

THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

Now, I's of a notion in my head dat when you come to die... You'll be astonished at de questions de angels gwine to ax...

FLEEING FROM A FORTUNE.

The sun rose propitiously bright on Grace Sylvester's wedding morn; the air was balmy, the sky blue, and all nature seemed in sympathy with the happy day.

Presently a stir awoke in the household, that soon swelled into a murmur of consternation. The bride was missing. Some one had gone to her chamber to awaken her and found it empty.

Grace Sylvester was a proud, impulsive girl, with a warm heart and impetuous temper. She was an only child, and somewhat spoiled, as was natural; but nothing that could be imagined or added could account for this unheard-of freak.

For a week previous to this now unlucky day, the Sylvester mansion had continuously opened its hospitable portals to arriving guests. Friends and relations of Mr. Frank Howard, the expectant bridegroom, crowded to do honor to the occasion.

This singular occurrence, therefore, could not possibly be preserved a secret, and the chagrined and distracted host and hostess had all the added misery of knowing that their daughter's inexplicable flight was the subject of all sorts of surmises and discussions by those who in set phrase endeavored to console with them, and at the same time hint at insanity as the only solution of such an unprecedented freak.

resolved to separate the lovers and win Frank for herself, even at the eleventh hour.

Her first interview with Grace convinced her that ardent and impulsive generosity was the strong point of her character. On this she acted.

"How oddly the gifts of fate are distributed!" said she, with a sigh, as they were talking together the night before the wedding. "One would think it was enough to get a beautiful wife, without grasping at a great fortune, too; but then Frank always had a keen eye for the main chance."

Grace's face flushed a deep, indignant crimson; her full, bright eyes flashed with sudden anger as she looked at May Prescott steadily.

"Pray explain yourself, Miss Prescott," she said. "I do not understand you in the least."

"What! have you never heard of the will of Frank's eccentric old Uncle Paul? But I am sorry; perhaps I have done wrong in mentioning it. No doubt he meant to deceive you—no, no! I don't mean that—I mean perhaps he did not wish you to know."

She affected to be overcome with confusion at her own inadvertence, and pretended to regret having said so much. Grace quietly but firmly demanded to know all.

"You have said too much to recede!" she exclaimed. "Tell me all there is to tell."

This was just the opportunity May desired. She arose to see that the door was closed; then, satisfied that she and Grace were alone together, she poured into her victim's ear the story whose result was Grace's flight from home.

The week passed anxiously enough to the three people who were awaiting the wayward bride's return. The appointed day came, and early in the morning a carriage stopped before the Sylvester mansion, and Grace alighted from it, followed by an old nurse, of whom she had always been fond, and whose presence explained the fact that Grace had been staying in her home, not five miles away.

Grace walked into the house with an air of mingled triumph and deprecation. After the strange greetings were over Mr. Sylvester, with attempted sternness, demanded the promised explanation, and this was the story:

"The night before my wedding day I learned, from some one who thought I already knew it, that Frank was about to inherit \$100,000 upon a strange condition. His uncle had died and left that amount to him, provided he married me within a year after the testator's death."

"I had never seen this uncle, but, as I learned from my informant, he had met me by chance in one of the New York hospitals, and, after taking the trouble to inquire my name, and no doubt satisfying himself of the suitability of the connection, he made up his eccentric mind that Frank should marry me or lose a large fortune in the event of disobeying his command."

"Now, though I am deeply obliged for the distinguished honor meant me by the deceased, I positively decline to be bartered away to any one at a stated price. It was sufficiently embarrassing to me to know that the old gentleman was attracted by a whim of mine, and mistook it for a characteristic virtue. The fact is, during that winter—my first in New York—I was seized with a fancy to vary my round of pleasures by an afternoon among the sick, to whom I carried the ever-welcome gift of fruits, and it was while I was distributing these offerings that the matrimonial project occurred to Frank's uncle."

"I am perfectly delighted," Grace answered.

"Will you take a little wedding gift from me, as I have not yet presented you with one?" Frank asked, meekly.

"With pleasure," Grace answered, as she extended her hand, expecting to receive a jewel case.

But, instead of that, a ponderous legal document was produced, at which Grace gazed in blank surprise.

Then Frank explained that, despite Miss Prescott's kind interest in their affairs, the fortune was not lost, as she had made a slight mistake in dates; and his uncle's discernment in selecting so charming a wife for him had made him the happiest of men.

May Prescott's chagrin at the failure of her conspiracy, and the delight of Grace's parents at her good fortune can easily be imagined.

Grace bore her partial defeat with charming equanimity, as she was quite convinced, by some mental process of her own, that she had her husband's love. So she was reconciled to the possession of a fortune!

