

AN ENTERTAINING THEME

Pine Lands and Pine Land Men of Minnesota. To the Editor of the Globe: I am a pine land man. Some of your readers may have learned that fact from recent sensational proceedings and newspaper reports. I am aware that among the rural simplicities of some of the north-west and a certain class of hyper-moralists a pine land man is considered a little worse than a highway robber and only a trifle better than the culprit guilty of arson, larceny and rape. Nevertheless I am a pine land man, and being somewhat pestered on pine lands and pine land men, and methods in Minnesota, after a prayerful consideration of the subject in which I have wrestled with temptations like Swedenborg in his dreams of amorous women, I have overcome the reluctant spirit and resolved to enlighten your readers on the practical subject of PINE LANDS.

Take a recent map of Minnesota. Put your pencil at a point on the St. Croix river due east from Harris Station on the St. Paul & Duluth railroad; thence draw a direct line northwardly to Belle Prairie, on the Mississippi, and onward to Detroit, Becker county, and on the Northern Pacific; thence strike a due north line to the national boundary. All that part of Minnesota lying north and east of your pencil line, including the section north of Lake Superior, is the pine region of Minnesota. It embraces more than one-third, almost one-half, of the area of the state. This region, however, is not one continuous pine forest. Indeed it is only dotted here and there with "clumps" and groves of merchantable pine. The "jack" and scrub pines that largely prevail are of little or no value. And interspersed throughout this entire section are numerous tracts of hardwood, burnt brush and prairie lands and innumerable lakes, lagoons, marshes and morasses. This region is indeed a great sponge which receives and holds the rains of heaven. From it oozes the waters of the Gitchee-Gumee-Sebec (the St. Louis river), flowing into the Gitchee-Gumee of the Chippewas, Lake Superior, and thence through the Saint Ste Marie and over Niagara to the Atlantic ocean, and also the waters of the Mississippi (a corruption of the Chippewa name, Gitchee-Big-Sebec-River), that drive the floating mills of Minnesota and bear the amber dust of the plumed pines to the briny waters of the tropic gulf.

Here, too, are the sources of the Red River of the North and the Rainy river, winding northward through Lake Winnipeg and Nelson's river to the icy waters of Hudson's bay. This region is the home of our cousins, the moose, the red deer, the bear, the wolf, the lynx, the fox, the otter, the marten, the mink, the muskrat, the muskallonge, the whitefish, the water-turtle and the Ojibway Indian. That odorous animal with white stripes and bushy tail, sometimes called the "city editor," also inhabits this region. Strange as it may seem this wilderness of woods and waters is not only geologically, but historically the oldest section of Minnesota. DuLuth and his hardy couriers du bois explored this region more than two hundred years ago and established trade with the Ojibways and the Dakotas.

I learn from an able historical sketch recently published in France by Victor Hugo that the first pine logs ever taken down the Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony were cut and rafted by the celebrated Daniel Greysolon Du Luth at the spot where now stands the city of Brainerd. On this raft Du Luth and the two moose-footed Dakotas maidens who mended his mocassins and kindled his camp-fire floated leisurely in the golden, gleam and dreamy days of 1679 down the Gitchee-Gumee to the Big River—to the "Ha-Ha" of the Dakotas—now the Falls of St. Anthony (so named by Father Hennepin because when he visited the falls he was suffering with "injin itch," which he mistook for "St. Anthony's dance.")

These historic logs upon which, old settlers say, was born the great-grandfather of Detective Marshall, the famous "Bloodhound of the Prairies," are the only logs or timber of any magnitude ever floating in these famous falls that ever escaped paying toll or tribute to that ancient and charitable corporation, "The Mississippi and Rum River Boom Company." Father Hennepin, the companion and defamer of La Salle, after whom was named the once magnificent county of Hennepin (now, alas, absorbed by the extended limits of "Chennepin" city of Minneapolis), and also the Indian grubbing granite and "stone," "devil dice" "Chennepin," which the holy father is said to have introduced among the savages, spent the winter of 1680-81 at Mille Laes lake—the M'de Waken—(spirit lake) of the Dakotas, as the "guest" of Chief Aquiquaquetin and his band. It was said that Father Hennepin won his way right royally by playing "Chennepin" with the guileless sons of the forest. Beads, blankets, bear and beaver skins, wampum and women, were recklessly staked on the hazard of the game by the bronzed warriors of the wilderness; and although Father Hennepin himself is too modest to mention it in his "Description de la Louisiane," it was broadly hinted by La Salle and generally credited at the French court, that the holy father won with his game of "Chennepin" so many moon-faced maidens of the band that it required ten times as many to house his harem. John Gilmary Shea, the able translator and annotator of Hennepin, intimates that this was probably the real cause of the coolness between Du Luth and the holy father. It is said that the descendants of Hennepin's numerous "bois brules" are scattered over the whole northwest.

