

TRIP LIGHTLY.

Trip lightly over trouble, Trip lightly over wrong, We only make grief doings, By doing things on long.

Trip lightly over sorrow, Trip lightly over pain, Trip lightly over grief, Trip lightly over care.

Trip lightly over sadness, Trip lightly over grief, Trip lightly over pain, Trip lightly over sorrow.

MEMORY.

Some Queer Freaks that Disease Plays with Man's Intelligence.

It was pointed out long ago by psychologists that memory is a two-fold process, comprising a conservation and a reproduction. It is the object of this treatise to show that the first of these processes, conservation, depends especially upon the physiological function of nutrition, while the second, reproduction, is dependent upon general or local circulation. The power of conservatism presupposes a primary condition that may be vaguely described as a normal constitution of the brain.

Some of the most important inventions have been the work of boys. The invention of the valve motion to the steam engine was made by a mere boy. Newcome's engine was in a very incomplete condition from the fact that there was no way to open or close the valves except by means of levers operated by the hand. He set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy, Humphrey Potter, was hired to work these valves. Although this was not hard work yet it required his constant attention. As he was working the levers he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the same time he had to open or close the valves. He procured a strong cord and made one end fast to the other end to the valve lever, and the boy then had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion. A short time after the foreman came around and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of so great an invention. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put in a practical form and made the steam engine an automatic working machine.

The power-loom is the invention of a farmer's boy who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He whittled one out with his jack-knife, and when he had got it all done, he with great enthusiasm showed it to his father, who at once kicked it all to pieces, saying he would spend his time on such foolish things. The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of a wooden frame, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of a wooden frame, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of a wooden frame, and his master took a lively interest in him.

Heroic Treatment of a Snake Bite. An idiot confined in the County Manual Labor Poor House was bitten by a rattlesnake on the forefinger of the left hand. The fangs penetrating both sides of the finger. About three minutes after the bite was inflicted Mrs. Spangston, wife of the Superintendent, split the finger on both sides with a razor, poured a small quantity of powder into the wound had set fire to it. She then applied ammonia, and also gave ammonia and whisky inwardly until the man became drunk. This was a very brave act for a lady to do, and it saved the poor man's life. The next day the arm and hand were swollen to twice their natural size, but in a few days the man was all right again. The snake was killed and four rattles were taken off.—San Antonio (Texas) Express.

The Only Child.

"If I had an only son," remarked Brother Gardner, of the Lime Kiln Club, "I had an only son, and he grew up as only a son can grow up. I had an only son, and he grew up as only a son can grow up. I had an only son, and he grew up as only a son can grow up. I had an only son, and he grew up as only a son can grow up."

A Mormon Town.

The following is a description of one Utah town, but it is said it will apply to many of them. "Everything is Mormon. The biggest shop is the cooperative store; the biggest place of worship the Tabernacle; the biggest man the President of the Stake. Everybody that meets 'Brothers' or 'Sisters' each other in the streets, and after nightfall the only man abroad is the police force, who, as a rule, retire very early himself, as his neighbors complain that his pacing the sidewalks disturbs their rest. Even the dogs are too well regulated to go about howling at moons."

Maternal Affection.

The excavations among the ruins of Pompeii continue to develop streets, houses, temples, statues and human remains. This city was destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius seventy-nine years after Christ. A shower of pumice stones first fell, then ashes, and then boiling water, which made a compact mass, filling the streets, and at length covering the entire spot where it stood. Not long since a woman and child, the latter a boy about 10 years of age, were unearthed about ten feet above the pavement of a street. She is supposed to have been the mother of the boy, who is encased as from sickness, and made an effort to escape with him through a window of her house. Her hands grasp the legs of the boy, and in the act she and he were suffocated and buried beneath the Vesuvian mass of stones and ashes. Jewels were found on her showing her to be above the ordinary class. On the arm around the lad are two bracelets, and on her hands two gold rings, one set with an emerald, graven with a horn of plenty in honor of mythological Ceres, and the other an amethyst, on which is graven the head of the winged Mercury. The discovery exhibits the maternal instinct strong in death, for the hold upon the sick boy is firm and motherlike. This is the most beautiful and touching of all the discoveries of the once gay city of Pompeii.

The man who never failed is a myth.

