PEN PICTURES

—OF—

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA.

Hon. Edmund Rice—The Man Personally—Mr. Rice in Europe—"You Can't Take Away the Fun I've Had"—His Old Homestead—The Man Himself—Hon. George L. Becker—Mr. Becker Personally—Wm. Hollinshead—As a Lawyer—His General Appearance—A. R. French—What he Lost—"Don't Dream Again."

BY T. M. NEWSON.

Article XX.

HON. EDMUND RICE.

Mr. Rice was born in Vermont in 1819; removed to Michigan in 1838; studied law and was admitted to practice in 1842; was master in chancery, register of the court of chancery for the third circuit, and clerk of the supreme court of the state; served in the Mexican war in 1848; settled in St. Paul in 1849; was a member of the law firm of Rice, Hollinshead & Becker; left this firm in 1855; became the president of the Minnesota & Pacific Railroad company in 1857; also president of its successors, the St. Paul and Pacific, and the St. Paul and Chicago, until 1872; made several trips to Europe in the interest of these companies, and may very properly be denominated the father of the railway system of Minnesota. Even before these roads were thought of, he took great interest in a projected road called the Northwestern, but which failed to get a recognition by congress in consequence of "skullduggery" which was used in passing the bill. Indeed we may say, he became a railroad man immediately after giving up the practice of law, and continued in this line of business over a quarter of a century. He was a member of the territorial legislature in 1851; of the state senate in 1864 and in 1865; of the house in 1867; of the senate in 1873 and in 1874; mayor of the city of St. Paul; at one time county commissioners and has filled various other posts of honor and of trust. He is a man whose name has been as closely identified with the material interests of Saint Paul as any person dead or living. He slipped out of law into railroading, as easily as a locomotive can go down hill without breaks, and through the money of a railroad company, he has at last secured a competency to sustain himself and family in their declining years. The great poet may well say—"all's well that ends well," and Mr. Rice can verify the correctness of the expression in his own individual history.

THE MAN PERSONALLY.

A large, commanding figure and a courtly bearing, pleasant smiles and most affable ways, an unaffected dignity and a calm repose, mark the peculiar characteristics of Edmund Rice. Coupled with these we may add a most generous nature and a kind heart, with a sociability that would lull to rest even the irritable temper of Bismarck, and we have in the subject of our sketch, elements, which combined, make him one of the most popular men in the northwest. His very presence commands respect, and if that should fail, his good nature will always win an avenue to the better parts of the human heart. Mr. Rice's life has not been one of sunshine and of pleasure, but it has been one of battle—a constant struggle for supremacy; and his patience, and hopefulness, and untiring efforts during all these long years; his perseverance; his devotion; his unruffled philosophy; his calmness; his fidelity to his friends, and his unyielding faith in a better day coming, have won for him the crowning glory of a true, a heroic and an honest man. The sublime imperturbility with which he has met reverses in the past, and the equally sublime unaffected simplicity with which he greeted prosperity, when it came, only show the peculiar metal of which the man is made, and give us the key to a character which would adorn the pages of Roman history. And yet Mr. Rice has plucked the flowers by the way-side as he passed the mile-stones of manhood and of middle-age—in a word—"as he journeyed through life he has lived by the way"—not ostentatiously, but placidly, calmly, contentedly, and thus, in old age, mellowed by the cares and trials of an active career, and sustained by a respectable bank account, he ought to reach the end of his journey, as no doubt he will, the personification of a genial, gentle, loving patriarch, perhaps the last of the old settlers, wandering amid the graves of his friends, the best and noblest of them all.

MR. RICE IN EUROPE.

A gentleman connected with one of our railroad enterprises, was authorized to proceed to Europe and negotiate some $600,000 of railroad bonds, and armed with several letters to capitalists in the old country and his little tin box containing the valuables, he crossed the ocean and arrived at London. Having a little time on his hands, he ascended an eminence overlooking the great city, and gazed down upon the seething, jostling crowd below. He said to us he had been lost upon the great prairies of the west, and could describe his feelings, but he never, in all his life, felt so sad and so lonely as he did in this great metropolis, on this occasion, alone and unknown as he was, and he fondly wished for the old friends and the old scenes of his native land. While thus musing and watching the swaying crowd just under his feet, he saw several policemen making a way across the street for a tall, portly, commanding gentleman, with a white hat, and as the crowd fell back and the vehicles stopped to let him pass, he thought he recognized in the gentleman thus escorted, a familiar face, and on looking again, sure enough, it was his old friend—Ed. Rice—and then he felt like throwing up his hat and yelling for all he was worth, but he knew this would not do. He didn't care a continental for the $600,000 bonds now; he scampered down into the city; saw the receding form of his old friend, surrounded with policemen, disappear in the distance, and consulting his memorandum found the name of the hotel where Mr. Rice stopped; and hurrying hence, sent up his card, and soon after he was ushered into the presence of the St. Paul gentleman, who was in London for the same purpose for which he was, viz.: to negotiate railroad bonds, although for a different company.

"Well, Mr. Rice, was that you, escorted by policemen, crossing the street, about ten o'clock, to-day?"

"My dear sir, (bowing), I presume it was."

"But Mr. Rice, what is the meaning of all this?"

"Oh, my dear sir, (bowing,) nothing, nothing. I had been to the Lord Mayor's office with a letter of introduction, and after a very pleasant chat he ordered his policemen to simply clear the way for me. That's all (bowing,)—that's all, (bowing). Do you smile?"

It is unnecessary to say, that the man with the $600,000 in bonds, was simply amazed. He was trying to learn how he could get the same attention paid to himself, but he found out that it was no use to make the effort, as Rice had a patent on it, and monopolized the whole business. He continued:

"Well, Mr. Rice, have you made any negotiations yet?"

"No, sir; no, thank you."

