METROPOLITAN MEN.

The Leader and Manager of Political Parties of New York City.

Mr. Tilden's Letter of Declination and His Shattered Condition of Health.

John Kelly's New Interest in the National Election—Mayor Edson and His City Ring.

John J. O'Brien's Earnestness in Behalf of Blaine and Logan. All Illustrated in Word and Pencil.

NEW YORK, June 19, 1884.—Not everybody whom one meets thinks that Mr. Tilden in his letter of declination meant to decline. Those who doubt the absolute candor of his letter advance some plausible arguments founded chiefly on the letter itself, and taking no consideration of the circumstances under which it was written. They say one may search it in vain for any declaration that Mr. Tilden will not be a candidate if unanimously nominated. "He says," remarked one Democrat who believes in the necessity for the personality as well as the principles of Mr. Tilden in the coming contest, "that he *ought not* to run; and in another place that he *cannot* undertake the labors of a canvass and administration involving five year's labor; but he nowhere says he *will* not run. The acceptance of a nomination unanimously tendered would give a great impetus to the old ticket."

Mr. Tilden.

But the circumstances under which Mr. Tilden writes must be considered. I can testify from personal observation to the much-enfeebled physical condition of Mr. Tilden. He has to be assisted into his carriage, and his left leg must be lifted in after his body is seated. His left arm is nearly if not quite useless to him; he carries it at his left breast. His left eyelid droops even more than formerly, and frequently he rubs his left hand over it as if in pain. His whisper, which has been habitual with him for twelve years to my knowledge, sinks at times almost to the noiseless movement of his lips. Clear-minded and worded as he is in conversation on congenial topics, he quickly falls into a doze when the subject is changed to one not personally interesting. He is not, as I have seen him recently described, "the lean and slippered pantaloon;" but he is a very weak man, indeed, and physically unfitted for the work he is asked to do.

Mr. Tilden's letter, whatever may be its hidden meaning, had one instantaneous effect; it gave a wonderful impetus to our local politicians. It stirred up both camps amazingly, and both parties and all factions went suddenly to work as if a new issue had been thrust on them, or the necessity of finding new issues. Previous to the publication the Democrats had no interest in any other candidate than Mr. Tilden, except as they might regard this or that one as a second choice. Flower, Cleveland, Slocum, Dorsheimer—all our New York claimants—took pains to have it understood that they were not in the race if Mr. Tilden would run. All the factions were for Tilden first; and as far as New York county was concerned the issue was made up—Mr. Tilden it was believed of all hands, was to be the candidate, the platform and the principles combined. Even yet some of them may realize that the nomination may go to him as a compliment, possibly as a declaration that the past is not condoned; and they feel after he formally declines it will be time enough to resolve whom to support. It is in something of this state of mind that Tammany and the county democracy went to Saratoga to the state convention yesterday, and where, as you will have seen, they have been running a "waiting race."

Tammanny hall was the most excited over the letter and the new possibilities which it opened. Tammany hall's other name is John Kelly. He doesen't often get stirred up, the

John Kelly.

Hon. John; but when he does he is something of a terror to the entire hall. But he is a delight all the same. He is quite as popular a leader of Tammany as ever Tweed was, but for quite different reasons. Kelly is as dogmatic in his rule as Tweed was, but he diesn't let his followers know how absolute his sway is. He decides everything for the Tammany general committee in secret, but lets the members appear to win him over by public discussion of his proposed nominees. They like him for his obstinate, presistent, bull-dog tenacity, and for the way he sticks by his friend through thick and thin. He gets toweringly mad and makes a public exhibition of his rage at Tammany hall on the night of every election in which he is beaten; but the next morning finds him in his little six by ten room in Park Row at work repairing damages and laying plans for the next campaign. In the same way, if successful, he goes instantly at work to plan other successes for the following year.

Mr. Kelly's room faces the east front of the postoffice. It is small, as I have indicated, and simply furnished, with matting for carpets and a few pieces of wicker-work furniture. A wire shade so painted as to conceal him from view from the street leaves his vision of what is going on unobstructed. I fancy he has some secret signal by which certain of his lieutenants know when "Mr. Kelly wants 'em." (They never familiarly call him "Boss," as they did Tweed). I have noticed Thomas Dunlap, Edward Kearney, Eddie Cahill and others whom Mr. Kelly largely confides in, take pains to cross Park Row on approaching the office, and look up from the other side at the window at which they know the Hon. John sits, though they cannot see him. Sometimes they go away; at others they quicken their pace, as if they had seen a sign, recross the Row and disappear in Mr. Kelly's room by the private entrance.