The man who never failed is a myth. Such an one never lived, and is never likely to. All success is a series of efforts, in which, when closely viewed, are seen more or less failures. The mountain is apt to overthrow the hill; but a hill is reality, nevertheless. If you fall now and then, don't be discouraged. Bear in mind it is only the part and experience of every successful man, and the most successful men often have the most failures.

WHERE ARE THE FOOTSTEPS.

Where are thy footsteps I want to hear, O spring, in pauses of the blackbird's song? I hear them not, the world has held mine ear, I hear them not, the world has held mine ear, I hear them not, the world has held mine ear.

Pioneer Christianity.

Early in the history of Nebraska there was a spirit of religious intolerance in the neighborhood of Fremont that made the warfare of the pioneer Christian a red hot combat at times. The Germans of Fremont got a preacher who could round up the sinner in two different languages. He spoke equally well in English or German, and in order to evade a deadly war among the members of his fold, he used to see the people to flee from the wrath to come alternately in English and German.

At last, however, those who preferred the German gospel thought they were in the majority, and asked that the imported variety of salvation be used altogether. This created a feeling on the part of those who were paying their money for a Yankee sermon bi-weekly, and for a time Zion languished.

The following Sunday the sermon, according to schedule, was to be delivered in English, but after singing "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and offering a short prayer, the pastor turned loose with an earnest and tearful appeal in the German language, which about one half of the congregation couldn't understand a word of.

They sat there a few moments, till they saw that the preacher had declared himself in favor of the other side, and then there was music by the entire choir. The congregation had prepared for an emergency of this kind, and every man had a cottonwood club under his coat-tails. When the tocsin of war sounded the destructive hoe handle and concealed bed-slat came to the front.

It was about the first free-for-all fight in the West that ever opened with prayer. An old man who lived down the track, and who was on probation, had his nose shattered by a blow from "Songs of the Sanctuary," and a school teacher who had recently experienced a change of heart, got a clip under the ear with the organ stool.

Finally the German element got the bulge on the English speaking portion of the congregation, and peace perched upon their banner. The vanquished Yankees went home and after the wreck had been straightened out a little, the house went into executive session, and after that the German, who couldn't lead a different life in the German language, found it pretty lonely some attending divine worship in that Sanctuary.

The Young Canadian Woman and the Courts. A young woman lives in Canada who believes that the commands of Holy Writ were meant to be obeyed. She was summoned to testify as a witness at the Wentworth Assizes in the Province of Ontario. When called to the stand she refused to take the oath required by law, on the ground that the bible forbade swearing. The court convicted her of contempt for persisting in her refusal, and she was committed to custody for forty-eight hours as a punishment.

This judicial proceeding is exceedingly discreditable to a Christian community. Are human beings to be cast into prison in this century because they try to observe the precepts of the sermon on the Mount?

"I say unto you swear not at all!" These were the words of the great Teacher of mankind. Their meaning is plain. People try to pervert it. The command is inconvenient to comply with, and so they seek a more comfortable interpretation. We think this Canadian girl understands it in the true sense.

Judges have often said that in Christianity is a part of the common law. It must be an exceedingly important part in a country where the law punishes a person for refusing to do what Christianity forbids.

The Philosophy of Corners. The root of the whole matter is in the sale of property by men who do not own it. Persons who want a thing have the right to buy it, either on the spot or deliverable in the future. They have a right to buy all they can get, and if any body pleases to sell what he does not own a "corner" necessarily comes, though the buyers may know nothing of it.

Whether they do or not, their right to buy cannot be denied; the question is whether any man has a right to sell what he does not own. It is true, the customs of commerce are such that no deceit or fraud is necessarily involved in such a sale. But the root of the whole matter is the question whether the customs of commerce ought to tolerate a sale by one man of property which belongs to another man. And the question for the Legislature is whether, without prejudice to legitimate business, people can be legally prevented from selling what does not belong to them.

If that is done "corners" can never arise and speculation will be confined within comparatively safe limits. But, unless it is practicable and wise to prevent sales of this character, there is sheer folly to meddle with the incidental evils of speculation which flow from them. Corners are simply inevitable if people sell what does not belong to them. All the other evils and pernicious consequences of speculation in products are utterly beyond the power of legislation if the law permits a man to sell what does not belong to him.—New York Tribune.