A MISTAKE WAS MADE. A young lady gave "her young man" a beautifully worked pair of slippers, and he acknowledged the present by sending her his picture, incased in a handsome frame.

He wrote a note to send with it, and at the same time replied angrily to an oft-repeated dun for an unpaid-for suit of clothes. He gave a boy 10 cents to deliver the package and notes, giving explicit directions as to the destination of each.

It was a boy with a freckled face, and he discharged his errand in a manner that should give him a niche in the temple of fame.

The young lady received a note in her adored one's handwriting, and flew to her room to devour its contents. She opened the missive with eager fingers, and read:

"I'm getting tired of your everlasting attentions. The suit is about worn out already. It never amounted to much, anyway. Please go to thunder!"

And the tailor was so vexed utterly dumb when he opened a parcel and discovered the picture of his delinquent customer, with a note that said:

"When you gaze upon the features, think how much I owe you."

When the unfortunate young man called around that evening to receive the happy acknowledgment of his sweet-heart, he was ostentatiously shoved off the steps by the young lady's father. —San Francisco Chronicle.

COSTLY BUILDINGS.

The English Builder gives the cost of some of the recent buildings in Europe, and they are nearly all cheap, by American prices. The new Grand Opera House at Paris, the greatest in the world, cost \$8,000,000; but even so trivial a building as the Masonic Temple, in New York, opposite Booth's Theater, containing a few small halls, cost \$1,900,000.

The French Government spent on the new Paris Postoffice \$6,000,000; the United States the same on the New York Postoffice, and \$2,080,507 on the Boston Federal building. The Hotel de Ville in Paris was put up for \$8,000,000; the "new" Court House in New York cost \$12,000,000 to \$13,000,000, one-third or more stolen; and Philadelphia is rapidly laying away the cost of the Parisian building in the gigantic piles which is to house its City Government.

The English Foreign Office, recently built, cost \$2,750,000; the State Department at Washington, which is just now approaching completion, cost in all \$1,500,000, which is about equalled by the State Capitals of two or three States, Illinois and Connecticut.

THE DEMAND FOR COMPETENT PRINTERS.

We take the remarks printed below from the Stereotypist. The room they occupy will not be wasted if, by their publication, one worker in our art becomes possessed with new ambition to excel: "There is a growing demand for printers to take responsible positions, as foremen, superintendents, etc., but the reply to all such demands is that the men for the places are difficult to find. Skilled workmen there are in various special kinds of work; but not so the men capable of assuming the direction of the work of others in a manner to produce the best results. The fault for this lies with the printers themselves for the most part, because they will not take the pains to learn anything more than the kind of work they are likely to be called upon to do. Ask them to arrange an office so as to best utilize the room and the facilities at their command, and they will be completely at sea. If they are called upon to make a selection of materials for a new concern—or even for an old one—they will fire at random and omit numberless things that are of daily necessity, and get others of little use. Yet skill in these and a thousand other things is necessary to him who would better his position and become anything more than a journeyman. They are only to be learned by constant and intelligent observation of the successes and errors of others, and a continual study of various details outside the routine of type-setting and machine-minding."

THE INTELLIGENT JURY.

A correspondent at Yazoo, Miss., sends us the following as illustrative of one phase of the jury system:

Two colored women, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Harris, living in the suburbs of Yazoo City, had frequent quarrels over a watermelon vine, which, having been planted upon the property of Mrs. Harris, had grown through the dividing fence and bid fair to soon "bloom across the party walls."

In one of the disputes, more fierce than usual, Mrs. Brown tore the vine up by the roots and threw it in the face of her neighbor, who, becoming exasperated, seized an ax and split open the head of her antagonist, killing her instantly.

Mrs. Harris was arrested, and there being no question as to the killing, the only point was to determine as to a verdict of murder or manslaughter.

Judge Graves, who was presiding, took pains to explain most particularly the difference between murder and manslaughter, and that in this case there had been nothing introduced to show any premeditation, and telling the jury as plainly as consistent with his office to bring in a verdict of manslaughter.

The twelve negroes composing the jury retired, and, as was expected, almost immediately returned, and when asked for their decision what was the surprise to hear "not guilty."

The Judge appeared no less surprised than the rest, but the prisoner was discharged. As the jury was leaving the court room the Prosecuting Attorney asked the foreman of the jury how they could have possibly found such a verdict, and asking them if they did not think Mrs. Harris killed Mrs. Brown, and the Judge as good as told them to bring in a verdict of manslaughter.

The intelligent juror replied that they all knew the woman had killed her friend, but the Judge said it could not be murder, and he would like to know "how it could be manslaughter when they was bot a woman?"

