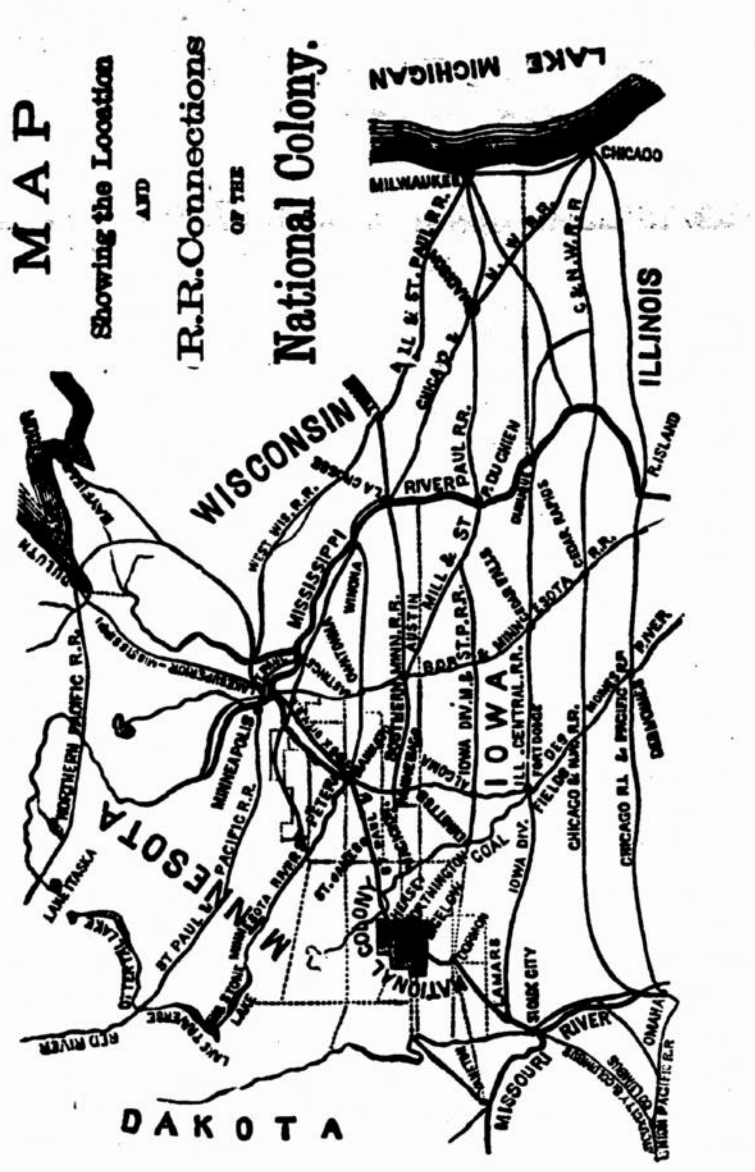
The Worthington Advance.

VOL V. | WORTHINGTON, NOBLES CO., MINN., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1876. | NO. 14.

150,000 Acres of Land for Sale on Long Time and Small Payments, by the

NATIONAL COLONY



The National Colony.

The national colony is located in Southwestern Minnesota and Northwestern Iowa. It comprises twelve townships of land in Nobles county, Minnesota, and three and one half townships in Osceola county, Iowa, the land being undulating prairie, watered by streams and lakes, and having a soil of sandy loam from two to four feet in depth. There are twenty townships of land in Nobles county, and it is admitted on all hands that this county lies in the very heart of what is called the "CREAM OF THE PRAIRIES." Southwestern Minnesota, by general consent, long since took the name of the "GARDEN OF THE STATE."

Lakes.

There are some fifty lakes, great and small, in Nobles county. The principal ones are Lakes Okabena, Ocheeda, Indian Lake, and Graham Lakes Within a radius of eight miles of Worthington there are over twenty-four miles of lake front.

Stock Growing.

The numerous lakes and the luxuriant grasses of this region adapt it to stock-growing in an eminent degree, and a number of settlers are arranging to engage in stock-growing, dairying and cheese-making The dry winters and fine climate are exceedingly favorable to the health of all kinds of stock. Beef cattle grown here can be delivered in Chicago for less money than by stock-growers living within twenty miles of that city. Two cheese factories now in operation in the county.

Railroads.

