

NEWS IN MINNESOTA

A provincial dairy institute was held at Belgrade.

A fire department has been organized at Pine Island.

A New York club has been organized at Hutchinson.

A Knights of Pythias lodge has been organized at Colfax.

Pine Island farmers will erect an elevator at a cost of \$4,000.

This total loss by fire in the Yerkis grocery store at St. Paul was \$37,000.

The Elk River Milling company, with a capital of \$30,000, has been organized.

The date of the opening of the Red Lake reservation has been changed to May 15.

Police raided two gambling dens at Winona, arresting 18 men, and confiscating the paraphernalia.

Ole Olson was awarded \$6,000 damages for personal injuries against the Great Northern at Morris.

Thief River Falls is enjoying a boom on account of the prospective opening of the Red Lake reservation.

A man and boy were burned to death and a woman and boy fatally burned near Spring Valley, Minn.

Verill, the boy tried at Duluth for killing Samuel Demars at Bivabick, was convicted of murder in the first degree.

A. C. Gray and L. S. Swenson were chosen by the First Minnesota district Republicans, delegates to the national convention.

The work on a steel bridge, spanning the Minnesota river at Chaska and connecting Scott and Carver counties, is nearly completed.

Commencement exercises at the state agricultural farm at St. Anthony Park were held Friday. There were 28 in the graduating class.

Secretary Smith approves Commissioner Lamoreaux's decision against the claim of the State of Minnesota to Red Lake reservation swamp lands.

The Uniformed Rank, Knights of Pythias, will hold their annual encampment at Cleveland, the officials taking it away from Minneapolis.

The large flour mill at Granite Falls, known as the big Finney mill, was destroyed by fire Saturday.

The mill cost about \$40,000, having a capacity of 800 barrels per day.

During March a large amount of Minnesota railroad lands were sold.

The Great Northern sold 8,000 acres, Northern Pacific, 13,000 acres, and the St. Paul and Duluth 12,000 acres.

A cavern at the Vega mines buried two men and mortally injured the third.

The depth of the cave is about 35 feet. Superintendent St. Clair says it will take about a month to recover the bodies.

The schedules in the assignment of the P. H. Kelly Mercantile company have been filed in the office of the clerk of courts.

The total amount of the assets is \$317,112. The total liabilities are \$387,096.52. In Mr. Kelly's personal assignment the assets were \$314,203.29; liabilities \$708,837.84.

A deal between the C. N. Nelson Lumber company and the Weyerhaeuser interests has been consummated, and the property of the former in Northern Minnesota passes into Weyerhaeuser's possession.

The amount involved is placed at about \$4,000,000 cash or its equivalent, making the trade one of the largest that has ever taken place in Minnesota pine timber interests.

Hoke Smith has decided adversely to the claim of the State of Minnesota that the swamp lands within the ceded portions of the Red Lake reservation to be opened to entry May 15, were granted to the state by the swamp land grant of March 12, 1850.

The secretary says the intent of the act was to grant to the state swamp lands within her borders that had not been, prior to selection by the state and approved by the department, disposed of as reserved under some act made prior to the granting act. Such reservation of these lands had taken place and accordingly none of them passed to the state under the grant.

RESOURCES OF MINNESOTA. They Will Be Advertised by Counties at the G. A. R. Encampment.

St. Paul, April 1.—The Grand Army encampment committee are at work on a plan of bringing the resources of each county of the state before the crowds who will attend the national encampment next September in St. Paul.

The object is to give each county opportunity to build an arch or some other form of display, along Third street, and on other streets where the crowds of visitors from abroad will congregate.

W. J. Footner of St. Paul has been chosen by the Grand Army committee to promote county displays, and any county desiring to participate should apply to him for information, or to J. S. Pinney, general secretary of the G. A. R. committee.

This feature of national encampments will be wholly new and Minnesota counties will undoubtedly take hold of it vigorously.

MINNESOTA STATE FAIR. It Will Be Held Encampment Week, but Will Not Interfere.

St. Paul, March 31.—The board of managers of the state agricultural society met at the Ryan. The date of the fair was fixed for the week from Aug. 31 to Sept. 5, the week of the national encampment of the G. A. R. It was thought by the managers of the society and General Mason and Colonel Scheffer, who were present, as a committee from the national encampment committee, that it would be a good plan to hold the fair during the Grand Army meeting, as the fair will give the guests from all parts of the country an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the resources of the state.

CALLING THE STATIONS. Many Members That Remain Over In Their Property Resolutions.

"O'Connell," said a man, "one hundred yards on the elevated road and the next station back from the one where the train is to stop on the Sixth avenue road for instance, is a mile on the elevated road, and in some cases the distance is a mile and a half."

day long. To be sure it might seem that the names would be by frequent repetition so deeply engrained in their memory that they would be the less liable of calling them wrong, but what I suppose happens is this—that sometimes the mind unconsciously switches over, and the guard calls from the up list instead of the down, or vice versa.

Sometimes when a guard miscalls a station he has it go—perhaps he doesn't think of it himself. Sometimes the guards in a mild tone of voice, as though the least said about it the better. Sometimes he sets it straight clearly and unmistakably. I rode up town the other day on a Sixth avenue Harlem train with a guard who, as the train left Forty-second street, looked in and said, "Fiftieth next, Fifty-eighth street train, change there for Harlem." But the next minute he looked in again and said, with equal if not greater distinction and deliberation, "Fiftieth next, Harlem train, change there for Fifty-eighth street."

"Here was a case that was a little different: A newsman who got off a Sixth avenue train with a bundle of papers at Fifty-third street handed a paper to the guard and asked him to give it to the ticket chopper at One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street. The guard looked into the car as the train started and said, 'Hundred and Thirty-fifth street next, but this was so far off that it really needed no correction, and very reasonably the guard let it go at that, but he smiled as he closed the door.'"

NEW YORK SUN.

THE OLD MAN.

Its Significance as Applied to the Head of the Business House.

Were the head of a large concern or the responsible executive officer of a great corporation, whether my age were 27 or 73, I should want all of my employees or subordinates to call me "The Old Man." Not, of course, to my face or when they were addressing me, but among themselves or when they spoke of me to their friends.

"His Majesty," "His Royal Highness," "His Excellency" and the like all indicate that the persons to whom they are applied possess power, but in this commercially democratic age and country the one appellation of undisputed autocracy is "The Old Man."

Applied to the head of a concern it frequently indicates love, generally respect and always complete submission to authority. It is as for any suggestion of age as is "reverend." It is never given when there is a question of authority or a smoldering rebellion against it.

When "The Old Man" says a thing, that settles it; there are no questions to be asked; there is no comment to be made. When "The Old Man" does something, or fails to do something, there is no criticism to be indulged in.

"The Old Man" is the one person about the establishment who is absolutely his own master, whose coming in and going out are unhampered, whose authority is never questioned, and whose opinion and judgment are never doubted, to whom "sir" is a right and not a courtesy.

Long live "The Old Man!" And when, through his half closed private office door, he hears the boys term him thus kindly, let him congratulate himself that loyalty is in his service and that he has attained the acme of dignity.—Truth.

The Greatest of Rivers.

From first to last it receives over 1,200 tributaries, of which more than 100 are large sized rivers and rise so far apart and have their floods and ebbs at such different seasons that the Amazon is at about the same height the year around.

At some points the lower course one bank is invisible from the other. The beholder seems to be looking on a great yellow sea of fresh water. When discovered, some tribes of Indians on the lower portion know nothing of the existence of the opposite shore and did not believe that it existed, saying that "the great river flowed all around the world." Its mouth, including that of the Para, is 180 miles in width, and it is navigable for large sized ocean steamers for 1,000 miles from the sea, and so vast is the flood that the ocean is tinged yellow for 400 miles from the coast of Brazil.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Shah's Treasures.

Of all the sovereigns of the world the Shah of Persia is said to possess the largest treasure in jewels and gold ornaments, it being valued at \$60,000,000. The chief object of value is the old crown of Persian rulers, in the form of a pot of flowers, which is surmounted by an uncut ruby the size of a hen's egg.

The diamonds in another symbol of his rank are said to weigh almost 2 pounds. There is also a jeweled saber, valued at \$1,600,000. Another thing that the Shah prizes is a silver vase ornamented with 100 emeralds, whose equals, it is said, are not to be found in the world. In the collection there is a cube of amber which tradition says fell from heaven in the days of Mohammed and insures the possessor against bodily harm.

The wasp's nest is constructed of a first class article of paper mache, made from the pulp of wood, with an animal glue specially prepared by the wasps for the purpose.

What you keep by you you may change and mend, but words once spoken can never be recalled.—Roscommon.

Ventilated Gloves For Officers.

There are very few novelties in military goods, but some gloves recently put on sale by a dealer are novelties. They are for officers who have to wear white leather gloves according to regulations.

The new gloves are of wash leather and have ten holes in the palm of each hand, while the space between the fingers is cut away toward the palm. The object of the holes is to keep the hands from perspiring. From being, when the hand is closed, the holes do not show. They are successful in their object.—New York Sun.

What He Could Do.

"What do you do for a living?" asked the man from the country. "I'm a dealer in gloves," answered the city man. "A large hat with four white feathers, a small hat with a single feather, and several other styles of hats." "Do you sell any other goods?" asked the man from the country. "No, sir," answered the city man. "Do you sell any other goods?" asked the man from the country. "No, sir," answered the city man.

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FROM FLORIDA

A Warning to Prospective Immigrants to the Florida Fruit Gardens.

Editor WILLIAM TRIBUNE:

If I can say anything to prevent poor people with little means from going down there to be disappointed and deceived by those land sharks and real estate agents, I shall be glad to do so. We did not visit the Tallahassee region, where the Clark Syndicate Companies land is located, and which they are just now booming up in Palm & Fireside, so we don't claim that there is no fertile land in that region, but as Palm & Fireside say their colony land is all pine land, we do say that we saw enough of Florida pine to judge something of its fertility. They are not only booming Lion County, but all middle and western Florida. Hear what the Florida State Commissioner of Agriculture says, in order to induce settlers to come there: "The pine lands are divided into 3 classes, first, second and third. The soil of the first class is remarkably fertile, producing good crops on the same soil from 15 to 20 years, without fertilization, 40 bu. of corn, 40 to 50 oats, 200 to 400 bu. of sweet potatoes, 1 to 2 tons of hay, etc." Now if this be true, why in the name of truth did not we, in going from Tampa to the Northern boundary of the state, on the Florida Central Railroad, see some of this rich pine land. We saw nothing but pine land cypress swamps, and I looked in vain for a change in the appearance of the soil, but it all looked like that around Tampa, the same poor white sandy soil, all wild and uncultivated with the exception of the dead orange groves spoken of in my former letter. If it is as rich as they pretend, why did we not see at least some cultivated farms with peach and pear orchards etc. The writer in Palm & Fireside further says that the swamp land is easily and cheaply drained, when it makes the richest land in the world, so my brother went into one of these swamps, and he says it was lower than the land around it, and a perfect mat of palmetto. He thinks a man could not afford to clear it for less than \$100 an acre, and how could it be drained unless the water will run up hill? A writer in Palm & Fireside further says: "In no other state in the Union can a man get such profitable returns by using brains and muscles." Who, with half common sense does not know that that is a lie? He further says, "As a poor man's country West Florida leads the list; little money is needed, etc., to make a fortune." If he had said it leads the list in poor men, he would have come nearer the truth. I do not say there is no productive land in Florida, for the agricultural products of the state proves that there is, but I do say that I believe a man will work harder trying to make a living by farming there, than in any other state in the Union that I have visited. These railroad land speculators, will take a man down there on 3 day excursion at half drive, take him to a good hotel, drive around with him to see the best farms, tell him big stories as to what the land will produce, give him no time to look around and see the dark side, and if he comes from the north where the mercury is down to zero, and in 24 hours lands in a country where it is 60 or 70 degree above, he is very apt to think it a delightful climate, and a paradise, but let him stay through the long summer, and endure the mosquitoes, sand flies, the blighting vegetation, the malarial disease, the warm drinking water, and many other drawbacks, and I think he will wish him self back where he came from. The land in southern Georgia looks very much like that of Florida with the exception of the palmetto. The soil is white sand, and in some of the cotton fields, the last years stalks were not more than one foot high, and in the corn stubbles, the stalks were not larger than your finger, not more than 3 or 4 feet high, and only one in a place about 3 feet apart in a row, and 4 feet the other way. You can judge for yourself how much such corn would go to the acre. If a native southerner, especially a poor man, can get plenty of corn-bread and bacon, he will not complain, and I know of some in Florida who did not complain when they could get corn-bread made with cold water without the bacon; but people from the north do not like to live that way. With the exception of Jacksonville and St. Augustine, Tampa is probably the largest town in Florida. There flour, meal, corn, oats, hay, and Irish potatoes are shipped in from the north. If the land is as productive as the land speculators pretend, why don't they raise such stuff there? We went into a meat shop in Tampa and inquired the price of beef, Northern beef, Armour's, best cuts 25 cents per lb. Florida beef, best cuts, 3 lbs. for 25 cts. Now there was just as much difference in the quality as there was in the price. Now I have given you the facts in regard to what I have seen of that southern country, and if people don't believe what I say, let them go over the same ground themselves and I think they will be satisfied.