One of these "burnt-wood" sons, who was like his father, noted for the adroit skill with which he could turn the desired dice in the deceiving game of "chennepin," and the looks, childlike and bland, with which he entertained the other players while he manipulated the dice and won their blankets and beaver skins, is said to have been the great-grandfather of the popular author of "Pillsbury's Best." On account of his skill and shrewdness at the favorite game of "chennepin," the early French traders and voyageurs gave him the sobriquet of "Le Jean Honnete"—"Honest John," which is said to have descended in regular succession to the well known and popular gentleman who now meekly wears the sobriquet.

Last summer, at the saw mill of W. D. Washburn & Co., at Anoka, a small silver crucifix was cut out of the pine butt of a pine log that had found its way to the mill from the Indian reservation at Mille Laes. The rings of growth around this imbedded crucifix proved that it had been placed in its position exactly two hundred and one years before the tree was cut, which agrees precisely with the time Father Hennepin intimates that he was obliged to create his sacred symbols from the covetous eyes of the Indians, this, beyond doubt, is the

holy father's crucifix. If so, it has mysterious and even miraculous power. It tamed the hearts of the savages, protected the person of its possessor from the arts of vile witches and evil spirits, and could change truth into lies and lies into truth. Several trials of the power of this magic crucifix have recently been had. It charms the most venomous reptiles and extracts confessions and conspiracies from the reluctant bowels of confederates. This crucifix was created by a certain M. C. to Detective William H. Marshall, the whilom famous and self-styled "Bald-headed Charger of the Prairies," with the particular request that he make use of this miraculous power to detect and punish the bare-faced pre-emptors and other audacious men engaged in conspiracies to defraud the Minnesota Pine Land syndicate out of the public pine lands in the state of Minnesota. It was with this silver crucifix, I am told, that Detective Marshall extracted those revelations of damnable conspiracies from the reluctant bowels of shinglemill Lovejoy, and prevailed on the pious Deacon Spaulding to sacrifice, on the altar of his country, his dearest and only friend—the sunny-haired editor of the Duluth Tribune.

This historical region is watered by innumerable lakes and rivers. Pine logs from it can be floated not only to the St. Croix and its tributaries to Stillwater and below, and down the thousand tributaries of the Mississippi to the impassable barriers of the booms at Minneapolis, and down the branchy St. Louis to Knife Falls and Duluth, but also down the tributaries of the "Bloody river"—the Red River of the North, to Breckenridge, Fargo, Moorhead, Grand Forks, Pembina and Winnipeg, and down the tributaries of Rainy lake and Rainy river through the Woods to Rat Portage on the Canadian Pacific railroad, and the great landlocked seas and natural canals of Manitoba. There is probably pine enough still standing in this vast region, if protected from forest fires and economically cut, to supply the demands of Minnesota and Dakota for a hundred years. The main and vexed question now is, shall it be "gobbled" by the favored few, parcelled among the many? Large quantities—several thousand millions feet—of the best pine are standing on the Indian reservations of Mille Laes ("gobbled" by the syndicate) Leech Lake, ("gobbled" by the syndicate) Leech Lake, (being manipulated for the syndicate), White Earth, Wabigooshish, (damned and will be flowed, so as to compel the sale of the land for the benefit of the syndicate) and Bois Fort, all within the limits of this pine region. This section is not valuable for its pine alone, it also contains many valuable tracts of oak, ash, elm, maple, linden, larch, spruce, birch and cedar. Not many years ago it was considered unfit for agricultural purposes, but the gardens of the lumbermen and the fields of the many hardy settlers are rapidly demonstrating that much of it is more productive than our prairie lands. Tame grasses, corn, wheat, potatoes and garden vegetables wax and grow fat in this wilful desert of the pines.

As a farming region it is better than New England, New York, Pennsylvania or Virginia. The day is not far distant when it will be the homes of tens of thousands of hardy and contented tillers of the soil. Indeed many hundreds of agricultural settlers have already penetrated this terra incognita, and are looking out for themselves fertile fields and happy homesteads. When railroads penetrate it, as they shortly will, it will be transformed, as if by magic, from a wilderness of woods and waters to fields of golden grain and corn and clover. The white cottages of thrifty farmers will gleam through the somber branches of the pines where now curls only the silent smoke from the wigwams of the wandering Chippewas.

And the Saxon's silver laughter, glistening in his hair, as he gazes, will shake the shadows of the forest where now only the hoot of the owl, the bugle of the loon, and the wail of the sorrowing Indian mope in summer, and in winter, the strokes of the lumberman's axe and the merry whistle of the teamster, awake the echoes of the forest primeval and startle the rabbit and the grouse.

