THE

"COMFORT HIP,"

That is the name of our Latest and Most Comfortable

CORSET!

Ladies in this City who have never before been able to obtain an Easy-Fitting Corset testify to the superiority of the Fit and Comfort of this Corset. We have never before handled a Corset which has met with so Ready a Sale, or given such perfect satisfaction.

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Ask for the "Comfort Hip."

J. SOLNER & CO.

TUESDAY, June 30, 1885.

McBride, The Grocer.

PAYS TO-DAY:

Butter—Dairy Tubs,	10 to 13
Rolls and Jars,	6 to 10
Eggs,	10
Cheese,	10
Lard,	9

THE McBRIDE, GROCER.

Bellus & Case,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,
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We have also added a line of 5, 10 and 25c counters, which will always be found full and complete.

Goods delivered free to any part of the City.

☞Produce taken in Exchange.

CALL AND SEE THEM

At the Double Store, in McClelland Block,

MAIN STREET, AUSTIN, MINN.

THE TRANSCRIPT

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Austin, Minnesota.

C. H. DAVIDSON, Editor and Proprietor.

AUSTIN, WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1885.

IT was 24 years yesterday since the battle of Bull Run.

TEA is going to be shipped now by the way of Tacoma over the Northern Pacific.

GEN. JOHN C. FREMONT says that he has camped where Chicago, Minneapolis and Salt Lake City now are before the first inhabitant put up his cabin.

NIAGARA was formally dedicated as a State Park last week Wednesday. It is said it will not cost a person a fortune now to take in its beauties.

THE 1885 census complete of Freeborn county gives a total population of 17,257. There has been a decrease in the townships since 1880 of 113, but that is more than made up by the gain of 1,101 in Albert Lea city, which makes an entire gain in the county of 1,288.

THE following leading cities of the state report a population for 1885 as follows: Winona, 16,500; Mankato 7,871; Faribault 6,450; Rochester 5,314; Fergus Falls 5,217; Anoka 4,700; St. Cloud 4,360; St. Peter 4,083; Albert Lea 3,367; Owatonna 3,272; Lake City 2,800; Austin 2,505. The cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Red Wing, Stillwater and Duluth are yet to be heard from.

IT is an interesting fact that many American men of letters are not college graduates. Walt Whitman, Whipple, Trowbridge, Field, Parton, Bayard Taylor, Eggleston, Harte, Howells, James, Aldrich, Lathrop, Stockton, Piatt, Cable, Crawford, Fawcett, Gilder, Harris, Carlton, Mark Twain, Stoddardt, and Burroughs, it is said, have gained all their knowledge and culture ontside of college walls.

AUGUST PETERSON of Albert Lea has been appointed by the government to take charge of the Worthington Land Office, and he will soon enter upon his duties. The Albert Lea *Standard* has the following in regard to him:

To whatever position of public trust he has been called he has proved faithful, and to the one he is now chosen to administer he carries peculiarly well fitting qualifications to administer its duties with credit to himself and to the administration by whom he is appointed.

A MINNEAPOLIS *Tribune* reporter has this to say of Miss Clara Louise Kellogg:

Miss Kellogg is so different from other great singers that it is a pleasure to converse with her. Her good humor and pleasant greeting places the visitor at once at ease. She has none of the peculiarities in the way of eating and drinking, or of being afraid of a breath of fresh air, but takes delight in all of them. In consequence she is not afflicted so often with colds as those who are over careful, while she dines on what she likes, only taking the precaution to have her last meal several hours before singing.

THE Caledonia *Argus* says if the following sketch of Joan of Arc; from Miss Cleveland's book, is a fair sample of its contents, the book will not need the accidental aid of her relationship to the President to support it:

A little peasant maden, doing lowly service in the cottage home at Domremy; a mail-clad maiden leading forth her soldiers from the gates of Orleans; two faithful feet on fagots at Rouen; a radiant face uplifted to the beckoning skies; a crucifix upheld in shrivelling flame-kissed hands; a wreath of smoke for a shroud, a wrack of smoke for pall; a heap of ashes, and—a franchised soul!

