Alarm Money Drawers,
Safety Step Ladders, &c., &c.,
FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO., 46 East Third street.

TRUNK MAKERS.

CRIPPEN & UPSON, 74 East Third street.
W. H. GARLAND, 41 East Third street.

WINES AND LIQUORS—WHOLESALE.

PERKINS, LYONS & CO., 21 Robert St.
HAGGENMILLER & KUHL, 173 W. Third St.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

It seems strange that anyone will suffer from the many derangements brought on by an impure state of the blood, when Scovill's Blood and Liver Syrup will restore perfect health and physical organization. It is indeed a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and has proven itself to be the best blood purifier ever discovered, effectually curing Scrofula, Syphilitic disorders, Weakness of the Kidneys, all Nervous disorders and Debility. It corrects indigestion. It makes the old feel young, the young feel gay, and will invariably drive out of the system the many ills that human flesh and blood are heir to. Price of large bottle with full directions, $1. A single bottle will prove to you its merits as a health renewer, for it acts like a charm, especially when the complaint is of an exhaustive nature, having a tendency to lessen the natural vigor of the brain and nervous system.

Remember we keep this excellent Blood and Liver Syrup for sale at our drug store in St. Paul, and do most cordially recommend it to our customers and all good people. NOYES BROS. & CUTLER, agents.

PROPOSALS FOR LUMBER.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,
ST. PAUL, Minn., June 14, 1880.

Sealed proposals will be received at this office until Saturday, the 26th inst., at 3 o'clock P. M., for furnishing the City of Saint Paul with all the lumber it may require of the following kinds for one year from date of contract, viz.:

Pine—2x4, 2x6, 2x8, 2x10, 2x12, 4x4, 4x6, 6x6, 8x6, 3x8, 2 inch, 3 inch and 4 inch plank; also, dimension lumber per bills, 20 feet long or under. Greater lengths to be furnished at prices increased in the ratio of the printed lists.

Paving blocks cut from 4 inch plank, 6 inches long. Oak plank 2 inches thick and 20 feet long, or under.

By order of Common Council.

THOS. A. PRENDERGAST,
City Clerk.
167-176

PILES! PILES! PILES!

A Sure Cure Found at Last. No One Need Suffer.

A sure cure for the Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams (an Indian remedy), called Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of twenty-five and thirty years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electuaries do more harm than good. Williams' Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching (particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts and nothing else. Thousands of cured patients attest its virtue, and physicians of all schools pronounce it the greatest contribution to medicine of the age. It matters not how long or severely you have been suffering, you can be cured. For sale by all druggists. NOYES BROS. & CUTLER, wholesale agents.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

St. Paul Railroad Time Tables.

Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis AND OMAHA LINE.

Chicago, St. Paul & Minneapolis and North Wisconsin Railways.

TWO DAILY TRAINS TO CHICAGO.
Depot Foot of Sibley Street.

Trains.	Leave. St. Paul.	Leave. Minneapolis
Through Chicago and Eastern Express	*12:35 p m	†10:45 a m
	†8:05 p m	*6:35 p m
Hudson Accommodat'n.	*6:05 p m	
North Wisconsin	*10:15 a m	
TRAINS.	Arrive. St. Paul.	Arrive. Minneapolis
Through Chicago and Eastern Express	‡6:00 a m	*7:35 a m
	†1:30 p m	†3:45 p m
Hudson Accommodat'n	*7:35 a m	
North Wisconsin	*4:00 p m	

*Sundays excepted. †Daily. ‡Mondays excepted

St. Paul & Sioux City Railroad.
Depot foot of Jackson street.

Trains.	Leave.	Arrive.
Omaha, Kansas City and Texas Express	3:40 p m	10:55am
Sioux Falls and Sioux City Express	7:10 a m	7:05 pm

ST. CROIX DIV—ST. PAUL & STILLWATER TRAINS.

Leave.		Leave.	
St. Paul	9:45 a m	Stillwater	8:00 a m
"	12:55 p m	"	10:45 a m
"	5:00 p m	"	3:30 p m

Sunday trains for Lake Elmo leave St. Paul from depot foot of Wacouta street, at 10:15 a m and 2:25 p m. Returning, leave Elmo at 12:30 and 6:30 p m.

River Falls train leaves St. Paul for River Falls and Hudson at 5:00 p m.

The Sioux Falls and Sioux City Express makes close connections to and from all points or branch lines.

☞ All trains daily except Sunday.
F. B. CLARKE, General Traffic Manager.

St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba R. R.

In effect Sunday, May 23, 1880.

FERGUS FALLS AND ST. VINCENT DIVISION.

Leave North. a. m.	p. m.		Arrive South. a. m.	p. m.
*7:30	7:00	St. Paul ar	10:00	*5:30
*8:15	7:40	Minneapolis	9:45	*6:15
*11:42		Sauk Rapids		*2:43
p. m.	a. m.			
*12:05	10:55	St. Cloud	6:00	*2:20
			a. m.	
	4:50	Ar Fergus Falls Le	12:05	
			p. m.	
	*5:00	Le Fergus Falls Ar	11:55*	
	*8:05	Glyndon	9:10*	
	p. m.			
	*12:05	Crookston	5:25*	
			p. m.	
	*4:45	Ar St. Vincent Le	12:30	

BRECKENRIDGE DIVISION.

Leave.		Arrive.
*8:25 a m	St. Paul	*7:10 p m
*9:00 a m	Minneapolis	*6:35 p m
*2:00 p m	Willmar	*1:40 p m
7:45 a m	Breckenridge	*7:20 a m
†11:45 p m	Glyndon	*4:20 a m
*4:35 a m	Crookston	*11:10 p m
*11:00 a m	Arr St. Vincent, Le	*4:45 p m

GRAND FORKS DIVISION.

*12:10 p m	Crookston, Ar	*5:05 p m
*1:05 p m	Fisher's Landing	*4:10 p m
*2:05 p m	Grand Forks, Le	*3:00 p m

St. Paul and Minneapolis Trains.

Leave St. Paul	Arrive at Minneapolis	Leave Minneapolis	Arrive at St. Paul
*7:00 a m	*7:35 a m	7:50 a m	8:25 a m
*7:30 a m	*8:10 a m	10:45 a m	11:15 a m
8:25 a m	9:00 a m	1:45 p m	2:15 p m
9:10 a m	9:45 a m	4:40 p m	5:10 p m
12:00 m	12:30 p m	6:30 p m	7:10 p m
3:10 p m	3:40 p m		
5:40 p m	6:15 p m		
†6:20 p m	†6:55 p m		
7:00 p m	7:35 p m		

*Except Sunday. †Except Saturday.

TRAINS FOR WAYZATA.

a. m.	p. m.		a. m.	p. m.
8:25	5:40	Le St. Paul, Arr	8:25	7:10
9:00	6:15	Le Minneapolis, Arr	7:50	6:30
9:38	7:10	Arr Wayzata, Le	7:00	5:45

JAS. J. HILL, Gen. Manager.
W. S. ALEXANDER, Gen. Passenger Agent.

Northern Pacific Railroad.

Depot foot of Sibley street. Ticket and freight office, No. 43 Jackson street.

Westward. Leave.		Trains.	Eastward. Arrive.	
*6:20pm	7:00am	St Paul	6:40pm	†7:55am
*7:00pm	7:40am	Minneapolis	6:25pm	†7:35am
*10:10pm	10:50am	Sauk Rapids	12:40pm	†4:15am
1:15am	1:45pm	Brainerd	3:10pm	†1:30am
7:40am	8:20pm	Glynd