Two railroads now in operation to Worthington. The Sioux City & St. Paul Railroad runs in a southwesterly direction across Nobles county, keeping the people in daily communication with both St. Paul, distant 177 miles, and Sioux City, distant 92 miles. The Worthington and Sioux Falls Railroad extends westward to Lu Verne and will soon be completed to Sioux Falls. Preparations are now making to extend the Southern Minnesota to Worthington within the next year. Another proposed road is a narrow-gauge coal road to the Iowa coal fields, which will, in due time, no doubt be built. Another road is projected from Sioux City to Worthington by way of the Rock River Valley. The Southern Minnesota Company contemplates building a branch northwest from Worthington to Pipestone county.

Towns and Villages.

There are three villages in the county, all of which are railroad stations, viz: Worthington, Bigelow and Hersey.

Worthington

Is the county seat, and is a thriving town, drawing trade from nine of the surrounding counties. It is situated on West Okabena Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, having a circumference of about six miles, and presenting upon its shores many elevated sites for residences. It furnishes sand, gravel, boulders, ice and water in abundance for the town, to say nothing of boating, fishing, gunning, etc. The business of the town is represented by over twenty stores, five hotels, several lumber yards, fuel yards, meat markets, livery stables, etc., and one large steam flouring mill and two weekly newspapers. The professions are represented by three physicians, two dentists, and four lawyers. There are five church organizations in the place, viz.: Union Congregational, Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist and Disciples. The Congregationalists and Presbyterians both have neat church edifices, and the Methodists own the large building known as Methodist Block, containing Miller Hall, in which they hold services. The various societies are represented by a Masonic Lodge, a Good Templar Lodge, and a Post of the Grand Army.

Worthington has a good graded school, with three departments, on the Independent District plan. A fine School Building has been erected.

In culture and character, the people of Worthington are admitted to be far superior to those of frontier towns generally. The temperance feature of the Colony, which excludes the liquor traffic, has attracted the better class and excluded the more vicious class of settlers. We know of no place in the west where an investment in town lots will pay better

BIGELOW is a thriving village located some ten miles south-west of Worthington near the Iowa line. It is a railroad station and contains several stores, shops, warehouses, etc., and a cheese factory in successful operation.

HERSEY is another railroad station and village located about eight miles north-east of Worthington. It contains a postoffice, hardware store, lumber yard, hotel, etc, and is located in a beautiful and fertile region, and has a promising future before it.

Temperance and Education.

The National Colony is founded upon a temperance and educational basis. These features entered into the original plan of Dr. A P. Miller and Professor R. F. Humiston, the founders, and were among the chief inducements which brought to this locality the intelligent class of people, who have located here. No intoxicating beverages are sold in the county. The town charter of Worthington prohibits the liquor traffic. The educational interests of the town and county are in the hands of advanced men, who appreciate the importance of superior educational facilities and who will have them whatever they may cost. A few years hence will witness the establishment of the Worthington Seminary upon a permanent basis. There are now about fifty school districts organized in the county.

Climate.

The climate of Southwestern Minnesota is probably its chief attraction. The atmosphere is dry and is almost a specific for all pulmonary and bronchial affections. Consumption and ague are unknown here, and the exhilerating air gives energy to constitutions which would succumb in a more humid climate. The abounding good health and energy of the people are a source of constant remark and congratulation.

Advantages.

The advantages of this region are briefly summarised as follows: Fertile soil, convenient markets, and healthful climate; superior mail, railroad, school, church and other privileges; and no ague, no consumption, no liquor traffic, no desperadoes, no Indians.

The National Colony is a community founded, like any other community, upon legitimate and recognized business and social principles, without any communism or any peculiar feature other than the exclusion of the liquor traffic.

In addition to the advantages above named, every settler upon these lands has all the benefits arising from the location here of the NATIONAL COLONY and of the constant active and efficient work of that organization, of which Miller, Humiston & Co. are the proprietors and managers.

Settlers upon these lands will be transported from Chicago, and intermediate stations, at greatly reduced rates

Descriptive Pamphlets, containing full information in regard to the Colony lands, will be sent free to any one applying personally or by letter to

MILLER, HUMISTON & CO., Worthington, Minn,

ALLEN GIBSON, National Colony Agent, 106 Fifth Av., Chicago, Ill.

Or F. C. TAYLOR, 184 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

GRANDMA'S BOYS.

Our little Allie stands to-night
So close beside his grandma's chair,
And qestions her of various things—
Of earth, and sky, and everywhere,
And grandma answers o'er and o'er,
Her gentle patience never lost;
Tho' oft it would be hard to tell
Which of the two is puzzled most.
Such mystic things he wants to know,
Oft times too deep for her to show.

But patiently she tries to give
An answer to each question rare;
His hand in one of her's the while,
Her other smooths his ringlets fair.
At last he says, with earnest voice,
"Your little boy I'll always be;
But, grandma, did you ever have
Another little boy like me?"
"No little boys!" said grandma then,
"Ah, me!—my little boys are men."