SEVERAL important appointments in this neighborhood have been made by President Cleveland within a few days. They are: Mr. Wise, editor of the *Review*, to be postmaster of Mankato, vice Mr. Hunt, editor of the *Free Press*, removed; D. A. Sullivan, postmaster of Spring Valley, vice B. F. Farmer, who resigned to save a removal; John R. Jones, brother of Dick Jones, postmaster of Chatfield, vice McLarty, who has been Chatfield's P. M. for the last quarter of a century; Thos. Hall, Wells's candidate, postmaster of Preston, vice B. S. Loomis, whose commission had expired; Dr. A. Guerdon, of Redwood Falls, collector of customs at St. Vincent, vice Bookwalter, Senator Sabin's appointee, removed; S. B. Chase, postmaster of Osage, Iowa, vice F. G. Atherton, son of *Press* editor, removed.

COL. J. H. MANSFIELD of this city, has had published the following card to the bosses, Messrs. Kelly and Doran:

On the 22d of April I addressed a letter to the St. Paul *Globe*, asking that paper by what authority P. H. Kelly and Michael Doran assumed the right to say who was competent to fill the different offices of this state. Let me say to the Democrats of this state that P. H. Kelly and Michael Doran have never secured from the President any such authority, and it is an assumption of power not fairly delegated to them. The *Globe* refused to publish the letter. I now ask of the *Pioneer Press*, Minneapolis *Tribune* and all papers of this state to publish this article, to show all the citizens of Austin are not subjects of P. H. Kelly & Co. We know our rights and will protect them. One word to P. H. Kelly: England has no rights to Ireland, and you have no rights to assume power over this city in the selection of a postmaster or any other offices. In conclusion, I say, fight for the freedom of Ireland, but let the citizens of Austin regulate their own affairs.

THE bark Isabel is expected at Tacoma this week. She is loaded with two thousand tons of tea consigned to St. Paul, Chicago and New York. The consignors are Frazar & Co., the Northern Pacific's agents at Yokohama. It is estimated that the tea will load ten tons to the car, which will necessitate the use of two hundred cars. These will be run in special air-brake trains of twenty cars each, making ten trains in all. It is probable that the trains will double between Helena and Glendive and between Mandan and St. Paul, as the grade between those points will permit of such heavy trains. The trains will be run through as specials, and upon a time card prepared especially for the occasion. The time to be consumed in the trip will be something less that 175 hours. This is the first tea shipment undertaken by the Northern Pacific, and if the experiment proves a success, and there is every indication that it will, a regular line of sail-boats between Tacoma and Yokohama will be established. When the trade has been built up to such proportions as will justify it, the Northern Pacific company will put on a line of steamers.

Boils and Carbuncles.

These are the volcanoes of the human system. They proceed from impure blood and from a riotous demoralization of the digestive organs. They are annoying, painful, and sometimes dangerous. They can be driven out by toning up the system, and this can best be done by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters. Messrs. Handy & Rullman, druggists, Annapolis, Md., says, "We sell lots of Brown's Iron Bitters. All who use it seem well pleased. We hear not one complaint."

FROM CALIFORNIA.

[We publish below what we consider a very interesting letter, written by Miss Ellis to her family. The letter is a private one, but we thought it too good to file away in the Ellis *secretoire*, and her parents have consented to let us give it to our readers.—ED.]

CLOVERDALE, Cal., July 10, 1885.

Friday morning when I awoke they told me Omaha was three hundred miles away, and we were winding close along the banks of the Platte river. Nebraska is a vast plain, and that river winds through it like a silver thread. The country was so beautiful and the morning air so refreshing, that we braved car smoke and tan and rode on the car steps. I simply wish I knew the number of miles we rode this way! This much I do know—that when the scenery was poor we rode this way to rest ourselves, and when it was grand we rode here that we might get a better view. I had seen plains at home, and it was only during the glory of the morning that I enjoyed Nebraska and its winding river. But near evening I forgot any weary hours of the day when the cry was raised in the car: "Snow-capped mountains in the distance." I had waited so long to see a mountain (years before I started) and there in the cool of a perfect sunset to look miles and miles away and see some huge monster shining and glittering against the sky, to be told that that was a mountain, and that we were nearing the region where they would never disappear, seemed too much, and sentimental as I felt at the time, and doubly so as I feel now, the tears came to my eyes. Why was this so? I did not do it for effect, for when I knew what was ahead I went by myself. Was it because it was so grand or was it because I knew these mountains to be a barrier over which I could never look to my home until they were passed again? Be that as it may I dried my eyes, for had I cried at every mountain I have seen since then, I should be a second Pacific Ocean, and that would never do. You never saw a snow-capped mountain, did you? Well, give a white cloud a dark foundation and you have what the distant snow-capped mountain was and is to me. When one gets close enough to them, like everything earthly, they lose the heaven that they seemed, and become terribly material.

