

## DEEP AND DARK IGNATIUS.

So writes Dr. Fish in the Current Issue of his Paper.

"Facts which Show the Lizard's Trail to be Luminous by Comparison."

"Interesting Developments of Falsehood and Fusion." So it Reads.

In the Great West this week Dr. Fish gets back at Donnelly as follows:

This week our subscribers expect to read that an action for libel has been entered against the chief conspirator of the fusion gang—and fifty thousand populists would rejoice thereat. But it cannot be. The man who betrayed the labor party in 1888 and took \$1,700 for his old party tariff work, (and wrote "Caesar's Column" the same year) and who betrayed the cause again this year—is a wonderful schemer. Thank God, we are on to him now, and checkmate him before he gets us into his clutches.

Ignatius Donnelly sits down and meditates: If Dr. Fish gives all the facts of my career—if this fusion blunder and my infamous letters and circulars open his eyes, and if he gets the truth in regard to my sell-out in 1888 and the fusion of 1892, I'm a dead donk! I must crush that man or be crushed!

He things awhile longer—then dips his pen in ink. I have it, he says, I'll charge him with villainy so fiercely that even the saints will shudder.

But he may sue for libel!

Ah, but if I can throw even a shadow across his path, though false as hell, he won't dare to! I'll paint a perjurer's prison to him.

But the fellow is innocent and may dare anything!

Well, let me see—the prosecuting attorney is in my family—roundabout: the assistant prosecuting attorney is my son Stan. I'm a democratic fusionist, Stoughton is a democrat, it's a democratic city, my son's brother-in-law is the democratic boss here, and I have a democratic son-in-law in the state-house. I guess I'm safe.

But Fish may go to some other country! Ah, sure! Let him go—I'll fix it! I will write a charge in such awful language, such fiery terms, so comprehensive—that it will blacken Fish's character forever—but when the matter comes into court, lo—he'll have no case—no real criminal charge is there! It will fasten dishonor on the fellow, but charge no crime. Let's see, how will this do to begin:

"You are either an honest man or a rascal. Every man is one or the other. If you are the former, etc., etc." That's good! good! It sounds horrible, but it aint. I'll fill up a quarter of a column of that stuff, and now I must come to business. A preface of a little mud wont hurt, here—

"I plainly, distinctly and unequivocally—"

Ah, that's lovely—"charge that you, Everett W. Fish, (see, that makes it strong!) otherwise known as Dr. Fish, (by high, old Pegasus,) while publishing \* \* claiming \* \* alleging, etc., etc."—now go for him—"have, at different times, and especially during the political campaigns of 1890 and 1892, taken large sums of money, amounting in the aggregate to several thousand dollars, from prominent republicans politicians, or the officers of the republican state central committee." There, now I will embellish with an oration on perjury, etc.—making it a stew of hell's hottest broth. If he's guilty he'll never open his yawp. If he isn't, why—he'll sue, or try to. If for civil damages, why even my books, the paying ones, are not in my name—and it will cost him a thousand dollars! If he tries the criminal side he'll discover that I've not charged him with anything in the least criminal! It'll kill him dead—it would be shameful, if true! But thunder, it's no crime, I've done it myself, time and again, and Fish knows it, too—that's what's the matter! d—n him!

We went soberly and righteously to work—went to Chicago, found his publisher dying to see that property to get a libel suit in ahead of us!—found that the income from his books when we were paying his campaign bills was \$500 a month, and now scarcely a hundred—found "Caesar's Column" and "Ragnarock," the two paying books, were not in his name—found that though he undertook to cover his tracks in a ridiculous way, I would be able to establish who wrote "Donnelliana"—found about the unmentionable crime, Ignatius, committed by—Oh, we just came home loaded—

Went straight to the prosecuting at-

torney of Hennepin County, F. M. Nye, Esq., to enter a criminal action! And lo! mine eyes were opened.

The criminal charge wouldn't stick.

But Donnelly don't yer cry. I'm bound to satisfy your bounding genius for infamy. What's good for the goose is good for the gander! Turn about's fair play! Read on and discover what we mean—if a solitary word is changed except to inject you into the dirty place prepared for me, I don't know it.