Deep hidden in the human heart
Are chords of wondrous harmony;
And truer after many years
Their quick vibration seems to be;
And Allie, though lowly, has touched
A chord, whose muscle, sweet and low,
Thrills grandma's aged heart again
As in the days of long ago;
When she could, with a mother's pride,
Three little boys call to her side.

Unheeded now are Allie's words;
She sees again her children fair;
Three little restless forms once more
Are standing close beside her chair,
And memory giveth back to her
Sweet echoes of the busied years,
The music of each childish voice
In eager questioning she hears—
Fond memories of that long ago,
With here and there a throb of woe.

For she can see the darkened room,
A little figure robed in white,
Whose rounded limbs are stilled in death,
Whose eyes of blue are closed from sight.
Oh, that little grave beneath the trees
Which holds so much of light and joy!
Ah! who can tell what cherished hopes
Are buried with a baby boy?
The years roll swiftly by—but yet,
A mother's heart can ne'er forget.

But now a shout from Allie breaks
The silence, and her dreams are o'er;
Which loves she most, the little boys
She used to love in days of yore,
Or these two stalwart, bearded men
Who call her mother?—sweetest name!
Ah! they're the boys that have grown tall;
Yet love for them is just the same;
And this was grandma's meaning when
She said, "My little boys are men."

And she's as proud of them to-night
As when they knelt beside her knee,
And lisped their prayers in childish faith;
But ah! their number then was three,
Yet, of the little boy who died,
The one who left the home nest there,
Whose tiny grave is 'neath the trees,
She would not wish him back again—
Her treasure to the Giver given,
A link between her heart and heaven.

WHO MADE THE PROPOSAL?

From the Portland Sunday Times.

Dr. Gibson, having made an unprofessional visit to Mrs. Kellicott, walked down to the gate with her daughter Matty.

Matty was 20 years old, and the Doctor was 30. Her eyes were brown, and his were gray. She "had on" a pink calico dress and a white muslin apron; he wore clean, cool-looking linen clothes, and a wide Panama hat.

The gentleman admired the lady's flowers very much, especially the white roses.—one of which, by the way, she had tucked under her right ear. She inquired with considerable show of interest about the Ruggles children, who had the measles. He told her gravely all about Tommy and Ben, Alice and Kit; and, when he had finished, a silence fell upon them.

Matty was leaning on the gate, looking down the village street. She thought how funny it was for Mr. Scott to paint his new house pea-green with lavender trimmings, and was about to say so to Dr. Gibson, when he stopped her:

He said the very last thing she would have expected to hear. He said: "Matty, I love you, and want you to marry me!"

The very look in the bright, brown eyes would have told him, without a single spoken word how thoroughly unlooked-for such a proposal had been. She had never, in all the years she had known Dr. Gibson, thought for a moment of the possibility of his loving her. She was very sorry, she told him, but she didn't love him one bit, at least in that way. But the tears came into her eyes as she saw the quiet face grow a trifle pale.

"I hardly believed you did care for me," he went on after a pause. "But I hoped you might yet learn to do it."

"But—but—" said Matty, with embarrassment, "I thought every one knew I was engaged to my cousin Tom."

"Your cousin Tom!" echoed the Doctor. It was impossible to mistake the impression that passed over his face. It was not merely personal regret at the fact she announced, but an impartial disapproval of the match.

He made no comment, however, but directly said:

"Matty, I shall never get over this—I mean that I shall always love you, and if you need a friend or protector or—or any one, you'll come to me, won't you?"

She promised, and held out her hand to him. He shook it warmly, and said "God bless you!" and left her hurriedly.

Matty, still leaning on the wooden gate, watched the retiring figure out of sight. She was very quiet all day, and in the evening propounded this absurd question:

"Tom, what would you do if I would jilt you?"

Tom stroked his downy upper lip and looked pensive.

"Couldn't say," he replied, after some moments of silence. "You might try and see."

"Perhaps I will," she replied. more soberly than the occasion seemed to warrant. Tom stared very hard at her but immediatety forgot the incident.

Nearly a year passed. One day Mrs. Kellicott's "help" rushed frantically into Dr. Gibson's house, and breathlessly announced that "Mr. Tom would be deader'n a door nail long before he got there, if he didn't jump." For two seconds, thinking of him as his rival in Mattie's affections, the Doctor had half a mind to consign him to the tender mercies of good, stupid old Dr. Wells; but his better nature prevailed, and he started for Mrs. Kellicott's at the very heels of the servant girl.