It was just evening when we reached Cheyenne, and for the first time in my life I struck a city that exactly suited me. Nothing that I ever saw compared with the part we could see. Clean and beautiful, with great stores whose equal I never saw but in Chicago, and such beauty and comfort in every corner. I never heard a word of praise for the place, but if I had the choice of a home I would take this city. We had a nice long stay here, and I wish it had lasted a year.

About 10 o'clock we came to Sherman, a little place with a huge monument to its hero, and remarkable for the fact that this is the highest point over which trains pass in the west, 8,000 and some feet above the sea level. The dry atmosphere was readily noticed by the girls with "bangs." In fact my hair got such a dryness that it has been unmanageable ever since.

The next morning we found rivers flowing *west*, and our watches one hour behind. All this time we were in the mountains, and yet is it not strange that one passes over them almost without being aware of the fact?

Wyoming territory was grand, but I will not describe it to you for I have not time, and when I remember Echo Cannon I simply cannot describe it. I must see you; I must roll my eyes, and throw my arms, and lay you on the flat of your back, to make you understand anything about it. Do not fear my forgetting it. There are some things we can never forget, and though I have not a scratch in my note book about it, I will remember it forever. Don't talk to me of Europe! If it has anything grander than America's western scenes, God could never have made it, and there is evidence enough of Satanic power in the heaving and tumbling of our own mountains to suit me.

It was sunset again when we reached Ogden, and pulling out from this, another queen-city, we rounded Salt Lake. From the grandeur and volcanic action of Echo Cannon, we came to a scene which breathed peace and beauty. O, can you not see with me!—distant mountain ranges, just before you, at whose feet water bright and expansive dances and ripples in contentment. The sea birds fly over it in large numbers, now high up in the air and now touching the water with their wings. The near shore of the lake is white and one needs not to be told that this is salt. Over the mountains the sun more large and red than I ever saw it before, looks upon us from the mountain-brow, looks for a moment only and then sinks away. The halo that surrounds it pauses but a moment and that too disappears. We look above and the stars shine, we look below and the lake ripples and plays, but soon its ripples are lost in the darkness. We move on as quickly as if one of earth's most lovely scenes was to reappear the next day. But when we look back in the morning the lake is gone and under our eyes is sage brush and sand.

If you wish to know what I saw all through Nevada, imagine sage brush and sand, and when you have imagined this as long and as far as you can, add double the amount you first saw. Make the sage brush go to seed and spring up fifty thousand times (good crops each time) and make the whole male population of the globe haul sand for two hundred and fifty-nine years, then multiply this by six and you will begin to understand what is meant by the sage-brush and sand of the West.

As we followed that Humbolt river, saw the mirage so plainly in the distance, and were delayed two full hours on that burning desert, we could see the old stage line not far from where we stopped. I thought many times of papa. I even looked across that burning plain and saw the "train" as it wound slowly along following the mirage, which seemed so real. I could see his homesick face as he laid his companion away in that devil-planned place. The thing I could *not* see was, why they did not all die. But I will leave this weary place and tell you a little of the glory spread before us.

The old sayings about "clouds with silver linings." "darkest just before day," are more than appreciated in going into California. The Rockies are beautiful, but they are not to be compared with the Sierras. The lovely trees and flowers are missing on the former and made up on the latter. We passed the summit in the night, but like the rockies we would never have known it had we not been told so.

My first glimpses of California were equal to my wildest expectations. The grand old trees, each looking as if it had a fresh coat of varnish and embodying every hue in the kingdom of green shades, the mountains covered with pine and other forest trees, the pretty fields and comfortable homes—all were equal to my brightest dreams.

But after leaving Sacramento, where we stopped for dinner, the sun came down hotter and more direct than on Minnesota's most torturing days, the wind blew a hurricane, and the dry country was put into the state of a Sahara sand storm. This lasted all the p. m., and when night came the most dense fog arose from the Pacific. In the morning everything was wet, and that kind of wet which makes one stick to everything he touches. This was the weather when in crossing the San Francisco ferry I looked to the west and saw the Pacific. It might just as well have been a cabbage-bed for all that I could see. Then came the thoughts which draw people's faces down and stir up a fog somewhere besides in the Pacific, and the thoughts, What did I come for? What am I to do? I hate this weather and if this is the "Golden State," take me back to the "Potato State," and let me stay there. But when we had crossed the nine-mile ferry we entered the Sonoma Valley, and of all beautiful places I ever saw this seemed the loveliest. I cannot describe it, for the clock has struck "twelve," and my ideas have struck "one." Enough to say it is my home, and if I am not happy I never shall be. The thought that you are all so far away and that I put you so, leads me to look at your pictures often.