There is a huge difference, however; you did the job and got your pay, we neither did the work nor got the pay.

Ignatius Donnelly, you are either an honest man or a rascal! Every man is one or the other. If you are the former I have done you an injustice. If you are the latter I have done you scant justice. If you are an honest man your charges should have weight with all honest men. If you are a scoundrel no one should waste time noticing you!

Without any desire, therefore, to injure you or insult you, but with intent to establish in a court of justice your real character, whatever it is, and for the purpose of protecting the cause of reform in this state from evil influences, I plainly, distinctly and unequivocally charge that you, Ignatius Donnelly, otherwise known as the "Sage of Nininger," while being an alleged anti-monopoly, anti-national bank, anti-corruptionist, reform, alliance man, engaged in contesting for the rights of the people, and writing books like "Caesar's Column," have, at different times, and especially from 1890 to 1892, while pretending to be a reformer, taken large sums of money, amounting in the aggregate to several thousand dollars, from prominent republican politicians or the officers of the republican state central committee.

I make this charge deliberately, and I invite you to begin proceedings against me, and make oath as you will have to do in such legal proceedings, that this charge is not true. If I have wronged you, you will reimburse a character. If I have not, you will take your chances of going to the penitentiary for perjury. Let the issue be squarely joined.

And in addition, I charge you with inducing an agent to go to prominent democratic politicians to fuse the two parties.

And again, Donnelly, in that libel suit with the Pioneer Press you cast your eyes about that crowded room and in that throng where were your "friends" for whom you exchange loyalty and love? No, not there. But there, close by you, day after day—sad, patient, hopeful—sat the man, and his wife and mother, who had struggled for three years to keep you sound in the faith. And when that miserable verdict came, politicians not being willing to testify against themselves, who still hoped in Donnelly's reformation? And when the Pioneer Press came out, after the trial, and called you a corrupt and purchased scoundrel, reeking with boodle, did you sue for libel then? You blustered! You swore you would! Did you? Where was your honor, then, Mr. Donnelly? You dare not sue them again!

And in conclusion I solemnly declare that you did the work, and got the pay for it, and that while we were by appeals and arguments trying to keep you in honorable relations with the party, you were trying to seduce us—and you thought once you succeeded, but I did not take the hook!

That I did not do one scintilla of work for any but the people's party; never got one dollar of pay from any party; never wavered a hair's breadth in paper or speech, fiery to the last; made two speeches to his one, right up into the last week before election; paid his bills; bitterly denied any fusion; made five speeches to his one in the Owen campaign. I defy any living man to show one cent of political pay ever received by me.

If you had any facts against me would you hesitate to publish them? No. You did publish the only one you had, and lo! The deed was done by your \$20-a-week Figger-head—he tries to involve a good woman in the treason—and hasn't honor enough to deny the infamous lie of his master. Publish the facts, you Ungrateful Demagogue! Publish one.

It is not all of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die;  
But it is all that one can do  
To eat Chicago pie.  
—St. Paul Daily News.

## SOME SLEEPY EYETEMS.

People Move About and Furnish Items of Interest

Hans Mogensen is at Rochester attending the Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Jno E. Hennessey, manager of the Hanson-Lampert Co.'s lumber yard at De Smet, S. Dak., spent Saturday afternoon in town renewing old acquaintances. Johnny appears to have lost none of his hustling proclivities and expresses himself as well pleased with his new home. Asmus Henningsen, book-keeper at the mill, has taken a ten-day vacation and will visit friends and relatives at Blooming Grove, Faribault, St. Paul and other points.

Master Arthur Smith, the Majah's son, left for Kasson last Saturday on a visit to his grandparents.

A number of our schoolma'ams left for their homes Saturday evening. The others, with the exception of Misses Whitmore and Kelly, will leave to-morrow evening. Misses Knott, Browne, Pierce, Jones, and perhaps others of the corps, will visit the White City during vacation.

Ed. Illsley has sold his blacksmith shop and business to Edward Remele who has been assisting in the shop for the past six months. Mr. Illsley talks of retiring from business and will leave town as soon as he can dispose of his property. Ed. is a first-class workman and we shall be loth to see him go.