A great many absurd ideas prevail about Mr. Kelly with those who do not know him. He has been so often caricatured in the most exaggerated style that many undoubtedly regard him as ungainly beyond description. The cut gives a fair idea of him. He isn't handsome by any means; but in a crowd of average Americans he will pass inspection as above the average in physical proportions and agreeable and intelligent expression of countenance. He is pictured occasionally as uncouth and unrefined and uneducated. Now, there are few men who can acquit themselves with easier grace in a drawing room, or on the platform or in an after-dinner speech deliver sounder or wittier views in a more pleasant manner. He is a very interesting talker, and often lectures on church and historical subjects, for charity only. Indeed, Mr. Kelly does a great deal for the many charitable societies of his church in this way; he may give also of his ample fortune in a more direct way, but if so, nobody knows it, for he is not of the sort to tell about it. Instead of being an unlettered man, Mr. Kelly is a very good student still, and few men are as thoroughly informed on current affairs, both at home and abroad, as he. Mr. Kelly has no business other than politics, except as irregular investments in real estate may be considered as business. He was a builder at one time, and, if I remember rightly, was also a plumber; consequently, he is now rich and knows how to enjoy the profession of politics.

Mr. Kelly is one of the most uncompromising of good haters, as well as the staunchest of good lovers. He would have acquiesed in the nomination of Mr. Tilden, whom he cordially detests, for the sake of Hendricks, whom he as ardently admires. Many think that if Gov. Cleveland is nominated at Chicago, for president, Kelly will playfully "knife" him as any enemy, solely for the sake of his protege, young Grady, a mere boy, whom Cleveland rather summarily squelched out of politics a year ago, when he wanted to be senator. But Kelly will just as certainly sit down on Gen. Slocum's boom, as that the King's county delegation, headed by Kelly's old political enemy, Hugh McLaughlin, sets it going. It is generally understood here that Mr. Kelly favors Senator Bayard, of Delaware, not that he loves Bayard most, but that he cannot quite endure Sam Randall. But whom he favors and whom he does not like, Mr. Kelly will be apt to make clearly manifest in his own way shortly at Chicago. Thus far his predilections do not clearly appear in Saratoga proceedings.

The county Democracy has been stirred up, as Tammany was, by Mr. Tilden's letter; but its efforts have been largely directed of late to maintaining its local leader, Hubert O. Thompson, in political existence. It looked at one time as if the Republican legislature, with its investigating committees, and with various enactments, directed point blank at Mr. Thompson, would succeed in thrusting him out of office, but Governor Cleveland, at some sacrifice of his own strength and record as a reformer, has come to Thompson's rescue. How far the Governor's veto of certain bills directed against Thompson is going to injure himself, remains to be seen; but in the mean time the county Democracy and its leaders are saved.

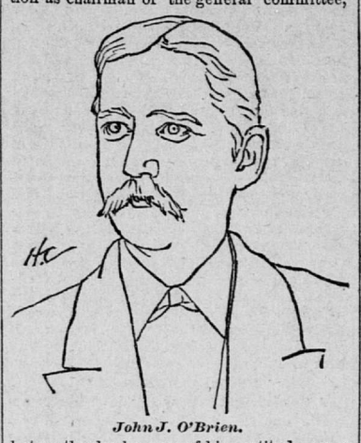
There is another little ring in this city which is just now struggling weakly for existence, which is worthy of passing notice only as an illustration of one of the curious features of local political life in this city. It is commonly called here the "Produce exchange ring," and its head is Mayor Edson, president of the Produce exchange when elected mayor—hence the name. It is one of the fungus growth of "rings."

Mayor Franklin Edson.

It is a parasite on the body politic of Tammany hall; one of the little fleas that bite the big one; and, of course, it has other little fleas *ad infinitum* to live off it. mayor Edson was until recently a rich merchant, afflicted with the political itch. He had for a brother-in-law a lawyer, who had the disease equally with the Mayor—some say the lawyer innoculated the merchant. The lawyer-politician went to work to get his brother-in-law nominated for mayor, and finally succeeded in inducing John Kelly to consider his name. Then followed an interview; subsequently a second, at which Edson promised, if nominated and elected mayor, to appoint certain Tammany men to certain positions. It was nothing more nor less than a bargain and trade of several little offices for the big one. It was carried out. Tammany hall suddenly discovered there was one citizen (of whom it had never heard before) who was pre-eminently fitted to be mayor; and he was made such. A good merchant was spoiled to make a poor mayor. One scandal of administration followed another. The bargain and trade before election was exposed. Next, the fact came out that the mayor had put his relatives in prominent and paying offices, and was contemplating the elevation of his lawyer brother-in-law to the principal legal position in the city government. He made his chief clerk, whom he had brought from the produce exchange, the comptroller of the city, handling millions of city money daily. Then Ferdinand Ward, another former clerk, loomed up as the custodian of a million of city money, deposited in his rotten Marine bank. The little "ring" got one black eye after another; and now, in a completely bunged-up condition, it is trying to get assurances that it may fatten as a Tammany parasite on public offices for another year.