I feel so well after this long journey, and as school does not begin for three weeks, I think I will take my trip south now, for if I wait until just before I come home, I shall never go, and I shall always regret not seeing the whole thing. It will cost heavily, but I cannot help that, and to stop where I am now would be like going to Europe and staying in Cork, for fear of the expense of going further.

GERTRUDE C. ELLIS.

G. A. R. LETTER.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., July 14, 1885.

EDITOR TRANSCRIPT:—Gettysburg battlefield is one of the grandest and most picturesque places imaginable, and well fitted to be the theatre of the greatest conflict of the nineteenth century. No wonder that competent military authorities, long before the event of the battle, commented upon its adaptability for that purpose, with its hights, valleys, fine ground for cavalry movements on the flank, and parallel ridges for mutual defence and protection of troops. If a battle must be fought, and one that is to be immortal in the memory of mankind as the turning point in the destiny of a great nation, no spot could have been selected more in keeping with the magnitude of the occasion. No one can travel over this great battle-field without being impressed with its natural beauty as well as by the memory of the terrible tragedy acted out there just twenty-two years ago.

Any one who visits the battle-field with the idea they can see much of it in a single day, will be very much disappointed. We traveled assiduously on foot over the field during six full days, not less than from 60 to 75 miles, besides a considerable distance in conveyances, and yet felt the task was poorly completed. Including the immediate cavalry operations, the line of battle could not have been less than eight miles long, and covered points front and rear not less than five miles apart. It is estimated that a space not less than 25 square miles was strown with the bodies of 30,000 men and 5,000 horses, killed and wounded in the battle. The conflict swept from hill to hill, and raged in the streets of the town, so the visitor is often surprised on asking to be shown the battle-field to be pointed to all the country about him that he can see. As it would be utterly impossible to give any adequate description of the battle in a single letter, we will make only a few comments on what we have seen.

On arriving in Gettysburg, we were so fortunate as to secure excellent quarters and board at John Holtzworth's, a social home-like place, which greatly promoted the enjoyment of our visit.

After dinner, we visited the scene of the first day's conflict, where Gen. Reynolds was killed. Stood map in hand, in the cupola of the Theological Seminary, which commands a splendid view of the entire country, and carefully studied all the points of the battle for the entire three days. Followed with the eye the route of both armies to the conflict, and the very places where the batteries were planted, the charges made and the officers fell. Looked at and visited the spot where Gen. Reynolds was killed while looking across the meadows for reinforcements. The tree near which Reynolds fell is pitted with bullet holes and jagged pieces of iron from its roots high among its branches. The walls of the Seminary are speckled with holes where the bullets from the Rebel muskets struck. Near by is the famous railroad cut where our forces bagged several hundred Rebels in the fight. From our splendid look-out, we could trace the Union line of battle on that first day, and see many miles away the routes taken by Longstreet, Hall and Ewell in converging upon Gettysburg to overwhelm the Union army. There beneath us was the meadow across which our defeated troops fell back hotly pursued by the victorious rebels. On my way back to town visited a somewhat interesting locality, the house of Mr. Sheads, which lies in the track of the retreat. Here Col. Wheelock of New York, fled into the house closely followed by a Rebel officer who demanded his sword. The Colonel refused to surrender, and dared the Rebel to shoot. A daughter of Mr. Sheads came up behind the Colonel and slyly took the sword, and unobserved in the tumult, secreted it. Col. Wheelock made his escape that evening and subsequently recovered the sword. While Mr. Sheads was pumping water for the victorious Rebels a shell came from the Union lines through the porch and exploded by the well killing an officer who was boasting of the victory they would win. Up in the gable of the house there still remains a shell sticking in the wall. Mr. Sheads lost all his sons, four in number, in the war. The same evening, attended by Mr. Holtzworth, I visited Mrs. Wade, whose daughter Jennie was killed while baking bread for the Union soldiers on the morning of the third day's battle. Mrs. Wade, who lives in a small one-story house, went to her bureau and brought various little mementoes of her daughter, including several photographs taken at various ages. She says their house was in the front of the Union lines, and the soldiers kept asking for bread. As the bread had given out, Jennie said she would bake some biscuits for them, and while her hands were in the dough, a bullet from the Rebel sharpshooters came through the door and killed her instantly. She was standing at the time beside her mother. It was with peculiar interest that I heard Mrs. Wade give all the circumstances, and exhibit the little mementoes she had treasured up so sacredly. Jennie had a lover, Corporal Skelly, who was shot a few days before, near Winchester, but the event did not come to her knowledge before her death, and so the lovers, each ignorant of the other's fate, passed suddenly through the flames of battle into the other world. When she was taken up for burial his picture was taken from her pocket stained with her blood. The G. A. R. Post is named from him, "Skelly Post No. 9." Her mother showed me the bread tray Jennie was using when killed.