When he arrived he found Tom in a high fever, and delirious. He pronounced it a severe case of typhoid fever, and privately added a doubt that he would recover. He sent to his own house for changes of clothing, prepared to devote himself to the sick man. Mattie too, was unwearied in her work, and, being much in Tom's room, consequently saw the Doctor almost constantly. He and his patient presented a marked contrast to each other. The latter was captious and peevish to an unheard of degree, and talked almost incessantly of some unknown being named Kate. On the other hand Dr. Gibson was so patient and gentle, so strong-and-helpful, doing so much for Tom, and yet not forgetting one of his accustomed duties, that Matty opened her eyes in astonishment.

One morning as the Doctor prepared a sleeping draught for somebody, and dictated to Matty a prescription for somebody else, she said with real solicitude:

"Dr. Gibson. you will certainly kill yourself if you keep on at this rate; and 'tis my belief that you are overworked, and you ought to take a good rest."

"Do I appear to be at death's door?" he inquired, straightening up, and squaring his shoulders, as if proud of his proportions. "No, Matty," he continued solemnly, though with a merry twinkle in the honest eyes, "work, as Mrs. Bowers frequently remarks, is a pannaky." Matty understood him and colored crimson.

At last Tom was pronounced out of danger, and now the doctor felt that he must remove himself and his belongings from Mrs. Kellicott's house to his own. Matty, hidden by the honeysuckle-vines, over the piazza, watched him go and cried a little.

The morning after, Tom and Matty sat on the piazza; he reading, or pretending to read, while she sewed diligently. Neither uttered a word for more than half an hour.

Presently Matty shook out the muslin cap she was making, and laid it on her work-box, put her little silver thimble aside, and dropped her hands, one over the other, into her lap. Then she looked up.

Tom was staring straight at her. She colored violently, and so, for that matter, did he.

"Tom," she began. "don't be angry. Oh, do forgive me!" She paused, trying to think how she could tell him softly; but she went on bluntly, "I want to end our engagement."

"So do I," rejoined he, with difficulty suppressing a whistle. Then both burst into a hearty laugh.

"You see, Mat," said Tom when he could speak, "I love some one else."

Matty appeared to be taken quite by surprise at his declaration.

"But I couldn't help it, indeed I couldn't. She is—"

"She is a young lady whose name is Kate, and her eyes are the blackest, and her cheeks the reddest, and she sings 'Under the Stars' with guitar accompaniment," rattled Matty all in a breath.

It was Tom's turn to stare, "Where did you find all this out?" he asked.

"My dear little bird, etc. I think I'll go and write to my future cousin;" and off she ran glad to escape the questions which she feared he might propound.

"But you haven't told me—" he called after her.

"And never shall," she returned, whisking into her own room.

In less than an hour she had reconciled her mother to Fate's decree, and written to Miss Kate Spencer, and persuaded Tom to write also, and had done much towards informing the whole village of her altered prospects.

In due time Tom was married, Matty officiating as first bridesmaid.

Matty, after the excitement of Tom's weeding, bethought herself what she should do. There were her summer dresses to be made up, her music scholars to attend to, the sewing circle and the flowers; but these occupied neither all her time nor thoughts. There ought to have been Dr. Gibson, too, she could not help thinking; but that gentleman, instead of falling at her feet as soon as he heard she was free, paid her no more attention than before. She waited for him in growing wonder and worry, an eternity,—two weeks,—and then took measures to bring him to his senses.

She employed only recognized and ladylike means, however. She began by flirting a little with different gentlemen.

There was Will Ellis. This young gentleman had offered himself to our heroine, on an average, four times a year, ever since she was 15. She had invariably refused him, decidedly and emphatically; but they were the best of friends in the world. She now told him in so many words, that she would accept all the attention he would offer her during the next week, taking care to remember that this singular declaration proceeded not from any special regard for him, but was made in pursuance of some occult design on her part. Forthwith the pair embarked on what seemed to be the stormiest flirtation Skinnersville ever saw. In the long morning they drove or rowed together; they dined at Mrs. Kellicott's, and immediately after sallied forth on some other excursion. Both were excellent equestrians, and Matty gloried in galloping over hill and dale, on one of Will's handsome horses. (Will, by-the-by, was the son of a rich man.) Then they drank an early tea on the veranda and spent the evening at the piano or in reading. At the hour of 9, Matty always sent Will home, without a particle of ceremony or regret at his departure. In short, what appeared to Skinnersville as a serious courtship was, in reality, a pure business matter, and so understood between the two parties to it.

This state of affairs continued for at week or so during which time the Doctor ignored Matty's existence, except as she was the daughter of his dear friend, Mrs. Kellicot. And all the time the girl was raging inwardly at her quondam suitor.