"How do you spend your time here?"

"Oh, pleasantly, (bowing,) pleasantly, (bowing.) We order up the wine, (bowing,) entertain our friends; wait, (bowing,) wait," (bowing.)

"How long have you been here?"

"Several months."

"Don't you get discouraged?"

"Never, (bowing,) never, (bowing.) When I get very lonely (showing a cage of birds hanging on the wall of the building outside the windows,) I devote my time to feeding these, and with other duties, the hours fly quite agreeably. Will you smile?" (bowing,)

"But, Mr. Rice, are not your expenses pretty heavy here?"

"Oh, not particularly so. My bill is about $3,000; I have only a few dollars about me, but then when we negotiate the bonds, sir, (bowing), it will be all right," (bowing).

"Don't the landlord ever send up his bill?"

"Never, (smiling and bowing). We continue to order up the wine, (bowing). When we stop, I presume we will get the bill, but we don't propose to stop until we negotiate the bonds, and then propose to stop the wine." (Smiling and bowing, and laughing, in which of course our friend heartily joined.)

Soon after this meeting the bonds were negotiated, the hotel bill was paid, and Mr. Rice has now unbounded credit among the landlords of London, for, be it remembered, he was officially endorsed by the Lord Mayor of the city.

"YOU CAN'T TAKE AWAY THE FUN I'VE HAD."

Two of the most polite gentlemen in the city of St. Paul at one time, was Col. Neale, (now dead), and Edmund Rice. Meeting at one of our up-town drug stores, the Colonel extended his hand, bowing—"Good morning, Mr. Rice."

"Good morning, Colonel Neale."

"How is your health, Mr. Rice?

"Not quite well, I thank you, Colonel Neale."

"Do you ever indulge, Mr. Rice?"

"Occasionally, Colonel Neale, when not feeling well, (smiling and bowing.) But, my dear, Colonel, I insist—"

"Not a bit of it. Mr. Rice, you—"

"Colonel, my regards."

"Mr. Rice, amid the multifarious and multiform changes of your checkered career, have you been able to save anything from the wreck of a devastating foe?"

"Well, Colonel Neale, I can't say that I have, but, (bowing), THEY CAN'T TAKE AWAY THE FUN I'VE HAD."

"Just so, Mr. Rice!—just so. Good morning, Mr. Rice, "(bowing,) Good morning Colonel Neale," (bowing).

And the two parted, one to pass over the silent river forever, and the other to glide almost imperceptibly into a fortune! And these are the lights and shades of the Pen Pictures of human life.

HIS OLD HOMESTEAD.

Mr. Rice in connection with Mr. Becker, secured some 320 acres of land, (Mr. Rice having one-half of it) we think, of Phelan, away back, in 1849 or 1850, at a cost of about $400 in gold, and upon these one hundred and sixty acres he erected a large and handsome house, and here is where most of his family were born, and here, in this beautiful and romantic spot is where they spent their early years. Part of the ground was finally laid off into lots and sold, and the balance was disposed of to the Northern Pacific Railroad company, about one year ago, for $250,000, so out of this and the sale of lots Mr. Rice realized for this property the fine sum of about $399,600. It is a little remarkable, that having spent over a quarter of a century in railroad matters, during which time he became involved, that a railroad company should at last purchase his property, and thereby put him financially upon his feet, a fact quite as interesting to the public as it is to his family, or to his intimate friends.

THE MAN HIMSELF.

Mr. Rice is a large man; tall, erect; straight; deliberate in his movements; quietly spoken; mild eyes; pleasant expression, and the embodiment of all that is polite. He is generous. When he has money somebody gets it. When he has no money, outwardly he is just as much a king as though his pockets were full. He is very sociable, and is much attached to his friends. He is popular among all classes, and as mayor has left an excellent record. We can only wish him many years of health, wealth, and prosperity.

HON. GEORGE L. BECKER.

Mr. Becker was born in New York in 1829; removed to Michigan in 1841; was educated at the University of Michigan, in 1842; graduated in 1846; studied law with George Sedgwick up to 1849, when he emigrated to St. Paul; formed a co-partnership with Edmund Rice and a man by the name of Whitall, and about a year after the firm became Rice, Hollinshead & Becker, and continued in successful practice up to 1855, when Mr. Rice retired and the business was run by Hollinshead and Becker a year longer, when Mr. Becker withdrew. In 1857 he was elected one of three members of congress from this state, but the lack of population prevented him from taking his seat, the state being entitled to only two members, when he promptly resigned, giving the position to somebody else. He was appointed land commissioner of the St. Paul & Pacific railroad in 1862; was elected president of the same road in 1864; held the position for about twelve years; built some 317 miles of road; enlisted foreign capital; aided in developing a wilderness country; in 1854 was elected an alderman of the city; in 1856 was elected mayor; was chosen to the Democratic constitutional convention in 1857; was nominated for governor in 1859; in 1867 was elected to the senate from Ramsey county; re-elected in 1869; nominated for congress in 1872, but defeated; has been president of the Western Railroad company, and engaged at one time somewhat in farming in Brown's Valley, where he has some considerable property. Years ago he traded some lots at Superior City for the residence of John I. Warren, across Trout brook, and subsequently tore down this building and erected a large and handsome mansion, where he now resides.

MR. BECKER PERSONALLY.

Mr. Becker is an ordinarily sized man, with rather mobile features and is somewhat retiring in his disposition. He is a pleasantly spoken gentleman; domestic in his tastes, and moves along in his every day duties quietly and methodically. While president of the Pacific Railroad company, he was untiring in his efforts to make the company's affairs a success, and did much toward the development of what is now known to be one of the best portions of Minnesota. He is interested as a citizen, in matters which concern the common good, and has always thrown the weight of his influence in the scale of good order, sobriety and law. He is popular with the masses, as the various offices he has held, clearly shows; and while he has not been much before the public of late years, yet he is held in high esteem as a worthy citizen.