Although the entire population of Gettysburg remained in their homes during the three days battle this was the only instance of any one being injured. The people took refuge in their cellars, and often, during the raging of the fight, could hear the bullets striking against the walls. Many of the houses are badly scarred up with bullet holes.

Day after day, guide-book in hand, we traveled over all the more conspicuous points of interest. Looked over east Cemetery Hill where the Louisiana Tigers charged our batteries on the evening of the second day, and were annihilated; the dark valley where the Massachusetts second was sent on their foolhardy charge against an impregnable position and left half their number on the field of death; the spot where Cushing fired the last shot from the last gun at Picket's men, and fell dead; where Webb's brigade stood and rolled back Picket's assault; the bloody ravine where the First Minnesota was sacrificed to hold the ground until the line was formed behind them; and many like places of interest. After that walked along the Rebel lines and followed their points of assault.

It was with the deepest interest, I walked from the spot where Picket led his men, 18,000 strong, through the wood out upon the plain where for three-fourths of a mile they advanced in the face of nearly an hundred cannon, pouring shot and shell and grape through their ranks, crushing, blasting, scattering thousands until one could have walked all the way stepping on the bodies of the dead. There was nothing like it in all the history of the war. Here I picked up a piece of a shell thrown into the column by the Union guns and will bring it back to put into McIntyre Post with some bullets donated from the boys of Skelly Post to McIntyre Post. Relics are becoming scarce, as they are eagerly sought for by the multitudes who annually throng these grounds. There are lots of relics for sale, but as the supply seems to be inexhaustable, people are inclined to question their genuineness, and prefer to hunt the fields for themselves. Some curious incidents occur. A few days ago, a man from Delaware came here and said he had a narrow escape during the battle from a shell which barely missed him and burrowed under a rock. He offered five dollars to a young man if he would dig the shell out. The offer was accepted, the rock turned over and the shell recovered. I held the shell in my hand, being very careful of course not to drop it. Not long since, an officer came here, and asking for a hoe, dug up a sword he had buried during the battle. Another officer recovered a sword, which he had thrown into a well.

We found the people very hospitable, and ready to communicate what they knew about the battle, and so learned very much that was interesting. Mrs. Sherfy, whose house is frequently mentioned in the accounts of the battle, as it was situated near the famous peach orchard where Gen. Sickles made the angle of his line for the second day's battle, and where the fighting was of the most desperate character, gave me many interesting reminiscences of the conflict. She said there were 48 dead horses in her door-yard, and they had to hire help after the battle to bury them. In the body of an apple tree, in front of the house, still remains a solid cannon ball, which you can turn about with your hand as the wood is decaying. The house bears many marks of the conflict.

One day, I enjoyed the services of Mr. John Holtzworth, nephew of the gentleman at whose house I was entertained, the guide of the battle-field. He has made the battle a study for the last twenty years, and is able to give reliable information upon all important points. No one visiting the battle-field should think of patronizing any one else. One evening my host very kindly took me out of Gettysburg about 4 miles to visit the fine monument erected where the cavalry battle was fought on the third day, between our forces and J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry. Gen. Lee sent him to attack and turn our right flank, while he pierced our centre with Picket's men, thus capturing our right and crushing the Army of the Potomac, but Stuart was defeated as well as Picket, and the Confederate cause was lost.

On the morning of the first day's battle the valley of Gettysburg was beautiful as Paradise with its fields of grain, well fenced, and neatly kept, but at the end of the third day it presented a scene of destruction and desolation perfectly indescribable. The grain was trampled into the ground, every fence leveled with the ground, and the earth strewn with the wreck of the conflict. Even the stones in the cemetery had been leveled with the ground. For years it remained neglected, but has now recovered its early thrift, and is a most delightful place to visit.

