THE OLD SILVER DOLLAR.

How dear to our hearts are the coins we once minted
When fond recollection recalls them to mind!
How sweetly they chinked, and how brightly they glinted,
And told us of value and beauty combined!
The eagle, the half, the five-dollar, the quarter,
Poured forth from the mints and delighted the land;
We stuck to these coins, then, as bricks stick to mortar,
And cherished the dollar that chinked in the hand—
The old silver dollar, the honest old dollar,
Our forefathers' dollar, that chinks in the hand.

But war, that played many a curious caper,
Soon gave us a promise, in place of our chink;
Our coins flew away on the wings of the paper,
And left us to worry with rags and with ink.
The presses worked hard, as the paper they printed,
And when the shinplasters spread over the land,
We said a farewell to the coins we once minted,
Good-by to the dollar that chinked in the hand—
The old silver dollar, the honest old dollar,
Our forefathers' dollar, that chinked in the hand.

The people who hold the time bonds we had given
Determined to strengthen and tighten their hold;
A Congress, by bondholders hastily driven,
Declared that our coin should be nothing but gold.
Columbia then proved a very apt scholar,
Obeying at once the bondholders' command,
And blindly abandoned the old silver dollar,
The cherished old dollar that chinked in the hand;
The old silver dollar, the honest old dollar,
Our forefathers' dollar, that chinked in the hand.

So now we demand that they give us our money,
Our money of silver, as well as of gold,
That clouds may pass over, and days may be sunny,
And plenty be with us again, as of old.
Our paper shall yield to the weight of our metal,
Our promise no longer be writ in the sand;
Our debts, as of old, we will honestly settle
With the old-fashioned dollar, that clinks in the hand—
The old silver dollar, the honest old dollar,
Our forefathers' dollar, that chinks in the hand.

A DOUBLE DANGER.

A story or two from an old hunter will not prove uninteresting, I know, consequently I will copy a few pages from my diary in relation to my adventures in Africa, where I spent considerable time, nearly a score of years ago, hunting the wild and ferocious monsters of the forest and jungles.

With no more preface, then, my good friends, I will at once proceed with my narrative.

I had been out on a hunt for several months, and had had a number of thrilling adventures—far more exciting than really pleasant.

This season I was accompanied by a friend named Morris Kelly, and, as usual, several sooty-faced natives. The latter were not much to be depended on, however, in a moment of trouble or danger. In fact, they were rather cowardly, and almost always ready to run, if the chance for flight was anyways good. On several occasions they had left Kelly and me to face the music, wholly alone and unaided.

Well, early one morning, before we had made a start, and while the natives were preparing breakfast, Kelly declared his intention of going out a little to look around. No sooner said than done, and out he went, leaving me to smoke my pipe and enjoy my leisure.

"You stay here," said he to me, "and see that the breakfast is properly prepared by the time I get back, which won't be long, I assure you, for I'm mighty hungry myself. I'll just take a squint around here, and see if there is any game stirring, though there's never much lack of that, I take it, in this section of the world."

"Well, hurry back," I replied "Breakfast is almost ready now, and we'll make an early start. Besides I wouldn't venture far away alone."

Kelly said he should run no risk, and would be back in good season. In fact, he added, he should not go out of the sound of my voice. With these words my companion started off, and in a few minutes disappeared from my sight.

Fifteen minutes afterwards I was startled by the crack of a rifle, not very far off, either. Leaping to my feet, I excitedly cried out:

"There! Kelly's into it already, some how."

Bidding the natives follow me, I seized my rifle and darted off in the direction of the sound. The darkies obeyed my hurried behest, but managed to lag a good ways behind, as usual. Quietly—for I enjoyed silence—we hurried along.

At length we began to mount the side of a huge hill that lay before us. Up, up, up, cautiously crawling on our hands and knees, for there the crack of a rifle was almost always a warning of danger, and the hunter made his calculations accordingly.

At length I reached the top, where I found a level plateau of several acres. The spot was almost barren, and the tropical sun poured down with a scorching power. However, I could see but one thing, then, with any distinctness, and the sight of that fairly curdled the blood in my veins.