WM. HOLLINSHEAD.

Mr. Hollinshead was born in Philadelphia about 1835; studied and practiced law in that city; came to Saint Paul in 1849; connected himself with Messrs. Rice and Becker in the law firm of Rice, Hillinshead & Becker, which, in its pay, was one of the largest law firms in the west; continued in this firm up to the time of its dissolution, and died at the age of thirty-nine years. Mr. Hollinshead's second wife was Miss Rice, sister of Henry M. and Edmund Rice, and is still living.

AS A LAWYER.

He was a clear-cut lawyer, and one of the best that ever practiced at the bar. He made law his specialty, and what he knew he knew well. His cases were prepared with great care, and his papers were scrupulously neat and clean. He was also an excellent speaker, and it is said of him by a gentleman who lost his case when Hollinshead was his opponent: "D—n that fellow; he just came up before the jury, threw back his head, opened his mouth, and in ten minutes he had twelve men by the ears. I knew I should lose my case when I saw him enter the court room, and I did." He used clean English terms and conveyed his meaning in a very direct way. He was also a good writer. We remember an article written by him in defense of the old $5,000,000 railroad bond bill, which we published in the *Times*, and it was a masterly piece of argument and sarcasm. It is generally conceded by all the old lawyers who knew Mr. Hollinshead, that he was the ablest man at the bar in his day, and had he lived he would have been the ablest lawyer of to-day, simply because he gave up all his time and his talents to the profession, and in it he excelled. We believed he never held any office.

HIS GENERAL APPEARANCE.

He was a large, bulky man, with a florid complexion, and possessed great energy. He came down the street like a cyclone, and when he appeared before a jury he over-awed weak men by his impressive personality. He spoke right at his case, not round it, or through it, but pierced it with his arguments and throttled it with his vehemence. He was more like a lion shaking his shaggy locks at his enemy, than an ordinary man, and when Michael E. Ames appeared as the counsel on the opposing side, the contrast was striking, as Ames was a perfect Chesterfield in manners, slender in person, and as gentle as a lamb. Hollingshead was a social man; liked good company, and after he had won his case, no body enjoyed a pleasant "sit down" better than he. He died in the full vigor of manhood, and remains now one of the brightest ornaments that ever adorned the Minnesota bar.

A. R. FRENCH.

Mr. French must have been born somewhere in the year 1810. In early life he was a soldier in the Mexican war; was at Fort Snelling; came to St. Paul in 1849; opened the first auction store on Third street, near Jackson; ran a ferry boat; lived for several years in West St. Paul, and was an active, stirring man. He was at one time with Frank Collins, another noted auctioneer in his day, who is now dead. He drifted to Washington where he secured a situation, and where he now lives in pleasant, comfortable circumstances. French was an energetic, pleasant man, and among the old settlers he is very kindly remembered.

WHAT HE LOST.

French made a claim in early days near Merriam Park; then he made a claim of 160 acres, near St. Paul, now Elfelt and Bernheimer's addition, for which Mr. Elfelt paid him $2.50 per acre; now worth $6,000 per acre. Original sum paid French for the 160 acres, $400. Property worth $960,000; French's loss is not holding on, $959,600! Of course these are small items to old settlers, and the loss of $1,000,000, does not disturb their equilibrium, but then it is a matter of history, and as such we record it. What might have been and what is, are two distinct propositions. What is and what may be, are matters for the consideration of those who live to-day. Will they be wiser than the old settlers of 1849? Let us wait and see.

"DON'T DREAM AGAIN!"

We are all dreaming! Some of pleasure; some of fame; some of money! We can't live without dreaming. The mind must first conceive the ideal before the material is born. Everything invisible has a tangibility, and everything tangible has an invisibility. Shakspeare says:

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of,
> And our little lives
> Are rounded with a sleep."

Shakspeare was right. We are all bundles of dreams; of thought-projectors; of idealities; without which we could not exist; and then, after all—

"Our little lives are rounded with a sleep."

Thirty-five years ago an old Indian chief, residing near St. Paul, owned some forty acres of land, which were as even and as beautiful as ever lay out doors. This chief was in the habit of visiting his Kersmokerman nechee, or white man friend, and this friend had a military coat, with its blue cloth, glittering buttons, gold trimmings and gaudy epauletts, which the chief greatly admired. One morning, after having spent the night with the old forty-niner, the chief addressed him about as follows: "Me dream! me see coat! me like coat! Me see white man give one Indian coat! Ho!"

The old settler paused for a moment, walked across the room, took down the coat, handed it to the chief, and remarked, "I dislike very much to part with this old friend of my better days, but the coat is yours." "Ho! Ho!" ejaculated the chief, and with an earnest request for his white friend to come and see him in his teepee, he walked off with all the dignity of a military hero, with the coat, of course, upon his back. A short time after this, the old settler of 1849, well known in this city, spent a night with the chief, and in the morning he told the Indian that he also had a dream, and in response to the question "what?" he replied—"Kersmokerman dreamed that one Indian gave nechee big heap land," pointing to the forty acres which could be seen from the tepee door. The chief gave several extra whiffs to his pipe, crossed his legs, dropped his blanket, stood erect with a self-satisfied air that he had been beaten, and exclaimed—"Nechee Kersmokerman shall have big heap land, but, (pointing his finger at his friend in a most impressive and almost supplicating manner)—Kersmokerman, white man, don't dream again!"

The Shotgun Policy in Georgia.

Atlanta Constitution.

Two men were standing at the gate of a country farm yard whittling sticks and giving each other dots about managing women.

"Talk sassy to 'em," the man on the outside of the fence said, "an' ye'll see how they'll be fotched down."

