WHERE ARE THE FOOTSTEPS.

Where are thy footsteps I was wont to hear,
O, spring, in pauses of the blackbird's songs?
I hear them not, the world has held mine ear
With its insistent sounds, too long, too long.

The footfall and the sweeping robes of spring
How once I hailed them as life's full delight!
Now, little moved, I hear the blackbird sing,
As blind men waked not at the sudden light.

Nay, not unmoved! But yester eve I stood
Beneath thee, throned, queened songstress in the beech;
And for one moment heaven was that green wood,
And the old dreams were by, too deep for speech.

One moment—it was passed; the gusty breeze
Brought laughter and rough voices from the lane;
Night, like a mist, closed round the darkening trees,
And I was with the world that mocks again.

So near is Eden, yet so far; it lies
No angel-guarded gate, too far for sight.
We breathe, we touch it, yet our blinded eyes
Still seek it every way except the right.

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 beseech 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 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 man who couldn't lead a different life in the German language, found it pretty lonesome 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 all 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 judical 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 unimportant part in a country where the law punishes a person for refusing to do what Christianity forbids.

A Romance in Two Chapters.

"Surely you will not be false to me Georgie?" and the bright blue eyes of Elaine Jenkins look fondly up into the face of the man, who bends over her so fondly, and whose words of love come to her troubled breast with the same sweet, soothing, restfullness that a tired man feels when the throbs of his aching head are stilled and the demons of pain driven away by the touch of a wife's hand the sound of her low, sweet voice.

"No, my little one," replied George W. Simpson, drawing the girl closer to him, "I will never deceive you, never aught that would give your sorrow or pain. You have made a better man of me—dragged me, as it were, from the horrid maelstrom of draw-poker and 25-cent drinks into whose deadly centre I was swiftly being drawn, and landed me in the beautiful Lotos Islands of your love—the pure, trusting, passionate love of a heart that beats alone for me. Never fear, my darling, that I will leave you"—and, pressing a kiss upon the ripe, red lips that could make a cake-jar look desolate, he went out into the starlit night and started down the street-car track, where there was no danger of being interrupted by vehicles.

Ten years later.

Over the old front gate, thrown out of plumb so many, many times by George and Elaine hanging on it to swap lies, the vines are growing. A little to the left is a grave, moss-covered and uncared for. Towser is dead. In the sun-kissed woodshed back of the house a man is chopping wood. A woman comes to the back door.

"George?" she says.

"Yes."

"Supper ready. Shoo the brats out of the alley, and bring in some wood when you come."

"All right."

Heaven help them—they are married!

INCLINATION and interest determine the will.—*Talleyrand.*

The Elder Booth.

George Alfred Townsend relates a conversation had in New York with John E. Owens, the well-known actor, in which the following occurs:

"Mr. Owens, has Booth been exaggerated by the old men witnesses of his acting? Suppose he was to play at the present day beside his son, Edwin Booth—or suppose we could bring old Booth out of the grave and put him to play beside his son, Edwin Booth, when Ned was in the vigor of his health—which could excel?"

Thinking a moment, Mr. Owens said: "I rather think old man Booth would hold his own against any of these newcomers. I have seen him play, though it is a rather faint recollection to me now. He was a small man, not much over five feet high, and I have been in the theater when he was surrounded with men like John R. Scott—tall, splendid-looking men—and he playing a prominent part in the middle of them would rather inspire a smile; but as the play proceeded he seemed to rise up, and they correspondingly to sink down, until he looked to be the largest man on the stage. He owed much of his strength to his remarkable countenance. On that small, low body he had a large, complete head, in which the lines and character seemed to lie in chunks. He had even power over the texture of his skin, and his eyes were glorious and black, and would shoot fire. His son Edwin has a very fine head, and the Booth boys generally get a good, large head from their father."

"Do you remember Mrs. Booth, the mother of these boys?"

"My recollection of her is that she was a ruddy-cheeked, English-looking woman; but I cannot recollect the color of her hair. Booth bought a farm north of Baltimore, and it is said that he thought he was buying another farm when he got a lawyer to prepare the deeds, and moved his effects into a house, where a man carried them off. Many of the stories told about him are inventions or legendary. There is one thing about him I have not seen printed. He held to every dollar he made with tenacity. Peculiar and extravagant as he was under certain conditions, he put his hand on the dollar and hung to it, and so he brought up his family much better than might have been expected of a man apparently so careless."