The consequent unpopularity of Edson's administration has given rise to a belief on the part of the local Republican managers that it is possible to elect a Republican mayor this year. This gives rise to the pertinent inquiry as to what John J. O'Brien, the Republican "Boss," expects locally, and what he is going to do for the Republican national ticket. A combination of local and general interests this fall—that is to say, a union of stalwart Republicans and the half-breed element, which were so wide apart two years ago, by which the former could secure the local offices and in return give hearty support to Blaine and Logan—would undoubtedly have a strong, favorable effect on the Republican vote in this Democratic city. If there is any disaffection in Tammany hall after the national ticket is named, the danger to the Democrats would, of course, be greatly augmented; and, added to the disgust which the Edson ring has created, would affect the issue here many thousands of votes. This, possibly, already annoys the Democratic leaders and encourages the Republican managers.

John J. O'Brien, who is practically the Republican "Boss," largely because of his position as chairman of the general committee,



John J. O'Brien.

but partly also because of his aptitude as a politician, is a pupil of President Arthur. He has some of the qualities, though not the best ones, which the president has in so marked a degree. He is quite as affable and smooth as Arthur, but he does not carry his suavity nearly so easily, and there is the suspicion of oiliness about John J. He has the quality of intrigue within his own party more fully developed than Arthur displayed when he was the Republican manager here, but he cannot compare with Arthur in driving a bargain with an opposing faction like Tammany for an equitable distribution of official offal. O'Brien labors, as Arthur did not, under the affliction of relatives who want office, and suffers consequently under the suspicion of subordinating to family interests those of the party. These are his defects, which I point out first of all. He has, on the other hand, the virtues of persistency in laboring and fighting for the party, and believes absolutely in the head of the ticket, whoever he may be. He never sulks in his tent. He will, by the force of his nature alone, support Blaine quite as heartily as he woudl have advocated Arthur. He has a great contempt for the "independent" and the "kicker;" and so have ninety-nine out of every hundred of the men of the organization which he heads. In some of the speculations which I have seen as to the independent Republican movement in this city, this fact is left out of consideration. The Stalwarts of two years ago will not even think of revenging the defeat of Folger by staying away from the polls when Blaine's banner is up. They are trained politicians whom John J. O'Brien represents; and don't do business in that way. It will be a mistake to count on their making that error.

The Republican national committee will do business in this city from new quarters in the Hoffman house, instead of, as formerly, in the Fifth avenue. The latter has lost something of its prestige, and it has largely gone to the Hoffman, which is now at once the "Mining camp" and "Political headquarters" of the city. The rooms to be devoted to the committee's business are to be fitted up as gorgeously as the rest of the building.

WM. G. SHANKS.

Taking up a Collection by States.

[San Francisco Post.]

One of the most singular traits of our common humanity is the fact that no mrtter how practically indifferent the citizen of a particular locality may be to his neighbors while at home, he no sooner becomes a traveler than his local pride sticks out like the peg on a hat rack, and at a minute's notice.

The other morning while the east-bound overland was stopping at Council Bluffs a man suddenly climbed into one of the Pullman cars, and exclaimed in an anxious voice:

"Is there a sout ern man aboard?"

"There is, sah. From Nothe Carliny, sah!" responded a gentleman attired in a black suit, velvet vest, and leg boots, those antibellum landmarks of the sunny south.

"Then I appeal to you to aid a case of real distress," said the stranger. "I give a dollar myself," and he dropped a dollar into his own hat.

"I'm from Florida, sah", said a thin man farther along, "and I make it $2."

"If there's anybody here from Wisconsin" said a stout looking party in jeans, "suppose we subscribe $3 apiece."

"It's a go!" shouted a fellow-citizen to the last speaker, pulling out his pocketbook.

"New York says $5" snapped out a stylish looking young fellow, flipping a gold piece down the aisle.

"So does Massachussetts," coolly chimed in a Boston man, dropping a greenback into the delighted collector's hat.

"Gentleman" quietly announced a solid looking passenger, "the Keystone state pities the starving family, or whatever it is, just $10," and he counted out the coin.

"Illinois goes that one better," and a traveler with a "wheat futures" look fished out three fives.

"Just pass this up please," said a St. Louis pork packer, handing the Chicago man a twenty, with a grim smile.

"The poor widow catches Utah for $25," said another man amid a general smile.

"Put Wyoming down for thirty," and a big cattle ranger began unwrapping his wallet.

"The Silver State says thirty-five, shouted a big fellow with a sack of specimens, who had been unstrapping his money belt.

"If the returns are all in," finally said a man, with a big felt hat and a nugget breastpin, as he stood up and looked around calmly, "I should like to ask if there is another Californian present?"

There was no response.

"All right said the gentleman from the Comstock. "Then I'll subscribe for him. Here's $100 from the Sunset State," and he dumped the gold into the already heavily weighed hat, just as the whistle blew and the collector started for the door.

"Who did you say all that money was for?" shouted several, as the train slowly pulled out.

"What for? Why, for beer!" yelled the man with the hat, and at the same moment about a dozen more old bums and tramps crawled out from under a flat car and executed a wild scalp dance of joy as the train disappeared around the curve.

An End to Bone Scraping.

Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well.

Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c per box by Lambie & Bethune.

An Accident.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

"Dear me," gasped Mrs. Knoawl, "here is a terrible item in the paper. My, how the poor man must have suffered."

"What is it?" asked her husband coming to her side.

"Why one of these poor walking match fellows swallowed a sponge."

"What? Let me see."

After carefully reading the article, Mr. K. threw the paper down, growling:

"You women ain't got a grain of sense; it don't say he swallowed a sponge."

"I know it don't, in those exact words," answered his wife; then brightly continued, "But how could he throw up the sponge if he didn't swallow it?"

Cares of Life.

As we come to them they are received, borne with and passed over with no more than a thought, if we are in the enjoyment of health, but if suffering with piles or skin diseases of any kind they maynify a hundred fold. A. R. Wilkes, B. & E. Zimmerman, and E. Stierle, the duggists, have Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, an absolute cure. Sold at 50 cents.

PEN PICTURES

—OF—

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA.

1850—Jesse H. Pomeroy, a Resident of Thirty Eight Years—The Question Settled—The Oldest House in St. Paul—Building on Fourth Street—Oldest Building on Original Ground—Fort Ripley and Fort Ridgely—Real Estate—First School House—First Boat—First Printing Office—His Home—His Personality—Charles H. Oakes—When and Where Born—Narrow Escapes—Mr. Oakes as a Man—"Go See Him, Oakes; Go See Him"—A Great Walker—The End—Last Sickness—Mrs. Charles H. Oakes—Ferdinand Monti—Let Go Too Soon—Why Stop His Pension?—Coming Back from the Dead.

BY T. M. NEWSON.

Article XXVII.

JESSE H. POMEROY, A RESIDENT OF THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS.

Mr. Pomeroy was born in New York in 1821; attended a common school and taught school for a short time, when he learned the carpenter trade, and worked at it for a brief period in Ohio. He came to Stillwater in 1845, and removed to St. Paul in 1846, where he carried on his business, and built not only the first house, but the first ten or twelve houses in the place. Thirty-eight years ago he little thought St. Paul would be the city it now is, with a population of 120,000, as then the country was very broken and some parts of the place very swampy. He thought possibly it might be "a right smart village," but no city.

THE QUESTION SETTLED—THE OLDEST HOUSE IN ST. PAUL.

Mr. Pomeroy formed a partnership with a Mr. Foster, and the firm built the first frame building in the city for Louis Robert, which stood on Bench street near the corner of Robert. This was burned down, but it was rebuilt by the firm in 1847, and later was removed to Sixth street, back of the present new chamber of commerce building. Mr. Pomeroy unhesitatingly pronounces this the oldest frame building in the city, and as he and his partner built it, he claims to know all about it.

BUILDING ON FOURTH STREET.

He says that the building on Fourth street, which has the card on it of the Ramsey County association designating it as the oldest house in the city, was a part of Louis Robert's trading post, built of logs, and was removed to its present location sometime after Robert's house had been erected. So this settles the question, by a living witness and by the mechanic who constructed the building, as to which is the oldest house in St. Paul in the year 1884, and where located. It has cost some labor to dig out this bit of history from the past, but we are proud in the consciousness of the fact that it is true.

THE OLDEST BUILDING ON ORIGINAL GROUNDS.

The oldest building standing upon the ground upon which it was originally erected, is that on the corner of Jackson and Bench street, (or rather where Bench street terminates.) and which is a part of the stone warehouse of Wm. Constance. It is an old store and has on it in almost undistinguishable letters—"storage, forwarding and commission," Mr. Pomeroy says this is the oldest wooden store in the city not removed from its original position, while that on Sixth streeet is the oldest wooden house or residence erected in the city, and thus this vexed question seems to be settled.

FORT RIPLEY AND FORT RIDGELY.

In 1849 and in 1851 Mr. Pomeroy built Fort Ripley and Fort Ridgely, and of course they are well built posts (as the writer was stationed at both of these places during the war,) and he knows this from personal observation. They were erected under the immediate control of the war department, superintended by an officer, but a man must have been a pretty good mechanic in those days to have secured the job.

REAL ESTATE.

Mr. Pomeroy at one time owned a lot fifty feet front on Third street, between Jackson and Robert, for which he paid $200; worth now $50,000; one on Fifth street, 141 feet front, known as Baptist Hill, for which he paid $700; worth now $70,000; that on the corner of Fourth and Jackson streets, (the Davidson property), 60 feet on Fourth and 150 on Jackson, for which he paid $200; worth now over $100,000. On his return from Fort Ridgely he went into the grocery business on this corner, in which he continued about one year, when he returned to his trade as a carpenter for a few years, and then entered the furniture business, in which he remained ten years. From this he drifted into buying and selling hard wood, in which he is now engaged.

FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE, FIRST BOAT AND FIRST PRINTING OFFICE.

Mr. Pomeroy erected the first school house, which stood on Third street, above Saint Peter, and also the first printing office, in which the first paper appeared. He brought the first lumber to St. Paul to sell, and in the early history of the city erected not less than thirty houses. He built the first boat in the northwest, in 1847 or 1848, which was used to take a panoramic view of the Upper Mississippi, and was considered a first class vessel of its kind.

HIS HOME.

He purchased three lots on the corner of Jackson st., and University avenue, for which he paid $600; now worth $12,000. On these lots he erected a fine residence, and is in a good condition to enjoy a serene and pleasant old age.

HIS PERSONALITY.

Mr. Pomeroy is a rugged son of toil, weather-beaten and iron-bound, from the effects of frontier life. He looks like a swarthy scion of Vulcan, cast in the mould of human endurance, and is as calm and unmoved as the Granite hills of New Hamphire. He is very undemonstrative and has no tact for conversation, and yet he is like a celebrated race horse, when once on the road he feels the inspiration of the past, and gets over the ground in good style. No body can drive him. No body can scare him. In early days his sister cried out to him in the middle of the night: "Jesse! the Indians are coming!"

"W-e l-l! l-e-t t-h-e-m c-o-m-e!" he replied, and turned over in bed and went on with his sleeping. And this shows the character of the man; cool, brave, honest, quiet, industrious, muscular, unpretending, he can whip any braggart that may have the courage to attack him, yet he is a kind, pleasant, amiable gentleman and a good citizen.

CHARLES H. OAKES.

Mr. Oakes was a kind, genial gentleman, all of the older times, and a memory of his pleasant ways comes back to us laden with many recollections of by-gone years. He was similar in character to Mr. Brown, of whom we have written, and had many of his pleasing peculiarities, among which was that favorite expression—"by George!" In all the years of our acquaintance with Mr. Oakes, we never saw him out of temper once, or if so, it was with a half smile upon his lips. He was a rare specimen of one of the old landmarks in the history of the Northwest, and to those who knew him well, as the writer did, his memory will grow dearer as years advance.

WHEN AND WHERE BORN.

Mr. Oakes was born in Vermont in 1803; his father was a merchant and mrnufacturer, and at one time was sheriff in Michigan. The son received only a common school education; clerked in a store for a short time; came to Chicago in 1821; was employed in the sutler's department, when there were only two white people in Chicago; removed to Sault Ste. Marie in 1822; engaged in the mercantile business two years, and then commenced trading with the Indians, employing voyageurs, etc., which he followed for some time, when he connected himself with the American Fur company, and continued in this business up to 1834. During the trips Mr. Oakes made at this time among the Indians in search for fur, he experienced many hardships, and in one case particularly where he froze his feet, and which is thus described in the Biographical Dictionary:

NARROW ESCAPES.

"Pushing on as rapidly as his strength would permit, he began to feel sleepy and was tempted to lie down, but knowing that death was certain if he did so, he continued walking. Just as he reached the shore of the lake, only a short distance from the post, he finally sank down. At that moment he became fully conscious of the perils of his situation, rose and made one more effort to reach the house, and succeeded. He did not, however, dare to go near a fire, for both feet were frozen solid to the ankles. Calling for help, from within doors, it soon came; he went to a store room where there was no fire, had the men cut his snow-shoes and moccasins off, run the blade of a pen-knife into his feet in several places, without feeling it, in order to let out the bad blood when they should thaw; put both feet into alcohol and kept them there until the frost was entirely out, they bleeding freely meanwhile. They felt a little tender that night as he drew his socks on, and, strange to say, that was the end of his sufferings. Had he thawed his feet out by fire, they would have had to be taken off, and there was no surgeon within four or five hundred miles. Death in that case, would have ensued." Mr. Oakes had other narrow escapes from death; one when the Indians wanted to kill him because he would not give them whisky, but he promised them in the spring, when they brought in their fur, to treat them all round, and this satisfied them. Mr. Oakes kept his promise, and the Indians were happy.

A CHICAGO BLOCK VS. RED DOG MONEY!

He suffered many privations as most voyageurs and explorers do, but came out of his trials all right, and from 1834 up to 1838 was in Michigan engaged in speculating, out of which he made some money, and loaned $5,000 of it to parties in Chicago, who urged him to take in pay a block of land on Clark street, now worth $1,000,000, but he had no faith in Chicago "mud," and accepted in lieu therefor "Red dog" money, and realized nothing for his $5,000! In 1838 he resumed his connection with the American Fur company and continued with them up to 1850, when he removed to St. Paul, and in 1853, in company with his brother-in-law, Charles W. Borup, opened a bank, of which we have already spoken in a previous article. Mr. Borup died in 1859, but the banking business was continued until 1866, when Mr. Oakes retired from the concern, visited Europe, and for several years after enjoyed a quiet and serene life.