"Why can't he ask me at once again?" she queried, mentally; "I am sure he loves me, and any one might see that I love him; but I can't, and I suppose I shall be an old maid."

But the Doctor was not to blame. A man of the world would have seen through Matty's stratagem, but he did not; he imagined that she was either trying to drown her disappointment at losing Tom, or had really decided to marry the enamored Will.

The truth occurred to Matty at last. She could hardly believe such stupidity existed in the mind of a man; but she determined to try what modest and retiring behavior would effect. She dismissed Will, and became, to all outward resemblances, a little nun. Still no advance on the Doctor's part. He came and went constantly to the house, however. Matty gave up all hope, finally, of ever coming to better understanding with him, when something happened.

Dr. Gibson dropped in one morning when Mrs. Kellicot sat sewing on the pleasant veranda in the cool, refreshing breeze.

"You musn't come here," she called, as he tied his horse to the hitching-post. "My work requires my undivided attention; besides, you'll step on the ruffles. You may go and help Matty, if you like."

That young woman was making pies in the kitchen. She saw the doctor coming round the corner of the house, gave a hurried glance at the bright bottom of a tin pan she was holding, found herself presentable, and greeted him composedly. She was very glad to see him, she said. Wouldn't he come in?

No, he wouldn't come in, the day was so beautiful. He would just stand on the little brick pavement under the window, and lean over the sill. So there he stood under the grape-vine trellis, with a little golden sunshine falling over his hair and shoulders. Matty observed that he looked thoroughly unloverlike, and concluded that he didn't intend to propose. She also noticed a rip in his coat, and wondered who would mend it for him.

Someway the talk veered round from the weather to woman's rights.

Matty, on this, spoke up.

She didn't at all believe in the second-hand influence which reached the ballot-box through the agency of husbands or brothers. "When I vote," she said, "I want to march to the polls and put in my own vote my own self."

"What a pretty spectacle you'd make, Matty, with that rolling-pin in your hand, and—"

"I'm not at all sure I want to vote," she interrupted. "But I would like to make some laws, that's all."

"Well, you might petition the Legislature," suggested the Doctor gravely.

"Oh, they're not legal laws; only social customs and usages. I'll tell you what I mean." She laid the rolling-pin aside, with an emphatic bang, placed her floury arms akimbo, looked very earnest and determined, and quite regardless of the fact that she and Dr. Gibson were in love with each other. "Now, at a party, when a lady sits in a stuff-chair all the evening, not dancing, simply because she hasn't any partner, and can't ask any one, oh, you know, Dr. Gibson, you know—"

"How it is myself," interpolated he.

"How it was at Mrs. Campbell's the other night' If I had been Anna Radcliffe, or Dora Coliard, I'd have asked some of you men to dance with me."

"Then you think women should have the privilege of asking for whatever they wish," he retorted, with a smile.

She answered that she thought just that.

"Well, Matty, I quite agree with you. I not only think they should have this right in such a case as you mention, but in more serious affairs. For instance, women might, with perfect propriety, make proposals of marriage."

Now, such an idea had never entered Matty's little head, and she seized the sugar-box with great embarrassment. The Doctor went on, with much gravity:

"I am aware that it would be a very unconventional proceeding, and I am afraid that no woman will ever be wise enough to take the initiative; and yet I am persuaded that in many instances it would be the most natural and beautiful thing she could do."

He was looking unconsciously up at the blue sky shining through the filagree work of vine-leaves above him. It was evident he was thinking in the abstract only. but a faltering little "Dr. Gibson" recalled him to the concrete. And there stood Matty, smiling, blushing, dimpling, ready to extinguish herself in her brown gingham apron.

"Dr. Gibson, I like you ever so much!" she faltered, bravely, but breathlessly.

The Doctor jumped through an open window, and made his proposal over again.

THE GREAT PANACEA.—In this season of rheumatism, chilblains, frost-bites, etc., nothing better can be kept in the house than Merchant's celebrated Gargling Oil. It is peculiarly adapted to Family use, yet it answers equally well for horses and other animals. It is free from stain, and at the same time very efficacious in all instances where a liniment is required.—Rochester (N. Y.) Daily Union and Advertiser.

Publish that which is good. Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier is a life-saving remedy. imparts vigor, health and strength to the system, purifies and enriches the blood. Dr. J. H. McLean, 314 Chestnut, St. Louis, Mo.