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"Why, from the country, most of them. These fellows who are raised on cigarettes and beer in the city don't seem to have the muscle necessary to throw on the brake and stop the train on a down grade. Then again a countryman is mighty careful about going through the streets. He's afraid that every man he sees step off the pavement is going to be run over, and he is absolutely certain that every team that comes out from a cross street is going to collide with him. It takes him about two years to get over this fear, and then, as he becomes a little careless, he has a few accidents that smash up fenders and take the paint off the coaches, and then he gets fired, and the road is ready to break in another countryman."

"How do they break them in?"

"Well, they are mighty careful with them. A new man on the grip is about the worst scared object in the world. Talk about your condemned man being scared when he's walking out to be hanged—why, his sensations ain't in it with the man who's running a grip car for the first time. To be sure, an experienced gripman is on the right hand side him, ready to throw on the brakes and sound the 'lookout' bell. But between the grip, and the wheel brake, and the track brake, and the 'go ahead' and 'stop signals,' and the 'look out' bells, and the people jumping on and off the grip car, your new gripman just gets seasick. They say they don't mind it, but they're talking through their bonnets, that's all. Then, another thing, the way they throw on the brake yanks their arms out of joint, and makes 'em good and sore, I tell you."

"There's something funny about braking up a grip car. I came from the country to my job, but I wasn't always a plowboy. When I was a young fellow, I used to work in a country printing office, and used to have to run a Washington hand press. Ever run a Washington hand press—you're in the newspaper business? What! Never run one? Well, then, I can't tell you anything about it, except that if you don't know the trick you can't throw 'er over and get an impression no more than a rabbit. You may have a muscle like a blacksmith, but if you don't know the knack you can't pull the lever over, but if you are on to the trick, and don't weigh more'n 90 pounds, you can throw her around just like lightning and make 600 impressions an hour—that is, if you've got a good 'devil' to do your inking."

"Well, as I was saying, that's just like braking up a grip car. Some big fellows weighing 200 pounds, with muscles on them like Fitzsimmons, get on one of these grips with two coaches behind 'em, and the way they brake 'er up makes all the passengers think they have gone to sea. Then a little fellow, who don't look heavy enough to handle a team of mules attached to a sulky plow, gets a job on the road, and he grabs that old grip like a drum major throwing a baton, and he'll get the knuck of the thing right quick, and when he brakes 'er up the passengers think that the first waltz at the Charity ball is just starting."

"But while he may be throwing on the brakes all right he's kind of off his pins when it comes to hearing the two bells for go ahead. You see, a new man can't do everything at once. Takes about a week to get the shiver off, and during that time a regular gripman runs with the new man, keeping a sharp lookout. Then the new man, after his week, goes to the superintendent and has to pass an examination. They ask him all about the signals, and where other cars cross, and where the 'dead men' are—'dead men' a block you strike if you don't let go the cable when you have to, and if you ever strike a 'dead man' your job's gone, no ifs ands about it—and all about the street and so on. Well, if the new man passes the examination, he puts up \$10, and they give him a certificate, and he can go and pit that up for a uniform and an overcoat, and there you are—he's a gripman, ready for 20 degrees below zero and 100 degrees above zero and his little old \$3 a day."