The entire region lying north and northwest of Lake Superior abounds also in silver, copper, slate, granite, and the finest iron ore yet discovered on the western continent. Gold also has been found at Vermilion Lake and in the rocks of Rainy Lake, and the Lake of the Woods. The entire region at the head of and north of Lake Superior is volcanic, which accounts perhaps for the frequent and frightful eruptions and convulsions in the Duluth land office and the politics of that portion of the "Bloody Fifth."

Having thus mapped out and described the field of my labors, I will, with your permit, refer in my next letter to the trials and tribulations of the early lumbermen, and the struggles, methods and Christian fortitude of the men who "wrestle" with half-breed scrip, "Chippewa applications," soldiers' homesteads, pre-emptions, railroads and lumbermen's department decisions and special legislation for the benefit of the "immortal few." Respectfully, H. L. GONDON. MINNEAPOLIS, July 23, 1883.

WINSTON, FORSYTH CO., N. C. GENTS—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtues of your bitters. Very respectfully, REV. H. FERRELL.

The Wheat Lands. Reports received at the state immigration department yesterday confirm the fair prospect of a good wheat yield in the Red River valley and also in the northern tier of Minnesota counties. In Wadena county the cutting of winter wheat commences to-day and spring wheat is reported ripening rapidly. Three different writers report from Becker county that there will be an average wheat yield in that county of seventeen bushels to the acre. A great change has been wrought in the condition of the crops since the last report on the line of the Manitoba road. The much needed rain arrived in time to save what looked to be an entire failure of the crop. There is not the least doubt that wheat will average upward of twenty bushels to the acre. The grain has not only stood well, but it is now looking better for the past two years looked finer or more promising than now. In fact, farm products of all kinds are on the boom. Wheat will all be No. 1 hard this year. Last reports of crops in the locality of Morris show that they are looking very fine. Farmers think the prospect is excellent for a big crop.

Reports from Dickinson and Villard are to the same end. *Those who deaden sensation and stupefy the patient to relieve suffering make a sad mistake. They proceed upon the false idea that it is legitimate to procure relief from pain by destroying physical sensibility. This method, carried to the last extremity, would kill the patient to end suffering. It is not presumed that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will raise the dead, but it often does restore those who are given up as hopeless cases.

DEVIL'S LAKE.

The Editorial Excursion to That Famous Resort—The Legend of the Lake as Told by a Blackfoot Squaw. In the necessarily hurried resumé of the trip of the excursion of the Minnesota Editorial association to Devil's Lake, Winnipeg and Lake of the Woods, appearing in the GLOBE of yesterday, there were several omissions of interesting incidents, but more annoying, the failure to recognize the fact that Major T. M. Newson, of St. Paul, in the toasts and responses at the banquet at the Lake View house, Devil's Lake, Thursday evening, the 19th, was among the speakers. The toast to which Major Newson was called upon to respond, was: "Devil's Lake—Its past history and prospective greatness." In introducing his theme, Major Newson alluded in some most pertinent and happy allusions to the rapid like growth of the city of Devil's Lake and its promising prospects, which he followed by giving the subjoined legend:

Paha-Wakon, The Sacred Descent; OR MINNE-WAKON, THE DEVIL'S POSSESSIONS—DEVIL'S LAKE. This is not a Sioux legend, but was told to Taacangi by a Blackfoot woman, who had been long a prisoner among the Sioux. From what I can learn from this legend and other sources, formerly all that country lying between the Missouri river on the east and the Rocky mountains on the west, is said to have been a garden of Paradise, overflowing with game, flowers, shrubbery, etc., but, as this legend was changed in three days to what it now is. The point designated is no doubt what is at present known as the Bad Lands, and Devil's lake, including the buttes which appear in various directions, and the legend has more in it than the casual observer would at first suspect. The Blackfoot squaw says:

The Indians camped upon the banks of the Missouri, had sent to a few of their brethren who were located at the foot of a very large mound some distance from them, to say that for three days the prophet, or medicine man of their band, had been in a swoon, and that they had watched him during that time and his lips had never ceased to move as in prayer, and begged them to join them in offerings to the Great Spirit, as they feared some calamity was about to befall them. The mound Indians were a desperate class—the band mostly murderers—and knowing their own wickedness, this information made them feel sad. Calling all his braves together, the chief told them the news—that he had heard from the other Indians—and besought them to go each one at once and make offerings. All did so, and donning gay garments, went into mourning. That same night at 12 o'clock the few who slept were awakened by the rumbling of thunder, the rain falling like knives (stones) upon their tepees, the lightning darting apparently into their very lodges, and a wind blowing that threatened every moment to tear their homes to pieces. All at once there was a great noise, as if crying in the camp. Amid confusion and bustle, all ran out to see what it was, when, suddenly the whole heavens gave way and fell upon the top of the mound, while the Indians there themselves upon the ground not daring to look up. Again the heavens seemed to fall and close upon the mound, and this time accompanied with great darkness. Then a sudden panic seized upon them all and with one accord they rushed into their wigwams. What happened furthermore, no one knew, as they recollect, until morning, when awakened, as it were from sleep, although they had not slept, their view of the mountains was black, as if scorched by lightning; whole country darkened and smoke issuing from the tops of some of the mounds; one night had rendered the country a desert. They looked for their horses—all were dead! Then in camp a loud cry came from the women; their meats and provisions were all full of worms, caused by the intense heat. They knew then they must now leave the mound, and they uttered amid universal lamentations their trail and marched southwest. In every direction the country was the same. At night some of these mounds spit out fire, and will-o'-wispes floated around everywhere, trying to lure them to destruction. The earth rumbled and the air was thick with sulphur. For three days they traveled thus, when all of a sudden they came to a large body of water, where formerly they had seen many signs of a tropical climate, and where birds of gay and many colors sang their morning songs. All was now dark, gloomy, dead. Gone were the forest songsters and the young gazelle with its dove eyes; gone the flowers; gone the game; gone the grand trees and the gentle summer breeze; and in their places was a vast sheet of water, with upheavals of rock, and black, smoldering rains, and dark clouds, and curling smoke, and looming dark, dancing in the distance. They changed their course and winding around the lake came to a mound which hid the water from their view, and here they heard what appeared to them human voices. They listened, and the song was so wild and so weird that they could not stir—they were spell-bound.

"Chancing, swinging, singing, singing, Dancing devils all are we, Piping, peeping, peering, creeping, How we mingle in our glee, Ho! ho! shout them in; Shout them in!" "Tis the reward of early sin! Now we laugh and now we grin; And he! he! ho! ho! ho! Pitch them in and pitch them in, And he! he! ho! ho! ho! Along the shining bank we go, With our he! he! ho! ho! ho!" Several of the Indians stealthily crept to the top of the mound, and peering over beheld a scene of the most startling character. On the shore but a short distance from them was a very large animal, apparently, resembling the human race with enormous protruding ears, peculiar hoofs, a dark, swarthy face, horribly distorted; a gay, fiery sash about his loins, a long caudal extremity resting upon the ground, and in his hands a wooden pitchfork, which he used with great dexterity. Gathered about him were not less than a thousand young figures resembling the older one, and when they sang they all swayed to and fro, pitching into the lake what appeared to be human bodies. At the end of each verse of the song the earth rumbled with a loud noise, fire belched out from the many small mounds surrounding the lake; dark, pitchy smoke filled the atmosphere and the dancing figures opened up to the imagination a vivid picture of hell itself, especially as they sang and danced and sang "He! he! ho! ho! ho!" Confused, frightened, horrified at what they had seen, the Indians ran down the mound, over the blackened earth, screaming as they ran—"Minne-Wa-Kon! Minne-Wa-Kon!" "Devil's Lake! Devil's Lake," and from that day to this the lake has ever borne this peculiar name. They continued rapidly on their march south for three days, when the country

appeared to grow better; and finally, when they approached a game country, they all stopped, offered sacrifices, and then they did the earth, and to ramble and the air began to be pure. But the Indians never after could remain in that country. Thus, for the sins of a portion of a nation, was a whole people made to suffer, and a country, which before was a paradise, became a desert." This at least was the Indian belief. The belief contains more truth than fiction, for I have traveled over this land and have marked its peculiar characteristics. After leaving Bismarck on the one side, or Sidney and Cheyenne and Grand Forks on the other, great plains stretch out before the eye, broken only by immense masses of rock, which are lifted high up in the air, and then the vision is again uninterrupted for miles and miles. How these huge piles of stones came upon these vast plains, no one could account for without a cause, and I am satisfied that the ground that at some period in the past a great volcanic eruption took place in the northeast, and passing along southwest broke through the thinnest crust of the earth and left these heavy deposits of rock. In corroboration of this theory I note the fact that all these buttes come along in a straight line from the northeast to the southwest; that they here would be a large uplift, some three or four hundred feet high, while several miles southwest would be another, and so on, for miles and miles across these great plains. These uplifts, at a distance, present the appearance of houses and barns, but as you approach them the illusion disappears. Then again, we find mounds, beneath which is rock, the volcanic force not having been strong enough to throw the stone to the time this eruption took place, the Missouri river, on the east side, we discover where the volcanic fire have spent their fury on the edge of the river, where great peaks or mountains appearing, upon the tops of which I found black, scorched rock, mixed with sulphur, mica and iron slag, very clearly indicating that the volcanic wave from the northeast was arrested in its progress by the river, and hence left its mark. No doubt, at the time this eruption took place, the sun was darkened, the earth shook and rumbled, and the air was full of sulphur and falling stones, and it was probably at or about this period that this legend originated, based upon a fact instead of fiction. So, too, I may say of the country and its surroundings, its game, its foliage, its animals. The remains of some of the largest turtles ever known have been discovered in this region, also of extinct birds, and of great trunks of trees have been discovered in the bowels of the earth. Petrified wood is obtained here in great abundance, the soil is very rich, all going to show that at one period, in the history of this country, it was a paradise, the loved home of the Indian; but that suddenly its beauty was destroyed; its animals killed; its pure air changed to a noxious and poisonous water turned into a sulphur gas, and shrubbery obliterated, not by an act of the Great Spirit, as is believed by the Indians, but by a law of nature producing just what the exterior surface of the earth demonstrates has been produced by natural causes. No one who has traveled this country and knows anything of its history can arrive at any other conclusion; so that this legend is especially interesting as opening a new train of thought of vast importance for further researches in the great northwest, and especially interesting as to the origin of Devil's Lake.