Last evening I had a very pleasant time in the G. A. R. hall, with the Post, where there are many valuable relics stored. The Post Commander's stand is made from a section cut from the trunk of a tree pierced by a solid shot. To the student of history a visit to the battle-field of Gettysburg is an event long to be remembered, and amply repays the efforts made to secure it. W. E. S.

GRAND MEADOW.

—Corn has made great progress during the past week.

—The foundation is being laid on Mr. Pierson's lot, corner of Main street just north of the depot, and the Brown House will be moved upon that corner as soon as the necessary work is completed.

—Fred Wilbright met with quite a serious accident Tuesday. By some cause unknown to the writer, he was jammed in between a mower and a wagon in the field, and two ribs were broken. Dr. Jackson was at once summoned and attended to the wants of the injured man, who is doing as well as can be expected.

—Olans Ed. Loe, son of O. E. Loe of this place, who has been attending Phillips Academy at Andover, Mass., for some time past, is to leave that place for Yale College. Mr. Loe passed a successful examination at the Academy by an examiner from Yale College, and will therefore resume his studies at that place. His many friends in this vicinity will wish him success.

—Monday evening the young men of the village met at the band room and organized a base ball club. T. J. Grimes was chosen captain, and Ed Sorben secretary. The following are the names of those chosen for the first nine: T. J. Grimes, Homer Pierson, Ed Sorben, Frank Knox, Sam Loe, Ole Hawkins, Joe Jorgens, Levi Hunt, Clayton Joslyn and "Old Slim."

—Last Saturday night burglars entered the blacksmith shop of Peterson & Grimes, and took from their safe an iron drawer, in which was locked $123.53. This firm are dealers in agricultural implements, and also had notes in the safe to the amount of about $1,800, which were also taken. It appears that they neglected to lock the safe Saturday night, which made it an easy matter for the thief to accomplish his design. Evidently the robbery must have been committed early Sunday morning, as Mr. Peterson was busy at work in his barn adjoining the blacksmith shop until after one o'clock.

It appears to us that the theft must have been committed by some one who was acquainted with Messrs. Peterson & Grimes's business, and also where they kept their money; for surely no stranger in planning a scheme of this kind would think of breaking into a blacksmith shop to secure money.

As this is a time of year when tramps of all grades are roaming our country, it stands not only the business man in hand, but also every citizen, to keep their houses well locked and secure from this infernal class.

As we go to press we learn that the notes have been found by some small boys, near Hodges & Hyde's elevator.—*Record, 17th.*

Erysipelas is a dangerous disease. Not unfrequently does it take such a form as to carry off its victim after a period of intense suffering. Charles R. Lucas, of Zanesville, Ohio, writes: "For three years my wife has been suffering from erysipelas. She has tried numerous physicians but received no benefit from any of them. She commenced using Mishler's Herb Bitters about a month since, and is now entirely well."

Wide Awake Druggists.

Dorr & Wold are always alive to their business, and spare no pains to secure the best of every article in their line. They have secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma, hay fever, bronchitis, or any affection of the throat and lungs. Sold on a positive guarantee. Trial bottle free. Regular size $1.00 3

Fashionable Ladies.

Young lady! When for the sake of fashion you violate nature's laws and contract a cold you run a great risk, it may induce bronchitis or consumption. Take Taylor's Cheroke Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein. For sale by Clemmer & Pooler.

Destiny of Earthly Things.

Speak only two letter and thus name the destiny of all earthly things? D. K. But many have died too early from a neglected cough or cold. If they had taken Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein a long life would have ensued. For sale by Clemmer & Pooler.

Asking Ones' Age.

A lady asked a gentleman his age. He replied, "What you do in everything?" X L. So does Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein excel over all other medicines for coughs, croup and consumption. For sale by Clemmer & Pooler.

Only Fraction of Lives.

How many persons live only a fraction of average human life because they neglect to take the commonest precautions against sickness. It is disease in its maturity that kills, and maturity implies growth. A slight indisposition is usually slighted. They who avail themselves of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters know it to be efficacious in chronic cases of disease, but the process of cure is a far easier one if it is used in the early stages of dyspepsia, malarial disease, rheumatism, constipation and liver derangement. Let those who would avoid the peril which even the most potent remedies cannot avert, steer clear of the rock upon which so many constitutions split—an under-appreciation of the danger of neglect. It will not do to omit care and a recourse to medicine when health is affected. If debilitated, or nervous, or dyspeptic take it for granted you are in want of a remedy. Use the Bitters.