WHAT A SMELL you have in your nose; It is all stopped up; get some of Dr. J. H. McLean's Catarrh Snuff. It soothes, heals and will cure any disease in your nose or throat. Trial boxes 50 cts. by mail. Dr. J. H. McLean, 314 Chestnut, St. Louis.

THE OFFICIAL CANVASS.

Of the Vote in Minnesota, Nov. 7, 1876.

The official canvass of the votes cast at the late election in Minnesota has been made and we give below tables showing the vote for Presidential electors as compared with the vote for Governor last year, and the vote by Congressional Districts this year as compared with the Congressional vote two years ago.

COUNTIES.	1875. GOVERNOR. D. L. BUELL.	J. S. PILLSBURY.	1876. PRESIDENT. S. J. TILDEN.	R. B. HAYES.	P. COOPER.
Aitken	3	18	17	37	....
Anoka	271	475	487	725	10
Becker	47	490	99	490	....
Benton	226	159	272	164	....
Big Stone	1	29	2	104	....
Blue Earth	1,389	1,562	2,039	2,410	....
Brown	578	795	682	832	125
Carlton	57	155	110	139	....
Carver	1,092	696	1,374	933	2
Cass	16	36	13	25	....
Chippewa	36	349	48	599	54
Chisago	173	896	244	1,019	....
Clay	87	179	115	390	....
Cottonwood	59	255	76	387	5
Crow Wing	115	148	109	152	....
Dakota	1,915	904	2,172	1,599	118
Dodge	283	756	675	1,673	2
Douglas	46	478	305	1,101	....
Faribault	465	1,188	605	1,591	63
Fillmore	819	1,522	1,752	3,825	28
Freeborn	324	1,650	536	2,195	15
Goodhue	723	1,727	1,377	4,227	93
Grant	21	199	28	269	7
Hennepin	1,605	4,737	4,871	5,641	39
Houston	1,257	864	1,446	1,988	....
Isanti	48	429	94	741	....
Jackson	52	863	69	522	1
Kanabec	40	68	29	109	....
Kandiyohi	185	819	158	1,457	100
Lacqui Parle	2	105	20	351	1
Lake	....	21	....	17	....
Le Sueur	1,580	766	1,635	1,037	....
Lincoln	4	31	18	88	....
Lyon	50	188	73	520	13
McLeod	607	694	828	808	67
Martin	130	386	160	635	....
Meeker	665	720	487	1,211	343
Mille Lacs	73	177	68	171	46
Morrison	293	154	383	216	....
Mower	440	1,063	955	1,969	75
Murray	10	126	42	235	....
Nicollet	623	1,020	677	1,116	35
Nobles	77	242	63	479	....
Olmsted	1,381	1,455	1,581	2,520	373
Otter Tail	328	917	462	1,629	....
Pembina	....	....	....	26	....
Pine	56	126	152	139	....
Polk	1	155	82	273	....
Pope	12	293	78	776	....
Ramsey	3,464	2,666	3,829	2,671	....
Redwood	94	415	112	434	26
Renville	314	589	284	930	56
Rice	1,543	1,640	1,541	2,377	328
Rock	3	167	69	518	....
St. Louis	134	637	259	484	....
Scott	1,276	377	1,732	656	....
Sherburne	182	355	208	432	17
Sibley	788	510	972	729	7
Stearns	1,885	677	2,413	1,117	9
Steele	627	847	948	1,588	4
Stevens	70	91	101	199	1
Swift	60	253	154	595	....
Todd	216	375	297	446	....
Wabashaw	1,402	1,349	1,752	2,087	110
Wadena	....	44	18	56	....
Waseca	546	547	743	1,128	57
Washington	1,000	1,109	1,335	1,689	52
Watonwan	173	481	195	549	3
Wilkin	24	89	42	90	....
Winona	1,953	1,722	2,928	2,636	16
Wright	1,140	1,130	1,280	1,482	23
Yellow Medicine	15	184	36	529	....
Totals	35,174	47,041	48,787	72,955	2,311

In 1875, R. F. Humiston: (Temperance) received 1,600 votes for Governor.

In 1876, Green Clay Smith (Temperance) received 144 votes for President.

RECAPITULATION.

For Hayes, Republican	72,955
For Tilden, Democrat	48,787
For Cooper, Greenback	2,311
For Smith, Temperance	144
Total vote	124,197
Hayes' plurality over Tilden	24,168
Hayes' majority over all	21,713

Congressional Districts—Official.

First District.