Vital Questions! Ask the most eminent physician of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always? And they will tell you unhesitatingly "Some form of Hops!" Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians: "What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs, such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention of urine, and all other diseases of the organs and ailments peculiar to women?" "And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "Bach's."

Ask any of the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, ague, etc., and they will tell you: "Bach's!" "And they will tell you: Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a [Concluded next week.]

HARDENED IN SIN. Some of the Parties Who Passed in Review Before Judge Burr Yesterday. B. O'Neill, a young eight-year-old lad, was before Judge Burr yesterday, charged with disorderly conduct. His life illustrates that of many other boys who, even at this tender age, have passed beyond paternal restraint and become hardened in sin, if not actual crime, and it is of such material that our worst criminals are made. This lad O'Neill was a bright looking little fellow, but was a terror of the neighborhood where he lived, and his mischief and bad doings were traceable to a year. His mother has been dead nearly a year, and one of the worst things he ever did was to throw a stick of wood at her head as she lay on her death-bed. He was guilty of ill usage toward his little sisters, and the particular charge against him yesterday was that of throwing stones and breaking in windows. The court, being cognizant of many things in his past conduct, decided to send him to the reformatory school, that being the best place for him. Another lad named Snksa, older, but not considered so bad, was caught in bad company and sentenced to the reform school, but sentence was suspended for thirty days or during good behavior.

The cases of James Bull and J. Walsh, arrested on suspicion, having in their possession goods supposed to have been stolen, were continued until the 31st, the state not being ready for trial. In default of \$1,000 bail each they were committed to the care of Sheriff O'Gorman. J. C. McCarthy and Jas. Bell will appear for trial to-day. Martin Milan, arrested on two warrants, was continued until the 30th. C. Allan paid \$5 for a simple drunk, and Jacob Sullivan, an old court visitor, was ordered out of town, and will have to get his liquor in some quiet village like the "saw dust" city. W. Morrison and W. McDonald, vagrants, were ordered to leave the city. A young lad named Henry Pottegeiser, for stealing six fruit dishes from a Mrs. Johnson was sent to the reform school, sentence being suspended.

ASHERBURNHAM, Mass., Jan. 14, 1880. I have been very sick over two years. They all gave me up as past cure. I tried the most skillful physicians, but they did not reach the worst part. The lungs and heart would fill up every night, and I was so weak that I could not get up. I told my children I was about to die in peace until I had tried Hop Bitters. I have taken two bottles. They have helped me very much indeed. I am now well. There was a lot of sick people in my family, and they helped me, and they used them and are cured, and I am as thankful as I do that there is so valuable a medicine made.

RAIL AND RIVER.

The Canadian Pacific. [Manitoba Free Press, 23.] General Manager Van Horne, of the C. P. R., with his assistant Mr. A. H. B. Piers, arriving from Montreal on Saturday evening, having come by way of the lakes and Port Arthur. Gen. Supt. Egan was on an official visit to the Landing with car No 77, and hearing of the probable arrival of the magnates of the road and general manager at Port Arthur, had official car No 10 sent for, to receive them. Both cars returned with the regular express on Saturday night, which was one of the largest trains that has yet come over the Thunder Bay branch since its transfer to the Canadian Pacific railroad. A Free Press representative met the general manager at the depot yesterday when a general talk ensued on the Canadian Pacific railroad affairs. Mr. Van Horne, with his usual courteous and affable manner, discussed railway construction freely and is buoyant with hope as to the great success in store for the Canadian Pacific in the not distant future. He predicts that in two years from now the entire line will be completed through from Montreal to the Pacific Ocean. President Stephen, Vice President McIntyre and other leading officers of the road took a flying trip over the eastern portion of the line above Ottawa, and are satisfied with the progress being made in construction. They returned, however, to Montreal. Mr. Van Horne states that they will return again along with him about the latter end of August and proceed west to fully inaugurate the operation of the C. P. R. for traffic from Winnipeg to Calgary. He further adds that construction through the Rockies will be pushed on vigorously during the winter, with the hope that ere two years a junction will have been effected between Calgary and Kamloops. B. C. Construction east of Port Arthur is progressing at a rate which exceeds most sanguine expectations of the C. P. R. authorities, and the line will soon be fully completed to Nipigon. Mr. Van Horne will not go west on this visit, as he intends to return to Port Arthur on Thursday and the engineers in that district have received instructions to locate the road as closely as possible to Lake Superior, in order to facilitate the obtaining of supplies by water. This section will, it is thought, along with the Rocky Mountain division also be completed within the two years. Work is being rushed on the Selkirk and Emerson branches, and by another season other tributary lines are to receive attention at the hands of the company. The general manager is pleased with the success which has attended the Thunder Bay branch since its opening, and predicts, with the C. P. R. fleet of steamers placed on Lake Superior next season, a large increase in the time of travel between Montreal and Winnipeg.