In the centre of the plateau appeared the form of a lion, and the mighty monster was ripping and rending the body of poor Kelly into a hundred pieces.

I think the animal came suddenly upon my companion, who fired his weapon but missed his aim, and before he could reload—hiding-place there was none, not even the trunk of a tree—the terrible animal bore him down. Such things often happened, and to the best of hunters, as may well be supposed.

On the edge of the plateau I suddenly halted, riveted to the spot by what I saw. Before I fully recovered my senses, my natives reached my side, and just as they arrived at the top of the hill, and took in a realizing sense of what was before them, the lion raised his head and uttered a roar that seemed to shake the very air. Quick as lightning they took to their heels, and tore back down the hill, leaving me alone to do the best I could.

All this—the appearance of the natives at the brow of the hill, the roar of the lion, and the flight of the blackeys—occurred almost simultaneously; and the next moment, quick as a flash, the roaring monster sprang away from the gory carcass of poor Kelly, and darted at me, with a single bound clearing half the distance, and the moment he struck the ground, fiercely bounding forward again. As the lion left the ground a second time, I dropped down below the brow of the hill, and, resting upon my knees, pointed my rifle upward, and fired away at the monster while he was flying through the air, almost directly over me. The ball struck him, but not fatally, and the next moment the animal landed a few feet beyond me, on the side of the hill. Alighting in such a way and in such a place, the fierce brute could find no footing. After a few struggles to retain his balance, he toppled over and rolled down the hill, uttering roar upon roar.

At the same moment I sprang up on the level ground above, and rapidly began to reload my rifle, accomplishing the task in an extraordinary short space of time.

Meanwhile the lion had reached the bottom of the hill, which was pretty steep, I assure you, and regained his feet. For a moment only he stood, and looked around, as if a little bewildered, and then he spied me, and darted up the hill toward the spot I occupied.

The monster was bleeding in several places; both Kelly and myself had evidently wounded him, and he appeared to be maddened with the pain of his injuries. Such a roaring as he made, mortal ears seldom hear. It was a critical moment for me, but, thank God! my nerves were firm, and my eyes undazzled. To the fullest I realized the peril of my situation, but I was too old a hunter to be so easily dashed.

Well, the mighty monster glided steadily toward me, and, when about half way up the hill, I raised my rifle and took a steady aim at his shaggy head. I thought I had him sure, but, you know, "man proposes and God disposes."

One moment I stopped to make myself doubly sure. All ready! I laid my finger against the trigger, but just then a sudden sound stayed my purpose. It was the cry of a leopard that struck upon my ear, and the sound came from right behind me, bursting upon me like a clap of thunder.

I dropped the muzzle of my rifle, and rapidly looked behind me.

"Good God!" I cried, with a feeling of alarm which I could not control. Not twenty feet behind me, crouched down for a deadly spring—down so close that it lay almost flat upon the ground—with its fiery, burning, glaring eyes fixed steadily upon me, was a huge leopard.

There I was, between a lion and a leopard, and I ask you now could any mortal man be placed in a more desperate and perilous a situation?

"Heaven help me now!" I muttered.

Not a minute elapsed after I turned to look back before the ferocious leopard vaulted from the ground, and went whizzing through the air. The moment for action restored to me a measure of my forethought, and I jumped backward several paces, at the same time stooping down under the flying monster.

The leopard landed on the very spot where I had been standing—what would have been my fate if I had not moved back, you may guess—and just as his feet touched the ground the lion's head appeared above the hill, and, almost instantly afterward, the lion himself.

A roar from one, and a screech from the other followed and mingled together. Between the two I seemed to escape observation, and I tell you I was mighty thankful for it. I looked on with bated breath.

Instantaneously the monsters bounded at each other, taking the fight wholly out of my hands. Standing, as they did, their charge upon each other overturned their balance, and they rolled over and over down the hill, ripping and tearing, and screaming and roaring like very devils.

I ran to the edge, and, looking over, watched them. That was my time to escape, you will say, but I was fascinated by the sight of two such dreadful monsters engaged in battle array, and I almost forgot my own imminent danger.

At the bottom of the hill the battle was renewed with three-fold fury, and for a long time the denouement seemed uncertain. I could have shot either, but that would have left me exposed to the attack of the survivor. Besides, I really wanted to see the monsters fight it out, and felt pretty sure that they would demolish one another in the long run.

Lying flat on my stomach, with my head just over the brow of the hill, I watched the sanguinary battle below. With eager interest I noticed every phase of the unusual conflict.

At length the leopard stretched himself upon the ground, and uttered a loud and wailing cry. Standing over the twitching and kicking animal, the conquering lion proudly threw his head aloft, and uttered a roar of triumph.

At that moment his eyes fell on me, and the gory, unsated animal again darted up the hill. Once more I leveled my rifle, and this time nothing occurred to mar my purpose. I fired and struck the brute between the eyes. Weak and wounded as he was, that was almost too much for him with a cry of pain he tottered and nearly fell backward down to the bottom. By a mighty effort recovering himself, however, he clung to the side of the hill, and struggled fiercely to mantain his footing. I felt no pity for the monster, however—could no be expected to feel any.

A large stone, just as much as I could lift, happening to be lying loose at my feet, I picked it up, and with all my force cast it at my enemy. The heavy stone struck the dying beast in the head finishing his career. With a last roar he rolled over and over down the hill.

Shortly after I was rejoined by my native guides, but it was quite a while before I could induce them to approach the plateau. Finally, I somewhat overcame their alarm; and that accomplished, I had a grave dug for poor Kelly, in which he was laid to rest, and left to his eternal repose.

"Peace be with you my friend!" I mentally prayed, as I bowed over the hunter's lonely grave.

Society-Foam in Paris.

Says a Paris letter to the Boston Post: What a prodigious life is rolling along the chosen road! There are nimble jockeys and Jesuits; blood Princesses in delicious English tandems; long-haired students, blackleg bawling brotherhood! There are fleets of shuffling jolly abbes, quaving out "Aves," and pale little altar boys in scarlet, circling the pious throng with twinkling lights; grumbling grocers, swaggering attorneys, professing clever thieves from neighboring Montmartre (where they are honest tradesmen in the day-time); and marvelous undertakers in black and white embroidery, cocked hats, and silver lace; and a rollicking, illuminated Tivoli Vauxhall (blaze, fireworks! bubble, sparkling fountains! squeak, fiddles!). I wonder are there elsewhere such cancans, beer-drinking, shrieking waiters, and a costumed ball at midnight? And M. Worth (Prince of Puffing and Grand Duke of Trains), and the opera more than eighty ravishing rouged houris ere cutting flic-flacs, bounding, fluttering, blinking their pink eyes, and pointing their satin slippers at a thousand hearts, whilst the foot-lamps flicker and white gloves wave from the boxes, whilst ever so many trombones, bassoons, and shrill, lively fiddles are piping out their merry tunes, and so on. And you see how easy it is for the Parisians, confused and delighted by all this racing, preaching, fiddling, scheming, dancing, of the vivacious press they move in, to be pretty indifferent and rather ignorant of what is performing elsewhere.

The mule that had been ailing for several months and was finally killed about six weeks ago, by being struck with two bolts of lightning, got up day before yesterday and ambling painfully into the office of the Augusta paper, demanded the name of the editor who had started that infamous lie about his death.

See advt of Ladies Floral Cabinet. It is the most beautiful magazine in America.

BUSINESS REVIVAL.

The Prominent and Active Business Houses of Saint Paul.

There are gratifying indications throughout the country of the long-looked for revival of business. Reports from New York, Boston, Philadelphia and all the great business centers, show that the improvement has already commenced. St. Paul merchants and business men, ever on the alert, have supplied themselves to meet all demands, and the many thousands who will visit St. Paul during the coming State Fair, will do well to preserve and take with them the following list of first class and reliable houses in that city:

AMUSEMENTS.

Knaufl's Summer Garden, 37 Wabashaw st. Heine's Quartette every day and evening.

AUCTIONEERS.

R. & J. M. Warner, auctioneers and dealers in clothing, hats, caps, etc., corner Third and Cedar streets.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

St. Paul Harvester Works. Office, 18 W. 3d st. Manufacturers of the Eiward Harvester.

ALE, PORTER AND BEER.

H. Orleman, 91 West Third street, dealer in bottled ale, porter and beer. Agent for Waukegan Ale Co.

BOOK BINDING.

Joseph P. Giesen, 18 West Third street, up stairs, practical bookmaker and binder. Orders from throughout the State receive prompt attention.

BOOTS AND SHOES—WHOLESALE.

Forepaugh & Tarbox, 137 East 3d st, manufacturers and jobbers of boots and shoes. Attention is directed to their immense new stock.

BOOTS AND SHOES—RETAIL.

H. A. Schlick, No.61 East Third & 23 Wabasha streets, dealer in boots and shoes. Agency for Burt's fine shoes.

John A. Hood, manufacturer of fine boots and shoes, No. 9 Wabashaw street.

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND PAPER.

T. S. White & Co., Nos. 53 and 55 East Third street, jobbers in books, stationery and paper, invite the attention of the trade to their full stock, now complete in every department.

BOOKS.

Hough & Dixon, 36 W. Third st., dealers in books, stationery and school furniture.

James Davenport, 29 West 3d street, books, picture frames, velvet stands, easels, etc.

BOOKS, STATIONERY AND FANCY GOODS.

D. D. Merrill & Co., 35 East Third street; the best assorted and most complete stock in the northwest.

CARPETS.

John Matheis, wholesal and retail dealer in carpets, oil-cloths, wall paper, bedding, etc., No. 11 E. Third street and 44 W. Third St.

W. L. Anderson, No. 14 West Third street. If you are buying carpets, call and see him.

COLLEGE.

Prof. W. A. Faddis, proprietor and Principal of St. Paul Business International College, Fire & Marine building, c or 3d and Jackson. Send for new centennial catalogue.

COMMISSION HOUSES.

Maxfield & Co., No. 133 East Fourth street, Saint Paul, commission, grain and produce dealers.

Hoxsie & Jaggar, 14 Jackson st., St. Paul, general commission & produce dealers. Parties having butter to dispose of will find it to their advantage to communicate with this house. Special dealers in Michigan apples.

C. T. McNamara & Co., no. 18 Jackson st., Saint Paul, wholesale forwarding and general commission merchants.

W. A. Van Slyke & Co., 40 Sibley st., wholesale commission, grain & produce merchants. Grain, flour and butter a specialty.

Castner & Penner, 12 Jackson street, commission merchants and wholesale dealers in lumbermen's supplies, grain and butter.

A. L. Larpenteur, wholesale commission and produce merchant, 123 East Third st.

CLOTHING—RETAIL.

Boston One-Price Clothing House, 43 East Third street. Largest retail clothing house in Minnesota. Popular for low prices.

B. Rose's clothing house, Merchants Hotel blk, 38 Jackson st. Entire new stock of the best made goods. Lowest prices in the State.

CLOTHING—WHOLESALE.

H. Pfankuch & Co., wholesale clothing, gentlemen's furnishing goods, etc., No. 104 East Third street.

CIGARS.

Fetsch Bros., 71½ & 73 East Third street, manufacturers and wholesale dealers in cigars. Send for samples.

J. P. Leitner, 26 West 3d street, dealer in cigars and tobacco, snuffs, pipes, etc. Also a full line of cigarette tobacco and holders.

CUTLERY.

Franke & Schnell, 52 East Third street, cutlers and grinders; dealers in all kinds of fine cutlery. All cutlery sold sharp ready for use.

CROCKERY.

Pollock, Donaldson & Ogden, 36 E. 3d st., wholesale dealers in crockery, glass & lamps.

Craig & Larkin, 66 East 3d street, importers and dealers in crockery, French china, glassware, lamps, and house furnishing goods.

CONFECTIONERY—WHOLESALE.

T. S. McManus & Co., manufac'g confectioners and dealers in cigars, nuts, figs, etc.

COPPER PLATE PRINTING.

Mellgren, 38 East Third street, has the only copper plate printing press in the State.

DENTISTS.

Dr. C. DeMontreville, 34 West Third street, opposite Elevator, Saint Paul.

DRY GOODS—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

D. W. Ingersoll & Co., wholesale and retail dealers in foreign and domestic dry goods, notions, hosiery, etc. Large stock complete in every department.

DRY GOODS—WHOLESALE.

Auerbach, Finch & Culbertson, 83, 85 & 87 E. 3d st., importers and jobbers of dry goods, notions, etc. Agents for Clark's O. N. T. spool cotton, Hayes' Royal Irish pat. linen thread.

Wm. Lee, wholesale dealer in dry goods & notions, 1st National Bank Block, St. Paul.

Pascal Smith, St. Paul, wholesale dealer in foreign and domestic dry goods and notions.

DRY GOODS—RETAIL.

Chicago Store—Mannheimer Bros., 7 East 3d street, dealers in foreign and domestic dry goods, shawls, cloaks, etc. Our stock is the largest; prices the lowest; one price to all.

A. H. Lindeke & Bro., No. 9 E. Third street, dealers in staple, foreign and domestic dry goods, notions, laces, white goods, ribbons and dress trimmings. Immense stock; latest styles; popular prices.

B. F. Zahm & Co., Seven Corners, dealers in foreign and domestic dry goods.

DRUGS.

Lambie, Bethune & Co., cor. Wabasha and Bridge Square, dealers in drugs, fancy goods, surgical and dental instruments, trusses, etc.

E. H. Biggs, 80 E. 3d st., wholesale & retail dealer in drugs, medicines, paints, oils, glass, toilet articles—everything in the drug line.

Noyes Bros. & Cutler, importers & wholesale druggists; jobbers in paints, oils, glass, etc., 30 & 32 Robert street, St. Paul.

A. P. Wilkes, Seven Corners, dealer in drugs, medicines, toilet and fancy articles, fine soaps, perfumeries, trusses, etc.

R. O. Sweeney, 7 W. 3d street trusses, surgical instruments, etc., New York prices.

ENGRAVING.

Notarial seals for Minn., $6.75; same for D. T., with coat of arms, $6.75; plain notarial seals, $5. A. E. Mellgren, 88 East Third st.

FANCY GOODS.

Althof, Bergmann & Co., 32 & 34 E. 3 st., importers of toys, fancy goods, glassware.

FANCY GOODS AND MILLINERY.

Schulte & Weiss, wholesale dealers in millinery and fancy goods, 138 East Third st.

FURS AND BUFFALO ROBES.

H. C. Greenlee, 17 Sibley street, wholesale dealer in furs, all kinds; buffalo robes for sale in any quantity; also exporter of raw furs.

FURNITURE.

DeCoster & Clark, 72 & 74 Jackson st. Largest stock west of Chicago. Chamber and parlor furniture in great variety. Prices low.

FURNACES, STOVES AND PLUMBING.

Prendergast Bros., 44 East Third street, wholesale and retail dealers. Strangers invited to call and examine goods.

GLOVES AND MITTENS.

Crippen & Upson, 74 East 3 st., St. Paul, manufacturers and jobbers of gloves and mittens. Indian tan a specialty.

GLOVES.

Wood & Hamilton, 31 E. 3d st., man'f'rs & dealers in gloves, all kinds, wholesale & retail. The only establishment in the State where gloves are made from actual measurement.

GOLDFISH.

Goldfish expressed to any part of the State at 50c apiece. A. J. Wampler, druggist, St. Paul.

GROCERS.

McQuillan, Beaupre & Co., cor Third and Sibley streets, wholesale dealers in fancy and staple groceries.

GUNS, RIFLES AND PISTOLS.

M. F. Kennedy & Bro., 50 East 3d street, dealers in guns, rifles, pistols, etc.

HATS AND CAPS.

Ransom & Horton, No. 73 East Third street, dealers in hats, caps and neck wear. Ladies' and children's furs a specialty.

HAT BAZAAR.

No. 6 Bridge Square, gents' furnishing goods, hats, caps, ladies' and children's furs. Largest assortment in the city. Don't fail to give us a call.

HATS AND CAPS—WHOLESALE.

W. F. Mason, 13 East Third street, dealer in hats, caps and furnishing goods.

HARNESS AND SADDLE-BAGS.

C. Proal, 30 Wabasha street, dealer in harness, saddlery, trunks, and stable fixtures.

HEATING AND COOKING APPARATUS.

Geo. M. Bennett, 57 Robert street, furnaces, cooking ranges; general depot for Creamer's patent registers and ventilators. These goods have several new improvements which make them superior to all others; send for lists.

HOTELS.

Exchange Hotel, cor 4th & Jackson; newly furnished; $2 per day. J. S Rogers, Prop.

Clarendon Hotel, cor Sixth and Wabashaw sts. Strictly first class; terms reasonable.

Sherman House, cor 4th and Sibley streets. Terms $2 Per day. Ferris & Kessner, props.

European Hotel, 107 East Third street.

IRON.

Nicols & Dean, cor Third and Sibley streets, dealers in iron, steel, and general blacksmith and wagonmakers' supplies.

INSURANCE.

J. A. Sabin, Saint Paul, general State agent for the Washington Life Insurance Company of New York. Agents wanted.

INSURANCE AND LOANS.

Geo. A. Nash, St. Paul, general manager of Union Mutual Life Insurance Co. for northwest. Reliable agts wanted. Money to loan.

JEWELRY.

Emil Geist, 57 East Third street, practical watchmaker and jeweler.

LIME, CEMENT AND PLASTER.

J. H Sanders, No. 71, Levee, wholesale dealer in lime, cement, hair, plaster Paris, land plaster, fire brick, etc.

LUNCH ROOMS.

Booth's, 15 Wabasha st. The only first-class lunch and oyster parlors in the city. Strangers will do well to remember the place.

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.

Thos. Bower, cor 7th & Cedar sts., manufacturer of Scotch and American granite monuments & gravestones. Prices the very lowest.

MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES.

J. H. Woolsey & Co., cor 3d and Robert sts, bras and wood machinery, belting, hose, packing, Knowles' pumps, well pumps and pipe, mills goods, tools, saws engine fittings, plumbers' materials, steam heating engines, boilers.

MANUFACTURING JEWELER.

Henry Smith, 15 Wabasha street, up stairs, manufacturing jeweler and lapidary.

MANTEL AND GRATE REPOSITORY.

Geo. M. Bennett, 57 Robert street, general agent for marbleized mantels, grates, fenders, etc., and Bennett's improved fireplace.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

George Palmes, 58 E. 3d st., draper & tailor. Best goods and best workmanship guaranteed.

F. Fahey, 68 West 3d street, merchant tailor and draper; best goods, latest styles.

MILLINERY.

Dugan's, No. 5 East Third street, dealers in millinery and ladies' furnishing and fancy goods.

Centennial Millinery Store, 55 East 3d street, 6 doors above 1st National Bank; wholesale and retail. Our stock of millinery, ladies' pattern bonnets and hats, is now complete in every department. Prices lower than ever.

B. Wolf & Co., 94 East 3d street, wholesale dealers in millinery and straw goods.

MURRAY'S STEAM COOKER.

Every family should have one; state, county & town rights for sale; call and see it. Manufactured by Smith Bros. & Murray, 135 E. 4th.

OYSTERS.

Fulton Market, No. 14 East Third st. The only house in the city making oysters a specialty. Shells, clams and shell oysters.

NOTIONS.

Althof, Bergmann & Co., 32 & 34 E. 3d st., jobbers in notions, hosiery, gloves, etc.

PICTURES AND FRAMES.

James Brownell, 46 West 3d street, dealer in Pictures, Engravings, mouldings, etc., etc. Framing a specialty.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

John A. Wride, 39 E. 3d street, manufacturer and jobber in Pianos and Organs; dealer in all kinds of musical instruments. Largest musical house in Minnesota.

N. T. Porter & Co., dealer in pianos, organs and musical merchandise, 38 West 3d street.

PIANOS AND MUSIC.

Dyer & Howard, 69 East Third st. Steinway pianos, Mason & Hamlin organs. Organs at $5 per month until paid for.

PHOTOGRAPHERS.

C. A. Zimmerman, Saint Paul, photographer and dealer in frames, etc.

PRODUCE AND COMMISSION.

Jellett & Co., 105 Jackson st. Produce and commission merchants. Prompt returns a specialty.

PROFESSIONAL.

Prof. R. J. Stockton successfully treats all diseases of the hair, scalp and face. Beautify your complexion. Office: Merchants Hotel.

PUMPS.

H. P. Rugg, 17 Jackson st., dealer in drive well points, pumps, lead and iron pipes.

RESTAURANTS.

Montgomery's Ladies' and Gents' Restaurant, 13 Wabasha st. Dinner, 12 m. to 3, for 35c.

New England Restaurant, 22 West Third street, opposite Elevator. Meals at all hours. Best dinner in the city for 35 cts.

St. Paul Dining Hall, 19 W. 3d st. Meals at all hours. Boarding by the day or week.

Our House, 103 East 3d street. Meals at all hours. Oysters in every style.

Golden's, 95 East 3d street, in rear of fruit store. Meals at all hours. Oysters every style.

REAL ESTATE.

Hewitt's Real Estate Agency at Saint Paul is twenty years old and thoroughly reliable.

SAFES.

Hall's Standard Safes. A full line of fire and burglar proof safes and vault doors always in stock. M. A. Bigford, agent; office and salesroom, 46 Jackson street, St. Paul.

SEEDS.

Busch, Hollister & Carter, seed merchants; growers and importers of choice field, garden and flower seeds. Send for catalogue.

STENCIL CUTTING.

Flour brands from $3 to $6; cigar makers' stencil outfits $1.25; box marks from 50c to $1. A. E. Mellgren, 38 East Third street.

SEWING MACHINES.

Call at No. 27 West Third street, and see the new No. 8 Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine before buying.

SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES.

H. L. Wilcox & Co., 34 West Third street; sell the leading machines cheap. Also, attachments and needles sent by mail.

STOVES AND FURNACES.

Wilson & Rogers, No. 8 E. Third st., dealers in heating stoves for wood and coal. Hot air furnaces for heating buildings. Also, a large stock of well and cistern pumps, iron and lead pipe, registers and ventilators.

STOVES.

H. M. Ranney, 41 Robert street, manufact'er of Gridley's Patent Atmospheric Heater—a new principle heretofore unknown; saves at least one-half the fuel; send for circular.

TOYS AND FANCY GOODS.

M. N. Kellogg, 72 E. 3d st., dealer in baskets, willow ware, bird cages, children's cabs, etc.

TRUNKS.

W. H. Garland, No. 41 East Third street, manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of trunks, valises, etc., etc. Cheapest house in the city.

Crippen & Upson, manufacturers of trunks, traveling bags, valises, etc., 74 East 3d street, St. Paul, and 252 Nicollet ave., Minneapolis.

TEAS.

Tea consumers will find it greatly to their advantage to call, or send to the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., 31½ East Third street, St. Paul, and buy their Fall supply of choice teas and coffees.

WOOD ENGRAVING.

T. Robinson & Co., 26 Minnesota st, formerly of Harpers and Leslie's, New York, engravers on wood; wood cuts at eastern prices.

A Mme. Lefebyre advertises in a Paris journal that she "nurses the sick, restuffs chairs, watches corpses, applies leeches, does sewing by machinery, and is an excellent cook."

A distinguished politician while conversing with a lady, the other evening, became piqued by her attentions to a beautiful Spitz dog that was resting its head confidingly in her lap, and impatiently asked: Why is it that a lady of your intelligence can be so fond of a dog?" "Because he never talks politics," was the prompt answer.

SPIRITUALISM.—Address "Spiritual Scientist," Boston, Mass., and receive specimen copies of this weekly paper.

Agricultural Department.

This department is conducted by a gentleman of long experience in Northwestern Farming.

Hay for Stock.

Let it be said with emphasis to every farmer: "Place more importance on feeding good hay and less grain in the winter." Good hay is secured by cutting grass a little green, and by all means securing it before the seed matures. Do not sun cure grass; let it wilt in a good sun from three to five hours and then cure in cocks. All classes of stock should have good bedding in the winter.

The Annatto Plant.

Annatto, used so extensively by dairy men, in coloring their products, is a substance taken from the seed pod of the annatto plant, bexa orellana, of Brazil. The plant is an evergreen, and is grown in some green-houses as a curiosity.

The coloring matter is wholly upon the outside of the seeds, which are about the size of common raisin seeds, which they much resemble. They are contained to the number of forty or fifty in the pods.

The coloring matter is about as thick as common writing paper, and may be scraped off from the seeds, leaving the latter as clean and bright as buckwheat grain, and of about the same color. This outer covering from which the coloring is extracted, is a portion of the dried pulp of the fruit adhering to the seeds like the mucilaginous matter of unwashed pumpkin or squash seeds. It is entirely free from taste or odor, and appears to be pure color and nothing else.

Annatto, as it is received in paste form, from Brazil, has a peculiar aromatic or nutty odor, which is derived from the flour and meat of the seeds. This flour is as white as the flour of wheat or other grain, but is not as dry and starchy, resembling in consistency more the meat of a fresh shagbark or butternut.

Experimenting with Grades.

S. W. Hart, of Lapeer county, Mich., has been experimenting with grades, and the following is a report of the results as given by the Michigan Farmer. It shows conclusively that hay is not a sine qua non with stock, and that it can be successfully bred, in seasons when the hay crop is short, by the use of auxiliary crops. These cattle were bred from fair native cows, and the bull a thoroughbred Short-horn, so that we may consider them half-breeds. The cattle were sold as follows:

One pair oxen ..... 3636 lbs.
One cow ..... 1450 "

The 3-year old steers bred and fed by Hart are as follows:

1 pair 3-year old steers ..... 3015 lbs.
1 pair 3-year old steers ..... 2754 "
1 pair 3-year old steers ..... 2632 "
1 pair 3-year olds (twins, steer and heifer) ..... 2400 "

Hart raised these 3-year olds on skim milk when calves; they never ate a ton of hay, and no hay at all, for the reason that he did not have the hay. All the past season he fed them cornstalks, turnips and g ain. The drover who purchased them took the whole lot with an allowance for shrinkage of 91 lbs. for their delivery in Detroit, below their weight at Milton. We have a lesson here about feeding. Hart, by the use of a good bull has good stock to work with, and taking into consideration that he was short of hay, fed a splendid lot of cattle, making up in attention to his stock for his want of hay. In this he has set us an example, and we are much pleased to present his report to our readers, for it shows that "blood will tell." We ask, then, can any farmer that takes his chance of the bulls met with, show anything like this record!

On Souring of Milk During Thunder Storms.

It is a fact, to the truth of which all housewives will testify, that immediately after a brilliant display of atmospheric electricity, milk which was sweet before will be found to be sour. The souring of milk is undoubtedly caused by the sugar of milk being changed into lactic acid. But what produces this change in so short a time! Under natural conditions, milk will remain sweet for at least a day, while during a thunder storm the change will take place in an hour's time.

A great number of reasons have been given for this rapid souring of milk, as the jarring of thunder, etc. But the simple explanation was the result of an experiment tried by an Englishman named Andrew Crossee, about fifty years ago. The gentleman was endeavoring to produce crystals by decomposing a silicious solution by means of the electric current. After he had passed electricity through the solution several hours, he was astonished to find some oval bodies covered with bristles moving through the solution, and kicking out in every direction. At first it seemed as if electricity produced life, but further experiments showed that it simply hatched the germs already in the liquid, for if precautions were taken to exclude them, no animal life was produced by electricity.

These wonderful experiments set the scientific world to experimenting; and, as the result, Hallier, Pasteur and a host of investigators, have shown that the souring of milk is caused by the presence of a large number of minute plants called fungi. The presence of negative electricity is essential to the rapid development of these minute plants. By charging milk with positive electricity, it may be kept sweet for several weeks. This fact may prove to be of practical utility in the arts.

Now, during thunder storms everything is favorable to the growth of fungi. The air is warm, moist and charged with negative electricity. In a short space of time whole forests spring up in every pan of milk, and succeed in souring the milk and the temper of the housewife.

You can save ten per cent. by ordering your winter overcoat from the Boston One Price Clothing Store, Minneapolis. Send for the size you usually buy, and a fit is warranted.

We would not recommend the frequent or constant use of any medicine. It is important to take even a good article judiciously. Parsons' Purgative Pills are safe, prompt and reliable as a laxative or cathartic

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