	1874. Dunnell.	Waite.	1876. Dunnell.	Stacy.
Blue Earth	1,165	2,276	2,398	2,000
Cottonwood	382	130	400	68
Dodge	713	602	1,621	702
Faribault	903	753	1,532	727
Fillmore	1,807	1,169	3,779	1,779
Freeborn	1,554	497	2,013	793
Houston	1,477	1,456	1,970	1,463
Jackson	379	161	530	64
Martin	350	201	628	165
Mower	1,173	959	1,939	1,043
Murray	163	50	237	38
Nobles	336	105	486	57
Olmsted	1,599	1,494	2,406	2,031
Rock	355	37	543	44
Steele	960	680	1,567	945
Waseca	1,032	602	821	1,031
Watonwan	540	259	543	181
Winona	1,77	2,271	2,601	2,960
	16,716	15,721	26,010	16,065

Dunnell (Rep.). majority, 9,945.

Second District.

	1874. Strait.	Cox.	1876. Strait.	Wilder.	Donnelly.
Brown	702	773	960	542	221
Carver	806	1,075	1,086	1,258	12
Chippewa	150	101	413	66	217
Dakota	1,198	1,953	1,825	1,868	690
Goodhue	2,195	878	3,287	2,056	277
Kandiyohi	617	150	1,382	172	22
Le Sueur	795	1,671	1,150	1,495	31
Lincoln	61	10	89	15	0
Lyon	398	49	521	73	9
McLeod	628	766	704	829	158
Nicollet	801	852	1,122	604	99
Redwood	260	162	417	109	45
Renville	642	397	878	271	115
Rice	1,404	1,343	2,389	1,348	505
Scott	1,026	736	852	1,517	14
Sibley	479	1,033	730	966	18
Swift	253	29	544	161	86
Wabashaw	1,312	1,526	2,041	1,610	247
Total	13,742	13,521	19,730	14,990	2,879

Strait (Rep.), majority over Wilder, 4,740. Over Wilder and Donnelly, 1861.

Third District.

	1874. King.	Wilson.	1876. Stewart.	McNair.
Aitkin	24	18	41	13
Anoka	504	447	677	544
Becker	494	82	416	171
Benton	160	200	161	272
Big Stone	29	....	97	8
Carlton	123	47	110	138
Cass	52	37	28	10
Chisago	635	189	966	289
Clay	415	86	352	152
Crow Wing	151	99	140	121
Douglas	852	293	856	544
Grant	165	26	215	83
Hennepin	3,498	3,389	4,735	5,749
Isanti	411	118	689	165
Kanabec	75	20	105	38
Lac qui Parle	260	13	272	95
Lake	34	....	16	1
Meeker	724	875	1,091	787
Mille Lacs	158	135	137	146
Morrison	226	208	310	314
Otter Tail	885	621	1,380	694
Pembina	....	....	26	....
Pine	172	135	132	158
Polk	176	25	219	130
Pop	630	80	641	207
Ramsey	1,721	3,753	2,858	3,517
St. Louis	758	186	469	272
Sherburne	294	337	388	265
Stearns	1,119	1,790	1,145	2,388
Stevens	77	38	167	136
Todd	239	80	489	232
Wadena	27	2	84	20
Washington	1,364	1,343	1,641	1,444
Wilkin	101	63	98	44
Wright	795	1,148	1,396	1,435
Yellow Medicine	537	49	451	116
	18,179	15,860	22,893	20,797

Stewart (Rep.), majority, 2,096.

MINNESOTA LEGISLATURE.

List of the Law Makers for 1877.

The following are the divisions of the Senatorial and Representative Districts:

1 Houston.
2 Fillmore
3 Fillmore.
4 Mower.
5 Freeborn.
6 Faribault.
7 Winona
8 Winona.
9 Olmsted
10 Olmsted.
11 Dodge.
12 Steele.
13 Waseca.
14 Blue Earth.
15 Wabashaw.
16 Goodhue
17 Goodhue.
18 Rice.
19 Le Sueur.
20 Dakota.
21 Scott.
22 Washington.
23 Ramsey
24 Ramsey.
25 Hennepin, Anoka, and Isanti.
26 Hennepin
27 Hennepin.
28 Chisago, Pine, Kanabee, and Aitkin.
29 Itasca, Carlton, Lake, Cass, and St. Louis.
30 Sherburne, Benton, Morrison, Crow Wing, and Mille Lacs.
31 Stearns.
32 Wright.
33 Carver.
34 Nicollet and Renville.
35 Meeker.
36 Sibley and McLeod.
37 Redwood, Brown, and Lyon.
38 Martin, Jackson, Nobles, Watonwan, Rock, Cottonwood, Murray, and Pipestone.
39 Douglas, Pope, Stevens, Grant, and Big Stone.
40 Kandiyoni, Swift, and Chippewa.
41 Otter Tail, Wilkin, Beltrami, Wadena, Todd, Polk, Clay, Becker, Traverse, and Pembina.