"Was there not a little vein of lunacy in him?"

"I think there was. His son, John Wilkes Booth, who killed President Lincoln, had that vein pretty strongly marked. I never had much doubt but that his insane streak affected his designs on the President. He was with me in Boston during the war, and his conversation at that time was about making money in oil, and the two or three points which he stuck to down to the time of the murder. Although he is dead, and died under these reprehensible circumstances, I can say of John Wilkes Booth that he was one of the most mature boys I ever knew. From his childhood up he was manly, matured, grown. His father had a brother in Baltimore who kept an antiquarian bookstore—I think at the corner of Elbow lane and Calvert street. He was one of those cranky men, also, and was now and then sending to Paternoster row for books for some old bookworm of Baltimore; and he was a bookworm, too, and was always screwing his black eyes down at some old letter-text. Booth left a son named Joseph, who has the business instinct. You never see him on the stage, but he is very attentive around the box-office."

German Vital Statistics.

Vital statistics have made some interesting disclosures in Germany concerning the comparative vitality of children under various methods of feeding. Thus, of 100 children nursed by their mothers only 18.2 died during the first year; of those nursed by wet nurses, 29.33 died; of those artificially fed, 60 died, and of those brought up in institutions, 80 died to the 100. Again, taking 1,000 well-to-do persons and 1,000 poor persons, there remained of the prosperous after 5 years, 943, while of the poor only 655 remained alive; after 50 years there remained of the prosperous 557, and only 283 of the poor; at 70 years of age there remained of the prosperous 235, and but 65 of the poor. The total average life among the well-off class was found to be 50 years as against 32 among the poor.

How to Catch Crows.

A gentleman writes us that he has succeeded in catching several crows in his corn field in the following novel manner: "I arranged a number of large twine strings with a slip-noose in each, and placed them on stumps in the fields in such a manner that when pulled the stump would not interfere with the closing of the noose. I stood hidden at a convenient distance, and would almost invariably catch the crow when he alighted on the stump. I caught eleven in one morning in this manner."—*Montezuma (Ga.) Weekly.*

A Robber for Rewards.

An ingenious scoundrel in Paris has been playing the singular role of an "honest robber," and made a comfortable living until a meddling policeman spoiled the business. It was his game to open carriage doors for ladies, and as they stepped out to possess himself of their purses and accessible jewelry, which he at once deposited at the nearest police station, subsequently accepting, with modesty whatever reward their gratitude suggested. Finally he was caught in the act of taking a watch into his temporary possession, and put where his honesty will go unrewarded.

Victor Hugo.

According to the London World, Victor Hugo is rapidly declining, physically and mentally. His journey to Guernsey in company with the two ladies who have devoted their life to him was undertaken for the sake of what is almost "native air" to him. There is now almost a constant struggle between the sightseers who would push the old man to write anything, and the family circle which endeavors to restrain his lyric overflow.

The 70,000 people in Iceland are in imminent danger of starvation, on account of the unusual severity of the climate last year, both in winter and summer. Relief funds are being raised in Norway and Sweden, and efforts are being made in England to lend a helping hand. Prof. Willard Fiske, of Cornell University, Ithaca, New York, will forward any subscription sent him.

Maryland ranks second among the States as a packer of tomatoes putting up 300,000 casei, or nearly 7,250,000 cans per annum. New Jersey ranks first, packing 500,000 cases, and Delaware stands third, packing 180,000 cases.

Signs of Growing Old.

Very gradually do the signs of growing old come to men. So gently does the enemy, Time, advance upon them that his foot-prints are scarcely traceable until he confronts them, and with his lean and wrinkled hand holds up a mirror in which they see themselves old and decrepit, the sands in their glass almost run out.

Not very long Mr. Beecher complained of his congregation that many of his people who wrote him letters used very pale ink. This is a sign that the great preacher is growing old. It is the eye that is growing dim instead of the ink pale. The withering enemy always attacks the windows of the spirit. His victims complain of "bad print," "pale ink" and "poor pens" long before they realize that the solemn veil of age is falling over their faces.

