

Minnesota at Gettysburg Cemetery.

A correspondent of the Tipton (Iowa) Advertiser, writing from Gettysburg, Pa., thus describes that portion of it in which were entered the remains of the soldiers who fell in that terrible four days fight: "After leaving the battlefield I next entered the Gettysburg citizens' cemetery, which is beautifully decorated with shrubs, flowers and evergreens. Next I visited the soldiers' cemetery, and was surprised to find everything so nicely arranged. All graves are marked on a small slab with name, company, regiment and State to which they belonged. My attention was drawn to a neat monument erected by the survivors of the First Regiment of the Minnesota Infantry in memory of their fallen comrades. On a beautiful mound in the cemetery is erected a large, national monument with the Goddess of Liberty on the top, and low down are four statues as large as life—two females, one with a slate and pencil in hand, the other with a sheaf of wheat resting on her knees, the other two are males, the one representing the mechanic, the other a soldier with a musket in hand."—*Owatonna Review.*

The King of Tramps.

A man was in this city last week, who we think, has done more tramping than any yet heard from. We give the story as it was told to us by a prominent merchant of this place. About thirty years ago the oldest son of the surgeon-in-chief of the German army, who had received a fine course of training in his father's profession, fell desperately in love with a peasant's daughter, but on account of the difference in social position, a marriage was opposed by the parents of both parties. When the young man found that a marriage was impossible he became slightly demented, left home, and has since been in nearly every quarter of the known world. He has passed through almost every inhabited part of Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, South America, and has been roaming through North America, for the last three years, always on foot, never using any sort of conveyance except when crossing seas. He was in the city last week and told a gentleman in this city, who was acquainted with him in Germany, that he thought of returning to his native town after his thirty years' absence. He is about fifty-four years old, but does not look to be more than forty, which is an argument in favor of the healthiness of tramping that cannot be overcome.—*St. Peter Tribune.*

AN OLD GREELEY EDITORIAL.

Showing How Long the Russo-English Trouble Has Been Breeding.

The following is an extract from an editorial in Horace Greeley's New Yorker of March, 1839:

"It is only since the virtual subjugation of Turkey and Persia to the giant power of the northern colossus, that England has felt any serious apprehensions for the safety of her oriental possessions. But the complete prostration of the Ottoman power by the last war, and the peace of Adrianople; the grasping conditions imposed in the treaty by Russia; the further exactions, especially with regard to the passage of the Dardanelles and the navigation of the Euxine, since or secretly at that time imposed; the defections from his allegiance of the pasha of Egypt; the vastly important alienation of Persia from the interests of England, and her present close alliance with Russia; and finally the constant aggressions and extension of power by Russia, especially on her southeastern frontier, have impressed upon the British nation, particularly upon those who have a deep interest in the preservation of her Indian empire, a vivid sense of impending and formidable danger. We shall not attempt, at this distance, to judge of the reality or imminence of the danger. We prefer to detail facts rather than indulge in speculation."

Killed at Last.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., April 5.—A variety company from Mozart's Garden, Brooklyn, has been playing this week in the opera house of Pawtucket. One feat is shooting an apple from the head or hand of the performer. To-night Mile. Volante, trapeze performer, held an apple on her head, and Mrs. Jennie Fowler, known on the stage as Franklin, was to shoot the apple. With uncommon recklessness, she stood with her back to the mark, taking aim by the reflection in a mirror. The rifle was

discharged, and Mile. Volante fell dead on the stage, shot through the forehead. Nothing can be learned of the victim, who has been on the public stage but five weeks. Mrs. Franklin was taken into custody by the police.

ONE OF THE VICTIMS OF THE CHEYENNE STORM.

A Cheyenne, Wyoming, special of the 8th says: During the late storm an old gentleman named Brower, who lives about 28 miles west of here, went to feed a young calf, which was a few yards from the house. Previous to going his wife tied a handkerchief round his neck and said: "Now, John, I will stand at the door and shout your name, so that you can guide yourself through the blinding drift." He started, and, becoming bewildered in the storm, was not found till Saturday, notwithstanding an untiring search was continually prosecuted for him. His younger son found the remains about half a mile away from the house, in the snow drift, the face just appearing above the surface, perfectly black. He was 72 years of age, and leaves a wife and two grown sons, who live in the vicinity.

WAR CRY IN ENGLAND.

Escape of Bradlaugh, the Reformer from a Roaring Mob.

Bradlaugh, the great English radical and infidel, was convinced recently, that, if there is no hell, there are certainly devils. He was one of the speakers at the London "peace meeting," which the war party broke up with demonstrations and acts of vicious violence. Bradlaugh was forced to run for his life. His flight from the mob is thus described:

Bradlaugh, seeing his condition hopeless, threw away his staff, which he had hitherto used with as much skill as an Irishman does a shillelah, and fairly took to his heels and scoured across the park at full speed. He took the direction of Park lane. With loud yelling hooting, a mob of several thousand followed in pursuit. Across the beautiful haycock beds and over the light iron railings went Bradlaugh with more agile bounds than would be believed. The crowd was in full chase after him, and heedless of every obstacle. The elegant flower potteries and the handsome fences were trodden ruthlessly under foot. Gradually the crowd gained on the flying agitator, and, as he reached Park lane, were only a score or so of yards behind him. Already the mob shrieked in anticipation of triumph, but luckily for Bradlaugh a *deus ex machina* appeared in the form of a "four-wheeler" or cab. Like a hunted deer he sprang into it, and the driver, quickly comprehending the situation, drove off at a full gallop. Groans of disappointment came from the crowd as they retired discomfited.

