

EXTRACTS FROM EMERSON.

We owe to man higher success than food and fire. We owe to man man.—Domestic Life.

We prize books, and they prize them most who are themselves wise.—Quotation and Originality.

NATURE is a rag merchant, who works up every shred and ort and end into new creations.—Beauty.

The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops—no, but the kind of men the country turns out.—Civilization.

The man that works at home helps society at large with somewhat more of certainty than he who devotes himself to charities.—Farming.

EVERY man is not so much a workman in the world as he is a suggestion of that he should be. Men walk as prophecies of the next age.—Circles.

Go thou to thy learned task, I stay with the flowers of spring; Do thou of the ages ask What me the hours will bring.

No way has been found for making heroism easy, even for the scholar. Labor, iron labor, is for him. The world was created as an audience for him; the atoms of which it is made are opportunities.—Greatness.

OUR efficiency depends so much on our concentration that nature usually, in the instances where a marked man is sent into the world, overloads him with bias, sacrificing his symmetry to his working power.—Culture.

CAN thy style-discerning eye The hidden-working Builder spy, Who builds, yet makes no claps, no din, With hammer soft as snowflake's flight?

The less government we have the better—the fewer laws and the less confided power. The antidote to this abuse of formal government is the influence of private character, the growth of the individual.—Politics.

The high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets or broadswords, or canals, or statutes, or songs.—Considerations by the Way.

OUR life is an apprenticeship to the truth that around every circle another can be drawn; that there is no end in nature, but every end is a beginning; that there is always another dawn risen on midnoon, and under every deep a lower deep opens.—Circles.

AND not to-day and not to-morrow Can drain its wealth of hope and sorrow— But day by day to loving ear Unlocks new sense and loftier cheer.

—Maiden Speech of the Eolian Harp.

A PLAYFUL FRENCH EDITOR.

Villemessant once played a cruel practical joke on one of his staff, a gentleman who was over head and heels in debt. On the unfortunate individual in question presenting himself at the headquarters of the Figaro soon after 12 one night as usual, he was horrified to find figuring at the top of the first column the following announcement: "The creditors of M. X. are hereby informed that he has decided upon paying his debts, and that they may, therefore, present themselves at the coiffeur of this journal to-morrow at 2. They will form a line along the Rue Rossini, Rue Chanchant, Rue Lafayette and Boulevard Hausmann. A piquet of sergents-de-ville will keep order. The Marseilles will not be allowed."

The impetuous debtor, agast at what he saw, asked for M. Villemessant, but was told he had gone to Nice, leaving express orders that the paragraph was to go in, and it was not until the moment of going to press that he was informed that he had been made the victim of a salutary practical joke.

THE OLD POPES AT ROME.

A story is told respecting a very worthy gentleman who is a devout Roman Catholic, and who is also very deaf. He was present at a Fourth-of-July dinner which was given in one of the leading capitals of Europe. After dinner, when the usual toasts have been proposed and responded to, some one proposed the sentiment, "To the old folks at home." Up got the good old gentleman in a state of pleasurable excitement, and thanked the company for the toast itself, and also for the kindly manner in which it had been received, declaring that he looked upon the whole affair as a marked compliment to himself. "For," he said, "I can but imagine, gentlemen, that only your knowledge of my religious views has led you to propose, at this eminently-national meeting, a toast to the old Popes of Rome." His deafness had led him to misunderstand the words of the speaker, but was not proof against the shouts of laughter wherewith this version of the toast in question was greeted.

THE MINISTER AND HIS SON.

The Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, pastor of Holy Trinity Church in Brooklyn, has always taught his youngest child to say grace at the table as soon as it could speak. His young hopeful is now a small boy, whose prerogative it is to ask the divine blessing upon the food as soon as the family is seated. One day the preacher, being in a hurry to get through his evening meal to go to a wedding, entered the dining-room swiftly, and as soon as he took his seat promptly said grace himself. His son looked at him in surprise, and as the father finished, the boy shaking out his napkin said: "Well, you've got a cheek."—New York letter.

MAN is never too old to learn—mit chief.