Just then the cabin door opened, and a red-headed, long-necked woman yelled:

"Say, Zeke, ther flour's out."

"Out whar?" he yelled back.

"Out'n the bar'l." she answered.

"Wall, put it back and cover it up tighter," he replied, while the outside man grinned.

"Don't you see how she's hacked a'ready?" he laughed, when the fiery topknot disappeared.

"I does," spoke the elated victor. Presently the same shrill voice cried:

"Zeke, I'se gwine over ter mar's an' ef ye think ther measles air ketchin' I'll leave ther baby hyar."

"Dunno whether they's ketchin' or not," replied the husband. "I've never seed 'em ketch enything."

Again the head was drawn back, amid applause from the outside. The next time the door opened the muzzle of a shot gun was poked out, and a head drawn on the saucy man.

"Zeke," came the solemn voice.

"Melindy," he gasped, looking in vain for some place to dodge.

"Zeke," she continued, "ther flour's out."

"All rite, I'm off ter the mill at once," he answered, shiveringly.

"Zeke, I'm gwine over ter mar's fer a spell, d'ye think the measles is ketchin'?"

"No; Melindy, I seed pap ter day, an' he sed the chilunz wuz all well."

"Kerrect," she said, lowering the gun, "I'm off. Ye ean sorter clean up the place 'till I git back, but be shore ter stay inside while I'm gone."

"All right," he answered meekly, moving aside to let her pass.

Informination From Headquarters.

St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A *Post-Dispatch* reporter yesterday afternoon made a call at Mrs. Langtry's residence which proved to be the Pullman car Jerome Marble. The Lily was not at home. Her maid a bright and comely little English woman, was however; and when the reporter asked for permission to look at the interior of the car it was readily granted. The room of the full width of the car and about twenty-feet in length was beautifully furnished. Rich carpets and rugs and beautiful furs covered the floor. The walls were covered with handsome steel engravings and interesting photographs. The reporter scanned a number of the photographs and made a very energetic search for the counterfeit presentment of a well-known New York gentleman, and when he failed to find it he somewhat abruptly asked:

"Where do you keep your portraits of Freddy?"

"What Freddy?" the maid asked ingenuously, with a look of blank amazement upon her pretty face."

"What Freddy?" the reporter ejaculated.

"Why, Freddy Gebhardt, of course."

The maid tried to look very severe and attempt to frown as she answered:

"There are none but distinguished persons among these photographs."

"But Mr. Gebhardt is a distinguished gentleman," the reporter insisted,

The merry blue eyes of the English maiden sparkled with fun as she replied, "Oh, no, he isn't; he's an extinguished gentleman."

Cause of Failure.

Want of confidence accounts for half of the business failures of to-day. A. B. Wilkes, B. and E. Zimmermann and E. Stierle, the druggists, are not liable to fail for want of confidence in Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup. He gives away a bottle free to all who are suffering with coughs, colds, asthma, consumption, and all affections of the throat and lungs.

IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP.

A calm retreat, that breathes of rest
To toil-worn city mortals,
Where e'en the uninvited guest
May cross its mystic portals:

Just such a spot I chance to know,
And there I often linger,
To pass a quiet hour or so,
With some forgotten singer.

There—hid beneath the dust of time—
A poet lay reposing:
Entombed within his ancient rhyme
The child of song was dozing.

He may have sung for love's sweet sake,
In wretched, uncouth numbers;
If so, 'twere no glad task to wake
The minstrel from his slumbers.

Yet, when with careful hand I took
That volume—vellum-covered—
It seemed as if around the book
A subtile fragrance hovered.

Soft melodies of oaten reeds
Meandered thro' its pages;
God Pan beside the river weeds,
Recalled the mythic ages,

Coy, graceful nymphs, of birth divine,
Played in enchanted bowers:
And Pluto sole fair Proserpine
From Enna's field of flowers.

Ran thro' the verse a sad refrain,
And undertone of sorrow,
As of a hopeless heart, that fain
Some ease from song would borrow.

I read the faded title leaf—
What designation quainter?—
"The Lyrics of a Soul-felt Grief,
By Claude Romano, painter!"

But more to me than goddess fair,
Or antiquated fable,
A captive lock of auburn hair
Athwart some "Lines to Mabel!"

A sembeam glow, it lightly lay
Upon the grim, black letters;
A dainty little elfin fay,
Fast bound in golden fetters!

Then swift an airy spirit sped
From memory's deep recesses,
And broke the bonds; a radiant head
Rose, crowned by auburn tresses;

A girlish head, with two blue eyes,
That open'd in maiden wonder:
Two red lips, framed for low replies;
A dimpled chin thereunder!

Perchance, in other days, that face—
What limner's skill could show it?—
Had beamed, in all its youthful grace,
Upon our artist-poet.

Who sought in vain for Love's fond smile,
And then—his passion bringing
No recompense—had tried to wile
The sombre hours with singing!

Thus Fancy spake; 'twas sure no sin
The tear that fell unbidden,
A I replaced the book wherein
A human heart was hidden!