Snake Poison. The venom of serpents is said not to differ chemically from human saliva, however powerful are its effects. Ammonia, long thought to be its antidote, does not render it innocuous. The poison when mixed with ammonia kills precisely as though it was pure, and good old rum still holds its grip as the only thing that can head off the work of a rattlesnake.—Boston Post.

This is a Conductor.

Don't know what that is? Why that is a conductor on the Day Light and Nice railroad, and he is a model one, too, a perfect encyclopedia and a hard worker. Let us follow him through and see how it is done.

Listen! He is talking to one of his chums. He is saying: "Those two girls are green 'uns, and here's a go." See, the "green 'uns" have a box of candy and the conductor is making their acquaintance. He says that is nice candy. Now the conductor has the candy, and the "green 'uns" think they have made a "mash" on him.

Now he is telling that cross traveler, who forgot to put on his linen duster, that "the cinders that fly on the road ain't nothing to what they were on a road out West. Why out there they used to run a snow-plow after each train to clear the cinders off'n the track." The cross man says, "mebbe that's so," but he thinks it is an extravagant waste of coal.

Now the conductor is talking to a man who must be a grain man, for he has just been trying to figure out how it is that a man can get "frozen out" in June, "squeezed" on an "open deal," and come out whole on a "long August" at \$1.20 per bushel, with wheat growing so fast that you can hear the joints go click-click as they shoot out of the ground. The conductor is telling him that the reason he stopped just back a short distance was because a grain train went through the night before and some wheat that was spilled on the road-bed grew so fast that the engine couldn't see his way through." He says that in the case all over the country, and that farmers are building additions to their granaries, and confidently expect to have to cut their wheat down with an ax.

Yes, the conductor has a very happy time. He is replete with old jokes, and carries his pockets full of matches to exchange for cigars. This conductor is an exception. He says he is always supplied with cigars, but is obliged to borrow a match. He also likes music. See, he has permitted "a leedle Deutch-er band" to "spiel a leedle" on the train. The passengers, however, don't like it, and would rather have a railroad accident. Perhaps the manager of the road will be glad to know that he has brass bands on his trains.

Hurrah for the conductor.—Detroit Free Press.

The Sanguine Man.

The sanguine man lives in the future. The pleasures of life are for him in the life to come. He is controlled by hope and imagination. He sees a larger area of silver lining in the dark clouds than other men do, and to him everything that glitters has some gold in it. He is a strong comfort to those who are despondent and unsuccessful, and affords them such encouragement. All schemes are feasible to him, and no matter how often his best-laid plans "gang a-glee," still he is full of unbounded confidence in the success of the next enterprise he engages in. Times are always going to be better with him. The sanguine man is usually very credulous, and is often the victim of the dishonest promoters of some wild-cat scheme, because he is easily influenced to believe in the probable success of it. He does not reason from cause to effect, neither does he tamper with logic, but allows his feelings to take the place of his judgment. He counts all his chickens before the old hen has laid the eggs. He is a very cheerful cuss even in the presence of a meeting of his creditors. He is sure that the business will come out all right somehow. When he has to wait for a train that is reported four hours late he sits down on a baggage truck and soothes the savage breasts of his fellow sufferers by prophesying that "she'll catch up some of her lost time and be here directly."

The sanguine man is a useful member of society. He starts many enterprises that other men more practical and calculating take an interest in and complete after he has failed on them. He never commits suicide, and he seldom dies a millionaire. Altogether he is a man more to be esteemed than despised. We are glad that all over the world there is a fair sprinkling of sanguine men.—Texas Siftings.

"Three By Two."

Wordsworth's weak side, as a poet, was his great difficulty in perceiving when he had and when he had not succeeded in fusing the language which he used with the fire of his own meditative passion. Sometimes in the midst of a passage of the truest rapture he will descend suddenly upon a little bit of dry hard fact, and not be aware that the fact pressing down irregularly, unlovely stones, is a monument of the sudden failure of the power of his emotion over his language. Thus, in the lovely lines, "She was a phantom of delight," the reader is suddenly oppressed by being told that the poet at last sees, "with eye serene, the very pulse of the machine,"—as if a phantom of delight could possibly have been a machine, or even like a wax-work figure, contain one. There is the same fault in one of the finest of the original "Lyrical Ballads,"—the one called "The Thorn," of which Mrs. Oliphant, by the way, who does not seem to have written with a copy of the "Lyrical Ballads" before her, makes no mention, but which Lord Jeffrey epitomized, if we remember rightly, as describing how a woman in a red cloak went up to the top of a hill and said "O! misery!" and then came down again. The greater part of the ballad, Lord Jeffrey "to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding," as the lawyers say, is penetrated through and through by the most genuine imagination; but when, in the form in which the poem originally appeared, Wordsworth specified the dimensions of the little muddy pool by the infant's grave.