"The company's breaking in six new gripmen on the Fourteenth street line right now. Two of the old men died and a couple quit. Each line always keeps about a dozen extra gripmen on hand ready for an emergency, so they're breaking in these new ones. One of the new boys had an accident at Ninth and the avenue the other afternoon. Ran into an Ansonia hotel car. By ginger, I thought he was going to knock the thing clear to the Good Hope hill, but he didn't. Scared? Well, the passengers on the hotel wasn't half as scared as he was. He could hardly get off the grip to pick up the pieces of the fender. He thought he was as good as fired, but the company never said nothing. Guess they thought they was lucky to get off with as little damage. And besides an accident right at the start makes a gripman extra careful for all the rest of the time."—Washington Post.

All Hope Gone.

Mr. Flahley—J. told me that he never knew what it was to be happy up to the time of his marriage.

Mrs. Flahley—Haven't I always told you that marriage is the only happy state?

Mr. Flahley—Yes, but J. says he never expects to know what it is to be happy now.—Brooklyn Life.

It Is Not So at All.

"It doesn't seem to you to have had as good a time as the rest of you boys?"

"No."

"Why is that?"

"Yes, we had our fun with Willie."

—Chicago Record.

The ball and socket joint is seen to protrude in the upper extremity of the

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"Well, they are mighty careful with them. A new man on the grip is about the worst scared object in the world. Talk about your condemned man being scared when he's walking out to be hanged—why, his sensations ain't in it with the man who's running a grip car for the first time. To be sure, an experienced gripman is on the right hand side him, ready to throw on the brakes and sound the 'lookout' bell. But between the grip, and the wheel brake, and the track brake, and the 'go ahead' and 'stop signals,' and the 'look out' bells, and the people jumping on and off the grip car, your new gripman just gets seasick. They say they don't mind it, but they're talking through their bonnets, that's all. Then, another thing, the way they throw on the brake yanks their arms out of joint, and makes 'em good and sore, I tell you."

"There's something funny about braking up a grip car. I came from the country to my job, but I wasn't always a plowboy. When I was a young fellow, I used to work in a country printing office, and used to have to run a Washington hand press. Ever run a Washington hand press—you're in the newspaper business? What! Never run one? Well, then, I can't tell you anything about it, except that if you don't know the trick you can't throw 'er over and get an impression no more than a rabbit. You may have a muscle like a blacksmith, but if you don't know the knack you can't pull the lever over, but if you are on to the trick, and don't weigh more'n 90 pounds, you can throw her around just like lightning and make 600 impressions an hour—that is, if you've got a good 'devil' to do your inking."

"Well, as I was saying, that's just like braking up a grip car. Some big fellows weighing 200 pounds, with muscles on them like Fitzsimmons, get on one of these grips with two coaches behind 'em, and the way they brake 'er up makes all the passengers think they have gone to sea. Then a little fellow, who don't look heavy enough to handle a team of mules attached to a sulky plow, gets a job on the road, and he grabs that old grip like a drum major throwing a baton, and he'll get the knuck of the thing right quick, and when he brakes 'er up the passengers think that the first waltz at the Charity ball is just starting."

"But while he may be throwing on the brakes all right he's kind of off his pins when it comes to hearing the two bells for go ahead. You see, a new man can't do everything at once. Takes about a week to get the shiver off, and during that time a regular gripman runs with the new man, keeping a sharp lookout. Then the new man, after his week, goes to the superintendent and has to pass an examination. They ask him all about the signals, and where other cars cross, and where the 'dead men' are—'dead men' a block you strike if you don't let go the cable when you have to, and if you ever strike a 'dead man' your job's gone, no ifs ands about it—and all about the street and so on. Well, if the new man passes the examination, he puts up \$10, and they give him a certificate, and he can go and pit that up for a uniform and an overcoat, and there you are—he's a gripman, ready for 20 degrees below zero and 100 degrees above zero and his little old \$3 a day."