—*Temple Bar.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

A PROJECT is on foot to erect a monument at Manassas, to commemorate the exploits of the battle-field, where the brave confederate chieftain, Jackson, won the *sobriquet* of "Stonewall." Col. William Allen, of Virginia, who visited Manassas a few weeks ago describes the present condition of the famous battle-field, says the Charleston *News and Courier*. The Henry House, which is mentioned so frequently in the accounts of the battle, was demolished, but the present house was built on the exact site of the old one. In the yard in the rear of the house is a solid monument of rough hewn stone, erected to the memory of the federal soldiers who fell at this spot in both battles of Manassas. Near by, a few loose stones and a cedar bush mark the spots where Bartow and Bee fell, but nothing whatever beyond these remains to tell the future visitor where Jackson and his men stood "like a stone wall" and stemmed the tide of battle. As the years go by the numbers who visit the battle-field of Manassas will naturally increase, and while the visitors look with interest at the stone which does honor to the vanquished federals, they will seek with fargreater earnestness to tread in the footsteps of the wonderful soldiery who here twice fought their way to splendid victory, though overmatched in arms, equipment and resources. Yet, as we have said, there is no monument, no stone, no wooden post even, to designate the spot where Jackson won the name which renders him immortal. "It would not be difficult," remarks a Virginia gentleman, "to interest the officers and men who were present at Manassas in a plan for erecting some simple monument on the scene of Jackson's exploits. There is no need of a memorial so imposing as to be a burden on the living, or such as would deprive the widows and orphans of confederate soldiers of the succor they oftentimes need. A simple column would be enough. Indeed, a pretentious memorial would be entirely out of place in such a scene and in memory of such men."

COL. Prentiss Ingraham is a famous Dime Novel writer. To that kind of literature he devotes himself, and makes Dime Novel writing a profession. He is a relative of the Rev. Dr. Ingraham of St. Louis. While in the city he was interviewed by a plenipotentiary from the *Republican* office. He has written in all some 250 Novels. It generally takes him a month to write one. Once being hard pushed he wrote one in three days and nights. Speaking of the demoralizing tendency of much published in the newspapers Mr. Ingraham justly remarked:—"A great deal has been said and written as to trashy stories and dime novels, and how they demoralize the youth of the country, but I can look in the papers any day and see detailed accounts of crime and criminals which do more than anything else to turn children's feet from the paths in which they should walk. As for myself, I have never yet written a story without a moral." He says he has been at work at dime literature for twelve years and he finds it pays pretty well, and that he writes for a living and not for glory. He says he never reads one of his own works after they are printed, and remarks that authors seldom do. He says he wouldn't read his works for what he gets to write them. He generally takes some man he knows as a model for his hero, and trusts to imagination for the rest. He generally continues to kill off his hero in the last chapter. He writes sea stories, border stories, society stories, blood and thunder stories, to read which lost in safety, a reader needs a lightning rod! This is the way Dime Novels are made attractive, valuable, instructive, are they not? And, yet, Mr. Ingraham's novels are not so demoralizing by a hundred per cent., as are those of many other writers.

In regard to the genuineness and authenticity of the discovred "Bryennios Manuscript," there seems to be two opinions. Professor Adams, an Episcopal critic, of the Nashville, Tennessee, Theological Seminary, writes to the *Churchman*, an Episcopal organ, touching the Bryennios Manuscript as follows: 'As to its being the earliest Christian document we have, this plea is wholly put out of court by the Epistle of St. Barnabas, the companion of St. Paul, which is considered genuine by Eusebius, St. Jerome, Pearson, and Archbishop Wake. That is a good deal earlier than this Great Find. As for the book itself, treatises, *so named*, are in abundance, noticed in early days. And Eusebius expressly says: 'The Teachings of the Apostles are spurious.' Athanasius no doubt authorizes the book to be read, but it is along with the Wisdom of Jesus, the son of Sirach, the Wisdom of Solomon, the Books of Judith and of Tobit. The book, in fact, cannot be traced to the Apostolic age, in any book. The Twelve Apostles never wrote a line of it. * * * * "I conclude that Philotheus, the Metropolitan of Nicomedia, and Professor Harnack, have fallen in with a copy of the truly Apocryphal book, 'The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles, as amended by Audaeus in the fourth century for his followers, and have mistaken it for a very important document *which it is not*, any more than the 'Gospel of the Infancy,' or the 'Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs.' The New York *Observer* commenting on the above says; 'But Christian scholars think very differently from that. Already 7,000 and more copies of the Scribner edition have been sold, and we are happy to say that Professors Hitchcock and Brown are about to bring out a new edition of the same copy, with large additions of notes and comments, giving fresh and important light to show its value as an early record of the faith and order of the church.

IN 1876, Robert G. Ingersoll attended the Republican National nominating convention at Cincinnati as a delegate from Illinois. He blossomed out in a grandiloquent eulogistic speech in favor of Mr. Blaine as a nominee for president, and in that speech applied to the Maine statesman the term "Plumed Knight" which has attached to him, more in the way of derision than of compliment ever since. Till then "Bob" or "Col." Ingersoll was unknown outside of his own state as a politician, or an infidel. That speech gave him national notoriety as a politician, and his notoriety as a daring, blaspheming infidel followed hard after. To-day he is opposed to Blaine whom he eulogized in 1876. It is supposed the "Plumed Knight" cut his acquaintance on account of his disgraceful parade of his gross and vulgar infidelity before the world. No party wants him as a delegate to the great Chicago convention. This is but a just retribution for the immorality of his blather skite, irreligious speeches. The Washington *Post* says that "Col." Ingersoll cannot get to the Chicago convention at all, either as a Blaine or anti-Blaine man. He has just been defeated in Washington, and is beginning to find out that the divorce between religion and politics' even in the United States is not a complete as some people suppose. But even the infidels have been pained of late by the Colonel's defense of all kinds of rascals. There ought to be some morality, they say, even in his irreligion.

IT is estimated that in Philadelphia alone 500,000 copies of story papers are sold every week. This includes the illustrated police papers and the boy weeklies. These papers are very cheaply gotten up. The illustrations are rough and do not cost much, and the Bohemians who furnish the sensational stories and sketches do not get much for their work. The average price paid for a story for the weeklies or for the half dime pamphlets is fifty dollars. The present demand for sensational literature has been greatly stimulated by the cheapness of the stuff. Some thirty years or so ago poor people could not afford to buy novels, as they were in book form, ranging all the way from $1.50 to $2.50 a volume. To fill a long felt want the New York Ledger began to supply serial novels at the rate of twenty a year for three dollars paid in weekly instalments of six cents. This took like wild fire and the Ledger soon jumped up to a circulation of 500,000 copies. Other story papers sprang up, and all seem to be doing well.