"I've measured it from side to side; 'Tis three feet long and two feet wide; 'Tis three feet deep, and as it were, into the midst of his poem a little deposit of ugly clay, which made his readers change the sob which the finer parts of the ballad excited, into a hysterical giggle. Wordsworth's weakness—especially in the earlier part of his career as a poet—was this, that he never knew how far his imagination had transmuted, or had failed to transmute, the tough clay of rude circumstance into the material of plastic art. He was not awakened from his dream by such a descent as we have just quoted, and he did not know that his readers, who did not fully enter into his ecstasy, and probably did see, what Wordsworth could not see, the ludicrous contrasts and inequalities of his mood, would be awakened from the dream by these shocks.

Tennessee has 18,000,000 acres unimproved land, most of which is covered with fine timber.

WAITING.

Scene I fold my hands and wait, Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea; I have no more gainst time or fate, For let my own shall come to me.

I stay my heels, I make delays, For what avail this eager pace? I stand amid the eternal ways, And what is mine shall know my face.

Awaken, awake, by night or day, The friends I seek are seeking me; No wind can drive my bark astray, Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone? I wait with joy the coming years; My heart shall reap where I have sown, And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw The brook that springs in yonder height; So flow the good and equal law, Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky, The tides will wait the coming sea; No time, nor space, nor deep, nor high, Can keep my own away from me.

Speed of Sound. It has been ascertained that a full human voice, speaking in the open air, calm, can be heard at a distance of 460 feet; in an observable breeze a powerful human voice with the wind is audible at a distance of 15,840 feet; the report of a musket, 16,000 feet; a drum, 10,500 feet; music, a strong brass band, 15,840 feet; very heavy cannoning, 575,000, or 90 miles. In the Arctic regions conversation has been maintained over water a distance of 6,696 feet. In gases the velocity of sound increases with the temperature; in air this increase is about two feet per second for each degree centigrade. The velocity of sound in oxygen gas at zero C. is 1,040 feet; in carbonic acid, 858 feet; in hydrogen, 4,164 feet. In 1827 Colladon and Sturm determined experimentally the velocity of sound in fresh water; the experiment was made in the Lake of Geneva, and it was found to be 4,174 feet per second at a temperature of 15 degrees C. The velocity of sound in alcohol at 20 degrees C. is 4,218 feet; in ether at zero, 3,801; in sea water at 20 degrees C. 4,768. By direct measurements carefully made, by observing at night the interval which elapses between the flash and report of a cannon at a known distance, the velocity of sound has been about 1,090 feet per second at the temperature of freezing water.

What London Eats. All London was horrified, not long ago, at the report published by the Inspector of Factories and Bake-Houses of the metropolis. From defective drainage, from butter made of Thames mud and fust oil, i. e., whisky, Londoners have suffered and still suffer. But they did not think that their daily bread would be found to be an object worthy to mingle in the hellbroth of the witches' caldron in "Macbeth." Yet what does Mr. Lakeman tell? Dust, cobwebs, insects innumerable, even stabled horses may be found in the public bakeries. Chickens are roosting above the baking troughs. Liquid manure is running around the flour sacks. Buns are laid to cool over open sewers. With all this and more does he officially double Londoners up in quagms of agony. Presently no doubt there shall be indignant denials and an extensive advertisement where, and where only, pure bread can be bought. Before quieting the food question the fact must be recorded that but for the importation of American beef the price of the native roast beef of Old England would be 1 crown a pound. Here is a fact for which only the pride and prejudice which have blinded the nature of John Bull prevents him from conveying his hearty thanks.