THE SPEAKER OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Brand has been Speaker of the House of Commons now for nine years, and the moral suggested every time he takes the chair has lost something of its sharp point. But it is undoubtedly a notable thing, a remarkable tribute to the high tone of English political parties, that Mr. Brand's nomination to this office should have been received without dissent, and that his conduct in the chair should never be seriously called in question. Mr. Brand commenced his political career as "whip" of the Liberal party. There is nothing questionable in the business arrangements of a whip, at least in the present days. The earlier official name of this Minister indicates possibilities of transactions that would not always bear light. As Patronage Secretary it was not only his business to whip up men who were willing to vote from conviction, but to buy up others whose votes were purchasable. A whip of to-day has no patronage to dispense. Still, there remains to him the duty of arranging for good divisions, and he must do what he can to bring them about. He is, in the fullest acceptation of the term, a partisan. Naturally he believes that his party and the state are synonymous terms, and regards as tautology Macaulay's lament for the days "when none were for the party, but all were for the state." It is too much to claim infallibility for any man, and there may possibly have been occasions when, the episode complete and time for reflection afforded, wise people have been able to point out wherein the Speaker would have done better had he done otherwise. But the Speaker unhappily has not these advantages of opportunity for reflection and of consideration of the episode as a whole, including the consequences of the step he may take. He has to deal with the case as it arises, and while it is developing itself, and Mr. Brand never fails to satisfy the sense of justice and the general intelligence of the vast majority of those present at the scene.

The Speaker of the House of Commons has a salary equal to that of the Prime Minister. Both cultivate politics on £5,000 a year. In addition the Speaker has within the precincts of Westminster a pleasant town house looking out on the river. On the whole the emoluments of the chair are not incommensurate with its duty and its dignity. Both these are met with rare excellence by Mr. Brand, and it will be a great loss to the House when the inevitable time comes that he shall leave the chair without intention of ever more taking it. In Mr. Brand's case there are more than ordinary chances of this calamity suddenly arising. In addition to the ordinary chances of humanity, Mr. Brand may any morning wake to find himself a peer of the realm. He is heir presumptive to one of the oldest baronies of the kingdom, and his brother, Lord Dacre, is 73.—Harper's Magazine.

THE FUTURE OF ALASKA.

With a comparatively mild climate throughout the Archipelago, with most valuable ship-building timber covering the islands, with a cedar that now sells at \$150 a thousand feet in Sitka, with splendid harbors, with inexhaustible fisheries, with an abundance of coal, and the probability that veins of copper, lead, silver and gold await the prospector, with the possibility of raising sufficient garden vegetables, and with wild cranberry swamps on nearly every island; with all these advantages it is surprising that an industrious, amphibious, ship-building, fishing colony from New England, or other States, has not established itself in Alaska. One drawback is that Congress has not yet organized a Territorial government, but when this region shall have been opened up to individual enterprise and settlement, it will then be discovered that Alaska is a valuable possession.—Lieut. C. E. S. Wood, in the Century.

TWELVE MILLION bushels of corn were last year made into glucose in the United States alone. Brewers were the largest consumers.

HOW THE SCHOONER GOT ITS NAME.

The year 1713 was a great era in the American naval annals. In that year Capt. Andrew Robinson built the first schooner ever seen. This was at Gloucester. As she glided into the water a bystander cried: "Look, how she scoons!" Catching at the word, Capt. Robinson replied: "A schooner let her be!" The new rig came at once into wide acceptance. Only eight years later an old chronicler, Dr. Moses Prince, wrote of Capt. Robinson: "This gentleman was first contriver of schooners, and built the first of that sort about eight years since; and the use now made of them, being so much known, has convinced the world of their convenience beyond other vessels, and shows how mankind is obliged to this gentleman for this knowledge." This is by no means the only instance of the adoption of American marine inventions by other nations.—S. G. W. Benjamin, in the Century.

A BLAND LAWYER.

Scene: The Supreme Court room at Frederickton, N. B., six Judges being seated on the bench. Mr. K. to Judge P. (contemptuously)—"I thought I was addressing a gentleman." Judge P. (severely)—"What do you mean, sir?" The Chief Justice (sternly)—"Mr. K., you must retract what you have said; you must apologize." Mr. K. (blandly)—"I will retract, your Honor, if I have said anything wrong; but what I said was that I thought I was addressing a gentleman, and I still think so."—Frederickton (N. B.) Herald.

"OLD ST" HOMESICK.