Important Railway Suit. A complaint was filed in the district court yesterday by James Bissett against the St. Paul Railway company. The plaintiff alleges that he went into the employment of defendant, the latter agreeing to furnish medical attendance if he should incur injury or contract disease while in service. On November 22, 1882, plaintiff fell from the ground and sustained a fracture of his right arm, and broke his arm. The defendant placed him in charge of its authorized surgeon to have the injury treated, but plaintiff alleges the surgeon was incompetent, careless and negligent, through which carelessness and incompetency he became permanently crippled, disabled and disfigured. The complaint further alleges that the defendant had full notice and knowledge of the incompetency of its surgeon, and asks damages in the sum of \$15,000.

Gen. Passenger Agent Alexander, of the St. Paul & Manitoba road, has gone east. Two car loads of machinery have arrived from New York by the Albert Lea route in seven days. Land Commissioner Drake states that the reports from the southwest part of the state show the crops to be in splendid condition. J. H. Jack, traveling agent of the Northern Pacific, is on his way from Iowa to St. Paul and will arrive here to-day with twenty-two people en route to the Yellowstone park. Thomas Booth, president of the Elk Valley Farm company, of Larimore, is in St. Paul purchasing machinery for the company. He says he will have twenty-two bushels of wheat to the acre. W. H. Dixon, general northwestern agent of the Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul road, reached Helena Thursday last on his way to Portland, Oregon, by the way of Missoula and other points on the line of the Northern Pacific, and left Helena on the morning of the 21st. *Mean people take advantage of their neighbor's difficulties to annoy them." Mean diseases, such as piles, rheumatism, constipation, dyspepsia, malaria, lame backs, etc., take advantage of people's exposures and attack them. It is then that Kidney-Wort appears on the field and by its timely agency puts to rout this flock of evil ailments. It is a friend in need is a friend indeed.

THE COURTS. Probate Court. [Before Judge McGorty.] Estate of Phoebe Elasser, deceased; hearing final account of executor. Estate of Archibald Graham, deceased; executor's bond filed and approved and letters issued. Estate of James Callahan, deceased; petition for assignment of estate to heirs set for hearing August 20, at 10 a. m. Estate of Annie C. Wanzler, deceased; executor's bond filed and approved and letters issued. Estate of Wm. G. Ewing Jr., deceased; final account and petition for distribution of estate filed, hearing August 20, 10 a. m. Estate of J. C. Burbank, deceased; account of executor examined and allowed.

CATARH OF THE BLADDER. STIMULANT Irritation, all Kidney and Urinary Complaints cured by "Bach's," \$1. Articles of Incorporation. Articles of incorporation were filed with the secretary of state yesterday by Frank Jones, R. C. Jones, Theophilus Thibsen, Geo. Campbell and W. H. Welch, of the St. Hilaire Navigation and Boom company. The business of the corporation is the construction, equipment and building of boats and vessels to ply on Red Lake and Red Lake river and its tributaries, ponds and sloughs for lumbering and freight purposes, and for utilizing water power for manufacturing. The principal place of business is at St. Hilaire, Polk county. The time for commencing the business is August 1st, and to continue for fifty years. The capital stock is \$50,000, in 2,000 shares of \$25 each. Amended articles of incorporation were filed with the secretary of state yesterday by the Winona Plow company, by Walter A. Scott, president, and D. S. Kerr, secretary. By these amendments the capital