Mr. Galloway, from the western part of the state, was in town on Saturday visiting his sister, Mrs. D. C. Peterson. In the afternoon, Mr. G., who is a piper recently arrived from the "banks and braes o'bonnie Doon," dressed himself in highland costume, tartan plaid and all, and with bagpipe under his arm marched through town drawing forth the strains of melody peculiar to that instrument. His queer looking instrument and queerer attire produced something of a sensation.

The four year old son of John Roberts of Iberia was kicked in the face by a horse last Saturday afternoon. His nose was crushed flat and the frontal bone fractured rendering his recovery a matter of serious doubt. Dr. Jake Wellcome dressed the wounds and did for the little sufferer all that medical aid could do.

A. Durbahn spent Sunday at Morgan in company with his brother, Henry Durbahn of Lafayette.

Memorial day was observed in an impressive manner. The procession was the longest ever formed here on a similar occasion; and the oration by attorney Geo. W. Somerville, was the best Memorial day address to which we have ever listened.

Myrtle, the ten year old daughter of Banker Hagen, is down with a light attack of scarlet fever.

The ball game on the afternoon of Memorial day between the Fort Ridgely nine and a local aggregation resulted in a score of 10 to 8 in favor of the home team.

The Stark Farmers' Insurance Co. held a lively meeting at Griffith & Smith's hall yesterday afternoon. The organization is in a thriving condition. The receipts for the year were \$313.42; losses \$128.35; total expenses 317.80. There have been no assessments for two years.

Joe Forbes passed his law examination before the state board a few weeks ago and is now a full fledged disciple of Blackstone, Coke, et. al.

Rev. Wm. Blackwell completed his second year as pastor of the Congregational church on Sunday and in the evening preached an eloquent anniversary sermon at G. & S. hall.

The Board of Education met at the school building last evening to consider the question of grading the grounds. Action will probably be taken at the next meeting of the board.

High school commencement exercises at G. & S. hall to-morrow evening.

Work has begun on the Kohlbase and Schneider business blocks. Unhoo.

Foiled by A Dummy.

"No, sir, I didn't loose that arm in battle. I lost it while playing the fool," said Maj. John Leonard, as he looked regretfully at his empty sleeve. "It was shortly before the battle of Shiloh. I was out prowling around, looking for fat pullets or anything else that would give the mess kettle a savory order, and finally found myself near the Confederate lines.

"A long, gaunt Tennesseean, evidently on picket duty, stood leaning against a tree, reading a newspaper. He appeared deeply engrossed, and I chuckled as I thought what a rich joke it would be to sneak up within easy range and plug him. I began to sneak.

"The ground was wet, covered with briars, and I crawled fully 200 yards, ruining a new uniform to play my little joke. The Johnnie kept on reading. He had evidently not seen me. I stopped to hug myself before I rose up to my hellish work. I took good aim and let fly. The sentinel never moved—just kept on reading. That made me hot. I reloaded and blazed away again. He never budged. I kept up a fusillade for half an hour without result; then I got so mad I couldn't stand it any longer. I was not a little proud of my marksmanship, and to have a large, loose jointed enemy of my beloved country stand up there in his butternut breeches and calmly absorb the news while I was chucking lead at him at a distance of 500 yards was too much for me.

"I reloaded, marched up to within 20 paces of him, took deliberate aim and blazed away. He kept on reading. I clubbed my musket and made a rush. I whacked him over the head with force enough to kill a church scandal, then jabbed my bayonet into him. It was a dummy! I started to lose myself in the direction of the camp, when there came a shriek of demonic laughter from a clump of hazels to my left, and three bigTennesseans stepped out to intercept me. Surrender? Not much. I was mad enough to fight the whole Southern Confederacy single-handed. I made a rush for'em, but they turned loose, relieving me of this arm and breaking both legs. But I licked the dummy. One of my captors told me afterwards that they shook a pound of lead out of it."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Heavy Weight Scales.

When the fattest young lady at Fort Monroe got upon scales there was a blush of expectancy, says the Washington Star. Up to that time everybody was pleased, because everyone seemed to have gained in weight. The little girl with the auburn ringlets had uttered a little shriek of delight when she found for the first time in her life she tipped the scales at over 100 pounds. The youthful matron in black, who had said all along that it was only mourning that made her look thinner, was triumphant when her avoirdupois was registered at 111. As for the fair creature with the balloon sleeves and incipient crinoline, she declared that she had never before weighed within eight pounds as much.