Below will be found the list of Senators and Representatives elect. Democrats with a (*)

SENATORS.	REPRESENTATIVES.
1. John McNelly.	Anthony Huyck., W. J. McSpadden., *M. J. McDonnell., J. A Eberhard.
2. *C. H. Conkey.	H. C. Grover., J. M. Wheat., Frank Erickson.
3. C. G. Edwards.	D. W. Rathbun., S. Berg., P. M. Mosher.
4. R. I. Smith.	S. J. Sanborn., H. A. Brown.
5. T. H. Armstrong.	J. L. Gibbs., H. G. Emmons.
6. J. P. West.	S. P. Child., H. H. Gilman.
7. J. F. Remore.	S. W. Johnson., *L. Knaphauser.
8. W. H. Yale.	*C. F. Buck., *J. M. Cole., *Edward Mott.
9. Burr Deuel.	Marcus Wing., T. W. Phelps.
10. J. V. Daniels.	E. P. Whiting., George. W. Pugh.
11. A. J. Edgerton.	L. G. Nelson., E. F. Way.
12. L. E. Wheelock.	Ceo. W. Buffum. Walter Muir.
13. P. C. Bailey.	Anthony Sampson., *Fenton Keenan.
14 *M. S. Wilkinson.	H. Cummins., J. A. James., W. P. Jones., George Green., Wm. Webb, Jr.
15. James McHench.	L. H. Garrard, G. R. Hall., G. Maxwell., *S. L. Campbell.
16. *W. C. Williston.	J. Finney., H. B. Wilson.
17. A. K. Finseth.	B. C. Grover., O. P. Huleback., T. G. Pierson.
18. *J. M. Archibald.	J. H. Pettys., W. H. Scriver., A. W. McKinstry., S. B. Coe., R. C. Knowles.
19. *M. Doran.	*P. S. Cardner., *J. Zimmerman., *M. McKenzie.
20. I. DONNELLY.	*Thomas Howes., D. B. Truax., E. G. Rogers., *M. H. Sullivan, *A A Osburne.
21. *Wm. Henry.	*Peter Cleary., *J. W. Callender.
22. *E. S. Brown.	L. A. Huntoon., O. W. Erickson., *A. Fredricks.
23. *C. A. Morton	*Wm. Crooks., *J. Lunkenheimer, Jr.
24. *James Smith, Jr.	*J. M. Gilman., *B. Rice., *B. Magoffin, Jr.
25. J. B. Gilfillan.	D. Anderson., G. W. Putnam.
26. Levi Butler.	G. H. Johnston., L. Fletcher., W. H. Rouse., J. H. Clark.
27. R. B. Langdon.	A R. Hall., A. J. Smith., Peter Weihart.
28 W. H. C. Folsom.	W. A. Bently.
29 E. G. Swanstrom.	S. G. Fulton.
30 *L. Mayo.	*John Stumpf.
31 *C. F. MacDonald.	*E. Meagher., C. A. Gilman., *G. Klosterman., *B. Pirz.
32 J. N. Stacy.	A. P. Peterson., E. J. Cutts.
33 *C. H. Lineau.	*J. F Dilley., *W. H. Mills., *C. Merriman.
34 *J. T. Schoenbeck.	J. Lundeen., W J. Bean., Daniel Benson.
35. J. M. Waldron.	L. Rudberg.
36. *Henry Poehler.	*F. Vollmer., *W. T. Bonniwell., *S. Beatty.
37. S. A. Hall.	David Worst., *Peter Bertrand.
38. I. P. Durfee.	H. N. Rice., Lee Hensley., C. H. Smith.
39. Knute Nelson.	M. A. Wollan., Ole Amundson.
40. A. B. Robbins.	J. P. Jacobson.
41. H. G. Page.	S. G. Comstock., A. McCrea.

RECAPITULATION.

	SENATE.	HOUSE.
Republicans	27	74
Democrats	14	32
Republican majoriiy	13	42
Republican majority on joint ballot		55

A certain candidate at the election lost 13 votes through making a rash promise to his wife. He had promised that in the event of his election he would buy her a seal-skin cloak and a pair of navy-blue stockings, and she couldn't rest till she told 13 lady friends all about it. The ladies expressed themselves as "awful glad" to hear it. but threatened their husbands with a suit of divorce if they dared to vote for this particular candidate. "That old cat would look nice in a seal-skin cloak and navy-blue stockings, wouldn't she!" is the way they expressed themselves in speaking of the candidate's wife. Who says that women have no pollitical influence?