stock is placed at \$100,000, 2,000 shares of \$50 each, 50 per cent. of which is to be paid at the time of subscription, and the balance as a majority of the stockholders may elect. The highest amount of indebtedness or liability is placed at \$25,000. The board of directors are V. Simpson, W. A. Scott, O. B. Gould, C. H. Potter, D. S. Kerr, C. F. Schrock, T. L. Randall, S. Sandborn and Geo. W. Clark. *Nothing so simple and perfect for coloring as the Diamond Dyes. For carpet rags, better and cheaper than any other dye-stuffs. OUR CITY AFFAIRS. A Visitor Who Wonders Why Things are Thus in the Municipal Court—Other Points. To the Editor of the Globe: St. PAUL, July 25. As a stranger I would like to ask through the medium of your most excellent journal a question or two which are to me veritable conundrums quite beyond my power of solution. Why is it that at the municipal court no order nor discipline nor dignity is maintained; that prisoners and witnesses alike steal from their seats and take possession of the judge's car and buzz and buzz away like so many mosquitoes, while the public and the press, too, I am sure are totally ignorant of everything which is going on. Even the judge's decision is not heard. I attended the handsome court this morning. The clerk proceeding to a feeble sergeant or some other official in a feeble voice, while a constant chat was going on, mumbled the accustomed "Hear ye, hear ye, etc." The chatting and the moving about still continued and through the din the judge's voice could just be heard in calling the first case on the calendar, (is calendar right?) When a lawyer stepped up and whispered something in the judge's ear, and another case was called. This to me a prisoner left his seat, approached the next bench, leaned his greasy sleeves upon the judicial desk and buttoning the judge, whispered his tale. Another case and a witness one side and a prisoner the other, fairly bothered (both ears) the judge, and so the morning's work went through. I left the court house without knowing anything of a single case brought before his honor and the judge's name. There was not a preliminary hearing at the bench. During the whole proceeding, as each defendant observed as there could be a preliminary lobbying at a country cantor. Do you think, Mr. Editor, that this is becoming a city of the size and pretensions of St. Paul. It appears to me that all cases coming into a municipal, as well as any other court, should be heard publicly, that the witnesses should take the stand and made to speak out loudly and clearly, that the officers should keep strict silence in the court, that no one should be allowed to leave his place and chat with the judge—he should be irreproachable in every sense of the word. And, too, prisoners and public aud even lawyers should be restrained from scattering tobacco juice in every direction. If there is no dignity in a judge and no decorum in the court house the law must lose much of its majesty.

Why is it the mayor does not enforce some of the city ordinances enacted for the protection of the public; such as that regulating the charges made by expressmen and the city hacks, instead of wasting his zeal and energy in driving out of town a useless class of citizens because they sell on the streets? Why is it people who advocate temperance, honesty and morality sell liquors of all kinds and become agents for bittern (whose brand is alcohol) and other swindling quackeries, and thus grow fat on the credulity of the most credulous of all credulous people, the poor and afflicted, who will clutch at anything to save them from the terrible monster consuming them? ZIP.

WELL'S "ROUGH ON CORNS." Ask for Well's "Rough on Corns," 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions. The streets looked forsaken yesterday. Everybody who could possibly get away went out to White Bear. All of the morning trains were filled to overflowing with people anxious to witness the review. Yesterday afternoon a couple of the admirers of the many art, while in the Arbor saloon, put on the gloves for a friendly round or two. One of the trainees who was pretty full and becoming a little excited, dealt his antagonist a heavy blow which sent him reeling against the chimney cutting a deep gash on his forehead. A coroner's inquest was held yesterday afternoon at Simonet's undertaking rooms, over the remains of the infant found as stated in the GLOBE of yesterday. The young woman Augusta Johnson, who is in charge of the sheriff awaiting the result of the present investigation, admits that she has become a mother within the last four weeks, but claims that her child was dead at its birth. But her statement that the infant was buried in an old grave in the cemetery is not borne out by the facts. No evidence has yet been brought forward tending to show that Miss Johnson caused the death of the child. The inquest will be resumed this morning at 10 o'clock. A deplorable accident occurred about 5 o'clock Monday afternoon at the Sauble farm, some four miles from this city. Fred Belcher, a resident of South Stillwater, had been engaged to repair the corbing of Mr. Sauble's well. In order to accomplish the work a scaffold was built at a distance of eighteen feet below the top of the ground. Mr. Belcher had not been long on this platform before it fell with a crash, precipitating the unfortunate man to the bottom of the well. The first misfortune was immediately followed by a second and one infinitely worse—the caving in of the earth, which commenced falling in great clouds, striking on the broken scaffold below, beneath which lay the unfortunate well digger. The work of excavation, it is stated, was not commenced until yesterday morning, and it is thought by good judges that the immense quantity of dirt in the locality cannot be removed under four days at the least. From the treacherous nature of the ground, liable at any moment to give way, the utmost caution is required on the part of those engaged in the somewhat dangerous undertaking.