When the fattest young lady got aboard she said with amiable resignation:

"Put on the 50 pound weight, I'll need it."

So the iron disc representing 50 pounds was put on, and the register was slid along by the girl with the auburn ringlets. Strange to say is passed up to the very end of the bar without making the scale drop.

"Guess you'll have to put on another 50," giggled the unfeeling creature in the baloon sleeves.

The fattest young lady began to look alarmed.

"It isn't so," she exclaimed indignantly. "I don't weigh an ounce over 179 pounds."

But the girl with auburn ringlets had already added the extra 50 pound weight, which caused the scale to respond at once. It promptly registered 202 pounds.

The fattest young lady looked as though she did not know whether to burst into tears or to slap off the bonnet of the girl with the auburn ringlets and stamp on it.

"It is a cheat and a horrid fraud!" she declared. Then she raised her parasol with an emphasis that nearly broke one of the ribs and marched away.

Just at that moment a colored waiter passed by with a basketful of napkins. The youthful matron in black stopped him.

"Is this weighing scale correct?" she said.

"Yaas'm," he replied. Then scratching his head, he added: "Dey is hebbey-weight scales."

"What do you mean?" she asked. "Dey is fer folks what comes here fer health," he exclaimed. "Ebbeyone weighs a lot more on 'em than city scales. Dey is a s'perior article ob weighin' machines."

"Oh, I see," said the young woman in black. "They are expressly intended to afford encouragement to invalids staying at the hotel."

"Yaas'm," responded the colored man. "Ten to thutty pounds wuth ob encouragement. Youse got the idea."

## A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Otto Lehne, while Blasting Rocks, Loses Both Eyes and One of his Hands.

By an accidental dynamite explosion while blasting rock, Wednesday, Otto Lehne narrowly escaped being killed. As it is he was horribly maimed for life, probably losing both eyes and the use of his left arm. In company with the hired man he was blasting rock on his farm adjoining Springfield on the southwest, and while tamping the packing of a charge of dynamite he struck too hard with his tamping rod, exploding the charge. The left arm was nearly blown off at the wrist, both bones being shattered and the cords and arteries severed. The left eye was blown completely out of his head and the right one so badly injured that he will never see out of it again. He was also badly injured in the breast and left knee. Dr. Rothenburg was hastily summoned and dressed the unfortunate man's wounds. It was thought that amputation of the left arm would be necessary, and Dr. Strickler of New Ulm was summoned by telegraph, arriving on the 5:37 train. After consultation it was decided to try to save the injured arm if possible. Mr. Lehne's escape from instant death was almost miraculous, as he was stooping over the charge when the explosion took place.—Advance.

Wished He'd Walked.

I had left the mountains of the Cumberland some distance behind me, and was riding along through a fairly good farming country, lying on the banks of the river. Occupying a fine situation overlooking the river bottom, was a more pretentious house than one sees often in that locality, and I rode up to it and yelled "Hello!" as is the custom of the country. A gawky, looking young man of 25 came out.

"How d'y?" he said rather more as a question than a greeting.

"Do I keep along the main road to reach Parish's sawmill?" I asked.

"Yes, foller it up an' it'll take you straight thar."

"Fine place you have here. Who owns it?"

"My wife."

"Ah, and does she own that horse and buggy hitched out there by the gate?"

"Yes. She owns everything you see round here, includin' uv me."

He didn't smile and I didn't. Evidently it was no joking matter.

"You ought to consider yourself a lucky man," I said, encouragingly.

"That's what most folks says."

Apparently he was in a communicative spirit and I was curious.

"That ought to make it true," I ventured.

"Mebbe it does."

"How long have you been married?"

"Three years."

"Did you live in this neighborhood before you were married?"

"Yes, and I was p'orther than Job's turkey, but somehow Marthy, that's my wife, kinder tuck to me, an' I kinder tuck to her, but I had my doubts. Kinder felt sometimes that money wuzn't everything," he added, rather hastily, as if his previous remark might be misinterpreted.