The lawyer had no more to say.—Detroit Free Press.

TETANUS, OR LOCK-JAW.

The following extract, taken from the autobiography of the late Rev. Dr. Guthrie, shows the marvellous effect of keeping people in hot water:

A youth, who had been driving a cartload of coals to the schoolmaster's house in the village, had received from him a glass of whisky—a bad way of rewarding any kindness, too common in those days. He had hardly drunk it and left the door, when he was seized with tetanus, or lock-jaw. A doctor had been found, who, finding himself unable to part the teeth and open the month for the administration of medicine by means of the smithy and other appliances, ordered a hot bath. News of this was brought to me as I sat in my study. Without delay the fires were blazing in our chimneys, and with pots and pans of hot water from the manse and other houses we filled a barrel in the cottage into which he had been carried, and where he lay, teeth clenched, limbs, arms as rigid as iron, and his spine bent up like a bow. The doctor prepared the medicine and committed the bathing of the poor fellow to me. We stripped him to the skin, and I made a thermometer of my hand. I was glad to withdraw it, the water was so hot. Knowing, however, that the hotter the better in such a case—and the case had come to be desperate—I resolved to risk it; so, giving the signal to three or four stout fellows who stood by, they plunged him in feet foremost up to the neck. He roared like a bull, and was taken out ere long red as a boiled lobster, but, happily, with the clenched teeth and locked jaws parted wide enough to allow the doctor to administer the medicine and thereby save his life.

AN ABLE PROSPECTUS.

There is an excuse for lack of news and all that sort of thing in the newspaper world. The men who write our dailies, as a rule, have to write about two miles per day, and they ought not to be kicked if it is not as interesting as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" or the "Leaves of Grass."

We have done some 900 miles of writing myself during our short, sharp and decisive career, and we know what we are talking about. Those things we wrote at a time when we were spreading our graceful characters over ten acres of paper per day were not thrilling. They did not catch the public eye, but were just naturally consigned to oblivion's bottomless maw.

The public, it seems to us, has created a false standard of merit for the newspaper. People take a big daily and pay \$10 a year for it because it is the biggest paper in the world, and then don't read a quarter of it. They are doing a smart thing, no doubt, but it is killing the feverish young men with throbbing brains who are doing the work. Would you consider that a large pair of shoes or a large wife should be sought for just because you can get more material for the same price? Excellence is what we seek, not bulk. Write better things and less of them, and you will do better, and the public will be pleased to see the change. Should any one who reads these words be suffering from an insatiable hunger for a paper that aims at elegance of diction, high-toned logic and pink-cambrie sentiment, at a moderate price, he will do well to call at this office and look over our goods. Samples sent free on application to any part of the United States or Europe. We refer to Herbert

Spencer, the Laramie National Bank and the Postmaster of this city as to our reputation for truth and veracity.—Laramie Boomerang.

THE OLD-FASHIONED EDITOR.

We were grieved to hear the other day of the death of one of Michigan's jolliest pioneer editors—almost the last man of a band who published weeklies in the State when a coonskin would pay for a column "ad," and three bushels of corn dumped on the office floor stood for a year's subscription. Never a publisher was more liberal with his space. It was hard work for him to charge for anything except the tax list and mortgage sales, and he measured short even on them. One day in the years gone by this paper copied an attack on a county official, and old Mark was dozing at his desk when the injured party stalked in and began:

"You are a coward, sir—a — coward!"

"Mebbe I am," was the editor's complacent reply.

"And I can lick you, sir—lick you out of your wrinkled old boots!"

"I guess you could," answered Mark, as he busted the wrapper of his only exchange.

"I am going to write an article calling you a fool, liar, coward, cut, slanderer and body-snatcher, and will go over to Ionia and pay 5 cents to have it published."

"Hey?" queried the old man as he wheeled around.

"Yes, I'll pay 5 cents a line to have it published."

"Say, let me tell you something," replied Mark. "I've got 200 more circulation than the Banner, and I'll publish your attack on me for 2 cents a line and take it out in mill feed or corn stalks! Don't trot over to Ionia when you can help build up your town!"

Mark would have published it word for word, just as he said, and thrown in a cut of a horse or a stump-puller free gratis, but the official cooled off.—Exchange.

PRINTERS' ERRORS.

Somebody writes as follows to the Christian World, of London: "In your last I saw what, I regret to say, is common to nearly every newspaper—more than one correction of errata, accompanied with the remark (now stereotyped) 'Printer's error.' I trust I may not be considered presumptuous in saying a word in defense of the now great army of typographers, whose apparent ignorance is so frequently exposed in public. One error pointed out in your last issue was that of a reverend gentleman whose name had been printed 'Lemon' instead of 'Semon.' If, in such a case as this, the original 'copy' were referred to, the capital letter would, no doubt, be found written so like an 'L' that no compositor, unless he were a veritable English directory to himself, would have been able to distinguish the difference. More correct would it be to say, not 'printer's error,' but 'author's illegibility.' Some writers literally take the Mark Twain's sarcastic advice, 'Don't write too plainly. Avoid all pain-taking with proper names. We know the full name of every man, woman and child in the United States.' Then, too, some of our authors pander to the practice of quoting foreign phrases. The writers may know several languages; but they ought not to expect that compositors are linguists, or that they have received a collegiate education. Some have, by dint of their own perseverance, acquired a knowledge of some of the living and the dead tongues; but this ought not to be presumed, as a rule. If a Latin or French quotation be misprinted, the ignorance of the printer is paraded before the public. It is not, sir, as you can testify, that the average printer cannot produce his author's mind; the fact is that too many of our gifted writers cannot write. They scribble; and what is usually of the greatest importance is indited in the proverbial 'spider-and-ink' style. Whatever be the subject of his author, whether linguistic, scientific, argumentative, theological, political, social or economical, the printer is expected to understand it all; for, unless he understand it, it may be full of 'printers' errors.' But, beside this, he has often literally to translate, by tedious ciphering, the handwriting placed before him, and this is sometimes as difficult an art as to make out the hieroglyphics of Cleopatra's needle. A word to the wise is sufficient. That word, Mr. Editor, I would respectfully suggest to authors, is: 'Hear the other side.' I will not trouble the compositor with the Latin."

A MISTAKE ABOUT EDITORS.

It is strange, but nevertheless true, that there seems to be an impression among the people that editors of rural journals live in two-story brown-front dwellings, all fluted up the back, with fountains three deep all around it and a double row of buttons running diagonally across the front. We write this to inform them of their mistake. Editors, especially those in Nebraska, are not bloated millionaires, fattening upon the labors of the toiling millions, and lording through the streets in an ebony-paneled tally-ho four-in-hand driven by an English coachman with a cocked hat, and attended by liveried servants who anticipate their every wish and perform with obsequious willingness the imperious dictates of their autocratic will. The editors of the rural press in the "Great American Desert" are not that kind of hair-pins. That kind don't thrive in this climate.—Blue Valley (Neb.) Blade.

PITH AND POINT.

The engine-car ought to be on the donkey engine.

The Harvard Lampoon says a Cambridge ton of coal is the champion light weight.

The greatest talker in existence could not talk long enough to tire a wagon wheel.

The diamond is the stone for an engagement; but give us the old cobblestone in a free fight.

"MISERY loves company." That's the reason a hen-pecked husband advises his friends to marry.

ONE who knows says that in the country they blow a horn before dinner, but in town they take one.

A young ladies' seminary blew up the other day down East. It is supposed that a spark got into the powder-room.

"Duo vos schoost enough, butted three was too blenny," remarked Hans, when his girl asked him to take her mother along with him to the dance.

COUNTRY yokel (to his son, at a concert, during the performance of a duet)—"Dye see, Tom, now it's getting late, they're singing two at a time, so as to get done sooner."

EUCHERED: Jack (admirably)—"You are a trump, Miss Marian." Miss M.—"Why do you call me such a name as that?" Jack (triumphantly)—"Because of your taking tricks."

SOMEBODY has discovered that the correct pronunciation of the word Khevide is "Kedowa." They might as well tell us that the proper way to pronounce bee-hive is behova.

"You have been very faithful," said a merchant to his clerk, "and as a reward a pleasant little vacation is in store for you." There came a rush of business, and the clerk's vacation turned out to be a vacation in store.—Burlington Free Press.

The fat woman of a down-town museum recently married the "living skeleton" belonging to the same show. The youth of the Yonkers Statesman sententiously remarks that she probably went on the theory that "nearer the bone the sweeter the meat."

Some railroad employs a female switch-tender. Those officials are on the right track—women are ahead of anything as switch-tenders, as when they are on duty the switch is never off, and then they are always posted on the proper time for trains, you know.

I'm snowy and blowy; I'm heavy, heavy, heavy and wheezy; I'm mad, glad and sad; I'm hazardous and blizzardous; I'm heavy, heavy, heavy and wheezy; I'm chugging, rictating and stinging; I'm bowling, scowling and growling; I'm chancy, rummy and manny; I'm horrid, horrid and horrid; I'm billions, tedious and touch; I'm terrible, tricky and are; I'm foolish, cheeky and rough; I'm bad and my name is March.

—Danville Advertiser. SHE said: "For her part, she had no opinion of these new-fangled nice folks that are so dreadful particular about 'diet,' and can't eat nothing but vegetables and such flummery. She called 'em fools, as the Psalmist did." And when some one inquired for the passage, she cited Psalms cxvii, 17, 18, to wit: "Fools, because of their transgression and because of their iniquities, are afflicted; their soul abhorreth all manner of meat." —Congregationalist.

"ARRESTED for carrying a pistol, was he?" asked a magistrate of an officer, referring to a rascal who had just been arraigned. "Let's see the pistol." The weapon was produced, and handed to the Judge, who examined it, and asked—"Where did you get it?" "Bought it at a hardware store." "What did it cost?" "Fifteen dollars." "Fine implement. How'll you swop?" "And the Judge drew out a pistol, and handed it to the prisoner. "Take \$10 to boot." "All right, I'll fine you \$10. That makes us even."

SAILORS.

Sailors are sea-dogs that never bite, because they are usually confined to barks. They go to sea in ships, but prefer schooners—when on shore. A sailor is an odd specimen of humanity, but nevertheless has his mates. His main business is handling ropes, nicknamed lines. They are hard lines, but the sailor always complains when he comes to the "rope's end"—perhaps because he has to lark up to it. He is fed on hard tack, and, being constantly engaged on spars, is an unpleasant opponent to tackle, especially as he usually spars with yard-arms. The fact of his being "piped to grog" illustrates the tendency of smokers to become drinkers. Ever alert, he is a singularly ignorant man for one living where everything is tant.

He differs from the sailor upon which he depends, as they are steadiest when they are full.—Detroit Free Press.

Couldn't Borrow a Monkey-Wrench There.

Mr. O'Hagan has a sheep-ranch on the Medina. A stranger drove up to his place the other day. The stranger had broken some part of his wagon and wanted to borrow a monkey-wrench. When the stranger shouted "Hello!" Mrs. O'Hagan (Mr. O'Hagan being from home) came out to the fence.

"Wie gets. Dot was a very fine morning-to-day. It was a monkey-wrench I wanted to find, und dosse beoples at dot house pelow dold me already dot you keeps a monkey-wrench."

"Holy Moses! Kape a monkey-ranch! Ye dirty spalpeen! Ye miserable, low-lived blaggard, to be accusin' a decent woman of kavin' an establishment av that character! A monkey-ranch is yer lookin' for? That's the kind of a ranch you would feel at home in. Get out av here, and if ye don't scatter dirt behind ye purty quick it's an illphant-ranch ye'll be thinkin' ye have struck and that the illphants are stampadin' over yer ugly carcass!—Texas Siftings."

A YANKEE coachman was driving some Englishmen about Boston recently, and, at last, brought them to the monument on Bunker Hill. "Ah, yes," said one of the explorers, "I believe this is the place where we Englishmen gave you Yankees a sound thrashing, isn't it?" The driver scratched his head and then quietly replied: "Mister, can you tell me who owns this parcel of ground at the present time?"

GEN. BEN BUTLER, at the dinner of the Boston Press Club: "Men look to you, not for long, leading editorials, for they are of little consequence, but for the keen paragraphs which cover the whole situation in a word or phrase."

Confirmation of Second Re-Assessment for Grading Mackubin Street

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, MINN., August 20, 1883. The second re-assessment of benefits, costs and expenses arising from the grading of Mackubin street from Dayton avenue to University avenue in the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, having been completed by the Board of Public Works, in and for said city, said board will meet at their office in the city of St. Paul, on the 23rd day of September, A. D., 1883, to hear objections (if any) to said re-assessment, at which time and place, unless sufficient cause is shown to the contrary, said re-assessment will be confirmed by said Board.

The following is a list of the supposed owners' names, a description of the property benefited, and the amounts assessed against the same, to-wit:

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Benefits. Woodland Park Addition to St. Paul. Sub-Division of Blocks 19, 21, and part of Block 23, Woodland Park Addition to St. Paul.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Benefits. Woodland Park Addition to St. Paul.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Benefits. Mackubin & Marshall's Addition to St. Paul.

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CONTRACT WORK.

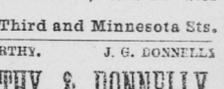
Grading Elm Street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, MINN., Aug. 20th, 1883. 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 31st day of September, A. D. 1883, for the grading of Elm street, from Wilkon street to the right of way of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway company, in said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board. A bond with at least two (2) sureties, in a sum of at least twenty (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 C. TERRELL, President pro tem. Official: R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works. 235-237

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