The Oldest Frontiersman. Uncle Jim Baker, who lives on Snake River, Wyoming Territory, has a history not equalled by any living man. Since the year 1839 he has roamed the far West, always on the frontier. He is widely and justly celebrated, and his experience and exploits on the plains and in the mountains will be vividly recollected by the "oldest inhabitants" who were tender-feet in the country when he was an apparently old man. He is between 60 and 70 years of age now, and is in appearance the typical Western man, although showing the weight of years. His long curly hair, which was once dark brown, is now streaked with gray, while his heavy moustache and goatee are almost white. Six feet tall, he is straight as an arrow and steps with the sprightliness of a young man.

When a small boy Jim ran away from home, and indentured himself to the service of the American Fur Company. He served his time out with them, and thenceforward trapping beaver for himself. He frequently made \$49 a day. He followed this avocation for eight years and then took part in the Mormon war.

About this time Jim related how the men in his company got snowed in, in what is now the Gunnison country, and over half the number died of starvation. The mules were killed and eaten, but Jim says they were so poor that there was not flesh enough on one of them to make a meal for one man. The remnants of the band finally got out of the country into Utah.

After the war he spent a number of years in trapping. He then identified himself with the Shoshones, and after a few years became their chief, leading them in many battles against the Blackfeet, who were mortal enemies of the Shoshones. For three years he never saw a white man. One day he became angry while in council with the sub-chiefs, and killed three of them outright. He then found it too warm for him, and he attempted to make his escape out of the country. It is said by Jim's friends that the tribe followed him for 700 miles, and that in the fight he killed scores of them, being wounded several times himself. Since that time he has never found it advisable to go back to them.

"Did you marry into the tribe?" was asked. "Yes, I always had a squaw; sometimes two or three," he said nonchalantly. Jim is badly used up owing to the number of times he has been shot and accidents that have occurred to him. A portion of the right hand entirely gone.

Under-takers. O. J. MCCARTHY. J. G. DONNELLY. McCARTHY & DONNELLY.

UNDERTAKERS. 54 Wabashaw Street, Opposite Postoffice.

STEEES BROS., (Established 1850.) MANUFACTURERS OF FURNITURE. Live Geese Feathers and Mattresses. Funeral Directors.

Sole Agents for Metallic Burial Caskets and Cases, Cloth and Wood Caskets. Corner 3d and Minnesota Streets.

Does Your Corn Pain You? Twenty-five cents invested in Thwing's Corn, Wart and Bunion Cure is guaranteed to cure you. No painful inconvenience caused. Try a bottle. For sale by Druggists.

Merrell, Sahlgard, & Thwing, Wholesale Druggists, General Wholesale Agents, St. Paul.

CONTRACT WORK. Grading Jessie Street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, MINN., Aug. 31, 1882. Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works, in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minn., at their office in said city, until 12 m., on the 11th day of September, A. D. 1882, for the grading of Jessie street, from Minnehaha street to Farquhar street, in said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two sureties in a sum of at least 20 per cent. of the gross amount bid, must accompany each bid. The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. JOHN FARRINGTON, President. Official: R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works. 244-254

CONTRACT WORK. Grading Beaumont Street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, MINN., Aug. 31, 1882. Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works, in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, at their office in said city, until 12 m., on the 11th day of September, A. D. 1882, for the grading of Beaumont street, from Bedford street to De Soto street, in said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two sureties, in a sum of at least 20 per cent. of the gross amount bid, must accompany each bid. The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. JOHN FARRINGTON, President. Official: R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works. 244-255

CONTRACT WORK. Grading Webster street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, MINN., Aug. 31, 1882. Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works, in and for the corporation of the city of St. Paul, Minn., at their office in said city, until 12 m., on the 11th day of September, A. D. 1882, for the grading of Webster street, from Grace street to Fort street, in said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two sureties, in a sum of at least 20 per cent. of the gross amount bid, must accompany each bid. The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. JOHN FARRINGTON, President. Official: R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works. 244-254

CONTRACT WORK. Grading Webster street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, MINN., Aug. 31, 1882. Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works, in and for the corporation of the city of St. Paul, Minn., at their office in said city, until 12 m., on the 11th day of September, A. D. 1882, for the grading of Webster street, from Grace street to Fort street, in said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two sureties, in a sum of at least 20 per cent. of the gross amount bid, must accompany each bid. The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. JOHN FARRINGTON, President. Official: R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works. 244-254

FAIRBANK ECLIPSE. STANDARD SELF-REGULATING. SCALES! WIND MILLS! FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO., 66 East Third street.

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. NOYES BROS. & CUTLER, IMPORTERS & WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS, 68 and 70 Sibley Street, Corner Fifth, St. Paul. The Finest Drug Store and Stock in the West.

LIQUORS AND WINES. WHOLESALE. B. KULL & CO., LIQUORS & WINES. We have the control of this market of the unrivaled O. F. Co. the Hume and Orystal Springs Whiskies and are also handling the W. H. McBrayer's and Nelson Whiskies and Guckelshuler Rye. 194 East Third Street, St. Paul, Minn.

STATIONERS. T. S. WHITE STATIONERY CO. WHOLESALE. Paper, Blank Books and Stationery, NO. 71 EAST THIRD STREET.

BOOT AND SHOE DEALERS. NEW FALL STOCK DAILY ARRIVING. McCARTHY & DONNELLY, 89 East Third Street & 331 Wabashaw, Cor. 4th.

Leading Boot and Shoe House of the Northwest. Agency for "BURTS," "GRAY BROS.," "REYNOLDS BROS.," and many other leading makers. The only complete stock in the city. Mail orders promptly filled. WHOLESALE DRY GOODS. AUERBACH, FINCH & VAN SLYCK. The Only Leading Dry Goods House in the Northwest. Competes with the Markets of New York and Chicago.

LEADING BUSINESS MEN OF ST. PAUL, MINN. ARCHITECTS. E. P. BASSFORD, German Anker Bank Building, H. S. THEIERNE, C. E. 19 Gilliland Block, A. D. HINSDALE, Presley Block, J. M. HILDEY, Imperial Block, J. A. WALTER STEVENS, Davidson Block, Rooms 25 and 26.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS. SHEERWOOD HUGH, Cor. Third and Wabashaw, STEVENS & ROBERTSON, 15 East Third street, St. Paul.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY. SHEERWOOD HUGH, Cor. Third and Wabashaw, ST. PAUL BOOK & STATIONERY CO., 37 East Third Street.

CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS. A. NIPPOLT, corner Seventh and Sibley streets.

CARPETS AND WALL PAPER. JOHN MATHEIS, 11 East Third street, W. L. ANDERSON, 36 East Third street.

DRY GOODS—Wholesale. AUERBACH, FINCH & VAN SLYCK, Sibley street, between Fourth and Fifth.

DRY GOODS—Retail. LINDEKE, LADD & CO., 9 East Third street.

FURS, FEATHERS AND GINSENG. A. O. BAILLY, 10 Jackson street.

FURNITURE, FEATHERS, &c. STEES BROS., 51 East Third street. Established 1850.

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

HARDWARE AND TOOLS. F. G. DRAPER & CO., 85 East Third street.

JEWELERS AND WATCHMAKERS. EMIL GEIST, 57 East Third street.

LOOKING GLASSES. STEVENS & ROBERTSON, 15 East Third street, St. Paul.

PAPER. T. S. WHITE STATIONERY CO., No. 71 East Third street.

PAPER AND STATIONERY. T. S. WHITE & CO., No. 71 East Third street.

PICTURES AND FRAMES. STEVENS & ROBERTSON, 15 East Third street, St. Paul.

STATIONERY. T. S. WHITE STATIONERY CO., No. 71 East Third street.

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

WINES AND LIQUORS—Wholesale. F. B. KULL & CO., Wholesale Dealers in Liquors and Wines, 194 East Third street, St. Paul.

WHOLESALE NOTIONS. ARTHUR, WARREN & ABBOTT, 186 and 188 East Third street.

WHOLESALE HARDWARE. STRONG, HACKETT & CO., 213 to 219 E. 4th St.

SUMMER RESORTS. HOTEL LEIP, WHITE BEAR LAKE, First-class in every particular. Pavilion Concert every evening, and boating and fishing unassisted. Special and Prompt Trains Every Day. Leave Union station at 9 and 10 a. m., 4:15 and 7:15 p. m. Leave the Lake at 7 and 8:30 a. m., 12:30, 4:30, 5:10 and 9:30 p. m. Last train arrives at St. Paul in time for horse cars to any part of the city. Friday afternoon concerts from 4 to 9:30 by the Great Union Band. 179*