AN ENERGETIC MULE.

"Speaking about mules," remarked a six-footer in Arkansas, as he cracked his whip at market, "I've got a mule at home which knows as much as I do, and I want to hear somebody say I'm a fool." No one said so, and he went on. "I've stood around here and heard men blow about kicking mules till I've got disgusted. When you come down to kicking, I want to bet on my mule. A friend came along and took dinner with me the other day, and, as he seemed a little down-hearted, I took him out to see Thomas Jefferson, my champion mule. I was telling the good man how that mule would flop his feet around, and he said he would like to see a little fun. He'd passed his whole life in the South, but had never seen a mule lay his whole soul into a big time at kicking. "Well," he said, after borrowing some tobacco, "I took Thomas out of the stable, and backed him up agin a hill gin him a cuff on the ear, and we stood by to see the amusement. It was a good place to kick his durndest, and what d'ye s'pose he did? In ten minutes by the watch he was out of sight. In five more we couldnt feel him with a twelve foot pole, and—and—" the crowd began to yell and sneer, and the narrator looked around and asked: Does anybody think I'm lying? Right here under my arms is a pound of tallow candles which are to light the hole for to go in after Thomas; and I got word not an hour ago that the hind feet of the mule were sticking out of a hill thirty-nine miles as the bird flies from where the mule went in. I'm shaky on religion, gentlemen, but our family never had a liar in it."

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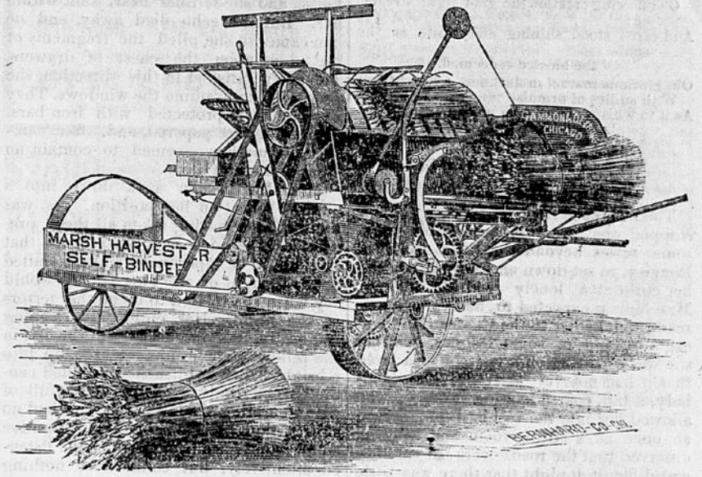
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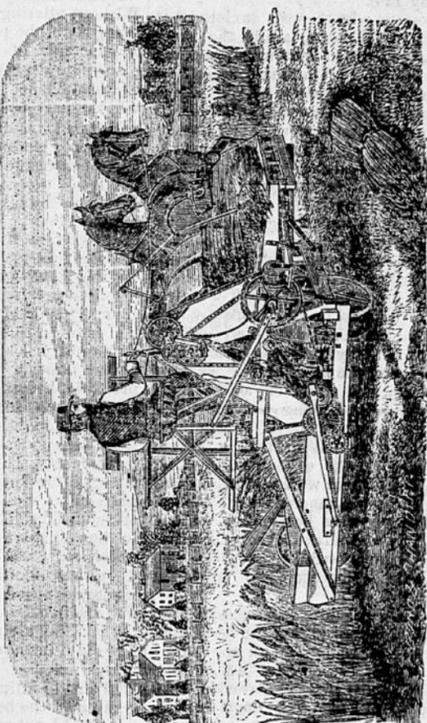


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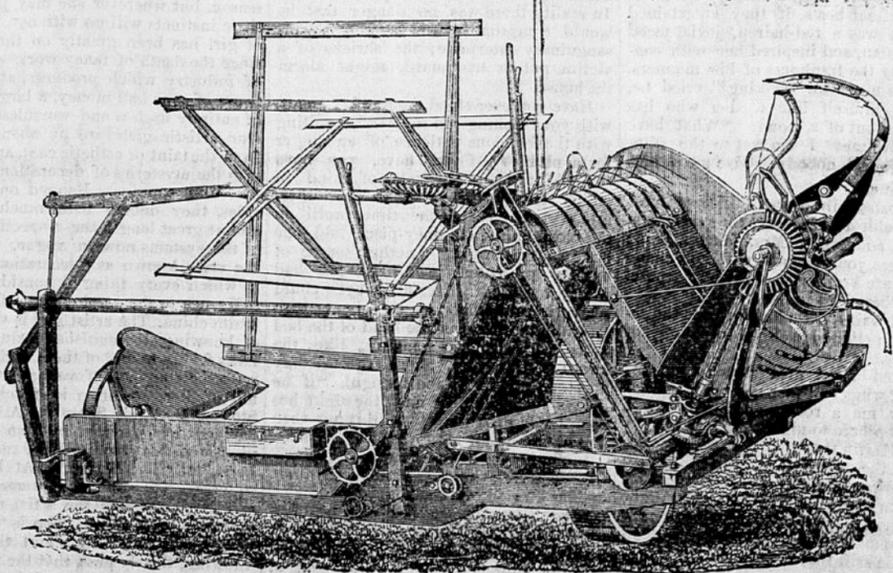


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