How the French Workman Lives. [Scientific News.] The French laborer probably gets more for his wages than any other. His food is cheaper and more nourishing. His bouillon is the liquid essence of beef at a penny per bowl. His bread at the restaurant is thrown in without any charge, and is the best bread in the world. His hot coffee and milk is peddled about the streets in the morning at a sou per cup. It is coffee,

not slop. For a few cents he may enjoy an evening's entertainment at one of the minor theaters, with his coffee free. Sixpence pays for a nicely cushioned seat at the theater, no gallery gods, no peanuts, pipe-smoke, no drunkenness, yelling or howling. The Jardin des Plantes, the vast galleries and museums of the Louvre, Hotel Cluny, palace of the Luxembourg and Versailles are free for him to enter. Art and science hold out to him their choicest treasures at small cost, or no cost at all. French frugality and economy do not mean that constant retrenchment and self-denial which would deprive life of everything which would give it value. Economy in France, more than in any other country, means a utilization of what America throws away; but it does not mean a pinching process reducing life to a barren existence of work and bread and water.

FLIES AND BUGS. Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats," 15c. Jews the Champion Chess Players. [Jewish Chronicle.] The result of the chess tournament was a veritable triumph for Jewish chess players. Out of the fourteen engaged in the chief or "master" tournament, no less than six were Jews. And in the prize lists the first prize was taken by a Jew, Zukertort, and the second prize was also adjudged to another Jew, Steinitz. Besides these, another Jew, English, secured the fifth prize, and a fourth, Rosenthal, obtained the prize allotted to the competitor who made the best score against the prize winner. Out of the eight prizes given no less than one-half were won by Jews. The very great number who take rank among the highest players, and the success of Zukertort and Steinitz, clearly indicate that there must be something in the Jewish intellect peculiarly adapted to the game. The mathematical bent of mind, the patience, perseverance and daring, and the peculiar quality known as long-headedness are all properties of the Jewish nature, which are equally valuable in business and for chess. From the times of the Talmud Jews have been pre-eminent at games similar to chess, and in modern times Jews have counted several of the best players for several generations.

The total exports of Canada for June were \$10,173,526; total imports \$9,099,651. Inland revenue collected was \$504,238; custom receipts \$1,600,440. LEGALS. Notice to Creditors. State of Minnesota, County of Ramsey—ss. In Probate Court, special term, July 24, 1883. In the matter of the estate of Annie C. Wanzler, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the Judge of Probate of the County of Ramsey will upon the 28th day of the month of October, A. D. 1883, at ten o'clock A. M., receive, hear, examine and adjust all claims and demands against said estate, and that six months from the date hereof have been allowed and limited for creditors to present their claims against said estate, at the expiration of which time all claims not presented or not proven to its satisfaction shall be forever barred, unless for good cause shown farther time be allowed. CHARLES WANZLER, Administrator of the estate of Annie C. Wanzler, deceased. July 25-1883-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY—ss. In Probate Court, special term, July 17, 1883. In the matter of the estate of Helen M. Hunt, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the Judge of Probate of the County of Ramsey will upon the 21st day of the month of August, September, October, November and December, A. D. 1883, at ten o'clock A. M., receive, hear, examine and adjust all claims and demands against said estate, and that six months from the date hereof have been allowed and limited for creditors to present their claims against said estate, at the expiration of which time all claims not presented or not proven to its satisfaction shall be forever barred, unless for good cause shown farther time be allowed. WM. B. McHORITY, Judge of Probate. July 18-1883-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY—ss. In Probate Court, in the matter of the estate of John S. Fomeroy, deceased. Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims and demands against the estate of John S. Fomeroy, late of Gettysburg in the state of Pennsylvania, deceased, that the Judge of the Probate Court hereby gives notice, examine and adjust all claims and demands against said estate, at the office in Saint Paul, in said county, on the first Monday of August, A. D. 1883, at 10 o'clock A. M., and that six months from the 25th day of June, 1883, have been limited and allowed by said Probate Court for creditors to present their claims. Dated this 25th day of June, A. D. 1883. JESSE L. TRINCENT, Administrator of the Estate of John S. Fomeroy, deceased. je 25-1883-5w

DWELLING HOUSE Insurance Co. (Organized in 1872.) Principal Office Boston, Mass. (Organized in 1872.) A. W. HOBART, President. H. F. PERKINS, Secretary. Cash Capital \$300,000. Total admitted assets \$875,047 95. 1. Assets. Value of real estate owned \$42,000 00 Loans secured by mortgages on real estate 72,439 37 Market value of all bonds and stocks 241,818 00 Cash on hand and in banks 15,338 82 Premiums in course of collection 681 75 All other assets 1,210 00 Total admitted assets \$875,047 95. 2. Liabilities. Capital stock paid up \$300,000 00 Reserve for reinsurance 65,969 84 Other liabilities 1,575 00 Total liabilities, including capital \$867,544 84 Net surplus \$8,503 11. 3. Income in 1882. From premiums received \$39,160 69 From interest and dividends 15,148 83 From rents and all other sources 716 86 Total income \$57,966 88. 4. Expenditures in 1882. Losses paid \$7,195 73 Dividends 25,536 00 Commissions and salaries 9,946 87 Salaries of officers and employees 9,600 00