How unconscious are men of the significance of the curious changes of taste which overtake them. He who once was fond of society, went everywhere and enjoyed everything, sometimes remarks that he doesn't know what in the world is the reason but he doesn't care a cent about going out at night any more. When his wife, who, perhaps, is much the younger of the two, wants him to go with her to the theatre or to a party, he protests a good deal; declares he would much rather stay at home, and wonders what people always want to be herding together in public places for. He gets ready in ill-humor and goes reluctantly. He doesn't enjoy it after he gets there and wonders why. He complains about the hollowness of society and the dangers of eating late suppers, all the way home. He is growing old, though he doesn't know it. His bitter comments on what he once considered pleasures are the tweaks of age in his body.

Another sign is when he no longer knows "the boys." The companions who rollicked with him have vanished and no new ones have taken their places. And again, he doesn't understand why it is he no longer feels at home in his old loafing haunts; the persons he meets there are not congenial to him; he wonders often where he has seen such and such faces; he manifests a strong dislike to going up and down stairs; begins to hate visiting and develops a fondness for a good fire and light novels in large print. These are indications of age, but, of course, he never thinks so. If he wasn't so enviably unconscious of the fact, he might sometimes see the meaning smile which plays over the faces of his friends when he complains of the dim light of the gas jets in his fine house, and declares that the tallow dips in the old log cabin were better to read by.

How To Beautify A Home.

Almost everybody knows what a relief to the eyes a little spray of green is in winter. The wealthy can indulge in expensive conservatories, but those in moderate circumstances, and even the very poor, can secure a pretty object at a small expense by following the directions given. To begin with, an acorn, which any little urchin can procure in the woods, and a pickle jar, which any housekeeper can supply. Procure a fine healthy acorn, and crochet aroune it a little network case. Take off the cup first and leave a loop of the cotton to hang the acorn point downward in the glass. The glass must have so much water in it that the tip of the acorn scarcely toucher; keep it in a dark place until it has sprouted, and then put it in the light. A chesnut thus kept in water will sprout in the same way. A sweet potato will grow luxuriantly, and may be trained around walls and picture frames. A carrot grown in sand is, if well managed, a highly ornamental object. A goodsized and healthy root must be selected. Cut off quite evenly the top of the carrot and place it on the top of a pot full of sand, so that the leaves look as if they spring from it. Moisten it well, and keep in the dark until it has begun to sprout; be careful to keep it damp, and move into the light directly the leaves appear.

If the cultivation is successful, an ornament pretty enough for any room will be the result, and which will have to the unacquainted the appearance of a pot of ferns. Another experiment may be made with a turnip, which must be as sound as possible. Clean the outside, taking care not to injure the part from whence the leaves spring. Cut a piece off the bottom, and scoop out the inside, so that you have a hollow cup; fasten string or wire to it, so that it can be hung up. Fill the cavity and keep it filled with water. In a short time the leaves will begin to sprout, and will curl up round the ball of the turnip, forming a pretty little hanging basket.

Children can be made to interest themselves in such experiments which will be found an easy method of inculcating taste and refinement; besides, each and all point out their own botanical lesson, and much is to be learned by careful and patient observation and experiment.

Making Eyelashes Longer

"Long eyelashes are in favor," said a woman hairdresser. The dash of orientalism in costumes and laces turns the thoughts of young women to dropping eyelashes. I have several customers now whose eyelashes are under my care. I have a contract to make them long. One customer, an actress in tragedy I suspect, insists that I shall transform her eyelids into fringed curtains."

"How do you make eyelashes longer?"

"With the tiniest pair of scissors I trim the lashes very slightly, and anoint the roots with a salve made of two drachms ointment of nitric oxide of mercury and one drachm of lard. The lard and ointment are well mixed, and after an application a camel's hair brush is used to wash the roots with warm milk and water. The eyes are apt to be inflamed if the lady tries to use the ointment herself. City women have lack-lustre eyes, which are greatly improved by the elongation of eyelashes. The most powerful stimulant is a decoction made of the leaf of a South American shrub."

A MAN in New York being sued for a divorce because he pulled his wife's hair, jammed her against the wall and threatened to throw hot coffee upon her, denied it; said it was not coffee but sugar he threw on her, in hopes to sweeten her disposition; and that she "jammed" him right in the middle of the floor with grape preserves. He had presented her with a service of plate one morning so enthusiastically that most of them were smashed; which led the neighbors to think that he was breaking up housekeeping.

A hackman recently went into the surf at Long Branch and encountered a huge shark. Their eyes met for an instant, when the shark blushed and swam out to sea.

Mr. William Bonner, a brother of Mr, Robert Bonner of New York city, keeps a $10,000 team of horses at Trenton, Wis.

OTHER FOLKS' WANTS.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
So runs the oft-repeated text
Of that old-fashioned song.

My wants are few, and easy met,
I don't desire a store of wealth;
Content if lodged and clothed and fed,
A little fun and robust health.

My wants indeed are few. Alas!
I wish all others' were;
But many other people seek
My title store to share.

My landlord wants from me his rent;
My grocer wants his little bill;
The tailor wants to claim a part—
I hardly can their wants fulfill.

The city wants its taxes paid;
The butcher swears, in accents solemn,
He wants some cash, and so the list
Might be extended to a column.

"Man wants but little here below,"
And I the world could live at peace in;
'Tis other folks who want so much,
And those demands are never ceasing.

—*Malden Headlight.*

Geese Herding.

Various methods have been devised of exterminating wild geese without avail, until geese herding has become a profession as distinct as herding or trapping. In the early winter the geese appear in the grain counties in myriads, traveling about in vast flocks. Their hunger is insatiable, and the new wheat is rapidly destroyed. Dr. J. H. Glenn, whose ranch in Colusa county covers most of the arable land in that county, numbering 75,000 acres, or nearly twelve square miles, expends about $10,000 in herding his geese. He recently purchased in this city between $2,000 and $3,000 worth of cartridges, about 250,000 in number, of 44 caliber. He has constantly in his employ, while his wheat is growing, about forty men, all of them mounted, and nearly all armed with Henry rifles and field-glasses, who patrol his property during the day and on all moonlight nights.

These men are regularly organized into a patrol guard. They discover with their glasses the flocks of geese, which at a distance of 300 or 400 yards look like a white blanket spread over the green wheat, and they thereupon plant a bullet right in the middle of the flock. This unexpected visitation sets the flock on the wing, and the geese herder follows them up, keeps planting bullets among them till they rise to a great height, and, disgusted, leave the vicinity. Few geese are killed, the object being to keep them on the wing, and consequently off the wheat fields. Those that are killed are carried off and shorn of their feathers, but the revenue from them amounts to little. On Dr. Glenn's ranch about 8,000 cartridges are used in a day, which represents about 20,000 geese daily put to flight.

Oftentimes a thick fog blows in, and this appears to be the favorite time for the geese, and they devour the wheat with great energy. The herders then, fearful of shooting each other, are almost baffled, but when the fog rises the flock are put to flight, and for hours thereafter the air is filled with feathers and geese, and Glenn's ranch resounds with the clatter of rifles and the frightened cries of the persecuted fowls. To pay his men, buy ammunition and maintain horses costs Dr. Glenn some $10,000 per annum, but it saves his wheat, which yields $100,000, as without the geese herders half would be destroyed. The herders become very expert in their business, and are generally good shots and capital horsemen.—*San Francisco Call.*

A Joke on the Attorney General.

A joke is told on Attorney General Brewster. It is as respects his absent-mindedness. While slowly perambulating the avenue he came across a deaf-and-dumb applicant for aid from the charitable.

"How long have you been deaf and dumb, my afflicted friend?" inquired the buff colored, amiable Attorney General, as he arranged the ruffles of his foh-de-wah shirt.

"Five years next fall," sadly responded the impoverished deaf mute, "and a family of six."

"Poor man, poor man, I sympathize most tenderly with you in your terrible affliction; here's a quarter for you," said the Attorney General, handing him the price of two drinks, and with a sigh of intenseness he plodded along his absent-minded way.

The Reason Why.

The train had run into a snow-drift, and the engine was butting its head in vain against a six-foot bank.

"For once the iron horse appears to be beaten," remarked a fat woman in a second-class carriage.

"You shouldn't call it an iron horse," mildly reproved a solemn-faced man.

"Why not?" asked the fat woman in some surprise.

"Because it is block tin," softly murmured the solemn-faced man, as he gazed out of the window and across the wintry waste with a far-away look in his eye.

Mosaics.

Russian proverb: Steel likes to be called gray silver.

Nubian proverb: Heaven sends almonds to the toothless.

Russian proverb: People love truth, but invite the liar to dinner.

The great world spins forever down the ringing grooves of change.

Kroumir proverb: If a dog has money he is called "Your Lordship the dog."

One should choose for a wife such a woman as he would choose for a friend were she a man.

Young, one is rich in all the future that he dreams; old, one is poor in all the past that he regrets.

It is sweet for but one hour,
To lose sight of clouds that lower,
And catch of happiness' bright bower
A moment's view.

We all have in our hearts a secret place where we keep free from the contact of the world our sweetest remembrances.

He is the true conqueror of pleasure who can make use of it without being carried away by it, not he who abstains from it altogether.

We play at joy, and find our joy no pleasure;
We play at faith, and quickly throw it by;
We play at hope and think our joy a treasure,
Until time shows it scarcely worth a sigh.

In peace patriotism really consists only in this—that every one sweeps before his own door, minds his own business, also learns his own lesson, that it may be well with him in his own house.

Nature will be buried a great time, and yet revive upon occasions or temptation, like as it was with Æsop's damsel turned from a cat to a woman, who sat very demurely at the board's end till a mouse ran before her.

Christian faith is a grand cathedral with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors.

TROUBLES borrowed and stolen outnumber by far all others in the world.

SCIENTIFIC.

COLORING PRECIOUS STONES.—Prof. Williams has communicated to the Royal Society, England, the results of some investigations made by him of the phenomena presented by precious stones. The coloring matter of the emerald, usually attributed to iron, chromium, and organic matter, has been one of his points of research; he thinks that both emeralds and beryls contain carbon, but that it is probably in the form of diamond, and has really nothing to do with the color of the emerald, as colorless beryls may contain as much carbon as the richest tinted emerald, and he concludes therefore, that the color is due, in fact, to the presence of chromic oxide. Whatever may have been the temperature at which beryls and emeralds were formed Prof. Williams is of the opinion that rubies must have originated at a very high temperature, since, from his experiments, he has ascertained that the peculiar reaction between alumina and chomic oxide, to which the red color of the ruby is due, takes place only at a heat as high as that of the oxyhydrogen flame.

LINING BOILERS WITH COPPER.—M. Pupka, of Vienna, has published an account of his experiments in lining steam boilers with sheets of copper in order to hinder incrustation. He states that of the three plates which formed the bottom of a locomotive boiler, the two at the ends were covered with a sheet of copper 0.04 inches in thickness, the middle one being left bare, and the machine was used steadily for two years, and in districts where the water is of excessively bad quality. On removing the tubes a layer of incrustation four inches thick was found on the iron surface, while a deposit varying from only 0.03 to 0.12 inch thick appeared on the copper. The iron also was found corroded in many places to a depth of 0.02 inch, but the copper had remained perfectly clean and bright. M. Pupka states that the texture of the incrustation showed grains of a larger size on the iron than on the copper.

SUPERSEDURE OF SILK.—The extensive supersedure of silk by other fabrics, in England, of late, is remarked upon by the *British Trade Journal*, which attributes the change in this respect to the fact that some two or three years ago, when raw silk had been forced up to a very high price, the French dealers introduced a system of buying only the very finest sizes of silk yarn, getting twelve ounces loaded by dying up to forty ounces, this being done by dipping in cutch and logwood over and over again, precisely as in the process of dipping a candle of tallow. Silks of this description, though in appearance well got up, were so rotted and made so tender by the chemicals employed, that they could not possibly wear, and they went into cracks and holes, like burnt black paper, and the natural consequence was the substitution, on a very extensive scale, of other and more durable wearing materials.

THE best kind of paper is the class known as wove, and not as is commonly presumed, the laid paper, as it is termed. It is found that a varnish formed of Canadian balsam, dissolved in turpentine, supplies a most valuable means of making paper transparent. The mode by which this is most satisfactorily accomplished is by applying a pretty thin coating of this varnish to the paper, so as to permeate it thoroughly, after which it is to be coated on both sides with a much thicker sample. The paper is kept warm by performing the operation before a hot fire, and a third or even a fourth coating may be applied, until the texture of the paper is seen to merge into a homogeneous translucency. Paper prepared according to this process is said to come nearer than any other to the highest standard of perfection in transparent paper.

Bill Nye's Report of a Railroad Accident.

A Mormon paper having published an account of the killing of a woman by a locomotive, Bill Nye criticises the style in which the account was written and advises the Mormom editor as follows;

Of course we do not wish to seem officious but a reporter ought to be more graphic, and not allow his vivid imagination to run away with him.

Suppose for instance, he had adopted about this style.

"The men on the pony yelled the tops of their heads off almost, in trying to warn the alternate wife of Brother Sharp off the track. They continued to whistle and yank the bell cord, but it didn't seem to count on an old woman who hadn't heard it thunder for seventeen years. On sailed the unfortunate high-priced imported fraction of a Mormon house-hold, marching into the jaws of death with the same sang froid and embonpoint with which she would mash a Z. C. M. I. potato bug at her own home.

On sped the engine like a demon, shrieking through the pulseless air, its steel armor glittering in the morning sun. The engineer caught the valve rod and reversed it, closing the nasal injector, and thus slightly decreasing the swift velocity of the iron horse, but to no avail. In an instant the pilot of the engine had caught the old woman by the paletot and hurled her into the mysterious ultimately. Slowly and sadly the undertaker clomb the apricot tree for her remains. Sorrowfully he put her shoulder-blades around behind her and established her nose once more in the middle of her features. Calmly and decently he gathered up her false teeth out of the adjoining radish bed, and assorted them as best he could. Then he called the coroner, and toward evening the jury, not rashly and precipitately, but coolly and calmly, told the old man that his fractional wife was dead. Thus another Mormon house is partially desolated, and another warm, manly heart is made ache to some extent. Another good and noble man is made to measurably suffer, and another Christian becomes a fractional widower.

"In the midst of life we are at any moment liable to be knocked galley west."

A NEW YORK dentist says it hurts the tooth more than the patient, but that's poor consolation. The tooth doesn't have to pay for being hurt.

STEES 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 pain or inconvenience caused. Try a bottle. For sale by Druggists.

Merell, Sahlgaard, & 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 Farquier 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

LEADING BUSINESS MEN OF ST. PAUL, - - MINN.

ARCHITECTS.
E. P. BASSFORD, German Amer. Bank Building.
H. S. TREHERNE, C. E., 19 Gilfillan Block.
A. D. HINSDALE, Pressley Block.
A. M. RADCLIFF, Ingersoll Block.
J. WALTER STEVENS, Davidson Block, Rooms 25 and 26.

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

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
SHERWOOD HOUGH, 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. BAILEY, 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.
B. KUHL & 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 unsurpassed.
Special and Prompt Trains Every Day.
Leave Union station at 9 and 10 a. m., 4, 6:15 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 in St. Paul in time for horse cars to any part of the city. Friday afternoon concerts from 4 to 9:50 by the Great Union Band. 179*

ELMO LODGE,
LAKE ELMO, MINNESOTA.
Twelve miles from St. Paul, on Chicago, St. Paul & Omaha R. R. Six trains every day except Sunday) leave Union Depot 6 a. m., 9:35 a. m., 10:20 a. m., 1:45 p. m., 5:20 p. m. and 8:45 p. m. Special train every Thursday at 7 p. m., and Sunday at 2 p. m.
Row and sail boats, swings, gymnasium, etc. Fishing excellent. Special prices to families. JAMES F. SPENCER, Prop. 216

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Office 91 and 92 East Fourth street, between Robert and Jackson. J. JONES.

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FAIRBANKS STANDARD SCALES! | ECLIPSE SELF-REGULATING 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.

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B. KUHL & CO., WHOLESALE LIQUORS & WINES.
We have the control of this market of the unrivaled O. F. C., the Hume and Crystal Springs Whiskies and are also handling the W. H. McBrayer's and Nelson Whiskies and Guckenheimer 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.
SCHLIEK & CO., 89 East Third Street & 331 Wabashaw, Cor. 4th
Leading Boot and Shoe House of the Northwest. Agency for "BURT'S," "GRAY BROS.," "REYNOLDS BROS.," and many other leading makers. The only complete stock in the city. Mail orders promptly filled.

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AUERBACH, FINCH & VAN SLYCK.
The Only Leading Dry Goods House in the Northwest.
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