"I don't want to be inquisitive," I said, "but I'd like to know how you overcame your prejudices."

"Well," he replied, as he hung over the fence, "tain't a long story, an' ez I'm feelin' kinder talky this mornin' I'll tell you. You see, we used to have a spellin' school every Friday night down at the ford, about two miles from here, an' I allus walked. Marthy had axed me to ride down with her in her buggy more'n once, but I was backed about it, an' besides, I hadn't never rid in a buggy an' wuz about half agreed to try it. Anyway, I never went with her, but it wuzn't no trouble fer her to git a man to go 'long, an' she didn't seem to miss me much. One Friday evenin', though, the fellar that was to go wuz took sick at the last minute, an' Marthy had to go by herself. About half way thar she over-tuck me on the way, an' uv course, she axed me to git in an' ride, an' thar wuzn't no way uv gittin' out uv it, so I got in the buggy, an' she druv. Well mister," he continued, with a sense of sentimental delight, "that buggy wuz like a rockin' chair, an' beat walkin' all to flinders, an' somehow, Marthy wuz different an'—an'—"

He hesitated, as if he were talking too much.

"Go ahead," I said, with a smile.

"Well, we didn't git to the spellin' school till it was mighty nigh over," he said, sheepishly.

"And since that time?" I asked, feeling that the story was not quite finished. He cautiously looked over his shoulder toward the house, and bent over closer to me.

"Well," he whispered, "a good many times sence that I've sorter wished I'd a walked."

Christ as an Orator.

In the space allotted to us we can but give a superficial glance at some of the leading oratorical elements of Christ's discourses. He was an orator in every sense of the word. There is a closer connection between the form and spirit of his discourses than in the case of any other orator. He chose the most striking ways of presenting truth. Figures of speech, illustrations and parables are as thick in his sermons as stars in the milky way. The general manner of his address was direct or conversational. He always had his audience in mind and held the attention by his interrogative style. "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings?" "What went ye out into the wilderness to see?" At times he commanded his audience. "Be not afraid of them that kill the body. Let your loins be girded about and your light burning." At other times he warns, rebukes, reproves, reproaches, prohibits. "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees; ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky and the earth." "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." This form of direct address often becomes sympathetic, as if he held his audience in his mind and knew their frailties. "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." He was impressed deeply with the great truth that things in heaven are known by their likeness to things on the earth; hence he often speaks in the language of oratorical correspondence. His most remarkable figure of this nature is his comparison of himself to a vine. Contrast and antithesis abound: "If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish will he give him a scorpion?" So truly oratorical was the style of Jesus that he touched every chord of the human heart. A man of keen sensibilities, sympathetic by nature, and living amid scenes of distress, sorrow and poverty. His heart was easily moved, and therefore His pathetic eloquence was deep, sincere and unsurpassed. Take, for example, his mournful dirge over Jerusalem. His story of the Prodigal's return has no equal for tender pathos in the records of oratory. And yet while the tender and loving prevails in his discourse, no orator has ever uttered such fierce denunciations and bitter sarcasms. "Beware of the Scribes which desire to walk in long robes and love greetings in the market places and the highest seats in the synagogues and the chief rooms at the feasts, which devour widows' houses and for a show make long prayers; the same shall receive greater damnation."—From "Christ as an Orator," by T. Alexander Hyde, in North American Review for June.

Linden.

John Johanni who went south to hunt up a permanent location has come back home dissatisfied.

Mrs. Iver Meckelson and daughter are up from Mankato on a short visit with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Knute Harfo are happy over the arrival of a little daughter at their home.

Christina Harbo closes her school on the 23rd of this month with a picnic.

Two beautiful monuments have been erected recently over the graves of L. Ahlness and Mrs. A. Martin in the Linden cemetery.

Edwin Paulsen is somewhat improved in health.

The Linden students at the Mankato Normal have graduated and are spending their vacation at home. Peter Boten graduated from the elementary course and Nils Thormedson from the advanced.

Rev. Christopher Johnson arrived here from Chicago last week, where he delivered one of the addresses at the celebration of Norway's Independence Day.