Old St was around early this morning to put oil in the lamps and empty the spring poetry out of the waste-basket. Suddenly he remarked:

"I got awful homesick this mornin'—de fust time since I bin down hyar!"

"What made you feel so?"

"Only that I run acrost de fust Georgy mule that I seed in Floridy! He was er thrur-bred, too, an' hadn't got 'olimatid yit!"

"What was he doing so extraordinary?"

"He warn't doin' nuffin dat was 'strordinary for er Georgy mule, but hit 'peared like er earthquake had sot down in de san' on Forsyth street in front of dat stable."

"Did they have much trouble with him?"

"Well, they look'd like dey wantid to hab sum 'scussion wid him, but not seein' no Georgy nigger in de gang he jess took de do' on his own moshun. By de time he'd dabbled up one darkey like de letter V an' flung annuder ober a red 'spress wagon dere didn't seem no mo' d'aire fer ter interfere wid de cyclone."

"Did he finally get away from the crowd?"

"Well, dat's de mos' uselessness qeschin what you eber axed me, I tho't you know'd dat er Georgy mule was like er nigger pollytishun—when he can't hab his own way no adder way he just ra's up befo' an' kicks up behine, an' befo' yer can tell which end ob him is in de air der ain't nuffin left in sight but a cloud ob dus' way down de big road."

Which idea so tickled the old man that he forgot his homesickness and went out whistling gayly.—Jacksonville Times.

SHALL THE BOY JOIN A CLUB?

There are many growing boys whose home advantages for social enjoyment are not all that can be desired. Some have injudicious fathers, severe mothers, cross aunts or snarling sisters. It does not always occur to these otherwise excellent persons that the boy is a social creature whose need in this direction must be provided for. He cannot be expected to associate exclusively with the companions of his parents or the admirers of his sisters.

It is to some people a pleasant theory, based on antique tradition, that the family and its guests should spend the evening in circular conclaves around the evening lamp, this luminary being set for general convenience in the middle of a large round table. In some families, if there be an individual with a particularly uninteresting voice and unmusical accent, he or she is appointed reader, with liberty to select anything in the wide range, including Longfellow's poetry and the hotel arrivals in the newspaper, interspersing comments, which, with the replies to them, go by the name of conversation. For a lively boy to have to sit under such an inflection evening after evening is a bore. If friends of his own age and style come to visit him and are compelled to join the family ring and starve with the family on this intellectual sawdust, it is martyrdom. The youngsters long for a room where they can be free from this sort of restraint and enjoy liberty to spend the evening as they please. Failing in obtaining it, they will go out.

There may be half a dozen or a dozen boys who enjoy each other's society and who want to be together. First they go to a billiard room, to see if they can pass the evening pleasantly. As to pushing ivory balls with a long stick over a wide table, there is no sin in it, if practiced in moderation. And yet there is something in the atmosphere of a billiard room which sooner or later taints the young men who habitually breathe it. It makes them loungers and loafers. After the young men have looked among all manner of places and have unprofitably spent a number of evenings in doing so they decide that they ought to form a club and have a regular place of meeting. So they organize, after the manner of the clubs of more elderly persons. As far as their slender means will carry them the club is an imitation of those of older persons. It has no purpose in particular, except to cultivate the social element. The lads attend regularly, and spend the evenings nominally in instructive and improving debates, but actually in learning to play poker and other games which are of no advantage to them or their friends. Weak boys, and those who have no moral backbone are led by their stronger associates into divers mischiefs.

There is no place like home for the growing boy. We need not expect to make him spend all his evenings there, or never seek entertainment elsewhere. But the people who have the happy knack of making home so delightful that the boy loves to be there often and bring his friends are they who are doing the young people the most solid service in keeping them out of mischief and leading them into that which is good.—Philadelphia Times.

"ARE those stars which you see at night suns?" asked a little boy of his father. "Yes, my boy." "Are the shooting stars suns, too?" "No; the shooting stars are not suns, they are darters."

The Coroner at Leadville gets \$2 for every inquest he holds, and his annual income is larger than that of the President of the United States.

The United States navy has only one vessel that can attain a speed of more than twelve miles an hour. This is the correct principle to build a navy on. The contingency of having to flee from an enemy was not considered.—Rochester Chronicle.

CERTAIN FACTS ABOUT BUILDING HOUSES.

A moon-lit evening is good for building houses. No money is required, only talk. Two young lovers discuss the future—after they are married. They sit down, with their arms around each other, and say they will build as soon as they are married and the season has advanced a little. They will have a two-story house with an attic. They will have a three-story house, perhaps. It shall have this or that number of rooms. This convenience or that convenience will make it much more desirable than any other house. Hundreds of little points are discussed. The season advances. The season passes. No house built. The other fellow builds the house.

THE DRUG-STORE CLERK.

This young Man is a Drug Store clerk. He Looks very Sleepy and no Wonder, for it is Late at Night. The Lady has Yellow hair and Diamond Ear rings. Why has she Waked up the Drug store clerk? She wants to buy a quarter of a Pound of Arsenic to poison Rats. Will the Clerk give the Lady the Arsenic? He will. In Pork. He will Give the Lady a quarter of a Pound of Tartar Emetic and it Will not be a Rat who Will send for a Doctor before Morning.—Denver Tribune.

A Very Cautious Man.

A singular incident occurred at the German, Imperial Deposit Bank in Berlin. A well-known German writer, who for over thirty years has lived abroad, came there for the purpose of depositing the whole of his present fortune (320,000 marks), together with his testamentary disposition of the same. After having duly signed the numerous blanks, necessary on that occasion, and received the proper receipt at the hands of the cashier, what must have been the latter's astonishment at seeing the depositor deliberately tear that important letter in shreds! "What in the name of goodness are you doing?" he exclaimed. "Don't you know that it will take full three years before you can legally expect to obtain a duplicate receipt?" "Just because I do, I have torn the original," was the reply. The gentleman in question, he it is known, has several times been the happy possessor of quite large fortunes, which he has as often lost by bad speculations and otherwise. In order to guard this time against a similar mishap, he hastened to put the profits of a lucrative literary enterprise into a place safe beyond peradventure for at least three years.

The Newsboy Chess Player.

Fifteen years ago or thereabouts a bright-faced youngster established himself in business as he was fond of telling his customers, on board the Fulton Ferry boats. His business was selling the morning and evening papers. In time he had a list of regular customers, who waited till they were on the boat to buy papers of him. The youngster's name was James Mason. In those days Otis Field, well known to New York billiard players, kept a billiard room at the northeast corner of Fulton and Nassau streets. On the Nassau street side he had tables for chess and draughts. The newsboy had to pass the place four times a day, and as the windows were open in warm weather, could not fail to see the chess games, with their carved men. One day when he was watching the pieces with boyish interest, an old gentleman at one of the tables beckoned him down stairs. He had observed the boy's interest in the game, and offered to teach him the moves. The boy learned the moves very rapidly, and in a few days was able to cope with his instructor. In a fortnight he could give the old gentleman the odds of a queen and beat him. The "boy phenomenon" began to talk of. The best players that came into Otis Fields were pitted against him and beaten. Finally, when he was scarcely 15, young Mason's fame spread among the up-town players. Within two years he improved so greatly that not only the best players would engage him, but before he was 20 his admirers were anxious to match him against Capt. McKenzie, then the acknowledged champion of New York. They played no played no public game, so far as is known, but it is said that Mason held his own with McKenzie in friendly encounters. He was second in the Vienna match for the championship of the world.

America's Influence on Europe.

One of our English contemporaries has recently enumerated many good influences that foreign travel has produced to exert upon American manners and life, and in the main the enumeration is correct. Americans are almost as bad as Englishmen, in imagining that their own country is all of the civilized world that is worth thinking about, although they are rather quicker than Englishmen to take any practical hints to the contrary. But the easiest method of explaining to foreign readers the effect upon the human mind of change of scene and society is that of comparison. Many thousands of intelligent, yet self-sufficient foreigners, come here every year, and when they return to their homes they are wiser and more modest than when they came. They do not carry back trunks full of American bric-a-brac, clothing and jewelry, nor can they most rapidly of all early spectacles—a nation rapidly paying its debts. They can see much more, but what has already been suggested is enough to give Europeans fully as much to think about as Americans usually get in Europe.

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Notice to Contractors. Sealed bids will be received at the office of the City Engineer until 12 m. Tuesday, Sept. 12, for crushed stone to be furnished by the city at Smith Park.