A POLICE Commissioner of Brooklyn is credited with having made the suggestion to the liquor-dealers that "the best way for them to show that they are observing the Sunday law would be to pull up the blinds of their shops and show that nothing was going on inside." We have heard it claimed by the dealers that the blinds were used out of consideration for the public who might be annoyed by the noise of the crowds of men in these places. The truth of the matter is, that they are used to shield from public view the men who are ashamed to be seen frequenting the saloons. A traffic that needs shutters and blinds to cover up its transactions stands self-confessed as a shameful and disreputable business.

SEWING women in large cities are proverbially hardworked and poorly paid. One of these seamstresses gives some account in the New York *Herald* of her hard work and daily life. She says: "I earn $2.40 a week, and the rest of the year perhaps up to $2.65. Out of this I pay seventy-five cents for rent and forty cents for food, clothes, medicine, car fare, theatre tickets and a box at the opera. Seriously, though, I buy a quarter of a pound of tea, a half pound of sugar, one pound of oatmeal, one pint of beans, two ten cent loaves of bread, one soup bone, and perhaps it costs a couple of cents a week for salt, pepper and herbs for my soup. I buy a quarter of a pound of butter a week, and sometimes I get a little milk for my tea."

Good Health By Inheritance.

My father and mother were both of a perfect health and strength. They never knew what it was to be sick, or to be unable to do the days work when the day came, or to eat their victuals at eight, twelve, four, and eight o'clock,—four meals a day. When we were born, at intervals of less than two years my mother always had a woman to see to things about a week; but the next week she did all her own work just as usual. A deep-chested light-footed woman, with a rose-bloom on her cheek—a clear grey light in her eyes—a voice that was music—she possessed the greater and finer nature; and my father was a brown-eyed, sturdy little fellow as this world ever held.

Then the second thing I think of is the way my mother managed us through our childhood. She never heard a lecture or read a book about health in her life that I know of but she had a code of traditions and instincts to which she held always. She whitewashed her cottage from top to bottom, with quicklime once a year, and once a year painted all the woodwork.

We slept on chaff-beds; but she always cleared them out in the spring, and got new chaff; always had her whole little stock of linen white and pure to wear and to sleep in, and once a week while we were small put us through untold torments with yellow soap and the most intolerable towels. "Who hath red eyes? Who hath contention? Who hath strife?" The boys who have to go into a tub, with a woman like my mother to work it. Then she gave us plenty to eat: oatmeal porridge and blue milk at night, a very little piece of meat at noon with plenty of soup and potatoes, and on rare days dumplings, oat-cake,—to fill up all the crevices,—and wheaten bread about twice a week. Butter we were supposed to have on Sundays, but we all agree that she scraped more off than she put on. We knew what tea and coffee was, but it never hurt our nerves or kept us awake nights; and every spring she made a wonderful specific of brimstone, molasses and cream of tartar,—a kind of infernal sweetmeat, which with salts and senna,—when we were supposed to need some—and a pleasant drink in April made out of new nettles, no doubt in her sure faith preserved our precious lives. Good shoes, and stockings of her own knitting; two suits of clothes warm and stout, with a prophecy in them of the growth we were to attain before they were worn out,—one suit for Sunday, the other for week days, with no distinction between summer and winter; and Hobson's choice of the wholesome fare; that was the way our wise, strong mother gathered her brood under her wings, and bred them into sturdy chiels and buirdly hizzies.—Rev. Robert Collyer, in Home Science for May.

Never Too Late.

Texas Siftings.

He was quite late arriving at a soiree given by a prominent belle, and he immediately sought her presence to apologize, and said:

"I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late."

"My dear sir," replied the lady, graciously, "no pardons are needed. You can never come too late."

A Remarkable Escape.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians could give no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 pounds, in a few months.

Free Trial Bottles of this certain cure of all Throat and Lung Diseases at Lumbie & Bethune's Drug Store. Large Bottles $1.00.

NOTICE.

NOTICE

Of an Application for the Appointment of Commissioners to Assess Damages to Lands to be Taken and Used in Operating the Water Works of the City of St. Paul.

To all whom it may concern, and particularly to the hereinafter named owners of, or persons interested in the lands, or any part or portion thereof, hereinafter described, the same being taken by the Board of Water Commissioners of the city of St. Paul, in the constructing use and operating the works thereof under and by virtue of the provisions of an act of the Legislature of the state of Minnesota, entitled "An act to authorize the city of St. Paul to purchase the franchises and property of the St. Paul Water company, and creating the Board of Water Commissioners"—approved February 10th, 1881, and of an act amendatory thereof, approved January 25th, 1883.

Notice is hereby given, that the Board of Water Commissioners of the city of St. Paul, a body created and existing under and by virtue of the above named acts of the Legislature of the state of Minnesota, will apply to the honorable Orlando Simons, Judge of the District court, Second Judicial district, and in for the county of Ramsey, state of Minnesota, (that being the county wherein said lands are situate) at his chambers in the city of St. Paul, county and state aforesaid, on the 28th day of May, A. D. 1884, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, for the appointment of three commissioners to assess the damages which the owners of, or persons interested in the lands hereinafter described to be taken for the extending and making new lines of work and constructing, use and operating of such works, and the extending and making new lines of work, from Vadnais lake in section 31, township 30, range 22, and the city of St. Paul, to-wit:

The east half of the northwest quarter of section nineteen (19) of township twenty-nine (29), range twenty-two (22), according to plat No. 5 of the record of the right of way of the Board of Water Commissioners, filed in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for said Ramsey county, January 16th, 1884. Amount of land taken is five and fourteen hundredths acres; H. D. Gurney, owner: Willis Balles, mortgagee.

The west half of the northwest quarter of section nineteen (19), town 29, range twenty-two (22) aforesaid, according to said plat No. 5 above mentioned. Amount taken one and seventy-three one hundredths acres; Edwin C. Litchfield, owner.

The south half of the southeast quarter of section thirteen, township 29, range 23, according to plat No. 7, of said record of right of way of said board, filed as aforesaid March 23, 1884: amount taken one (1) acre; Salvina H. Hammon and Sarah E. Stinson, owners, each of the undivided half thereof; U. L. Lamprey, Mortgagee.

A strip of land out of and through a five acre piece of land in the above described south half of the southeast quarter, section 13, township 29, range 23, according to said plat No. 7. Amount taken 85-100 acres, owned by Joseph Robert.

The north half of the southeast quarter of section thirteen (13), township 29, range twenty-three (23), according to said plat No. 7, amount taken two and forty-three one hundredths acres, owned by Charles Bloomingdale and Isaac Rhine, each the undivided one-half thereof; and also the following pieces or parcels of land, according to plat No. 8, of the record of the right of way aforesaid, filed as aforesaid March 13th, 1884, the following lots situate and being in "asylum out lots" so called, according to the recorded plat thereof, on file in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for said County of Ramsey, Minnesota, to-wit:

	Acres.
Lot No. 1, Asylum Out Lots, amount taken. Owned by Joseph Trahee and Joseph Odink.	1.04
Lot No. 7, Asylum Out Lots, amount taken. Owned by the Catholic Industrial school.	.04
Lot No. 8, Asylum Out Lots, amount taken. Owned by Norman W. Kittson.	.33
Lot No. 9, Asylum Out Lots, amount taken. Owned by the Catholic Industrial school.	.33
Lot No. 10, Asylum Out Lots, amount taken. Owned by Francis James.	3.23
Lot No. 11, Asylum Out Lots, amount taken. Owned by the Catholic Industrial school.	.59
Lot No. 12, Asylum Out Lots, amount taken. Owned by E. G. Rogers.	.30
Lot No. 13, Asylum Out Lots, amount taken. Owned by the Catholic Industrial school.	.53
Lot No. 14, Asylum Out Lots, amount taken. Owned by the Catholic Industrial school.	.71
Lot No. 15, Asylum Out Lots, amount taken. Owned by Joseph Fleckenstein.	.75
Lot No. 16, Asylum Out Lots, amount taken. Owned by Wm. Welch.	.53

Also, the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section fourteen (14), township twenty-nine (29), range twenty-three (23), according to said plat No. 8, amount taken, five and thirty-four one hundredths acres. Owned by Calvin S. Pennell.

Also the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter of said section 14, town 29, range 23, according to said plat No. 8. Amount taken four and thirty-four hundredths acres, owned by James Stinson.

And, also the northeast quarter of the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of said section 14, town and range last aforesaid according to said plat No. 8. Amount taken, three and thirty-six one hundredths acres; owned by Johannes Johnson, subject to a judgment in favor of St. Paul Harvester Works, and to a judgment in favor of C. D. Shepard its assignee.

All of the rest residue and balance of the land embraced and included within the limits of the lands taken by said Board of Water Commissioners, for the constructing use and operating of its said works as aforesaid not named above, and as shown upon said above named plats, have been secured to said Board of Water Commissioners, upon and by mutual settlements with the respective owners thereof.

Dated St. Paul, Minn., this 2d day of May, 1884.

W. P. MURRAY,
124-149 City Attorney.

PETITION.

[Official Publication.]

Vacation of Part of Bluff Street.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,
ST. PAUL, Minn., April 10, 1884.

WHEREAS, A petition has been filed in this office as provided by law, by order of the Common Council of the City of St. Paul, asking for the vacation of that part of Bluff street between Grant and Robert streets, and more particularly described as follows: Beginning on the north line of Bluff street at the west line of Robert st, thence southwesterly along the north line of Bluff street to the east line of Grant street, thence southerly along the east line of Grant street, produced to a point where a curve of twenty-five feet radius starting tangent from said east line will strike tangent with a line 302 feet northwesterly of and parallel with the north side of Fourteenth street, thence around said curve southeasterly, easterly, and northeasterly along said line, thence northeasterly along said line three hundred and two feet northwesterly of and parallel with the north line of Fourteenth street to the west line of Robert street; thence northwesterly along the west line of Bluff street to the place of beginning; and,

WHEREAS: The petitioners state that they own all the land fronting the north side of Bluff street between Robert and Grant streets, and all the land fronting on the south side of Bluff street between Robert and Cedar streets, the object of the vacation asked for "being to open a street in lieu of the one proposed to be vacated" sixty feet wide from Robert to Cedar streets, and extend Grant street thereto, and to have established for such new street a grade uniform, or nearly so, from Cedar to Grant streets, and from Grant to Robert streets, and,

WHEREAS: The petitioners offer to and will dedicate the grounds for such changes, etc., and will pay the entire costs and expenses of making such changes, including the proper grading of such new street.

Now therefore, Notice is hereby given that said petition will be heard and considered by the Common Council of the City of Saint Paul, or a committee to be appointed by said Council, on Tuesday, the 3d day of June, A. D. 1884, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at the council chamber in the city hall of said city.

By order of Common Council.

THOS. A. PRENDERGAST, City Clerk.
apr 12-5w-Sat

"OUR BABY thrives on Horlick's Food," write hundreds of grateful mothers. Mother's milk contains no starch. An artificial food for Infants should contain no starch. The best and most nutritious food in health or sickness for INFANTS, and the best diet for DYSPEPTICS and INVALIDS, is

Horlick's Food

ALREADY DIGESTED, free from starch and requires no cooking. Recommended by Physicians. Highly beneficial to Nursing Mothers as a drink. Price 40 and 75 cents. Send for Book on the Treatment of Children, free. "Easily digested and nutritious."—G. W. Bailey, M. D., Elizabeth, N. J. "Find it all that could be desired."—W. W. Reid, Stilson, Kansas. "No hesitancy in pronouncing it superior to any other."—E. S. Coburn, M. D., Troy, N. Y. Will be sent by mail on receipt of price in stamps. HORLICK'S FOOD CO., Racine, Wis. Also Use HORLICK'S DRY EXTRACT OF MALT.

CITY ELECTION.

Election Notice!

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,
SAINT PAUL, April 15, 1884.

Notice is hereby given, that an election will be held, on

TUESDAY,

The Sixth Day of May, 1884,

Between the hours of eight (8) o'clock in the forenoon and half-past five (5:30) o'clock in the afternoon, at the usual place of holding elections in the different Wards and Precincts of the City of Saint Paul, except as hereinafter stated, for the election of the following City Officers, viz.:

City Treasurer,
And One Alderman and One School Inspector

From each of the following Aldermanic districts, viz: First Aldermanic district of the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Fifth Wards, and Third Aldermanic district of the Fourth Ward.

One School Inspector

From the Second Aldermanic district of the First Ward "to fill unexpired term."

The Polls in the Second Precinct of the First Ward "which constitutes all that part of said Ward lying north of the center line of Tenth street and south of the tracks of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad," will be held at the northeast corner of Thirteenth and Broadway streets,

The Polls in the Third Precinct of the First Ward, "which constitutes all that part of said Ward lying north of the tracks of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad," will be held at No. 755 Mississippi street.

The Polls in the First Precinct of the Second Ward will be held at the Sheriff's office in the County Jail building.

The Polls in the Fifth Precinct of the Fourth Ward, "which constitutes all that part of said Ward lying north of University avenue and west of Rice street," will be held at No. 493 University avenue, about 100 feet east of Mackubin street.

[Official.] THOS. A. PRENDERGAST, City Clerk.

CONTRACT WORK.

CONTRACT WORK.

Sewer on Rondo Street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS,
CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn, April 30, 1884.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public works in and for the corporation of the City of St. Paul, Minnesota, at their office, in said city, until 12 m. on the 12th day of May, A. D. 1884, for the construction of a sewer on Rondo street, from westerly end of present sewer to Western avenue, in said city, together with the necessary catch basins and manholes, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two (2) sureties in a sum of at least twenty (20) per cent. of the gross amount bid, must accompany each bid.

The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

JOHN C. TERRY, President pro tem.
Official: R. L. GORMAN,
Clerk Board of Public Works. 123-133.

CONTRACT WORK.

Sewer on Exchange Street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS,
CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., April 30, 1884.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works in and for the corporation of the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, at their office in said city until 12 m. on the 12th day of May, A. D. 1884, for the construction of a sewer on Exchange street, from St. Peter street to the west line of lot 7, block 4, Bazille & Guerins addition, in said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two (2) sureties in a sum of at least twenty (20) per cent. of the gross amount bid must accompany each bid.

The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

JOHN C. TERRY, President pro tem.
Official:
R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works.
123-133.

CONTRACT WORK.

Grading Ada Street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS,
CITY OF ST. PAUL, Minn., April 30, 1884.

Sealed bids will be received by the Board of Public Works, in and for the corporation of the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, at their office in said city, until 12 m., on the 12th day of May, A. D, 1884, for the grading of Ada street, from Concord street to Isabel street, in the Sixth ward of said city, according to plans and specifications on file in the office of said Board.

A bond with at least two (2) sureties, in the sum of at least twenty (20) per cent. of the gross amount bid must accompany each bid.

The said Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

JOHN C. TERRY, President pro tem.
Official R. L. GORMAN,
123-133 Clerk Board of Public Works.

CHANGE OF GRADE.

Change of Street Grade.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE,
SAINT PAUL, April 29, 1884.

Notice is hereby given that the Common Council of the city of Saint Paul will at their meeting to be held on Tuesday, the 3d day of June, A. D. 1884, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at the Council Chamber in the City Hall, order a change of grade on the following street, between the points named, viz:

SHERMAN STREET,

From Pleasant Avenue to Exchange Street.

In accordance with and as indicated by the red line on the profile thereof, and as reported upon as being necessary and proper by the Board of Public Works under date of April 21, 1884, which said report was adopted by the Common Council at their meeting held on the 23d inst.

The profile indicating the proposed change is on file and can be seen at this office.

By order of Common Council.

THOMAS A. PRENDERGAST, City Clerk.
apl30 4w,wed&sat.

Receivers' Sale.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will, under the order of the District court of Ramsey county, in an action pending therein between Oscar Matter and Anthony Wanner, sell at public auction on the 15th day of May, 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to the highest bidder, for cash, all the personal property belonging to the late firm of Wanner & Matter, consisting of a large number of guage boxes of various sizes, flue, partition and furring tiles, copings, arches, etc., etc., a large quantity of terra cotta blocks for chimneys, partitions, copings, etc., a large number of drawing slabs, a number of benches, wheelbarrows, shovels, etc., one engine with boiler, fly wheel, shafting and other attachments, one steam pump, one hair carding machine, one combination planer and wood working machine, one saw table and attachments, 17 barrels and 249 sacks of plaster, the same being implements, articles and materials used in connection with the manufacture of terra cotta work.

Said sale will take place at the factory formerly occupied by said firm of Wanner & Matter on Eagle street near the corner of Washington street in said city of St. Paul.

H. HECHTMAN,
124-133 Receiver.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA!

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency of disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point, We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." —Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½ lb and lb) by Grocers, labeled thus:

JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, LONDON, ENGLAND.