MR. OAKES AS A MAN.

Tall, well proportioned; hale, hearty, with gray hairs; a face beaming with smiles and a voice low and musical, were peculiarities which caused Mr. Oakes to be cordially welcomed wherever he went. His affability won him many friends. His system bubbled over with good nature. His heart was young even in old age. He carried sunshine in his eyes and there was music in his laugh. "By George! is that so?" will be recognized by those who best knew Mr. Oakes.

"GO SEE HIM, OAKES—GO SEE HIM!"

Borup was naturally impetuous, as all men with heart disease are, and many times he unintentionally offended some of his best customers. Then, after business, he would meet Mr. Oakes at his own house and talk over the affairs of the day. Suddenly he would break out, "Oakes, I know I offended Mr.—— to-day; go see him; see him; make it right with him;" and Mr. Oakes would call upon the customer, engage him in conversation, and before he left convince him that Mr. Borup was one of the best friends he had in the city. Of course the next day Borup would treat the gentleman with the utmost courtesy, and everything thereafter would move along smoothly. This occurred not once, but many times, and well illustrates what we have previously said, "that Borup & Oakes got along well together as partners, as Borup did the business and Oakes always agreed with him," but after all Mr. Oakes was an important spoke in the wheel.

A GREAT WALKER.

Mr. Oakes had always been a great walker, and he claimed he kept his health by out door exercise. He made it a habit to walk not less than six miles per day. Meeting him for the first time in 1853, we presented him with a check for $130 on his bank, but the graceful manner in which he informed us that there were no funds in the bank, impressed us most favorably with the man. We were in his company many times afterwards and under trying circumstances, and always found him kind and pleasant.

THE END.

We met him the last time on Third street just as we were leaving for the Missouri river. We thought his step was not as steady as formerly, that he was a little more bent in the shoulders than usual, and that his face had lost somewhat of its rugged appearance; yet his smile was the same; his greeting more cordial, and his voice even more pleasant. On our return he was DEAD! And thus another old oak in the forest of human existence had been swept away by the cyclone death, leaving many true friends to mourn its fall. Mr. Oakes was close to 80 years when he died.

LAST SICKNESS.

It seems that Mr. Oakes stepped out on to his back porch one evening to ascertain the depth of the snow, and while there he was cautioned by his wife to be careful. "Oh! pshaw, mother," he replied "I can cut a pigeon wing," and soon after the servant exclaimed that Mr. Oakes had fallen and injured himself. He always after that accident complained of a pain near his heart, and notwithstanding the physicians said he died of erysipelas, yet it is now the general belief that he died from the effects of his fall. He was a good husband, a good father, a good citizen, a good friend.

"Fare thee well,
And if forever,
Still forever,
Fare thee well."

MRS. CHARLES H. OAKES.

If years crown goodness with undying laurels, then in the case of Mrs. Oaks the years have been very generous. A bright, pleasant eye, dark hair, threaded with gray, a clear complexion, sweet, engaging manners and a pleasant smile, are graces which adorn the oldest and best known lady residents of the city. Born in 1831, Mrs. Oakes looks as fresh and young as a woman of thirty, and yet she has lived to see her husband, her sister, and her sister's husband, and all her children but one, pass into the silent land. Thirty years ago the writer spent an evening in her pleasant home, when George, and Charlie, and David, and Jane, and grandpapa, and Mr. Oakes, and Mrs. Oakes, and her sister, Mrs. Borup, and Mr. Borup, graced the social circle. Then they numbered nine—now they number two. Since then Gen. Van Etten, former husband of Miss Jane, has joined "the innumerable caravan gone before," making eight out of ten in thirty years of this family who have crossed the mystic river; and yet serenely, and calmly, and pleasantly, and hopefully, the mother, the wife, the sister, the friend, patiently awaits the messenger, ready at a moment's call

"To draw the drapery of her couch about her,
And lie down to pleasant dreams."

And so the years roll on like the surging waves of the ocean, and foot prints on the sands of time of to-day, are all obliterated in the brief period of 35 years. Within this magic circle the original tree and its branches disappear, and from the roots spring new shoots, which, in their turn must follow the everlasting, eternal wheel of time.

FERDINAND MONTI.

Mr. Monti was born in Switzerland, Italy, in 1834; came to this country when five years old; lived in New York city; enlisted for the Mexican war in 1846; served his full term and lost a leg in the service; resided for some time after the war in New Orleans, and came to St. Paul in 1850. He married a Miss Sincere, a French girl, whose parents resided in St. Louis, and soon after opened a dry goods and grocery store nearly opposite the old American house on upper Third street. He sold out his business and became connected with Louis Robert in the steamboat line, in which he continued five years; removed to St. Cloud and engaged in business there; was burned out; no insurance; loss $45,000; came back to St. Paul where he resided until his death.