"Rough on Rats."

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs.

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Buchu-Paiba."

Quick, complete cure, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. Scalding, Irritation, Stone, Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder. $1. Druggists.

Bed-Buge, Fites.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Thin People.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility. $1.

"Rough on Pain"

Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. 20c. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c.

Mothers.

If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Piles."

Cures Piles or Hemorrhoids, Itching, Protruding, Bleeding, Internal or other. Internal and External Remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity. Don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Rough on Itch."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

"Rough on Catarrh."

Corrects offensive odors at once. Complete cure of worst chronic cases, also unequaled as gargle for Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Foul Breath. 50c.

The Hope of the Nation.

Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Stinging, Irritation, Inflammation, all Kidney and Urinary complaints, cured by Buchu-Paiba. $1.

Water Bugs, Roaches.

"Rough on Rats" clears them out, also Beetles, Ants.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Miss Sophia Alderson,

TEACHER IN

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,

Either upon Organ or Piano.

All those wishing to avail themselves of her instruction will find MISS ALDERSON at the residence of her father, Simon Alderson, on River Street, Austin.

Minnesota Academy.

FALL TERM, 1885.

Will begin September 1st, and continue Sixteen Weeks.

The following studies will be pursued during the Fall Term: Reading, English Grammar, Rhetoric, English Literature, Geography, U. S. History, Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, Natural Philosophy, German Grammar, First Year in Latin, Cæsar, Cicero, Virgil, Greek Grammar, White's Lessons and Anabasis.

Good board can be had in private families at from $3 to $4 per week.

For catalogue, or any further information connected with the Academy, address

J. L. INGRAHAM, Principal, Owatonna, Minn.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given, that the firm of Lobb & Conklin, Barbers, was dissolved by mutual consent on the 30th of June, 1885, J. W. Lobb continuing the business at Austin and C. E. Conklin at Mason City.

J. W. LOBB.
C. E. CONKLIN.

A PRESENT!

Our readers for 12 cents in postage stamps to pay for mailing and wrapping and names of two book agents, will receive FREE a Steel Finish Parlor Engraving of all OUR PRESIDENTS, including Cleveland, size 22x28 inch, worth $4.00. Address

ELDER PUB. CO. Chicago, Ill.

NOTICE TO BUILDERS.

The Board of Education of Independent School District No. 27, asks for Sealed Bids of Builders for

Repairs on 1st Ward School Building,

(Formerly the Universalist Church)

INCLUDING PAINTING,

And also

Repairs and Painting on High School Building,

Specifications may be seen at L. S. Willard's store.

Bids will be received until July 25th, at 12 m. Work must be completed on or before August 25, 1885.

Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Board.

ORMANZO ALLEN, Clerk.

Dated July 13th, 1885.

JOHN FIZELL

Has Started a

Steam Laundry

in Austin, on Mill Street, in the building formerly known as the Scandinavian Hotel (or Weldon House.)

WASHING, STARCHING, POLISHING AND IRONING.

FIRST-CLASS WORK GUARANTEED.

☞Goods called for and delivered if desired.

Tourists' Excursion

TO

ST. PAUL, YELLOWSTONE PARK,

AND PORTLAND, OREGON.

To accommodate tourists who desire to visit St. Paul, Minneapolis, Minnetonka, the Dakota wheat fields, Bad Lands, Yellowstone National Park, Portland, Oregon, and the Pacific Coast, the Illinois Central R. R. have arranged for a first-class Pullman Palace Car excursion to leave St. Paul, Wednesday a. m. August 19th, via the Northern Pacific R. R. stopping one night at Fargo, one at Bismarck and one week in the Yellowstone Nat. Park, arriving at Portland August 31st. Tickets will be good for six months from August 19th. Pullman Sleepers and Dining Cars will be run through from St. Paul to Portland. Parties desiring to visit Wisconsin and Minnesota resorts before the excursion leaves St. Paul can purchase tickets on and after June 1st, good for six months, dating from August 19th. For rates and full particulars of the excursion, apply to J. F. Merry, General Western Passenger Agent, Manchester, Iowa, who will personally accompany the excursion and who will take pleasure in mailing free excursion pamphlets entitled "From the Gulf to the Lakes and the Lakes to the Sea."