LET GO TOO SOON.

He at one time owned two lots on Third street, nearly opposite the old American house, for which he paid $50; sold for $1,400; worth now $15,000. He purchased forty acres on St. Peter street, back of the Park Place hotel, for $200; worth now $50,000; bought a claim at Cottage Grove of 160 acres for $20; worth now about $10,000. Monti was just as wise as the other old settlers and about as rich when he died.

WHY STOP HIS PENSION?

When living he drew a pension of $24 per month, for the loss of his leg, which was procured for him by special legislation, but the moment he died the pension stopped and his widow gets nothing. Why is this? And speaking of Mrs. Monti reminds us that her father was in the war of 1812 and also in the Black Hawk war; was a mail carrier over 100 years ago in the time of Gen. Jackson, and occupied a prominent place in the old hero's confidence.

COMING BACK FROM THE DEAD!

In 1879 and some time before this, Mr. Monti had been affected wiih dropsy, and in 1880 he died. While in the chamber of the dead Mrs. Monti heard a noise and looking up saw Mr. Monti rise up, and upon approaching him found him to be alive. Unable to speak, she looked at him for a moment and then discovered that his gray hair had turned black, and bursting into tears, he exclaimed, "Mother! this world is bad, but the other is worse," and then continued to weep. He lived two months afterwards, and just before he died remarked, "I am near the mansion." He was a generous, kind-hearted man; had met with many losses, and suffered a great deal before he left for that other world which he said was "worse than this." Poor Monti! if what he had revealed to him, was true, what will the rest of the old settlers do when they come to pass the boundary line? Echo comes back—"boundary line.".

An Unsuccessful Joker.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Good day, gentlemen.

"I suppose you are busy continued the visitor, a tall, thin man, with a suspiciously benevolent smile.

"Not at all," responded the horse reporter. "The fine intellectual-looking men that you meet in newspaper offices are hired simply to sit around and buy seven boxes of matches for five cents, subscribe cheerfully for the Illustrated History of Macoupin county in seven parts, to be paid for as delivered, and assist latent genius in the fascinating but unremunerative task of climbing the rugged hill of Fame,"

"I have been thinking" continued the visitor, "that there is a pretty good chance for a paper like the *Tribune* to make a hit on this Wall street panic and the failures that have resulted from it."

"I suppose you would lead off by remarking that Fish had proved to be a scaly fellow," said the horse reporter.

"Well, yes," replied the visitor. "I certainly was thinking of that. But then there are other things. Now, for instance, take the case of Gen. Grant. He—"

"Yes, we know about that. He wasn't able to ward off the blow, was he? Is that right?"

"I certainly had that in mind" said the stranger, "but there is another point that—"

"We've looked that up too," remarked the horse reporter. "You mean that although temporarily crushed, Gen. Grant can give his enemies Jessie?"

"That was about what I intended to say," replied the thin man, "but there are other prominent people involved. Now there's Vanderbilt. Of course he wants stocks to go up, and—"

"Precisely so. It would be perfectly side-splitting, wouldn't it, to write something like that, and then say Vanderbilt was a bull-y fellow?"

"You seem to have anticipated me there," said the thin man, beginning to look less professionally cheerful. "However, Vanderbilt is not the only prominent figure in Wall street. There's——"

"Exactly. There's another man—one who hasn't seemed at all worried, and whose check is as good as Gould. Did you have that rib-tester in your collection?"

"I must confess that I was thinking of something in that vein, but still it doesn't matter. A true humorist is never at a loss. There are other men just as wise as Gould. Now, for instance——"

"That's right again. One of them is not only wise, but a Sage. Did I spike another gun for you?"

"The general current of my thought was unquestionably tending in that direction," said the volunteer humorist. "Let us look at the matter in another light, however. There are some people to whom the fall in stocks was a blessing. They are not sad, but on the contrary they are———"

"You bet they do," said the horse reporter. "They just grin and 'bear' it. That excruciatingly funny thing was brought in last week by a man from Wayback."

"But even the wisest men are sometimes wrong," continued the visitor. "Even the —"

"I knew you were coming to that. Even the Sage is liable to be "put" out at the "calls" made on him. I remember the duck that carried that masterpiece of humor up here for us. We are looking for him again—with a gun."

"But, leaving individuals out of the matter," said the dispenser of humor, "let us take some of the firms. You might say—"

"I know it. We might say that in Fisk-al matters it is easy to Hatch a plot—but we won't. It would also be possible to remark that bankers are sometimes found to be men of no principal, especially when it is to their interest to do so, but a vacation on that style of literatnre will also be taken."

"Then you don't think it would be possible to make use of the article I have prepared?" said the humorist.

"No," replied the horse reporter. "Those old custom made jokes that bag at the knees before you can get 'em in type won't do for Chicago. If you have got a job lot of hand-sewed witticisms with double uppers and wide soles—something that will do for city use—we might make a trade."

"Good day," said the humorist.

A Startling Discovery!

Mr. Wm. Johnson, of Huron, Dak., writes that his wife had been troubled with acute Bronchitis for many years, and that all remedies tried gave no permanent relief, until he procured a bottle of *Dr. King's* New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which had a magical effect, and produced a permanent cure. It is guaranteed to cure all Diseases of Throat, Lungs, or Bronchial Tubes.

Trial Bottles Free at Lambie & Bethune's drug store. Large Size $1.00.

T. P. O'Connor's biographyy of Lord Beaconsfield has reached a sixth edition.

The launching of the steamer Hansburg on Lake Constance recently, a temporary wooden structure filled with spectators gave way. Forty ladies, including the Princess Thurnet Yaxis, who christened the vessel, were precipitated into the lake. Great excitement ensued, but all were rescued without serious injury.

Now that the Meissonier-Mackay picture scandal is over, another one is occupying European art gossips. Nearly ten years ago, before M. Munkacsy became noted, he bought a set of furniture with the understanding that he should paint a picture as payment to the dealer. The dealer delayed calling for this until lately and declined the sketch M. Munkacsy offered him on the ground that it was not finished nor fine enough. He wishes a complete and valuable painting, and has sued M. Munkacsy for such a one. The debt due is only 15,000 francs, and Munkacsy has hardly a canvas worth less than 75,000 francs.

The silk and satin dresses, laces, costly underwear and jewelry belonging to the dead queen of the Gypsy band encamped near Elizabeth, N. J., were burned. Two thousand dollars was the value of the things destroyed. A $450 wagon was also burned. This sacrifice is customary with Gypsy bands at the death of a member. The whole band is in mourning.

LAMENT

For an Accomplished Maiden, Buried in the Vesture She Had Recently Worn as a Bridesmaid, and Who Had Lately Sung at a Funeral.

BY BISHOP ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D.D., LL.D.

Nipped in the snow-white bud, sweet flower,
How grieves my heart for thee,
That cruel frost and wintry hour
Thine early death should be!
The spring is new and Nature round
With wreaths shall deck the glade;
But not a flower above the ground
Like ours beneath it laid.

I called thee flower. 'Twas not the word;
Flowers have no voice at all.
Far better might I call thee bird,
When I thy voice recall;
That voice that stayed the tears I shed
And soothed my soul so well,
Yet sorrowed for my precious dead
As if from Heaven it fell.

I called thee flower, and it was good.
Thee, sister, flower might claim,
To whom each blossom of the wood
Was known by hue and name;
Whose pencil oft their varied dyes
From canvas made to start,
As 'twere a garden for our eyes,
By thine aspiring art.

I called thee flower; so let me still;
For, in fair Eden's bowers,
I see thee on the heavenly hill,
In brighter skies than ours,
Where amaranth and crowns of light
The virgin crown adorn;
Where thou hast vanished from our sight
To wake in cloudless morn.

Buffalo, N. Y.

SUNDAY GLOBLETS.

SHAKESPEARE: I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

JEREMY TAYLOR: Nothing is intolerable that is necessary.

AUERBACH: Music washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life.

BYRON: Where there is mystery it is generally supposed there must be evil.

MENANDER: Men must be prepared for every event of life, for there is nothing that is durable.

CONGREVE: Music has charms to soothe the savage beast, to soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak.

CHESTERFELD: A proper secrecy is the only mystery of able men; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.

HARE: Mythology is not religion. It may rather be regarded as the ancient substitute, the poetical counterpart, for dogmatic theology.

MISS L. E. LANDON: Music—We love it for the buried hopes, the garnered memories, the tender feelings it can summon to a touch.

YOUNG: Read nature; nature is a friend to truth; nature is Christian, preaches to mankind, and bids dead matter aid us in our creed.

SALVATER: What do I owe to my times, to my country, to my neighbors, to my friends? Such are the questions which a virtuous man ought to ask himself often.

LUTHER: Next to theology, I give to music the highest place and honor. And we see how David and all the saints have wrought their godly thoughts into verse, rhyme and song.

SENECA: It is foolish to strive with what we cannot avoid; we are born subjects, and to obey God is perfect liberty; he that does this shall be free, safe and quiet; all his actions shall succeed to his wishes.

JEFFERSON: Perfect happiness, I believe, was never intended by the Deity to be the lot of one of his creatures in this world; but that he has very much put in our power, the nearness of our approaches to it, is what I have steadfastly believed.

BEETHOVEN: Music is the mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life. Although the spirit be not master of that which it creates through music, yet it is blessed in this creation which like every creation of art, is mightier than the artist.

COLTON: We are ruined, not by what we really want,