Arrangments have also been made for exchange of tickets at San Francisco to parties desiring to return by the Southern or Central Pacific routes. We cannot imagine a more delightful tour than a trip from New Orleans to St. Paul, St. Paul to the Park and from the Park to Puget Sound and the Pacific coast.

A. H. HANSON,
3t General Passenger Agent.

JUST RECEIVED!

A CAR-LOAD OF

Hard Wood Lumber,

FOR BUILDING AND REPAIRING SLEIGHS, WAGONS, &C.

A CAR LOAD OF THE FAMOUS

Washburn-Moen Four-Point Barb Wire.

A CAR LOAD OF

NAILS OF ALL KINDS

Building Materials

OF ALL KINDS, AT LOWEST LIVING PRICES.

COOK & DAVIDSON,

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK.

New Furniture Store.

Having purchased the interest of R. H. STOCKMAN in the furniture business, I wish to announce that, notwithstanding the misrepresentations of some of my competitors, I am

STILL ALIVE,

And ready to furnish the public with anything in the

Furniture Line,

that they may wish, at greatly reduced prices, such as Chairs, Lounges, Tables, Beds, Cribs, Picture frames, Book Cases, Secretaries, in fact everything usually kept in a first class Furniture Store, besides many extras.

I have also received and keep constantly on hand the finest line of

Coffins & Caskets

In Southern Minnesota, also Robes, Shrouds, Embalming Fluids, Etc.

Am prepared to do a general Undertaking business in the best manner possible, and on the shortest notice.

All Furniture Neatly Repaired.

Asking a share of your patronage, am, Yours Respectfully,

T. W. DONOVAN.

☞Remember the place, south of Public Square, one door east of Oscar Avery's.

DOWNS' PATENT

Self-Adjusting Corset.

The bove cut is a correct representation, showing a corded Centre Piece with covered Silk Elastic Gores above and below, which allow of perfect freedom in stooping, sitting or reaching the arm above the head, as the Corset adapts itself to every motion of the body, and gives grace to the wearer, and is at the same time the most comfortable Corset in the market. None genuine unless stamped on inside of Corset. For sale by

Hall & West
AUSTIN, MINN.

TO PHYSICIANS!

We invite your attention to our new, clean and convenient application of the principle of counter-irritation as shown by our

MEDICATED BODY BANDS.

Highly indorsed by prominent members of the profession, for the cure of dyspepsia, rheumatism, painful and difficult menstruation, pleurisy, pains in the side, back, bowels and kidneys. Excellent for cholera in all forms, warming the bowels and checking discharges. Supplied to you or your patients through Drug stores, or by mail on receipt of $1. Send for circulars and testimonials from physicians and patients. Agents wanted.

NEW YORK HEALTH AGENCY, 285 Broadway, N. Y.

Important to Canvassers.

WANTED.—Live Canvassers in every county in the United States to sell FOX'S PATENT REVERSIBLE SAD IRON, which combines two Sad Irons, Polisher, Finer, &c., one iron doing the work of an entire set of ordinary irons. Is self-heating by gas or alcohol lamp. DOES AWAY WITH HOT KITCHENS. Price moderate. A large and lasting income insured to good canvassers. Address for circulars, &c., FOX SAD IRON CO., 95 Reade St., N. Y.

MONEY MAKING SECRETS, 10 of the Best on Earth for 25 cents, worth $1,000. L. MARSHALL, 1737 Fairmount Av., Philadelphia, Pa.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Lowest Rates for Advertising in 962 good newspapers sent free. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., 10 Spruce St., N. Y.

The only **perfectly adjustable** Corset made. Will fit any form. Cannot break down over the hips. **Money refunded if not in all respects as represented.**

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

FOR SALE BY HALL & WEST, Austin, Minn.

AUSTIN DRAY LINE!

WAY & MINER, PROPRIETORS.

5 *First-Class Four-Wheeled Drays.* 5

Two of them expensive spring Drays. Good stock and trusty men. Draying at all times, day or night, at reasonable rates.

Choice Bulls, Heifers and mature Cows for sale at moderate prices. A beautiful, large Lithograph, with portrait of the prize bull, DeWATERGUES, and five prize Cows, handsome enough to frame and hang in a parlor, sent to the address of any farmer or stockman FREE. Send for Catalogue. W. M. LIGGETT, Sec. N. W. Imp. and Breeders' Association, Benson, Minn.

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

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TEACHERS Make $70 to $150 per month selling our standard Books and Bibles. Steady work for spring and summer. Address, J. C. McCURDY & CO., Chicago

A PRIZE Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune op